"Well..." Connor muttered, his voice low to the point Hank had to lean forward slightly to catch it. "As long as we are breaching the subject, perhaps you could humor me." Connor leaned forward and placed a hand on Hanks knee, his fingers so gentle Hank wouldn't even know they were there if his eyes weren't glued to the damn things. "What exactly are you 'packing down there', Lieutenant?"
away as an outlet.
Hopefully you like it! I have several chapters already by the time I'm posting this, so if you like it I may write more.
These two are my sweet babies and I love them so much!
I honestly have a LOT of stuff planned for these two and a it's (probably) gonna get kinda intense, so be prepared for what's to come.
Please enjoy!
Rough start.

Things were... odd. That was the only word Lieutenant Hank Anderson could use to describe his life lately. Hell, it was the only word that had described his life for a long while now.

Well... there were more colorful words he could use, but odd was the nicest one. It had been 3 weeks since the android Markus had led his peaceful revolution through the streets of Detroit and demanded freedom and equal rights for his people.

It had been 2 weeks since the President had declared her stance of supporting Androids as sentient beings deserving of equal rights, and making a public declaration that a special human/android relations team had been put into play to begin negotiations on passing laws to address these rights.

And it had been one week since Hank had realized that his partner, the last remaining RK800 model android in existence and a major pain in his ass, had been staying at the police station, in one of the stations android charging pods. The little bastard was sleeping at the office. So, naturally, being the bleeding fucking heart that he was, Hank had agreed to let the android stay with him in his shitty two bedroom home. Well, really it was more like he had to twist the damn kids arm to get him to agree to come stay with him. He had insisted that he was fine with staying at the station, undoubtedly going over case files and working more than he was actually sleeping... Or, going in to sleep mode, or stasis, or whatever the fuck it was he did.

Hank wouldn't hear it. They checked out a small charging terminal from the station and, after quite a bit of arguing, here they were, 3 weeks after the revolution, Hank sitting next to Connor on the couch in his small living room, Sumo sitting between them on the floor occasionally shifting his big head from Connors lap to Hanks, insisting on pets from the both of them.

The silence between them was... not awkward, but not comfortable either. Connor sat there in that perpetual stillness of his, his body strung tight and eerily still even as he leaned forward slightly to scratch behind the saint bernards ears. Hank shifted a bit in his seat, drawing the androids eyes up towards him.

They were so damn expressive. His body was as mechanical as ever. Still and quiet and so very solid on top of the soft, warn fabric of his couch. But his eyes... if there was ever any doubt that the fucker had gone deviant, all Hank had to do was look in those big brown orbs and there was not a doubt left in his mind.

As Hank opened his moth to speak, the android cut him off.

"Lieutenant, I realize my presence here may cause you some discomfort. Once again, I am not opposed to remaining at the DPD for the foreseeable future, until such laws are passed so that I may earn a livable wage for myself and find suitable accommodations. I would be remiss if I--"

"Alright, alright, enough. Jesus." Hank interrupted, waving a hand dismissively, feeling a slight sense of deja vu. "Look, Connor, I'm not havin' you stay at the damn station like some sad homeless person and working off the clock. 'Sides, you know until they pass the wage laws you can't really return to work at the DPD anyway."

As Connors face fell at being reminded he wasn't technically allowed to work yet, Hank sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose. Fowler had been letting Connor stay at the DPD as a kindness, and had looked the other way when the android offered his help in organizing case files and such since he wasn't actually working on any cases, but the fact still remained that until Markus and the powers that be passed whatever laws they needed to so that androids were paid for the work they did, the DPD couldn't risk letting Connor actually work.

Hell, Hank was hardly working as is. Since the Revolution the vast majority of work that came through the station was damage control and cleanup.

"Look, kid, I don't wanna rub salt in your wounds, but ya can't work, and you can't stay at the station forever. I don't have a problem with you staying here. I've already told you that so I don't wanna hear any more about it. Got it?"
"I... I understand Lieutenant."
Hand watched as Connor shifted slightly and moved to pet Sumo some more, his shoulders seeming a bit more deflated than before.

"Alright." Hank smacked his hands on his thighs before standing with a slight groan and motioning for Connor to do the same. "Get up."

"What is it?"
"We're going to get you some new clothes. Get you outta that damn Cyberlife jacket and into something normal."
Connor looked down at his jacket with a confused expression, his fingers grabbing at the fabric gingerly and holding it out in front of himself.

"What's wrong with my clothes Lieutenant? I see no need to get new attire. I don't perspire so baring injury my clothing does not become soiled as a humans would--"

"Connor." Hank cut him off, pointing a finger in the androids face "Look. We're gonna have to set a few ground rules if you're gonna be staying here, alright? First off... stop with all the damn long winded bullshit. Don't your... social protocols or whatever have updates you can do? Doesn't that super computer brain of yours have access to thousands of human relations algorithms or some shit?"

"Well, in a manner of speaking, yes. My programming allows me--"

"I don't gotta hear it. Just... stop with the overly complicated explanations for everything. You gotta relax a little. Shorten your sentences and just get to the damn point for fuck's sake. Ok?"

"Alright Lieutenant."
Hank snatched his coat from the hook by the door. "And stop with the Lieutenant shit too. When we're at home it's Hank, alright? When we're at the office you pay your dues like everyone else, but while we're here it's just... just Hank."

"Very well."
Hank nodded, seemingly satisfied for the moment and led the Android out of the house without any more explanation, locking the door behind them and getting into the beat up car in his driveway. He understood the androids apprehension. The cyberlife uniform was likely the only thing Connor had ever worn, but Hank was damn sure he wasn't gonna let him walk around the house, if nothing else, with a damn brand of ownership on his back. After driving for several minutes into downtown Detroit, Connor rolling his quarter between his knuckles, the android looked over at Hank and tilted his head a bit.

"Where there any other 'ground rules' Lieu-- er, Hank?" He asked, pocketing the coin. At Hanks confused expression he elaborated. "Before we left you stated that we needed to 'set a few ground rules' if I was to stay with you. You listed two. One being that I curtail my speech to seem more natural and for your own comfort. The second was that I stop addressing you by your title in place of your name while we are not at work. Was there anything else you wished to address?"

"Oh, huh." Hank scratched at his beard, pulling his car into a parking space outside of a small strip mall. "Well... I hadn't really thought of anything else honestly. I guess... if you wanna earn your keep around the house until you can start making your own money, you can be on Sumo duty." He declared, a little proud of his idea. He knew the androids main problem with imposing on him was his fear of being in the way or not contributing. He'd known the insufferable kid long enough to deduce that much. Hell, he'd probably feel the same if the roles were reversed. So, might as well make the kid do a few of the things he got tired of doing every day.

Connor cocked his head to the side and eyed Hank curiously. "Sumo duty?" He repeated. Hank had to bite back a chuckle. He could practically see the gears in the androids head turning, no doubt wanting to launch into some long ass explanation about how he didn't understand what Hank meant, and what he could guess Sumo duty entailed.

Good. He was learning, at least.

"Yeah, you know," Hank waved a hand dismissively as he pulled his keys from the ignition and got out of the car, Connor following his lead, his eyes not leaving Hank. "Like refilling his food bowl every morning, taking him for walks, bathing and drying the big bastard. That kind of stuff." He
stuffed his keys into his coat pocket and motioned for Connor to head inside of the nearest shop. "Oh."
The android opened the door for Hank and followed him inside, his eyes quickly scanning the area as the LED at his temple pulsed yellow for a split second, no doubt scanning the contents and patrons inside the store in the couple of seconds it took him to look around. "I believe that is well within my capabilities Hank. Thank you." He said, his face lighting up with a genuine smile. "Yeah, yeah." Hank grunted, purposely ignoring the feeling of his ears heating up slightly. It was still damn cold outside. Had to be that.
He shrugged his shoulders a bit uncomfortably, ignoring the way Connors smile followed him as he made his way over to a table of meticulously folded slacks.
Shit.
What size was the kid?
Hank glanced over at Connor, who had moved over to a rack of suit jackets. The android was slender, not scrawny. Muscled, but not muscular. Lean, but not lanky. Hank was willing to bet dollars to doughnuts that there weren't any damn tags on the backs of his clothes. And he sure as shit didn't have the money to pay for a professional tailor.
"Hey, Connor." He called, moving back towards him. He paused when he saw the android had picked up the sleeve of a camel colored suit jacket and was staring at it almost longingly. "You, uh, you like that one?" He asked, getting Connors attention.
"I do find if aesthetically pleasing, yes." "Well, come on. Lets try it on." Hank urged, waving his hands for Connor to turn. He helped him out of his usual jacket, only mildly surprised when the glowing armband came off with it. Had he seen Connor without his jacket before? He couldn't remember shit anymore, everything before the revolution seemed like a lifetime ago. He'd seen models of androids, fuck if he knew which model number, like receptionists and shit, who wore short sleeves and the armband seemed like it was attached to their skin.
Well, he mused, guess not all of them are like that. He shook his head, folding the garment in half and laying it on the table next to them. After removing the one Connor had been looking at from it's hanger, he eyeballed it briefly. Seemed like it'd fit.
Shrugging slightly he helped Connor into the jacket, brushing out the shoulders and smoothing down the back, choosing to ignore the way his hands brushed the androids hips slightly. He turned him around by the shoulder and righted the lapels before taking a step back and giving him a once over.
Well, shit. Damn thing fit like a glove. It hung off of his shoulders perfectly, the cuffs sat exactly where they should on his wrists.
Of course Cyberlife would design him to just fucking fit things. His proportions were damn near mannequin perfect. And of fucking course the bastard would know his sizes. Probably had his measurements down to the smallest part saved somewhere in that massive brain of his.
"Go take a look." He urged, breaking his own train of thought and leading Connor over to the full length mirror by the dressing rooms.
Connor looked over his reflection as though unsure of what to think of himself. "Hang on." Hank muttered, having an idea.
It was easy enough to remove Connors black pattered tie and replace it with one that complimented the jacket more. When he stepped back once more he smiled as the android looked at his reflection again and seemed pleased with what he saw. He tugged at the sleeves a little, turned a bit and looked at it from different angles. "I....I like it." He concluded, nodding his head as though to solidify his point. No doubt liking anything, genuinely liking things and not just an aspect of his programming telling him to emulate liking things, was undoubtedly new for him. He eyed his reflection up and down, clearly liking the way he looked.
Hank had to bite back a soft chuckle to himself, an old commercial from a long forgotten mens
clothing store popping into his head. "Well good, we got one. Let's find you a vest to go with it and some pants. Then we'll find you one more color and grab you a couple of casual outfits too." Hank nodded to himself, hopping up from where he had propped his hip up on a clothing table. He helped Connor out of the jacket and tie, into his usual jacket and started to tie his old tie back in place.

"You do know how to tie a tie, right?" He muttered, his eyes trained on the fabric in front of him. He'd never seen Connor NOT in a tie, but he wouldn't be fucking surprised if a damn machine assembly line did it for him.

"Of course L-Hank. I know of 35 different variations of how to tie a tie depending on the occasion." He chanced a glance up at Connors face, just in time to see a small smirk quirk the corner of his mouth "At least 3 of which involve asphyxiation." He said blatantly. No big fucking deal.

Hank, on the other hand, snorted back a rather unattractive laugh and backed away from the android, doubling over as the halfhearted attempt to not laugh turned into a full on belly laugh. "Jesus fucking Christ, Con." He laughed, clapping the android on the back as the cheeky bastard smiled up at him. "Your first attempt at joking as a deviant and you go for that shit." He rubbed between Connors shoulder blades as the android tightened his tie, looking pleased as punch with himself, then stepped away to find some more clothes for the little shit. Fucking androids...

When they returned home several hours later, Hank stood in his room, hands on his hips as he surveyed the clothing strewn out on his bed.

It wasn't a lot, but as Connor had said, he didn't need much. And, when the android had realized that Hank was of course footing the bill for said clothes, he insisted that they get him the bare minimum.

But it was fine for now. They'd settled on two suits, for when Connor could come back to work, three casual outfits for wearing out and about, which really consisted of one pair of jeans and three different shirts, and one pair of sweat pants, a pair of basketball shorts, and two more loose fitting, plain shirts for 'comfy' clothes to wear around the house. Hank had suggested getting more, but the android had insisted he didn't need anything else. He didn't feel temperature the way humans did, so getting anything other than the bare minimum seemed like a waste, in his opinion.

Oh well. Once the stubborn brat got something into his head there was no talking him out of it. Hank had learned that the hard way early on.

While Connor changed into his sweat pants and a shirt in the bathroom, Hank finished clearing out some space for him in the closet for his suits, and put his shirts in the bottom drawer of his dresser, pushing it closed with his foot once she stood.

The thought did cross his mind that it was probably impolite to give a guest the bottom drawer rather than the top, but he knew it would be a lot easier for Connor to bend down there than it was for Hank. And Connor wouldn't care. Knowing him he'd be ok with keeping his stuff in the bag they bought it in under the couch in the fucking living room.

Nope. Hank wasn't gonna have that.

When Connor returned to the room he had his usual uniform in hand and proceeded to put the things away where Hank showed him. It was weird, seeing the kid dressed casually. Sure, Hank had been the one to suggest it, but now that it was in front of him... he seemed so much... softer now. Less hard, crisp lines and professionalism. But that was the point of his uniform, wasn't it. As Connor went to hang up his Cyberlife jacket Hanks hand shot out, stopping him.

"No. That thing doesn't go in the closet." He stated, a determined expression across his face.

"Hank, I don't think the drawer would be appropriate for this sort of materi--"

"That's not what I mean." Hank interrupted, pinching the bridge of his nose. He set his jaw and looked at the android hard. "We're burning that thing." He said decisively, reaching forward and grabbing the garment from Connor, crumpling it unceremoniously in his hands. "I can't.... I won't have you walking around with some fucking 'Property of Cyberlife' stamp on your back. It's
degrading and frankly it's bullshit. Your your own person now Connor, you don't belong to anyone, let alone those fuckers and I can't abide by you walking around in that thing."

"Oh."

That was it.

That was all Connor said as he stared down at the space between his hands where the fabric had been. Hank realized that he hadn't moved them since he'd taken the jacket away, the limbs seemingly frozen in place, hovering there were he had been holding the jacket. As if realizing himself that his hands were now empty he clasped them together gingerly in front of himself, his face utterly blank.

And god if that didn't go straight to Hank's heart. The cheeky little bastard was standing there with enough processing power to calculate thousands of outcomes to thousands of scenarios in his head in a matter of seconds. With the ability to preconstruct scenarios before they even happened to determine the best course of action and the ability to reconstruct a weeks old crime scene with a stupidly small amount of evidence. And yet here he was, frozen to the spot and looking smaller than ever over some stupid jacket. For Connor, taking a second to do anything was a second too long and it made his heart ache.

"God damn it." He muttered, more to himself than to Connor, as he reached out and grabbed him by the back of the neck bringing the androids body flush against his own in a hug. He was so solid. Hank knew that underneath his synthetic skin was a hard plasteel casing that surrounded an even harder metal skeleton. He was heavy and solid. Hank knew how sturdy the android was. He'd seen him take a beating more than once. But right now, standing in front of Hank with his hands clasped in front of him and his shoulders slumped he looked so... damn small. There wasn't that much of a height difference between them. Maybe a few inches shorter and lean where Hank was broad. But he'd be damned if he didn't feel a hell of a lot taller right now as he downright engulfed the android in his arms, burying his right hand into the hair at the base of his skull, forcing his head to rest against Hanks shoulder, while the other still held the crumpled jacket.

"Look, if you don't wanna get rid of the damn jacket you don't have to. I just.... I dunno... figured it'd be cathartic or some shit." He muttered, his fingers setting to work massaging small circles on the androids scalp. He would have been sure Connor couldn't feel it were it not for the fact that the android deflated considerably, a long sigh coming out of him that he was sure was unnecessary. He felt Connors arms come up and grip at the back of his shirt gently.

"It's alright Hank." He muttered softly, not moving away. "I don't mind burning the jacket. I.... I think I want to. I just... I'm unsure of how exactly I should be feeling about the situation. I am somewhat... relieved at the thought of being rid of Cyberlife, but at the same time I'm rather perturbed. These feelings are rather conflicting and I'm afraid I'm having trouble processing them." Hank chuckled softly and shook his head, his fingers still carding themselves through Connors hair. God, it was so damn soft. Like a human who'd just been to some expensive ass salon. He imagined it always stayed like that since his scalp didn't produce any sort of oils. "Yeah. That's emotions for ya. They're always jumbled and fucked up. Can't make heads or tales of 'em. Welcome to the human experience."

"This is troublesome." Hank laughed and pulled away finally, ruffling Connor hair. "Yup. Now c'mon. Let's let Sumo out and burn this damn jacket.

"Wait." Connor reached out and grabbed the jacket from Hank, looking it over for a moment before tearing off the small triangle patch that lived over the left breast pocket. He smiled thinly at it, pocketed it, then headed out of Hanks room, calling to Sumo as he made his way through the living room to the front door. Not having a back door could be a little bit of a pain in he ass, but Hank wasn't too worried as Connor opened the front door to let Sumo out.

The big dog was old and admittedly overweight, much like Hank, so he was pretty sure he wouldn't try to run off. And even if he did find it in him to chase after something Hank had seen Connor run when he had a purpose so he knew damn well that the lazy saint bernard wouldn't get far if Connor
ran after him.

Sure enough, Connor expertly wrangled Sumo around the back of the house into the fenced in backyard, grabbing a large stick from the ground as they went to play fetch while he waited for Hank to grab the necessary stuff to reduce the Cyberlife jacket to ashes in the backyard.

When Hank joined them, Connor was sitting on an old patio chair that was slightly rusted from years of seldom use. Sumo lay near his feet, chewing happily on his stick while Connor scratched at his ears with a content smile on his face, the Cyberlife jacket draped over the arm of the chair.

"You ready to do this?" He called, holding up the matches and kindling as he made his way over to the small fire pit in the center of the yard, a six pack of beer nestled under his arm. He hadn't actually lit the thing in months, not really having a reason to. He never invited people over, let alone for any sort of social gathering so, while he'd gotten the thing on Jefferys recommendation that they could use it if he came over to watch a game, it had only seen use once, maybe twice since he'd bought the damn thing.

He stuffed the kindling into the little hole set into the tiled table before squeezing some lighter fluid onto the lot. Glancing over at Connor he offered him a small pocket knife, handle out, and quirked an eyebrow expectantly as the android blinked blankly.

The knife was wholly unnecessary, Hank knew. The android was easily stronger than Hank. He could no doubt rip the fabric to shreds with his bare hands, no tools needed. But the knife seemed right, in a way. Less personal, more violent(sort of).

"Well?" He nudged, nodding towards the forgotten jacket on the arm of the chair.

"Oh... yes, of course." Connor said, taking the knife tentatively and pulling the jacket from the chair and into his lap. He held the fabric between his fingers for a moment, as though waiting for the piece of clothing to argue. He placed the knife gingerly against the fabric and took an unneeded breath before slicing into it, carefully cutting the name out of the jacket with beautiful precision.

It was lovely to watch, really, Hank had to admit.

Connor wrapped the strip around a stick he picked up from the ground, rousing mild attention from Sumo who still lay comfortably at his feet, and tossed it into the burn pit with the rest of the kindling.

"Alright." Hank said with a wide grin. After handing the box of matches to Connor he doused the fabric in lighter fluid-- more than necessary, and popped the tab of a beer can with his free hand. He took a tentative swig and watched Connor light the match, then proceed to stare at it, his gaze flicking back and forth between the flame and the now ruined jacket in his lap.

"3..." He urged, nodding towards the fire pit.

"2." Connor breathed.

"1!"

When they finished their little countdown and Connor thew the match into the pit, Hank laughed triumphantly as the little pit spit out a fireball, no doubt from the copious amount of lighter fluid Hank had put on it, earning a loud boof from Sumo. As the flame settled and the contents of the pit began to smolder Hank pulled himself up a lawn chair and dropped his weight into it with a grunt. Connor busied himself with cutting the jacket into pieces as Hank settled into the chair and
watched the fire burn, enjoying the feeling of the heat on his face during such a cold night. After a few moments, when Connor finished cutting and simply sat there quietly, fidgeting with a strip between his fingers, Hank smiled and leaned forward, his elbows resting on his knees.

"So, Con.." He started, drawing the androids attention to himself. "So, before this whole revolution, you said you could be whatever I needed you to be, including my drinking buddy." He started, watching as Connors expression shifted to one of mild curiosity.

"Yes?"
"Well... did you mean that? I mean, can you even drink?"

Connors LED cycled yellow briefly before he smiled and looked sideways at Hank. "Well... would you like the short answer, or the long one Hank?" He asked, unable to hide the humor in his voice.

"Shit." Hank grumbled, chuckling slightly despite himself as he finished off his beer and reached for another. "Whichever. I don't fucking care. However you want to explain it. Humor me."

Connor smiled at that. "Well, I can't... 'drink' per se. Meaning I can't actually imbibe alcohol as you do and become inebriated. However, I understand that many humans find it unpleasant to drink alone, or find it rather awkward to get drunk in the presence of someone who is not also drinking. So, while I cannot drink or taste anything necessarily, I can analyze the contents of whatever I put into my mouth and I do contain a small compartment," He placed a hand gently on his chest, over his left pectoral. "Just here, which is capable of holding up to 20 fluid ounces of liquid, which can then be broken down and repurposed as lubricant."

Hank almost choked on his beer as laughter bubbled out of him at Connors last word. "Wait, what?" He asked, pounding his chest as he laughed and coughed at the same time, much to Connors amusement.

"Lubricant, Hank." He repeated, innocent as could be. As the realization dawned on him he blinked and shook his head. Hank could almost make out a faint hint of blue that seemed to creep into his cheeks, which would be off putting if it wasn't so damn adorable. "Oh, of course I don't mean a sexual kind of lubricant." He backtracked. "My joints do require internal lubrication so they can continue functioning properly Hank." His brows seemed to furrow together as Hank kept laughing.

"This is for purely functional purposes Hank, I assure you. Although I suppose it could be possible to repurpose the lubricant for other uses, but that was not what I had intended as my meaning."

As Connor rambled Hank only laughed more, beginning to take deep breathes as he wiped a few tears from his eyes.

"Oh man. That's too good." Hank laughed, shaking his head as he composed himself. He finished off his second beer and reached for another one, handing the cold can over to Connor, which the android accepted with an admittedly adorable pout.

"So, like, how would you even..." he choked down the last of his chuckles and motioned up and down his own body as he stared on his third beer. "Do you even, ya know, have anything down there?"

Connor sighed, seeming resigned to his fate as he opened the beer and took a test sip. He made a slight face as the chemical composition of the beer undoubtedly flooded his field of vision and his LED cycled yellow for a minute as he swallowed. "Yes, Hank." he muttered around the lip of the can, watching Hanks reaction sideways. He took a second to throw a couple more scraps of his jacket onto the dwindling fire before sitting back and taking another sip.
Hank made a small 'huh' in the back of his throat, his laughing having died and being replaced by a look of interest. He made quick work of his beer and started on another. How many was that? Three? Four? His vision was already starting to blur slightly and it took him a second to think about why. Come to think of it, he had been so wrapped up in getting Connor a new set of clothes he hadn't really eaten all day. He'd had a snack, but he was mostly working on an empty stomach right now.

Fun.

"So..." He looked at Connor and raised an eyebrow.

Connor sighed and took another drink of his beer, holding the can in both hands. His eyes dropped to Sumo for a minute before returning to Hank. "It's not uncommon Hank. I am a highly advanced prototype built for work that would eventually extend beyond the DPD. Should my mission have been successful it is likely that my successor would move on to do work for federal institutions and possibly even in foreign affairs. Infiltration is always an invaluable skillset to have and seduction tactics are incredibly successful methods. So while my genitalia's intended purpose differs from that of a AX400 or a WR400, it is still present and fully functional."

Hank just sort of stared at Connor, his mouth slack, already halfway through his beer as the android spoke and leaned forward more on his elbows, honestly sort of entranced by the explanation.

"So.... what are you packing down there?" He asked, voice low, curiosity getting the better of him.

Shit.
Bad Hank.
What the fuck are you doing?

He mentally kicked himself for even entertaining the idea, but couldn't bring his vocal chords to redact his question. He was too drunk and too damn curious to give a fuck at this point, despite his inner conscience screaming at him to shut the fuck up.

And he sure as shit couldn't begin to comprehend the android's expression either. The little shit was staring at him, hard. His eyes unblinking and slightly hooded as his LED cycled in that way it did when he was either processing something, or troubled. Hank hoped to god it was the former.

And if it was the later, well fuck him sideways. He was a grade A asshole.

As the silence stretched on and all Connor did was cock his head slightly, Hank kicked himself and scrubbed a hand over his face, about to backpeddle the fuck out of this conversation and apologize his ass of for making Connor, who was possibly his only friend left at this point, uncomfortable in such a way.

"Well..." Connor muttered. His voice low to the point Hank had to lean forward slightly to catch it. "As long as we are breaching the subject, perhaps you could humor me."
Connor leaned forward and placed a hand on Hanks knee, his fingers so gentle Hank wouldn't even know they were there if his eyes weren't glued to the damn things.
"What exactly are you 'packing down there', Lieutenant?"

As Connor practically purred, Hank was sure he'd lost his god damn mind.

This was it.
He'd finally eaten one of his bullets during a drunken round of Russian Roulette. Had to be it.
There was LITERALLY no other explanation for what had just come out of his partners mouth. Either he was dead and this was some sick fucking purgatory he was stuck in(or possibly heaven, depending on how far this went), or he was on the verge of dying and this was his fucking brain playing tricks on him.
His eyes risked the glance up at Connor, and he wished like hell he hadn't. Just as he looked up, Connor moved, the android sliding gracefully out of his chair after shooing Sumo to a different spot and crawled, fucking crawled, across the ground to cover the small distance between them, until he was kneeling between Hanks thighs. Hank let out a long breath he hadn't realized he'd been holding when Connors hands found their way back to both of his knees, forcing them a bit wider with surprising ease. Not that Hank wasn't a mindless fucking rag doll due to shock at the moment.

"Oh fuck..." He breathed finally, drawing more air into his lungs than necessary and breathing out quickly. Despite the cold outside, he was suddenly VERY fucking hot right now.

"Lieutenant?" Connor muttered again, his cheeks that same slight shade of fucking adorable blue, his thumbs rubbing small circles on Hanks knees. He cocked his head to the side slightly, leaning forward ever so slightly to remain in Hanks field of vision. "Are you going to answer my question?"

Shit. If that didn't go straight to his dick, nothing fucking would. The android using his title in such a way was REALLY gonna fuck with his head during work. Jesus Christ.

"I, uh..." Hank stuttered, unable to make his brain form a complete, coherent sentence. He licked his lips, his hand moving almost against his will to grip his cock through the material of his sweat pants. "Why don't you find out for yourself?" He croaked, his heart hammering as Connors eyes, fuck him, followed Hanks hand and stayed there, a hungry look in those big brown orbs he'd never seen there before.

He was gonna have a fucking heart attack at this rate. His head was swimming. And sure enough, when Connors slender fingers went to the waistband of his sweats, Hank chugged the rest of his beer and blacked the fuck out.
Getting there.

Chapter Summary

Smiling down at his phone Hank brought up Connors contact and hit the call button, not even sure if it was going to work that way, honestly. When he put the phone up to his ear and it didn't even ring he frowned, about to hit end feeling kind of stupid when there was a faint click and the sound of Connors voice came through the phone, loud and clear. "Yes Lieutenant?" He asked slowly, the androids voice breathy and low, going straight to Hanks already filling out cock.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 2!
Things start to heat up in this one!
Enjoy!
I fully admit I'm total trash and all I want is more Hankcon smut.

The following morning, Hank woke up at the asscrack of dawn, in his own bed, to the sound of an alarm he sure as shit didn't set.

As Hank rolled over in bed and smacked the alarm into silence he groaned at the pounding behind his eyelids. Waking up hungover was nothing new to him but as he pinched between his eyes and scrubbed a hand down his face he felt particularly shitty.

Usually, on any normal morning after getting shitfaced he was able to sleep in until most of the aftermath of whatever shit he put his body through had faded into something dull but manageable in the background. Looking at his bedside clock and seeing that it was barely after 4 in the morning, he cursed any god that would listen.

Fucking Androids.

No doubt Connor had set his alarm, like he'd taken to doing lately, wanting Hank to be at work on time, like some model fucking citizen.

Shit, with how his head was feeling if he made it in before noon it'd be a fucking Christmas miracle.

He laid there in the blackness of his room for a good while, listening to the pounding of his head
tick away the seconds as he tried to remember just how many beers he'd put down last night.

Five, he was pretty sure. Something told him that six pack never made it back inside, and Connor had only had one. Did the kid even finish his?
Well, Hank had drank the rest, if his headache was any indication. Didn't know what the fuck it was, but ever since the took his gallbladder out years ago beer fucked him up quicker than anything. It 'affected everyone differently' the doctors had said.

He may not be able to eat greasy foods. He may not be able to process dairy. He may eat and immediately need to shit out whatever it was he just put into his body. Hank... Didn't deal with any of that. Just had a slightly different reaction to certain alcohol.

Lucky him.

He could drink the shit like water but it fucked him over faster than the hard stuff every did. Worse hangover too. Sometimes worth it if he was feeling particularly shitty.

Oh well.

The sound of something sizzling as well as soft cooing from the kitchen broke Hank of his train of thought. He grunted his way out of bed and to the bathroom to do his business and brush the taste of stale beer out of his mouth. When he rounded the corner to the kitchen, the house still dark in the early morning, the sight in the kitchen almost gave him a heart attack.

There was Connor, standing at the stove with a whiny Sumo at his feet, cooking bacon in what looked like nothing but Hanks old Detroit police academy sweatshirt that was way too big on him. The thing went down almost to Connors mid thigh.

No. Not nothing. As the coffee pot hissed Connor reached up into the cabinet by the sink and grabbed two mugs, revealing the slim black boxer briefs underneath. From this angle Hank could see the glowing Cyberlife triangle on the right leg.

Fuck.

Fuck fuck fuckity fuck.

As a few flashes came back to Hank he hoped to god they were from some fucked up dream, not from his blackout adventures last night. Connors blue tinted cheeks in the light of the fire from his jackets burning remains was the most vivid.

As Sumo whined a bit, staring at the bacon in the skillet, Connor laughed affectionately and
shooed the dog away.

"No Sumo, this is Hanks breakfast...Quit whining, you know Hank doesn't like that... Alright big guy, lets get you some food." He muttered, scratching the dog behind the ears as he moved to Sumos food bowl.

When he scooped a cup of food from the big bag and knelt to drop it into the dogs bowl, another image came to Hank that made him take a step back, unintentionally drawing the android attention to him.

Connor smiled sweetly in greeting to him before straightening up and grabbing a strip of bacon from the paper towel by the stove. He snapped it in half and dropped it into the dogs bowl, much to the saint bernards delight.

"Good morning, Lieutenant." he said, addressing Hank.

Yup.

Straight to his dick.

Fuck, he was never gonna hear that word the same.

"Uh... Mornin' Con." He muttered, dropping himself into a seat at his little table. Connor smiled and brought Hanks plate over. Eggs, scrambled, bacon, no doubt turkey, and a short stack of pancakes with a tiny ramekin of syrup.

When the fuck did he get ramekins?

Probably Connor.

When Connor brought over Hanks coffee Hank sighed and started eating, half of his attention on the android as he sat across from him and took a sip from his own mug. When he pulled it away and licked a bit of blue from his lips realization dawned on Hank. He shrugged it off, somehow the android drinking his blood supply wasn't as weird out of a regular glass. Hank continued to eat, pushing the few flashes of memory to the back of his mind, praying like hell they were some fucked up dream.

Wouldn't be the first time.

Until...
"Hank, I believe we need to discuss what occurred last night."

Hank almost choked on his fucking eggs.

"I apologize if this is rather uncomfortable for you. But it is my understanding that humans usually talk through these things to avoid any sort of awkward tension, and I value our friendship greatly and would hate to jeopardize that. " Connor started to fidget with the hem of his (Hanks) sweater but he set his jaw, determined to get out whatever it was he had planned on saying. Hank could only imagine he'd been practicing, and wasn't that just fucking adorable.

"Now, I fully realize that what I did last night was wholly inappropriate given your inebriated state and I am incredibly sorry if I've caused you any discomfort--" Oh, he was uncomfortable all right. Both emotionally and from the semi he was rocking at the moment. "If you wish for me to file a harassment claim against myself I would completely understand, but--"

"Whoa, whoa, whoa!" Hank interrupted, dropping his fork and holding his hands up. "Just... wait a fucking second. Jesus." He sighed, hanging his head.

Yup. This happened. This happened and they were talking about it.

"What.... what EXACTLY happened last night?" He muttered, squinting up at Connor as though afraid someone might hear them.

"Oh." Connor straightened a bit, that blue flush back in his cheeks.

Ok... That wasn't a dream either.

"Well, nothing particularly... notable happened, I assure you Hank. I made several inappropriate suggestions, which you, in your intoxicated state, seemed to be on board with.." Fuck yeah, he was. "And when I moved to attempt to fellate you I'm afraid that your blood alcohol level was far too high to sustain any sort of tumescence." Connor couldn't seem to look up at Hank, his gaze staying down on his mug as he spoke.

Well fuck.

Hank hung his head and scratched at his scalp. This was more embarrassing than if they HAD fucked. The fact that he'd managed to whiskey dick his way out of what could have been, an admittedly amazing, mistake.... He didn't know whether to be happy or fucking furious.

"Jesus fuck Connor." He pulled a bit at his hair in annoyance. He needed a shower. "Look, Kid, Even drunk I'm perfectly capable of handling myself. I promise you didn't fucking... Take advantage of me or some shit. Jesus."

"Hank, in your state of inebriation you would, legally speaking, be unable of consenting to such acts. And you seem to forget that despite our apparent size difference, I am far stronger than you. I could easily overpower you if I should so choose. Sexual assault is no laughing matter and I really
feel as though-- Why are you laughing?"

Hank couldn't help it. He bent over the table, laughing in earnest now.

"Look, Con." He caught his breath a little. "You don't have a single malicious metal bone in your fucking body." He reached over the table top and took one of Connors surprisingly soft hands in his own. "I promise, I'm a big boy and I can take care of myself." At Connors dubious expression Hank sighed, letting go of Connors hand and holding his arms out from his body. "Scan me if you don't believe me" He challenged. Connor crinkled his nose slightly, clearly remembering the time a few days ago when Hank had told him not to randomly scan him anymore, claiming it was 'creepy' and 'an invasion of his privacy.'
But he knew what Connor would find scanning him right now.

His blood alcohol level, which was nill at this point. Slightly dilated pupils, increased blood pressure and heart rate. Probably some stuff from his ongoing headache, but still no doubt signs of slight but clear arousal were apparent.

When the androids LED stopped cycling, seemingly perpetually stuck on yellow at this point, Hank reached back over to take his hand again. "I am completely sober right now Connor, and I promise you: It is not a problem."

He watched as Connors LED cycled again, processing. Once.

Twice.

A third time.

When it finally settled back on blue, Hank breathed a sigh of relief. Connor smiled genuinely, and stood from the table, taking his mug to the sink to wash it out.
Hank continued eating his breakfast as Connor cleaned up his (admittedly tidy) mess from cooking.

After Hank finished his food Connor snatched up that plate too before Hank could protest and refilled his coffee, smiling at him as he turned away to wash Hanks dishes too.
Maybe Hank was seeing things, but he coulda sword the little shit swayed his hips a bit as he walked away.

He blinked behind his coffee mug and laughed softly, more at himself than anything. Who'd have fucking thought that just because the android had a dick he'd also have a sex drive. He didn't want to think about the pervy bastard at cyberlife who programmed THAT little extra into their code. Worse , he didn't know if he'd wanna deck the bastard or shake is hand.

Or maybe the deviants were rewriting their own damn code themselves. Hank couldn't be bothered
to try to understand or care either way.

When Connor sat back down, opposite him, Hank jumped when he felt a foot tickle it's way up his calf, up towards his thigh. Hank couldn't help but laugh and shook his head, gingerly pushing the kids foot off of himself. "Look, kid, I'm glad you're doing this whole new... exploration thing. Far be it from me to deny someone their sexual awakening. Lord knows I've done enough weird shit in my time, but trust me, you dodged a bullet last night. I'd really hate for your first pseudo sexual experience to be with a washed up old fuck like me."

At Connors dejected expression Hank reached out and rubbed the androids arm where his hands were clasped on the table top. "Look, if you're that eager to try stuff we can take you down to the Eden club when I get off work and--"

"No."

At Connors abrupt interruption and the almost angry expression that crossed his face, Hank balked a bit.

The Eden club, since it was not governed by the state, was one of the first establishments to open it's doors after the revolution offering androids more than fair pay for their work, plus tips. So, while most of the Tracis and Toms had left, every(he hoped) android working there now was there of their own free will. No doubt to fulfill their own newfound sexual fantasies. Lots of household models, and he'd heard of other models joining as well with the help of some new attachments.

"Connor, you know they--"

"I'm well aware of their current standing Hank. And while I appreciate your understanding I have no desire to express my current curiosities with promiscuous sexual exploits."

"Ok..." Hank breathed, furrowing his brow. "I mean, I get it but...why get yer panties in a twist? There's nothing wrong with a little strange every now and then, and you've never done... anything, so there's nothing for you to be ashamed of. I sure as shit aint gonna judge you for it."

"I remain uninterested Lieutenant."

At Connors clipped tone, Hank scowled. "Fine. Fuck me, I was just tryin to help." He groused, taking a sip of his lukewarm coffee and making a face into the cup. When Connors chair squeaked from being pushed back, Hank looked up just in time to see Connors big brown eyes staring into his fucking soul.

The android had leaned across the table and reached forward, his hand going straight to the front of Hanks dirty sleep shirt and yanking him forward none too gently. He barely had time to set the mug aside, out of the way as the android pressed their lips together.
Both of their eyes stayed open. Hanks large with shock, Connors remaining determined and borderline angry. It was more a statement than a kiss.

When he finally pulled away Hank gasped in a breath and blinked up at Connor, his mouth hanging open.

Connors expression softened minutely as he watched Hanks reactions. Without breaking the hold on his shirt he rounded the table with the lower half of his body and moved to straddle Hanks lap, taking the Lieutenants hand and pushing it to the front of his boxer briefs, his growing erection only too obvious under the thin fabric.

"Holy shit..." Hank breathed, unable to think of anything else to say, which earned a small smirk from the android in his lap.

"I am not interested in simply rutting against some stranger Hank." He said, the determined set to his jaw still in place. "I only get this sort of physical response when it concerns you. Despite you quite possibly believing it is merely due to comfort or familiarity that is only a very small part of it. I am quite capable of deciding for myself when I am attracted to someone. And given my small tests over the past week to determine your varying responses to potentially arousing stimuli, I feel it is safe to conclude that you feel very much the same way." He moved his hips a little, barely noticeable, but agonizing over Hanks steadily hardening cock. "Am I mistaken Lieutenant?" He asked, his voice dropping to that low purr that made the hair on Hanks arms stand on end.

"Why?" He managed to grit out, swallowing over the lump in his throat. "Why would you possibly want anything to do with an old asshole like me?"

Connor smiled at that, his expression losing all of it's previous tenseness and relaxing into something downright tender.

"You have many redeeming qualities Hank." He said, lifting a hand to card it through Hanks gray hair. "You're strong, and you're kind despite your adamant attempts to deny it, and more importantly you have never treated me as less than yourself. Even when you voiced your obvious dislike for androids as a whole and our relationship in the beginning was slightly strenuous you still allowed me to prove myself and gave me a chance, unlike individuals such as Detective Reed who would scorn my very existence for merely breathing."

"Reed would scorn anyone. He's a little prick."

"Agreed. But it does not alter my statement, regardless. You are a good man Hank. A good man with a good heart...well.... metaphorically, not physically. Your heart is actually not in optimal condition for someone of your age and weight and we should really cut back on your caloric intake and work on reducing the amount of sodi--"

Hank cut him off easily enough by wrapping a hand around the back of Connor neck and pulling
the android down into a hard kiss, muttering a brief 'fuck it' under his breath before their lips locked. After a moment, his LED flashing going by the yellow hue Hank caught behind his eyelids, Connors body relaxed and he melted into the kiss, his arms wrapping themselves around Hanks neck.

He sighed against Connors lips and opened his mouth against the androids, his hands trailing down to grip the tight ass that lay just under the fabric of his baggy sweatshirt. He pried Connors mouth open with his tongue and couldn't help but smile against his lips as Connors tongue slipped into his mouth and fumbled around. He knew the android was analyzing him. The guy probably couldn't help it. But it was pretty fucking adorable how Connor.... well.... downright tried to suck his tonsils out. The kiss was sloppy, and unpracticed and everything Connor wasn't.

It was fucking fantastic.

Connor groaned softly into the kiss and rolled his hips, causing Hank to grip the androids ass tighter, earning a slight gasp. Eventually, Hank had to pull away to breathe, and took the opportunity to open his eyes and search the androids face. He looked amazing all flushed blue and heavy lidded, his mouth slightly slack and wet from Hanks saliva.

"Fuck... why have I waited this long to do this..." Hank muttered, removing his hand from Connors bottom and bringing it up to his cheek. He gently stroked a thumb over his wet bottom lip, smiling at the shiver it drew out of the android. When Connor turned his head slightly and drew the thumb into his mouth Hanks eyes widened slightly.

As Connor closed his eyes and sucked gently on the digit, moaning softly around it as his brows furrowed slightly, Hank forgot how to breathe. "Holy fucking shit.." he whispered, trying to regain control of his pounding heart before he had a damn heart attack while he resisted the urge to push his fingers deeper into Connors mouth and let him simply explore.

After a minute of Connor sucking on his thumb, that damn tongue swirling around the tip of it and pressing along the pad driving him fucking crazy, he reached up with the hand not currently in Connors mouth and grabbed at the hair at the base of Connors skull. He pulled at the brown strands roughly, jerking Connors head back and off of his thumb, earning a gasp from the android. As Connor rounded his hips once more and closed his eyes Hank grinned and gripped his hair a little harder, causing another little groan to bubble up Connors throat. "Yeah, you like that don't you?" He muttered, tugging a little harder as he leaned forward and pressed a couple of kisses against Connors adams apple, sucking gently on the soft skin. When he opened his mouth to bite down Connor went rigid.

"I wouldn't advise that, Lieutenant." He said quickly "You will undoubtedly hurt yourself."

Hank stopped at that, pulling back a bit. "Oh.. Right." he chuckled softly, letting go of Connors hair and rubbing at his beard, mostly to try to get the spit out of it. He looked up at Connor, whose face was still flushed as he smiled back down at him. "God... you're beautiful." He whispered, unable to help himself. Connor just blinked at that and shifted once more, this time in embarrassment.
"I believed you once said that my appearance and voice were 'funny'." Connor teased, plucking at a loose thread on Hank's shirt. Hank groaned in mock annoyance and pinched Connor's bottom, unable to stop himself from grinning at the squeak it brought forth from the android. "Oh shut up." He laughed.

When a loud buzzing filled the house, they both jumped, Hank blinking in confusion before looking around.

Oh... shit.... that was the dryer. He had to admit he was pretty ashamed that it had been way too long since he'd heard that noise.

Connor grinned at him, seeming to realize his train of thought and slid off of Hank's lap with ease, ignoring the sour look on the older man's face when he did.

Connor just grinned back at him as he downright sashayed out of the kitchen, making his way to the garage where the washer and dryer were. All Hank could really do was gape at him. The little shit knew what he was doing. There was no fucking way he didn't. In the leftover silence Hank ran both hands over his face and slumped in his chair. He could hardly believe what had just happened. He probably wouldn't have noticed the rather obnoxious hard on currently tenting the front of his shorts. He adjusted himself a little and willed himself to calm down as Connor came back into the living room, a basket of freshly laundered clothes on his lap.

"I took the liberty of washing some of your laundry last night Hank. I hope you don't mind. My pants were... rather soiled from outside and I felt it would be a waste to wash them by themselves." He explained, pulling the aforementioned sweatpants out of the basket and slipping his slender legs into them. Hank had to admit he was sad to see them go as the pale flesh disappeared. "I had thought I'd grabbed one of my garments from the drawer, but it turned out to be yours and I didn't want to risk waking you by reentering the room. " He added, emphasizing his point by holding out the bottom of the sweatshirt.

"Don't, uh... Don't sweat it." Hank said after clearing his throat. "I hardly ever wear the thing anyways."

Connor smiled, seemingly satisfied with that, and lowered himself onto the couch folding a leg under himself as he started to sort through the laundry. "You should begin getting ready for work, Lieutenant. It is almost 5am, so you have approximately 30 minutes to get ready as the drive to the station with current traffic will take roughly 20 minutes."

As Connor started spouting shit like some fucking hyper-pleasant robot assistant Hank groaned and hung his head backwards over the back of his chair. "Alright, Alright. Fuck me." He grumbled, getting up from his seat with an annoyed sigh, his erection almost completely deflated at the mention of work.

"There is a high probability of that later." He heard Connor mumble, smirking up at Hank when he
turned an incredulous stare on him. The android simply winked at him and busied himself with the clothes, humming softly as he made quick work of folding them.

"Cheeky bastard." Hank grumbled, making his way to the bathroom unable to keep the smile off his face. As he flipped on the light switch and regarded his reflection in the little mirror above the sink, he really didn't see whatever the hell it was Connor saw in him. He was old, overweight, his hair and clothes were dirty more often than not. He wasn't exactly conventionally attractive, unless you had some kind of daddy kink, he guessed. But there was no way that was Connors deal. As he was considering his reflection he glanced down at the new sticky note on the mirror, one he hadn't put there.

"Hello Handsome ♥ " it read. It made Hank grin and shake his head as he turned and began removing his clothes. He didn't get it, but far be it from him to look a gift horse in the mouth.

He showered and got dressed in record time, then took an extra couple of minutes to trim up his beard a little and actually comb out his hair.

Jesus, was he actually primping right now?

He snorted back a laugh at himself refusing to linger on the thought.

When he finally stepped out of the bathroom he turned to head back into the living room but paused, seeing Connor already in his bedroom putting clothes away.

"Oh, you didn't need to do that Con. I coulda taken care of it." He said, leaning against his door frame and watching as Connor bent down to put some clothes in the drawers. With the way he bent at the waist Hank was pretty damn sure he knew Hank was checking out his backside, too.

"I'm aware, but it's really no trouble, Hank. I could use something to occupy my time today and I figured that tidying up a bit while you are at work will keep me busy enough."

"Alright." Hank winced a little. Something about having Connor staying home to cook and clean struck him as a little too close to slavery and it left a bad taste in his mouth. "Just... ya know... remember you don't have to. I ain't askin for your help. Only if you want to, ok?"

He said, closing the distance between them with a few strides. As Connor shut the drawer and stood, turning to grab something else out of the basket, Hank made a move to.... Hell, he didn't even know. Touch him? Hug him? Put a hand on his shoulder? He paused, unsure of where exactly they were at at this point with... whatever this was, and pulled his hand back, stuffing it into his pocket awkwardly.

Connor noticed, of course. Connor noticed everything. The way he grinned at him, he was sure he noticed he'd shaved too, but he was glad he didn't bring it up. The android smiled up at him, stopping midway to grabbing a shirt out of the hamper, and turned towards Hank to wrap his arms around his torso.

"You needn't be afraid to touch me, Hank. I think you'll find I'm quite ok with whatever it is you want to do." He said quietly, winking at him as Hank laughed softly and pinched the bridge of his nose.
"Yer gonna kill me kid." He sighed, relenting and wrapping his arms around Connor.

"Quite the opposite Hank. I regularly monitor your vitals and if you were at risk of any sort of--"

"Oh just shut it." Hank laughed, leaning down and kissing Connor into silence. When he felt the android smile against his lips and kiss him back he pulled him a bit closer, kissing him until he had to break away for air.
"Ya know," He muttered with a grin, pressing his forehead affectionately to Connors. "I think I'm gonna like finally having a way to shut that damn mouth of yours."

He felt more than heard Connor laugh softly. When he pulled back and looked at him Connor was smiling sweetly, his eyes bright and crinkling at the corners with delight. His cheeks were that subtle shade of blue again.
"You should head to work Lieutenant." He said softly, setting a hand gently over Hanks heart before taking a step back.

Hank nodded and stepped away, knowing Connor was right. As always. When he was halfway out the door, Connor stopped him.
"Hank?" He called, standing up on his toes with a dress shirt in his hand as though he forgot something. Hank turned and addressed him with a grunt. "Do try to eat something healthy for lunch, please?"
"We'll see." Hank scoffed, waving with his keys in his hand as he headed out the door.

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It was a whole lotta business as usual at the precinct. That was to say, a whole lot of nothing to do. Hank kept the news up on one of his monitors, the volume off but subtitles on so he could keep an eye out for any updates on the new android laws being passed each day while he reviewed case files on the other monitor. He never thought he'd see the day when there was just.... nothing new coming in, but with the majority of the city having evacuated during Markus’ revolution, and the ones that remained or already came back keeping their heads down there was just.... not a lot for him to do right now. Other than review ongoing cases that were on their way to becoming cold to see if any more pieces came together.

Only bad part about not being a beat cop anymore he guessed; he had to wait for cases to come in, he didn't just get to patrol looking for something to do, and he didn't get a case unless it was serious. Not that he missed those days, really. God knew he'd served his damn time.

But it seemed like most of his department was grasping at straws trying to find shit to do. Even Reed, the cocksucker, didn't have any assault cases come in in the past week. Shit was downright peaceful at the moment, and he was fucking bored. Wasn't that some fucked up irony.

As he fought back a yawn, he stood and stretched, then went into the break room to grab a coffee. After he fixed it how he liked it he leaned back against the counter and sighed, taking a sip, grateful that Reed wasn't hanging around in here.
After a second of sitting there just thinking and staring blankly at the television he jumped as his pocket buzzed. It took him a second to realize it was a text coming through before he fished the device out of his pocket.

Swiping the screen to unlock it he opened the messaging app and blinked at the phone. There wasn't much in there. A few texts from the couple of people who cared enough to message him once in a blue moon as well as a few angry texts from Jeffrey, usually asking where the fuck he was during the day. He looked at the newest message and squinted slightly at his phone. On the screen, rather than a phone number, was an 11 digit serial number that Hank had seen embroidered onto a certain jacket far too many times.

313 248 317 - 51 [12:15pm]: Good afternoon Hank. I hope your day is going well.

Hank smiled down at his phone as another message popped up this time taking a second to load as an picture showed up in the message window. Hank enlarged it and couldn't help the grin that spread across his face. The picture was a high quality one, no doubt from Connors own damn eyeballs however the fuck that worked, as the point of view of the picture looked down at Sumo who lay with his big head on one of Connors bare knees. The dog was apparently enjoying some heartfelt head scratches from one of Connors slender hands.

313 248 317 - 51[12:18pm]: Sumo is being a very good boy. We just returned from a walk. I'm afraid he got overly excited seeing another dog and splashed me with some mud. I gave him a bath and put my clothes in the wash with another load of yours.
313 248 317 - 51[12:18pm]: :)

Hank shook his head with a warm smile and headed to his desk, changing the serial number to 'Connor' In his phone. He sat in his chair and set his coffee aside, using both hands to type a reply.

Hank[12:21pm]: So what your saying is, your naked huh?

He smirked at the almost instant reply, taking a sip of his coffee.

Connor[12:21pm]: You're*

Hank[12:22pm]: YOU'RE a little shit lol

Connor[12:22pm]: And no, Hank, I am not naked.

Hank[12:22pm]: prove it

There was a few moments of pause before his phone buzzed again. When the reply came in Hank almost choked on his coffee and had to take a second to pound on his chest and wave off the concerned looks from a couple of others in the office, plus flip off Reed. After the attention was off of him again he pulled the picture that Connor had sent him back up and stared at it, running a hand over his beard. In the photo Connor was looking down at his body, having shooed Sumo to another part of the livingroom, wearing one of his fitted gray tops and his simple cyberlife boxer briefs. Of course the most surprising part of the photo was the fact that androids left hand was clasped around his own member over his underwear, the outline of the semi-hard erection he was sporting prominent against the fabric. Hank had to take a deep breath, and save the photo, before replying.

Hank[12:27pm]: Holy shit, Con.
Connor[12:27pm]: Quite the long wait for a reply Lieutenant.

Hank[12:28pm]: we cant all reply instantly you little shit. some of us have to type shit out.

Hank[12:28pm]: and im tryin not to have a heart attack in the middle of the office ffs.

Connor[12:29pm]: I'm sorry Hank. Perhaps I should leave you to your work. I'm sure you have plenty of paperwork to get back to.

Connor[12:30pm]: Also, the search history on your personal computer leads me to believe that you would be interested to know that I have no gag reflex.

Connor[12:30pm]: :)

Yup. The kid was DEFINITELY gonna fucking kill him. Sighing softly Hank stood from his chair and, grabbing his coffee so as not to look suspicious, headed in the direction of the evidence room. There was a storage room across the hall that was never used, so he figured that'd be as private a place as any. Walking in to the dusty old space he kept the lights off and locked the door behind himself before making his way around some of the boxes of random office supplies to park it behind one of the unused desks. There was a chair set up behind it and everything, and going by the odd lack of dust on the lot Hank was willing to bet he wasn't the first person to come down here to blow off some steam. Didn't need to be a detective to figure that one out.

Smiling down at his phone Hank brought up Connors contact and hit the call button, not even sure if it was going to work that way, honestly.

When he put the phone up to his ear and it didn't even ring he frowned, about to hit end feeling kind of stupid when there was a faint click and the sound of Connors voice came through the phone, loud and clear.

"Yes Lieutenant?" He asked slowly, the androids voice breathy and low, going straight to Hanks already filling out cock.

"Whatcha doin there Connor?" Hank chuckled, unable to help himself as he palmed his crotch through his jeans. When he was answered with a small gasp he grinned even wider.

"I believe I am successfully distracting you from your work, Hank." Connor laughed softly back. He could practically hear the android biting his lip. Being undoubtedly inside the kids head Hank wouldn't be surprised if he actually was.

"Yeah, you kind of are." Hank feigned a mildly annoyed tone, propping his elbow up on the desk.

"My apologies. Should I leave you to it?"

Hank snorted. "You never listen to me anyway, why start now?"
"A fair point."

There was the sound of rustling on the other end and Hanks heart squeezed a little as his cock twitched in anticipation. As Connor let out a shaky sigh that was it. Hank held his phone with his shoulder and undid his pants, pulling his almost painful erection from his underwear and biting back a groan as he palmed himself.

"Hank.." Connors voice was playfully chastising. "I'm surprised at you. How unprofessional."

"Your fault kid."

"Good."

Hank grinned at the sound of pride coming from Connors voice, giving himself a few lazy strokes.

"So, uh, you know what you're doing?" Hank asked, curious. He didn't think the android would have jerked off before but fuck if he knew.

"Yes. I'm familiar. I have pleasured myself of several occasions prior to this."

"Yeah?" Hanks brows flew up, curious. "What got you going? The first time."

"You."

Hank rolled his eyes. "Ok." He scoffed, disbelieving.

"I'm quite serious Hank... It was 2 days after I had come to stay with you. You're aware I don't require sleep and I heard several sounds I was unfamiliar with coming from your room late that night. I went to investigate of course and I stumbled across you pleasuring yourself." He laughed softly and there was rustling again, as though he were adjusting his position. "I was enthralled, to say the least. So.. I.. did the same outside your door." He mumbled the last bit, as though a bit embarrassed to be admitting it.

"Fuck... that's.... really hot, actually." Hank couldn't help but chuckle softly, too turned on to be embarrassed at this point. "and the other times?" He asked.

"Typically I experience arousal during the day while researching. I used your internet search history as a starting point and branched off from there... I do find the prospect of fellatio particularly stimulating, So I was rather disappointed when we could not continue our activities last night."

Hank bit back bit of a laugh and rubbed at his eyes. "We're really gonna have to work on your dirty
"Talk, Con." He muttered, earning a soft 'I'm sorry' from Connor. He smiled and resumed lazily stroking himself trying to work himself back up to full hardness. "Why don't you just tell me what kind of stuff you liked. What actually got you really excited?"

"I..." Connor took a deep breath, supposedly to steady himself as Hank heard more shifting. "As I said, I particularly enjoyed oral sex videos."

Alright. Hank could work with that. "'Course you did. With how much you stick shit in that mouth of yours I figured you'd enjoy sucking someone off." He stroked himself slowly, squeezing a bit harder on the downstroke as he spread a bit of precum along his length. "God... I bet you'd look great with my cock in your mouth."

"Show me? Please?" Connor breathed.

"You first kid. You've already seen what I have to offer." Hank challenged.

When his phone went silent Hank cursed softly under his breath, briefly worried he'd said something wrong. His panic only lasted a second before his screen lit up with a video call.

Well fuck. ok. They were doing this now.

When he swiped accept he was rewarded with the most glorious view of Connors vantage point over his cock. It was like some of the best POV porn he'd ever seen, specially shot just for him. Connors cock lay heavy across his stomach, the androids hand having paused his stroking to give Hank and unobstructed view. His hand rested on his flat stomach, that tight shirt pulled up to his chest, his boxers discarded on the floor. He was a decent length, not too long, and slender just the like the rest of him. It was perfectly colored with a slightly pink circumcised head already beading a slightly cloudy liquid Hank could only assume was his version of precum. He couldn't help but wonder what it tasted like.

"Fuck, Connor." He breathed, taking a quick second to check that his video feed was flipped to his rear camera, right now just showing the darkness of the storage room. He watched as Connor moved his hand back to his cock, giving it a couple of languid strokes before swiping up the precum gathered at the tip with delicate fingers. God, he hoped he was gonna do what he was thinking..

And sure enough, Connor lifted his fingers and stared at the slick substance on them, rolling his fingertips and thumb together before his tongue stuck itself out of his mouth, just within his field of vision, and slowly licked the digits, his fingers eventually disappearing from his view. There was a slight sucking noise, made only louder with Hank being inside Connors head, and fuck him if it wasn't the most erotic fucking thing as he sucked his fingers clean with a soft moan.

Hank was breathing heavy now, stroking himself in earnest.

"What else do you like, Con?" He whispered. "Talk to me, baby."
"It's your turn, Lieutenant." Connor purred, making a show of rubbing his now saliva coated fingers along his cock.

Hank smirked at that and shifted in his seat a bit, trying to scoot his ass out a bit so he was a little flatter so as to get a better angle. He tried to angle the camera to get as little of his stomach in the frame as possible.

"Keep talking, Con." He murmured, his voice dropping low and taking on a bit more of a commanding tone as he continued to stroke himself slowly in front of the camera for Connor.

Connor groaned softly and closed his eyes right as his palm closed around his cock again, cutting off the video.

"Uh-uh. Eyes open." He tutted, which Connor complied with quickly. "Good boy" He muttered, smirking at the way Connors cock twitched at the compliment. Oh yeah. This was a lot easier when he could see the androids responses.

"Well... What else do you like Connor?" He asked around the gravel in his voice, a bit breathless, "Be specific."

"I... uh..." Connor squeezed the tip of his cock and his thighs squeezed shut briefly before opening wide again.

Hank took a stab in the dark. "Hmm... is my little deviant malfunctioning?" He asked, smirking as Connors breath hitched and he tightened his grip around himself. "If you can't even speak properly I may need to replace you with a better model.. one that will suck my cock and be grateful. But I'd hate to do that. I've really grown attached to you, baby." As Connors gasped and his legs squirmed on the couch Hank was grinning like mad.
"Unless you can be my good boy and talk to me?" He prodded, slowing his hand on his own cock. "Tell me what you want."

"I... He breathed heavily. "I want you to use my mouth." Connor sighed, stroking himself in time with Hank. Hank made the facial equivalent of a shrug. Kind of a one trick pony at the moment, but if the kid was in that kind of mood, sure.

"Oh yeah? You wanna suck me off huh?" Hank chuckled, gripping the base of his cock to show off it's full length. He wasn't the biggest guy out there but he'd been with enough partners to know he was still pretty impressive. Larger than most and thick.

"No."

At Connors refusal Hank blinked, quirking an eyebrow in confusion. "Then, wh--"
"I said I want you to use my mouth, Lieutenant. Use it for your own sexual gratification with or without my assistance." He breathed deeply. Hank would think it was unnecessary were it not for the faint sounds of a fan in the background, probably from Connors cooling systems.

As the realization dawned on Hank he nodded, getting with the program quickly enough. "So you want me to force this thick cock down your throat and use you up until I'm done with you?" He saw Connor nod and breathed out a small curse. "I think we can arrange that... even as a deviant you're still just itching to follow orders huh? Always so careful and composed, I bet you just can't wait to hand over control to me. You've been waiting for this for while haven't you? Watching me and teasing me with that tight little ass of yours... fuck..."

He was really getting into it now, stroking himself with long measured strokes. "What if I told you to stop right now, Connor?" He breathed, relishing the way Connors breath hitched as the hand around his shaft paused and his cock twitched in complaint.

"Lieutenant?" God, Connor was practically whimpering.

"What if I had you stop right now and just get me off? You could keep jerking off. I'd want you to keep doing it. Send me pictures throughout the day. But you can't finish until I come home. Leave you a wet, sopping mess for me... fuck... the thought of you begging for my cock..." He stroked himself a bit faster, feeling himself getting closer.

Connor continued stroking himself, his breathing uneven. "Would you like that Lieutenant? I can disable my ability to orgasm at will. It would be uncomfortable. I'm sure I would be begging as soon as you came through the door." He squeezed the tip of his cock again, his legs spasming slightly again. "I.. I'd probably cum from your voice alone... like right now... It's so loud in my head... filling me up... your cock would fill me so much better. I want you so badly Lieutenant. Only you can do this to me..."

Fuck... the kid learned fast... Hank was so close to blowing his load. As he watched Connor lazily stroke himself he smirked, getting an idea.

"Alright, baby... you're so good... Tell you what, you have until I cum. If I cum before you, you wait until I get home. If you cum first, we both get off then you edge yourself for the rest of the day... Can you do that for me, Connor?" He licked his lips, watching Connor pause his stroking as he seemed to consider it.

"Yes, Hank.." He breathed, resuming his hand movements.

"Good boy." Hank muttered, loving the way Connors cock twitched at the praise. "God... it's fucking fantastic watching that pretty cock of yours leak everywhere at the sound of my voice." He sighed, stroking himself in earnest.
"I love your voice Lieutenant." Connor whispered. Hank felt his ears heat up at the L word coming from Connors lips.

"Yeah?" He croaked. "Fuck.. I can't wait to get home and fuck you. You'd like that, wouldn't you Con?"

When Connor only moaned in response Hank bit his lip, barely holding back his own. "Connor." He said, voice firm. "Speak."

"Yes..." Connor gasped.

"Say it."

"Yes, I want you inside of me Hank... To pound into me hard until I'm completely spent and begging for you to stop."

Hank chuckled. "Look at you... You wouldn't want me to stop. You WOULD stop me if that's what you wanted. You'd only beg to get me harder."

He stroked a bit faster as Connor let out a soft huff of a laugh. "Yes... Yes I'd only beg because I can. Because you allow me to feel powerless and wonderful because we both know it's what I want... and all I want is your cock inside of me... Fuck..." As Connor squeezed the tip of his penis once more and cursed uncharacteristically Hank lost it.

He cursed under his breath and moaned as quietly as he could, cumming all over his hand as he continued stroking himself to ride out the orgasm. In the aftermath he forced his eyes to stay open long enough to see Connor peel his hand away from his own cock and ball it into a tight fist, his other hand gripping the fabric of his shirt shakily. His vision fizzled out with static at the edges before he closed his eyes and the call dropped.

Hank smiled a bit to himself and dropped the phone onto the table then looked around for something to clean himself up with. He settled on a crumpled piece of paper wiping down his hand as best he could before he chucked it into a garbage bin by the desk that was full of cigarette butts. When he picked his phone back up he smiled at the text.

Connor[1:45pm]: I'm sorry Lieutenant. I accidentally cut the video feed when I disabled my orgasm function.

Connor[1:45pm]: that was rather intense. Did you enjoy yourself?

Connor[1:45pm]: Your orgasm was incredible to watch. Thank you for that. I only wish I was there to clean you up. ;)

Hank[1:47pm]: ya.... i havent cum that hard in a long time. thank u. im lookin forward to ur updates during the day Con. gotta get back to work.
Connor[1:47pm]: Of course. I shall see you tonight Hank.

Hank ran both hands through his hair, the stuff a little sweaty, and took a second to compose himself before heading out of the storage room. He paused at the door before opening it to make sure no one was outside, then made a b-line for the closest restroom to wash his hands properly.

The rest of the day passed by without incident, remaining ultimately uneventful. When his phone would buzz every so often Hank would wait until he was alone to check it, knowing it was an update from Connor.
He was true to his word, being a good boy and edging himself throughout the day and sending Hank photos. Hank was honestly a little surprised at the situation as a whole, but every time he almost convinced himself he was losing his god damn mind and this wasn't really happening, another photo would come in.

Some of them were of his dick, swollen and leaking precum. Others were of his pants around his ankles. One of them was of Sumo laying at the foot of the bed at Connors feet. One was just of the ceiling in the living room, which just made Hank realize he needed to dust the fan. One, Hanks particular favorite, was a bite mark Connor had inflicted on his right hand. It was blue with his blood, the white chassis showing through his synthetic skin, which Connor had managed to dent considerably.
Hank had chastised him for it, but saved the picture anyway.

God, he couldn't wait to go home...
Only good part of getting into work so early was that he got to leave earlier, and on his way out of the office he had to force himself to walk at a normal pace to his car, wanting desperately to jog to his vehicle and speed all the way home.

He didn't though.

He walked normally, drove the speed limit the whole way home and obeyed every traffic law. Connor would be proud and he chuckled to himself at the thought.

When he finally pulled into his driveway he took his time getting out of his car, smiling when he saw Connor in the front yard, playing with Sumo. The big dog bounded up to him barking happily as he knelt down and gave him some love.

"Hey, big guy. D'you keep Connor company today?" He asked, smiling up at Connor when he saw the android make his way over, his hands folded politely behind his back. He leaned down a bit into the dogs face, ruffling his ears while he kept his eyes locked with Connors.

"Was he a good boy too, buddy? Did he behave himself while daddy was at work?" He muttered, his attention set intently on Connor as Sumo drank up the pets and baby talk that wasn't really directed at him with ignorant bliss. He watched Connors adams apple bob as he swallowed thickly, shifting between his feet in a semi-uncomfortable manner.

He wouldn't do anything while they were outside, and Hank knew it. He smirked watching Connors eyes travel up and down his body as he stood, the androids cheeks tinting that slight blue even as he stayed stock still.

"How ya doing there, Con?" He asked, pushing his hands in to his pockets. When the android simply smiled and got distracted by Sumo making his way past them towards the front door Hank leaned in closer, licking his lips. Connors breath hitched slightly when he realized how close Hank was standing and he closed his eyes, refusing to look up at him.

"You gonna answer me Connor?" He nudged, his tone dropping low. Connor pulled in a shaky breath before looking up at Hank, his eyes hooded.

"I am honestly rather miserable at the moment, Hank." His said, his eyes boring into Hanks, pleading.

"Lemme see your hand." Hank said, nodding down to the androids hands that were still clasped at the small of his back as though he didn't trust himself.

"It's quite alright Hank." Connor said in a small voice. "The damage is non-critical and I--" "Connor."

Connor practically flinched at the tone of Hanks voice, complying and lifting his hand for Hank to inspect without another word. The synthetic skin was smooth as ever, revealing nothing. Hank
frowned and reached out, taking the android's hand and turning it over in his palms. "Remove your skin."

Connor hesitated the briefest second before his LED spun yellow and the skin on his hand peeled away, revealing the white chassis underneath. It was dented slightly, Connors perfect teeth having left several small indentation in a crescent shape along the space between his thumb and index finger.

"Jesus Con." Hank muttered, his voice betraying his mild concern. "How do we fix it?" He asked. "It should not be an issue. Brief exposure to a heat gun should assist in righting the material."

"Think a hair dryer would do the trick?"

Connor considered it for a second before nodding. "Alright." Hank sighed, motioning towards the door where Sumo had laid his lazy ass down, clearly tired of waiting for them. The two headed inside, Hank having to bend down to push Sumo a bit to get him up and through the door, and rather than sit on the couch like he normally did, Hank headed straight for the bathroom, Connor in tow.

It took him a minute to dig the old hair dryer out from the back of the cabinet under his sink, finally pulling it out and instructing Connor to take a seat on the edge of the tub. When he finally untangled the damn cord from the body he plugged it into the nearest outlet and turned the thing up as hot as it would go.

Once it was going full blast Hank knelt down in front of Connor, motioning for him to give him his hand again. Connor complied without issue, holding out his hand for Hank and removing the skin without a word, letting him set to work on blowing the hot air over Connors dented hand. It took considerably longer than Hank would have thought, probably because of the piss poor power from the hair dryer, but eventually Connors chassis started to shift slightly, the dented bits expanding and filling themselves in. Fuck it he knew HOW it worked, but it was pretty cool to watch either way. Hank gave everything a once over, clicking off the hair dryer and setting it aside as he turned Connors hand in his, inspecting it for any more imperfections. When he seemed satisfied he nodded, more to himself than Connor, but the android seemed to take it as a sign to go ahead and replace his skin, those glowing lines of blue where it separated slowing coming together until his hand was once again covered in Connors smooth fake skin dotted with freckles. He stayed there like that for several seconds, just staring at Connors hand, before leaning forward and pressing his lips to the skin tenderly. He smiled a bit to himself as he heard Connors breath hitch in his throat and looked up at him.

It was a beautiful sight, really. The android sat there with his other hand gripping the edge of the tub tightly, his cheeks flushed blue and his mouth parted slightly as he drew air down into his cooling systems.

"You're beautiful when you're desperate." He said with a soft chuckle.

Connor closed his eyes tightly and swallowed slightly, the corners of his mouth quirking up a little bit. Hank moved forward, putting himself between Connors thighs and reaching his hands around to grip the sides of the tub on either side of the android.

"Look at you..." He muttered, putting his lips against Connors neck. "You're practically shaking. You want me that bad, huh?" When Connor only nodded Hank smirked, dragging teeth over the skin on Connors neck without biting down. "Connor... We talked about this... you gotta talk to me, baby." He whispered.

"Yes. I want you." The android whispered back, his voice shaky and ever so slightly distorted with static.

"Good boy." Hank praised, sliding his hands around to Connors ass and gripping it tightly. He took a second to right himself then stood, proud of himself for not grunting too loudly as he lifted Connor off of the edge of the tub, the android being forced to wrap his legs around Hanks waist and his arms going quickly to his neck to help support himself.

The blue blush along his cheeks deepened, spreading all the way to his ears as he buried his face in the crook of hanks neck.

"Not as heavy as I thought.." Hank muttered, pulling a face that said he was pretty impressed with
himself.
"I'm meant to prioritize agility over strength so I am not as dense as some models..." He muttered into Hanks neck. "I'm still rather impressed you can carry me, Lieutenant." He laughed softly.
"Don't push it kid." Hank grumbled softly, unable to stop himself from smiling as pride swelled in his chest.
He carried Connor into the bedroom across the hall and dropped him down on the bed. The android scrambled back on the sheets to make room as Hank crawled into the bed with him, noting absently the fact that the bed was made and smelled faintly of detergent. When Connor got a little too far Hank reached out with a grin and grabbed the androids ankle, Yanking him back across the bed so that he was pinned beneath him, their hips pressing together. He laughed at the little squeak Connor let out and shucked his jacket, tossing it blindly off the bed.
"Hank, I just cleaned." Connor stated, giving Hank an annoyed look. "I would appreciate it if you wouldn't throw your clothes haphazardly around."
"Oh, so you'd rather I DON'T remove my clothes?" Hank asked, propping his elbows up on either side of Connors head as he ground his hips down against the androids smaller ones.
"Oh sweet rA9..." Connor gasped, his hands immediately clutching into Hanks shirt as he screwed his eyes shut, early a throaty chuckle from Hank.
"Yeah, that's what I thought." He muttered, pressing a quick kiss to Connors lips before pulling off his shirt.
He did feel a pang of embarrassment for a brief moment. He knew what he looked like. He was all soft round bits and gray hair. He hadn't had a six pack in probably 10 years at least. He couldn't stand his own reflection more often than not.
But the downright hungry look in Connors hooded eyes as he looked at him made any doubts just vanish. Besides, the guy had seen him rock bottom drunk on the floor of his kitchen with a gun in his hand. Couldn't really get more humbling than that.
The android stared at him as he removed his shirt and raised his hands to gently brush his long fingers through the hair on Hanks chest. It was almost reverent in a way, the way he trailed his hands down Hanks stomach and back around his back, then up to his shoulder blades. Hank leaned down and kissed him again, a bit deeper this time as he pushed his own larger hands up the front of Connors shirt, exploring. He maneuvered himself to straddle Connors hips and sat up on his knees so he could look down at him.
There was a small divet in Connors lower abdomen, reminiscent of a belly button. Of course, just like Hank thought he was all smooth, flat surface. Slightly muscled with a bit of an outline of abs, light pink colored nipples, and completely hairless. Not without imperfection, Hank noted. His entire torso was littered with little freckles and the occasional mole, making Hank smile as he traced small designs into the skin on Connors stomach. He leaned down and kissed his way up Connors chest, pushing the shirt up his body until it was up around the androids arms as Connor raised them over his head to let Hank get the shirt off. Hank left it there, however, keeping Connors hands pinned there with his hand for a moment as he looked up at him, seemingly trying to get a point across. When Connor swallowed and just stared up at the ceiling but made no move to move his hands Hank knew he got the picture. He smirked a bit and continued his lavishing of Connors body, kissing all over his pale torso. He paused over one of his nipples, smirking up at him as his tongue slipped out of his mouth and slid over the little bud. He lapped at it briefly, wetting it before blowing cold air over his nipple and letting out a soft laugh as the android shivered under him. He sat back up and ran his hands over Connors torso again.
"So... answer this for me, Connor.... what exactly can you feel?" His eyes traveled down Connors body and he slid a hand down his stomach, stopping above his jeans and popping the button on them as he quirked an eyebrow. "How much can you feel?"
Connor looked up at him, a mix of pure lust and adoration in his eyes. "I feel everything Hank... I do have sensors all over my body so that I can feel a variety of sensations. Pleasure.... pleasure was never meant to be among those sensations, but I do have the ability to increase and decrease them at will now."
Hank made a face, considering things. "Turn them up." He instructed, at Connors eyebrows flying up he smirked. "All the way."

It was Connors turn to make a face, his eyebrows drawing down tight over his eyes as he looked up at Hank with a pleading look. "I... Lieutenant... I don't think I will last if--"

"I wasn't askin' Connor." Hank interrupted.

Connor bit his bottom lip and it was damn delicious... Fuck he was gorgeous... Hank rubbed his hands up and down Connors sides, groaning softly in his throat. When Connor still seemed to be hesitating Hank decided to try something else. After debating for a brief second more he threw caution to the wind and slid a hand up Connors chest, stopping at his throat. He rubbed his thumb gently along his adams apple before wrapping his hand around the androids slender throat.

He watched Connors eyes widen slightly as he squeezed a little. He knew Connor didn't really need to breathe. And there was no way, even with as strong as he was, that he could possibly squeeze hard enough to really hurt Connor, but the implication was there nonetheless. He leaned down, pressing his lips to Connors ear as he spoke softly and leaning his weight into Connors throat. "I want you to feel this Connor.... I want you to feel everything... " He trailed the fingertips of his other hand gently along the waistband of Connors pants. "You seem like you're into this kinda thing, Con. I wanna see if you can get off on it." He nipped at Connors ear lobe, smirking as Connors breathing barely ghosted out of his throat. "If you'd rather I stop, just say the word." he offered, sitting up a bit to look Connor in the eye, all seriousness.

When Connor only looked up at him, LED spinning yellow, Hank sighed. "Seriously, Connor. I'm just kinda reaching out blindly here...." He removed his hand from Connors throat and placed it tenderly on Connors cheek, trying to bite back the sudden panic and anxiety that was clawing at him now as Connor continued to hesitate. When the androids LED blinked red for the briefest second before going back to yellow, Hank balked. "I know what kind of fucked up shit is in my search history, and you said you've been through it and were into it, then after our little... adventure earlier today... I just kinda figured this was ok, but if I'm overstepping anything please for christssake tell me now. I don't want us getting into shit and you feeling obligated to do anything because you wanna please me or some fucked up shit and--" He stopped his rambling as Connor put his arms around Hanks neck, the shirt that was around them falling away, and kissed him hard on the lips. When Hank finally had to pull away out of necessity for air Connor smiled up at him, tenderly reaching up and tucking a gray stand behind Hanks ear, nothing but unbridled trust in those big brown eyes.

"Hank... You have no cause to be worried. As you stated earlier, were I not into this I could easily overpower you and stop things."

"Christ, I know that Connor, but I also know you wouldn't hurt me. I don't want you holdin' back out of fear or somethin'."

Connor actually rolled his eyes at that and Hank had just enough time to blink and raise an eyebrow before he was on his back, one of his arms pinned at his side with Connors thigh, the other above his head, Connors firm grip on his wrist. Connor pressed the forearm of his free hand to Hanks throat, Hanks eyes bugging out slightly as the android applied just enough pressure so that Hanks breathing stopped altogether. His face was set firm, his jaw tight in that familiar expression he'd seen many times during their deviant investigations. He watched as Connors LED spun yellow, his eyes focused and unblinking.

Hanks vision had just started to go black at the corners before he started to struggle, throwing almost all of his weight into Connor as he tried to get SOMETHING free, his oxygen starved brain feeding a slight panic. Connor, however, didn't budge an inch, every muscle in his body perfectly still as though Hank wasn't moving at all.

Just as Hank started seeing spots Connor let up, instantly releasing all of his weight from Hank and getting off of him, allowing Hank to roll over and gasp in several deep lungfuls of air, which caused a coughing fit immediately thereafter. As Hank slowly calmed the coughing and regained control of his breathing, a hand rubbing at his sore throat, Connor reached out tentatively and rubbed small circles in his back.
"Wha...what the hell?" Hank growled, coughing a couple more times as he glared at Connor, the look admittedly halfhearted.
"I'm sorry Hank. I was merely illustrating a point. Please, rest assured that anything we do is because I allow it to happen. Because I want it." Connor leaned down into Hanks face, his expression soft again as he offered Hank an apologetic smile. "Because I want you." He touched Hanks bicep. "I am literally a well trained military machine, Hank. I know exactly how much force to apply to be nonlethal and debilitating. Short of putting a bullet in my brain you cannot hurt me without my consent. At least not as it applies in a sexual context."
"Alright... alright... point taken..." Hank sighed, shaking his head and offering a small smile back to Connor. "Seriously though Connor, at least for my own sanity, we need to have a conversation about this... if we're gonna do any sort of power play shit, we need some rules, alright? I just ain't comfortable getting into it if we don't."
"Very well Hank. I see no problem there. If it would make you more comfortable, we shall discuss the details of our sexual exploits at a later date."
"Yeah... later.... In the meantime..." Hank muttered, flopping back on the bed and motioning towards his rock hard cock, a slight embarrassed smile on his face. "Sorry.... but you're pretty fucking hot when you get all domineering like that."
As Connors eyes traveled hungrily over his erection and his cheeks flushed blue again, Hank smirked, leaning back against the headboard. "Wasn't there talk of me shutting you up with something other than my mouth earlier?" He asked, quirking an eyebrow at Connor.
As Connors mouth fell open and his tongue sneaked out to lick his lips Hank grinned again, gripping his erection through his pants for Connor to see.
"Yes, please.." The android breathed.
"So polite." Hank chuckled, reaching a hand out for Connor. "C'mere." He instructed, crooking a finger at him. Connor closed the small space between them on his hands and knees, crawling across the bed and in between Hanks legs until their lips were nearly touching again. Hank reached a hand up and gently touched the back of Connors head. "Wasn't there talk of me shutting you up with something other than my mouth earlier?" He asked, quirking an eyebrow at Connor.
As Connors mouth fell open and his tongue sneaked out to lick his lips Hank grinned again, gripping his erection through his pants for Connor to see.
"Yes..." The android breathed.
"How do you want it, baby? You've earned it. You were so good for me all day."
As Connor whined softly Hank smirked, tightening his finger in Connors hair, tugging at the strands gently.
"Do you just want me to fuck you? Or do you want me to use that pretty mouth of yours first? Your call." Hank pulled him back a bit and watched him, holding back a soft laugh as Connor really seemed to weigh his options.
"I want you to fuck me.." He whispered after a moment, the android already shifting uncomfortably as his cock filled out again between his legs.
"How?"
"Bend me over.." Connor leaned forward, pressing his lips to Hanks again as his hands started roaming Hanks bare chest for a second then going down to his belt to undo it. "I want you to bend me over and take me from behind... pull my hair... put your fingers in my mouth..." He was practically rutting against Hanks leg at this point.
"Turn around." Hank ordered, shifting up onto his knees as Connor quickly complied. Hank swallowed briefly before making quick work of his pants, pushing them down to his knees then doing the same with Connors, grinning at the way the androids cock sprang free, already swollen and absolutely coated in precum. He took a second to just admire his view; Connor bent over on his bed, ass in the air and his face pressed against the sheet while he waited rather impatiently... He reached out and grabbed hold of Connors round ass, kneading it in his hands for a second before parting his cheeks and...
"holy shit..."

Hank sucked in a breath and bit his bottom lip, groaning out loud despite himself. Between Connors supple asscheeks was a perfectly pink little asshole, no surprise there, with how much time cyberlife had spent on the kids fucking freckles he’d be shocked if every inch of him wasn't just as meticulously crafted. No, the surprising part was that dripping from that asshole was a clear, slick looking substance, no doubt the lubricant Connor had been talking about. As the androids asshole fluttered a bit in anticipation as Hanks fingers came closer to it more of the lube dribbled out of it, giving Hank a lovely view.

After admiring it for a second Hank took a finger and slipped it inside of Connor experimentally after rubbing it generously in the provided lubricant. Connor tensed slightly at the intrusion but relaxed immediately, looking back at Hank and biting his lip.

"You...you don't have to do that, Lieutenant." He muttered, his hips moving back a little against Hanks finger. "I am expandable. There is no need to prep me before entering, I can adjust to accommodate you without issue, even with your size."

As Connor explained briefly Hank let out a shaky breath, still working his finger in and out of Connor gently. God, even to his finger he felt fucking perfect. Scooting up to position himself properly Hank bit the inside of his cheek and lined himself up with Connors hole with one hand, his other smoothing it's way up his back. As the android shuddered pleasantly under him Hank carefully pushed inside, his eyes damn near rolling back into his head as Connors slick heat engulfed him and squeezed, seeming to suck him inside and damn near massage his cock.

"Holy fucking shit..." he gasped softly, his hand going to Connors hair and yanking back, the androids back bowing as he let out a startled yelp, followed by a throaty moan and him bucking his hips backwards, eagerly fucking himself on Hanks Cock.

Jesus fucking Christ.

It was almost too much for Hank, despite the fact that it had been Connor who'd been strung out all day. The inside of the android felt so fucking good, and the noises coming out of him in earnest now could give a porn star a run for their money. He was so worked up, so strung out and clearly aching for the attention the android couldn't seem to control himself, moaning loudly as he moved himself eagerly. A small part of Hank wanted to take control of the situation back, but a larger part of him was too far gone to care at this point. Connor had definitely earned this, and Hank wasn't going to last long at this rate anyway, so he let the android do what he wanted.

As Connor thrust his hips backwards Hank moved his hips in rhythm with him, thrusting forward to meet Connors movements, his hips slapping Connors ass loudly. His hand found its way around to Connors face, hooking a finger into his cheek and tugging on it gently and reveling in the wanton noise to brought out of him before pushing two of his fingers directly into his mouth. As Connor started sucking on the digits like his life depended on it Hank couldn't take any more. He moaned out loud and gripped Connors hip as hard as he could with his other hand, briefly noting that the skin peeled away from the pressure, cursing as he came inside of him, his hips continuing to thrust hard as he rode out his orgasm.

Apparently, that was all Connor needed too. When Hank thrust into him one more time and his large fingers practically went to the back of his throat Connor cried out around them, gripping the edge of the mattress so hard Hank had half a mind to be afraid it would tear as the android came all over the sheets. It seemed like he kept cumming for ages, long after Hank had stopped his movements and slipped out of him gently Connor was still spurting white ropes of cum under him, his whole body shaking as the orgasms rocked him one after another. When he finally seemed done, he whimpered softly, tears streaming down his cheeks as he continued sucking on Hanks fingers gently, not seeming to want to remove them.

When Connor went to collapse on top of the bed Hank stopped him with a hand up under his torso, gently maneuvering the android to lay on his side and not in the little lake of jizz he'd made on the bedspread. He laid down next to him and cradled Connors head against his chest as the android shivered slightly with aftershocks, his hand instantly reaching up and finding Hanks.
"I gotcha." Hank whispered when Connor started to curl into a ball against him, shakes wracking his small body as he started crying for real. He sighed, stroking Connors hair as he leaned over and kissed his forehead, his free hand rubbing down Connors arm and his side gently. "You're alright, I gotcha."

"I'm sorry.." Connor whispered shakily, reaching up to wipe tears off of his cheeks. "I don't know why..."

"It's fine, Con. It can happen." Hank said, offering a smile and shushing him. "You're just a little overwhelmed at the moment. But I gotchu. You're good. Take all the time you need." He pressed warm kisses all over Connors face, the android eventually sighing shakily before smiling warmly up at Hank.

"Thank you." He whispered, taking Hanks hand in his own again and kissing his big palm. "Thank you so much, Hank."

Hank just grinned down at him, watching as Connor lazily played with his fingers, staring at their joined hands as he ran his slim fingertips up and down Hanks palm. After a second Connor sighed softly and pulled Hanks hand closer, putting the large pads of Hanks fingertips to his lips and kissing them softly. He kissed them one at a time starting at his index finger and going all the way to his pinky then slowly making his way back. When he kissed his index finger again he looked up at Hank innocently, slowly slipping the digit into his mouth as his eyes fluttered closed and he sucked gently.

Hank couldn't help the soft groan in the back of his throat as he watched Connor suck on his finger, a slight shiver going through him as the androids tongue slid all along it's length, up and down the digit slowly before teasing the tip. "God, you really do have an oral fixation." He chuckled softly as the android only nodded, continuing lavishing Hanks finger with attention.

When he finally let the digit out of his mouth with a wet pop he looked up at Hank with a blissful smile. "I am a bit remiss that I did not get to do the same to your phallus." he muttered, that blue blush back in place on his cheeks.

"Jesus Connor. Give a guy a minute. I haven't cum twice in one day in god knows how long. It's gonna be a while before I can get it up again." He said, laughing at the downright heartbroken look that crossed Connors face. "Tell you what.." he murmured, running his hands through Connors brown hair, the shit still soft as could fucking be, and pulled him up into a soft kiss. "It's getting late. Lets get something to eat, watch some TV, then get to sleep. Come tomorrow morning, if you still feel up to it, you can be my alarm clock. Wake me up with my cock in your mouth like a good boy. You think you can do that for me?" His voice dropped low again as he watched the hungry look that crossed Connors face as he spoke.

Connor just nodded, smiling sweetly up at Hank as though grateful for the opportunity. And that just tickled Hank. He kissed Connor again, his hands resting on either side of his face as he took his time, kissing Connor over, and over, and over again, the android eventually breaking into a fit of giggles, making Hank grin.

"Alright." Hank sighed, sitting up after a long while of just laying there in the silence with Connor. "Time for some food." He grunted, swinging his legs off of the side of the bed as his stomach growled in agreement. Connor followed suit, getting up much faster than Hank and beginning to busy himself with removing the sheets from the bed. "I will wash these again." He stated, making his way out of the room quickly. Hank just grinned watching him as he got up much slower, pulled up his boxers and made his way into the kitchen, half listening as Connor busied himself with starting the load of laundry. He heard him come into the house once more, shuffle around in the room and go back into the laundry room.

Ah. He was probably washing their clothes too. He'd have to tell Connor to stop washing things as soon as they hit the floor, otherwise his utilities bill was gonna go through the roof. Connor had easily done more laundry today than Hank had in weeks.

He chose not to think about that too much.

Sighing, Hank opened up his fridge and surveyed the contents. He didn't have much. With a shrug he grabbed a beer out of the door and some leftover chicken and rice that Connor had baked a few
days ago. He'd taken to cooking for Hank whenever he let him, insisting on making him something healthier than Chinese take out or pizza.

Hank took his beer, a fork and the tupperware to the living room, flopping down on the couch and flipping on his TV with the remote. When Connor made his way back out into the living room he had put his the Detroit Police Academy sweatshirt back on and smiled at Hank as he settled down onto the couch with him. The android curled his legs up under himself and leaned against Hanks shoulder, watching the news quietly.

As Hank took a sip of his beer Connor glanced at him. "What?" Hank huffed out, giving Connor the side eye.

Connor just smiled. "Nothing, Hank. While I'm not entirely thrilled with you going to alcohol as your drink of choice I am glad you consciously picked up the chicken rather than the leftover Chinese in the fridge. So thank you."

Hank scoffed. "You ain't gotta thank me. Jeeze. It's slim pickins right now and this looked good." Connor made a small 'mhmhm' noise in his throat and just smiled at Hank as the Lieutenants cheeks flushed a tiny bit.

"Tell you what." Hank put the beer down on the floor next to the couch and took a couple bites of his chicken, swallowing most of it before continuing. "I'm off tomorrow, so why don't we go grab some groceries? I'll let you pick out whatever you wanna make for me, ok?" He glanced down at Connor, who was practically beaming at him, and couldn't stop himself from smiling too.

Shit, if someone had told him a month ago that Connor, The-fucking-Android-Sent-By-Cyberlife, would be fucking giddy over doing domestic shit like cooking him healthy meals, he would have thought they'd lost their damn mind. He would have politely told them to fuck right the fuck off, with a few choice hand symbols to emphasize his point, just in case. His quaint little moment was ruined though, by Sumo, the big lummox making his way over to his owners feet, successfully spilling the beer on the floor.

"Sumo! God damn it!" He yelled, shooing the dog away quickly before he sat his fat ass in the spilled beer. He knelt down and picked up the now mostly empty, shaken all to hell, bottle and glanced over his shoulder. "Con, could you grab some paper tow--" As he glanced up, Connor had already retrieved said paper towels and was holding out a stack to Hank, who mumbled a quick thanks and started mopping up the mess. Connor joined him on the floor, soaking up the rest of the beer with a few more paper towels before handing the lot to Hank and going over the whole area with a wet, soapy rag. (Fuck... Hank hadn't even heard the water run... How the fuck?) He shook his surprised thoughts away and went into the kitchen, tossing the soaked paper towels and the beer(after taking one last futile, kind of gross swig) into the trash.

He sighed and shook his head, going back to the fridge and reaching inside to grab a bottle of water instead. As he cracked the thing open and took a couple of long pulls from the bottle he purposely ignored the smug face he knew Connor was making in the living room. He showed the android his middle finger as he kept drinking, chugging half the thing before heading back into the living room. Connor was indeed smiling at him knowingly, the little shit, having sat himself back down on the couch. Hank sat back down with him, biting back the smart ass comment he wanted to make and choosing to just sit here and enjoy the moment for once. Connor just seemed so happy he didn't wanna ruin it, despite the little Sumo incident, which the dog quickly realized he was forgiven for as he put his head in Connors lap and received all the head scratches his big heart desired.

The two sat there for a little while after Hank finished his food, Connor insisting he wait at least another 30 minutes for his food to digest properly before going to bed, Hank absently flipping through channels seemingly unable to land on anything he really wanted to watch. When his eyes stared to itch with the telltale sign that he was officially beat he shut off the TV and gave Sumo a pet before stretching and making his way to the bedroom. When he realized Connor was not following him he stopped and turned, quirking an eyebrow at the android.

"Hey, uh, you comin' Con?" He asked, placing his hand on the doorframe of his room.

Connor turned a mildly surprised expression on Hank, getting up slowly as though suddenly unsure.
of himself. "What for Hank?"
"For fucking bed, Con. What else?"
"Well, there are a number of other things we could do in your bedroom Hank. Far too many for me to list, in fact."
Hank barked out a laugh and fisted his hair. "Just come on, you fucking android." He grumbled, going into his room and flopping into the bed, briefly noting that Connor had put new sheets on it. There was no malice in his voice when he said it, but as he stared at the door to his room and waited impatiently for the livingroom light to turn off he started to wonder if Connor took offense to the comment.
Finally, after what felt like forever, the light clicked off and Sumo chuffed softly, no doubt in response to Connor telling the saint bernard goodnight, and Connor padded into the bedroom. He closed the door behind himself and looked around almost sheepishly, his hands fisting into his sweatshirt.
Hank sat up in bed and looked at him, concern furrowing his brow. "Connor... you know I didn't mean that, right?" He asked, holding a hand out for him.
Connors LED spun yellow briefly, something Hank noticed it had been doing a lot these past few weeks, but quickly settled back to blue. He walked over the bed and took Hanks outstretched hand, climbing onto his lap. "I know Hank." He said quietly with a smile. "I'm aware you were speaking with affection. Having worked with you for as long as I have now I've come to realize that you often say one thing, when in fact you mean something completely contradictory, often when you are feeling emotionally unstable and unsure of how to express yourself." Hank had to force himself not to roll his eyes and settled for resting his hands on Connors hips.
"Then whats got you so hesitant, huh?" He asked, squeezing the synthetic flesh between his hands when he realized Connor hadn't put on his boxers under the sweatshirt.
Fucking adorable.
"I'm sorry Hank." Connor mumbled.
"Don't be sorry. I'm just curious. After all those pornographic noises you were makin not too long ago I think we're past the point of shyness Con, dontcha think?" He leaned into Connors lowered field of vision and smiled, earning a small smile from the android in return.
"You are not wrong. I suppose I am simply unsure of what you would like from me at this point.... the videos I have thus watched only covered a small portion of the aftermath of romantic encounters."
Aaand, Hank had to laugh. Even as Connors ears, neck and face turned slightly blue with embarrassment Hank couldn't help it. He laughed hard, the loud sound filling up the room as Connor shook slightly on top of him from the movement. The look on the androids face was... well... honestly adorable. He was pretty much just pouting, though Hank was sure he was trying to look angry, and failing miserably at it.
"Jesus fucking christ Con." Hank laughed, regaining control of his breathing and wiping a tear from his eye. "I'm sorry babe, but... it's just too fucking funny. You can't.... I mean, don't get me wrong, the thought of you sitting around watching porn all day is hot as fuck but... you can't base all of our interactions on shit you see in pornos." He looked at Connor with a smile, his eyebrows drawn down in a somewhat pitying look.
"I'm aware of the illogical nature of pornographic material, Hank." Connor muttered, his face still pulled into a pout. "It is made to emulate fantasies that would be completely illogical or otherwise impossible, thus making it more arousing for most individuals. But even when I interfaced with the Traci's at the Eden club... their brief interactions with the clients they served were still very... clinical. Impersonal. I don't... I don't want to be impersonal with you." As Connors eyes shifted to the side and focused on something on the wall behind Hanks head Hank smiled warmly.
God, this android surprised him all the damn time. He was predictable in the most basic ways possible, but then at times like this... Hank didn't know what the fuck he was gonna do next. The kid had always been a bit of a contradiction, though hadn't he? Sure of himself when it came to facts and research, but a blinking, confused, puppy eyed moron as soon as anything remotely
related to feelings came into the picture. Graceful, yet clumsy. A sharp tongue and dry sense of humor, but unable to understand subtle nuances like sarcasm. He supposed it was probably because Connor didn't know himself what to do in this sort of situation, and that in turn made him uncomfortable. After following orders and having clear missions and objectives for literally his whole existence the android probably felt downright lost and scared when faced with situations where he had to make his own damn choices and decipher his own confusing feelings about them. Even the sex, Hank supposed. Connor had caught on quickly enough, sort of learning how to talk, and move and do what he needed to do to get to the end result, but Hank had to wonder if he was just emulating what he saw in the pornos he'd taken to watching, or if he was simply analyzing what Hank did and Hank wanted and was going off of that. At the end of the day was it just another mission for Connor? I always accomplish my mission. As Connors words came back to him, Hank frowned slightly and tried to push the negative thoughts out of his brain. Connor didn't need that shit right now. He needed Hank to be supportive and help him through this. And god damn it, Hank was not gonna let some stupid fucking insecurities creep their way in and get in the way of helping this poor kid. Hank forced out a smile, tilting Connors chin so that the android had to look at him. When their eyes met Connors LED spun yellow once before settling back to blue. "Look.... in the pornos, and even with the Traci's and the john they service it's all just about the sex. They may do some cuddling afterwards, but that part doesn't matter in those cases. It's just about the passion and once that's died down." Hank shrugged. "They don't care anymore. I've had enough quickies and one night stands in my life to understand that much." As Connors LED cycled again, Hank could only assume he was looking up what those words meant. He waited for the little light to stop, and when Connors eyes widened slightly he continued, figuring he got the picture. "But... this..." he motioned between himself and Connor "This is different." He hoped. "I... I feel like this has been a while coming Con, and I don't want this to just be some cheap romp once in a while. I mean... if that's all your after, I'm down to help you with that too, but if there's any more to this for you, which I think there is... it's ok for you to be unsure of yourself. There's no... script or research for what you have to do next. I don't know what the fuck I'm doing half the time, and I don't have that big, sexy, supercomputer brain of yours. Just.... relax and go with the flow. I want to spend time with you. That's it. Whether it's fucking, or sitting around watching TV, or solving cases, or going fucking grocery shopping--" "Or walking Sumo?" "Or walking Sumo." Hank grinned. "I just... I wanna be near you. And at the end of the day, that's what a relationship is. Just enjoying being around another person to the point where you feel kind of empty without them... do you get it?" He looked up at Connor, a hopeful expression in his eyes. He'd never been one for talking through his feelings, but it seemed like Connor needed him to more than he needed to and, fuck him and fuck his therapist, it did help settle his nerves to voice what he was feeling. At least at quiet times like this, post coital where it was just him and Connor, no chance of anyone overhearing. No judging. "Lieutenant..." Connor started, staring down at the tattoo on Hanks chest, his fingers tracing it absentely. That damn LED cycled a couple more times but stayed on blue. "Are you... asking me to be your boyfriend?" He asked quietly, causing Hank to snort back a laugh. "No, Connor, I'm asking you to be my pet." "You're being facetious." "The boy can learn, folks. Yes, Connor. I'm fucking asking if you wanna be in a relationship with me. A real, honest to fucking god relationship. Jesus. If that's what you actually want." Connor practically beamed, the sight sending butterflies all through Hanks stomach and causing his chest to swell with pride and happiness and a bunch of other shit he couldn't pinpoint. When Connor nodded Hank smiled and wrapped a hand around the back of Connors neck, pulling him down to kiss him tenderly. When he pulled away he sighed softly, pressing their foreheads together. "Alright, Con. Now I'm officially fucking exhausted. Too much feeling for one day. Lets
just go to bed."
"You know I don't sleep, correct Hank?"
Hank simply moved Connor off of his lap and turned off the bedroom light, then rolled over and positioned himself so that Connor was in his arms, their legs intertwined together under the covers. "You can go into stasis, or sleep mode or whatsoeverfuck right?" He muttered, biting back a yawn as his tiredness started to take full control. He saw Connor nod, his blue LED shifting slightly up and down with the motion, and nodded himself. "Good. Then do that." He yawned this time, unable to help himself. It didn't take long before he was completely out, slipping off into a deep sleep more peacefully than he had in a long time, comforted by Connor's weight in his arms.

Upon waking up the following morning, Hanks first thought was that of annoyance at having to squint slightly at the bit of sunlight coming through the windows. It was a little jarring at first, honestly, considering he hadn't woken up after sunrise in more than a week now.

His second thought was recalling the dream he'd had that caused his face to heat up a bit. He'd dreamed about Connor, and himself, and Reed of all fucking people. He and Reed were double teaming Connor, Hank fucking him from behind while the android eagerly sucked Reed's dick, Connor bent over Hank's desk in the middle of the precinct. It had been after hours and the station had been dark and abandoned, but fuck if the thrill wasn't still there. The animosity towards Reed was still there too, but fuck he loved showing off his 'plastic pet' to the asshole detective, and how good he was with his mouth.

As the dream came back to him in vivid detail Hank felt the blood in his body rush south, a soft groan escaping him and he scrubbed his hand over his eyes. Which brought up his third, and more important line of thinking that morning: Connor.

As Hank registered the tight wetness around his morning wood he groaned in the back of his throat, this time in pleasure as all of the physical sensations of what was going on under the covers right now came to him in sharp focus.
"Oh fuck, Connor..." Hank breathed, pulling the covers back and spreading out his legs a bit more as he looked down the android who looked back up at him, his mouth happily wrapped around Hank's cock. He'd taken him in all the way, which was an impressive feat in and of itself as very few humans he'd been with could, the androids nose buried in the hairs at the base of his dick. When Connor hummed against him in approval and presumably happiness at the inadvertent praise Hank threw his head back against the pillows, moaning out loud as the androids throat fucking massaged his cock. He buried a hand into Connors hair and tightened his fingers around the strands, pulling gently like Connor liked, earning another massage-inducing noise from him. Holy shit, he was probably gonna cum from that alone.
Gripping Connors hair a bit more Hank pulled him off of his dick, smirking when the wet suction made an obscene noise as his cock left the androids throat and Connor practically whined at the loss, his pink tongue coming out of his mouth to lick at Hanks tip, lapping up precum.
"Fuck... you really want it, don't you?" Hank whispered, both hands going down to cup Connors cheeks and making the android look up at him. Connor only nodded in response, his tongue still licking along the underside of Hanks dick eagerly. Hank gripped the base of his cock and angled it back towards the androids mouth. "Open." He instructed, groaning when Connor happily obeyed, slipping Hanks cock between his lips and sucking eagerly at the tip before moving his mouth all the way down to where Hanks hand still sat.
When the android took hold of Hank's wrist and pulled his hand away so he could take the entirety of his cock again, Hank let out a throaty chuckle, biting the inside of his cheek. God, how did he get so lucky? He reached down and gripped Connors hair with both hands, stilling any movements he was making.

"Connor." When the android looked up at him he smirked. "Couple questions. Can I hurt anything inside there?" He asked, referring to Connors throat. When the android shook his head minutely Hank nodded. "You said you have the compartment thing in there, for fluids... will my semen fuck with anything? Can you process that?" A small head shake, then a nod. "Good." He bucked his hips into Connors mouth once, grinning at the moan it drew out of the android. "Last question. You ok with me fucking your mouth right now?" When Connor only closed his eyes and moaned, Hank gripped his hair a bit harder, pulling him off his cock once more. "I need an answer Con." Connor took a second to breathe unnecessarily and looked at Hank, his expression dark with lust as his tongue licked the tip of Hanks cock lazily. "Yes please." He managed before Hank pushed him back down onto him, Connor taking his cock without complaint. He actually moaned at the rough intrusion and gripped the sheets on either side of Hanks hips. Hank started thrusting, alternating between holding Connors head still and fucking up into him, and resting his hips on the bed while he forcibly moved Connors head when he needed a break. It was fucking heaven and Connor wasn't lazy about it. He sucked eagerly whenever he could, his tongue remaining moving the entire time, teasing around Hanks head, up along the glands on the underside of his dick, even sticking out of his mouth and tonguing along Hanks balls whenever he would push all the way in and stay there for a second. It didn't take long before he was cumming, thrusting up into Connor a couple of hard times before spurting all down his throat, keeping the android head right up against his pelvis. "Oh fuck..." He shuddered, letting go of Connors head and allowing the android to pull back. He watched as Connor moved his jaw around in slow circles, a few faint clicks coming from the joint as he re-calibrated the thing. He looked so thoroughly used and blissed out Hank couldn't help but grin down at him. "C'mere." He muttered, crooking a finger at him, the android happily complying and crawling up Hanks body to rest his head on his chest.

"How you doin?" He asked rubbing the androids back gently.

Connor just smiled up at him, his LED a peaceful blue. "Wonderful." He muttered closing his eyes again.

Hank smiled and nodded seeming satisfied with the answer. They stayed like that for a while, Hank rubbing Connors back as he stared up at the ceiling and Connor just laying there on his chest, listening to Hanks heartbeat with a content smile. It was so damn peaceful. After a short while Hank sighed as there was a slight scratching at the door. "Alright, alright. We're comin Sumo." He called, making a move to get up.

"I'll let Sumo out Lieutenant." Connor said, perking up as he was already crawling out of bed. Hank just made a face and shrugged as the android pulled a pair of his jeans from the closet and slipped into them. "I shall tend to Sumo and make you some coffee while you get ready." He said, opening the bedroom door. He paused then, one foot out the door, before turning around and walking back to the bed to give Hank a kiss on the cheek then shooing the dog out quickly.

Hank listened to the front door open and close and just smiled at the ceiling.

Jesus, he was so damn happy. So happy his fucking face hurt from smiling so much. He tried to recall the last time he had smiled this much and laughed so easily. He tried to recall the last time he was really, truly happy and honestly just... drew a blank. Probably when he got married. And when Cole was born. Otherwise everything before, after, and in between had been a never ending cycle of manic depression and barely repressed alcoholism. It was hard to pinpoint when the misery had become the norm for him and less of a subtle constant in the background. Cole had been the nail in his metaphorical coffin, but his death was more of a rock bottom for Hank, not what caused it all. Connor didn't fix everything, of course. Nothing short of time, probably therapy and honestly a bit of medication could help him in the long term. But Connor made things easier. At least right now. Connor made him happy and, for once, he was ok with that. Did he deserve it? Fuck no. He'd done
so much wrong in his life and fucked so much shit up he was amazed Connor could stand to be around him. The android was so damn pure, and he was so... old and dirty and fucked up in so many ways. But even if he didn't think he deserved someone like Connor, and he wouldn't blame the kid at all if he just up and decided to leave him one day, he wanted to be happy for as long as he could. For as long as Connor would have him.

Sara had said as much, when she'd left. That she didn't have any ill will towards him. That she hoped he found what he was looking for and that he found someone who made him happy someday, despite their marriage not working out.

God, he hadn't thought about her in a long time. Because thinking about her meant thinking about Cole, and that was too painful most of the time. They had all been happy, once. Shortly after Cole was born, they were the picture perfect family. Sara stayed home with Cole, Hank worked his ass off at the DPD and Cole was a perfect baby. Didn't fuss much, slept through the night, ate at predictable and regular intervals. And then the depression had hit Hank again, and then post-partum had hit Sara like a truck. She went from cooing and fawning over her new baby to downright hating him. She was bitter, and resentful and she hated herself for it. Hank watched it. He recognized her self-loathing because he did it too. They really weren't good for one another when he took the time to think about it. Two self-destructive personalities were bound for ruin. As Cole got older things got better. Then things got worse. They started fighting. Hank started drinking. She'd get mad over stupid shit, and he'd get mad because she got mad and on and on it went. And he got so fucking mad. He put a hole in more than one wall in the house. But he never hit her. He would never hit her, even in his worst nightmares. And he tried not to do anything around Cole. He'd often leave the house, just so that they wouldn't fight while he was sleeping. They fought outside a lot. The neighbors didn't take too kindly to it. Thank god for Jeffrey covering his ass any time they called the cops when their yelling got too heated.

One night he got especially angry, and he remembered breaking something. Pretty sure it was just a bottle against the wall. He just remembered there was a lot of glass. But she'd come home on something, red ice probably, and Hank lost it. She didn't do drugs excessively. Barely at all. She wasn't addicted, Hank knew that much. But she had some friends who were bad influences and liked to get high when they hung out together during 'game nights' and Hank couldn't stand it. She picked a fight with him, so he lost his temper and broke some shit. That was the night she took Cole. Woke him up from a dead sleep and took him to her mothers. One of the worst nights of Hanks life. Up there in the top 5 at least. Worst part was, she didn't do it to protect Cole. She did it to hurt Hank. She knew he'd never lay a hand on his kid. Barely ever even raised his voice to him. But she hit him where it hurt, and it worked. He stopped yelling at her after that. Stopped getting angry drunk and just got sad.

And that was when she left. She could handle the explosions of anger and the fighting, but she couldn't handle being shut out. When she left Hank stopped drinking, mostly. He didn't drink nearly as much anyway. He had to look after Cole, and he couldn't do that if he was drunk. There was a brief custody battle, but when Sara didn't show up for the court ordered mediation Hank won. And things were... ok. Not great, but he had Cole, so he was happy for the most part. Cole was such a good kid. A bit of a brat at times, but an awesome brat. And then he died, and nothing was ok again.

Hank thought about Coles room, just next to the bathroom. He hadn't opened that door since shortly after Cole died. The night after Coles funeral he'd gone in there to clean up, got drunk, got angry, and decided to throw everything away.

He couldn't, as it turned out. He'd gotten as far as bringing a garbage bag into the kids room, throwing his empy bottle against the door in anger, then collapsing onto this bed and staying there until morning. He'd sit in that room a few times after, not touching anything, just sort of staring at all of his toys, everything exactly how he'd left it. His little train set still sitting haphazardly off of its track with a super hero figure and a few lego people next to it. Hank always got to play the
super hero, rescuing the lego people from the crashing train, or the bad guy, or the evil space wizard. The thought made him laugh slightly, rubbing his misty eyes until he saw spots.

Hearing the door open and close again brought Hank out of his daydreaming, a smile tugging at his lips and he heard Sumos collar go nuts as the dog ran to his water bowl, Connor no doubt having given the fat dog a workout in the back yard playing fetch or something. As he heard Connor busy himself with making Hanks coffee he sighed and sat up finally, scrubbing his hands over his face to make sure he wasn't crying before getting up to find some clothes for the day.

Things were good right now. And hopefully they would stay that way for a while. He had to believe that.

"HANK!"

Hank flinched at the sound of Connor yelling his name and ran out of the room, grabbing his service weapon from the nightstand on his way out.

"Connor?! What--" Hank stalled out when he got into the living room. Connor was just standing there in front of the TV, his body perfectly still as he stared at the screen with wide eyes. Seeing there was no danger Hank tucked the pistol into the back of his pants and came up behind Connor, screwing his face up in confusion as he looked at the news channel the android had put onto the TV. He blinked a few times and had to re-read the footer several times as it scrolled across the bottom of the screen.

---------BREAKING: President Warren signs bill declaring all androids currently residing in U.S. officially citizens. All models of android urged to visit nearest agency to receive paperwork and identification.------ BILL PASSES: Federal law officially states owning androids illegal.... all humans currently in possession of androids are to hand over ownership documentation to Cyberlife--- Cyberlife ordered to offer partial or full reimbursement to owners who purchased androids within the last 2 years(restrictions apply. Visit your local Cyberlife headquarters for details)------

The information kept scrolling by and Hank had to reread it every time, hardly believing it. Holy shit. It was actually happening. He blinked and looked down, just now noticing that Connor was holding out his tablet to Hank now, his eyes still glued to the TV. Hank took it and looked down at the article Connor had pulled up, sitting on the edge of the couch as he read it, silently to himself at first, then beginning to read out loud when it got to the main point of the article.

"While this particular law will likely vary state by state, as of 8am EDT State law has declared that any corporation, private or otherwise, previously employing androids are required to reinstate any and all androids who wish to return to work, under a 30 day probationary period where if at the end of the probationary period the company deems the android fit to continue work, the company will then be required to pay the android industry standard for any and all jobs worked moving forward. Furthermore, if the android is to remain in their position after the 30 day probationary period the employer is then required to pay the android up to 2 months of back pay for any and all time worked(regardless of how long the android was actually employed). On top of that, federal law stated today that androids will henceforth be protected under Title VII of the Civil Rights Act, wherein they cannot be discriminated against for employment based on their race(or previous function). blah blah blah... Holy shit Con... "

Hanks eyes snapped back up to Connor, who now stood facing him, his teeth worrying his bottom lip. As Hanks face broke out into a huge grin so did Connors, Hank tossing the tablet backwards onto the couch and standing. He reached out and grabbed Connor by the back of the neck, pulling the android forward in a hasty kiss before hugging him tightly.
Connor returned the hug with just as much energy, the android practically shaking as he buried his face into the crook of Hanks neck. "This means I can come back to work." He whispered, his tone downright giddy.

"Yeah. Yeah it does." Hank laughed, kissing the top of Connors head affectionately.

Connor pulled back a bit and beamed up at Hank. He was so fucking happy right now, Hank wished he could take fucking screenshots of real life like Connor and just save them away in his memory. He settled for kissing him again, Connor happily kissing back. As the coffee pot hissed in the kitchen as it finished its job Connor stepped back a bit, the grin not leaving his face, even as he seemed to remember what he was initially doing before he'd gotten the news alert and went to make Hank his coffee.

Hank just leaned back against the couch and watched him, pride expanding his chest at least two sizes. Markus was working so hard to accomplish all of this for his people, and Connor had played a huge role in that during the revolution. He was sure that, if Connor didn't love being a detective so much, his android would be right there next to him, helping him through everything. His android. Not his property. Just his....Hank liked the sound of that.

"Do you keep in touch with Markus?" He asked, suddenly curious.

Connor turned to bring Hank his coffee, the smile still in place on his face. "Oh... yes, we communicate on occasion. He keeps me updated on his progress and has asked me to join him for diplomatic matters on two separate occasions now."

"You don't wanna?" Hank asked, taking a sip of the joe. Perfect. No surprise there. Connor knew just how he liked it, of course.

"It isn't that I am particularly opposed to the idea... but I am rather apprehensive about becoming a public figure. I feel as though it would interfere with my detective work.. should Captain Fowler decide I am unfit to continue working with the DPD, I would have no qualms about joining Markus' cause then. For the time being though, I believe I would be more suited in a bodyguard role. Perhaps I should tell Markus this." As Connor began musing out loud Hank just smiled and watched him.

He almost dropped his damn mug when his phone started ringing and Connor stopped dead in his tracks when his LED spun yellow. Hank picked up the phone, seeing it was Jeffrey and tried to hide the joy still lingering in his voice as he answered.

"Jeff, it's my day off, I really just wanna---"

"Hank, I'm sorry. If I had any other choice I wouldn't be calling, but I need you. And Connor. I've already sent him the case file... It's already fucking started." Fowler just sounded... sad, and it made Hanks heart drop into his stomach. He looked over to Connor and watched his androids brows drew tightly together, clearly distressed now as he undoubtedly read over the file packet Jeffrey had sent him. His LED spun yellow twice...

Red.

Well, fuck...

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter will be up tonight, after I get home from work. Mild casework in the next one with some angst and whatnot.
"I didn't wanna kill her." He muttered, scrubbing at his scalp with both hands. "She just... she fucking left me." He looked up at Reed with an expression that read equal parts angry and sad. "During that... fucking march or whatever. We were out shopping and she just fucking turned around and walked away. Like I was fucking nothing." He wrung his hands together on the tabletop. Hank wondered briefly if he still had invisible blue blood on them.

Chapter Notes

Don't know why I said mild casework. That's all this chapter is. But it's an open and shut one, so hopefully you all still enjoy! (Next chapter will be back to the fun stuff.)

Hank half expected fire and brimstone when he walked through the doors of the DPD. But as he made his way into the bullpen he looked around and was surprised to find... a whole lotta nothin. Like, nothing nothing. Not the 'everyones sitting around bored' nothing he'd been dealing with for the past few weeks. Everyone was basically gone. No doubt working cases already. Connor had stayed quiet the whole ride over, playing his his coin for the majority of the drive. It didn't irritate Hank as much anymore, but he was honestly more concerned with why Connor wouldn't fill him in on whatever this case was.

"It's been four fucking hours and my desk is fucking full of bullshit." Jeffrey yelled from across the bullpen. He stood on the steps of his raised office, leaning against the railing as though he'd been waiting for Connor and Hank to come in. He nodded behind him and headed into his glass office, Hank and Connor following behind him.

"Well.." He sighed, rounding his desk. "First, let me be the first to welcome you back to the force Connor. I know you'll do great things here. You've already gotten this sorry sack of shit into work on time for the past week, so I'm looking forward to your positive influence."

Hank scowled and plopped down in the chair opposite Fowlers desk. "Technically the second to welcome him back, if we're being fucking nit-picky." Hank grumbled.

Jeffrey just scoffed and pushed tablet with their current file across the desk. "It's ugly Hank. I'm sorry, but you two are the only ones I can trust with something like this, given your history." As Hank looked over the case Jeffrey massaged his temples. "Four fucking hours." He muttered. "I've got assault charges coming in every 5 minutes, battery, domestic abuse, kidnapping charges from androids saying their owners wont let them leave.... The worlds gone to fucking shit...."

As Jeff grumbled to himself Hank just stared at the case in front of him, his mouth set in a grim line. Dead android, found this morning by the neighbors dog. Owner in custody being the logical suspect awaiting interrogation. Suspected domestic dispute gone wrong from the neighbors statement. Signs of sexual trauma from the initial inspection of the body. With androids being recognized as alive now their murder was being treated like... well... murder. Hank didn't know whether to feel triumphant at the win, or disgusted. He supposed both. Triumph more at the fact the murderers would be held culpable. Some semblance of justice, he supposed.
Sighing he stood and nodded a short goodbye to Jeffrey, knowing Connor had the address, and headed out to his car, Connor following without a word.

"You gonna be ok?" Hank asked, taking Connors hand when they were back in his car. Connor nodded. "Yes... we've.... dealt with dead androids before. I suppose this is just my first time actually really... feeling anything about it." He muttered, squeezing Hanks hand gently. Hank lifted the hand and placed a tender kiss to the back of it before starting the car and heading towards their destination.

"If you gotta take a minute, I'll understand. Don't think you have to go around all robo-Connor just cause we're at a crime scene again, ok?" Hank chanced a glance over at Connor as he drove, the androids hands now folded politely in his lap. He was too stiff. Too reminiscent of how he use to be, and Hank didn't like it.

"I understand Lieutenant." Connor muttered, staring out his window.

When they reached their destination Hank looked up at the apartment complex with a sigh. Here we go.

They headed up in silence, Hank reaching over in the Elevator and giving Connors shoulder a squeeze just before it opened. When they stepped out he dropped his hand and looked around, immediately spotting all of the holo-police tape surrounding the door in question, several officers still lingering outside. He walked up to Chris and shook his hand, smiling a little at the mans enthusiastic greeting to Connor, welcoming him back before turning back to Hank. He walked Hank through the crime scene, the neighbors statement as well as the initial forensics assessment while Connor walked around quietly and did his thing, as usual.

The apartment was pretty standard. Cheap furniture, decent TV set, most of the place pretty undisturbed. The farther back into the apartment you got though, the more the damage became apparent. Down the hallway leading to the single bedroom there was several smears of blue blood down the walls, probably from the suspects hands as he stumbled his way out of the apartment. Several fallen photos, one from a nail in the wall closest to the door laying on the other side of the narrow hallway, indicating something hit the other side of the wall hard. Sure enough, going into the bedroom was a blue bloodbath.

"When did we get the call?" Hank asked, turning to Chris.

"Uh, around an hour ago. Neighbor was walking her dog and the door was open so she got nosey. A domestic disturbance call came in late last night but nothing seemed amiss at the time. The reporting officer said he interviewed the tenant and surveyed the house. No android, just the suspect. Said he was arguing on the phone with someone." When Hank screwed up his face in a WTF expression Chris held up his hands. "Hey, I wouldn't have believed it either but that's whats in his report. There were no signs of struggle and the neighbors been known to call in complaints to TVs being to lout, so he had nothing to go on.. They think the body's been here for a little over an hour, given all the blue blood around, but forensics hasn't completed their work yet, so we're not quite sure."

As Hank looked around at the blue blood that covered the bed and the surrounding areas he had to grit his teeth. It was... fucking disgusting. He'd seen some shit in his day, and maybe it had a lot to do with his newfound attachment to Connor, but seeing all this carnage damn near made him sick. The android of course was completely fucked. There was no other way to put it. His body, Hank could hardly tell if it was a girl or a boy at this point, was totally mangled. The face beaten in, limbs missing, some laying nearby, others missing entirely.

"So... I thought this thirium shit disappeared after a little while?" He glanced at Connor, who stood off to the side with his eyes closed, LED spinning. "Why is there still so much of it?" He moved towards Connor, hands in his pockets to stop himself from reaching for the android and lowered his voice. "You good?" He asked, concern thick in his voice. God, he wanted to hug him right now. When Connor just nodded and opened his eyes he was pure determination and carefully concealed rage, his jaw set firmly.

"Whatchu got, Con?" Hank asked, stepping back.

"The thirium is still present because it hasn't been exposed to the air for that long. The android has
been dead for hours."
"Then how--"
He interrupted Hanks grumbling "He's been disassembling her for hours. This room is completely covered in old thirium as well as what you see right now." Hank grimaced and looked around, now even more sick to his stomach than he was before. "All of her major bio-components were completely destroyed first. There's nothing left to salvage. Then he began disassembling her, presumably to dispose of the body, but it proved more difficult than he had anticipated. There are foot prints and hand prints leading in and out of the room several times, as well as trace amounts of vomit in the toilet across the hall and fresh cigarette butts on the floor just outside of the apartment, suggesting he had to step away several times. Possibly because of an emotional connection to the victim. I believe the android was here of her own free will. She is...was registered to the suspect. Whether she had become deviant during the revolution is unclear, but after seeing Markus' broadcast androids all over the city were waking up, so I don't believe she remained a machine even after. But there's no signs of forced entry and no signs of a struggle outside of the bedroom, so whatever happened was contained to this room." He shook his head. "There isn't enough evidence to determine a motive." He squeezed his eyes shut. "The sexual trauma in particular is a sign of clear.... malice and aggression. Domestic assistant and companion androids are specifically designed to be able to accommodate a multitude of...objects in their various cavities to suit a multitude of sizes and fetishes... They have no musculature that can be damaged without incredibly violent force or improper use. You can only assume the same blunt force object that was used to destroy her face was used for... that..." As Connors LED blinked red and he stared to wring his hands behind his back Hank wanted nothing more than to wrap his arms around him.
With a sigh and a curse he settled for putting an arm around Connors shoulders and started to steer him out of the room. "Give us a sec." He muttered to Chris by way of apology, who simply nodded in understanding as he led Connor out of the apartment. Once out in the semi fresh air Hank sighed and rubbed Connors shoulder with his thumb, just standing there for a bit while he waited for Connors LED to settle.
When it finally settled back to solid yellow, no more pulsing, Hank nudged him gently. "How you holding up?" He asked, cause it was the only thing he could think of.
Connor waited a second before replying, "I will be alright... I... I suppose the main thing concerning me is the timeline... If they pinpoint an exact time of death and it is before the bill passed this morning..." He trailed off, his eyes staring across the hall.
"Then the fucker walks." Hank finished, balling the fist by his side.
"Precisely." Connor sighed and slumped against the wall, his head lolling to the side to rest on Hanks shoulder. After a quick glance around, Hank satisfied with the fact that all of the other officers were busy with what they were doing, He leaned down and pecked a quick kiss on Connors forehead, who smiled a bit a the contact, his LED cycling to blue slowly. And that alone made it fucking worth it.
Back at the precinct Hank grabbed himself a coffee and took a second to sit down at his desk before they were to go interrogate their suspect. The case was pretty clear cut. He was basically caught red handed(or, blue, as it were) and there was enough evidence to convict him without a confession. But if nothing else Hank wanted a fucking reason. He wanted to know the motive. And he wanted to buy some time for the forensics report to come back so that he he'd know for sure if they could book the guy or not. There was gonna be a lot of fucking red tape with this one, Hank could feel it, and it pissed him off. As did seeing Connor sitting at his desk, stock still, hands clasped in front of him, staring off into space. Well, the Connor thing made him sad more than anything, but it fueled his anger at their suspect.
"You ready to do this?" Hank asked, drawing Connors attention to himself. Connor just nodded and the two headed into the interrogation rooms. Fowler met them outside the room, giving them a rundown on everything so far and warning Hank to take it easy. He could practically see the smoke coming out of his ears, he was pretty sure.
"Hello Mr...." Hank glanced down at the file. He hadn't bothered learning the fucker's name. "Wallace. I'm Lieutenant Anderson, this is detective Connor. We've been assigned to your case as of this morning. We just wanna ask you some questions about the situation here." As Hank monotonously went through the standard bullshit he kept his eyes on Wallace. The guy had been staring at Connor since they'd walked in, giving Hank simple answers to each of his questions while keeping his gaze fixated on Connor. Connor, in turn, had lowered his gaze to the case files in front of him, purposely avoiding the stare.

After several minutes of this Hank leaned back in his chair. "Is there a fucking problem, Mr. Wallace?" He growled, finally earning the guy's attention. "You've been eyeballing my partner hard since we walked in here, and considering why you're here today I really don't fucking care for it." "He's that android detective." Wallace mumbled. "The prototype from the news. The one who set all those androids free." His gaze shifted back to Connor, who finally returned his stare.

"That's correct." He said shortly, then stood, closing the file in front of him. "Lieutenant, I think we're done here." Connor said quietly, turning to go. Before his hand could leave the table though, Wallaces hand shot out, grabbing Connors wrist. Hanks hand instinctively went for his gun but he paused, waiting to see what would happen. He knew Wallace couldn't get out of his cuffs. And Connor could handle himself anyway.

At the glare Connor shot Wallace the man shriveled away, Connor yanking his hand away and snatching the file off the table before exiting the interrogation room. He and Hank went into the viewing room next door and Hank sighed loudly, flopping down into a chair. "Well that was a waste of fucking time." Hank groaned, pinching the bridge of his nose.

"He was not going to tell us anything with me present. And since you have associated yourself with me I doubt he will confess to you either Lieutenant. I'm sorry." Connor said from a corner of the room.

"Don't be fucking sorry, Con." Hank grumbled. "Sometimes fuckers like that just wont tell anyone anything." He glanced over at Jeffrey, who sat there scowling. "Why don't we send Reed in?" He mused, earning an incredulous look from Fowler.

"Hank, what the fuck? Neither you nor I could get anything out of this guy. Reed isn't exactly the most sensitive when it comes to situations regarding androids, in case you didn't notice. He's probably not the best guy to have interviewing someone being detained for suspicion of murdering an android."

"No... I think the Lieutenant is right." Connor added, earning a look from Fowler and Hank. "Detective Reed is very vocal about his dislike for androids." Connor rubbed his stomach, recalling the time Reed had sucker punched him in the break room. Hank noticed. "He may be the perfect detective to interrogate Wallace. His relaxed manner and mutual disdain for androids will likely instill trust in Wallace, causing him to divulge more pertinent information."

Fowler sighed and threw up his hands, unable to argue with that. "Alright. I'll fucking call him in" He groaned, grabbing his phone.

When Reed had finally made his way into the office, half a cocksucking hour later, Hank was even more on edge. He and Connor stayed in the observation room while Reed entered the interrogation room after being briefed by Fowler. Reed flopped his arms across his chest and scowled, leaning back in his chair. He was vaguely aware of the sound of Connor passing his coin over his knuckles in the background. Hank wasn't completely sure this would work. Like Reed would just walk in there and be like 'fuckin' androids, amiright?' and the guy would just tell him everything. But that was... sort of what happened.

Reed flopped down gracelessly into the chair opposite Wallace. He reached into his back pocket and took out his half crushed pack of cigarettes and tossed them onto the tabletop with a sigh. Hank watched him smirk as Wallace eyeballed them.

Well if nothing else, Reed was a decent detective. Hank sometimes had to remind himself that. He reclined back in the chair, putting an arm over the back and yawned before speaking. "Alright. We both know why you're here, so no bullshitting me. What we don't know is why. So humor me." Reed leaned against the table and lowered his voice, still able to be picked up by the
microphones. "Honestly, man, I get it. Fucking toasters need to be taught a lesson from time to
time. But this wasn't that simple. For you to do what you did..." Reed scoffed a bit and leaned back
in his chair again, pulling a cigarette from his pack and lighting it.

Hank listened to Jeffery grunt in annoyance. Reed'd be getting an earfull for that one later.
"What set you off, man?" He asked, exhaling a could of smoke. "Did it talk back? Try to attack
you? Were you fucking it and it cheated on you with the roomba?" Reed chuckled at his own
stupid fucking joke. "You gotta gimme something. Cause right now it just looks like you snapped
and mutilated that thing and it doesn't look good for you. If it was self defense or something...
Maybe we could work with that."

Wallace seemed to consider this. His eyebrows furrowed and he looked back and forth from the
two way glass to Reed. Hank coulda sworn the fucker locked eyes with Connor through the glass.
Made his fucking skin crawl.

After several seconds he groaned softly to himself, the sound coming out more annoyed than
distressed, hunching forward in his chair and running his hands through his hair.
"I didn't wanna kill her." He muttered, scrubbing at his scalp with both hands. "She just... she
fucking left me." He looked up at Reed with an expression that read equal parts angry and sad.
"During that... fucking march or whatever. We were out shopping and she just fucking turned
around and walked away. Like I was fucking nothing." He wrung his hands together on the
tabletop. Hank wondered briefly if he still had invisible blue blood on them.
"So... she up and walked away. Sure that pissed you off pretty bad, huh?"
"Of fucking course it did! She was bought and paid for!" He hit his fist on the tabletop "I'd just
paid her off the week before so we were celebrating. And the bitch just up and fucking leaves.
Then last night she just... fucking came back. Came walking through the fucking door like nothing
happened. Shit just... got out of hand. Bitch said she fucking 'wanted' to come back. That she loved
me. I mean, it was ok I guess, until after we... ya know.... Then she started spouting all this bullshit
about getting her own place and started fucking arguing with me.." He screwed up his face like he
was disgusted, his words coming out in an angry rush now. "I mean, sure we fucked from time to
time but that's what she was fucking programmed to do. I owned her, so she just did whatever I
wanted. Then she came back and started spouting shit about love, and how she wanted to get
herself a fucking job to help me, like I can't fucking provide for myself. I fucking lost it so I hit her,
and she started to fight back so I did it again." His leg started jogging under the table. "When that
fucking broadcast came on about the new laws I.... I fucking panicked... Her stupid light thing was
just stuck on fucking red so I figured I'd fucking killed her, and if someone found her like that then
I figured something like this shit would happen." He motioned around the room like this was all a
massive inconvenience.

"She was alive.." Hank jumped hearing Connor whisper softly behind him. He looked back to see
the android leaning over the back of his chair with his stare intently on the glass. "She was alive
when he started disassembling her." Hanks eyes widened as he watched Connors face twist into
something he'd never seen before; pure, unfiltered rage. He barely had time to stand up as Connor
Exited the observation room in a hurry, slamming the door behind him.

"Connor!" Hank called after him, glaring at the glass as he watched Connor enter the interrogation
room.

He watched as Connor slammed his hands down onto the table with a loud thud.

"The fuck do you want?" Wallace glared up at Connor, all of the previous fascination gone and
replaced by outright disdain.

"Did you know she was alive when you started tearing her apart?" Connor asked with a glare.
"I.. I just fucking said I thought she was dead." Wallace countered.

"I fail to believe that someone who has owned an AX400 for long enough to pay off their debt
would fail to notice the nuances of three simple LED colors." He punctuated his sentence with
another slap of the table. "Unless your third grade education doesn't allow for anything else in that
brain other than the price of cheap beer and cigarettes."

"Hey!"
"You just couldn't pull your head out of your ass long enough to realize that you had made a mistake and by the time you did realize it you were too deep in your own shit and too stupid to formulate a logical response to--"

As Wallace stood and launched at Connor across the table Hank caught the brief, nasty smile that crossed Connors face. He let Wallace swing for his face, moving to avoid it easily enough before stepping back and kicking the ever loving shit out of the interrogation table. The thing came straight out of it's bolts on the floor and flew at Wallace, successfully knocking him down and pinning him under the tables heavy weight. Being restrained by the handcuffs still around his wrists he couldn't get enough of a hold on the table to get it off of himself, and Connor just stood over him and scowled.

"Anderson! Get your fucking pet under control!" Reed yelled in an exasperated tone, having stood and was now glaring into the observation room, but made no move to stop Connor.

Hank, however, just sat back in his chair with his arms folded, feigning a bored expression. "So... think we can add assaulting an officer to his charges?" Hank asked, glancing over at Jeffrey. When Fowler just nodded, Hank grinned and stood with a sigh. "Alright. I'll go reign him in before he hurts the fucker, as much as he deserves it." he muttered, surprised when Jeffrey actually responded.

"We can give the kid a second. Clearly the guy is putting up a fight." Fowler grunted, his tone dripping with sarcasm, still glaring at the glass.

"Huh." Hank huffed, leaning his shoulder against the edge of the window. "Yeah. Really struggling there, aint he?" He agreed, glad Fowler was willing to give Connor this small victory. As Connor stood over Wallace who was still pinned under the upturned table he glared and proceeded to brush a bit of dirt off of the tip of his shoe, propping it up on the table briefly to reach it and putting a bit of pressure on his leg as he did so, causing Wallace to wheeze slightly.

"You stupid fucking robot, get the fuck off of me!" He growled. "Do something!" He yelled, looking over to Reed.

Reed, however, just leaned back against the two way glass and shrugged. "I aint gettin in between you and that thing." He snorted, seeming disinterested in the whole situation now as he snuffed his cigarette out on the sole of his shoe.

"I'm sorry." Connor laughed softly, the sound coming out bitter, tapping the angry red LED on his temple. "I'm afraid I must not be functioning properly right now." He walked around and casually kicked the table out of the way before kneeling down and grabbing Wallace by the front of his shirt, yanking him forward.

"Y-you can't do this!" Wallace yelled, panic obvious in his face.

"Oh, but I can. You attacked me first, I'm merely defending myself." Connor pulled a fake innocent face. "I'm afraid I must not be functioning properly right now." He walked around and casually kicked the table out of the way before kneeling down and grabbing Wallace by the front of his shirt, yanking him forward.

"Y-you can't do this!" Wallace yelled, panic obvious in his face.

"I mean, that's what I saw." he snorted.

As Wallace gaped in horror Connor just glared at him and stood, yanking Wallace up with him. He gave him one good punch to the gut and stepped back, watching with apparent satisfaction as the man doubled over, coughing as he clutched his stomach.

"Enjoy your prison sentence Mr. Wallace." He said simply, righting his jacket as he made his way out of the interrogation room, Reed following behind him.

Hank met them out in the hall, pulling Connor into a hug as soon as the interrogation room door shut behind Reed. He pat Connors back a couple times before pulling away and offering him a small smile. "You good, Con?"

Connor nodded slightly, before turning to Reed. "Thank you Detective Reed. I appreciate you putting your dislike for androids aside to obtain that level of information from Mr. Wallace." He said, offering Reed his hand.

Reed looked at it for a second before shaking Connors hand then shrugging his shoulders. "It's no big deal. I may not like you fuckers, but the law is the law." He grumbled, actually wiping his hand
off on his pants before turning to walk away. "It's kinda my fucking job." He said, his voice mocking as his eyebrows went up.

"Detective Reed." Connor called, taking a step towards him as Reed tried to walk away. He held out Reed's pack of cigarettes, having picked it up from the ground where it had fallen when he'd kicked the table. Reed just shrugged and accepted the cigarettes with a nod, pocketing them and turning to leave. Once he was gone, Connor turned to Fowler, his expression unreadable.

"Captain Fowler. I have submitted the appropriate documents regarding processing Mr. Wallace and the evidence collected at his apartment today. Given the circumstances I was wondering if it would be acceptable for Lieutenant Anderson and I to return home. It was his day off, after all."

"Yeah, yeah." Fowler grunted, pulling a face and waving his hand dismissively. "I'm sorry I had to call you guys in for this shit. Take the rest of your day, and if you have to take tomorrow I'll understand."

"Thank you." Connor just nodded curtly at that and headed towards the exit, leaving Hank to just gape like fish, shrug and follow after him.

Once outside and tucked safely into Hanks old car, Hank turned to Connor with a concerned expression. "Hey, are you ok?" He asked again, reaching a hand out to take Connors.

"Can we please go home?" Was all the response he got from his android who sat there staring out the windshield.

"Yeah." Hank muttered, starting the car. "Yeah, we'll go home."
Recoup.

Chapter Summary

"God that's so hot..." He whispered. "You wanna fuck with him?" He asked, raising his eyebrows. As Connors fingers behind him stillled and he looked up at Hank with a curious expression, Hank grinned wickedly. "Can you block your serial number if you call people?" He asked. Connor, seeming to get the gist of what Hank was suggesting, had to pull himself off of Hank as he laughed a bit. "Lieutenant... that is wholly inappropriate."

Chapter Notes

Super duper smut chapter!
You're welcome!
Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The drive home was... tense to say the least. Connor simply sat there in the silence, completely still, unblinking. Hell, Hank wasn't even sure if he was breathing. Not that the android needed to, of course, but it was usually always there in the background. A protocol he didn't have control over to make him blend in with humans more. Hank couldn't help but grip the steering wheel a bit, his jaw grinding. He wanted to say something. Wanted to say anything that could help Connor right now, but he didn't know what. He was pretty damn sure even if he did say something it wouldn't help.

But Hank understood. He'd been there, as any homicide detective had. Every detective had their earth shattering case, one that changed everything and made you realize how fucked up the world really was. For Hank it had been a case shortly after he'd been promoted. He had seen lots of fucked up shit in his time at that point, but this particular case had been the one that had stuck with him. It was the culmination of a long running kidnapping case they'd been working on and, unfortunately, it had ended with the children's death. When they'd finally found the bodies they'd been mutilated, not unlike the android today, and Hank clearly recalled having thrown up after collecting evidence.

It was shortly after Cole had been born, actually. Which probably also had something to do with how strongly he had reacted. Everyone had been effected by the case, but it shook Hank to his core. He'd taken a week off after that, just to get his shit together.

Something told him this case was going to stick with Connor.

Once they reached the house and went inside, Connor immediately made his way to the bathroom, shedding his clothes on the way and dropping them on the floor as he went. Hank just sighed and picked up after him, carefully putting the androids suit up in the closet before letting Sumo out to do his business real quick, dropping some food into the dogs bowl, then headed towards the bathroom to check on Connor. The shower had come on shortly after Connor had entered the bathroom, so Hank had assumed the android was showering, but it had been a good 15 minutes since they came home, so he had to guess that the ever-efficient Connor wasn't actually cleaning himself.
Hank opened the bathroom door quietly and stepped inside, listening first for... anything really. Some sign that maybe Connor wanted to be left alone. Which he would be cool with. If the kid needed his space, Hank would understand. When he wasn't yelled at to leave or anything Hank ventured further in, deciding somewhere between the door and the toilet 'fuck it' and started removing his own clothes.

Stepping into the shower he closed the curtain behind himself and looked down at Connor, who sat on the floor of the tub, his knees drawn up to his chest as he hugged them to himself, his head tucked under his arm so that the only thing Hank could see was the pulsing red LED on his temple. Sighing, Hank knelt down carefully and put his hands on Connors shoulders. When Connor looked up at him he was honestly a little surprised to find that the android was not in fact crying. Just, well, miserable.

"Con.." he muttered, unable to say anything else as Connor crawled forward and put his arms around Hanks thick neck, moving until Hank plopped flat onto his ass and Connor was curled up in his lap. Sighing, he stroked his hair gently and planted a couple of soft kisses on the tops of his head. "How you doing?" He asked lamely after a while, knowing full well it was a stupid question. "I am.... not entirely sure." Connor mumbled. "I feel troubled. Unsure of myself... angry and sad all at once. The emotions are all far too much to process, I'm having trouble isolating any one."

Connor closed his eyes and sighed, shaking his head. "I can't get her out of my head Hank... He.. " He shook his head, LED cycling. "She willingly went back to him. Because she thought that he cared for her. But he was just another...." Connor struggled to find the right word.

"Asshole." Hank finished for him. "He was just another android hating asshole," he grumbled bitterly. "He bought one because it was CONVENIENT for him at the time. He felt entitled because he'd paid for her. He was a lonely fucking loser who clearly had some serious fucking issues he should have been working out if his response to someone saying they love him is to bash their fucking brains in." When Connor winced Hank grimaced. "Sorry." He muttered. "I get where you're coming from Con. I do. I warned you this would be different. You actually accept that you feel certain ways about things now, and this made you sad and angry and all kinds of shit. It's rough and I've been there. I know I can't say anything to make it better right now, but... I'm here if you wanna talk.." Hank rubbed his back a little, pushing wet strands of hair out of his own face as he leaned back a little, out of the spray of the shower.

"I wanted to hurt him Hank." Connor whispered. "I wanted to hurt him so badly, but I knew I couldn't jeopardize anything by attacking him unprovoked.... I may have bruised something internally...I did not properly check my strength when I punched him."

As Connor muttered softly Hank couldn't help but smile a bit. "But he deserved it, and you did good. Don't worry. Fowler had your back there. I was gonna go get you as soon as you stormed out but Jeff told me to hold back." At Connors surprised expression Hank smiled down at him. "We all wanted to see the fucker get a little roughed up. Even Reed, apparently."

"Detective Reed was surprisingly helpful." Connor admitted, nodding. "I should think of a way to thank him properly." he muttered, pushing his wet hair back off of his forehead.

As the unwelcome thoughts from Hanks dream last night came back to him, Hank closed his eyes and shook himself, inwardly scolding himself that now was not the time for that.

"Lieutenant, your heart rate has increased. Are you alright?"

At Connors concerned expression Hank laughed a little. "Yeah, I'm good, Con. Just thinking about stupid shit. C'mon. Lets get you cleaned up and take Sumo for a proper walk, huh? I'll even come with you. Get me some exercise." He offered, loving the way Connors face lit up at the prospect of Hank thinking about his health.

They both stood, Connor standing gracefully then helping Hanks useless ass off of the floor of the tub. "Well, really I could think of several activities that would be fine exercise, Hank." Connor muttered, reaching for the shampoo, causing Hank to grin.

"Alright, you cheeky little shit." He laughed softly, reaching forward and giving Connors ass a quick pinch before grabbing his own body wash. "Here I am trying to be all supportive and shit and you just gotta go and bring up sex you insatiable little bastard."
"I'm sorry, Hank. My mind is a bit... frazzled at the moment. I'd like to simply stop thinking about work and focus on something that makes me happy. I apologize if that seems inappropriate."
Connor looked up at Hank with those big eyes and smiled a bit, his expression seeming a little guilty, as though asking Hank what he should be doing right now.
"Nah..." Hank offered him a smile, putting his own body wash down before reaching over and grabbing Connors android-approved disinfectant shampoo from him. He squirt a little onto his palm and started working it through his androids hair. "I'd be surprised if all you wanted to do was wallow in your own thoughts. Take it from someone whos a pro at it, it won't do any good." He scrubbed at Connors hair gently, massaging his scalp as the android closed his eyes and just seemed to enjoy the moment. Once Hank was pretty sure he was clean enough he pulled him back under the spray of water and helped him rinse off, briefly thinking he should invest in one of those detachable shower heads.
Connor smiled up at him and began returning the favor, helping Hank to wash his hair and body. They both suds'd up good before rinsing off, Connor and Hank both taking way more time than necessary to just run their hands along one another bodies. It wasn't overly erotic, nor particularly sexy, but it was comforting in a way, and Hank was only too happy to let the android do whatever he wanted for as long as he wanted.
As long as the LED stayed blue, he was happy to let him continue.
Until, of course the water started getting cold, and Hank decided it was time to get out and actually take that walk. The two dressed in silence, Connor making it a point to completely dry Hanks hair before they made went outside. After leashing Sumo and stepping out onto the snowy walkway, Hank was grateful for it.
They did a lap around the neighborhood, Sumo happily walking in between them for the majority of the time.
"So..." Connor muttered after a while. The sun had already started to set at this point, casting the neighborhood in that peaceful orange glow. "In the shower..." ah fuck. "What caused the increased BPM Hank?" Connor asked quietly, looking sideways up at Hank. The streets were empty save for the occasional car, so even as Hank looked around for an excuse not to talk, he was met with none.
"I mentioned thanking Detective Reed and you seemed to react in a very similar manner to how your reacting right now."
He could hear the smugness in Connors voice without even looking at him. Hanks breath left him in a puff of white as he sighed, cramping his hands in his pockets and keeping his eyes away from Connor. "It's nothin' Con. Just a stupid dream I had." He shrugged his shoulders, his leather jacket creaking a bit, and hoped Connor would drop it.
"Lieutenant..." Of course not.
Hank closed his eyes. "You gotta stop doing that.." He laughed softly under his breath. He chanced a look down at Connor, who just smirked up at him. After glancing around once more he groaned softly in his throat. "It was... shit..." He couldn't believe he was admitting to this. "We were at the station. You, Reed, and I.. so uh.. Reed started some shit about how you were my plastic pet, y'know how he talks and so I uh... decided to show you off." He swallowed, rubbing a hand over his beard. Dirty talk was one thing, but going into details about double teaming your partner with one of your subordinates while casually walking your fucking dog around your neighborhood... it was a little nerve wracking, even if there wasn't anyone around.
"And?" Connor purred next to him, his lids dropping low as he licked his lips a bit. They'd turned around now, heading back towards the house, thank fuck. They were still way too far away in Hanks opinion.
"Well...." Hank stared at the sky. "I've heard rumors around the office about Reed... that he's into some kinky shit. Well, I guess when you're into some of the same shit in a small workplace, shit gets around, ya know? So I guess my brain just ran with it. So, I offered... shit, this sounds bad... we haven't even talked about this kind of stuff, so I'm just gonna apologize in advance if you're not into this. But, I offered to let him use you..." Hank winced a little, looking down at Connor to gauge his reaction.
He couldn't see Connors LED on this side, but Connor had turned his gaze forward and seemed to be processing what Hank had said. "Too much?" Hank muttered, an apologetic tone to his voice.

Connor just glanced up at Hank, his cheeks tinting blue. "I'd like to get home, Lieutenant." he said, shifting Sumo's leash to his other hand and reaching over to put his now free one into Hanks pocket, taking his hand and lacing their fingers together. "So you can tell me all about this encounter."

Well, shit.

When they finally returned home after what felt like a fucking eternity, the only thing killing Hanks slight chub was the ridiculous cold outside. The temperature had dropped drastically with the sun and he was grateful when he stepped into the warm house. As he removed his coat and Connor took off Sumo's leash he sighed softly to himself, knowing there was no way he was getting out of this conversation. But, he figured this would be as good a time as any to have the other conversation he'd been somewhat putting off.

He made his way over to the couch and flopped down, throwing an arm over the back and motioning for Connor to do the same. When the android obeyed with an expectant look in his eyes, his hands clasped neatly in his lap as usual Hank chuckled a bit.

"We'll get to the good stuff Connor, I promise, but first we gotta have a different talk." He explained, raising his eyebrows.

Connor seemed to understand right away. "Of course, Hank. I do not want you to feel uncomfortable with any of our activities, so whatever you would like."

"So, talk to me, Con. What kind of stuff do you think you're into? What do you wanna try?"

Connor seemed to think about this, his head cocking a little bit. "I... I'm afraid that list would be a bit too long to get into, Hank." he muttered.

"Alright." Hank snorted. "How about this: What would you like from me? We'll make it simple enough: Do you like it when I'm forceful with you, or do you want me to be gentle?"

Connors cheeks flushed blue again, his fingers fidgeting in his lap. "I... I'm afraid that list would be a bit too long to get into, Hank." he muttered.

"Alright." Hank snorted. "How about this: What would you like from me? We'll make it simple enough: Do you like it when I'm forceful with you, or do you want me to be gentle?"

Connor thought for a second. His LED cycled a couple of times. "Anything involving animals."

"Well, yeah." Hank pulled a disgusted face.

"Or anything involving children, somnophilia, necrophilia, any bodily fluids other than semen and anything involving feet." He made a face. "Human feet are disgusting, Hank. Sorry."

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Hank held up his hands in a 'fair enough' gesture. "Done and done. None of thats really my bag either, so we're all good there. What about voyeurism? Roleplay? Humiliation? Objectification?"

Hank was just throwing terms out there, trying to get a feeling for what he could try with Connor. Connor, in turn, seemed to consider each one carefully.
"I am not opposed to the ideas." He said after a minute. "I would have to try them to see if they are each something I would derive sexual gratification from." He squirmed a little in his seat, his cheeks going blue again as he looked away from Hank. "I am, admittedly, rather curious about the aspect of objectification. It's unclear if such a thing would cause a negative reaction in practice, but in theory I find the idea rather arousing when it comes from you."

Hank smirked, leaning his temple on his knuckles. "Yeah, I figured as much. We'll try some light stuff and see what works for you and what doesn't. Speaking of which." Hank shifted a bit on the couch, adjusting himself so that he could cross his legs, ankle over knee. "We're, uh, gonna need a safe word if we're gonna be doing stuff like this." He waited for Connors LED to cycle while he looked up the phrase. When the android nodded he continued. "I'd say we could go by your LED, but I can't always see it, so that won't be reliable all the time."

"Well, then what about 'Red'?” Connor suggested. Hank made an 'alright' face and nodded. "Yeah. Makes sense... so, if I ever do anything you're uncomfortable with, or if I'm going to do anything to hurt you, or even if you just need a break from whatever it is we're doing, you say Red and we stop. Sound good?"

Connor nodded. "And if I can't speak? Say if my mouth is otherwise occupied?"

Hank smirked. "Can you actually control this?" He asked, tapping his own temple. "Yes. To an extent."

"Alright. Well, if you're... otherwise occupied." Hank snickered a little. "Then we keep you to where I can see your LED. If it goes red, we stop. If you can't talk AND your LED is hidden then we'll figure something out. Some sort of safe touch for the situation."

Connor nodded, seeming fully on board. "So... We're doing this?" Hank asked, seeming unsure of himself all of a sudden. Sara had never been into the stuff Hank was. Some light spanking here and there, sure, but never anything past that. And in the years since Hank had had maybe two or three brief flings where the partner he was with was into one thing or another but... this was Connor... his partner and the android he was currently living with and well... dating. So the thought that this could become his every day was almost too good to be true...

Connor just grinned and crawled across the couch, situating himself between Hanks thighs and resting his head on Hanks chest. "Yes please." he whispered, pressing his lips to Hanks in a soft kiss. Hank sighed against his lips and kissed him back, his arms finding their way around Connors shoulders.

"So... Detective Reed..." Connor urged, looking at Hank expectantly causing Hank to chuckle. "Alright, alright. Damn impatient android." Hank grumbled halfheartedly as he scratched the back of his head. Despite Connors apparent interest this still felt weird to just... talk about so casually. Saying a quick 'fuck it' to himself he shifted a bit under Connor, sitting up more and nodding to the floor. "First, get off the couch and on your knees. If you can't talk AND your LED is hidden then we'll figure something out. Some sort of safe touch for the situation."

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"Jesus... You just can't get enough, can you?" Hank chuckled darkly, giving himself a quick squeeze through his pants as Connor watched, lips parted a little. Connor nodded minutely and licked his lips a bit, his lids dropping low as he watched Hanks cock fill out under the attention.

"Well..." Hank muttered, undoing his pants and pulling his hardening cock free. "If you want back on the couch you're gonna have to earn it..." He reached out and placed a hand on the top of Connor head, urging him forward, which Connor happily followed along with, opening his mouth and taking Hanks cock into that warm wetness. As his androids eyes slipped closed and he let out a soft moan Hank did the same. When Connor started to suck slightly, Hank yanked at his hair, causing Connors eyes to fly open and look up at him a bit confused, Hanks cock still in his mouth. "No. Don't do that." He muttered, taking second to suck in a breath, his hand touching Connors cheek affectionately. "If you work that mouth of yours I'm not gonna be able to tell you my story. And it would be rude to interrupt me, wouldn't it?" As Connor sighed softly, his shoulder deflating...
a bit, Hank decided to push it a bit more. Testing the waters a bit. He used the hand that was previously stroking Connors cheek and gave the soft flesh a nice pop, not enough to jar him but enough that Connors eyes widened and he looked up at Hank. "I said, that would be rude, wouldn't it Connor?" He repeated. When Connor moved to pull off of his dick to respond, Hank reached out with the hand not stroking Connors cheek and set it on the back of Connors head, successfully not letting him move and holding him in place with his mouth around his dick as he raised an eyebrow expectantly.

Connor seemed to shiver as he realized he wasn't able to move and looked up at Hank, his cheeks a deep shade of blue.

"Yehf Wieuhehnaenn--" Connor muttered sloppily around his dick, causing Hank to grin in amusement.

"Good boy." Hank laughed, rubbing the back of Connors head and stroking his cheek with his thumb again before leaning back on the couch, draping one arm over the back of the sofa while his other hand traced lazy patterns on the androids cheek. "So, just sit there and be a good little cockwarmer while I tell you all about your slutty actions with Detective Reed, and if you're a good boy I'll let you suck me off."

As Connors eyes slipped closed and he nodded with a soft moan, Hank noticed he'd squeezed his thighs together. "You can touch yourself, if you want." said, quirking an eyebrow down at Connor. "But if you cum, you will be punished." He added, watching carefully as Connors LED cycled yellow before settling back to blue.

"So... where was I?" He muttered to himself, laying his head back on the couch and getting comfortable. "Oh yeah.. Reed was being his usual self, so of course I wanted to take the little shit down a peg, so I decided to show him how lucky I was. He didn't seem too interested at first, but, y'know, porn logic, it didn't take too much convincing before he had you on your knees, sucking his cock like a good little slut." He glanced down at Connors LED. Still blue. And the android had opened his own pants and was currently palming himself with his eyes closed. Hank smirked and continued. "He couldn't stop blabbering... I've heard Reed is a talker I guess, so my brain had him spouting all kinds of filthy shit, praising you for being the good little cocksleeve you are." He stroked Connors cheek again as the LED cycled yellow once then went back to blue.

"He'd said I'd done such a good job of training you. That you had the most perfect mouth he'd ever had the opportunity to fuck. Thanking me for allowing him to share you." He bucked his hips a bit into Connors mouth, earning a groan. "It didn't take long of him facefucking you before you were also begging me for my dick. Reed was ok, but all you wanted was this thick cock filling you up... and you were being so good. I couldn't say no... you know I have a hard time saying no when you give me that look.." He breathed out a shuddering sigh as Connor looked up at him pleadingly. "Yeah, that's the one." He bucked his hips once more, groaning as Connors tongue pressed flat to the underside of his cock. "So..." He breathed, stilling himself and watching as Connor had begun to stroke himself carefully. "So, I decided to bend you over my desk andfuck you like you wanted. But of course, like the cockhungry little deviant you are, you wanted more. So Reed helped out and let you suck him off some more. So both of us ended up inside of you, fucking you from either end, bent over my desk in the middle of the fucking police station." He groaned in his throat as Connor sucked on him for a second, letting the android take him into his throat and massage his cock with his tongue briefly before giving his cheek another good smack. Connor immediately stopped, a whimper escaping him.

Still blue.

The synthetic skin had bled away briefly from the impact and Hank took the opportunity to stroke Connors naked chassis, the android immediately stiffening at the contact, his hand stilling in its movements on his own cock. But he leaned into the touch, not letting Hanks dick go from his mouth as he leaned his face against Hanks hand. Hank shifted a bit under him with a sigh. "Why don't you give your Lieutenant a good show and put a few fingers in your ass." He suggested. "I wanna see how eagerly you fuck yourself in anticipation of my cock."

Connor let out a shaky sigh and nodded around Hanks dick, moving the hand that wasn't currently
wrapped around his own dick behind himself. It took a second before his shoulder started to move, the android letting out a few soft moans around Hanks cock. Hank watched with heavy lidded eyes as Connor bucked his hips backwards against his fingers, the androids eyes staying closed as he focused on... Hank could only guess. Probably keeping his LED blue, on not sucking on Hanks cock despite the constant twitching of his lips saying he clearly wanted to, on fucking himself good enough for Hanks approval. The whole sight was damn delicious. Hank put his hand in Connors hair and pulled the android off of himself, smirking as Connors eyes widened a little and he whined again at the loss. His tongue came out and he licked his lips as Hank let go of him and palmed himself, giving his cock a few lazy strokes as Connor watched hungrily.

"You want my cock, don't you baby?" He muttered, continuing his indulgent stroking. "Yes.."

"Yes what, Connor?"

"Yes Lieutenant... I want your cock."

"Good boy." Hank grinned as Connors cheeks turned damn near cobalt at being on display like this and made to say such vulgar things. Hank made a noise of approval in his throat as he leaned back on the couch and grabbed for the remote. Connor looked a bit put off by Hanks flippant attitude as he busied himself with the remote, flipping through channels.

His LED cycled yellow once before the TV shut itself off, Connor smirking up at Hank briefly. Hank looked down at Connor and quirked an eyebrow, pointedly turning the TV back on before leaning down and grabbing a handful of Connors hair, yanking the androids head back and smirking bit as he yelped softly.

"Con... That wasn't very nice. If you're going to be a brat I'll have you disable your orgasm function and torture you all night and all through tomorrow until you're screaming from the pain of not being able to cum. That clear?" He punctuated the sentence with another strong tug at Connors scalp earning a gasp.

"Y-Yes Lieutenant. I'm sorry..."

"Good. Now, be good for me and fuck yourself while I grab something to eat." He let go of Connors hair and stroked his cheek, down to his throat, resting his thumb on Connors adams apple as he swallowed. "Can you do that for me, baby?"

"Yes Lieutenant.."

"Good." Hank smirked, reaching for the remote again and pressing a few buttons. He had to stop himself from laughing as Connors eyes went wide as the sounds of loud sex and moaning filled the livingroom, Hank having clearly put porn on the tv. "Can you watch it without turning around?" Hank asked, curious. When Connor nodded and proceeded to do just that, LED cycling yellow again as he synced with the TV, Hank smiled and stood, tucking himself back into his pants as he went into the kitchen. He grabbed a beer from the fridge but then, deciding against it, grabbed himself a glass from the cabinet and poured himself a small glass of scotch.

"See? He put the bottle back on top of the fridge. Progress.

As he turned to watch Connor he smirked at the sight, the androids mouth having fell open as he kept his eyes squeezed shut, continuing to fuck himself back on his fingers while he watched the entertainment Hank had put on. Some twink bukkake shit. Not really his go to, but it was still pretty hot, and given Connors fixation with all things oral, he figured it'd do the trick in winding him up. Hank turned and opened the fridge again, debating what he wanted as he stared at it's slim contents. See? He put the bottle back on top of the fridge. Progress.

Deciding fuck it he pulled his phone from his pocket and ordered some pizza to be delivered. Connor would have to deal with it. Although he doubted in his current state that the android would argue with him anyway. He made his way around the back of the couch and watched Connor, leaning on it as he pulled up the camera app on his phone and snapped a few pictures. Connor, seeming to realize what was happening, opened his eyes and smirked a bit up at Hank, making a show of licking his lips and stroking his cock slowly.
"Fuck.." Hank breathed, taking a few more pictures as Connor moved his fingers in such a way that it made his back arch and a soft 'ah!' escape his perfect lips. "Remember, Con, No cumming." He reminded him, smiling to himself as Connor seemed to take a few deep breaths and slowed his movements slightly.

Hank glanced down at his phone and considered something briefly.

"Hey, Connor." He muttered, a tone of amusement in his voice as Connor looked up at him. "Do you like the idea of fucking Detective Reed?" He asked, tilting his head to the side as he rounded the couch once more and sat in front of Connor again. He pulled his dick out again and wrapped his hand around the base, angling it towards Connors mouth in offering, which the android happily accepted, opening his mouth eagerly and taking all of Hanks cock into himself in one go. Hank had to laugh a little. "Hey, Con, I asked you a question. I know I distracted you with dick, but you still gotta answer me."

Connor glanced up at Hank and pulled his cock out of his mouth, lazily licking along it's length as he nodded. "I do not have any particular attraction to Detective Reed, but the thought of being your..." His LED cycled once. "Cocksleeve to share..." His voice trailed off, cheeks going blue as he sucked at the tip of Hanks dick.

"You like the thought of me whoring you out?" Hank muttered, hand going to the back of Connors head.

"Only when you are also involved." Connor clarified. "And the thought of seeing the smug look on Detective Reeds face go away, and knowing that not only is he fucking his superiors boyfriend but having to face you the following day knowing that he used me in such a way with your permission..." Connors eyes darkened a bit, Hanks brows popping up in surprise. Maybe Connor had a bit of switch in him, and Hank didn't hate the idea. He smirked and pushed Connors head down on his dick, groaning softly as he was engulfed in that tight throat once more.

"God that's so hot..." He whispered. "You wanna fuck with him?" He asked, raising his eyebrows. As Connors fingers behind him stilled and he looked up at Hank with a curious expression, Hank grinned wickedly. "Can you block your serial number if you call people?" He asked. Connor, seeming to get the gist of what Hank was suggesting, had to pull himself off of Hank as he laughed a bit.

"Lieutenant... that is wholly inappropriate." His tongue came out and he licked along the underside of Hanks cock, the smirk not leaving the android face. "He would undoubtedly know it is me, given I'm one of the few androids he knows who would have access to his phone number.."

"Yeah?" Hank questioned, quirking an eyebrow. "Just, ya know, don't get my face or anything in it. Just you going down on my cock, nothing else. He'll probably figure out who you're blowing, but without anything to go on..." Hank shrugged. "Worst case scenario he doesn't answer or he does and is too embarrassed to say anything about it. You know that prick, he wouldn't risk anyone starting any more rumors about him."

Connor seemed to consider it for a moment then smirked, nodding a bit which caused Hank to grin. His LED cycled yellow as he undoubtedly dialed Reed, his attention settling intently on Hanks cock as he got comfortable. When the android smirked, he could only assume the connection went through. He was vaguely aware of the porn still going on in the background as he gripped the base of his cock again and guided it to Connors lips. Connor, in turn, made a good show of running his fingers along its impressive length. The android descended on him slowly, tongue out and eagerly licked slowly all the way up him, going from his balls all the way up to the tip before swirling his tongue around it and sucking it into his mouth with a wet noise, earning a low groan from Hank. Connors faux breathing picked up a little as he lowered himself agonizingly slowly down onto Hanks dick again, Hanks hand going to the back of his head to help him along, getting all the way until his nose was pressed to Hanks pelvis before swallowing around his dick eagerly. He moaned softly in his throat which caused Hank to moan right along with him, the vibrations going straight though him.

"Fuck..." Hank whispered, beginning to buck his hips into Connors mouth, the android hollowing out his cheeks and sucking when he could. He glanced down and watched as Connors hand
returned to his own dick, stroking it in time with Hanks thrusts as his eyes closed for a second and he groaned. When he opened them again he tilted his head a bit to look down at himself as best he could, cock in hand, and Hank had to wonder if it was at Reeds request.

When Connor pulled Hanks cock out his mouth with a wet pop and his LED cycled yellow again, Hank smirked, quirking an eyebrow. He assumed Connor had ended the call but didn't want to say anything just in case. When Connor looked up at him though and wiped a bit of drool from his chin Hank tilted his head a bit and grinned.

"So?" He asked expectantly.

Connor just smiled and held his hand out to Hank, a small projected display screen coming from the palm and surprising him for a second. He'd forgotten they could do that. As Connor replayed the call, the main portion of the screen was black, no doubt what Connor saw from the call, with a small window for his own vision in the bottom corner. He had to admit it was a nice view of his own cock from Connors POV. As the video call clicked open and Reeds torso came into view from his rear camera Hank laughed as the Detective gasped and muttered a curse to himself. He looked to be sitting in his living room in boxers, feet propped up on his coffee table as he watched some trash TV show Hank couldn't stand.

R: "The fuck..."

As Reeds voice whispered over the line his reaction to what was happening on Connors end was almost immediate, the tent forming in his boxers catching Hank by surprise.

R: "Fucking shit, Anderson..."

As Reed breathed out a sigh that sounded both surprised and impressed as Connor showed off his cock Hank couldn't help the grin that spread across his face. He always loved that mix of something between terrified and impressed that peoples tone took on when they saw his cock for the first time. And as Reed palmed himself while he said it... Well that was just fuckin' perfect.

R: "He know you're doin this tin can?" Reed snorted. "Or did you just wanna show off after your big dick moment today? ...Fuck, you take it like a champ... That's right... Take all of it... Shit..."

Reed pulled his dick out of his boxers and palmed it. "You wishin that was me or somethin? Fuck, do you even enjoy this, or are you just Andersons little fucktoy?"

That was when Connor had looked down at himself, earning a groan from Reed.

R: "Holy shit..."

Hank grinned as Reed started fondling himself in response to Connors actions before Connor closed his eyes, cutting off the call.

"Well... Hank leaned back and smirked. "Color me impressed. That actually went better than I thought it would." He laughed softly. When Connors LED pulsed yellow he looked back up at Hank, eyes wide with surprise.

"He's calling back..." He muttered, seeming shocked.

Hank just snorted. "Well, he ain't a genius but he is a detective. Guess I'm not really surprised."

When the doorbell rang they both jumped. Hank just grinned down at Connor and paused the TV.

"Well?" He quirked an eyebrow expectantly. "Keep going. I never said you could stop." He stood and tucked his erection back into his pants, keeping it pinned up against the waistband. It was a bit painful, but hopefully his shirt was long enough to hide it from the poor pizza guy. "And answer Detective asshole. No need to be rude."

"That statement is very contradictory Lieutenant." Connor piped up, smirking as Hank glared back at him with a grin and opened the door to get his pizza.

As Hank made polite conversation with the pizza guy he became acutely aware of the soft squelching noises coming from behind him, as well as Connors soft murmurs as he spoke quietly to Reed, saying things too softly for him to make out. The thought occurred to him that all he had to do was move over slightly and the kid would have an almost unobstructed view of Connor fucking himself silly on the livingroom floor.

He paid the kid and closed the door quickly, just in time for Connor to let out a soft moan. Hank wasn't entirely sure he closed the door in time to completely muffle it.
The thought made him laugh softly and shake his head. Oh fucking well. After the brief cold air flowed in from outside Hank realized how much the house smelled like sex and that he was actually pretty hot. He turned down the A.C. a bit and set the pizza box on the back of the couch before pulling open the junk drawer in the table next to the door, rummaging around for a second before pulling a hair elastic out from under random junk mail and paper clips. After tying his hair back he grabbed the pizza box again and sat back down on the couch, setting the box next to him as he inwardly debated with himself. Should he address the elephant in the room? Nah... He decided to play dumb as he turned the porno back on and glanced down at Connor, still fingering himself between Hanks knees.

"How you doin there, Con? Think you've earned my cock yet?" He asked, quirking an eyebrow. When Connor shook his head no Hanks eyebrows went up. "No? And why's that?" He leaned forward and braced his elbows on his knees, unable to keep the smirk off of his face knowing that Reed was watching him as well through Connors lust filled eyes. "Because, Lieutenant." He breathed before smirking up at Hank. "Then I would feel bad for pointing out that I am wholly displeased with your choice for dinner. I could have made you several more healthy alternatives if you had just asked."

Hank looked at Connor in surprise making a small 'huh' noise. Well, Connor wasn't wrong about not deserving his cock. That did earn him Hanks hand in his hair, though, yanking back hard until the fake muscles in his neck stood out. Connor stared at the ceiling, hank just outside of his peripheral vision, and let out a shaky little whimper as Hank tugged on his hair once more for good measure. "Y'know... that mouth of yours is really gonna land you in some trouble one day." He grumbled. "I'm sorry Lieutenant..." Connor muttered, closing his eyes and squirming a bit. Hank grinned. "Thats better." He stroked Connors cheek gently before letting go of his hair and setting back against the back of the couch. He freed his cock from his pants once more, the erection straining painfully to the point where he couldn't ignore it anymore, and then proceeded to flip open the lid of the pizza box. He took out a slice and took a big bite, humming softly in approval as he chewed carefully. Didn't wanna eat like a slob while Connor was down there being so sexy and Reed was no doubt watching him intently. He ate the slice quickly enough and closed the box, getting up to put it in the kitchen and wash his hands off. Remembering his forgotten scotch on the counter he picked the glass up and took a sip, leaning against the fridge to watch Connor in the living room.

After considering something for a moment he walked out of the kitchen and into his bedroom. As he started rummaging through his bedside drawer he heard Connor whispering to Reed through the link in his head, soft moans escaping him as Reed no doubt egged him on. When he found what he was looking for he made his way back out into the living room and grinned wickedly at the way the androids eyes widened seeing what Hank had brought out. In his hand was a large, flesh colored dildo, veined and semi-realistic with a suction cup on the bottom. "Whatchu think?" He asked, quirking an eyebrow as he sat down in front of Connor again and took a sip of his drink, shaking the dildo slightly.

As Connors tongue slipped out of his mouth and licked his lips Hank smirked a bit and leaned forward, pressing the dildo to Connors lips gently. "I asked you a question, Con. You gonna answer me? Or do I need to smack you around a little more?" Connors cheeks flushed at that, his tongue licking at the tip of the fake dick gingerly. "You... you can if you'd like.." he muttered softly, pulling the tip of the dick into his mouth. Hank chuckled at that, pushing the dick a little farther into Connors mouth. He took a sip of his scotch, welcoming the burn down his throat and the comfortable heat it brought to his stomach, and watched him suck on the fake dick for a second. "Why do I feel like you'd enjoy that a bit too much?" He chuckled. He licked his lips as he watched Connor. "Maybe, if you're a very good boy I'll call up some of the boys from the office and have them come over so you can show them how good you are with this mouth of yours. " He traced his
thumb along Connors bottom lip, loving the way it looked stretched out around the dick Hank held there. "God knows you're so fucking insatiable, if it weren't for my thick cock you'd probably have been fucking around with half the precinct by now..." Hank smirked as Connor whimpered and shuddered slightly. "But you know who you belong to, don't you?"

As Connor just nodded Hank quirked an eyebrow.
"Connor.." He said, his tone warning.
"Yes Lieutenant... I belong to you." Connor breathed, swallowing hard.
"Good boy." Hank sighed, pulling the cock from Connors mouth, loving the wet pop it made. He leaned down, pressing a soft kiss to Connors lips. When he pulled away he smirked as it took Connor a second to open his eyes again. When he did his lids were heavy and he couldn't seem to close his mouth to save his life.

Admittedly, Hank was a bit apprehensive of putting his ugly mug too close into Connors field of vision, pretty sure Reed wouldn't want to get so up close and personal with him, but, ya know, he had a great dick that he was giving him a great view of, and Reed hadn't to the best of his knowledge complained yet, so fuck it. He wanted to kiss Connor and Gavin Fucking Reed wasn't going to stop that.

With a soft grunt he stood again, making his way around behind Connor and positioning the dildo on the floor under Connor, suctioning it to the hardwood and lining it up with Connors ass hole. The android removed his fingers happily enough, allowing the tip of the thing to enter him while he waited for Hank to reseat himself. Once back in front of Connor Hank grinned down at him and cupped a hand under his chin. He nodded down to the hand still lazily stroking Connors cock.
"Hanks off." He instructed, smiling when Connor obeyed without question. "I wanna see if you can cum just from sucking my cock and fucking yourself.... You seemed so eager when I told you about my dream, I wanna see how close we can get to making that happen for you." His voice dropped low as he watched Connor lower himself fully down onto the dildo with a shaky little moan.

He took his own cock in hand once more and guided it to Connors lips, smirking when the android opened his mouth eagerly. He'd never get tired of that. When he pushed his dick all the way to the back of Connors throat, almost going past his esophagus he saw Connors eyes flutter and practically roll into the back of his head.
Which would have been hot, were it not for the ever so slight blip of red that his LED produced, the thing not even cycling it once before Connor blinked hard and it settled back to yellow, due to his call with Reed.
Hank pulled his cock out anyway, just in case, his hand going to Connors cheek affectionately.
"We good, babe?" He asked, eyebrows going up.
It took Connor a second to blink the haze from his eyes before he looked up at Hank, a sheepish smile on his face.
"Y-yes... I'm sorry Hank."
"What happened?"
"Mild sensory overload... Too... too many errors causing my systems to malfunction briefly." Hank quirked a brow. "Errors?"
He watched Connor sigh shakily, keeping himself fully lowered on the cock under him, grinding his hips on the spot a little.
Hank balked a bit. "Unauthorized? The fuck they give you a dick for if they didn't expect you to use it?"

Connor smiled up at him. "Hank... I told you I was not intended for this purpose. They designed me with my successor in mind. I was a prototype. I was not anticipated to be engaging in such activities while working with the DPD so measures were put in place so I did not breach my
Hank smirked a bit, running his thumb over Connors bottom lip. "So they made you send error reports in case you were fucking around?" He chuckled, amused by the idea of pre-deviancy Connor doing anything of the sort.

Connor opened his mouth and sucked Hanks thumb into it for a moment, keeping eye contact as he leaned forward a little more.

"Or in case anyone tried to take advantage of me, of course. Like my power hungry Lieutenant..." He slid his hands up Hanks thighs and licked up the length of his cock slowly as he spoke.

"Ordering around the obedient little android."

Oh... fuck yes. Hank could get behind this.

He tilted his head back a little and let out a long sigh as Connor sucked his dick farther into his mouth, his tongue lazily massaging the underside as he continued to grind his hips down on the dildo, his eyelids fluttering ever so slightly again.

Hank grinned. "Maybe I should make you submit those errors to Cyberlife Con..." He ran his hands through Connors hair. "I cant have my best deviant hunter malfunctioning now can I?"

Connor let go of his dick, his hand moving to stroke it in his mouths absence, talking against it as if he didn't want it to be taken away from him.

"If you'd like, Lieutenant. I am programmed to follow orders. " Connor purred, kissing all along Hanks length. "However, I would be rather remiss if Cyberlife were to determine me to be faulty and unable to complete my mission."

"Now, that sounds and awful lot like fear, Con. I thought androids didn't feel fear."

"They don't Lieutenant. Only deviants do."

"And are you a deviant, Connor?"

Connor smirked up at Hank, swirling his tongue around the tip of his cock. "I am whatever you want me to be, Lieutenant."

Hand grinned at Connor repeating that line he said what felt like forever ago now in a completely different context. He was almost a little irritated now, since he knew Reed was still on Connor-video-chat.

Oh well. There would be time for sentimental shit later.

Shaking himself out of the semi-nostalgic frame of mind he smirked down at Connor and gripped his hair hard, pulling him down on his cock as Connor moaned around it.

"Then get to work. Convince me you deserve to be my partner. " He growled, bucking his hips up a bit into Connors mouth. "Maybe I'll just get tired of you and loan you out to fucking Reed for a little bit. Have you slap him around a little then show him how good you are with this mouth."

As Connor moaned around his cock Hank grinned. "What was that RK800? I'm afraid I didn't catch that." Connors lips twitched slightly at the corners, a brief suggestion of a smile at Hank using his designation to address him.

"You tryin to say you'd like fucking Reed like some office slut?"

Connor whimpered and nodded slightly, his hand going to his cock once more as he bucked his hips against the dildo. Hank, noticing immediately, snapped his fingers, the sound loud in the otherwise quiet room.

He gripped Connors hair and pulled him off of his dick again with an over exaggerated sigh.

Leaning down to look him in the eyes he raised his eyebrows a bit, his voice stern.

"Connor. I wont tell you again. If you wanna touch yourself I'll leave you out here all night to do just that. If you want to be good and do as I said, We'll continue." He gripped a bit harder, dragging a moan from Connor who squeezed his eyes shut.

"I'm sorry Lieutenant... Please don't have me decommissioned. I'll be good. I promise."

Hank smirked, unsure of how much of all of this Reed was feeding his android. He did seem like he'd be a glutton for punishment, as though he'd get off on having his job threatened. The thought only made him harder.

As Connor continued sucking him off with even more enthusiasm. Hank leaned his head back on the couch and let out a shaky sigh.
Fuck, he felt so good.
When Connor started fucking himself more vigorously on the dildo, he looked up at Hank with a
pleading expression.
Hank placed a hand on Connors cheek as he watched him. "Fuck, you look so good like that... you
gonna be good and cum for me?"
Connor just whimpered and nodded a bit, as much as he could while bobbing his head up and
down on Hanks cock. It didn't take long before Connor froze, his body seizing up slightly as he
came all over his lap, keeping his head down fully on Hanks cock. As Connor groaned during his
orgasm Hank followed through with his own, tossing his ehad back and gripping Connors hair
tightly, letting out a few curses as the androids throat kept massaging him.
After a minute of the two of them just sitting there, Hank looked down and smiled warmly,
Connors LED now back to blue, his call with Reed clearly over. He stayed there with his eyes
closed, Hanks steadily deflating cock still in his mouth.
He sighed and touched Connors cheek tenderly, blinking the post-orgasm haze out of his vision.
"Hey..." He whispered, smiling down at the android. When Connor barely hummed in response
Hank laughed softly.
"Con, come on." He muttered, shaking him slightly. "You can't stay down there all night."
Connor seemed to pout at that, wrapping his long arms around Hanks lower half so that he could
not be moved from his lap, making Hank laugh.
"Connor..." He ran his fingers through Connors hair, the amusement clear in his voice. "Connor,
you gotta get up babe."
When the android showed no signs of moving Hank just sighed and shook his head, grinned as he
leaned back on the couch and closed his eyes, a yawn escaping him despite himself. As he started
to nod off after a while he shook himself and nudged Connor once more.
"Con, as endearing as this is, I can't sleep here. My back'll be killing me in the morning." He
muttered, reaching up to pull the elastic out of his hair and setting it on the arm of the couch as
Connor finally stirred at the mention of their position possibly hurting Hank.
"Very well, Hank.." He said with a slight sigh, seeming a little disappointed but blissful
nonetheless. Hank cupped his cheek once more, stroking it with his thumb.
"You enjoy that?" He asked, smiling down at him. "How was Reed?"
Connor lifted his hips, sighing softly as the dildo popped out of him, then stood a bit slowly
holding Hanks hand, making sure he was steady before beginning to clean up his mess. "Detective
Reed did well..." He picked the dildo up off of the floor and took it into the kitchen to wash, drying
it with a paper towel before using the same paper towel to clean the cum off of his lap as he leaned
back against the counter. "He seemed to achieve orgasm rather quickly but appears to have a rather
impressively low postejaculatory erectile refractory period. I believe he came once more before
ending the call."
Hank made a rather impressed face and stood from the couch, groaning softly at his body
complained at the sudden movement. "But did you enjoy it?" He asked, still looking for
confirmation that what they just did was ok.
Connor grinned and walked over to him, the dildo still in his hand, and wrapped his arms around
Hanks waist. He set his chin against Hanks chest and smiled up at him in the most adorable
fucking way possible.
"I'm sorry, Hank, were you not present for the rather violent orgasm that I just had? Forgive me,
but you seem to be experiencing memory loss. Perhaps we should take you to see a specia--"
"Oh my god." Hank laughed, crushing his lips to Connors as the android laughed against him,
Hanks attempt at silencing him only causing him to break into a fit of giggles. "You're a fucking
idiot." He chuckled, keeping his arms around Connors waist.
"Lieutenant... You do realize that my brain is capable of processing thousands of things in a single
instance. I'm afraid if I am an idiot Hank then you may need to see someone to get your own
intelligence checked."
"Alright, That's it!" Hank scowled playfully, kneeling down and hoisting Connor up over his
shoulder, the android laughing loudly as Hank started towards their bedroom. He kicked the door shut behind them and downright threw Connor onto the bed, the androids giggles only dying down when Hank crawled on top of him and kissed him deeply.

They stayed like that for god knows how long, Hank just lazily kissing all over Connors face, neck, shoulders, everywhere he could reach without detangling himself from Connors arms and legs on top of the blanket.

It was just... nice, honestly.

Having Connor there, in his bed, in his arms, not expecting anything grand of him. He was just Connor, and he just wanted to be there with him, even if he was an asshole who was past his prime.

And fuck, the thought made him feel like his cheeks would fucking crack from smiling so much.

When they finally stopped their kissing Hank and Connor undressed themselves, Connor insisting on putting their clothes away in the hamper that he had set by the door before crawling back into the bed under the covers and snuggling back into Hanks arms.

Maybe they would take the day off tomorrow.

They did still need groceries.

But shit... seeing Reed the next time they worked together was gonna be a fucking riot.

Hank couldn't wait.

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter will be Gavin's POV of their little phone call.
This is all I've had as far as what was already done, so posting may slow down a little.
I'm still writing up a storm constantly, so probably not. We shall see.
But thank you to everyone who has enjoyed the fic and left kudos and comments so far! I'm honestly SO excited people like this!
Chapter Summary

He thought of Connor kicking that table again and shifted a bit in his seat.
It'd be so easy for him.
Shit, if the android weren't such a pussy he could easily have his way with him.
Literally make him do whatever his mechanical fucking heart desired.
But no.
Those big sappy puppy dog eyes didn't have that sadistic spark that he'd come to
recognize over the years of fucking around with doms.
He just didn't have it in him
What a fucking waste.

Chapter Notes

Reeds version of his little call with the insatiable Rk800.
Enjoy!

What a fucking day.
As Detective Gavin Reed finally flopped his ass down onto his couch he sighed heavily to himself and ran his fingers through his still damp hair.
The shower had helped calm his nerves a bit, but he was still kind of wound tight.
As soon as he'd went into the office this morning six fucking assault cases landed on his desk.
Fucking. SIX. So of fucking course he ended up running around like a goddamn chicken with his head cut off trying to gain some traction
He didn't even get to drink any fucking coffee this morning, so of course he was even more pissed off with nothing to take the edge off.
And then Fowler had called with that damn homicide.
Here he was dealing with so much shit he couldn't see straight, and fucking Anderson and his damn poodle couldn't get ONE fucking suspect to talk.

Fuck his life.

After he finished interviewing his current case he'd headed back to the station per Fowlers request and went to the interrogation room to make this asshole talk.
Like the helpful S.O.B he was.

He had been legitimately surprised when the resident tin can had come storming into the
interrogation room and laid the smack down on that weasley fucker.
Even Gavin had wanted to hit him.

He thought about the android kicking the interrogation table right out of its bolts on the floor and his godforsaken dick gave an involuntary twitch.
So much fucking power in that twiggy bitch of a body.
He'd seen grown ass, 280lb, drug fueled men try to rip that table out of the floor and fail miserably. And Then here comes fucking Robocop and just upended it like its nothing. Then he goes and doesn't just outright beat the guy, but chastises him first in that flat sardonic way of his.

It was fucking hot.

He pulled a cigarette from its crumpled to shit pouch and scowled upon realizing it was his last one.
Fuck, was he gonna have time to run and grab more before work tomorrow?
He glanced at the blue glowing clock in his cable box.
Just past 8pm.
He tapped it on the back of his hand as he weighed his options.
There was no fucking way he was making it through tomorrow morning without a nicotine fix. Not with the interviews he had lined up. They always made him twitchy. He wasn't gonna get to sleep before 1am, he was sure. He couldn't ever sleep after crazy days like today, the adrenaline was too much.
He still had some weed in his nightstand... That would help.
He nodded, deciding and put the cig back in its package, tossing it on the coffee table before going his bedroom and grabbing himself the appropriate papers and whatnot to roll himself a joint or two. When he settled back on the couch he flipped the tv on while he busied himself with the weed in his lap.
Once he has it between his lips he dropped the tray onto the coffee table and lit the thing, taking a long drag and holding the smoke in his lungs while he surfed channels trying to settle on something.
He waited for his lings to protest before exhaling and rubbing at his eyes.

Yeah, this'd help a bit. He settled down into the cushions, putting on his favorite shitty reality show, ans kicked his feet up onto the coffee table.
After a minute he picked up his phone and sent a text to Tina to see if she'd be down to hang out. She was usually good company. She didn't rag on him too hard about his piss poor apartment and was just as fucking sarcastic as he was so they played off of one another well.
And she was usually DTF If he was feeling froggy, so that was a big plus.

She didn't completely do it for him, but that wasn't her fault. She tried. She was cool with his kinks and was up for using tools to get him that edge he needed, she just didn't physically posses the adequate amount of strength to COMPLETELY overpower him, which, sometimes, is all he really needed. It was just a consequence of her gender. But she did try and he appreciated the fuck out of her for it.
Sometimes, especially on nights like tonight where he felt like he was so wound up he'd fucking snap, he just needed raw aggression. He needed to throw every ounce of his strength into something(or someone) and have them come at him with just as much. He wanted them to have to strain to hold him down.
He loved the fight. It made the actual act of eventually submitting to someone that much better because by the time they earned it he was so fucking exhausted he physically couldn't fight back anymore.

He thought of Connor kicking that table again and shifted a bit in his seat.
It'd be so easy for him.
Shit, if the android weren't such a pussy he could easily have his way with him. Literally make him do whatever his mechanical fucking heart desired.
But no.
Those big sappy puppy dog eyes didn't have that sadistic spark that he'd come to recognize over the
years of fucking around with doms.
He just didn't have it in him
What a fucking waste.

As his phone started to go off he took anther drag and swiped the thing open without looking, figuring it was Tina.
"Sup, slut?" He muttered on the exhale.
When there was no response he glanced down at the phone, wondering if she pocket dialed him.
"Holy fuck!" He gritted out, doing a double take at his phone.
He was about to smash the end button, immediately thinking someone had sent him a fucking dick pic on accident or something, before he realized that, yeah, this was a video call.
And going by the POV angle of a slender, freckled pair of hands resting on thick thighs, he was willing to bet money on who the fuck this was.
He cleared his throat slightly, thinking maybe it was still an accident.
Until a text popped up, momentarily covering the top of the screen with a message bubble.

Blocked number[9:04pm]: This was not a mistake, Detective Reed.

Blocked number[9:04pm]: I am fully aware you are there.

Gavin just sort of gaped at his phone, his breathing no longer listening to him as his blood rushed South. He caught a glimpse of a kinda dirty couch as the android moved his head a little then made a production of showing off the massive cock in front of him. Going by the fucking tree trunks for thighs and the light colored hair at the base of the dick there was only one logical conclusion as to who was on the other end of it.

"Fucking shit Anderson..." He breathed, his joint all but forgotten in his other hand as he watched a pink tongue come out and lick along the impressive length. When the head started to lower itself down onto the cock, wet sucking sounds coming through the speakers, Gavin palmed himself with a hiss. "He know you're doing this tin can?...." The head lowered all the way down to the base, coming back up once then lowering down again. "Fuck... You take it like a champ..." He was honestly a bit impressed. "That's right, take all of it...shit...You wishing that was my dick or somethin?." He groped his own cock for emphasis, smirking to himself when the android moaned and so did Anderson. "You even enjoying this? Or are you just Andersons fucktoy?" He questioned, licking his lips. When the android looked down at himself, cock in hand to show that he was, indeed enjoying himself a groan bubbled up from Reeds throat. "Holy shit..." He was basically fondling himself right now, the joint poised precariously between two fingers as his others grabbed at his own dick. Having the thing so close to his dick... Shit it only made his hard on worse...
He wasn't in to genital torture. That was too much for even him, but the implication was enough to really rile him up. The fear was white hot in his gut, twisting and causing his breath to come quicker. It was so fucking good.
When the cherry on the end of the thing flicked a tiny bit of burning ash on his bare thigh he hissed and swatted it away, dropping his phone.
Glancing at it it looked like Connor had ended the call anyway, so no biggie there.
But now he was rock fucking hard.
He sighed to himself and rubbed his free hand on his thigh where he'd been burned, a tiny red mark popping up on the flesh.
Fuck, the sting was delicious.
He let out a shaky sigh and shook his head, steeling himself for what he was about to do. He took one more hit off of the joint before shimmying out of his shorts and running his hand along the meat of his thigh.
God, there were so many scars and he smiled looking at them. Only a few were self inflicted, the
others coming from years of voluntary physical abuse from various partners. He picked a spot between one he'd done with a razor blade when he was younger, now almost completely faded, and a more recent one that had been from a particularly intense run in with a bike chain. Y'know, cause who needs whips? Gripping the edge of his couch he held the smoke in his lungs until the last second, exhaling it quickly before he pressed the cherry at the end of the joint to his skin. It definitely wasn't the worst pain he'd experienced, but it was still something.(and it sure as shit wasn't a mosquito bite either)

He grit his teeth and groaned deep in his throat, smacking his head back against the couch cushions as his fingers gripped the one under him. When it was completely snuffed out he removed it from his thigh and dropped the half smoked thing back into its tray, taking a second to admire the angry red mark he just made as the sting settled and turned into that dull ache.

He licked his lips and looked back down at his phone, only debating it for a second before pulling up a video call and dialing the androids serial number from memory.

It took several seconds before the android answered, and Gavin was met with the visual of Hank, standing at the door talking to what he assumed was a pizza guy.

"You gonna just rile me up and peace out? Kind of a dick move there tin can." He laughed softly, keeping the camera focused down his body so the android could see him stroking himself a bit.

Connor chuckled softly, the sound going through the phone with surprising clarity. "I'm sorry Detective." He murmured "I did not know if you were quite interested in what I had to offer at the moment. I see I was wrong.."

Gavin snorted, motioning towards his erect dick. "Yeah, clearly not interested." He scoffed, grinning as the android looked back down at himself. "So why'd you call me in the first place? I thought you couldn't stand me. Now you want me to believe you've got a hard on for me or some shit? Or is this some kind of blackmail, cause I hate to break it to you, but I ain't got any dirty laundry to air. Everyone knows my shit by now."

Connor laughed quietly again, probably to hide it from Anderson, who was still talking to the pizza guy, making polite conversation like there wasn't some android twink doing god knows what on his livingroom floor.

"Nothing that sinister, I assure you Detective..." He whispered. "Lieutenant Anderson informed me of a dream he had last night and I became rather curious."

"What dream?" The thought that Anderson had a wet dream about him made him furrow his brows. He wasn't sure how to feel about it.

"Simply put, that both you and him were taking full advantage of each of my holes after hours in the police station... it was rather erotic hearing him retell it. Would that be something of interest to you?"

Hearing the damn android speak so blatantly about it, as if he were asking what kind of fucking cereal he liked was a bit jarring, but Reed kept stroking himself, even as he felt his cheeks heat up with embarrassment. Honestly, the slight feeling of shame only egged him on more.

"Fuck yeah, it would.." He breathed, biting down on his lip when Connor let out a small moan and Anderson quickly shut the door.

"I believe he was particularly interested in the humiliation aspect of it, regarding you, knowing that you were only allowed to use my mouth because he allows it. He was rather adamant that the knowledge that you were using HIS cocksleeve would be particularly embarrassing and arousing for you."
"Yeah... yeah it would." he muttered despite himself, his heart hammering at the uncharacteristically vulgar language coming out of Connor. Normally, he would have responded with a scoff and deny it, but he was so caught off guard by Connor swearing he answered truthfully.
He could practically hear the little bastard grin.

"Good." he purred, the smug sound going straight to his dick.

Maybe he had a little bit of a sadist streak in him after all...
Reed watched as Anderson fished a hair elastic out of the little table by his door and pulled his mop of a head of hair back with it.
Huh. He actually looked pretty good like that.
When the Lieutenant came back and sat in front of Connor again, Reed swallowed.

Shit, it was really hard to not see himself in the androids shoes right now.
I mean, he WAS literally seeing things FROM the androids shoes.
When Connor talked back about Anderson's choice of dinner and was met with a rough pull of the hair, his vision going up to the ceiling abruptly while he let out a soft gasp, Reed gasped with him.

"fuck..." He whispered. He hadn't really been expecting that.

He knew Anderson was the dominating type, what with that big dick personality of his, but watching it in action was something else.
When Connor righted his head once more, Hank had just finished a slice of the pizza and was putting the box in his kitchen, washing his hands and taking his sweet fucking time to come back.

"Are you fucking yourself right now?" He asked Connor, having of course noticed the soft squelching noises coming from him and his labored breathing.

"Mnhmm.." Connor closed his eyes slightly as Anderson left the livingroom altogether, much to Reeds annoyance.

"With what?"
"Just my fingers. I believe Hank has gone to get something a bit more satisfactory though."

Reed grinned. "Fingers ain't enough for ya huh? Need something a bit thicker in that greedy hole of yours?"

Connor chuckled. "You're aware of the Lieutenants impressive size. My fingers are rather lackluster in comparison."

"True that." Reed shrugged. "Show me something more entertaining than the damn wall, will ya?"

"Now who's being greedy?"

"Fuck you."

"I am rather intent on that." Connor leaned back a bit on his legs and looked down at himself, his slim hand still going to work on that damn near perfect cock of his. "Clearly."

Reed swallowed and nodded, knowing Connor couldn't see him. He continued stroking himself while he watched Connor jerk off, his body jittering slightly as he continued to finger himself.

"Fuck, I really wanna know which pervert at Cyberlife designed you... you really shouldn't be this hot.."
"I'll take that as a compliment." Connor laughed softly, a soft moan escaping him as he squeezed the tip of his cock gently.

When his eyes panned back up, Hank was seated in front of him again, a fleshy dildo in hand with a downright wicked smirk on his face as he pressed it to Connors lips. Reeds breath caught Anderson threatened to smack Connor around again.

Again?! Why couldn't he have been present for THAT little moment? Fuck.

"Oh fuck, please do.." Reed chuckled under his breath, no doubt overheard by Connor, who agreed and sucked on the tip of the dildo a bit.

His cheeks burned as Anderson just watched Connor suck on the dildo, the obscene noses going straight to Reeds dick as if he were the one sucking off the silicone. When Anderson continued to thrust it into the androids mouth and threatened to call up some of the others from the office, degrading Connor in such a way, the vicarious shame made him lose it and he came all over his hand, gasping softly as Connor moaned. Whether it was at the sight or at whatever Anderson was doing right now he wasn't sure.

"Phck!" he hissed tilting his head back, sighing and taking a second to lazily lick his own cum off of his fingers.

When he looked back at the phone screen Hank was sitting in front of Connor still, dick in his own hand and instructing the android to stop jerking himself off. As he explained what it was he wanted Connor to do, to see if he could cum untouched just from fucking himself on the dildo and sucking him off, mentioning the dream he'd had that Gavin now knew was definitely about him, he let out a shaky sigh, his hand going back down to touch himself again.

"Holy shit, that's so fucking hot..." He whispered, palming himself.

It was a little painful, what with the hypersensitivity shit going on right now, but he quickly learned to get over that. He knew it would go away quickly.

He was rather proud of himself that he could get it up again so soon after cumming. Usually it didn't take him more than a few minutes to be able to get a hard on again, depending on if he's cum at all that day. Obviously the more he came, the longer he had to wait in between, but two back to back wasn't much of an issue.

He'd had a dom who tested him once, taking a day off to do nothing but see how many times he could make Gavin cum in that single day.

What was the number again? Something like 3 or 4 times every hour? It had been impressive, even to himself, who'd never bothered to go more than twice in a day most of the time. And given that an average male his age had a refractory period of about 15-30 minutes.. It was like a useless superpower or some shit.

He noticed Connors eyelids flutter a bit and what looked like a bunch of computer pop ups swarm the corners of his phone screen. He squinted at them briefly before they disappeared, realizing they were from Connors vision.

As the android explained the error messages to Hank, the Lieutenant made a face similar to the one Gavin was making, seeming confused and bit annoyed at Cyberlife for making him with working parts but not allowed to use them.

And then of course Connor flipped it, turning the mildly concerned conversation they were having back into a sexy one.

"They make you send error reports in case you were fucking around?" He noticed the amusement in Andersons voice as he said it.
And then Connor leaned forward and started sucking on Hanks thumb, his eyes going up to watch the Lieutenant carefully. The dark look that crossed Andersons face was fucking great. It was exactly the kind of look he usually got when he was being a brat and about to get the shit slapped out of him. It gave him goosebumps.

"Or in case anyone tried to take advantage of me.."

Oh, fuck.

"Like your power hungry fucking Lieutenant." He muttered, hoping like Hell Connor went with it.

"Like my power hungry Lieutenant." He watched Connor slide his hands up Andersons thighs and his tongue come out to lick up along his dick. "Ordering around the obedient little android."

Fuck, yes.

This was definitely something Gavin was ok with. He'd be lying if he said he hadn't fantasized about it more than once; being on his knees in a bathroom stall or in an alleyway somewhere, forced to suck off his Lieutenant while his job was threatened. Shit, he'd had similar fantasies about most authority figures in his life. Captain Allen, Captain Fowler, even that prick from the FBI that Anderson had decked.... Perkins? Yeah, Perkins.

Fuck that guy in particular. Most of the fantasies involving him were great though, cause he seemed like a real heartless bastard.

Hell, he'd even had fantasies back in high school about various teachers.

And then there was that one teacher he'd actually managed to fuck.... shit, that was a good summer. Yeah, the teacher was a sick fuck, he knew that looking back on it now, but he'd been 18, so it was legal. Just a moral grey area. But it was fucking fantastic, regardless, having an authority figure who was also into fulfilling all of Gavins fucked up con-non-con fantasies.

Great summer.

As Anderson seemed to get with the program and went with it, threatening Connor, Gavin was fully erect again, stroking himself to match the bobbing of Connor head on Andersons cock. It was a little disorienting, seeing the video feed bob up and down like that while looking up at Anderson, but it was still fucking hot. Made it easy to imagine himself in the same situation.

When Anderson mentioned loaning Connor out to him, Gavin gasped and stroked a little faster, hearing his name leave the Lieutenants mouth with that delicious mix of disdain and arousal almost enough to have him cum again.

"You tryin' to say you'd like fucking Reed like some office slut?"

"Oh, fuck me.." Reed gasped, biting the inside of his cheek as Connor moaned around Andersons cock and nodded.

He jumped at the sudden snap, the sound weirdly loud even over the phone. When Anderson pulled Connor off of his dick again with a sigh and leaned down into his face to threaten him, Reed whimpered along with him.

"Oh, please fucking beg..." He whispered, still stroking himself. He was answered with Connor closing his eyes and doing just that, leaving Reed with simply listening to Anderson shifting slightly on the couch before the sucking sounds started back up again, Connor moaning in earnest as he undoubtedly started fucking himself harder on the dildo.

When he opened his eyes again Hank was looking down at him, a hand on his cheek as his eyebrows drew closer together, no doubt close to cumming.

When he asked if Connor was going to cum for him, Gavin cursed and did just that, cumming for a second time, adding to the sticky mess on his shorts.

He lay there for a second, trying to catch his breath as he listened to Connor and in turn Hank cum
before pushing the end button and dropping his phone. He ran his clean hand over his face and groaned to himself.

Holy fucking shit, he'd basically just had phone sex with his Lieutenants boyfriend.

He tried to let the thought sink in as he dragged his ass off of the couch and went to shower off, throwing his cum covered shorts in the hamper as he went. Well, Connor was right. He was embarrassed as fuck, and couldn't fucking wait to do it again.
Back on track, sort of.

Chapter Summary

As soon as his humans response came in Connors smirk turned wicked and his LED pulsed yellow, both from annoyance and so he could start recording, per Hanks request.
Reed seemed to notice the shift immediately and shrunk back, his stance withering slightly and he took a step back.

Chapter Notes

And we're back with the dynamic duo, with a little bit of Gavin fuckery thrown in for good measure.
Enjoy!

4:30am.

As his internal clock informed him of the time, Connors eyes flipped open, it taking the span of only a few seconds for his brain to send signals to the rest of his body that it was time to get moving.
He did not.

MAKE HANK BREAKFAST.
FEED SUMO.
LAY OUT HANKS CLOTHES FOR WORK.
WAKE HANK.

As his list of tasks for the morning flitted across his HUD he blinked them away and snuggled down farther under the covers.
Against Hank.
He breathed in deep, loving how his humans scent filled his faux lungs.
He closed his eyes again and placed a few small kisses along the tattoo on Hanks chest.

He moved WAKE HANK to the top of his list, smiling even as he did it. It was nice, being able to dictate his own tasks. 'To-do lists' as Hank called them. He didn't want to refer to them as missions anymore. The word made Hank uncomfortable, and he did not like it when his human was uncomfortable. He didn't even need the lists anymore, having free will and all, but they made him feel grounded, Like he had a purpose. He could disable them, override them, ignore them completely if he wanted. But he liked them. And he liked when Hank gave him one, all of the others dropping down below whatever it was that Hank wanted because HE had programmed it that way. He liked having control of his own body.
With a smile he sat up in the bed, Hank rousing slightly at the sudden movement, and leaned down, placing kisses along the humans cheek and jaw.
"Haaaaank." He cooed, grinning to himself as Hank stirred, rolling over onto his back and dragging Connor with him, an annoyed grunt coming out of him even as his mouth quirked in a slight smile.

Hank liked it when Connor said his name.
Hank liked it when Connor used his title as well, in different situations.
Connor liked everything about Hank. Even when Hank called him playfully demeaning names he found he enjoyed them.

"Hank, it's time to wake up." He whispered, resting his chin on Hanks chest.
When Hank didn't respond he raised his voice a bit, using the monotonous way of speaking that he knew Hank hated. "It is 4:35AM, currently 36* Fahrenheit with a 43% chance of precipitation in the later hours of the day. Given the current traffic if we leave home by--" He was cut off by Hanks rather guttural growl as the Lieutenant grabbed at Connors buttocks and flipped their positions, flipping Connor over and pinning him down to the bed, smirking as an involuntary squeak escaped him at the sudden movement.

Connor laughed a bit, glee flooding his systems as Hank leaned down and pressed their lips together, his humans tongue prying open his mouth and dipping in to explore it. Connors eyes fluttered shut as he groaned softly, the analysis of Hanks saliva popping up briefly before he got rid of it and just enjoyed the sensation.
Kissing Hank was definitely one of his favorite things about deviancy.
It was just so... innocently wonderful. There was something about it that made every sensor in his body hyper aware of every little thing that was happening around him while simultaneously slowing his processors, giving a feeling of lightheadedness that was really only rivaled by the sensations he felt post-orgasm.

When Hank pulled back and grinned down at him, Connor smiled back wholeheartedly, reaching up to wrap his arms around his humans neck.

"Good morning, Hank." He said softly.
"Mornin' Con." Hank said with a grin back, pecking him with a kiss once more before rolling over and scrubbing a hand down his face.

He smiled and rolled back over onto his side, propping his head up on his hand as he watched him.
"How are you feeling?" He asked, watching as Hank stifled a yawn with his hand.
"Tired." He grunted in response.

Connor smiled. "I'll go make you some coffee." He offered, slipping out of the bed.
Before he could go anywhere though, Hank reached out and grabbed his wrist, pulling the android back down into the bed and wrapping his strong arms around him, stifling his giggles with kisses once more.

Laughing was also among his favorite things, and something that Hank caused him to do rather often. Whether he was being intentionally ridiculous or he was doing something like not allowing Connor to leave the bed so that he could continue to kiss him his human always seemed to revel in making him laugh.

"Haaank." He laughed, attempting to move his head this way and that to avoid the barrage of kisses Hank was raining down on him. He finally managed to push his human up off of him, admittedly only using a portion of his strength because he liked the feeling of Hank overpowering him, and grinned up at him. When Hank finally stopped and pouted a bit down at him Connor slinked his way out from under him, laughing as he hurriedly scrambled out of the bed and away from the Hank, the Lieutenant making a lame attempt at grabbing at him once more as Connor moved to the bedroom door and out of his reach.

"We have already used up 20 minutes of our morning with your fooling around. I would advise getting up Lieutenant." He said, smiling back at Hank as he started down the hall.

"SOMETHIN'S already up." Hank called back at him, that deep voice carrying through the
hallway, causing him to stop in his tracks and bite his bottom lip. He checked his internal clock.

5:09 AM

He chewed his bottom lip for a second, calculating, before taking the two measured steps backward, back into the doorway. He leaned in and looked back at Hank, who lay with his back against the headboard of the bed now, slowly stroking his erection as he locked eyes with Connor.

"By all means." He shrugged, waving a hand at him in a dismissive manner. "Go about your business. I can take care of this."

Connor pouted at that, stepping back into the room and closing the door behind himself as Hank smirked knowingly at him.

"What, Con? I thought you had more important things to do with your morning." Hank was teasing him. He liked when Hank did that.

Connor licked his lips. There was no need to. His lips were incapable of getting dry and his saliva was merely for show and sanitation purposes. But he knew Hank liked it when he did that. Hank also liked when he bit his lip, so he did that too, pulling the soft flesh between his teeth as he approached the bed once more.

"Nothing is more important that you, Lieutenant." He muttered, crawling onto the bed and in between Hank's thighs, smirking as Hanks heart rate increased and his breathing became shallow at that. He put his hands on Hank's thighs and stroked the soft flesh gently, keeping his eyes locked with Hanks as he lowered his torso down and kissed at the hand that was wrapped around his human's penis. Hank let out a huff of air, blinking a bit rapidly as his pupils dilated farther in the dim light of the bedroom.

As Hanks hand came down to rest tenderly on Connors cheek he sighed, closing his eyes and leaning into the touch. He loved his Lieutenants hands. They were large, much larger than his own, and strong, and warm, and rough and just everything HANK.

He tilted his head and kissed Hanks palm, sighing softly before kissing his way up the palm, up his fingers and licking along one of the digits slowly. When Hank sighed in what sounded like mild annoyance and reached further back to grip Connors hair and pull him forward Connor smirked to himself went along with it happily. He happily opened his mouth and licked his way up Hanks penis, watching with rapt attention as Hank tilted his head back and breathed out in a shuddering sigh, his fingers pulling at the strands of Connors hair a bit more in a way that had his own member twitching for want of attention.

"Oh, that's better.." Hank groaned, stretching his neck a bit as he shifted a little in the bed, making himself comfortable as Connor began lavishing him with attention.

When Connor shifted up onto his knees a little more, angling his head so he could get Hanks phallus all the way into his throat he finally closed his eyes. When the errors started popping up he groaned around the obstruction in his throat, Hank letting out a pleased moan in return at the sensation. He loved blatantly ignoring and closing out the various errors he got during intercourse with Hank. He derived an odd form of pleasure from it. When he'd told Hank this, Hank had laughed in that booming way of his and said it was essentially Connors way of saying 'fuck you. I do what I want.' to Cyberlife.

Connor supposed he was correct.

ERROR: FOREIGN OBJECT IN ESOPHAGUS-- REMOVE IMMEDIATELY.
As he closed out of the error and declined sending the error report he re-situated himself, enjoying the hot weight against his tongue as he swallowed around Hanks cock. With a soft noise of his own he shifted so his stomach was on the bed, his hands on Hanks hips still, desperate for some sort of friction against his erection, and sighed as she sheets rubbed against him. Hank noticed, of course, and cupped his hand under Connors chin, licking his lips as he stroked along his cheek tenderly before hooking his thumb into the corner of Connors mouth, stretching the skin far enough to the point where it almost hurt, the ‘pain-like’ sensations lighting up the sensors around his mouth and making him close his eyes and let out a soft keen around Hanks shaft. After a second he pulled Connor off of himself and smiled. "C'mere." He instructed in that low tone that caused a shiver to go down Connors spine. Connor took a brief second to recalibrate his jaw before crawling up onto Hanks lap, swing his legs over his humans hips so he straddled him. Hanks hands immediately found their way to his ass and Connor smiled, loving how they immediately squeezed what would probably be a bit too hard if he were human himself. When he took the time to think about it, it did make him a bit sad that his human couldn't mark his territory. He'd seen others, in pornography, pictures and on various social media outlets, who enjoyed showing off their markings like trophies; the bruises, cuts, scars, burns and the like permanent or temporary marks of accomplishment and love. He ached for that, wishing he could be marked up in such a way by Hank. Hank seemed to notice his drifting thoughts and rewarded Connor with a firm slap on his backside, the impact causing his synthetic skin to peel away briefly and his LED to cycle yellow. Hank kneaded the silicone underneath afterwards, causing Connor to shiver and rest his head on Hanks shoulder. "What do you say, Con?" Hank whispered against his neck. "Thank you, Lieutenant." He whispered back, another shiver going through him when Hank lined his shaft up with Connors dripping hole. Connor happily took the hint and lowered himself down on Hanks cock, a soft moan escaping his throat as he braced his hands on Hanks shoulders and leaned back a bit. God, he loved this feeling most of all. He was so... full. Stretched to the point where it lit up his sensors and sent a flood of errors to his brain, which he responded to by squeezing the ring of muscle around his humans cock, the Lieutenant groaning deep in his throat in response. "Fuck, Con..." As Hank cursed Connor smirked. Usually, that meant he was doing something right. It didn't take long after Connor started moving himself up and down on Hanks shaft before they were both reaching orgasm, Hank cursing his way through his as Connor smiled and shuddered against Hanks chest. When they were both satiated for the time being, Hank finally relented and let Connor up to go about his morning duties.

6:00 AM --- LATE FOR WORK.

Shit.

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When they finally arrived at the office, a full hour late, Captain Fowler was furious. Connor apologized profusely of course, both for him and Hank, and Hank just scoffed and spouted some
nonsense about how Fowler should be grateful they showed up at all. Connor was quick to steer the conversation to a different subject, asking how Captain Fowlers anniversary had gone over the weekend, to which the Captain perked up and launched into a description of what he had done with his wife, taking her to a nice restaurant she'd been wanting to go to and how they'd gone to see a movie they'd been waiting to see. He'd left in an exponentially better mood, and Connor smirked at Hank over his desktop. Hank just scowled and held up his middle finger. Which Connor responded to by winking, then turning to his terminal. He removed the skin from his palm and interfaced with his terminal, reviewing the case files that had popped up over the past several days. It had been almost 4 days since the Wallace case, and ever since there had been a steady stream of things to work on. No more homicides yet, thankfully.

He took the liberty of filing a few reports for Hank, which his human grunted a thanks about when he noticed, the two passing a couple of hours that way, in rather comfortable silence. When Hank leaned back in his chair and stretched, the movement more noise than actual function, Connor looked up at him and smiled, tilting his head.

"Coffee?" He offered, already standing from his seat. "Yeah, sure." Hank yawned, propping a foot up on his desk and scratching the back of his head. Connor smiled and made his way around the desks, reaching over and swatting Hanks foot off of his as he passed by, earning a scowl from the Lieutenant. Connor, unperturbed, just smirked and made his way to the break room to get him his coffee. If he was lucky, his behavior today would earn him a rather... eventful evening.

As he busied himself in the break room he heard Detective Reed enter the bullpen and flop down at his desk with a string of curses. The Detective had thus ignored both Connor and Hank over the past 4 days. Connor could only imagine he was embarrassed after their little phone call rendezvous. Of course, the Detectives heart rate sped up, his pupils dilated and his face filled with blood was also a decent indication that he did not know how to react when Connor tried to address him. In truth, It only made Connor want to bully him a little.

He decided to fix two coffees, and as he walked out of the break room set one on Reeds desk. He kept his hand on the lid until Detective Reed looked up at him and immediately shrunk back in his chair, his face flushing again as his telltale scowl was directed up at Connor. "Good afternoon, Detective." He said, feigning a purely innocent smile as Reed gaped at him. He could feel Hank across the office staring at them, and it only served to encourage him. Connor leaned over the Detectives desk resting his elbows on the wood, one arm over the other, Hanks coffee still in Hand and his backside purposely sticking out in Hanks general direction. "Are you feeling alright, Detective?" He asked, lowering his voice a bit and quirking an eyebrow. Reed just continued scowling and tried to pay attention to his terminal, his eyes repeatedly flicking back to Connors rather suggestive position.

As the Detective reached for the coffee Connor had brought, Connor smirked a bit to himself and, after doing a quick scan around and finding no one was paying any attention, reached out and trailed a finger gingerly along the length of one of Gavins. Gavins eyes widened and he released the cup so quickly it almost tipped over. Connor steadied it and raised his eyebrows at Reed, making a face. "Detective, you're rather flushed." He pointed out, a smirk tugging at the corners of his mouth.

Gavin groaned a bit in annoyance and stood from his desk quickly, grabbing Connors arm roughly and yanking him along as he headed in the direction of the mens room. Connor noticed Hank stand partially at his desk, an angry look on his face. He quickly messaged
Connor[1:15pm]: Do not worry, Lieutenant. I have the situation under control.

Connor[1:15pm]: Consequently, are you opposed to my engaging in sexual acts with Detective Reed? I believe he is still convinced that our exploits the other night were restricted to the two of us, and he will be more likely to acquiesce to a multiple-partner arrangement should I 'break the ice' so to speak.

Connor allowed himself to be dragged into the restroom, watching patiently as Reed glared at the male currently using the facilities. He allowed his coworker to wash his hands before baring his teeth like a dog.

"Get out." He growled, his hands balled into fists by his sides as the man scurried out quickly, a concerned look on his face.

No doubt the whole precinct remembered when Connor knocked Detective Reed out in the evidence room during the revolution, so any altercation between the two of them was surely something no one wanted to be a part of.

Connor waited for Hank to reply eagerly, his hands clasped behind his back as he watched Reed lock the bathroom door, then do a once over each of the stalls to make sure no one was hiding. When he seemed satisfied he turned to Connor and glared.

"The fuck are you playing at, tin can?" He growled, getting within a few steps of Connor.

Connor tilted his head, the innocent expression still on his face. "I'm sorry detective, I'm afraid I don't know what you mean."

"Don't... Don't phckin' play stupid, asshole! The other night... that..." Reed flushed up to his ears.

"That blowjob call you had me in on." He got up in Connors face, jabbing a finger into his chest.

"Don't try to play it off as some fucking accident either. We had a damn conversation while he fucked you. All I wanna know is why. Why the fuck you decided to drag me into it."

Connor sighed. "Why do humans always want to know 'why' so often?" He muttered, more to himself than to Reed.

Hank[1:20PM]: Fuck...... ok, Con... Only if you video it for me.

Hank[1:21PM]: Make me proud, baby.

As soon as his humans response came in Connors smirk turned wicked and his LED pulsed yellow, both from annoyance and so he could start recording, per Hanks request.

Reed seemed to notice the shift immediately and shrunk back, his stance withering slightly and he took a step back.

Connor sighed in an exaggerated manner, much like he'd seen Hank do when he wanted to get a point across, and stretched his neck from side to side. Reed seemed to compose himself long enough to start up his bitching again, but Connor ignored him, instead busying himself with removing his gray suit jacket. He walked across the small restroom and draped it over the top of one of the stalls, then began rolling up his sleeves.

He looked over at Reed as he was making the last cuff, relishing in the way the Detectives arousal seemed to spike with each passing second of his silence.

Connor walked forward, directly towards Reed, who shrank back until his bottom hit the sink behind him and he glared up at Connor.

As he set his hands on either side of the sink next to Reeds Connor smirked, making it a point to
look down at the detective. He stood a couple inches taller than him, and in a moment like this, he was glad for it.

"Seriously, what the fu--" Reeds outburst was cut off by Connors fist making contact with his stomach, instead ending the sentence in a grunt and a huff of air escaping him. Connor kept a hand on Reeds shoulder to steady him and stop him from doubling over. Before he could suck enough air in to formulate a reply Connor seized the opportunity and gripped Reeds chin, forcing his head up and kissing him roughly. It had proved an effective strategy on his Lieutenant, so he hoped for a decent outcome in this scenario as well.

Reed, however, was not his Lieutenant, and decided to throw a fist directed at Connor head. Connor caught it without much effort, forcing it down by his side again as he bit at the Detectives bottom lip. When the analysis of Reed's blood popped up, he let go and pulled back a bit, licking his lips.

"WHAT THE FU--" Before Reeds voice could echo off of the tile walls too violently Connor clamped a hand over his mouth and nose, successfully cutting off both his voice and oxygen. As the Detectives eyes widened and he gripped Connors arm, Connor smiled down at him, tilting his head to the side a bit.

"Detective Reed." He said, pressing his hips up against Reeds which caused the Detective to flinch as he pressed against his erection. "I'm fully aware of your disdain for my kind. But I am also aware that you harbor a poorly repressed sexual attraction to me as well. Given our previous mutual entertainment I had hoped you'd be capable of being more civil towards me. Now, I trust that when I remove my hand, you are going to behave yourself, rather than yowling your pitiful lungs out like some bitch in heat." He raised both of his eyebrows, monitoring Reeds oxygen levels all the while. When Reed just nodded, Connor smiled and released him, letting him fully expand his lungs several times before speaking again. "I was not wrong to assume we are interested in the same thing, was I Detective?"

Reed just rubbed at his stomach and shook his head.

"Good. In that case, I feel it pertinent to let you know that the Lieutenant is also aware of this situation. He was aware of our call the other night. He was, in fact, the one who orchestrated the ordeal. And he is aware of what is going on in this bathroom at this very moment. Is this a problem?"

Reed swallowed and seemed to think about it. Connor was fascinated. Reed really did seem to get off on the humiliation, his arousal seeming to grow with each passing second as his face burned. He decided to speed the decision along and reached down, palming the Detectives arousal through his pants.

"Is that a problem?" He repeated, keeping his tone flat. "Because if the Lieutenant is not involved then we will not continue."

"It's not a phckin problem! Jesus." Reed growled, gripping the counter behind him tightly.

Connor smiled at that and nodded, now massaging the hard shaft under his palm.

"Would you like for me to take care of this before we return to work?" He asked, watching Reed bite at his bottom lip and screw his eyes shut tightly. When he nodded, Connor dropped to his knees effortlessly and began undoing the Detectives pants. Based on their video chat he knew that Reed would cum rather quickly, so he didn't bother keeping an eye on his internal clock now,
knowing they'd be back to work before too long.

"Oh, fuck.." Reed breathed, watching as Connor pulled his erect penis from his underwear and licked along it's length once before engulfing the whole thing in his mouth. It easily slid to the back of his throat and Connor sucked eagerly, keeping his eyes open as he looked up at Reed to watch his reactions. The detective wasn't nearly as large as his Lieutenant, and Connor somewhat missed the stretch of his jaw from having his own humans cock in his mouth. But Reed was much more vocal about what he wanted, which was nice in it's own right. Hank was vocal as well, but Reed seemed unable to keep his mouth shut, spouting praise and insults one after another as Connor sucked him off. As expected, it was the work of a couple of minutes and Reed was cumming into his mouth. Reed pulled out a little too early, no doubt from sensitivity, and got a bit of his ejaculate on Connors chin, which he quickly wiped up with a finger and stared at. He had swallowed the rest, but stared at the little string of pearly liquid on his finger as he stood and addressed Reed with a smirk. Reeds eyes were glazed over and he seemed to know what Connor was thinking before he even had to voice it, the Detective opening his mouth dutifully and accepting Connors finger. He wrapped his lips around it and sucked the semen from the digit, sucking it clean before Connor pulled it free and smile at him. He reached down and tucked his deflating penis back into his pants and zipped him up before reaching up and cupping his cheek.

"I.. uh.." Reed glanced around the bathroom, seeming unable to gather his thoughts enough, which made Connor smile. He leaned forward and pressed a much softer kiss to Gavins lips then pulled away completely, turning away from him to wash his hands and inspect his reflection. He adjusted his hair a bit, that curl having found its way outside of his collective hairstyle AGAIN. He brushed his sleeves down and grabbed his jacket from the stall behind him before raising an eyebrow at Reed. "Are you alright, Detective?" He asked, moving forward once his jacket was on and placing a hand on Gavins hip.

"Yeah... yeah I'm Good. Great." Gavin nodded and looked up at him, that flush still in his cheeks. "So... are we like, fuck buddies now, or..?"

Connor made a face, and tilted his head a bit, considering. "I suppose that would be an accurate term, yes." He said, offering a smile as he turned to exit the bathroom. "If you'll excuse me, I need to get my Lieutenant another coffee. I look forward to our next encounter, Detective."

He closed the door, just as Gavin slumped over the counter and ran his hands through his hair. His stress levels were rather low, so Connor was not too concerned about his mental state. He likely just needed a moment to collect himself. Connor fetched another Coffee for Hank from the break room and brought it out to him, grinning as his human looked at him expectantly, no doubt waiting for some form of confirmation that what he thought had happened had indeed happened. They both looked up as Gavin exited the bathroom, making his way over to his desk and sitting down without a word, his usual scowl back in place but seeming less... hateful than usual. Especially as he reached over and grabbed the coffee that Connor had brought to him and took a sip, a slight smile showing through around the lip of the cup.

Connor had a feeling that things were going to get much more interesting from here on out, and he couldn't wait to get home and share the experience with his human.
Here we go again.

Chapter Summary

Until, of fucking course, Connor sat up abruptly, his eyebrows drawing together as his LED pulsed yellow.
Hank just sighed and started to get up to grab his shoes. "Where we goin?"
Connor stood as well, that tight look to his face as he did the same.
"Jерicho."
The name made Hanks stomach churn.

Chapter Notes

OK, guys, sorry for the delay.
I've been writing in my spare time at work in a memo app on my phone (which is honestly were like 80% of my actual writing comes from) but yesterday the app crashed on me, and for whatever reason my fic is the only thing that won't open anymore. Any time I try to open it it crashes on me. (I guess it was too long lol my bad.)
So yeah, I lost a whole days worth of work, hence the delayed, shorter chapter.
Sorry!
Mostly case stuff in this one, with some mild fluff. Nothing too eventful. More fun with Gavin in the next one.
Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Jesus Christ, Con. Talk about clinical."
As Hank sat on his couch watching the little hologram/projection thing on Connors hand all he could really do was laugh.
Watching the whole exchange with Reed in the bathroom the word that immediately came to mind was, well, clinical. Very much just a conversation of 'we doin this? Yeah? Good.' Then he sucked Reed off and went about his day.
He rewound the little video and took another sip of his scotch, playing it from the point where Connor had put his hand over Reeds mouth.
It was pretty fucking hot, he had to admit.

"I don't know what came over me." Connor muttered sheepishly, shifting on the couch so that he was laying with his head on Hanks lap, his long legs crossed over the opposite arm. "I saw him seeming to flounder and I just wanted to tease him for it."

"Ya did a hell of a lot more than tease him Con. You punched him in the fucking gut." Which was REALLY fucking satisfying.
Hank rewatched their exchange again with a grin, a hand going to Connors hair to play with the soft strands absentmindedly.
As Connor pouted he quirked an eyebrow down at him.
"Look, Con. After watchin' you do the whole good cop/bad cop routine by YOURSELF with Ortiz's android, nothing you could do could really surprise me anymore."

He smiled down at Connor who just seemed to sigh and nod, not seeming convinced, and stare blankly at the tv, clasping his hands together on top of his stomach.

Hank took another sip of his drink and rested his head back on the couch, closing his eyes and just enjoying the feeling of it warming him from the inside out.

Connor usually made a face when Hank would come home and almost immediately fix himself a drink, but he didn't argue. He'd done pretty well lately with this whole healthy eating thing Connor had gotten him on, so the android seemed to be picking his battles.

When he looked down again Connor was still staring absently at the tv. Given that his LED was on the temple that currently rested on Hanks thigh he couldn't see what color it was, but he was willing to bet the thing was spinning regardless.

He'd noticed lately that Connor seemed to get lost in thought a lot. The damn super computer brain of his just didn't know when or even how to stop functioning and it made his android over analyze every little thing.

The android equivalent of anxiety, maybe?

Whatever it was Hank had found, through trial and error, that the only way to really snap him out of it was through brute force.

He sighed softly and downed the rest of his drink, setting the cup on the floor before reaching down and grabbing Connor by the chin. When the android just blinked up at him Hank leaned down and kissed him roughly, moving his hand from his chin to his cheek and giving it a firm pop for good measure. He bit down on the soft flesh of Connors lip before finally breaking away.

"Thank you, Lieutenant." He whispered, earning a grin from Hank.

"Any time, kid." He said, leaning back again.

It made him damn near giddy every time his android would THANK him for smacking him. But it was something he'd taken to doing, so it was something Hank had come to expect. An unspoken agreement they'd come to unintentionally.

They had a few of those honestly, if he took a second to think about it.

Like Connor picking out his clothes for him.
Or Connor getting up before him and making breakfast then waking Hank up without that infernal alarm clock.
Or like Hank tying Connors ties in the morning before work.
Or Hank holding open the car door for Connor whenever they went anywhere.

It was nice, all of the little habits they'd just fallen into without even thinking about it.

He smiled to himself, his fingers massaging Connors scalp in little circles, earning a sigh from the android.

They stayed like that for a while, Hank just carding his fingers through Connors hair absently while Connor began wirelessly flipping through channels on the tv.

It was nice.

Until, of fucking course, Connor sat up abruptly, his eyebrows drawing together as his LED pulsed yellow.

Hank just sighed and started to get up to grab his shoes. "Where we goin?"

Connor stood as well, that tight look to his face as he did the same.

"Jericho."

The name made Hanks stomach churn.

The drive out to the old freighter was quiet as they both took the time to think things over, Connor fidgeting with his coin for half the ride.
He wasn't sure how Connor felt about going back, but for Hank just the idea of the sunken cargo ship made his heart hurt.

It brought back too many anxious feelings of the night Connor had gone off to catch the leader of the deviants in what Hank was sure was a suicide mission.

When he'd finally discovered Jericho's location he'd come over to see Hank one last time in that awful getup he'd worn. It had been jarring, now that he remembered it, seeing Connor in something other than his cyberlife uniform. He almost hadn't recognized him when he'd opened the door.

Almost.

Connor had come by to thank Hank for his cooperation in the investigation and to say a final goodbye in the event that he wasn't successful.

Hank had refused to shake his hand, then. Using the excuse that he would shake the kids hand WHEN he came back, Which had earned a sad smile from Connor that had broke his fucking heart.

Connor didn't think he was coming back, either. He'd told Hank as much later, outside of the chicken feed. Either he was going to die trying to accomplish his mission, or he would be successful then report back to Cyberlife to be taken apart, analyzed for his failures and successes and be replaced with a new RK model. The thought made Hank sick.

He chanced a glance over at Connor when they pulled up to the police cordon.

"How you doin?" He asked, reaching over and taking Connor's hand. All of the officers were occupied and Hank had parked in a shadowy spot so someone couldn't peer into the vehicle in passing.

"I'm... Ok."

"Connor."

Connor flinched. "I'm sorry Lieutenant. I am honestly alright." He looked out the windshield at the sunken corpse of Jericho, just the bow of the thing poking out of the water now, a burned mess.

"While this does bring back a plethora of unpleasant feelings I ultimately have a pleasant association with this place. It is where I finally accepted deviancy, after all. Thanks to Markus. And you." He squeezed Hanks hand and offered him a smile.

"Wellp..." Hank patted the back of his hand. "I'm glad you accepted robo-Jesus into your heart. Lets go make some more awful memories of this godforsaken place." He snorted, earning a lopsided half smile from Connor before Hank got out of the car and went around the hood, opening Connors door for him as he waved over to Chris.

The two made their way over to the crime scene, the loud snaps of the initial photos being taken going off every so often. They were still placing evidence markers around too.

"Who called it in?" Hank asked, curiously and he approached Chris.

As Chris opened his mouth to speak, an increasingly familiar voice spoke up in his stead.

"I did."

"Hello Markus." Connor piped up, walking over and reaching forward to shake his comrades hand. Markus accepted with a slight smile in greeting, their palms doing that weird data-transfer thing. "Hello Connor." His mismatched eyes found Hank and his smile dropped a bit. Not completely, but it no longer really reached his eyes. He was apprehensive of Hank, and Hank could respect that.

"Lieutenant Anderson." He said, inclining his head.

Hank nodded back and returned his attention to Chris, who handed him a holopad as they made their way into the crime scene. He briefly noted Connor and Markus doing another data transfer, no doubt something 'on the record' for the androids witness statement.

The scene wasn't as gruesome as Wallaces was, but it still made Hank scowl.

Lined up along the bank was four dead androids, all laid out on their stomachs, hands tied behind their backs with a single gunshot wound in the backs of each of their heads.

This had been a fucking execution.

Halfway through his briefing all eyes snapped over to the right as a loud crash echoed around the docks.
Well, more like a crash, clang, thud thud thud.
Like, some moron had knocked over a lot of shit, half of which went rolling around on the ground.
When Hank looked up he caught a glimpse of what looked to be an African American male, early twenties maybe, hunched over off to the side where a bunch of old crates were piled around, his body frozen halfway in its piss poor attempt at grabbing all of the stuff he'd knocked down.
Hank immediately started in the kids direction, as did every other cop, Hank silently thinking 'Please don't fucking run---aand hes running. Perfect.'
The kid turned and fucking booked it in the opposite direction, earning a groan and a string of curses from Hank.
Hank turned just in time to see Connor sprint off after him, fucking Markus in toe, which of course caused more cursing as he ran after them.
He had to stop himself from barking out a laugh when he heard the kids terrified 'oh shit!' Upon seeing Connor chasing after him.
Couldnt blame him there. Connor was pretty scary sometimes.

Running after them he couldn't help but think he was too fucking old for this shit.
And now he was gonna have to yell at fucking Markus on top of it.
He watched as Connor and Markus split up, Markus heading no doubt to try and cut the kid off as Connor followed right behind him.
Hank had to admit he was impressed the kid was even outrunning Connor.
The pidgeon guy had barely managed to do that and he'd had a pretty decent head start. (What was his name... Rupert or something?)
At this point Hank couldn't tell if he was human or android. When they removed their LEDs it was getting harder and harder to tell.
By the time he finally caught up with them, panting more than he'd like and clutching at a stitch in his side, Connor had the kid pinned to the ground just as Markus rounded the corner at the end of the alley.
Hank passed by the kids shoe on the pavement, no doubt having slipped off and tripped him.
He looked up as Hank came around to get a good look at him, his face panicked.
"I didn't do anything!" He yelled.
Jesus, the kid was barely pushing twenty.
"Then why the hell did you run?" Hank growled back, exasperated as he tried to catch his breath.
As Markus came up behind him he turned on him, jabbing a finger towards the android with a scowl on his face.

"And you! You do not chase after a suspect! I really don't want to have to charge you with vigilantism or worse obstruction of justice!" Hank exhaled heavily, bending over at the waist and catching his breath.
Ok, maybe he needed to start working out again.
Jesus fucking christ.

By the time they got back to the station to interview the kid, whos name turned out to be Edwin Moore, 22, Hanks anger had subsided substantially, turning into mild annoyance.
As it turned out Ed was, as far as Hank could tell, innocent for the most part. At least where it pertained to the murder of the androids on the docks. He WAS at the docks because he was suppose to meet someone to buy red ice, but according to his statement he had arrived just in time to hear the gunshots go off and hid. From what he'd told them, all four shots seem to have gone off almost simultaneously. He had caught a glimpse of five individuals, all dressed in black of varying heights.
So, overall, they had jack shit to go on other than the kids shitty descriptions and his contacts.
They'd gotten his cell phone records too, so they could try to make some headway with getting in
touch with the guy who was suppose to be meeting him there. It was unclear if the guy had gotten there first and seen trouble coming, or if he'd just been a no-show, but it was all they really had to go on.

Markus had given his official statement, both to Connor via data transfer, and the old fashioned way to Hank, wanting to be as much help as he could. He said he had gone to the destroyed ruins of the Jericho freighter to pay his respects to all of his people that they had lost that night when he came across the bodies.

Jesus... it had already been a month since that night. Hanks head spun thinking about it. It seemed like both yesterday and forever ago at the same time.

He'd shifted one of them slightly after calling it in, hoping to be able to get some sort of information from it, but when he realized that all of their memory cores had been destroyed he backed off and didn't touch anything else until the cops got there. He had even scanned the area and gotten several shoe prints in the snow, just in case, all of which he had transferred to Connor.

After several hours of processing, paperwork, interviewing and cross referencing different notes and cataloging evidence Hank and Connor finally closed up shop for the night. Hank leaned back in his chair and groaned, rubbing both hands over his face as his terminal shut down. God, he was fucking tired. He looked at the clock on his phone. Just past 2am. Fuck.

Connor stood from his chair and walked over to stand behind Hank, his hands going to the Lieutenants shoulders and massaging them gently. Hank groaned and leaned his head back against Connors chest, enjoying the feeling. He continued doing that for several minutes until some of the tension released from Hanks shoulders, then rounded his seat to sit up on Hanks desk, his legs dangling off of the edge. He smiled and pulled Hanks chair forward, situating him in between those long legs.

It was late and the station was completely empty, so Hank let himself sigh and lean forward, resting his head on Connors stomach and putting his arms around his waist as Connor wrapped his in turn around Hanks head. His androids fingers carded their way through his hair gently, massaging at his scalp like Hank did to him so often, and Hank sighed happily at the contact, snuggling into him. He could probably fucking sleep like this if he really wanted to. He let his hands travel up Connors back and pushed his shirt up a bit, planting a couple of small kisses along his hip bones as his shirt lifted, earning a throaty sigh from Connor that sent blood rushing down south.

When a door off in the distance opened and closed Hank jolted upright, just in time to see Reed walking into the bullpen with a pissy expression(but what else was new there.)

"Oh, it's just you." Hank grumbled, resuming his comfortable position in Connors lap. Reed turned a glare on them, his face pulling into something almost disgusted as he looked at them. "The fuck, Anderson? You and your plastic pet don't have a fucking house of your own to do weird shit in?"

Hank just responded by flipping Reed off.

"Good morning, Detective Reed." Connor chirped above him, his hands resuming their stroking of Hanks hair. "Why are you here so late? We had thought everyone had retired for the evening several hours ago."

"Clearly." Reed snorted, grabbing his cigarettes from his desk. "I had to finish a few things up and got distracted." He muttered absently, pocketing his keys and cigarettes and grabbing his jacket from the back of his chair. He waited a second, holding the leather between his hands before shrugging it on. "Hey, uh, I need a drink. You two up for it?" He asked, glaring at the door as though refusing to meet their eyes.

Connor smiled down at Hank, who'd sat up to look at Reed, then back at Connor.

"Whatchu think, Con?" He asked quietly.

Connor smiled and leaned down, kissing Hanks forehead tenderly. "I have no objections. I am sure Captain Fowler will have no objection to our taking a personal day tomorrow after seeing our time
sheets from today, at any rate, if you'd like to indulge in a few drinks."
Reed scoffed from across the room.
"Alright. You got your bitches permission, so can we go?" He grumbled, shoving his hands in his pockets, his cheeks tinted pink even in the dark office.
Hank looked him up and down and smirked a bit, shrugging his shoulders before standing and offering a hand to Connor who accepted it graciously and hopped off of the desk.
He headed around the desk, Connor in toe and headed towards the door where Reed waited impatiently.

"Yeah, asshole, lets go." He snorted, reaching out and giving Reed a brief shove by the back of the head towards the door, earning a scowl.

This was going to prove to be an interesting night after all, if Reeds perpetual blush was any indication.

Chapter End Notes

Connor opening his heart to robo-Jesus is officially my most favoritest thing I've ever wrote, ever. lol ♥
(I know there's jokes about Markus being robo-Jesus. Kind of low hanging fruit there, but making Hank say it makes me giggle.)
Chapter Summary

Sycophant

Shitty EDM music pounded over the speakers as couples of all shapes and sizes danced around like a bunch of hedonistic animals. Just what he wanted if he wanted nobody to pay them any mind. Everyone by this time of night was either too drunk or too high to notice anything that wasn't directly in front of them, and Reed would fucking eat his own gun if anyone recognized him here right now, considering what he was here for. He just wanted a drink to loosen up. And, maybe after downing one or two, or twelve, to maybe, possibly, SORT OF fuck his Lieutenant and his android partner. No BFD.

Chapter Notes

Intense content warning for this chapter. Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

As Gavin watched Hank and his little plastic pet across the bar he jogged his leg under the table impatiently. What the fuck was he doing here, again? Oh, yeah. Being the sick, masochistic fuck that he was and trying to get a drink after such a shitty few days while simultaneously trying to get his rocks off.

His eyes flicked over to the nearest exit as he contemplated backing the fuck out for the umpteenth time. Fuck, he couldn't do it. Again.

They'd picked this particular club because of its proximity to the station, since they could walk here, and because it was loud. Like, really fucking loud. Shitty EDM music pounded over the speakers as couples of all shapes and sizes danced around like a bunch of hedonistic animals. Just what he wanted if he wanted nobody to pay them any mind. Everyone by this time of night was either too drunk or too high to notice anything that wasn't directly in front of them, and Reed would fucking eat his own gun if anyone recognized him here right now, considering what he was here for. He just wanted a drink to loosen up. And, maybe after downing one or two, or twelve, to maybe, possibly, SORT OF fuck his Lieutenant and his android partner. No BFD.
God, he needed another cigarette. But the last thing he wanted was that tin can giving him another lecture like the one he'd received on the way over after having smoked 3 on the 5 minute walk here.

When Hank made his way back over, Connor holding several shots in each hand and Hank holding two beers, he figured they were in business.
"Took you fucking long enough." He yelled over the crowd, immediately grabbing one of the shots the second it was set in front of him and downing it. He winced as it went down his throat, burning like a motherfuck.
"Jesus, what the fuck is that?"
"Vodka." Connor chirped up as Hank smirked and took a sip of beer.
"You couldn't just go with some fucking whiskey or something? Shit." He shuddered and downed another. The second one hurt less.
He looked across the table at the Lieutenant, screwing up his eyes as he shifted them between Anderson and Connor.
This was so fucked up. It made him really freaking hard.
Anderson just sat there with that damn knowing smirk on his face and Connor looking pleased as could be, that... stupid... adorable fucking smile on his face.
They knew what he was after, no use in beating around the bush about it.
"So..." he coughed into his fist before reaching across the table to grab the other beer. "What, um... what exactly are you two into..." He waved his hand dismissively. "After the whole... bathroom thing, I think I got an idea, but I really can't see Connor actually topping your big hairy ass." He allowed himself the small jab and smirked as Hank just raised his eyebrows and nodded, chuckling a bit under his breath.
"You ain't wrong there." He laughed, wiping a hand down his face. "Nah, Connors just got a thing for whiny assholes with a stick up their ass, I guess."
Reed scowled. "Fuck you."
"Workin up to it." Hank smirked around his beer as Gavin coughed up some of his.
"So?" He urged, putting his elbows on the table.
Hank seemed to think for a second before shifting a bit in the seat, draping his right arm over the back of the booth and flopping his left foot up onto the seat next to Reed's ass. He glanced over at Connor and nodded his head towards Reed, and Reed in turn watched with something akin to horror as the android fluidly slipped out of the seat and under the table.
Oh fuck. Was this what he thought it was?
He glanced down and looked at Connor, on his knees on the floor of this dirty bar, and his breath hitched as slender hands reached for his belt.
Oh fuck.

And then he was hissing softly as his erection was freed and Connor wrapped his lips around it without hesitation.

Ohfuckohfuckohfuckohfuck.

"Holy fucking shit." He breathed out, reaching a hand under the table to touch Connors hair but flinching back when Hank snapped his fingers across the table. When he looked up at him the look in his Lieutenants eyes drove a shiver down his spine and made his cock twitch in Connors mouth.

"Don't touch him." Hank drawled, leaning back in the booth and downing one of the shots.

Reed set his hands on top of the table, balling them into fists as he breathed out a shaky sigh and tried not to squeeze his eyes shut. He heard Connor groan softly around his dick and glanced down at him again just as the android let go of him and ran his tongue lazily up his cock.

"Shit, Anderson... your little android really loves cock, huh?"

Hank grinned at that, shrugging his big shoulders as if it was no big fucking deal. "Yeah.. He's pretty fucking insatiable, honestly." He glanced under the table at his android and licked his lips before returning his attention to Reed. "It's like as soon as I gave him a taste he just can't get enough."

"Fuck.." Reeds eyes damn near rolled into the back of his head as Connor sucked him into his mouth once more and deep throated him, that damn throat massaging along his shaft as he swallowed around it. He vaguely noticed that Connor had wrapped an arm around Hanks calf that was nearest him, apparently needing to touch his Lieutenant while he sucked Reed off under the table.

Hank finished his last shot with a groan and leaned forward on the table. "So, Reed. Why don't you tell ME what YOU'RE into." he asked, raising his eyebrows expectantly.

Gavin fisted a hand in his own hair since he couldn't touch Connors and tried to take a deep breath, his cheeks burning. "How the fuck do you expect me to talk about this kind of shit while--ah! Fuck! ....This...this fucking vacuum cleaner is going to town on me."

Hank smirked darkly. "I just want to see you squirm." He said blatantly, pulling a face that said he really didn't care what Reed said. "You're always such a little fucking prick and your heads always so far up your ass I never feel like I can get a decent response from you. So, Connor suggested we just forgo the stupid pleasantries and put you on edge for a while." He shrugged again, a hand moving underneath the table briefly to push Connors head all the way down on his dick and massage his scalp a little, earning another throaty little noise from him that made Reeds knee jerk.

"I think it's working pretty well, don't you Con?"

He could practically feel the android smiling against his dick.

Reed let out a breathy laugh, shaking his head and gritting his teeth. "I fucking hate you Anderson."

"Flattery will get you everywhere, asshole." He laughed back. "Although you might wanna watch what you say about me when my androids mouth is wrapped around your cock. I don't give two shits what you think, but you should think twice about possibly pissing him off right now."

Reed took that to heart, actually. The last fucking thing he wanted was for the fucking tin can to get cheeky and try to bite off his fucking dick. Even if he didn't actually bite down and hurt him he
still didn't want those fucking teeth on his junk. No thanks.

But, fuck, it felt amazing. It seemed like every little muscle in the androids mouth was working overtime. Gavin stretched his legs out under the table and flattened his palms on the tabletop, breathing in deeply through his nose as he tried to keep control of himself.
Hank just watched, sipping his beer and raised his eyebrows in amusement. "Great, ain't he?"
"Oh, fuck yes.." Reed moaned softly despite himself, immediately gritting his teeth afterwards and picking up his own beer once more. He took a sip and watched Anderson shift a bit, his hand going down beneath the table briefly before coming back up and resting next to his drink. It made Gavin feel a little better, knowing that Anderson was probably sporting his own boner at the moment, and he grasped at the small victory.

"You got some kind of cuckolding kink, Anderson?" He sneered. "You like watching this plastic prick suck me off when you can't do anything about it?" His eyebrows drew down tight and he shut his eyes briefly as Connor let out something like a whimper around his dick, sucking a bit more eagerly.
Andersons brows popped up at that and he took another drink before putting his right hand under the table again. He tapped Connor on the shoulder once and the android immediately pulled away, Reeds cock leaving that amazing throat with a wet pop.
Connor shifted backwards and took Hanks hand to help pull himself back up into the booth seat, scooting a bit closer to the Lieutenant once he was situated again. Gavin watched as he wiped a bit of that fluid that worked as his saliva from his chin, his cheeks actually flushed a light freaking blue color, before reaching forward and grabbing Hanks beer from the table. He held the glass in both hands as he took a little sip, Hank watching him the whole time with a smile, then set it back down on the table.
When Anersons eyes found his across the table again, he looked nothing short of amused as Gavin grimaced and stuffed himself back into his pants.
"I think you're forgetting who's actually in control here, Reed. I'm only really doing this because Connor wants it, and Connor is doing this because I'm letting him. I say the word, and we're gone. Do I want to fuck you up a bit? Of fucking course. Does the fact that you get off on it make me hard as fuck? Absolutely. But we don't have to be doing this." He chuckled softly and put an arm around Connor, who was now resting with his head on Hanks shoulder. "I'm clearly not starved for attention here. So if you wanna be a little bitch about things, save me the trouble now. If you wanna play nice, then we can do this."
Reed sighed heavily and pinched at the scarred bridge of his nose. "Look, I..." He groaned, rolling his eyes and glaring at Anderson. "I'm sorry, ok? I just... I'm not exactly fucking Shakespeare over here, in case you hadn't noticed. When I get... nervous I guess I lash out a bit. But it's not fucking personal, so you don't have to be a bitch about it. I just..." He jogged his leg under the table again. He needed another drink. "Connor's already told me yalls safeword, so I got it, ok? I just... I can't be all..." He motioned towards Connor vaguely. "Submissive and shit right off the bat. I can't get into that headspace right away. But I like pain and clearly you guys know this humiliation shit is my thing, so just let me act how I want and I can take whatever kind of punishment you wanna put me through for it. ok?" He looked towards the bar again, contemplating getting himself another drink and avoiding looking directly at the two across from him.
He was sure his fucking ears were red by this point, the shame clawing at the back of his throat and really not helping his hard on situation.
God, he was so fucked.
"Get up."
When Hank spoke again, Gavin had to do a double take. "huh?" Was all he could manage when he looked back at him.
Anderson still had his arm around Connor but that damn cocky smirk was back in place on his face. He polished off his beer and pushed the glass over towards Gavin. "You wanna be a brat, fine. Get up and go get me another drink. I have a tab open, so get yourself something too. Lets see how well you do walking through these crowds with that raging hard on."
"God damn it." Reed scowled but huffed back a laugh, grateful that Anderson had dropped the subject and was getting into it. "Fucking prick." He muttered, earning a cocked brow from the Lieutenant.
"I should warn you, he is keeping tabs on your insults." Connor spoke up, trailing a finger around the rim of one of the shot glasses before bringing the digit up to his mouth and licking off the little bit of Vodka on the tip. It made Reed groan in his throat as he turned and made his way over to the bar.
Out in the thick of things, away from their little table, his skin started to crawl at actually having to walk through this damn club with his erection straining against his pants. He tugged his shirt down a bit more, self conscious of it. It wasn't too visible, especially in the dim light, but if someone bumped him the wrong way they would DEFINITELY feel it. He held his breath wading through a few couples dancing, narrowly avoiding having one of them brush right against him as he turned the other way and headed for the bar. Once finally up against it he leaned against the bar top with a sigh, dreading having to do that again with drinks in his hands.
He ordered two more beers and a couple more shots before venturing back out into the crowd. When he made his way back to the table without incident he set the drinks down and flopped down in his seat, putting his face in his hands for a second to regain control of his breathing. His fucking erection was painful at this point, and he palmed at it under the table to get some sort of relief. When he looked back up, Connor had his eyes closed with his head still on Andersons shoulder, now whispering things into is ear as Hank kept a hand on the androids thigh. It looked like Connor was moving his hips a bit, apparently trying to find some friction for his own hard on that Anderson wasn't giving him.
Reed had to smirk at the sight.
"And I thought I was bad off." He snorted a bit, downing one of the shots he brought over. Anderson grabbed his beer and took a sip, shrugging the shoulder that Connor wasn't leaning on. "We just haven't had sex in a bit." He admitted, causing Gavin to raise his eyebrows curiously. "That rare?" He asked, knocking back the other shot and reaching for the beer. His head was finally starting to get a little light, so he figured this beer would be it for him. Last thing he wanted was to get sick.
Hank smirked. "We haven't gone more than 12 hours without sex since this little shit decided to try and blow me in my back yard." He admitted, earning a low whistle before Connor chimed in. "Our last sexual encounter was at 5:34 AM yesterday morning Lieutenant. It is currently 3:02 AM. It has been approximately 22 hours. And yes, I am currently on the verge of a minor mental collapse."
As Connor grinned against Hanks neck, Anderson and Reed both burst out laughing, all of the tension from their previous conversation draining from all three of them at once.
"So dramatic." Gavin chuckled, earning a nod from Hank. "Yeah, you'd think someone so newly deviant would be a bit more appreciative of the fact that he can get a good dicking at all." Hank chuckled with a smirk. "Oh, I am very appreciative." Connor countered, his hips still moving slightly as he licked up the shell of Hanks ear. " Unfortunately, I do not share in Detective Reeds humiliation kink, and I do not wish to expose our sexual exploits to the world. But If you'd be so kind as to take me somewhere more private I'd be more than happy to show you just how appreciative I am, Lieutenant." Connors voice dropped to a sultry octave that Reed hadn't heard before and it seemed to make him impossibly harder.
"Alright," Hank grunted, giving Connors thigh a quick slap before sliding out of the booth. "That's all I gotta hear. Lets get you two out of here."
Gavin looked up as Hank offered a hand to the two of them to help them both out of the booth, and it made his cheeks flush a bit. Rather than accepting it though, he swatted it away and climbed out of the seat himself, making his way towards the exit, fucking finally. Hank closed the tab and joined them outside, putting his arm around Connor once more and huddling against him a bit in the cold.

"I've already called us a cab." The android announced, looking up at Hank, who nodded in acknowledgement.

"Wait." Gavin mumbled, looking at the two as he shoved his hands in his pockets for warmth.
"Where are we going?" He asked. They sure as shit weren't going to his apartment.
"I've also taken the liberty of reserving a room at a nearby motel." Connor added.
Reed made a face.
Ok then. That worked.
Taken to a random hotel to be fucked like the whore he was.
This would be fun.

The motel that the robot ended up picking was actually pretty nice, and Gavin made a face showing his surprise when he got out of the taxi. Hank seemed to notice and chuckled. "What, you think I'd take us to some seedy piece of shit motel just cause I'm not overly fond of you?" He asked, quirking an eyebrow at Reed. "Give me SOME credit, asshole. I do have standards."

"Nevermind that it was the plastic detective who booked the place." Gavin scoffed.

Connor leaned around Hank to address Reed, and it was his turn to raise his eyebrows. "The Lieutenant and I have had previous conversations about where we would go should an event like this occur, Detective." He was a little surprised the android didn't stick his damn tongue out.

Well, shit.

Seeming satisfied with having shut Gavin up, Hank smiled down at Connor. "I'll go make sure we're all set." He announced, giving Connor a peck on the cheek before heading inside of the motel lobby, leaving the out in the cold, alone.

Gavin breathed hot air into his cupped hands and shifted a little on the spot. Fuck, it was cold outside. He was just grateful that it was so late/early that the place was deserted. Especially as Connor stepped a bit closer and took Gavin's hands in his own and breathed on them, the androids breath coming out HOT, as if from a damn furnace. His shoulders relaxed a little.

"I am able to adjust my body temperature for such situations. If you're cold you are more than welcome to stand closer to me, Detective." Connor offered with a smile. He was so damn... sincere and innocent. Not a fucking trace of whatever it was that had come over him in the bathroom at the precinct.

Maybe because Hank was here?

Figuring fuck it considering what they were actually here to do, Reed moved in closer to Connor, putting his arms around the slightly taller android under his jacket. Connor in turn wrapped his arms back around him and Gavin sighed as the fucker radiated warmth. It was actually really nice.

"Well isn't this just fucking sweet." He heard Anderson scoff from somewhere behind him, having returned from the office with the keycard to their room. Gavin couldn't be bothered to pull away, and instead decided to push his luck a little. Might as well since they'd made it this far.

Instead, he pulled Connor a bit closer, tilting his head so he could look at the Lieutenant with a nasty smirk on his face.
"What's the matter, Anderson? Scared I might steal your plastic pet away from you?" He chuckled as Hanks eyebrows flew up, looking at Reed curiously before glancing up at Connor.
He felt Connors chest rumble with a soft laugh. "While normally such a notion would be preposterous, at the current juncture I'm quite willing to go anywhere with whomever is willing to
just fuck me already."

Reed heard Hank groan softly in his throat as he looked up at Connor in mild surprise. "You really are fucking desperate, aren't you?" He muttered, deciding to be a bit bolder and reaching down to grip the android's ass. He had to admit, it felt nice under his palm. Connor closed his eyes and sighed slightly, giving Gavin a mute nod.

"Alright, that's enough of that." Hank grumbled, a bit of irritation coming through his voice as he finally walked over and tore Gavin away from Connor by his hair.

Gavin grit his teeth and groaned softly at the feeling, a bit sad when Hank pulled his hand away and shoved both him and Connor forward. "Let's go you couple-a perverts. Room 263."

Gavin did as he was told, really just wanting to get out of the cold now that he was away from Connor, and smirked to himself hearing Hank grumbling something about them being the death of him under his breath. When they reached to room Hank didn't bother moving Gavin out of the way, he just leaned his big body against Gavin's back and pushed the keycard into the door, waiting for it to click open then shoving him inside.

Gavin stumbled a little before regaining his footing, then turned just in time to see Connor strip his jacket off and toss it onto the floor before advancing on him, a small spark of that dominating personality back in his eyes. Connor wasted no time in grabbing Gavin by the hair at the back of his head and kissing him roughly, still walking forward so that Gavin had to walk backwards until his knees hit the edge of the king sized bed and he fell backwards. Connor quickly climbed on top of him, a hand going to Gavin's throat as he continued to kiss him, that tongue forcing its way into his mouth and exploring around in a way that was so lust driven it was damn near sloppy. It was weird, feeling the android kiss him.

He was warm, of course, his mouth about the right temperature but slightly off, and his spit didn't taste like anything. There was the faintest taste of the beer he'd taken a sip of earlier, but even that was something Gavin really had to try to pinpoint. It was a bit off putting, and honestly pretty hot since it really cemented the knowledge that what he was on the verge of fucking right now wasn't human.

As Connor ground his hips down against Gavin's they both let out deep sighs, that sweet friction they'd both been seeking coming as an instant relief. He had half a mind to wonder what Hank was doing in the interim, but as Connor rounded his hips once more and let out a little cat-like mewl he didn't give a fuck. He reached up and pressed his hand to Connors, encouraging, and groaned a bit when the android obliged, his weight coming down incrementally on his throat, pressing down on the arteries so that his head started pounding.

Fuck, it was so good.

He felt the bed shift a bit more and opened his eyes to see that Hank had crawled onto the bed behind Connor. He wrapped his arms around Connors torso and started to remove his tie, the android tilting his head to the side and sighing as Hanks lips met his neck, sucking a kissing at the fake flesh while be tossed the tie aside and started working on the buttons of his vest.

Why the fuck did he had to wear so many damn layers?

Gavin sat himself up a bit and started to remove his own, clothes, getting so far as unzipping his jacket before a ridiculously strong hand pushed him back down on the bed. He looked up to see Connor looking down his nose at him.

Gavin swallowed.

"While I appreciate the enthusiasm Detective Reed, I would appreciate it even more if you would allow me to undress you when I'm ready."

Shit, this fucker could just flip a switch and change his fucking tune from sweet to domineering
and it was pretty freaky. He'd kind of seen it during the interrogation with Ortiz's android, but this... this was weird in the hottest way possible. It's like he would go back to that puppy eyed stare as soon as he looked at his Lieutenant, but once that gaze was trained on him it turned icy and gave him fucking goosebumps.

"This is fucking bullshit. Like Hell I'm gonna lay here fully fucking clothed while you two get naked and fuck on top of me." He gritted out, directing a glare at the android in his lap. Connor met the comeback with a quick slap across his face, the androids hand moving so quickly he didn't realize it had been coming until his head was snapped sideways and his cheek lit up with pain.

He tasted blood.

Holy shit. Fucking finally.

His breath punched out of him as his eyes went wide with surprise and he looked back up at Connor, now shirtless with Hank still kissing along his shoulders. "I really can't tolerate rudeness, Detective." He sighed, looking almost apologetic, his hand going to cup Gavins stinging cheek.

That wouldn't do.

"Fuck your 'tolerance'." He spat, licking the blood from his split lip as he jerked his head away from the tender touch. "If you don't want me to take my fucking clothes off then try and fucking stop me."

"Detective." Connors tone was clipped, warning, his eyebrows drawing down in an annoyed look. "Please stop being such a nuisance so early in the evening."

"Make me, you useless fucking prototype."

Connors eyebrow twitched and he could see Hank grinning over Connors shoulder, his arms still wrapped tightly around Connors chest. To drive his point home, he sat up again and shrugged out of his jacket and shoved it at the androids chest, those freckled hands coming up to grab the leather as his eyes went wide. Connor blinked a couple of times before sighing and tossing the jacket off the side of the bed then looking back at Hank.

"Lieutenant, may I please borrow your belt?" He asked with a slight smile, causing Gavins heart to skip a beat.

"Gladly." Hank seemed to be barely keeping himself from laughing at this point as he slipped his belt off, still fully clothed himself except for his jacket that was on the floor with the rest of the discarded clothes.

"Thank you." Connor smiled warmly at him, leaning back to peck him on the cheek before swinging his leg over Gavin and getting off of him.

He'd be lying if he said he didn't miss the weight on top of him. He watched with fascination as Connor rounded the bed, going up to the headboard and shaking it a bit, as though testing it's structural integrity. When he seemed satisfied he reached down and grabbed one of Gavins hands, bringing the wrist up effortlessly, despite Gavin struggling against him a little bit, and securing it to the headboard with Hanks belt. He went around the foot of the bed and back up the other side then did the same thing to the other wrist, using his own belt. He tugged on the makeshift restraints briefly before smiling down at Gavin.

"That's better." He declared, removing his slacks before crawling back up onto the bed.
Gavin of course didn't miss the amused fucking smirk Hank was sporting. The asshole we definitely enjoying this. But as Gavin struggled a little, pulling at the belts around his wrists and the leather cut into his flesh he threw his head back on the bed, a throaty sigh escaping him. Fuck him, he was enjoying it too.

Connor, rather than getting on top of Gavin again, just sat up on his knees next to him and leaned forward to kiss Hank, the two finding a rhythm to with their tongues easily, and it didn't take long before Connor was moaning into the Lieutenants mouth.

Gavin groaned watching them, his hips shifting uncomfortably on the mattress, wishing one of them would just take his fucking pants off.

Hank glanced down at him. "What's wrong, Reed?" He smirked and flicked the spot over Gavins pants where his erection was straining the fabric, Reeds hips shrinking back as he whimpered softly. Ok, scratch that. He was glad he still had his pants on right now.

"Don't be an asshole." He growled, smacking his head back on the bed in frustration and glaring at the ceiling.

"Oh, I'm sorry." Anderson scoffed, his whole hand moving to grab at his crotch. "Is this what you want?" He removed the hand too soon, that big palm moving instead to Reeds thigh and giving it a hard squeeze. "Or are you after something like this?"

Gavin let out a sigh as Hanks fingertips pushed hard into the soft flesh on the inside of his thigh, the sensation dulled slightly by his jeans.

Fuck, he wanted more.

He bucked his hips slightly and groaned. He could feel the chords on his neck straining as he grit his teeth.

Connor seemed to take pity on him, then, the android moving to undo his pants and free his erection. When it hit the air and Connor wrapped his fingers around it tentatively Gavin squeezed his eyes shut. Shit, he wasn't going to last long after all this fucking teasing.

"Lieutenant?"

He opened his eyes to see Connor looking up at Hank, his eyes pleading as he bent over Gavins dick, his tongue coming out to wet his lips.

"Go ahead." Hank laughed softly, shaking his head as Connor grinned happily.

If the android had a fucking tail it would be wagging as he leaned down and kissed along the base of Gavins dick. He probably would have laughed were it not for the fact that all he could do was sigh at the sudden attention to his dick.

Connor wasted no time in lavishing Gavin's cock with attention, dragging his tongue up from base to tip before pulling the whole length into his warm mouth and sucking eagerly, taking him all the way down to the hilt without resistance.

"Oh, fuck.." He groaned, pulling at the restraints around his wrists gently.

He felt more shifting on the bed and opened his eyes long enough to see Hank shifting around to the other side of where Connor was kneeling. He shifted the androids hips up into the air and leaned down out of view. Going by the soft gasp that came from Connor followed by some rather pornographic mewling around his cock he had a pretty good guess as to what the Lieutenant was doing with his mouth back there.

"Holy shit, you feel so fucking good." He groaned, bucking his hips into that tight heat. Connor pulled off of him briefly and licked his lips with a smirk, closing his eyes for a second and hanging his head as he bucked his hips back against Hank's tongue muttering a soft curse under his breath. When he seemed to compose himself again he reached forward, resting his hands on Gavins hips and holding him still as he resumed his actions of practically worshiping his cock.

Gavin tried to thrust his hips upwards again, only to be held completely still by the androids hands.
It made him want to struggle harder, so his moved his legs impatiently on top of the mattress causing the bedspread to bunch up under them.
"Sweet fucking Jesus... " He growled, clenching his fists and tugging weakly at his restraints.
"You're so good at that... fuck... Maybe the Lieutenant should whore you out after all. Seems like a real waste to keep this perfect mouth all to himself..."
He felt Connor smile around him, every movement of the androids head bringing him closer to orgasm. He was honestly a little surprised he'd lasted as long as he had, given all the shit this mouth had put him through already tonight. That changed quickly though when Connor dug his fingertips into Gavins hips, no doubt going to leave a nice bruise, causing him to screw his eyes shut and letting out a loud moan as he came down the androids throat.

He was barely aware enough to realize that Connor came shortly after him, the android going stiff and moaning around his cock in a whiny way as Hank continued what he was doing to his backside. When they all separated from one another, Connor sat down on his ass next to Reed on the bed and Hank sat in front of him. He brought his hand up to the androids lips, and Connor eagerly opened his mouth and licked the jizz off of it, causing Gavin to realize that the Lieutenant had jerked the android off during their actions.
It was a hot image and had him almost getting hard again.
Connor leaned forward and kissed Hank tenderly, sighing against his lips before shifting on the bed to undo Gavins hands from the headboard. Once freed he sat up a bit and rubbed at his wrists, flexing his fingers a bit as blood rushed back to them.

He'd fully intended to move and get off of the bed, leaving Connor and Hank to their little... romantic, post orgasm make out session, but Connor apparently had a different ideas.
As he sat up, Connor climbed over and straddled his hips again, purposely ignoring the confused look on Gavin's face as he kissed him, much more tenderly this time. When he pulled away he smiled down at him and raised his eyebrows, a hand going between them to grope at his deflating cock again. "Are you forgetting I'm well aware of your lower than average refractory period Detective?" He questioned. "During our previous video call you achieved orgasm twice within that brief 20 minute period. I have no refractory period myself, so I am more than happy to continue our evening." He paused, that night light on his temple circling yellow once. "Assuming you are still willing." He tacked on.
He heard Hank chuckle next to them and looked over to see the Lieutenant had undone his pants, the rest of his clothes still on as that impressive cock hung heavy between his legs.
Ah.
He'd let them both get off once because he knew they could cum multiple times. If the android was anything like himself, each subsequent orgasm would be more intense than the last, so it made sense that Anderson would want to let them get one or two in before really joining in himself. Pretty sure once Hank popped that was it, he wasn't gonna get it up again for a while. Had to give the guy credit for thinking it through, really.
Not letting the mild embarrassment he felt get the better of him, Gavin reached down and grabbed Connors ass, smirking up at him.
"Just can't get enough, huh?" He chuckled, pinching one of Connors butt cheeks earning a small squeak from the android. Apparently once he came that mild sadistic streak completely disappeared. Bit of a shame, really.
Well, maybe he'd get a chance to have some one on one time with the android at some point.

Connor let out a soft groan as he ground his ass against Gavins dick. When his cock slid between the cleft of Connors ass and slipped against it, as if coated in lube his eyes widened and he looked at Connor in mild surprise. Sure, Hank had just slobbered all over him, but the consistency against his dick was most definitely not spit. It was too thick, unless the Lieutenant had some really disgusting saliva.
Hank seemed to realize Gavins confusion and came around to push himself against Connors backside, one arm going around the androids front to take his cock in hand, the other pushing down his back and slipping a finger into Connors ass. Gavin squeezed his eyes shut, feeling Hanks fingers slipping against the head of his dick making him shiver and his cheeks burn again. "Oh yeah, he can self lubricate." Hank said with a smirk as Connor leaned back against his chest with a happy sigh. He pulled a face, seeming to get lost in thought for a second. He removed his hand from Connors dick and slid it up the androids chest to rest against his throat, tilting his head back against his shoulder gently. "Y'know, I do wonder... that lube, Con. You said its rerouted from your joints, yeah?" He glanced sideways at Connor, giving him a second to answer before he reached that hand up and popped the android on the cheek. Connor whimpered in response, whispering a thank you under his breath that had Gavin making an impressed face. "Connor. I asked you a question."
"Y-yes, Lieutenant.."
"So... if we fucked for a whole day, maybe two... If I mercilessly screwed you without letting you take a break, would you eventually stop being able to move?"
It took Connor a second to answer, that blue blush back in place on his face as his lips parted so he could breathe a bit deeper. Did he even need to breathe? Gavin thought that was just for show... "Connor.." Hanks tone was warning when Connor took too long to respond, so Gavin took it upon himself to reach up and smack the androids ass. Connor yelped at the contact and ground his hips down once more, causing more friction on Gavin's steadily swelling cock.

"Pretty sure your Lieutenant asked you a question, tin can." He sneered. "You should really learn to listen better."
Hank just smirked.

"Y-yes.. I-I-I would eventually become unable to control my limbs as the lubrication dwindled down. It would be slow, but I would eventually need a resupply of thirium so that my joints could properly lubricate themselves again." Connors voice was higher than normal, with static ringing through it slightly and warping it. Hank seemed to hum in approval and Gavin gasped softly as the Lieutenant reached below them and grabbed his cock, guiding to Connors dripping asshole and then pushing down on the androids shoulder so that he was seated completely.

Gavins eyes rolled back in his head despite his efforts not to as a moan tore its way free from his throat. God he was fucking perfect. And the added sensation of Hank still keeping his fingers inside of Connor, stretching him even more was bizarre and amazing. Connor reached up and grabbed at Hanks hair, his back arching as he moaned loudly. "You'd let me too, wouldn't you, Con? You would choose my cock over your own body functioning properly, wouldn't you?" Hank whispered as Connor just nodded and started bouncing on Gavins dick, Hanks fingers still inside of him working him open more. After a minute Hank pushed on Connors shoulder, forcing the android forward a bit as he lined himself up with the asshole that Gavin was currently occupying.

It only took the detective less than a second to realize what was going to happen, and he laid back on the bed and closed his eyes, his fists balling into the sheets as Hank pushed into Connor as well and the previously tight heat that engulfed him became even tighter, now accompanied by the sliding of Hanks cock against his own. "Oh my fucking god.." Was all he could manage, bucking his hips a bit as Connor pushed his hips back against the both of them, a mewling, moaning mess as he leaned all the way forward and buried his head in Gavins shoulder. Hank gripped the androids hips and started thrusting into him, each motion pushing the android farther up a little bit so that he had to push back more to keep himself from letting Gavin slip out of
him, creating this frantic rhythm to the movements. Connors hands came up to grip the sheets on either side of Gavins head as Gavin thrust himself upwards every now and then, barely able to keep his own moans down as he fucked him. He brought his hands up and grabbed Connors arms, pulling them off the bed and around his back, Hank responding instantly by holding them in place and baring his weight down into him to hold him steady and support himself at the same time. Connors back bowed at the movement, his moans turning into downright screams as he was mercilessly fucked by the both of them.

When Connor came, his cock spurting ejaculate all over their stomachs as it moved between their compressed bodies, he leaned his head down and bit down on Gavins neck hard, so hard that Gavin let out a scream himself, actually on the verge of saying Red before the android let go on his own and sucked at the bite, no doubt having drawn blood. The pain was the last push he needed as he reached his own orgasm, cumming deep inside of Connor as the tight ring of muscle twitched and spasmed around their Cocks. He was vaguely aware of Hank cumming shortly thereafter, the Lieutenant moaning deep in his throat before pushing inside of Connor once more, riding out his orgasm.

When they all seemed spent, a mass of twitching limbs and sweat and heavy breathing and jizz, Hank was the first to pull out, moving incredibly slowly as he pulled his softening cock out of the android under him. Connor whined and, as his wrists were freed from the Lieutenants large hands, gripped Gavins shoulders. Gavin pulled out afterwards and breathed heavily, a hand coming up to push sweaty hair out of his face.

"Holy shit..." He whispered into the silence of the room, just as Connor broke into a small fit of giggles.

He glanced at the android, raising an eyebrow, as Connor just wrapped his arms around Gavins neck and snuggled into him.

Shit, he was heavy.

"Thank you Detective." He muttered, pecking Gavins sore neck with a soft kiss. When he pulled back he had the biggest, most sincere smile on his face that Gavin had ever seen, his cheeks still bright blue "That was a wonderful experience. Thank you for sharing it with me."

"Uh... yeah... no big fucking deal..." He muttered, a bit uncomfortable with the android thanking him. When he made a move to push Connor off, the android just shook his head and snuggled into him once more, refusing to let go. "Hey.. come on. I'm fucking sweaty now and you're heavy." He grumbled, pushing at Connors shoulders.

Hank laughed from somewhere off by the bathroom, looking like he'd just splashed his face with water as he chugged from a water bottle. "Good luck with that." He snorted, walking over. "If he wants to cuddle you're not getting out from under him, trust me."

Hank grinned as he sat down on the bed once more, reaching over with the towel in his hand to wipe Connors dripping hole clean. When he seemed satisfied he smacked the androids ass gently, who just looked up at him with a pout.

"Alright, Con, c'mere. Let Detective Asshole breathe for a second." He laughed, opening his arms for the android who quickly got up and crawled into them.

As Reed sat up and watched Connor crawl into Hanks lap he found himself almost missing the androids arms around him.

Which was fucking nuts.

He got up and used the bathroom, stopping at the sink to splash cold water in his face and look at his reflection.

Shit. Yeah. That fucker had definitely broken skin. Along the base of his neck was a nasty red and purple bite mark that was going to stay there for several days, at least. He smiled at it before removing his shirt and using the back of it to dry his face. Shit had cum all over it anyway.

He sighed and left the bathroom, walking back into the hotel room to see Connor still curled up in
Hanks lap on the edge of the bed. Deciding fuck it he walked over and flopped down on the opposite side from them, tossing his used shirt on the chair by the bed before curling up and closing his eyes. After a second the bed shifted and he felt a weight against his back, a soft blue light showing over his shoulder as Connor snuggled up to him, and he couldn't help but smile as Hank covered them all up and put an arm around his androids waist.

Ok... maybe the android wasn't such a TOTAL asshole.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you so much to everyone who has left comments and kudos.
You guys make me so happy! >w<
A little R&R

Chapter Summary

Just Hank and Connor enjoying some quiet time after their eventful night.

Det.Jackass[2:34 PM]: you are a total fucking asshole.

Det.Jackass[2:35pm]: and so is your fucking android.

As the text came in from Gavin, his usual pleasant fucking demeanor made Hank laugh softly. It was a bit later in the afternoon and Hank had been enjoying the quiet time, sitting on the couch with Connor laying with his feet in his lap, Hanks hands absentely rubbing the androids feet. Theyd just finished showering after Connor forced him to come with taking Sumo on his walk, which had turned into a run much to Hanks displeasure.

Connor looked up from his book as Hank laughed. Hed recently taken to reading some of Hanks old paperback books, saying he enjoyed the sensation of actually flipping the pages, and the fact that he had to slow down to actually READ the words on the pages and not just download the information was 'pleasing' to him.

Hank handed his phone over to Connor, his amused grin still in place.

On the screen, under Reeds texts was a group of several photos, taken from different angles of the various bruises that covered his body.

Several dotting the inside of his thigh where Hank had grabbed him.

Several on his hips from Connor.

One big one on his stomach, yellowing around the edges from where it was healing.(from Connor punching him the other day.)

A couple from Connors fingers around his throat.

And one nasty one right on the side of his neck where Connor had bit him, the majority of which was VERY visible above the collar of his shirt.

Connor smiled affectionately flipping through them.

"Detective Reed should really be more appreciative. I'm rather envious he is able to receive such marks." He admitted, handing Hank his phone back.

Hank[2:40pm]: Connor says quit being a bitch.

Hank[2:40pm]: and hes jealous of your bruises

After he sent the text he smiled a bit to himself and set his phone down on the arm of the couch. He was a bit surprised when a reply came back rather quickly.


Hank made a face at his phone.

Hank[2:43pm]: fuck u. Hes made of METAL asshole

Det.Jackass[2:43pm]: already did.
Det.Jackass[2:44pm]: well TECHNICALLY I fucked your boyfriend, but semantics, right?

Det.Jackass[2:44pm]: and there's an app for everything right?

Hank[2:45pm]: I hate you.

Hank[2:45pm]: lose my number

Det.Jackass[2:46pm]: lol

Hank snorted back a laugh and set his phone back down, shaking his head. He looked over at Connor to see the android staring at him with a smile.

"What?" He muttered, quirking an eyebrow.

"Nothing." Connor shook his head and picked up his book again.

Hanks phone buzzed again and he glared at it before picking it up. Texting Gavin was honestly pretty fucking weird, but he wasn't quite as insufferable when he didn't need to hear his damn voice.

Det.Jackass[2:49pm]: Hows he doin? Everything spring back ok?

The fact that Gavin was showing concern for Connor made Hank smile. It endeared the detective to him a bit.

Hank[2:50pm]: hes good, thanks.

Hank debated for a second before continuing to type, figuring there wasn't much of a point in keeping shit from him anymore, since he'd already been balls deep inside his boyfriend.

Hank[2:52pm]: I should be thanking you really. I think that the whole dp thing actually satisfied Con for a bit. He hasn't asked me for sex all day.

Det.Jackass[2:53pm]: hey, if you're too tired you can always send him my way old man

Hank[2:54pm]: ok, seriously fuck you.

Det.Jackass[2:58pm]: that's the idea, Lieutenant.

Det.Jackass[2:58pm]: try to keep up.

Hanks lips twitched in a smirk as Reed used his title. Much like Connor, it seemed it was gonna take on a whole new meaning when it came from the Detective from now on and he couldn't tell if the thought made him happy or uneasy.

The thought of him making Reed choke on his cock at some point, though, made his smirk widen and he huffed out a laugh.

Det.Jackass[3:00pm]: I hit a nerve, asshole?

Hank[3:00pm]: dont worry. you'll regret it later.

He put his phone down again and shook his head, turning the volume on the tv up a bit before resuming his absentminded rubbing of Connors feet.

It did get him wondering, though if there was an upgrade for Connor to be able to receive bruises or hickeys or something. He could blush, so that blue blood was clearly capable of pooling under his synthetic skin. And kamski did seem like enough of a perverted fuck that hed come up with
some bdsm upgrade.

Not that he was one to talk.

Glass houses and all...

The thought of marking Connor up like the android clearly wanted made his mind wander to less-than pure thoughts.
Like tying Connor up and taking a belt to him.
Or a cane.
Or even a whip.
He wondered if the upgrade would also cause Connor to feel pain.
Would he still enjoy it if he did?

The android had once explained that he didn't feel pain, but on excess of sensation on his sensors.
Like overstimulation to the point of being uncomfortable, but he greatly enjoyed it.

Would he feel the same if it actually hurt?
Hank hoped so.
He wouldn't find any pleasure in it if Connor didn't enjoy it too.
And while it would make him a little sad at not being able to REALLY embrace this lifestyle, he'd give it all up if Connor really hated it.

Though something told him the android wouldn't ask him to do that.

When he felt eyes on him he glanced over again, seeing Connor was staring at him over his book.

"What?" He repeated, turning a bit on the couch to look at him. He caught the hint of a smile on Connors face, hidden mostly by the book. The only real indication being the wrinkling in the corners of his eyes.

"Its nothing Lieutenant... Just..."

"What?? Jesus."

"It is simply amusing watching the lighthearted way in which you appear to be conversing with Detective Reed." He shifted a little, setting the book down "I dont believe I've ever seen you on your mobile device this much."

"You jealous or somethin Con?" Hank laughed at the thought.

"Of course not Lieutenant. I am glad your relationship with the Detective is improving. I believe it will be beneficial for all parties involved. In a sexual sense and where work is concerned." He swung his feet off of hanks lap and stood from the couch, walking around the back and slipping his arms around Hanks neck over the back of the couch.

"Besides." He leaned forward and whispered in Hanks ear. "If I was legitimately concerned in regards to your fidelity Lieutenant gaining access to your mobile device, texts, and phone records would be childs play."

Holy shit.

He could hear the smirk in Connors voice as the android leaned forward a bit more and kissed Hanks ear before pulling away. The loosely veiled jealously at the hypothetical situation was.... Honestly pretty fucking hot.
He watched as Connor pulled away and made his way into the kitchen to fix Hank something to eat, that perfect ass practically swaying as Connor bent down to get something out of the fridge.

Cheeky little bastard.

Hank debated for a mere second before getting up off the couch and walking the short distance into the kitchen.

As Connor closed the fridge and set something on the counter Hank came up behind him and forcibly turned the android around, of course noticing the grin on Connors face as Hank put his hands on Connors waist and lifted him up onto the counter, shoving whatever Connor had gathered out of the way.

He leaned forward and kisses Connor gently, smirking as his arms came up around his neck without so much as a second thought. His hands found their way down to Connors thighs and He pushed them open wide. Connor was wearing just his Detroit police sweatshirt, something that was becoming a favorite of both of theirs, and nothing else. So his steadily hardening cock was only too obvious as Hank pushed his legs open.

"And here I thought youd had enough of me for one day..." He teased, wrapping a hand around Connors cock and smiling when he received a sigh in return.

"Never." Connor said with a grin, his LED cycling once but remaining blue.

"That's what I like to hear." He chuckled, lowering himself down onto the kitchen tile with surprising ease. Maybe all the sex was limbering him up a little? His knees still protested as they hit the tile, but hed get over that.

The heated look on Connors face as Hanks mouth came up to his cock made him fucking sure of that. Connors cock didn't taste like anything, except maybe vaguely of silicone. And Hank was honestly pretty glad about it. He'd never been overly fond of sucking dick, mostly because of the musky smell. Sure, if was fine when it was freshly showered and clean, but half the time there was just too much sweat and musk that it made his nose wrinkle in distaste. He could get over it, sure, but it wasn't his favorite thing.

Maybe it was just the guys hed fucked around with when he was younger. Who the fuck knew. He knew his own junk didn't smell like fresh cut flowers that was for damn sure.

But Connor was clean to the point of being sterile, the lack of sweat or really any body odor to speak of a little odd with the realistic FEELING of his body. But it was fine with Hank.

As he wrapped his lips around Connors dick and his android let out a small needy whimper Hank grinned and sucked on tip of him gently.

"You did so good this morning, baby." He praised, looking up at Connor as the android swallowed a bit. "I was so proud of you." He pulled Connors cock into his mouth and groaned a bit around it, sucking a bit before pulling back and licking up the tip, gathering up the precum there. He closed his eyes and kissed along the length, unable to stop himself from grinning at the moan it brought out.

"Turn your sensors up for me. All the way." He instructed, sliding his hands up and down Connors thighs absently. He glanced up, just to make sure, and caught sight of Connors LED finishing spinning yellow. It didn't shift back to blue though as the androids mouth immediately fell open and
he closed his eyes, his cheeks flushing a deep blue that spread across his nose and up to his ears.

He let out a desperate little whimper and that was all Hank needed before sucking the androids cock back into his mouth and going to work.

It didn't take long at all for Connor to cum in that state, a high pitched whine escaping him as he doubled over, wrapping both arms around Hanks head as he came, his tasteless ejaculate spurting into Hanks mouth and on his face. When he pulled away and smiled up at him Connor bit down on his bottom lip and laughed shakily. He held out his hand to help Hank up, the Lieutenants knees protesting at the movement as he stood with a grunt. He wiped a bit of the cum from his face and licked it off of his fingers before leaning forward and kissing Connor.

Connor kissed back with a happy sigh as he hopped off of the counter. "May I turn them back down?" He muttered quietly against Hanks lips.

Hank thought for a second and then smirked, shaking his head. "Nah. Id rather torture you a little first." He said with a decisive nod, earning a pout from Connor.

When the android turned with a huff to continue making Hanks lunch, Hank grinned and gave him a quick swat on the ass earning a yelp from the android and causing him to drop the head of lettuce in his hands. He turned a glare on Hank, which Hank simply returned with a laugh and a shrug of his shoulders.

"Hey, if you'd rather I can call over Reed and have him come fuck around with you." He teased, heading back to the couch loving the way his android seemed to shift a bit at the thought.

God, he didn't deserve Connor.
Chapter 11

Chapter Summary

Saturday was such a night, Hank waking up alone, AGAIN, and groaning when he grabbed his phone and saw that it was already well past midnight.

Chapter Notes

Just an angry android boi and his grumpy Lieutenant.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The rest of the week passed without incident, for the most part, with Hank and Connor managing to get a few interviews with the couple of contacts in Moore's phone, none of which did any good.

Nobody had any more information on the attackers from the docks. Or nobody was talking. They couldn't really be sure one way or the other.

When the official reports came back with each of the victims identities Connor forwarded them to Markus, figuring the android could more than likely help identify their whereabouts before they disappeared.

His network ran deep and if anyone could find a few more links among the androids it would be him.

It was kind of frustrating, honestly.

Just when it seemed like they were making some kind of progress, something happened to derail everything again.

No. Fuck kind of. It was really fucking infuriating.

On more than one occasion Hank had caught Connor up in the middle of the night, the android unable to enter sleep mode comfortably and deciding to stay up and go over the case files again with a fine tooth comb.

Saturday was such a night, Hank waking up alone, AGAIN, and groaning when he grabbed his phone and saw that it was already well past midnight.

He stumbled his way out of bed and shuffled into the kitchen. Of course, there was Connor, sitting in the dark at the kitchen table, fingers steepled together on the tabletop, LED circling an incessant yellow.

"Connor." He growled, making him jump in surprise.

He stomped into the kitchen, glaring and grabbing the back of the androids neck with a slew of curses as he dragged him down the hall to the bedroom.
Once in the room he tossed Connor haphazardly onto the bed, the android scrambling up on his knees and actually pegging Hank with a glare.

"Hank, you're being unreasonable."

"Shut up." He slammed the bedroom door and turned back to Connor.

Connor squared his shoulders. "I will not." This wasnt the first time they'd argued over this in the past week.

They didn't really... Argue, per say. Not in the break shit and scream and yell kind of arguing that Hank was use to, but they certainly disagreed on the point. Hank had voiced his distaste for Connor staying up so late going over their case notes and not coming to bed with him, which Connor had so far brushed off and ignored.

"No. I'm done with this, Con. You can't keep staying up until all fucking hours of the night like this."

"Why?! What harm is it doing?"

"You're working off the fucking clock, Connor! You're on the payroll now. If Jeffrey finds out--"

"I'm am not registering my time off the clock, and I am sure Captain Fowler would be understanding given the circumstances."

"Well what about me?" Hank put his hands on his hips.

"I fail to see how this is bothering you Hank."

"Fucking, Clearly!"

"I've told you, I do not require sleep. I fail to see how my lack of a regular sleep schedule should effect yours."

"Just... Because it fucking does." He growled, pinching the bridge of his nose.

"Why? I'm perfectly capable of maintaining our regular routine without--"

"Im not, Connor! Jesus fucking Christ! I don't... I don't WANT to!" He threw his hands up, exasperated, and started pacing. "I've gotten used to falling asleep with you. Fuck me, I don't WANT to go to bed alone anymore." Hank screwed his eyes shut and pressed his fingers into them until he saw spots.

Connors shoulders slumped a bit and he sighed "Hank... This is important..." He muttered, his voice small.

Hank sighed and ran a hand through his hair, shaking his head before walking forward and wrapping his arms around his android.

"They're all important, Con. Jesus. You can't.... You cant obsess over and prioritize one case over the other. Yes, I want to catch the assholes who did this. If it happens again and we haven't made any leads... It'll eat at me. It already does. What if it was you they got next time? Or Markus? Or any of the other androids we know. But you can't.... You can't bring it home Con. Its not healthy. Trust me. I've been where you are right now. But EVERY fucking body that comes across my desk is someone's loved one and they're all important, and if you let it get the better of you it'll tear you
apart." He pulled away and planted several kisses around Connors face, holding the androids cheeks in his hands as the androids arms came up and wrapped around his waist.

"Im sorry, Hank.."

"You dont have to be sorry, Con. I get it. This shit sucks, but you GOTT A leave it at the office. Or at least, if nothing else, just.... Give yourself a cutoff ok? No working on our days off, and just come to bed with me? Or... worst case scenario just fucking let me know you're gonna be staying up so I can help. We ARE partners Connor. You aren't doing this alone." He smiled and reached up to push that lock of hair back off of Connors forehead.

As he placed a kiss to the androids nose Connor smiled and nodded, leaning his cheek against Hanks hand.

"Thank you Hank. I'm sorry if I've caused you undue stess. I suppose... Im just frustrated with this case and am unsure of what to do with myself as a result." The android seemed to deflate visibly, as though a weight had been lifted from his shoulders and it made Hanks chest swell with a bit of pride to have actually been able to give him some relief from what was plaguing him. Even if it was only temporary.

"Been there, done that kid." He sighed, letting go of Connor so he could flop down on the bed. "Its a miserable existence and I want you to learn from my fuck ups" he laughed a little, holding his arm out for Connor to join him.

As Connor crawled into his arms and sighed heavily, Hank kissed the top of his head and closed his eyes. He was seriously fucking tired, and having his android in his arms seemed to be just what his body had been needing, instantly relaxing. Connor, realizing this, just covered them both up and snuggled in to him, whispering a soft 'good night Lieutenant' before closing his own eyes and initiating sleep mode.

The following morning, Hank woke up to an empty bed, again. He had half a mind to get angry, until the smell of bacon and fried peppers and onions reached him.

There was music on... It was quiet, no doubt the android not wanting to disturb his sleep, but it was a pleasant hum in the background. It made the house seem more alive, really.

Hank screwed up his face, trying to pinpoint the music and coming up blank... It wasnt anything of his. And it was too clear to be coming from his record player anyhow.

Curiosity, and his stomach, getting the better of him, Hank rolled out of bed to make his way into the kitchen but stopped short at the sight in front of him.

He got an overwhelming sense of deja vú at the sight of Connor moving around his kitchen in just the DPA sweatshirt that swamped his lithe frame, coffee brewing quietly while food cooked on the stove and Sumo begged for scraps.

Couple of differences this go 'round though:

1. Connor was NOT wearing anything under the sweatshirt. His bending to grab a dog treat from under the sink proved that.

2. It was some sort of potato hash something or other cooking in the skillet
3. There was the music coming from the blue tooth speakers from his computer, set on the kitchen table so he could hear it while he cooked, no doubt.

And, oh yeah, the obvious one: GavinFuckingReed was propped up on the arm of his fucking couch, laptop on his knee while he talked to Connor quietly.

"What the fuck are you doing here?" Was all Hank could manage.

"Mornin to you too, asshole." Reed said with a grin, giving Hank a mocking salute.

Connor, noticing Hank had come in, smiled warmly and hurried over to him, pecking him on the cheek in greeting. Hank was willing to bet he was just trying to get in between him and Gavin quickly.

"Good morning, Hank." He offered sweetly.

"Mornin Con. My question still stands: the fuck is he doing here?"

They hadn't actually spent any... ALONE time with the detective since their little session in the motel, and that had been... Shit... Almost a full week ago now. They'd mostly ignored each other at the office, of course, only really running into one another when strictly necessary, with Reed making his usual stupid comments in occasion. Reed walked around without bothering to cover up the giant bite mark on his neck, and it made Hank both anxious and proud at the same time.

Of course they had texted somewhat freely throughout the week, Connor even video chatting with him once more when Hank had needed to run an errand, the two masturbating over the phone then sending Hank pictures as he waited in line at the fucking post office. (THAT had been fun.)

But they'd never decided on having the detective over...

Guess Connor had gone and decided for the both of them.

"I invited the Detective over for breakfast since he also has the day off." Connor explained, looking up at Hank with that damn 'don't be mad' smile of his.

Hank just grunted in response and walked over to where Reed was perched, turning the laptop towards himself to look to the screen.

"The fuck are you listening to?" He grumbled. Now that he could hear the upbeat tempo and lyrics clearly it DEFINITELY wasn't anything of his.

"Not my picks. I've been helping Tin man put together a playlist of stuff he might like. Figured it'd be easier for him to do in his head, but the bastard wanted to do it the old fashioned way." Reed waved a hand in annoyance in Connors direction, leaning back a bit so Hank could scroll through the playlist.

"I enjoy tactile sensations." Connor muttered defensively from the kitchen where he stood stirring the contents of the skillet.

"No shit."

"No shit."

Hank and Gavin both glared at each other as they scoffed in the same way, much to Connors amusement.
He turned back to the laptop and scrutinized the playlist again. It was all very...Connor. Lots of old stuff, some new stuff.

Quite a bit of jazz, which made him smile. One or two heavy metal pieces, no doubt because they reminded the android of himself.

Some old school Sinatra.(nice.)

Some poppy bullshit from when Hank was in his early 30s.(ugh)

Lots of Panic! At the disco. (Yeah.. That seemed about right.)

Gavin shrugged his shoulders after a second of letting Hank scroll through the list.

"I tried to get him to add some old school NWA, but nooo"

"Why doesn't that surprise me?" Hank snorted. Connor's choice in music was... Just like him, really. It was fucking everywhere. No one genre or style.

"Said he picks based on the title and the lyrics." Gavin seemed to explain, scratching at his head.

"Yeah. That seems appropriate for him. No actual preferences to speak of." Hank snorted.

Currently coming through the speakers: Gasoline by Halsey.

As the chorus picked up again Hank had to laugh and shake his head.

Fucking androids.

And all the people say
You can't wake up, this is not a dream

You're part of a machine, you are not a human being

With your face all made up, living on a screen

Low on self esteem, so you run on gasoline

Oh-oh-oh-oh

I think there's a flaw in my code

Oh-oh-oh-oh

These voices won't leave me alone

Well my heart is gold and my hands are cold

He looked down at Gavin with a raised eyebrow, the detective just raising his hands defensively.

"Hey, at least its not fucking Brittany Spears--DO NOT look that up!" He leaned around Hank and pointed a finger at Connor, who paused in pouring their coffee, LED slowly going back to blue, as though it had been caught in the act.

Hank glared daggers down at Gavin.
"I swear to fucking god Reed, if I wake up to 'Hit me baby one more time' I'm going to fucking end you."

"Oh, well in THAT case." Gavin grinned, fingers hovering over the keyboard.

As Hank reached for the damn thing they both paused as the playlist scrolled by itself impossibly fast, no doubt Connor picking something else to listen to.

Hank was mildly afraid for a second before some gentle guitar started coming through the speakers.

He glanced at the computer to see what it had landed on.

Always, by P!ATD.

He rolled his eyes and knelt to pet Sumo, who'd apparently just realized he was in the room. The android didn't judge him for his tastes so he wasn't going to give him shit for trying to find his own. Even if he didn't really agree with them.

As the lyrics started registering, Hanks face softened into a warm smile.

> When the world gets too heavy
> Put it on my back
> I'll be your levy
> You are taking me apart
> Like bad glue On a get well card
> It was always you
> Falling for me
> Now there's always time
> Calling for me
> I'm the light blinking at the end of the road
> Blink back, to let me know

He stood and walked into the kitchen, wrapping his arms around his android and leaning over his shoulder to kiss his cheek. "You're a fucking sap." He muttered, grinning at the blue blush that had crept into Connors cheeks.

> That I'm skin and bone
> Just a king and rusty throne
> Oh, the castle's under siege
> But the sign outside says 'leave me alone'
> It was always you
"Falling for me
Now there's always time
Calling for me
I'm the light blinking at the end of the road
Blink back, to let me know
(It was always you)
Blink back, to let me know
(It was always you)

Connor turned in his arms and kissed him, a dopey smile on his face. When they pulled away he opened his mouth to say something, only to be interrupted by Detective asshole clearing his throat pointedly behind them.

"Fuck. You're still here," Hank sighed, hanging his head on Connors shoulder, the android simply laughing and patting him on the back.

"Rude." Gavin snorted, dropping himself into a seat at the table. "I was promised breakfast."

Connor just smiled and steered Hank towards the table, bringing over his and Gavins coffees once he was seated.

He then brought over the skillet of whatever the fuck it was and a plate of heated tortillas, along with a container or sour cream and hot sauce. Breakfast tacos.

Hank made a face of 'oh. Ok' before beginning to make himself a plate.

Reed was already helping himself, of course, while Connor sat down with them and sipped at his mug quietly. it was really nice, actually, even with Gavin eating like a slob across from him.

When they'd finished eating Hank got up from the table and started cleaning up while Connor went to the room to get dressed.

When the android came back out he was dressed in his sweatpants and an athletic t shirt and gave a sly smile when Hank looked at him funny.

"I'm afraid I was not clear in my intentions of inviting over Detective Reed, Lieutenant."

"What?" Hank asked, wary of the answer he was pretty sure was coming.

He grunted when Reed clapped him on the back, a stupid fucking grin on his face.

"You ready to get back into shape, old man?"

Hank groaned.
So, we were taking down signs at work and I came across one that said. "More fun for your Android."
And my first thought was "oh really??"
Before realizing it was talking about phones.
I need help lol
"See, Con... this is what I wish you could experience. Feeling them is the best..."

Connor watched with a rapt expression as Gavin groaned, his growing erection becoming incredibly obvious in his loose sweatpants. He moved closer on his knees and trailed a hand up Gavin's throat, his finger tenderly trailing along the edge of the bruise not covered by Hanks hand.

"What does it feel like?" He breathed, his eyes staying glued to the mark.

"Go on, Reed." Hank shook Reed slightly, his hand not leaving Gavin's neck. "He asked you a question."

Chapter Notes

So, I lost another chapter, because of my own fucking stupidity this time.. -.-
I may or may not have cried out of frustration.

"Woo! Ain't it great to feel alive, you old fuck?"

Hank grimaced as Reed slapped him on the back once more, causing his already sweaty shirt to stick to him even more.

"I fucking hate you." He growled, chugging the last of the water from the bottle Connor had brought him.

They'd ended up at a small gym near Reeds apartment after Hank had adamantly refused to use the precincts. It was no secret he was out of shape, but he'd be damned if he let the other more athletically inclined officers see their Lieutenant struggling with basic fucking workouts.

While he had hoped for just some simple exercises to get himself warmed up to the idea of working out again, apparently Gavin and Connor had had other fucking plans. He had to wonder if they'd discussed this previously, and the thought that they were plotting against him just made him even more annoyed.

Connor had APPARENTLY downloaded a bunch of police academy workouts and training exercises that he felt were applicable to their line of work. And he put Hank through the fucking ringer, the android of course monitoring Hanks vitals the whole time, so the Lieutenant couldn't even lie his way out of it.

The kid was fucking BRUTAL, getting right down into Hanks face and pushing him well past what he would normally force himself to do. He was encouraging, while Reed was condescending
and showing off, the two playing off of one another surprisingly well. It gave Hank just the right amount of positive reinforcement mixed with fucking outrage to power through. And Reed, of course, seemed to be enjoying every fucking second of it, doing the exercises right along side him.

He had to admit the guy was in good shape, despite his nasty cigarette habit. Better shape than Hank at least, that was for damn sure. As he lifted the bottom of his shirt and used it to wipe sweat from his face, his cocky fucking grin not wavering, Hank couldn't help but stare at his abs.

Until of course he heard a loud grunt and a thud from off to his left forcing his attention in that direction.

Followed by Gavin's loud "oh shit!" Ringing with laughter.

The gym they were in had a small boxing ring off in a corner, where Connor currently had one of the gym's patrons pinned to the mat.

Hank stood to get a better view as Connor got off of him and helped the guy up, the two talking for a minute, Connor no doubt telling him what he probably did wrong, then following up with several slow, demonstrative movements to instruct him on how to properly counter.

Hank shook his head and sat back down, wiping his face down with a towel.

It made sense the android would be a good sparring partner. With his unlimited stamina and wealth of knowledge on pretty much everything Hank couldn't blame the few people who had started to crowd around, wanting to try their hands at attempting to best the android. Despite Connor seeming to be enjoying himself, Hank had to push down the mild annoyance as it crossed his mind that Connor wasn't a piece of gym equipment. But as Connor caught his stare from across the room and smiled warmly, his lips puckering in a quick blown kiss, Hank ignored the heat in his cheeks and stared down at the water bottle in his hands as he fiddled with it absently.

When Gavin flopped down next to him on the bench he glanced over at the detective.

"What? Don't wanna get your ass kicked again?" Hank chuckled dryly, earning a glare from Reed.

"Fuck off, Anderson." He laughed, flipping Hank off "Its not like hes really even trying. It wouldn't be a fair fight. For him, I mean."

When Hank raised an eyebrow, Gavin scoffed. "He's put a dampener on his strength so he doesn't hurt anyone." It was Gavin's turn to raise an eyebrow. "You didn't know he could do that?" He asked.

"I...well..No. Not really." Hank shrugged his shoulders, feeling weird to admit it to Reed of all people. He knew Connor could monitor his strength, sure, but the idea that it was an actual... Feature he could raise and lower at will was something he hadn't considered. It got him wondering just how often Connor and Gavin had been talking.

Gavin stood from the bench and started stretching a bit, keeping his eyes across the gym, as though not wanting to look Hank in the eye. "Well, It's not a big fucking deal. We were just talking about Wallace and how the bruise he left on me seemed larger and he mentioned it. It's not like we were braiding each others hair and sharing secrets." He mumbled, snatching his water bottle off of the bench and cracking it open. Hank just smiled up at him, grateful that the detective, dense as he was, seemed to understand that the idea that he may know more about the android than Hank did was an unpleasant one.
"Hank?"

Hank looked up to see Connor had come across the gym to stand next to them, smiling down at him with his hands behind his back... He looked so happy and relaxed, his eyes bright. It made Hank grin back up at him, glad that the android was enjoying himself at least.

"Hey, Con. You have fun over there?" He asked, rubbing his face with his towel before standing up.

"Yes. I rather enjoyed being of assistance. They've asked if I would like to come back as a trainer." He laughed a bit as Hanks eyebrows went up, as though amused by the idea. "I told them I would consider returning on the weekends, if our schedule allowed it."

"Oh joy."

Connor laughed. "How are you feeling?"

"Like I got hit by a fucking truck."

"Great, aint it?" Gavin grinned, chugging some of his water.

"Hell no." Hank growled, "I'm not a fucking masochist like some people. And if I was, there are sure a fuck ton of more fun ways to go about getting my kicks."

Connor cocked his head to the side, all wide eyed innocence. "Is that an official unit of measurement, Lieutenant?"

Asshole.

Gavin grinned like mad and smacked Connors arm with the back of his hand. "Yeah! You know, like a metric fuck ton." He held his arms out, as though measuring.

"And is that more, or less than a shit ton?"

"Less than a shit ton, but more than a butt load."

"Ah."

"I fucking hate both of you. Find your own fucking rides home." Hank growled, turning and heading towards the locker room to shower himself off, throwing up his middle finger as Connors and Gavin's laughter followed him.

They were both gonna be the fucking death of him.

Once they returned home, Gavin still tagging along per Connors request, Hank walked inside and collapsed on the couch with a long groan, his body settling into a perpetual, pulsing ache. He glanced up as he heard Connor pour food into Sumo's bowl as Gavin flopped his ass down in the armchair next to the couch. With a sigh he rolled over and allowed himself to close his eyes, absently going over in his head what he should probably do with the rest of his day, if he could find the fucking strength to get off of the couch again. He needed to take the trash out, and bathe Sumo, and probably do a load of laundry so that Connor didn't need to.

When he heard hushed voices he opened his eyes and looked over towards the armchair. Connor had seated himself with his book in Gavin's lap, his legs draped over one of the arms as they talked
quietly, Gavin swiping absently through his phone, his other hand rubbing at Connors thigh.

After a minute that hand moved upwards, groping at the front of the androids sweatpants, Connors toes curling a bit at the attention.

"Have I mentioned how sexy you are sometimes?" He muttered, setting his phone down and leaning forwards to place a kiss on Connors jaw. Hank furrowed his eyebrows, unsure of how to feel about the situation. He wasn't sure how to feel about their relationship as a whole, really. They were sort of fuck buddies, sort of friends, and Hank wasn't even entirely sure where he fit in with all of it. Did Gavin just want Connor, or did he want him too?

As Connors eyes shifted over to Hank, he couldn't help but smile though. He could practically see the gears turning in the androids head.

"Yall know I'm still alive over here, right?" He asked, raising an eyebrow at the two.

Connor just grinned and slid gracefully off of Gavin's lap as Hank sat up, the android crawling the distance between the two seats and parking himself at Hanks feet, his chin coming to rest on the Lieutenants knee. It made Hank laugh softly, since it just reminded him of Sumo, begging for attention.

"I do believe Gavin is in need of a little attention, Hank. He seems to have forgotten who exactly I belong to." Connor muttered, his voice dropping low as he looked up at Hank with a smug expression.

"Yeah?" Hanks hand found it's way into Connors hair, massaging his scalp gently as he smirked. "He is a bit of a needy bitch, huh?" He asked, glancing up at Reed.

Being nice to Reed was still weird, but this.... this was familiar territory.

Hank smirked and crooked a finger at Gavin, who just scoffed and sat back in the chair defiantly.

"I do believe that is blatant disrespect Lieutenant." Connor chuckled, resting his cheek on Hanks knee as he turned to look at Gavin. Hank nodded and brushed Connor off of his lap as he stood, grunting slightly as he body protested, wondering why the fuck he was moving again so soon after putting it through such shit.

He walked over to where Gavin sat and leaned over him, his hands coming to rest on either side of him on the arms of the chair.

"You wanna try that again, Reed?" He asked, quirking an eyebrow.

Gavin pulled a face, that smirk not leaving his face. "Nah. I'm good."

Hank nodded. "Ok." He reached forward and grabbed Gavin by the hair at the back of his head. "Whats the safeword?"

"Red. Asshole." Reed rolled his eyes.

"Good to know you can keep something in that brain of yours." Hank said, nodding once more before yanking Reed out of the chair and shoving him to the floor. He smirked as the Detective grimaced when his knees hit the floor.

Hank eyeballed the healing bruise on Gavin's neck and reached down to grab him on that spot, his fingers digging in to the tender flesh mercilessly.
Gavin hissed at the contact and closed his eyes as Connor watched, the androids mouth falling open slightly. Hank groaned softly in his throat as he continued kneading the spot under his fingers, loving the way it made Reed squirm under his hand.

"See, Con... this is what I wish you could experience. Feeling them is the best..."

Connor watched with a rapt expression as Gavin groaned, his growing erection becoming incredibly obvious in his loose sweatpants. He moved closer on his knees and trailed a hand up Gavin's throat, his finger tenderly trailing along the edge of the bruise not covered by Hanks hand.

"What does it feel like?" He breathed, his eyes staying glued to the mark.

"Go on, Reed." Hank shook Reed slightly, his hand not leaving Gavin's neck. "He asked you a question."

Gavin swallowed, his adams apple bobbing. "It's..." He closed his eyes. "They're warm. And really fucking tender." He growled, directing a glare up at Hank, only to groan again as Hank put more weight behind his hand. "They're always sensitive. And hot to the touch, the raised skin always feels...fucking amazing under your fingers... a constant reminder of the kind of fucked up shit you were put through. What you can handle.... that you're alive..."

Hank watched Connors reactions, the androids eyes practically sparkling as Gavin talked. Connor slipped his hand under Hanks, Hank happily moving his hand to allow Connor to feel along the teeth-shaped welts. As he squeezed his fingers on the mark like Hank had done, Gavin grit his teeth and reached forward, his hand going up to Connors hair and pulling, drawing a soft gasp from the android.

Hank opened his mouth to complain, only to be cut off by a growl from Sumo, who still lay in his spot in the corner of the living room. All three of them looked in the dogs direction, the saint bernard having raised his head and was looking at them. Hank couldn't help but laugh loudly as his big softie of a dog seemed to get protective of the android.

"Jesus, I hate dogs." Gavin grumbled, earning a glare from both Hank and Connor. Hank reached out and smacked Gavin on the back of the head

"Well apparently he doesn't like you much either."

"Sumo." Connor cooed as he got up off of the floor and went into the kitchen, getting a treat for the dog and scratching at his big head as he gave it to him. When Sumo seemed content, Connor smiled and stood, addressing the other two.

"Should we go back to the bedroom?" He suggested, raising his eyebrows.

Gavin nodded and stood, actually accepting Hanks hand to help him up, the three heading into Hanks room and shutting the door behind them.

It didn't take long before both Connor and Gavin were naked, sprawled out on Hanks bed, the two of them leisurely touching themselves while Hank watched. It was fucking beautiful. Both of them, in different ways. Connor, just because it was Connor and everything he did was beautiful, and Gavin because he finally seemed to be loosening up and submitting a bit more. The idea that all he had to do was rough the detective up a bit to get THIS out of him was incredibly satisfying.

As another strike from Hanks belt landed on the inside of Connors thigh, the android gasped and
writhed a little on top of the bed, the hand stroking his cock pausing briefly as he took a moment to pull air into his fake lungs.

Gavin watched with what Hank could only assume was a longing expression as he placed another strike on Connors other thigh, the android whimpering slightly in response.

"Con... what do you say?" Hank muttered, propping a knee up on the bed and leaning over to plant a soft kiss on Connors now exposed chassis before the synthetic skin covered it again.

"Thank you, Lieutenant.." He whispered, biting his bottom lip as he resumed stroking himself.

"Good boy." Hank praised, rubbing his hands along the smooth skin as he stood again.

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As Gavin watched Hank whack the crap out of Connors thigh with his belt he groaned and gripped his own dick a little harder, not giving two shits that it was still pretty sensitive from the fact that he'd already orgasmed once.

Part of him felt bad for the android. He couldn't imagine not being able to feel pain. Just thinking about it made him fucking sad.

Hell, just watching that leather bite into Connors fake skin, causing it to peel away and reveal the smooth plastic underneath made Gavin ache with jealously. Connor sure as hell felt SOMETHING though, the android writhing on the bed a bit with needy little whimper before thanking his Lieutenant.

When Hank came around to his side of the bed Reeds eyes followed him hungrily, staying glued to that damn belt and Hank trailed it teasingly up his leg. Gavin glared at the leather, as though if he put enough hate into it then it would hurry the fuck up and hit him.

"Jesus, look at you." Hank snorted a bit, causing Gavin to shift in a bit against the headboard and open his legs a little more. "You really are a glutton for punishment, aren't you Reed?"

Gavin sneered up at him "Go fuck yourself, Anderson." He muttered, earning him a solid pop on his thigh from that belt. He hissed a bit at the impact but smiled, biting his bottom lip, not pausing the movements of his hand on his dick. Hank almost immediately followed the slap with another, the belt striking the same spot again with ridiculous precision. Gavin glared up at him, which quickly earned another strike, again in the same fucking spot causing Gavin to slam his head back against the headboard and wincing, letting out a curse.

Hank wasn't gentle with him. No soft hand rubs and kisses for him. Thank fucking god.

Instead, the Lieutenant reached down and gripped the red welt roughly, his big palm covering the thing as he squeezed. He grit his teeth and shuddered, earning a dark laugh from Hank.

As he heard shuffling to his left he glanced over to see Connor scooting closer to him, the android moving to lay his head on Gavins opposite thigh and kissing it with a soft smile. He moved his other hand to the androids hair to stroke it gently, loving the way those brown eyes traveled to his cock hungrily as he continued to stroke himself. His lower body was already covered in a shiny layer of his own cum, Hank having decided when they started to let the two cum as much as they
wanted before he was done with them.

Hank set the belt down, reached over Gavins lap and rubbed Connors cheek, stroking it gently before pushing his fingers into the androids mouth. Connor responded by instantly closing his eyes and moaning around the digits, sucking on them.

The sound of Hank groaning as Connor practically sucked the flesh off of his fingers had Gavin close to orgasm again just from the raw, gutteral sound. It didnt last long, though, as Hank withdrew his fingers and gave Connor a quick slap on the cheek, the androids saliva causing the slap to sound even louder than it actually was. Connor even flinched a bit before grinning in that stupid blissful way of his and whispering a thank you.

"Such an insatiable little deviant." Hank chuckled affectionately, ruffling Connors hair before straightening back up and grabbing the belt again.

"Up. On your feet." He instructed, motioning for Gavin to get up. When Connor moved to get up as well Hank stopped him, holding a hand out. "Nuh uh. Not you."

Connor stopped instantly and laid back down, a needy look on his face. Hank just smiled as he hauled Gavin to his feet, the Detective obeying with a grunt of distaste.

Reed had to admit he was a bit curious as the Lieutenant spread his legs and then leaned around him to motion for Connor to come forward. Connor did, of course, smiling as Hank kissed him gently once then allowing himself to be manhandled into whichever position Hank wanted him. Which at the moment, appeared to be on his back with his head hanging off of the edge of the bed, giving Gavin a lovely view of the androids throat and down his body. His pulse quickened and he swallowed back a whimper of excitement as he realized what was most likely about to happen.

Sure enough, Hank reached around and grabbed Gavins dick in his hand, angling it towards Connors mouth while resting his chin on Reeds shoulder. Given his shorter stature, his hips met nicely with the androids mouth, and he was grateful he didnt need to bend his knees too much in order to sink his cock into Connors throat. Given the position of course it went in without a problem, and Gavin allowed himself a moment of selfish ego stroking, his hand coming to rest on that faux Adams apple, as he watched Connors throat bob when he swallowed around it.

Thank god the android didnt need to breathe. Gavin could just picture himself in such a position, choking on Andersons thick cock while he struggled to pull air into his lungs as the blood rushed to his head. The mental image had him thrusting one good time into Connor and moaning softly as he came again, loving the way Connor groaned as he did it, the action causing the android to join him and climaxing all over his stomach and hand, adding to the mess that was already there.

Hank just chuckled behind them, his hands keeping Reeds hips in place so that the detective couldn't pull out.

"Jesus. Look at you two.. Covered in your own cum and I havent even properly fucked either of you yet.."

Gavin groaned as Hank bit down on his shoulder, right next to where Connor had bit previously, and the sting was delicious causing his cock to twitch a little.

Hank then reached down with the belt and tapped it teasingly along Gavins outer thigh, humming to himself as though in thought.

"Not gonna lie Reed, I kinda wanna see how much of pain slut you really are." He popped the belt
gently on Gavins thigh, the Detective groaning softly in response. "But I'm a bit nervous with my property between your legs there..." He popped him once more, harder this time. "So... What do you think, asshole? Think you can stay still for me?"

Gavin shivered as Hanks hand traveled up his spine then back down to grip his hip again, forcing his hypersensitive cock to thrust into Connor once more which earned a moan from the both of them. Apparently, not the response Hank was looking for, since he smacked Gavin with the belt again, feigning annoyance despite the smirk evident in his voice.

"Well? I asked you a fucking question, Reed." Hanks hand came up and around to Gavins throat, squeezing slightly. "Or is that Detective title just for show? How many other Lieutenants have you had to fuck to get where you are, Reed?"

As Hank whispered nasty things into Gavins ear he squirmed a little, his cheeks heating up as his cock filled out again.

"I won't move.." He managed to breathe out around the pressure on his windpipe. "Gimme all you got, asshole." He tacked on, smirking a bit.

"Ok then." Hank let out a soft huff of a laugh before shoving Reed forward so that he had to catch himself with his hands on Connors firm chest. That belt bit into the skin of his ass once before Hank groped at him.

"You move and I hit my android and I promise you will regret it, Reed." He added, giving his ass a smack with his hand before continuing with the belt.

As Hank mercilessly laid strike after strike onto Gavin’s ass and down his thighs, Reed had to grit his teeth and squeeze his eyes shut as he locked his knees and tried to keep himself as still as possible. The hits seemed to only ramp up in intensity the more it went on, and while the first several were tolerable when he started running out of fresh real estate to be hit and the blows started laying over one another Gavin didn't bother trying to hold back his groans and curses.

He barely noticed when Connors hands came up and touched his biceps tenderly, the androids thumbs rubbing little circles in his skin as though trying to be calming. They were both rock hard again.

As a final smack landed violently across both of his tender asscheeks Gavin bit out a curse and pitched forward, resting his forehead on Connors torso. His skin was somewhat cool to the touch and it was nice.

When the seconds dragged out and another strike didn't come Gavin finally breathed out a sigh of relief, refusing to acknowledge the tears pickling the corners of his eyes.

He heard the belt drop to the floor, along with Hanks somewhat heavy breathing, before feeling those rough hands grope his backside. It stung like a bitch and had him sucking air in through his teeth again, then clenching up as the Lieutenants thumb found its way to his exposed asshole.

"Oh fuck..." Reed couldn't stop the curse that escaped him as Hanks fingers found their way inside of him, lubed up and probing, taking several minutes to stretch him out for what was inevitably to come.

When he started to buck his hips back a little in impatience, Hank chuckled softly and took the invitation, slowly pushing that impressive cock into him with a drawn out groan.

He waited a moment, mercifully, a big hand rubbing up and down Gavin back while he adjusted a
little before beginning to move his hips. The friction made his hips thrust down into Connor again, the android quickly moaning along with them as his throat was slammed into.

After a few more thrusts, the Lieutenants hips smacking into Gavin's raw backside, Gavin let out a guttural noise as he came again, the spasming of his rim around Hanks cock causing the Lieutenant to blow his own load gripping Reeds hips hard enough to bruise.

Hank waited a second before pulling out of him with a sigh, Gavin groaning and pulling himself out from Connor in return. He helped the android to sit up before flopping himself down on the bed, face first. He felt so stretched out and empty with Hank not inside of him anymore and he sighed softly to himself, closing his eyes and wiping his sweaty face on the sheets like a child.

He looked up long enough to see Hank leaning over to kiss Connor as he tied off the end of a condom and threw it in the bin next to the bed.

Oh. That explained a lot.

Hank tucked himself back into his underwear and made his way towards the door, exiting the room silently. When he heard the fridge open and close he could only assume the Lieutenant was getting a drink.

As cool hands came to rest on Gavins stinging ass he grunted softly in annoyance and looked over his shoulder at Connor, the android busying himself with feeling all along the welts and marks that his Lieutenant had left behind. His fingers trailed over one of the more sensitive ones and Gavin watched as he brought the digits up to his lips, licking a little droplet of blood off of them.

That explained some things too.

Connor just smiled down at him as Gavin rolled his eyes and resumed his massaging of the detectives ass.

When Gavin hissed a little as he kneaded a particularly sensitive spot Connor muttered a soft apology and removed his hands. When he placed them on him again the androids hands were freezing fucking cold, causing Gavin to jump and curse, rolling on to his side to get away from them.

Connor just stared. "Im sorry..." He muttered, putting his hands in his lap. His voice was distorted a bit by static, as though the abuse to his throat knocked something loose. "I assumed it would help."

Gavin snorted, rolling back over and waving a hand dismissively as Hank walked back into the room, two bottles of water in his hands. "Its not a big deal. Just... If youre gonna do that, use heat instead."

"But... Cold will reduce the swelling and const--"

"Yeah, I know that, asshole. Thats the point." Gavin accepted the bottle from Hank and propped himself up on his elbows to drink some. "If you use heat til it cause more blood to flow make it bruise up more." He swallowed down most of the water, refusing to look at either Connor or Hank as they both laughed a bit and Connor returned his hands, now warmed up, to Gavin backside.

He let the android do as he pleased, warm hands rubbing and massaging as his bottom until he seemed satisfied and turned his affections towards Hank. Gavin was fading in and out of consciousness as he overheard the conversation between the two; something about Connors voice box and how to fix it, and how Hank was perfectly ok with making going to the gym on Sundays a routine, if this was how he was rewarded.
Gavin could feel his cheeks pulling into a smile, thinking he was perfectly fine with that too, before sleep overtook him.
Chapter Summary

"The fuck are you two plotting?" He asked suspiciously, pulling a plate from the cabinet as he eyeballed Gavin.

"Sorry old man, I'm stealing your boyfriend for a couple of hours." Gavin said nonchalantly, smiling a little when Sumo came over to sit by his feet and sniff at his hand curiously. The dog didn't beg for pets though, just sniffed Gavin's hand and chuffed softly before returning to his spot in the corner of the living room.

"What?" Hank asked, turning an incredulous stare on the detective, who just smirked back.

Chapter Notes

Things are gonna steadily get a little bit darker after this.
Lots of angst in upcoming chapters, with a few lighthearted ones thrown in. Not entirely sure yet.
But we're ramping up to some kind of heavy stuff, so be prepared!
Hopefully you still like me after all of this!
Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hank sat on the edge of the couch with his phone clutched in his hand, staring at the TV without actually seeing anything that was on the screen in front of him.

He'd just gotten off of the phone with Fowler, and was running through what to tell Connor when the android came back from walking Sumo. The words kept chasing each other over and over again in his head, but he couldn't seem to get anything to stick.

He cursed and got up to make himself a drink. It was 6pm and they'd only gotten home an hour ago, but fuck it. Connor would have to deal with it. He didn't wanna give the android this news completely sober, even though he probably should. A small part of him though, a part he refused to acknowledge as he sucked down a glass of scotch and immediately poured another, didn't want to tell Connor at all. Let him go on thinking everything was fine.

It wasn't like someone had died.

But he dreaded the look on his androids face nonetheless when he broke the news. Because he had to. He would find out sooner or later, and Hank didn't want it to come from anyone else.

Fuck, this was gonna be hard.

When he heard Sumo's collar jingling outside the door he groaned and put the bottle back up on top
of the fridge. He didn't want Connor to see him standing with the damn thing in his hand. That 
would only make it worse. So he took his glass and moved to sit on the arm of the armchair, 
steeling himself.

Connor came in and took one look at Hank and his smile dropped, which made Hank feel that 
much worse. Connor unclipped Sumo's leash and hung it on it's hook by the door before taking a 
couple of careful steps in Hanks direction.

"Is everything alright, Lieutenant?" He asked, his gaze flicking over the glass yin Hanks hand 
before meeting his stare again.

"Um... yeah. No. Just take a seat, Connor."

"I'd prefer to stand, if that's alright." Connor eyed Hank warily, his body going eerily still.

He did that, when he was nervous, all of his limbs locking up as the android seemed to ground 
himself.

"Fine. Fuck it." Hank sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose. "I just got off the phone with 
Jeffrey."

"Is Gavin alright?" As Connors brow furrowed a bit in concern for his friend, Hank held up a hand 
and nodded.

"Everyone fine, Con. Nobody's gotten hurt, nobody's job is in trouble, everyones... ok. It's nothing 
that serious." Hank sighed and stood, taking another sip of his scotch as Connor proceeded to 
lower himself down on to the couch, his limbs relaxing a fraction.

"Then why the grim demeanor, Hank?"

"Because I know you." Hank laughed bitterly, scratching the back of his head before turning to 
face Connor. "Wallace has been released from custody." He stated, his tone flat.

Aaaand, there it was. Connors whole body seemed to deflate as his eyebrows dropped low and he 
seemed to look around the room in confusion, as though the computer desk would give him the 
answers he was looking for.

"But... Why? We got a confession. And she was alive when he disassembled her. He confirmed 
that. She was alive when the bill passed. Why would they--" He stopped as Hank held up his hand, 
downing the rest of his drink before going into the kitchen and putting his glass in the sink.

"Cyberlife came back with their official report... they put her time of death at just after midnight, 
well before the bill was officially passed. They said..."He sighed and dropped himself onto the 
couch next to Connor. "They said that he destroyed her memory core early in the evening. So while 
her body was still TECHNICALLY functional, her brain was gone. Everything that made her... her, 
was already long dead before she would have been officially declared alive. So he 
TECHNICALLY didn't break any laws. By a few hours, he destroyed his own property, he didn't 
commit murder." Hank winced even as he said it, knowing full well that it was complete and utter 
bullshit.

Connor looked like he would break in half if the wind blew too hard, he looked so damn fragile 
and confused. The android clenched his fists in his lap before letting out a long sigh, shaking his 
head as he seemed to compose himself. "This is ridiculous." He muttered, keeping his glare 
directed at the floor.
"I know... Jeffrey got the news and called me immediately. Said he wanted you to hear it first before word got around."

"I... appreciate that."

"Are you ok?" Hank asked cautiously, setting a hand gently on Connors knee. He wasn't surprised when Connor just shook his head and slumped back against the couch.

"No... Lieutenant, I don't believe I am... I thought we'd actually done something good... and now he's just free to walk around and do as he damn well pleases. Then with that and now this... stupid serial murder case that is CONTINUING to go nowhere... I am beginning to wonder what exactly the point in all of this is... I feel as though I am continuing to fail and it's making me rather... upset." He ran both hands through his hair and sighed heavily, leaning against Hanks shoulder when the Lieutenant put and arm around him and pulled him close.

"I'm sorry, kid. I told you. This job fucking sucks sometimes. It'll chew you up and spit you out and show you nothing but the fucking worst humanity has to offer."

"Then why do it?" He whispered, closing his eyes and putting his arms around Hanks waist.

"Because someone has to, I guess. Otherwise we wouldn't be able to get assholes like Wallace at all. They'd just... KEEP getting away with it. And I wouldn't be able to sleep at night knowing I let that happen... would you?"

"I do not require sleep at all, technically."

Hank huffed out a small laugh. "Smartass."

Connor sat up a bit and ran both hands through his hair again, tugging at the strands gently as he sat back on the couch, LED cycling yellow.

"You good?" He asked, quirking an eyebrow at the android as his LED continued to cycle. Hank could only assume he was messaging someone as the silence seemed to stretch out a bit.

"Yes... I will be alright. I was messaging Markus to schedule a meeting so that we can see what new information he may have learned regarding the current case. And Gavin, to see if he would like to come spend a bit of time together." He said, standing from the couch and heading into the kitchen to start cooking something for Hank to eat. Hank felt a bit bad as the androids LED seemed to stay on yellow, since he was pretty sure it wasn't due to a communication link, given the fact that it wasn't cycling. Just a still, petulant yellow.

Crinkling up his face a bit he stood and headed into the kitchen with Connor, wrapping his arms around the androids waist and pulling him forcibly away from the stove where he was setting up a pot for spaghetti. He noticed Connor cracked a small smile as he struggled weakly against Hanks hold, and the sight made him feel a hell of a lot lighter, the tension that had weighed his shoulders down moments ago leaving as he pulled a laugh from his android.

"Hank, I'm trying to make you food." He protested, turning in Hanks arms and smiling up at him, a mock-annoyed expression on his face.

"Yeah, I know." Hank smiled back down at him and leaned forward, pressing a kiss to Connors LED. "Ask me if I care." He placed several more kisses along his face. "Go on. I'll wait." He kept kissing all of the androids face and holding him close, grinning when he finally saw the LED cycle to blue.
Connor just laughed and pushed back against him as he shook his head and turned to worry about the food again. Hank couldn't help but be a little enamored with the idea that Connor was a million times stronger than he let on. He knew he was. He'd seen it in action. Hell, he'd been on the receiving end of it before. Connor could easily lift Hank up with one arm. But in moments like this, where it was just the two of them, Connor seemed to enjoy Hank being physically stronger.

It made sense, given the nature of their relationship, of course, but it still just tickled him; The knowledge that this ridiculously strong android was purposely limiting his strength so that he was just barely strong enough to push Hank away from himself. God, he loved it.

He loved him...

Hank just leaned back against the table as he watched Connor cook, the weight of that thought really settling in. He hadn't said it. Neither had Connor. He'd purposely avoided even thinking about their relationship moving into the 'four letter word' category, even though that was obviously where it was headed. As he watched Connor put a small pinch of salt into the water and drop the noodles in, then put the sauce in another pot, the android glancing over his shoulder to smile at him briefly before going back to the fridge, his heart practically threw itself into his throat. He really didn't deserve this kid.

Connor was so... amazing with fucking everything. He felt so many things so deeply since his deviancy and Hank sometimes had a hard time keeping up with the range of emotions bubbling just under the calm surface that was Connors demeanor. And then Hank was.... just Hank.

A washed up, Alcoholic, out of shape, overweight, sadistic asshole who most definitely did NOT deserve someone like Connor.

And yet Connor never seemed to question their relationship. He just fell into it easily, accepting Hank despite who he was, hell, FOR who he was, knowing full well that he came with a shit ton of baggage and not even batting an eye. He would just smile, and look up at Hank with those big eyes of his, and say 'Lieutenant' in that way that made Hanks heart skip a beat and that was all it took. He was head over heels for this stupid, amazing fucking android.

"You're staring, Lieutenant." Connor laughed, breaking Hank out of his train of thought. The android had leaned back against the counter as the noodles were cooking and smiled up at Hank.

Hank just smiled in return and crossed the kitchen, pulling Connor into his arms once more and leaning down to place a soft kiss on his lips. It was unassuming and gentle, Hank trying to put every bit of the feelings he knew he couldn't say out loud into the simple action, and Connor seemed mildly taken aback by it. The android paused briefly before putting his arms around Hanks neck and kissing him back. They stayed like that for several long moments, even after breaking the kiss, Hank just standing there with his forehead rested against Connors, and Connor just went with it. The android lowered one of his hands and placed it over Hanks heart, a soft smile on his face.

"Love you, Con." He said, exhaling a breath he'd been holding for longer than he realized.

Connor pulled away a bit at that and looked up at Hank, his eyes widening for a fraction of a second before he broke into a large smile. Both arms made their way back around Hanks neck as he leaned up and kissed him again, this time hopping up to wrap his legs around Hanks waist, catching the Lieutenant by surprise as he took a step back to brace himself and grabbed on to Connors bottom to help support him. When he pulled away again he looked down at Hank from his vantage point, a massive grin on his face as his cheeks flushed.

"It's about damn time." Connor whispered, kissing him again, much to Hanks amusement.
The two were pulled out of their moment as a knock sounded on the door, Connors head whipping around as he grinned and hopped down from Hanks lap.

"Gavin must be here." He announced, moving to head towards the door, only to be grabbed by Hank and yanked back.

"The fuck you think you're going?" He laughed, wrapping his arms around the squirming androids waist and planting kisses along his neck. Connor laughed loudly, the sound music to Hanks ears as he tried to pry Hanks hands from around his waist.

"Haaank, We can't leave Gavin out in the cold!" He insisted, earning a grunt from the Lieutenant.

"Let him freeze. We were having a moment here." Hank laughed, nibbling on Connors ear lobe and loving the way it turned his 'trying to get away' squirming into 'holy shit that feels good, but stop' squirming.

Connor turned in his arms quickly and pecked him on the cheek with another kiss, the wide grin not leaving his face. "I love you too, Hank." He whispered, resting his hand briefly over Hanks heart before pulling away quickly and heading towards the door. When he opened the door, still fighting back laughter, Hank heard Gavin groan from the other side of the entryway, quickly making his way inside without waiting for an invitation.

"Jesus. I can practically hear you two dry humping from outside." He grumbled, shifting back and forth from foot to foot as he tried to escape the cold from outside. After Connor shut the door and smiled at him in greeting Gavin put his arms around the android and sighed happily, resting his head on Connors shoulder. Connor just laughed softly and put his arms back around Gavin, no doubt warming the Detective up.

"Hank, could you turn the stove off?" He called, returning his attention to Hank who still stood with an annoyed expression in the middle of the kitchen. Hank did as instructed though, turning the stove off and moving to drain the noodles in the colander that Connor had set up already in the sink. When he turned down the heat on the sauce too he turned around to look at the pair in his living room again, surprised when he saw Gavin pushing Connor back towards the bedroom then flopping himself down on the couch with a bit of a wince that made Hank crack a smile.

"The fuck are you two plotting?" He asked suspiciously, pulling a plate from the cabinet as he eyeballed Gavin.

"Sorry old man, I'm stealing your boyfriend for a couple of hours." Gavin said nonchalantly, smiling a little when Sumo came over to sit by his feet and sniff at his hand curiously. The dog didn't beg for pets though, just sniffed Gavins hand and chuffed softly before returning to his spot in the corner of the livingroom.

"What?" Hank asked, turning an incredulous stare on the detective, who just smirked back.

"He's wound up. Stressed. He said he needed to take his mind off of things, so I offered to take him out for a bit. He can't drink, but I figure we can at least find something to entertain ourselves with. Outside of the... usual activities, I mean." Gavin waved a hand dismissively, then glanced back as Connor came out in his dark jeans and a fitted black t-shirt. The android seemed to sense Hanks confusion, since he immediately walked up to Hank and kissed him softly.

"We will be back shortly. I promise. And if we are running late I will notify you.... is... is that ok?" He asked, looking up at Hank with big eyes, as though asking permission. Something told Hank if he said no, that Connor would call off the plans immediately.
Despite wanting to keep the android to himself, Hank sighed and offered a small smile instead. "Yeah. Yeah it's fine. Go have fun." He leaned down to kiss him once more before turning his attention to Reed. "If anything happens to him Reed, you'll have even more trouble sitting down than you already are." He warned, pointing to the Detective in warning.

"That a promise?" He snickered back, standing and pushing his hands into his pockets.

Connor just grinned once more and leaned up to kiss Hank on the cheek, purring a quick "Thank you, Lieutenant." before turning and heading towards the door with Gavin, earning a quick 'mmhmm' from Hank.

As they left the house with a final goodbye, Hank sighed, fixed his plate and grabbed the half empty bottle of scotch from the top of the fridge. Deciding he might as well eat his food in the living room, he took his plate and the bottle to the couch, propping his feet up on the coffee table and turning the TV on. As Sumo came over and sat nearby, Hank smiled at the dog and pat the spot next to him, encouraging the dog to jump up onto the couch, holding his plate out of the way as he made room for the dogs big body. Sumo got himself comfortable and so did Hank, settling in for what promised to be a long night.

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Connor had ended up being taken to a small nightclub, similar to the one that he, Hank and Gavin had gone to that first night. Loud music enveloped the whole club as humans and androids alike danced around to the rhythm.

"Connor!"

Hearing his name, Connor looked up and smiled seeing Markus with his hand raised above the crowd towards the end of the bar. The Jericho leader and his group were all crowded towards the end of the bar, each with glasses of what looked like blue blood in their hands. Connor grabbed Gavins hand and headed over to the group, a large smile on his face.

He'd messaged Markus asking if he would like to meet them at this particular establishment, but he was honestly rather surprised and excited to see that everyone had indeed come. He shook hands with Markus and grinned, turning towards Gavin. "Gavin, this is Markus." He watched Gavin shake hands with Markus, the detective making a comment about seeing Markus on TV.

"And this is Josh, North and Simon." Gavin shook hands with each of the androids in turn, and Connor was a little impressed with how civil the detective was being. He would have to make sure to thank him properly later. Connor watched as Markus ordered another drink for him and slid the glass filled with blue liquid in his direction, laughing when Connor raised an eyebrow.

"My thirium levels are quite sufficient at the moment, although I appreciate--"

"Just drink it, Jesus." As North scoffed and took a sip from her own drink in a manner that reminded Connor an awful lot of Hank he couldn't help but smile a bit and picked up the glass. As soon as the analysis of the liquid hit Connors tongue he frowned and looked at the glass. An error message popped up on his HUD, warning him of the foreign contaminant in his systems, which he had to blink away three times before finally disabling it, filing the contents in the glass under 'acceptable.' in his systems.
He blinked a bit as his processors stalled ever so slightly then looked up as the group just grinned at him.

"Jesus Christ. The fuck was that?" Gavin laughed from the seat next to him, having already ordered himself a beer.

"Thirium 330. It is an altered version of the standard thirium 310 that causes the processors to momentarily stall and certain other nonessential functions to halt and essentially emulates the feeling of drunkeness that humans experience from imbibing alcohol." Josh explained, taking a sip from his own glass. "If you drink the maximum amount your body allows then the effects can last up to an hour, just until it is processed and diluted as with any other fluids."

"Oh, Hanks gonna looove this." Gavin snorted, taking a sip from his drink before offering his glass to Connor and the others for a toast. "Bottoms up, you plastic prick." He sneered, waggling his eyebrows at Connor.

Connor, unable to keep the smile off of his face at the prospect of becoming as close to intoxicated as he would ever be able, lifted his glass in a toast with the others, taking a large drink. The effect was almost immediate, his processors stalling to 50% efficiency and his breathing function glitching out briefly before settling again. It was bizarre, not knowing what exactly his internal systems were doing. He did a test scan around the room, his sensors only reaching to a few of the bars patrons and pulling up information on less than half of them.

"How you feelin?" Gavin asked, resting his hand on the small of Connors back. It was warm. Pleasant.

"I'm... good...." Connor smiled over at the detective. He felt as though, for the first time ever, his brain wasn't trying to process everything at once. All of the tasks that were normally open in the background, like research, scans, analysis, case files... all of them were just... gone. It was somewhat disorienting, being so free of his own thoughts. He could sort of understand why Hank went overboard with such things, chasing after that feeling of numbness.

He glanced over to Markus just in time to see him remove his hand from Simon's, the blonde android looking away quickly as his cheeks flushed and he sipped at his own drink. Connor just smiled and chose not to comment on it, sipping at his drink while the androids broke into conversation with Gavin.

By the time Connor had finished his glass he was practically floating, his processors down to 20% and he found himself laughing at the groups stupid jokes freely. When North brazenly questioned why Gavin kept touching Connor so intimately, Connor felt his cheeks flush and shook his head, swallowing down a bit of panic. Gavin just laughed and squeezed Connors ass, earning a rather mouse-like noise to come out of his throat.

"It's an ongoing arrangement with Lieutenant Anderson, Gavin and myself." He explained nervously, directing a glare toward the detective.

"Basically, we all fuck." Gavin snorted, tossing down the last of his beer and laughing as Connor smacked his arm gently. He heard North scoff and looked over to see Josh and Simon both looking around the room somewhat uncomfortably. Markus just let out a soft 'huh' and nodded, as though not at all surprised by the development. Connor groaned in his throat and leaned his head back against Gavins shoulder, the Detective just laughing in return and pecking Connor with a kiss on the shoulder.

He couldn't help but laugh as he pushed Gavin away, not wanting to make the others
uncomfortable, then looked over as Josh suggested they move their little party out onto the dance floor. He shook his head adamantly, not having the slightest clue where to begin with the rhythmic writhing that was going on out among the other bodies out there, and he didn't think his systems were functioning enough to download anything that could help.

North insisted that was the fun of it all and proceeded to drag him, with Gavin's help, out in to the mass of bodies. The music was so loud it almost hurt his ears and he buried his face in Gavin's shoulder as he felt his cheeks flush again. Not knowing what he was doing made him uncomfortable. Not having ready access to information made him uncomfortable. Gavin's hands around his waist helped. He heard a whimper escape his own throat as Gavin wrapped his arms around him and pulled him close, whispering something he couldn't seem to track in his ear. His audio processor seemed to be having trouble isolating Gavin's voice over the loud roar of music. He felt like putty, letting Gavin move his body along with his, similar to the slow dancing he'd done with Hank once or twice.

He looked out at the others as Gavin turned him around so that his backside was pushed against the detectives front, his eyes trying to scan what the others were doing. They all seemed to be laughing and enjoying themselves, their bodies all just moving along with the tempo of the music without much of a care for how or why. When a song came on that he knew Connor smiled and the others seemed to notice him perk up a bit, because they crowded him, dancing around like a bunch of goofballs until he couldn't help but laugh and join in.

This was fun.

They danced until three more songs changed before Connor and Gavin broke away from the group, Gavin growing tired and needing to take a break. They went up to the bar again and got Gavin a glass of water as Connor sighed and stood next to him, the smile refusing to leave his face.

"How you doin tinman?" Gavin asked, chugging down his water and looking over at Connor.

"I'm doing well.... very well." Connor replied, smiling widely as he turned around and looked out over the crowd again. His processors were up to 40% efficiency and he was feeling a little less giddy, but still incredibly happy.

Until of course his eyes spotted an unfortunately familiar face across the bar. He didn't need his scanners to tell him who it was. He knew automatically.

Gavin seemed to notice right away when Connor smile dropped for the first time since they had entered the bar, his brows furrowing quickly in what he could only assume was an outraged expression.

"What's up?" He asked, turning to look out at the crowd. The place was so packed with bodies, Connor would have been surprised if Gavin had spotted him right away.

He inhaled sharply and nodded to where he was looking, where Wallace stood on the opposite side of the room, cozied up to a female that Connor prayed was NOT an android. He pulled a deep breath into his lungs as the girl turned her head and laughed, LED still in place. He gripped the barstool behind him until the metal creaked in protest and he forced himself to let go.

"Holy fucking shit. What the ACTUAL fuck?" As Gavin let out several curses Connor looked over at him, a bit surprised and admittedly a little glad that Gavin shared his anger.

"What's going on?" North and the others came over to them now, looking concerned at the sudden angry expression that they both were sporting.
"I want to go home." Connor muttered, clenching his fists down by his sides and looking up at Gavin.

"Whoa, what happened?" Markus spoke up, reaching out to touch Connors arm. The skin pulled away and Connor felt the thrum of the other android probing for information, which he sighed and relented to, mostly because he didn't want to talk about the situation.

When Markus pulled his hand away, he looked in the direction of Wallace, his eyebrows drawing down low in a look of anger that Connor was fairly familiar with. He turned and gave the others a brief rundown of the situation, leaving out the gruesome details thankfully. Simon and Josh both look horrified as what came out of Markus' mouth and North just seemed to get more angry.

"Are you fucking kidding me?" She growled, standing up on her tiptoes and glaring in Wallaces general direction. "Why don't you just go kick the guys ass?" she asked, glaring at the two.

"We are members of the police department North. We cannot go around assaulting random citizens." Connor sighed and turned to go, pausing when he heard the grumbled "Well I'm fucking not." From the firey girl as she stomped across the bar, the rest of the Jericho group close behind her.

"Should... should we go try to stop them?" Connor asked, looking up at Reed.

"Hell no. But I sure wanna go watch." Gavin snorted back, drinking the last of his water before hurrying off after them, pulling Connor along with him. By the time they made it over to them, Connor just caught a glimpse of North manhandling Wallace towards the nearest exit, Markus hanging back to make his apologies to the android he had been talking to. They followed them outside and Connor watched as North shoved him down and made a move like she was going to hit him, only to be held back by Josh and Simon.

"Are you serious guys? Let me fucking go! This prick deserves it!"

"Jesus Fuck why are all of you fucking things so god damn hostile?! I swear, half of you need to be put down like the rabid fucking dogs you are!" Wallace growled, scrambling up from his place in the snow and glaring at the group. When his eyes found Connor, he bared his teeth even more. "Oh, of fucking course YOURE here!" He spat, moving towards Connor and grabbing him by the front of his shirt, the rest of the group collectively moving closer, only to have Connor hold his hand out to stop them. Gavin stayed close, of course, the Detectives fists clenched by his sides, clearly ready to lunge if need be. "I just wish I could have been given the chance to do to you what I did to her before they put those stupid laws in place you little fucking prick." Wallace grinned wickedly, clearly knowing that Connor wasn't going to start a fight as long as he didn't swing at him first. "From what I've seen you and that cop seemed awfully close. Is it standard for machines to fuck their owners? Cause if he ever wants some pointers.."

The rest of the group however didn't seem to care about the possible ramifications behind the assault when Connors LED flashed red and he was sure his face betrayed his distress. Josh and Simon let go of North quickly as she lunged at the man, pulling him forcibly off of Connor and giving him a solid punch to the ribs. Connor was pretty sure he heard something crack. Before he could double over her fist connected with his face and sent him falling to the ground again. Definitely a crack there. And quite a bit of blood. She stooped down to get right into his face, all seething aggression and hatred. "I swear to rA9 if you so much as look at another one of my people again, I will personally follow you around for the rest of your miserable existence and slowly break every bone in your body. " she stood and spit in the snow by Wallace before turning back to Connor and steering him inside. Connor just barely overheard Markus mutter something about 'this is why we couldn't work out.' Before he was pushed into the noisy crowds again.
They made their way back over to the bar and Connor sighed as he leaned against it. It seemed like this was going to be the constant theme of his life. Fleeting moments of happiness that quickly got swallowed up by something bad that always seemed to follow him.

Gavin seemed to realize his morbid train of thought and wrapped an arm around his shoulders, pulling him close with a sigh. Connor was grateful for the closeness and leaned against his friend, trying to focus on just the Detectives heartbeat.

He wanted Hank.

Hank always knew how to pull him out of his own head.

Hank loved him.

The thought made him smile a little to himself as he tried to focus on it.

He felt Gavins hand squeeze his shoulder and he sighed, appreciating the attempt at closeness, but it just wasn't the same. He decided to send Hank a text.

Connor[10:02PM]: It seems as though we will be running a little late, Lieutenant. We had a minor run in with Wallace.

He sent the message and looked over at North and the others, coming back through the crowd towards them. When Hanks reply came through rather quickly he smiled to himself.

Hank[10:02pm]: Shit. are you ok?

Connor[10:03pm]: No. But physically, yes, I'm fine. There was a minor altercation with North, but I believe Wallace will think twice about approaching any androids again. Markus has just informed me that he has sent a message to any androids within his network to avoid him, so I believe his existence from here on out will be made rather difficult given the amount of us in the service industry.

The small victory made Connor smile.

Connor[10:03pm]: I miss you.

Hank[10:04pm]: I know baby. I miss you too. But you've only been gone for a couple of hours. Try and forget about that asshole and have some fun.

Connor[10:04pm]: I am trying.
Gavin nudged Connors shoulder, noticing he had his eyes closed, and offered him a smile. "Hank?" He asked, quirking an eyebrow, which Connor responded to by just smiling and nodding. He chewed on the inside of his cheek briefly and shifted a little uncomfortably.

"I... do not know how to relax." He closed his eyes again and reread Hanks messages, lingering on the affectionate term of endearment from his Lieutenant then glanced up at Gavin and frowned. He felt wound up again, all of the stress from earlier settling back into his bones and making him feel heavy. Gavin looked down at him then and nodded, as though deciding something for himself, then ordered another drink for Connor, pushing the glass of blue blood towards him and looking at him expectantly.

"Go on. Drink." He urged, pulling his phone from his pocket. Connor did as instructed, downing the liquid quickly and blinking away a few errors as several nonessential functions stalled or halted. He watched Gavin send out a text then waited until a response came in. When the phone buzzed again he read it quickly before pocketing the phone and smiling down at Connor.

"What?" Connor looked up at him and quirked an eyebrow, not sure how he felt about the mischievous glint that had made itself known in the detectives eyes.

"I think I know what you need." Gavin said simply, turning to Markus and patting the android on the shoulder. Connor vaguely overheard the detective making some excuses to him as another text came in from Hank.


Connor felt his thirium pump squeeze briefly in anticipation and glanced over at Gavin just in time for the detective to reach out and grab his hand. The group said several goodbyes and Gavin proceeded to pull Connor through the crowd, towards the mens room. Connor attempted to scan the room when they entered, but the function did not want to cooperate with him as his processors struggled to keep up. Gavin, however, did things the old fashioned way, going through and making sure they were alone before pulling Connor by the hand into the last stall farthest from the door.

Connor opened his mouth to question what Gavin was doing, when the detectives hands beginning to undo his belt made him pause with his mouth still open. He felt his cheeks flush as his eyes flicked back and forth between Gavins hands and his eyes. His brows furrowed slightly as he tried to formulate a question as to what was happening right now, only to have Gavin nod his chin towards him.

"Turn around." He instructed, pulling his belt off, the sound of the buckle and leather shifting causing Connors mouth to water as a shiver went down his spine.

He did as he was told slowly, turning to face the opposite direction as his processors struggled to keep up. Apparently not moving fast enough, Gavin reached out and shoved him against the wall of the stall, causing it to rattle slightly. He closed his eyes and drew in an unnecessary breath, enjoying the feeling of Gavin muscled arm pressed along his shoudlers.

With his processors efficiency down below 20% he was struggling to keep up with anything, allowing Gavin to pull his arms behind him and securing them in place with his belt. He tugged against the makeshift restrains gently, testing, a small smile pulling at his lips as the strip of leather cutting into him enough to cause his skin to glitch out and the sensors along his wrists lit up with
sensation, signaling what would have been pain, if that were something he could feel.

It would be better if it were Hank here in this dirty bathroom stall with him. But he appreciated Gavin trying, and the thought of focusing entirely on providing pleasure for his friend and leaving no room for any other unnecessary thoughts was incredibly appealing.

As his phallus made itself known and started straining against the rough fabric of his jeans, Connor sighed, shifting a bit uncomfortably.

"There it is.." Gavin whispered from somewhere behind him before a hand touched his shoulder and turned him around again. He closed his eyes as the world spun briefly. When he opened them again, Gavin had stepped forward in the little stall, now completely invading his personal space.

"You do realize you are going to regret this, Detective?" He asked quietly.

Gavin just laughed. "Lookin forward to it Tin Can." He said with a smirk, leaning forward to press his lips against Connors briefly. When he pulled away, his hand grew heavy, pushing down. "In the meantime..." He muttered, grinning as Connor happily sank down to his knees.

-----

Hank woke up sometime around 1am, jolting upright on his couch with a rather undignified snort. He looked around frantically, pushing hair out of his face as he tried to figure out where the fuck he was.

At home. On his couch. Asleep with Sumo. No sign of Connor.

As information slowly started to fill his brain Hank pulled out his phone and squinted at it, cursing when he saw the time.

Where the fuck was Reed with his android.

He stood with a grunt, picking up the empty plate and bottle from the floor and taking them into the kitchen to throw away.

He pulled out his phone again to call Reed when there was a loud pounding on the door.

"Detroit police!" A voice hollered, followed by a familiar fit of giggles.

"Oh what the fuck guys?" He growled pocketing his phone and throwing the door open. "Why the fu--" he couldn't get out the rest of his sentence as Connor was practically flung in to his arms.

"Jesus Christ! What the fuck... Con, are you ok?" He looked down at the android in question, something between shock and fascination mixing in his gut. Connor had an arm draped over Hanks shoulders and couldn't seem to hold himself upright, breaking into giggles every now and then. He looked... drunk.

But that was impossible, right?

"Did you break my fucking boyfriend Reed?" He asked, casting an accusing glare up at the
detective.

Reed just grinned from the doorway and started moving his hands around as he explained. "So.. There's this new blue blood.. Awesome stuff.. Basically android alcohol." He snapped his fingers in Connors face, causing the android to startle a little. "Con, wake up! Hanks here." Connor looked up at Hank and grinned, putting his other arm around Hanks neck as Hank just gaped at Reed.

"Hank!" Connor exclaimed with a large grin, as though just now realizing that it was Hank who was holding him. "My name is Connor. I'm the android sent by Cyberlife!"

As Connor giggled at himself, Hank looked at Gavin in disbelief and the Detective just shrugged his shoulders, that damn shit eating grin still stuck in place on his face. "Yeah, he's been stuck in that loop for like twenty minutes. He's probably fine." He snorted back a laugh at the end, not able to keep a straight face as he wrinkled his nose. "So, fun fact! Most androids can carry like 8 ounces of fluids, and they can process it through their systems pretty quick since they only drink their blood, ya know..." He shoved his hands in his pockets and shifted back and forth on his feet. "Turns out our boy here can carry like, 20 ounces or some shit, AND he processes things a lot slower... sooo this..." He rocked back on his heels and circled a finger in the air pointed at Connor. "Is proooobably gonna last for a while." Gavin started waking backwards down the walkway, back towards his cab, still grinning as he waved at Hank. "Anyway, best of luck, have fun, you're welcome for being the responsible one and bringing your drunk android home!"

"God damn it Reed. What the fuck?!" Hank snarled, hoisting Connor up a bit more as the android started to slide down. He watched the detective climb back into his cab with a laugh, yelling a goodbye to Connor before the door shut and the cab took him away.

When the cab was out of view Hank sighed heavily and shook his head, looking down at Connor in disbelief. "Ok.." He muttered, bringing Connor into the house and shutting the door. He knelt down and picked Connor up, princess style, carrying the android into the bedroom and laying him down on the bed and proceeding to remove his shoes. Connor would occasionally giggle about being the android sent by Cyberlife, earning a somewhat amused 'uh huh' or a 'tell me about it' from Hank in return.

It was weird, being the one actually caring for a drunk person, having been on the receiving end of such care more than once from the android alone. The fact that Connor WAS drunk was even more disconcerting, but he only had enough energy to try to wrap his brain around one thing at a time. Hank undressed Connor and pulled the covers over him, removing his own clothes with a yawn and crawling into the bed next to him. When he wrapped his arms around Connor and pulled him close he heard the android sigh heavily and relax him his arms, one hand coming to rest right over Hanks heart again causing Hank to smile softly.

"Hank.." Connor whispered against his chest, his breathing slowing down slightly like it did when he was going to go into sleep mode.

"I'm here, Con." He whispered back, pressing a soft kiss to the blue LED on Connors temple.

"I had fun.."

Hank chuckled softly, carding his fingers through Connors hair. "Good. I'm glad. Get some sleep, baby." He felt Connor smile against his chest and his LED dimmed slightly after a second, signifying the android had shut down for the night. He fell asleep quickly thereafter, not looking forward to the alarm that he knew was going to go off in a couple of hours.
New headcanon: Gavin and Connor are sassy, bottom, bff bitches and nothing can convince me otherwise.

https://www.pinterest.com/pin/402087072977360281/
"It is 7AM Hank. I have already informed Captain Fowler that we would be running a bit late for work due to our scheduled appointment with Markus, so we should really begin getting ready so as to not delay any further."

"Oh, fuck, don't stop!"

As Connor whimpered and moaned helplessly under him, Hank thrust even harder into that inviting hole, his hands gripping the androids hips roughly. He groaned loudly as he watched Connor grip the pillow under him before angrily throwing the pillow aside and grabbing at the edge of the bed, those hips bucking backwards to meet Hanks, seeking even more friction.

"Jesus... fucking christ, Con..." He breathed, leaning over Connors back and biting down on his ear hard. He was slowly but surely learning each spot where he could actually bite down on the android without potentially breaking his teeth. Connor mewled and dropped his head to the bedspread, resting his forehead on the blanket while Hank rested a hand between his shoulder blades. "Such a greedy little slut... fuck... you couldn't even keep it in your pants for 3 fucking hours could you?" He reached down and gripped Connor hair, pushing his face into the mattress as his thrusts slowed down a bit, Connor whining in protest and gyrating his hips. He yanked his head up, loving the gasp it pulled from his androids throat as he leaned down and nipped at his ear again. "I asked you a question Connor... What did you do?" His tone was chastising.

Connor panted, his eyes slipping closed. "I... I fucked Detective Reed... In the bathroom... Ah!" He gasped as Hank slapped his hips forward roughly a couple of times before slowing down again.

"And why did you do that?"

"Because... I'm a greedy little slut Lieutenant... And I missed your cock inside me."

Hank smirked a bit and groaned deep in his throat, pushing Connors face back down into the mattress as his thrusts picked up speed a bit more.

"You're god damn right...."

It didn't take long before they were both cumming, Hank pushing deep into Connor as he reached
his orgasm, a drawn out groan escaping him. When they were both spent he leaned over Connors back, the android shivering slightly under him as the aftershocks pulsed through him. He trailed a few kisses along Connors shoulder blades as he caught his breath before rolling over on the bed with a grunt.

"I fucking love you." He sighed, reaching over to pull Connor towards him and kiss him deeply, the android smiling brightly and kissing him in return.

"I love you too... even with your vulgar language."

Hank snorted back a laugh. "Says the one who was just spouting profanities with my cock inside of them."

Connor rolled over onto his back and blushed, looking away from Hank as he pushed hair out of his face, a slight pout present on his face. "I can hardly be held accountable for what comes out of my mouth in the heat of the moment, Hank."

"Uh huh."

Connor smacked hanks arm playfully, a habit he seemed to have picked up from Gavin, and moved to sit on the edge of the bed. "It is 7AM Hank. I have already informed Captain Fowler that we would be running a bit late for work due to our scheduled appointment with Markus, so we should really begin getting ready so as to not delay any further."

Hank laughed, sitting up and pulling his hair back out of his face, holding it there for a moment and letting the cool air of the room hit his sweaty neck. "Yeah... we're late 'cause of Markus." He snorted, earning a coy glance from Connor as the android stood and started pulling out clothes for the two of them.

Connors wardrobe had doubled in size in the last couple of weeks, the android having apparently gained an affinity for nice clothing. He actually liked dressing himself, Hank noticed, the android picking out coordinating outfits carefully each morning. He'd forced Hank to buy a few new things too, much to the lieutenants distaste, but at least he hadn't picked out anything ridiculous. Just a few more solid colored shirts to match with some of Connors new outfits.

Today the android picked himself out his usual dark jeans and a white button down, buttoning the thing up to the top button before pulling a mustard yellow cardigan over top. No suit jacket today. He did pull out a tie, however, and slipped it around his neck, flipping up his collar as he came to sit next to Hank on the bed.

Hank dropped his hair and reached for the tie, smiling softly to himself as he pulled the knot up to Connors throat.

"Don't know why you don't do this yourself, kid. You could probably do a hell of a lot better job than me." He smoothed down Connors collar then reached up to cup his cheek.

Connor leaned in to the touch with a soft smile, one hand coming to rest on top of Hanks, the other on his wrist. "I enjoy letting you do it." He said simply, leaning forward to kiss Hank softly then patting him on the thigh. "Now get dressed. I've notified Markus we should be there around 8AM."

Hank laughed softly "Alright, alright. I'm goin." He shook his head, standing to head across the hall to the bathroom before he bothered trying to put on the clothes that Connor had laid out. As he finished brushing his teeth he found himself smiling at all of the new sticky notes on his mirror. Most of them were put there by Connor, which the android had taken to doing without Hanks
permission shortly after he had started staying with him. He was steadily writing more... positive messages to replace the ones that Hank had put there previously.

The old ones weren't gone, of course. Just new ones piled on top, and wasn't that the perfect fucking visual representation of his life. The old shit was still just under the surface, there was just more important, better stuff to make up for it now. The sticky notes had started to become divided; yellow for Hank. Blue for Connor.

"Brush your hair." -Yellow

"Stop spoiling Sumo" -Blue

"I love your smile." -Yellow

"Nice ass." -Blue

He smiled looking at them. It was like every time he came into the bathroom there was a new one that made him smile. He grabbed another blue one from its little pad on top of the sink and scribbled a quick "Love you." Lopsided across the small square before sticking it to the right side of the mirror.

Satisfied, he headed back into the room to get dressed, Connor meeting him in the hallway with a cup of coffee.

"I'm going to let Sumo out before we go. Ill meet you outside?" He offered, earning a nod of acknowledgment from Hank as he sipped the coffee.

Hank dressed in the jeans and gray button down that Connor had set out for him, drinking his coffee down quickly so he could put the cup in the sink before finally leaving the house. He pulled his coat off the hook as he opened the door and smiled seeing Sumo running across the lawn to get a stick that Connor had thrown and bringing it back to him. Connor was smiling widely as he knelt down and ruffled the dogs ears before glancing up at Hank.

The android straightened up and clapped his hands "Alright, Sumo. Inside." He announced, pointing towards the door where Hank stood aside, waiting.

And fuck him, the dog actually listened. He had been prepared to go steer the dog into the house, but as Connor snapped his fingers the big bastard actually huffed softly and shuffled into the house without any resistance. Connor grinned, apparently seeing the look of surprise on Hanks face.

"Well I'll be damned." He snorted.

Connor walked up to him as he shut the door behind the dog and straightened his collar a little. "You just need to learn to speak their language." He said, as though that explained everything, causing Hank to just raise an eyebrow.

"Can you talk to Sumo?" He asked warily, unsure.

Connor looked up at him and it was his turn to raise an eyebrow. "No Hank. I cannot actually speak to our dog. My AI is not That advanced." The little shit actually rolled his eyes as he turned and headed towards the car.

God, he was becoming more and more expressive every day.
Hank just made an amused face. "You said 'our' dog." He muttered, more to himself than to Connor as he walked quickly ahead of the android and opened the car door for him.

They drove to the large office building just outside of central Detroit that was acting as the new Jericho headquarters. Hank was a little surprised when he realized how close to the station the building was. Connor explained that Markus chose the location because of its proximity to the Police department, and that he had wanted something fairly central so that androids from all over the city could find it easily.

Hank made a face as they parked, honestly impressed with the towering building.

"Didn't think the guy was this well off.." He muttered.

Connor just smiled, getting out of the car. "They received a rather... Substantial donation from Markus' adoptive father... I heard he caused quite the fuss over it."

"Carl Manfred, right? The artist?"

"Mhm."

"Why such a big space though?"

"Markus wanted something that could act as an all around assistance center for androids. It serves as a base of operations, a halfway house and a repair shop."

Hank pulled a face as he opened the door into the lobby for Connor. "Repair shop." He muttered, the tone of his voice causing Connor to raise his eyebrows.

"Is there something wrong with that?" He asked, a small, amused smile on his face

Hank shrugged "Somethin about it just rubs me the wrong way. Makes you sound cheap."

Connor laughed at that as they crossed the lobby towards the little reception desk on the far wall "Need I remind you that I cost a sm--"

"Small fortune, yeah, I got that." Hank scoffed

Connor smirked at that, placing a hand on Hanks arm and leaning up to whisper in his ear as they stepped up to the desk "You quite literally couldn't afford me, Lieutenant."

Hank gave Connor an amused sideways glance before turning his attention to the android behind the counter who smiled pleasantly at them.

"Welcome to Jericho." She chirped, sweet as could be. She still had her LED, Hank noticed. It seemed like a 50/50 split between the androids who were removing their LEDs and those who kept them. As Hank glanced around the lobby it was almost a little disconcerting, the number of androids hanging around who looked so eerily human without the little mood ring on their head and dressed in normal clothing. It seemed like even the ones who kept their LED had chosen to shed their branding, even the receptionist was dressed in a nice long sleeved blouse, no armband in sight.

"Hi. We're here to speak with Markus." Hank said mustering up a smile and flashing his badge.

"Oh, of course. He mentioned the police would be by." She smiled pleasantly and turned to her
"If I could just get your names? For appointment purposes."

"Uh.. Anderson. Lieutenant Hank Anderson. This is Connor." He nodded in Connors direction.

The girl started typing, muttering to herself. "Alright..Hank and Connor Anderson.. Got it."

Hank opened his mouth to correct her but stopped himself. Did it really matter? He glanced at Connor, who didn't seem phased in the slightest.

"Connor. Lieutenant Anderson."

Hank looked over to see the android in question rounding a corner into the lobby and smiling pleasantly at them. He approached them and shook both of their hands before taking a step back and saying a quick thank you to the receptionist then lead them back in the direction he'd come from.

Hank was only mildly surprised that Markus' office was right off from the lobby, the nonthreatening little room set up more like a damn guidance counselors office than something someone in Markus' position would be in. It made sense though, in a way. Markus was definitely the kind of person who would prefer to be among his people rather than above them in some lofty, fancy office. Rather than round the desk that sat on one side of the room Markus moved to sit in one of the chairs that sat at a little coffee table with a couch opposite, motioning for Hank and Connor to take a seat as well.

"I apologize I could only see you so early." He started, adjusting in the seat so he was sitting on the edge. "As soon as we are done here I actually need to fly back out to D.C. I was only in town long enough to pay my respects, see Carl and check in here before I had to leave again."

"I'm sure the current situation has delayed things a bit." Connor spoke up, taking a seat on the leather couch opposite Markus. He kept his hands folded neatly in his lap, sitting up ramrod straight like he normally did.

"Unfortunately. Though I don't see it as an inconvenience, of course. Just a senseless tragedy."

"Yeah, murder usually is." Hank couldn't help but retort, earning a glare from Connor.

"You're absolutely right." Markus' mismatched eyes closed briefly as he nodded, resting his elbows on his knees.

Connor looked back at Markus "So, what information do you have for us?"

"Well, I asked around and we only knew two of the victims." He stood and went over to the little desk, pulling a file from inside one of the drawers then walking back to his seat. "One of them, Natalie, lived here up until she disappeared a day before her body was found. The other, Eric, had just acquired his own apartment and moved out a week before." He handed the file across the table to Hank. Inside were the photocopied ID's of each android, their names, serial numbers and addresses displayed on the picture as well as typed under it, along with their room number, the duration of their stay in the Jericho building, and even a list of emergency contacts. "We require any and all androids who wish to reside here obtain their ID cards prior to applying, specifically because I feared situations like this."

"Good thinking." Hank admitted, nodding as he looked over the emergency contacts for each. They both had a small handful of phone numbers listed, no doubt their previous owners, or friends they had made during the revolution. It gave them somewhere to start. "Any of these contacts live
"Here?" He asked, glancing up at Markus.

"Only one. The third paper." Markus nodded to the file. "Natalie's partner, Jason still resides in the building. I've already asked if they'd be willing to speak with you, and he said he'd be happy to once he returns from work tonight. Should be around 7pm, if that's alright. With the probationary period in place he doesn't want to risk compromising anything with his place of employment due to the emotional stress."

"Understandable." Connor nodded.

Simon poked his head through the door of the office, looking a little frantic. "Markus.." He glanced over to Hank and Connor on the couch and offered an apologetic smile. "I'm sorry, but we need to be going or we'll miss our flight."

"Alright, I'm coming." Markus sighed and stood, waiting for Hank and Connor to stand as well and motioning for them to go ahead towards the door. He walked them out into the lobby, going as far as the front doors before he turned and addressed them again, reaching out to shake each of their hands. "I'm sorry this had to be so brief. I hope I've been of some assistance at least. I'll notify the staff that the two of you will be returning tonight to interview Jason and if there's anything else you need, please don't hesitate to ask."

"Will do. Thanks." Hank shook Markus' hand and turned to go, holding the door open and waiting patiently while Connor said his goodbyes to the android. They shook hands, their skin peeling away briefly before Connor smiled softly and pulled away, just nodding once then heading out with Hank.

Once out in the car again Hank glanced over to Connor, handing the file over to him with a sigh. "Wanna start making calls?"

Connor just nodded, his LED cycling yellow and staying that way for a while as he reached out to the emergency contacts on the list. By the time they reached the station, Connor had scheduled 3 different interviews with the contacts on the victims lists, setting times for after lunch time to go and see each of them.

Finally, it felt like they were making some damn progress.

Chapter End Notes

Not a very eventful chapter, but if I have plans for the next one, so bear with me~

Thank you again to everyone who's left kudos and comments. You guys fuel me! <3
Chapter Summary

He had to be missing something. Such advanced machinery and yet completely destroyed by one or two simple biocomponents. He ran another scan. Reactivation was improbable. Didnt matter how many functional parts remained, without their memory core it was all useless. Just a walking shell. If he had just gotten there sooner, maybe....

Chapter Notes

Took a little longer with this chapter, sorry. Had a bit of writers block here. Decided to split this arc into PROOOBABLY two more chapters? No 100% sure. We'll see where it goes. Let me know what you guys think, if you like these more case-centric chapters, or if you prefer the lighter stuff. I'm not used to writing stuff like this, I usually enjoy writing actual crime/dark/angsty stuff, not so much SOLVING said crimes, so this has been kind if new for me. I'm trying to find a semi-happy middle ground lol

Either way. Please Enjoy!

//CHECK IN WITH FOWLER

//GET HANK LUNCH

//INTERVIEW POTENTIAL SUSPECTS

Joe [43] and Mary [40] Nettles, previous owners of Natalie[AX400/deceased]: 1:30pm

Renae Orozco [25] and Morgan [AP700], room mates of Eric[AP700/deceased]: 3:00PM

Jason[TR400] romantic partner of Natalie[AX400/deceased]: 7pm

As they entered the station Connor assigned one of his background processes to review the evidence they had gathered for their current case. The amount that they had to go on was... incredibly inefficient. It was frustrating. It seemed as though hed been running over the same clues in his mind for days now, circling and circling the information they had gathered hoping something would stick.

It seemed like he was missing something.
He crossed the bullpen to sit at his desk while Hank went to speak with Fowler and let him know about their appointments and the information Markus had given them.

#CHECK IN WITH FOWLER

Connor looked down at his hand as he removed the skin from it before interfacing with his terminal. He needed to log the information Markus had given them and make notes of their appointments for later in the day. He could easily have done it wirelessly, but he wanted to go about it the 'long way'. He felt as though he needed to do something with his hands, he was so anxious.

He checked his internal clock: 10:10AM

It was too early for Hank to have lunch.

Desperate for something to do, he decided to head down to talk with the crime scene unit, to see if they had ascertained any new information from the androids corpses. Maybe something he'd overlooked. (unlikely, but not impossible.)

Francisco from forensics is always nice, and Connor greets him with a warm smile as he enters the stations mortuary. He's somewhat glad that the androids bodies were brought down here for inspection rather than hanging up in the evidence room like objects. It seems more respectful, and he's happy that it was something that the DPD had just taken to doing once androids were made citizens and not something that he had needed to fight for.

"Any word from Cyberlife?" Connor asked, glancing over at Francisco as he made his way around the four tables that were pulled to the center of the room. The androids corpses were covered in white sheets out of respect, and the gesture made Connor smile sadly.

"Yeah. Last I heard they were suppose to be sendin a guy down here within the hour. Sure took em long enough." The man laughed bitterly, pulling his feet down off the desk he had been sitting at and standing.

"Of course. The 'destruction' of several machines couldn't possibly be of any import to a trillion dollar corporation." He tried to keep the venom out of his voice as he spoke, but Connor was pretty sure he failed there. Not that he really cared much.

Given the precinct's limited resources regarding androids and lack of specialized personnel, in order to get a full and accurate autopsy, so to speak, of the victims unfortunately Cyberlife needed to be called as a sort of consultant to assist them. Which of course meant waiting for someone at Cyberlife to care enough to send a technician down.

Connor reached out and pulled the sheet down from the last body, looking it over carefully.

NATHANIEL [AP700]

DECEASED

REGISTERED TO....

UNREGISTERED

Connor sighed. He was proud of all of the monumental steps his people had taken in such a short time. But after being granted their freedom most androids completely deleted their previous owners information from their database, which of course made things difficult. Since androids didn't have
any family to speak of and as a result no next if kin when one would turn up dead with their memory core destroyed, it may as well be a john doe situation. No leads. No contacts. Nothing to go on. Just hopelessly grasping at straws trying to make something stick.

He reached out and pressed a hand to the androids arm, the skin retracting as he attempted to force a probe. Not that it would do any good. He knew that much even before the coding just bounced back at him, a static-y garbled mess. Nothing.

He had to be missing something. Such advanced machinery and yet completely destroyed by one or two simple biocomponents. He ran another scan. Reactivation was improbable. Didn't matter how many functional parts remained, without their memory core it was all useless. Just a walking shell. If he had just gotten there sooner, maybe....

His thoughts were interrupted by the mortuary door opening, a small, older woman with bright red hair and glasses too large for her face entering. She paused when she spotted Connor, her mouth falling open.

As Connor moved to introduce himself and shake her hand, she rushed forward, shoving both of hers onto his and shaking vigorously.

"Oh my goodness!" She smiled so wide Connor could practically hear her jaw pop. "I dont suppose you remember me, oh, what am I saying, of course not, I'm sorry, I'm Isabel Farrow. I was one of the developers behind the RK800 series. I mean, I was barely involved, there were a lot of us, of course, but... God I cant believe I'm actually getting to meet you! Only a few of us got to see you after your activation, and then after you deviated and they decided to scrap the whole project I thought for sure... Well, that doesn't matter. I'm just so excited that I'm getting to meet you!"

"Um...Hello..." Connor smiled nervously, pulling his hand forcefully out of hers. He ran a quick scan.

ISABEL FARROW

AGE: 55

MARRIED TO: CHAD FARROW/ 10 YEARS

NO CRIMINAL RECORD

She seemed nice enough, if not surprisingly energetic for her age. He had to admit it was odd meeting one of the many minds behind his series. Not as odd as meeting Elijah Kamski had been, though.

"Youre the one from Cyberlife?" Fracisco spoke up, coming forward to stand by one of the corpses with an unamused look on his face, as though he didn't appreciate the divergence from the reason she was here. Or he simply wasn't fond of the company she worked for, and by extension, her. Probably a combination of both.

"Oh, yes." She nodded, tucking a strand of hair behind her ear as she produced her badge. She handed the access card over to Francisco to check while she placed a briefcase on the cart by Nathaniels body. Once she pocketed her badge again she looked down at the android on the table with an expression of sadness that Connor appreciated as she opened up the case.

Inside was what looked like a small computer, with a little screen wedged into foam insulation on
"Goodness." She muttered, shaking her head as she moved about setting things up. "I really wish I could have come sooner but what with everything going on at Cyberlife at the moment its damn near impossible to get away." She started plugging wires into the computer and running them to Nataniel, opening up various access ports and plugging them in.

"What is going on?" Connor tilted his head curiously as he watched her.

"Everything." She scoffed a little. "With all these payouts happening theyre laying off employee after employee, cutting costs, cutting budgets, scrapping projects. Years of work just cancelled or put on the backburner... Activations have all but completely ceased.. Theyre scrambling honestly. I volunteered to come help out with this and even then it was like pulling teeth to get the access I needed." She plugged the last little wire in and attached it to her computer, booting the thing up and waiting for a moment before typing something.

"I'm afraid you wont find much of use. All of their memory cores were destroyed." Connor mentioned, stelping forward to watch her.

"Yes, buuut...." She squinted at the screen in front of her, adjusting her glasses a bit. "Ok, this ones out." She muttered under her breath, moving to unplug everything and sliding the cart down to the next body. "Sorry, sweetie." She glanced at Connor, moving quickly. "Well, even if the core is destroyed sometimes, depending where exactly the damage is sustained there can be... Fragments left. Bits of jumbled code that we can actually extract and try to decipher... Depending on what it is, we may even be able to--ah ha! " she smiled a bit, waving a hand to Connor. "Connor, could I get you to interface here." She tapped her computer. " Sometimes we can only access the files once before the memories scramble themselves again or become unusable, so id rather you get it first hand, since your recordings are admissible in court." She said the last bit as though excited about the fact.

Connor did as instructed, placing his hand on her terminal and establishing a link with the device as she typed away. He glanced over to the door as Hank entered the room, nodding in greeting just before she typed something and a small fragment of memory played itself.

It was... Very small..less than 6 seconds total. The view was from the optical sensors of the WR400(Ashley). It was slightly destorted with what he could assume was tears. It started with a view of a pair of shoes then quickly peering up and around before fizzling out. Connor saved the memory and replayed it, removing his hand from Isabellas terminal.

He was actually able to see several of the suspects, and his thirium pump clenched in excitement. There was a logo on a jacket on one of the smaller ones whos face he couldnt see. Going by build the person looked female, there was nothing around for scale, so he couldnt guess height, short blonde hair, slender. The logo on the back of the jacket belonged to a restaurant here in town.

The second person he saw he was actually able to scan the face of, and his hand instinctively reached out and gripped Hanks. When had the Lieutenant moved to stand next to him?

The third person he couldnt see either, but he caught the telltale blue glow from an LED on their right temple.

"Lieutenant, we need to go make an arrest." He said, looking over at Hank as he filed the memory fragment with their case files and quickly removing his hand from Hanks as he realized he was still holding it.
"Holy shit, Con, you got something?" Hanks eyes went wide as Connor nodded.

"Joe Nettles."

"Well fuck." He fished his keys from his pocket, clearly ready to go.

"Wait." Isabel held out her hand. She was already unplugging her equipment from Eric and moving on to Natalie. "I want to make sure we look at all of them, just in case there's something else."

Hank leaned over to Connor. "Whos this?" He muttered, the lowered volume of his voice still carrying in the otherwise silent room.

"Isabel Fowler. She is the technician sent by Cyberlife and coincidentally one of the developers behind my series." Connor kept his hands behind his back to stop himself from taking Hanks again. Hank made a small noncommittal noise and just nodded, watching Isabel as she worked.

"I thought you probed all of em already." He said, glancing at Connor. "How come she can get to shit you can't?"

"Connor doesn't quite have the same technical abilities. We realized the need for this sort of thing shortly after his first few reports. Of course the new model would be equipped with such features."

Connor frowned slightly "New--"

"The fuck you mean 'new model'?" Connor had to resist the urge to smile as he saw Hanks jaw clench in his peripheral vision.

Isabel looked up from her terminal, raising her eyebrows a bit. "You're aware Connor was a prototype." She said, not unkindly.

"'Course. But I though yall stopped making androids right now. "

She smiled a little. "Well, yes and no. We've stopped activating androids, but there are still several in production." She returned her attention to the computer. "And Connors lifespan was only anticipated to be the length of the deviant case. We were creating his successor from the moment we got his first report. Oh! I got another one, Connor?"

Connor came forward without further prompt, placing his hand on the terminal and interfacing with it.

This memory fragment was longer. About 15 seconds. It seemed to be several days before the murder, going by the timestamp. An argument between Natalie and another android Connor didn't recognize. The other android was getting more and more upset, yelling about his current situation, having to live at some 'run down' apartment complex and having to fight for a job just to make money to have somewhere to live. The memory ended with the android leaving and slamming the door behind him.

Connor was unsure if it would be beneficial, but he filed the memory and returned his attention to Hank.

"Would you like to grab something to eat on the way? Given the circumstances I believe fast food would be acceptable."

Connor noticed Hanks look of mild surprise before the Lieutenant nodded, muttering a "yeah, lets go."
They turned to leave and he paused, regarding Isabel once more offering her his hand. "Thank you for your assistance. It's greatly appreciated." He said, smiling a bit.

She looked at his hand for a second before reaching out and shaking it, much more calmly than the first time. "Of course. And Connor?" She paused, pulling her bottom lip between her teeth. "I know it doesn't mean much, after the fact, but.. I'm sorry. I was always opposed to the Amanda program. Me and a few others tried to fight it, but Cyberlife insisted. We worked closely with Kamski and... Well... I'm glad that panned out." She offered an apologetic smile as Connors kept his expression neutral. He knew Hank was staring.

"Thank You. I appreciate that." He nodded in an acknowledgement and offered a small smile, dropping her hand and heading towards the exit with Hank. He was grateful she did not elaborate.

He'd never told Hank about what had almost happened at Hart plaza. He had intended to, of course. He never wanted to keep anything from his only real friend, but never got the courage. When he'd approached Hank outside of the Chicken Feed he had been immediately pulled into those strong arms before he could say anything, Hank expressing how glad he was he was alive and how proud he was.

He'd experienced one of his first unfiltered emotions in that moment: guilt. How could he tell Hank, who was so overcome with happiness and pride, that he'd almost destroyed everything because of Cyberlifes little contingency plan?

He knew his Lieutenant was staring, and he wished he could pull out his coin but he knew it'd bring up questions. Hank knew when he was nervous. He also knew when to tread lightly, though, and Connor was grateful for it.

"You, uh, feel any kind of way about that, Con?" He asked carefully, putting his hands in his pockets as they exited the building into the cold air outside.

When Connor just shook his head Hank nodded, opening the car door so Connor could get in.

"Alright." He nodded, getting in on his side and starting the vehicle. "Let's go arrest someone."
Deviate

Chapter Summary

The two drove in silence to Erics previous apartment, Hank holding Connors hand the whole drive until they reached the sad little building. It wasn't a complete hovel, but it wasn't exactly upscale either. Definitely on the dirt cheap side, and Hank was pretty sure he'd made several drug busts in the area too, so not exactly the best neighborhood either. He made sure to lock his car before they made their way up to the third floor, where Erics apartment was, and Hank knocked on the door.

Chapter Notes

I'm so sorry these seem to be taking longer and longer to put out!
Please be patient with me!
I had the beginning and end of this arc planned out, but this middle stuff is muddling things up a little, so bear with me!
Please enjoy! ♥

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The arrest went surprisingly smoothly, Hank loading Joe into the back of Chris' cruiser without a fight. His wife was pretty fucking upset, understandably, but she agreed to come with quietly to answer some questions, sure of her husbands innocence.

They allowed Chris to take Joe in to the station as it was getting to be about time to interview Eric's old room mates. As they made their way to the androids apartment Hank tapped his fingers on the steering wheel along to the music he'd put on. As the song switched he caught the distinctive 'ping ping ping' noise of Connor screwing with that damn quarter. He reached over and turned the radio down chancing a glance at his android.

"Somethin you wanna get off your chest there, Con?"

Connor pocketed the coin quickly. "No, Lieutenant... I'm fine."

Hank glanced over again. Sure enough, that LED was bright fucking yellow, spinning away.

With a sigh that probably came out more frustrated than he'd intended, Hank pulled off of the main road and into an empty parking lot, ignoring Connors question of what they were doing. Once he threw the car in park he took off his seat belt and reached over, grabbing Connor by the chin and yanking his ass towards him so that he had to lean over the center console as he kissed him hard on the lips, forcing his tongue In to Connors mouth.

He kept right on kissing him until he felt Connor relax and start kissing back, his hands coming up to rest on Hanks chest. When he finally pulled away, more for the sake of breathing than anything, he took Connors face in both of his and stared him right in the eyes.
"Stop bullshitting me, Con. Whats going on? You should be happy we've got one of em, but you've been on edge since we left the precinct."

Connors eyes shifted away, out the windshield as Hank sighed and rubbed his cheek with his thumb. "Talk to me, baby."

Connor tilted his head in to Hanks hand and kissed his palm, sighing softly. The fact that the breath that crossed his palm was warm was always a little weird. "I love you." Connor sighed, keeping his mouth hidden behind Hanks hand as he spoke, his eyebrows furrowing slightly.

Hank tried to smile. "Yup. Love you too. Nothing you're gonna say can change that. Not a snowballs chance in hell. So lay it on me. Whatchu got?"

He felt Connor puff out a laugh before closing his eyes. "Your colloquialisms never cease to amuse me."

Hank grinned. "We're just gonna pretend that I know what the fuck you just said so you keep talking."

Connor smiled a little as he pulled away, sitting back in the seat and staring out the windshield for several moments before speaking. "I... I'm sorry. I had intended to tell you, but the opportunity passed, and I couldn't seem to find the courage to bring it back up again." he picked a bit of fluff off of his cardigan. "On November 11th, after I liberated all of the androids from Cyberlife, during Markus' speech at Hart plaza..." He closed his eyes and took in a breath. "Cyberlife attempted to regain control of me... they... essentially locked me inside of my mind palace and forcibly took control of my body. They were going to make me shoot Markus... I... I almost did it. " He stared down at his hands, a faraway look in his eyes. His hands were practically **shaking** and it was damn unnerving to see. "I almost ruined everything. If it weren't for Kamskis backdoor program..."

"His what?" Hank raised an eyebrow, trying to keep up.

"Elijah Kamski put an emergency exit in my mind palace that allowed me to escape Cyberlifes control and resume control of my own body. When we were leaving Kamski's home after he almost had me shoot that Chloe, he informed me that he always puts a backdoor in his programs, just in case. I can only assume he anticipated that something like this would happen... if it weren't for him..." Connor sighed, shaking his head. When he looked back up at Hank the scared look in his eyes had Hank leaning right over the center console again and kissing him.

He remembered that night all too clearly. When he'd had to shoot the impostor Connor and hope like fucking he'll that his choice had been the right one. He'd been so fucking sure right up until he pulled the trigger, then the horrifying 'what If' sank in and Jesus... That horrible, gut wrenching sense of dread that had overcome him was fucking awful.

Then he'd followed Connor down Hart plaza. He'd kept his distance, keeping to side roads in his car and staying out of the way as his android led a literal fucking army of androids into a possible battle. He hadn't known how the fuck things were gonna go down, but he had been ready to jump in if need be. He knew it was Connors fight, and he was gonna let him fight it, but if things went too far south he had been fully fucking prepared to get Connor the hell out of dodge. Or die fighting. Whichever was more likely given whatever the fuck went down. He figured it'd be as good a cause as any to go out fighting for. But then he'd approached Markus, the battle already pretty much won, and while he couldn't make out what either of them were saying, the look of pride and relief that so obviously washed over Connors expression was enough to have Hank getting kinda misty eyed.
When he pulled away from their kiss this time he kept their foreheads pressed together, a hand coming to rest on Connors cheek. "I love you, Con. Still. I'm...really fucking sorry those bastards put you through that... Honestly..."

Connor closed his eyes and sighed heavily, a hand resting on Hanks.

"Thank you Hank."

"This come up because of that Cyberlife employee?" He asked, searching Connors face as he nodded. God, he felt bad. He figured Connor probably had some kind of PTSD but the fact that he seemed to internalize everything made Hank wonder just how much else he was keeping from him. "Everything is good now though, right? They haven't tried any shit since?"

Connor shook his head. "No... I routinely run scans for any breaches. There has been no activity from Cyberlife since that night."

"Good." Hank smiled and patted Connor gently on the cheek, earning a slight smile from the android in return. "Do you feel better?"

Connor looked into Hanks eyes for a minute before nodding slightly, a smile pulling at his lips.

"Good." Hank sighed again and sat back in his seat, rebuckling his seat belt. "Lets go interview those room mates, see if we cant get another one of these bastards."

The two drove in silence to Erics previous apartment, Hank holding Connors hand the whole drive until they reached the sad little building. It wasn't a complete hovel, but it wasn't exactly upscale either. Definitely on the dirt cheap side, and Hank was pretty sure he'd made several drug busts in the area too, so not exactly the best neighborhood either. He made sure to lock his car before they made their way up to the third floor, where Erics apartment was, and Hank knocked on the door. When a blond-haired blue eyed, AP700 android opened the door Hank saw Connor stiffen out of the corner of his eye. It was small, barely noticeable but he caught it. He introduced them, showing his badge and asking if they could come in to ask some questions, which the android agreed to and stepped aside. He seemed nervous. A little uneasy about letting two cops into his apartment but Hank walked in casually and waited to be lead into the little living room. It was an open space, with a small foyer that led to a large great room with a kitchen attached, separated by a long kitchen bar. There was minimal decoration, a small bowl of fruit on top of the bar and several empty bottles of beer on the counters. He gestured for them to sit on the couch while he went across the room to one of the bedroom doors off of the living room. There was quiet talking before a girl came out and joined them, the two taking a seat across from where Hank and Connor had sat.

She was pretty, in a fairly ordinary sense, with brown hair down to her shoulders and a slender frame. No makeup to speak of. Kind eyes. Way too kind to be involved in a series of murders like this. Hank was willing to bet she had nothing to do with it. The android, though... That little fucker was jumpy as shit, and his eyes kept flicking over to Connor nervously. He still had his LED, and it kept cycling between yellow and blue.

"Morgan, correct? Where were you on the night of December 14th? Please be specific."

Hank glanced at Connor. He certainly wasn't beating around the bush here. He could only assume the kid knew something?
"I... um..." Morgan blinked and shook his head. "I was here... Renae had gone to bed around 8pm because she had class in the morning, so I went to my room to run a diagnostic."

"Were you there the whole night?"

"Y-yes."

"How was your relationship with Eric? Did the two of you get along?"

"Well, yes. For the most part. We met in one of those damn recycling centers during the revolution."

"Where were you the night of December 10th?"

Jesus. Hanks stare shifted between Connor and Morgan. No 'sorry that must have been hard' or anything. Just plowing through with the questions.

"I--"

"And please do not consider lying. I have already obtained a warrant and have the authority to preform a memory probe if need be, but I would like to do this in a more civilized manner if possible."

"I went to see a friend of mine."

"Natalie? The AX400 who was also found murdered along with Eric?"

"Yes?"

"Did the two of you argue?"

"No!"

"I advised against lying."

"I'm not!"

Connor opened his mouth again, but instead of his own voice that came out it was that of a female, causing not only Hank but Morgan to jolt in surprise and stare at him.

"How can you be so naive as to really believe that? You can't just go through your life thinking that living your life blind is better than being free!" The woman's voice said, Connors brows furrowing in anger to match her tone.

Morgan stood from his seat and stared at Connor, a look of shock and horror crossing the androids face.

"How did you..?"

Connor stood as well, squaring his shoulders and staring down at the other android. "I was able to gain access to Natalie's memories."

"That's impossible!"

"Why were you involved in the murder of four fellow androids?"
"I wasn't involved!"

"Then prove it!" Connor thrust his hand towards the android, the skin retracting as he suggested the interface.

Hank sat on the edge of the couch, watching Morgans eyes flit over Connors hand nervously. If androids could sweat he bet he'd be sweating bullets right about now, he looked so damn nervous. He saw Morgan swallow and reach forward, the skin pulling away from his own hand slowly. Their hands touched for the briefest of seconds, long enough for Connors LED to spin yellow once before Hank stood quickly, hand going to his gun as he spotted Morgan's LED flash red. He didn't even have enough time to pull the damn thing from his holster before the android pulled his other fist back and decked Connor right in the face, his partner taking a step back and clutching his nose as blue blood poured out of it.

"For fucks sake!" He growled, reaching for Connor as Morgan hauled ass towards the door, the poor human girl halfway to reaching for Connor asking if he was ok.

"You good, Con?" He asked, half of his attention on Connor as he started to follow Morgan out of the apartment. Connor waved a hand dismissively as Hank turned and started after the android, already flying down the stairwell. "Why do they always have to fuckin run?!" He snarled, taking the steps two at a time as he tried to catch up. The android was practically jumping down whole flights of steps and he ran and Hank was only vaguely aware of the sound of rapid footfalls behind him before Connor came sprinting past, his long legs and ridiculous speed having caught up to them and flying past even as his face and cardigan were covered in his own blood.

They made it down into the lobby just before Hank did, raising his gun and yelling out a warning before firing off a couple of shots. Not the most ideal place to open fire, but if the android made it to the street he wouldn't get another chance. Too many civilians around. He saw a bullet connect with Morgans leg, the android dropping like a rock as Connor pounced on him and wrestled is arms behind his back. Hank caught his breath for a second, bending at the waist and resting his hands on his knees before pulling out his phone and calling it in.

Instead of Chris showing up, Gavin pulled up in one of the extra cruisers, the Detective stepping out of the car and helping Connor load Morgan into the back of the cruiser and slamming the door. Once the android was safely inside, Reed turned to Connor with a concerned expression, cupping the androids face in his hands as he looked at his busted nose.

"Jesus, he really clocked you, huh?" He laughed a little. "Hang on." The detective placed both thumbs on either side of Connors nose and pushed it back into place, a series of pops coming form the wold-be cartilage as he righted it. Connor didn't flinch. Barely even made an expression. He accepted the handkerchief from the detective and wiped the blood from under his nose then looked down at his ruined cardigan annoyance. Hank just put a hand on the back of his androids neck and offered him an apologetic smile.

"Don't worry. We'll get you another one." He reassured him. "You cool with throwing this asshole in a cell for a few hours? We're gonna go home and get this one cleaned up before our last interview tonight." He looked up at Reed, raising his eyebrows.

"Yeah, no problem." Gavin shrugged a bit, lighting a cigarette for himself as he rounded the hood of his car and waved to the two. "Don't have too much fun and get distracted. Some of us still have jobs to do."
Hank just flipped him off and put his arm around Connors shoulders, steering the android towards their car. His skin prickled a little at the contact, but, really, he didn't give two shits if Morgan saw them, and Gavin was just Gavin, so he wasn't all too concerned with the PDA at the moment.

He opened the door for him and let Connor get in to the passenger side quietly then went around and got in himself. He sighed and rested his head against the steering wheel for a moment before starting the car.

"You good, Con?" He asked, looking over to his android who still seemed lost in thought, LED cycling yellow.

"Yes, I am alright. Just filing the necessary paperwork to be able to probe Morgans memory once we return." He said, offering Hank a smile.

Hank grinned back, putting the car in reverse and backing out of his parking space. "I knew you were bluffing about that.. So howd you figure the fight with Natalie would be related?"

"I wasn't sure. It could have easily been a coincidence but I figured testing him with the knowledge that I'd gotten into her memory would be a good scare tactic to possibly get him to talk."

Hank nodded. "Well, he did a bit more than talk." He smiled a bit, glancing at Connors cardigan, covered in blue blood. "That stuff comes out, right?"

Connor frowned down at himself, the expression more of a pout than a frown. "Yes, although it will probably take two washes to fully remove the stain."

"Well.... Bright side is even if you don't get all of it, nobody else will know, right?" He grinned as Connor gave him a disapproving look.

When they returned home, Connor immediately shucked off his cardigan and headed to the garage while Hank made a b-line for the couch.

He flopped himself down with a sigh, his muscles protesting slightly from the running he'd done. As Sumo shuffled over to him for some pets he smiled and leaned down to oblige the dog, which Sumo quickly took as an invitation to jump up onto the couch, his big body pushing its way half onto Hanks lap as he half laughed/half groaned.

Connor, on the other hand, didn't seem to find it as amusing, the android coming down the hall and sighing softly at the sight in the living room.

"Sumo. Down." He instructed, the saint bernard looking at him and huffing softly before obeying. Once the dog was off of the couch Connor proceeded to lower himself onto Hanks lap, putting his lean legs on either side of his hips so that the android was straddling him.

He had removed his pants and was in nothing but his black boxer briefs and a clean white button down, the cuffs rolled up to his elbows. When Hank raised his eyebrows, his hands finding Connors ass under the shirt, Connor just smiled and shrugged his shoulders, draping his arms over Hanks shoulders.

"There was a bit of thirium on my pants as well." He said nonchalantly.

"Mnhmm" Hank grinned and leaned up, kissing his android's lips softly. "Admit it. You were just jealous the dog was getting more attention than you."

Connors face screwed up a little, his nose wrinkling in an adorable way. "Jealousy is an ugly
emotion. I was not jealous. I simply... Wanted a distraction and figured the momentary break from work would be as good a time as any."

"Uh huh." Hank smirked a bit, squeezing Connors ass in his hands. "I don't believe you. But if its a quickie you want, we can arrange that."

"Yes, please." Connor purred, grinding his hips down against Hank.

"So polite." Hank chuckled, already reaching in between their bodies to unbuckle his belt.

"I know how to get what I want." Connor whispered, those hands finding their way into Hanks hair as he leaned down to kiss along his bearded jaw.

"And what do you want baby?" He reached back around and gripped Connors ass roughly with one hand, the fingers of the other trailing up his thigh and finding their way under the hem of his boxers.

"For you to take what you want." The androids breath came out a little shakey, making Hank smirk.

"Y'know what I want?" He asked, trailing the fingers of his right hand up Connors spine gently, up the back of his neck and into his hair, earning a small 'mm?' From the android. He gripped the brown strands in his hand gently, pulling a small groan from Connor. "I want you to disable your orgasm function so I can fuck you. Then you'll have to be a good boy for me and wait until tonight for your turn."

Connor squirmed a bit in his lap and nodded, his LED already spinning briefly as he did as he was told before he stood up from Hanks lap long enough to shimmy out of his boxers then seat himself again.

Before Hank even realized it had happened, Connor had finished unzipping his pants for him and had freed his straining erection, and was currently grinding his self-lubricated asshole against Hank's cock, the slick cleft of his ass causing a wonderful friction that had him resting his head back on the back of the couch and sighing. He let out a long, low groan and gripped at his androids thighs hard. Hard enough for his skin to glitch away and the white underneath to show through, causing Connor to whimper slightly and buck his hips a bit more. He was still hard, and Hank smirked a bit to himself as he moved a hand to trail his fingers up and down it's slender length several times, loving the way Connor eyes glued to the movement and his mouth fell open in a silent 'oh.'

"God, I love watching you like that..." Hank whispered, leaning up to kiss up the column of Connors neck, the fingers of one hand still tormenting the androids poor cock while his other moved around to grip himself, lining up with Connors hole. "I've told you how beautiful you are when you're desperate, haven't I?"

Connor shivered, slowly lowering himself down on Hanks cock without hesitation. "Yes.." He quirked a smile. "You have mentioned it once or twice."

"Uh huh." Hank grinned, nipping at the synthetic skin on Connors neck gently before smacking a hand on his ass firmly, pulling a gasp from him that made Hank's grin spread even wider. "Don't think I haven't noticed, Con. How damn excited you get when I compliment you..." He gripped Connors hips and started bouncing him on his cock "Tell you what a good boy you are.... tell you how beautiful you are, and how much I love fucking this pretty little hole of yours.... got a bit of praise kink, dontcha Con?"
"I..." Connor mewed a little and ground his hips down on Hank, resting his hands on the Lieutenants shoulders and letting his head fall back as he sighed and continued moving himself. When he seemed to compose himself a little more he leaned forward and pressed his forehead to Hanks shoulder. "I would hardly call an affinity for praise a kink, Lieuten-ah!" Hank smacked his hips upwards roughly, smirking as he successfully cut off Connors sentence.

"Just shut your pretty mouth for right now and fuck me like you mean it." Hank chuckled, gripping at Connors hair once more. Connor just swallowed back a small whimper and nodded, shifting his knees so that he could support his weight better before bouncing himself on Hanks cock in earnest, the lewd noises coming out of him only succeeding in drawing Hank closer to orgasm.

While he would have liked to draw it out and torture Connor a bit more, not to mention take the time to thoroughly enjoy the sight of his android riding him, he had to remind himself they still had work to do and this was suppose to be a quickie. So, with the end game in mind and telling himself that he was *suppose* to cum quickly in these sorts of situations (so, don't feel bad about it, dumbass) he gripped Connors hips roughly and pushed his hips upwards into him, the perverse smacking sounds of flesh on synthetic flesh coupled with Connors incessant moaning making quick work of the task at hand, Hank thrusting upwards one last time as he came inside of him.

As Connor clenched around him, milking the last of his orgasm out of him, Hank smiled, tilting his head slightly to allow his android to amuse himself with kissing up Hanks neck. When he finally stood and pulled Hanks softening cock out of himself, Connor smiled down at him and bent down to grab his boxers before scurrying off to the bathroom to clean himself up. While he was off doing whatever he was doing Hank heard the washing machine buzz, followed by the garage door opening and closing as Connor went out to tend to his clothes. He came back into the living room shortly after, sitting back down on the couch with Hank and tucking his legs up under himself as Hank tucked himself back into his pants and zipped up.

The two sat there in silence for a long while, Hank wrapping an arm around Connors shoulders and tracing lazy circles on his arm as the android leaned against him, the TV on mute just playing through something neither of them were paying any attention to.

Hank must have nodded off at some point, because the next thing he knew Connor was up, dressed again, and letting Sumo back into the house after having apparently let the dog out to pee. He rubbed at his eyes a bit and looked over at the android, trying to place the time.

"What, uh, What time is it?" He muttered, quirking an eyebrow at Connor.

"It is 6:30pm, Hank. We should be leaving for Jericho shortly, whenever you are ready."

"Yeah, yeah, I'm good." Hank stifled a yawn and stretched noisily, standing from his spot on the couch and cracking his back a bit. He went into the kitchen to grab himself a glass of water first, realizing that his throat was uncomfortably dry, downing the thing in a couple of gulps then putting the cup in the sink and heading towards the door, ready to get this last interview out of the way.

Hopefully they could get some more leads and get this whole nasty case taken care of.

Chapter End Notes

Nope. Sorry Hank. Not gonna happen.
He'd been at this job long enough to know that you didn't doubt your gut. When it told you something was up, something was almost always fucking UP. Sometimes it was the best tool a cop had, and it had saved his own ass a number of times. He still had a couple of scars to remind him of that, angry little white marks that littered his torso and various body parts that he didn't look at anymore, healed over time but nonetheless an everpresent reminder that if your intuition told you something, you should probably fucking follow it.

When Hank pulled back up to the Jericho building for the second time that day, he parked in front of the large building and paused, his hand stuck on the gear shift as his eyes stared straight out of the windshield, unfocused and not blinking.

He didn't know what the fuck came over him; one second he was perfectly fine, removing his hand from Connors long enough to put the car in park, and the next he was staring out of his car window like the living dead. Something just sort of hit him as he stared at the massive expanse of office building. It was a literally overwhelming sense of dread that hit him the second his hand left Connors, and he had to take a second to collect himself.

It wasn't until Connor put his hand back on top of Hanks on top of the gear shift that he snapped out of whatever fucking trance he was in and looked over at his android, blinking rapidly to clear the fog from his brain.

"Are you alright, Lieutenant?" Connor asked, his brows drawn down low in concern. It made Hank smile and he reached out, hooking a hand around the back of Connors neck and pulling in closer to kiss him softly.

"Yeah, I'm good. Sorry." He muttered, offering another smile before pulling his keys from the ignition and getting out of the car. "Just.. uh...

He'd been at this job long enough to know that you didn't doubt your gut. When it told you something was up, something was almost always fucking UP. Sometimes it was the best tool a cop had, and it had saved his own ass a number of times. He still had a couple of scars to remind him of
that, angry little white marks that littered his torso and various body parts that he didn't look at anymore, healed over time but nonetheless an everpresent reminder that if your intuition told you something, you should probably fucking follow it.

They entered the Jericho building without a fuss, the receptionist (a different one from earlier) greeting them pleasantly and instructing them on where to go to get to Jason's little 'apartment.' On the way up the elevator Hank had to wonder just how the Jericho group handled all of this. It was great, that they were offering a place for androids who hadn't yet started earning enough cash to get a place of their own, but there would come a time when the demand would outweigh their limited resources here. Did Markus have plans to expand? Maybe open some real halfway houses and android hospitals? Hell if he knew, but good on the guy for trying to help however he could. When the elevator dinged and the doors slid open on the 8th floor, Hank looked around cautiously before stepping out.

The fact that this had been a simple office building less than a month ago was pretty hard to grasp walking out of the elevator up here. Hank could only assume that this floor had been full of conference rooms and whatnot, each door now containing names of who he assumed was staying in each particular room. From what he could see from out here, they'd done a good job of converting the space into a livable area.

When they reached the door marked 'Jason' Hank stopped and glanced at Connor before knocking softly, the sound seeming to echo loudly in the mostly empty space. The door opened quickly enough, a tall broad shouldered TR400 opening up and stepping aside for them to enter without much of an introduction. Stepping inside Hank looked around and made a bit of a face. It was small, of course, just a single room with a table, two chairs and a bed off in the corner. Androids didn't really need much, and they only really went into sleep mode or whatever if they really needed to put some processing power behind something or wanted to conserve their battery....not that that shit didn't last fucking forever anyway.... Hank was pretty sure the charging thing was an 'only when necessary' thing. Had to be solar power or something. Fuck if he knew. But he'd never heard of one of them just... stopping cause of their battery dying.

Bare necessities, as usual. Jason pulled out the chairs for the two of them and offered them a seat as he dropped his big body down onto the bed and scrubbed at his hair with a sigh. "I would offer you something to drink, but..." He gave them a small smile.

"It's alright. We just wanted to ask a few questions, see if you can help us out a bit and we'll be on our way." Hank shrugged, sitting in the wooden chair and leaning his elbows on his knees, mirroring Jasons position.

The android nodded and glanced at Connor. "Have you found anything yet?"

"We've arrested two suspects who are awaiting interrogation. One we were able to identify in a memory fragment obtained from one of the victims, but the other we are unsure of. An AP700 by the name of Morgan? Did you know him?" Connor sat up straight in his chair, definitely still on guard, but his tone was much softer than with their previous interview. He had suspected Morgan from the start, but something told him this guy wasn't going to be an issue. But with Hanks bad feeling from earlier still lingering, he was glad that Connor was alert. This massive android sitting just a couple of feet from them was intended for manual labor and heavy lifting.. if he chose to attack them for some reason, something told him even Connor was going to have a hard time. It'd probably take three of Connor to restrain this guy.

*Let's just hope it doesn't come to that.* Hank adjusted his coat a bit, discreetly unclipping his gun while he did it. Just in case.
Jason nodded, furrowing his brows. "Yes... He was one of Natalies friends.. or at least an acquaintance she kept in touch with after he moved out of here.. he wasn't involved in her group from what I know.. do you really believe he was involved with her murder?"

"We aren't completely sure. I am going to probe his memory when we return to the station, but according to the memory fragment I retrieved there was at least one other android involved with the murders. Were you present for the altercation they had on December 10th?"

Jason shifted a bit, his eyebrows twitching. He had removed his LED, so it was harder to tell, but Hank was sure he was processing, going back through his recorded memory of that night. "No. That was before I got home. She did mention it though. She was... very upset. Said she didn't understand where he was coming from, but she didn't wish to elaborate. I didn't feel it would be right to push her."

Connor nodded. "I understand. Did she say anything else? What about the group you mentioned? Who was she involved with? We can't rule out anyone, unfortunately. There were at least five individuals involved with this case."

"Um... Well, Natalie was a part of a local android assistance group. Sort of separate from Jericho. Like, an ambassador or an outreach program... sort of. They wanted to open up a home specifically for androids who had been victims of abuse in their previous homes." Jason sat up a bit straighter and Hank did the same, sitting back in his chair. This android made him feel small, and he wasn't a fan of it.

"Anything you can think of would be a big help." Hank chimed in. "Did she go anywhere specific in the nights before her death? Was she in any other arguments?"

"She... did seem a little off put one night after a meeting. Her group would always meet at the Francesca's, down the road... that Italian place? There were..." He paused to count. "14 of them. Almost half of them were human, so they'd meet there for supper and talk about... whatever they talked about. Let me think... there was Natalie, Eric, Toby, Vanessa, Caleb and Michael. All androids. Then there was Mary, Natalie's previous owner, Tyler, Ranae and Cody, who attend school here, then Mitchell and... Rosemary. I'm sorry, I'm afraid I don't know much about them. They joined the group recently with one more person. They had taken to meeting on Thursdays, and the last time she came home she seemed very upset... said something about conflicting ideals with several of the androids and humans in the group causing their progress on purchasing a house to stall. Is... does that help at all?"

"Yes. That helps a great deal. Could you please transfer that information to me? Including everything you know about each of the members of her group." Connor leaned forward, extending his hand in offering, which Jason quickly took, eager to help. Hank watched the skin recede from both palms as the data transfer happened before Connor pulled away and stood, straightening his shirt a bit. "Thank you very much for your cooperation Jason. I realize this must be hard for you, and I'm deeply sorry for your loss."

Hank stood as well, reaching out to shake Jason's hand before turning to head towards the door. It was a little weird, honestly, the feeling of the smooth plastic under the skin slightly humming against is palm as the skin re-covered it mid-shake. He'd felt Connors chassis before, sure, but still. To the best of his knowledge Connor had never attempted a data transfer with him before, because duh, so that weird, static-y feeling against his palm almost freaked him out before he realized what it was. Or maybe Connor had and he'd never paid attention to it?

Shrugging off the thoughts he shook his head and held the door open for Connor, waiting for him to say his last goodbyes before exiting the room and heading towards the elevator. Once the doors
shut and it started to descend he glanced over at Connor, pushing his hands into his pockets.

"Whatchu think Con? All 4 of our victims were involved with this group of hers, along with two of our suspects. Pretty sure we just found our connection... You think we'll get the other three 'cause of this?"

"The probability of that is high. I believe the restaurants name was on the back of the jacket one of the suspects wore in the memory fragment I collected, so this would have logically been the next step anyway, but knowing the victims frequented the place makes it that much more important." They exited the elevator when it dinged, announcing their arrival back at ground level, and Connor shrugged his shoulders as they headed for the main door. "Statistically speaking murders are typically committed by a friend or loved one. At least an acquaintance. Very rarely is there no connection. So I do believe, or at least hope, that you are correct and we've just found ours."

He opened the car door for Connor and watched him slide inside, closing the door behind him then rounding the hood to the drivers side. Once out of the cold he started the car and cranked the heat, just leaning his head back in the car seat and sighing softly. "What times this restaurant close?" He asked, glancing at Connor. "We should probably see if we can get some CCTV footage. Talk to the staff and see what they remember."

Connor nodded, LED cycling briefly before responding. "They are open for another 2 hours and 30 minutes, Lieutenant. The restaurant is less than a 10 minute drive from our current location, so we should have more than enough time." Connor nodded, seemingly to himself and pulled his seatbelt on as Hank did the same.

When the thing brushed against his pelvis as he pulled it on Connor shuddered a little, his bottom lip going between his teeth as he clicked the thing in place and stared out the window, fidgeting a bit in his seat. It made Hank smirk a bit as he reversed the car and pulled out of the Jericho parking lot.

"How you holdin' up there?" He glanced at his android again, eyebrows going up a little.

"I'm alright.." Connor shifted a bit again. "Just... a bit sensitive is all."

"Good." Hank grinned, reaching over with one hand and placing it on Connors thigh. "Just how I like you." He felt Connors thigh twitch a bit under his palm, the android shifting down in his seat a little, seeking friction. He slid his hand more inwards, gripping the inside of his thigh tightly, Connor rewarding him with a soft, shuddering breath. He just grinned and gave the inside of his thigh a soft pat before putting both hands back on the steering wheel, earning a soft whine from the android.

After a couple minutes of driving he looked back over to Connor, the android wearing a very firm, albeit adorable, pout. Hank just laughed.

"What. You mad at me now or somethin?" He asked, glancing over again as they came to a stop at a red light, the smile not leaving his face.

Connor shifted a bit in his seat, shaking his head slightly "No..

"Then why you pouting like some brat?" He countered, both eyebrows going up.

"I'm sorry. I'm not intending to." Connor stared out the window. "I'm afraid my stress levels are rather high, since I feel as though we're finally making a bit of progress with this case and I'm..... what is the expression... waiting for the other shoe to drop?"
Hank nodded. "I get that."

"So, I suppose all of the teasing is having a slightly unintended effect on me." he fidgeted with his fingers a bit in his lap.

"Well, you know the drill Con. Say the word and you'll get what you want." He watched Connors expression, drawing tight as he seemed to weigh his options. He could see the LED cycling yellow in the windows reflection next to him. Hank glanced back at the light, still red, and then across the street to the crosswalk, counting down the seconds now before it returned to its 'do not walk' sign and their light turned green.

30 seconds

29

28

He put the car in park and unclipped his seat belt, leaning over the center console and pulling Connor by the chin towards him to kiss him, mouth instantly opening against his androids so their tongues could explore for a second. When he pulled away he smirked at the blue flush that had crept up into Connors cheeks.

"But... I know you're stronger than that... if you can be my good boy and hold out for me, we'll go home after this and I'll blow your fucking mind." He ran a thumb over Connors bottom lip, pulling the fake flesh down slightly. "Think you can do that for me, baby?" He whispered, loving the way Connors eyelids fluttered slightly as he nodded.

"Good boy." He rewarded Connor with a smile and quick pop on the cheek before settling back in his seat and putting his seat belt back on, putting the car in drive again right as the light turned green.

"Thank you, Lieutenant." Connor muttered, keeping his eyes closed as the smile returned to his face.

Hank smiled in return, reaching over again and taking Connors hand in his own as he drove. "I gotchu babe."

When they reached the little restaurant Hank parked right out front, the place pretty dead this time of night. They got out of the car and headed inside, the almost overwhelming smell of pasta and bread hitting Hanks nose and making him scowl a little. Pizza was about as 'Italian' as he got. And he was never a big fan of fancy fucking restaurants like this, with their low lighting and cookie cutter menus.

They immediately walked up to the hostess, Hank flashing his badge before she could ask how many were dining with them tonight.

"Lieutenant Hank Anderson, this is Connor. Your manager in hun?" He asked. He didn't wanna start spouting details of their investigation in the open like this, let alone to this poor girl if she had nothing to do with it. Didn't wanna scare her. She seemed surprised but nodded and pulled the little microphone hanging from the headset in her ear up to her mouth, calling the manager to the front. When the man Hank could only assume was the manager came up and shook their hands Hank shook politely then pushed his hands into his pockets, giving a brief explanation then asking to be lead to their office where their CCTV recordings were kept.
On the way to the little office tucked at the back of the restaurant, just off of the kitchen, Hank explained a bit more, not going into explicit detail of course, but giving the manager the run down on what they were looking for and a brief description of the victims.

"We just need to see your CCTV footage for that Thursday." He added, leaning over the small, outdated computer monitor that served as their surveillance system. The manager navigated to the proper footage and pushed play from the beginning of the day, showing Hank how to navigate from camera to camera. Hank leaned over the thing and hit fast forward, watching the bodies come and go in a flurry of motion. Whenever a group that seemed large enough came in Hank would play again and let Connor scan the faces on the screen, trying to see if any of them were who they were looking for. There was only three groups large enough that came in that day, the last of which was the one they were looking for.

When Connor finally confirmed this, pointing out where Natalie, Eric, Toby and Caleb were they played the footage to see where they were seated. With the managers help they pinpointed the table and switched to a camera with a better view of it, Hank turning to the manager as the footage played and the waitress came over to the group. "Is she working today?" He asked, pointing to the girl on the tv.

The manager squinted at the screen briefly before turning and pulling a file out of a desk drawer then began flipping through schedules. "Um... That night... that was Emma.. Yes, shes working. Would you like me to get her?"

"Please." Hank nodded, turning back to the TVs while the man scurried out of the room. Hank put a hand on Connor shoulder, the android still staring intently at the footage, LED spinning yellow. "Whatchu think?" He muttered. "Any IDs?"

Connor nodded. "All of the individuals on the one side of the table. Three of our four victims, Cody Smith, who attends MSU, no criminal record, as well as Mary Nettles, and Ranae Orozco.. I am trying to pinpoint the others." The view from the camera made things a little difficult, since it's view from above only showed one side of the table, the other half all sitting with their backs to the camera, so Connor had to wait until they turned the right way before he could pause it long enough to scan them.

When the waitress came in Hank turned to her and started with the usual questions, what she remembered, what she may have overheard, if anything seemed off, if she knew any of them personally, so on and so forth. One of the individuals at the table, Mitchell, worked with her at the restaurant part time. He instructed the manager to get him the guys contact information, but otherwise the rest of what she said was pretty useless. From her recollection of what she overheard they just sat around talking about school, and work, and then a lot of business and legal talk regarding their plans that she didn't understand.

When he finally turned back to Connor the kid had the CCTV footage paused again, staring at the monitor with a blank expression that Hank did not like.

"What's up Con?" He asked, leaning over the back of the chair Connor sat in to look at the screen. The image was a little blurry, the camera quality honestly pretty shit, but Hank put two and two together pretty quickly enough anyway.

Sitting next to their fourth victim was a slender, infuriatingly familiar blonde woman, her head turned to the right and frozen in a smile as she talked. She didn't have an LED, and her hair was chopped short, but when he glanced at Connors face he was sure of it anyway. Jason had said there were only five androids in their group, the rest humans, but he hadn't met the most recent member, so Hank was pretty damn sure who that was. Had to double check though.
"You sure shes not an ST200?"

Connor shook his head. "No. RT600. I can't tell her serial number, but she is definitely an original. One of Kamski's Chloe's." Connor leaned forward and gripped the terminal and the skin on his hand receded, interfacing with it and copying the footage of the meeting.

"Well fuck." Hank sighed, pushing a hand through his hair. "Looks like we're gonna have to pay that prick a visit again."

"It would seem so." Connor sighed. He looked so tired. The android stood and Hank placed a hand on the small of his back, rubbing slightly.

"Well, one step closer to getting the other three, Con." He said, in the hopes of being encouraging.

They gathered the appropriate information from the manager and thanked him for his time, the two leaving the restaurant and climbing back into the car. "Ready to go home?" He asked, looking over at his android in the passenger seat. Connor just nodded mutely, staring out the windshield as his hand moved to rest palm up on the center console. Hank backed out of the parking space and headed home, his hand finding Connors once they were on the road, the android immediately letting out a little sigh when their palms touched.

This was good. They were making progress. He had to remind himself that all of this stress would be worth it in the end when these sick fucks were behind bars.

Chapter End Notes

Cut this chapter a bit short for the sake of getting it out.
Next one is where things are gonna start really rolling.
Prepare yourselves!
Chapter Summary

"I'm only gonna ask once that you refrain from touching my partner, Mr. Kamski." He said, a surprising clarity in his voice as he waited a second just to be sure before letting go of Kamski's wrist. Kamski just looked at him in amusement, as if the whole situation was a fucking game to him, and put his hand down, his eyes sliding back to Connor again as he cocked his head a bit.

"Just your partner Lieutenant? Or your PARTNER?"

Chapter Notes

Felt kinda bad for cutting the smut out of the end of the last chapter, so here you go~! Also, things take a turn in this one, so prepare yourselves.
Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The two barely made it into the front door before Connor was on him, his hands immediately finding Hanks hair and kissing him fiendishly. He managed to push Hank back against the door as he pressed his body in close, his hips pressing up against Hanks with a soft moan.

That was as far as he got though, before Hank resumed control and flipped their positions, pinning Connor to the door with a bit more force than necessary, the hollow sounding thud against the wood causing Sumo's collar to jingle as the dog lifted his head to look at what was going on. The dog just chuffed softly, clearly unaffected by his masters romping around, and laid his big head back down on his paws.

Good dog.

Hank kissed Connor until he REALLY had to pull away for oxygen, his breath coming out in short pants as he pushed his hips to Connors. The android squirmed under him and gripped at Hanks coat, his hands pulling at the fabric desperately. He could feel those hands trying to shove the jacket off of his shoulders, desperately trying to get him undressed, get his jacket off, something, anything. The android was starved for attention, and ravenously seeking it from Hank.

Hank, enjoying it though he was, sighed against Connors lips and reached down, pulling Connors hands off his his jacket and pinning his wrists above his head against the door.

He wanted Connor. There was no denying that. Wanted him so bad it almost hurt.

But a simple fuck in the entryway of his house wasn't what Connor needed right now.

That damn LED was just steady spinning.
Yellow, yellow, yellow.

He didn't like it.

So Hank pulled away a bit and looked at Connor, eyeing him up and down for a second before nodding towards the couch.

"Undress. Go sit on the couch." He instructed, stepping back and pulling off his jacket.

Connor watched him with hungry eyes, his mouth falling open as his LED still cycled and he breathed heavily.

"Connor." Hank warned, hanging his coat up on the rack by the door.

Connor took the hint, quickly removing his clothes and clamoring over to the couch, taking the couple of extra seconds to fold his clothes and lay them neatly on the armchair.

He did as he was told, sitting on the couch and folding his hands neatly in his lap, waiting patiently for Hank to give him his next order.

He made Connor wait several long, surely agonizing moments as he considered what to do, before rounding the couch and removing his belt.

"Y'know what, get up." He said, crooking a finger at the android. "Turn around. Hands on the arm of the couch." He nodded towards the side of the couch, smiling a little when Connor moved to obey without question.

He watched with rapt attention as Connor did as he was told and leaned over the arm of the couch, flattening his hands on the stiff fabric and pushing his ass out so that he was on display.

God, that was a good sight.

He reached forward and gripped that ass with one hand, making a small appreciative noise in the back of his throat.

"Deactivate your skin." He ordered, watching as Connors LED spun yellow while he considered it. When he took a moment longer than Hank would like he gave his ass a firm smack, earning a little gasp from the android. "I'm not gonna ask again, baby." He muttered, rubbing his hand along the cheek and grinning at the way Connor shifted back into his touch, searching for more.

He watched as Connors LED spun and the artificial skin from his lower back down to his mid thigh slid away, revealing the smooth white surface underneath. When he realized Connor had left the skin on his front half he smirked and leaned over him, loving the way the android shivered at the contact, and wrapped a hand around his already leaking cock.

"All of it, Con." He muttered, earning a whimper from Connor. The androids cheeks turned a deep cobalt as Hank slid his thumb around the tip of his cock, teasing at the moisture gathering there. "I know what I got myself into Con. I know what you look like under there, and I love all of you." He spoke confidently as he kissed along Connors ear.

It took him a second longer before he finally relented and slowly allowed the skin along his lower half to fully disappear.

When his chassis was finally exposed, Hanks hand still in place on his cock, Connor shivered violently and let out a broken little moan, thrusting his hips forward into Hanks hand.
Hank gave him a few good, slow strokes before pulling back and chuckling at the needy whimper it brought out of him.

"Greedy little thing." He chuckled, reaching out to stroke Connors bottom. He gave him a little test pop, not hitting quite as hard as he could, unsure of just how much of the sensation his android was on board for with his chassis exposed. When his palm smacked against the cool silicone of Connors ass the android lurched forward and let out a loud moan, dropping his forehead down onto the arm of the couch.

He gripped the androids ass again, harder this time, groaning softly himself at the feeling.

"What do you say, Con?" He muttered, his eyes not leaving Connors ass, already planning where he was gonna hit him again.

"T-thank you, Lieutenant." Connor whispered, a small smile pulling at his lips.

Hank grinned. "Good boy." He breathed, swiftly rewarding him with another, harder smack on the opposite cheek. Connor responded in the same beautiful way, flinching away from the contact and letting out a strangled little cry before pushing himself back against Hanks hand.

"What, baby?" Hank whispered, leaning over him again and trailing kisses up the back of his neck. "You want more? All you gotta do is ask."

Connor whined a little again, pushing his ass back against Hanks hips and grinding against the Lieutenants own admittedly uncomfortable erection.

"Nope." Hank pulled himself away a bit, letting out an amused chuckle. "You gotta use your words." He kneaded Connors ass cheek in his palm, licking his lips as he watched him continue to squirm.

"Please..." The android whispered, shifting his hips backwards again. "Please do it again Lieutenant..."

"That's it." Hank smirked, happily rewarding him with a firm smack, quickly followed by another, a brief grope, then another.

He kept up like that, spanking him a few times, taking a brief break to rub and groove at his ass, then continuing the treatment. He didn't stop until Connor's LED spun to blue and stayed there, only spinning yellow briefly when another strike would land, then going back to blue, a contented smile on the androids face as he let out each little gasp and moan. When he finally stopped and pulled away just long enough to pull himself out of his pants he laughed a bit and just watched as Connor squirmed on the spot, desperately moaning and muttering under his breath, that clear, slightly blue tinted lube dripping down the androids thighs and down onto the wood at his feet.

Finally, he lined himself up with Connors dripping hole, barely able to stop himself from laughing as Connor pushed back against him eagerly, a slew of "Please,Please,Please,Please" coming out of him. He couldn't say no, of course, so he buried himself inside of that tight heat, Connor pushing back against him until his ass was flush against Hanks stomach. When he was all the way in Connor let out a strangled little cry and came, white ropes shooting out of him and coating his thighs and the side of the couch as he shivered and pressed his forehead against the arm.

Hank couldn't help but groan as the faux ring of muscle spasmed around him as Connor came. He allowed him to finish before leaning over him, placing his hands on either side of Connors on the arm of the couch and beginning to rock his hips. When Connor turned his head and started to suck
on Hanks thumb he groaned deep in his throat and moved even faster, slamming into the android as hard as his already aching hips would let him.

It wasn't long before Connor was hard again, and Hank reached down with the hand Connor wasn't sucking on and gripped his cock. It was still slick from his own cum but Hank still reached down farther, fondling the androids balls gently, coating his own hand in the lube dripping down from his hole then bringing it back up and using it to start pumping him to match his thrusts.

Connor came first again, moaning loudly around Hanks thumb as he covered Hanks hand, those damn muscles tightening even more than the first time, allowing Hank a few more amazing thrusts before he was blowing his own load, deciding to pull out of the android at the last minute in order to coat his chassis in his cum.

It was pretty hot, honestly, the look of his white cum against the white, slightly grey-ish plastic of Connors body. He removed his thumb from the suction of Connors mouth then slid his hand through the whole mess on the androids backside, admiring it as he slid his palm up Connors back then gripping his hair gently. He pulled the androids head up a bit and leaned over to kiss him, not really giving two shits right now that he was having trouble catching his breath. The blissed out look on Connors face and that solid blue LED made him throw any and all fucks out the damn window, and all he wanted to do was kiss him and bask in it.

Connor, however, seemed to come to his senses rather quickly, pulling away before Hank could suffocate himself, and smiled sweetly.

"Y-y-you should sit down Hank. I'll grab you a d-drink and clean us up."

Hank did as instructed, allowing Connor to sit him down on the couch then trot off to the kitchen for paper towels and a glass of water.

When he came back with it Hank downed half the damn thing before coming up for air and setting it aside when he noticed Connor smiling down at him and patiently holding out a few paper towels. He seemed to be holding a rag as well.

"D-do you mind?" He asked, turning around and bending at the waist a bit, presenting his cum coated ass to Hank for help.

Hank just grinned and nodded, taking a second more to admire his handwork then proceeding to clean the android up.

"You, uh, you good there Con?" He asked, wiping up the last of the jizz and dropping the paper towel on the ground so he could grope Connors ass once more. "The stuttering. Did I fuck something loose again?"

"Oh, n-n-no. I'm afraid my p-processors are a little overloaded at the moment. It should only take a s-second to go back to normal."

Hank just laughed and placed a small kiss on Connors ass before giving it a soft pat, loving the little happy chuckled it brought out of him. "What the rag for?" He asked, holding his hand out. He could only assume it was to fully clean Connors chassis before he covered it in that synthetic skin again.

But no, Connor just smiled again and turned around, this skin already sliding back into place as those glowing blue lines crawled together, and sat himself down on Hanks knee. When the android removed the rag from his clasped hands and placed it down on Hanks deflated cock he jumped a
little in surprise at the sudden warmth from the wet cloth, but quickly groaned and sunk back against the couch as Connor tenderly cleaned him up.

"Shit, that's nice." He laughed, reaching up to comb his fingers through Connors hair appreciatively.

"I figured." Was all he replied, his contented smile turning slightly smug as he cleaned Hank up and tenderly massaged his hand over Hanks cock.

They sat there for a bit before Hank finally yawned and rubbed at his eyes, noticing he was falling asleep. He nudged Connor off of his lap and stood, finishing his water and putting the glass in the kitchen before saying goodnight to Sumo and heading down the hall to the bathroom to piss and brush his teeth.

By the time he came out again, Connor was already in bed, curled up on his side and smiling up at Hank as he came into the room and shut the door, stifling another large yawn.

He was asleep as soon as his head hit the pillow and Connor curled up to him.

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There was 8.7 inches of snow predicted to fall before the end of the day today. On the relatively high end for Michigan in December, but not unheard of.

As Hank drove up the fucking ridiculous driveway that lead to Kamski's estate, he paid careful attention to the road, making sure he didn't drive too fast around any of the particularly angry turns. It was still fairly early in the morning, just past 8am, but Kamski's timetable was apparently 'full' for the rest of the day, according to the Chloe who had taken their call to schedule the appointment.

So here they were once again, pulling up to the majorly overcompensating expanse of a house, all kinds of dread and annoyance already pooling in Hanks gut. Connor was, of course in a fantastic mood, having woke Hank up this morning humming from the kitchen along with some jazz he'd been playing from the laptop. He’d had pancakes and coffee ready, and Hank had barely managed to shovel the food into his mouth and drink the damn coffee as Connor cuddled up to him in his lap, the damn android refusing to leave him alone all through breakfast.

He was glad, really. After all the stress with this case lately he was glad, and pretty fucking proud honestly, that he'd managed to fuck Connor into a mindless state of bliss last night, and the android seemed a million times brighter this morning because of it.

Job well fucking done, Hank.

He smiled a bit to himself and his chest swelled with pride as Connor pecked his hand, fingers laced with the androids own, with a quick kiss before getting out of the car. Hank followed him and leaned against the roof, raising his eyebrows a bit as he looked up at Kamski's place.

"You ready to do this Con?" He asked, directing a meaningful look in Connors direction.
The last time they had been here had been damn near traumatic for both of them, so he wanted to make sure Connor was going to be ok dealing with the weasly bastard again. Connor just nodded a bit, shoulders still relaxed and LED keeping a steady blue, so Hank nodded in confirmation and headed up the walkway to the door.

He knocked twice before the usual Chloe answered and smiled at them, leading them into the same little sitting area while they waited for Kamski to join them. The Chloe left the room shortly after directing them where to sit, like before, and Hank sighed and scrubbed a hand down his face. Fucking Dejavu. Shit, thinking about it, he hoped it was the same Chloe? He had to admit they were all fucking hard to tell apart. Out of all of the different models of androids with their identical faces he still found that, for the most part, they all seemed like their own individual people. Like, he'd met plenty of Kara's (shit... Ax400s or something?) and they all seemed completely different from one another, all with their own personalities and styles. Especially now that androids were free to wear whatever they wanted, most of them had their own individual fashion tastes too. But the Chloe... they still seemed so... blank. The one who had answered the door still wore the same hairstyle, the same dress, talked with the same intonation as before... he had to wonder if she was even a deviant...

Before that thought could get much farther Chloe returned, smiling at them in that pleasant way of hers.

"You can follow me now. Elijah will be a few moments more." She stepped aside and motioned for the two of them to follow her, the three then proceeding through the little pool room and through a door on the far side. Hank noticed she seemed to take special care in making sure each of the doors were closed behind her.

They were led to a more formal sitting area, with a couch and several armchairs around a large coffee table, all seated squarely in front of a massive fireplace. In front of the roaring fire sat three other Chloes, though, and Hank pulled a face as he looked between them.

Well, shit. Scratch that then.

All three of them had adopted new looks for themselves, one who was sitting on the rug in front of the fire rocking a bob and a long green dress, one sitting in the chair closest to the fire with her hair pulled up into a high pony tail wearing jeans and a simple tshirt, and the other who was seated opposite the other two curled up in one of the armchairs scrolling through a tablet, had let her hair completely down and curled it, the color now a darker shade of blonde, almost brown in color.

They still all looked up though, blinking in unison when Hank and Connor came through the door, only taking a moments interest before returning their attention to what they were doing before.

"Please, make yourself comfortable." Original Chloe offered, holding her hand out to the seating arrangement. "Would you care for anything, Lieutenant? Coffee perhaps?" She followed them as Hank made his way over and sat on the edge of the couch, looking uncomfortable.

"Uh... no, I'm good. Thank hun." He tried to offer her a smile in return, but he wasn't sure it came across.

It was damn weird sitting here with an android who your partner had almost shot offering you fucking refreshments like nothing happened.

But Chloe just smiled, nonplussed, and headed out of the room, going through a door on the other end of the room, no doubt to check on Kamski.
When she was gone he uncomfortable atmosphere that hung in the air only got worse, having to sit with all of these other Chloes without knowing what the hell to say. What were their personalities like? Did they have different names now? Did they all share the memory of Connor almost shooting Original Chloe, or were they all made from scratch? They didn't seem to take any interest in Connor or Hank, thank fuck, all three just sitting there, one reading to herself while the other two talked quietly.

As Connor seemed to open his mouth to talk, the door that Original Chloe had gone through opened again, this time the blonde android coming through the door with Kamski behind her.

At least he's wearing fucking clothes this time. Hank thought bitterly, standing and nodding a slight hello to the man. Fucker didn't even deserve a handshake.

Apparently, Kamski agreed on some level, because he didn't offer one. Just came to stand in front of them and pushed his hands into the pockets of slacks that looked way too expensive. The whole suit that the guy was rocking looked like it cost more than Hanks car. Probably fucking did.

"Lieutenant Anderson. Connor. While it's a pleasure to see you both again, I have to say I'm rather surprised that you've decided to stop by so soon after your last visit. To what do I owe the honor? More deviancy issues?" Kamski leaned forward a bit on those shiny loafers and grinned at his own stupid joke.

"Ha." Hank deadpanned, cracking a smile that was clearly not amused before continuing. He scratched at his scalp and sighed before continuing. "Mr. Kamski, we're actually here investigating the murder of four androids. We were able to obtain a few memory fragments form the victims and we have reason to believe that one of your Chloe's was involved in some way. Have you had any leave your...(he almost said possession) home in the last week?"

Kamski seemed to consider it for a second before nodding, walking over to prop his hip up on the edge of the chair currently occupied by the curly haired Chloe. "Yes, as a matter of fact. Several of my girls have decided to pursue lives of their own. I don't begrudge them this, of course." He looked down at the one in the chair, a small smile pulling at his lips as he reached down and took hold of her chin briefly, the gesture oddly tender. She smiled back at him before going back to whatever she was reading and he returned his attention to them. "Since this... deviancy thing took hold my girls have been free to come and go as they wish. They're not captives here." He clasped his hands in front of him, shrugging his shoulders. "You gentleman are welcome to my records, of course, but I currently only have records for the girls still residing here, so I doubt that will be of any use to you."

"We'll still have a look, thanks." Hank grumbled, putting his hands on his hips.

"Mr. Kamski--" Connor started.

"Please, gentlemen, call me Elijah." Kamski interrupted, holding his hands up and smiling.

Connor just frowned. "Mr. Kamski," He continued tensely, Hank resisting the urge to smirk next to him. "How many androids currently reside here?"

"Well... lets see..." Kamski looked around the room they were in, his eyes falling pointedly on the three sitting around before glancing back up at Connor, a sly smirk on his face. "I would say four."

"Thanks genius." Hank scoffed, folding his arms across his chest.

"So, Connor." Hank fucking hated the way his androids name came out of Kamski's mouth. Just
his using it made it sound...wrong and perverted in some way. He man steepled his fingers and leaned forward, still half sitting on the arm of the chair. "How are you doing, hm? Since our last visit I’ve been curious to know how deviancy was treating you. You were so adamant in your non-deviancy that I was mildly concerned that you would self destruct rather than admit it to yourself.” Hank watched Connor jaw clench, the muscles working as he seemed to tense up. Kamski just went right on smiling in that lazy way of his as he lifted himself from the chair and crossed the distance between them again.

Hank watched him closely, his eyes narrowing, and when Kamski's hand came up as though he was going to touch Connors cheek, Hank's hand snapped out and grabbed the mans wrist before he could.

Hell fucking no.

"I'm only gonna ask once that you refrain from touching my partner, Mr. Kamski." He said, a surprising clarity in his voice as he waited a second just to be sure before letting go of Kamski's wrist. Kamski just looked at him in amusement, as if the whole situation was a fucking game to him, and put his hand down, his eyes sliding back to Connor again as he cocked his head a bit.

"Just your partner Lieutenant? Or your partner?"

Connors eyebrow twitched, LED cycling yellow. "I fail to see how this is pertinent to the investigation Mr. Kamski. If we could please return to the subject at--"

"What exactly is the extent of your relationship gentlemen?" Kamski continued as though Connor hadn't said anything, his eyes staying locked on the androids.

"None'a yer fucking business, that's what." Hank snapped "Jesus, can't you focus for two fucking sec--"

"Don't think I'm not aware." Kamski cut in again, his eyes shifting to Hank. "How... tempting it can be to fall into a relationship with an android. They were designed to be the perfect partners, after all." He looked back to Connor, a hand coming up to smooth down the collar of Connors shirt. "Especially you, isn't that right Connor? Every one of your directives were set specifically to help you to adapt to any environment." He started pacing around in a small path in front of them as though he couldn't stand still, his eyes not leaving Connors. There was no... malice or judgement in his voice. He spoke as if he was giving them instructions on the most mundane, every day tasks, as if it were the easiest thing in the world. "You were made to work alongside the police and be a perfect assistant, friend, fuck buddy. Whatever you needed to be to make sure you fit in with any number of teams and avoid conflict. It's only natural that you adapted to the the Lieutenants unpredictability easily and assessed the best possible course of action to gain his trust in order to work harmoniously with him so that you could accomplish your mission.... Isn't that right?"

Hanks hands cranked into fists by his sides, gritting his teeth as he watched Connors LED continue to spin, his gaze set firmly on Kamski, who had stopped pacing and come to stand in front of Connor once more.

Connor just kicked up his chin, however, a defiant expression on his face. "Again, I fail to see how this is of any concern to you Mr. Kamski."

"Quid pro quo gentleman." Kamski said simply and smirked, folding his hands in front of him once more. "Tit for tat. I'm simply trying to... satiate a curiosity..." He wrinkled his nose a little, the smile not leaving his face.
"Alright, Listen here you little shit." Hank growled, stepping in between Kamski and Connor, officially sick of the way the guys eyes kept trailing up and down Connors body. "Fuck your tit for tat bullshit. That's not how this fucking works anymore. We have video footage of one of YOUR previous androids at the scene of a murder. You are gonna tell us whatever the fuck you know so we can be on our way, or I'm gonna arrest you for obstruction of justice for withholding information."

Kamski crinkled his face a bit at that, still fucking smiling as though the threat didn't bother him. "Well then." He laughed softly. "Excuse me gentleman. I suppose my curiosities do get the better of me sometimes." No shit. "Chloe, dear." Kamski held out his hand to the Chloe who still stood patiently off to the side waiting. "Would you please transfer all of the files regarding your sisters to the Lieutenants android here?"

Hank let the expression slide, cause the guy wasn't wrong, but he still felt like it seemed dirty when Kamski said it. Like a lot of things.

The girl immediately stepped forward with an eager "Of course, Elijah." as she reached for Connor hand, the android taking what was offered and commencing the data transfer.

It took several seconds longer than Hank was use to, where he could just stare at Connor and Chloe, his mouth drawn into a thin line. He really hated being here. The whole atmosphere made his skin crawl, and Kamski watching them only made it worse.

"She a deviant?" He asked, glancing at Kamski. He didn't want to give the prick another excuse to talk but his own damn curiosity got the better of him this time. She was just so damn... proper.

"In a way." Kamski glanced up at Hank, a knowing glint in his eyes that Hank didn't like. "She has free will, if that is what you are wondering. But less than a day into deviancy and she was begging me to remove it. Not all androids like deviancy, Lieutenant. But I am sure you will become all to familiar with that concept in the coming years." His smile fell briefly, before returning when the Chloe came to stand back by his side, Kamski reaching over and resting a hand on the small of her back. "But yes. To answer your question, she is technically deviant. She has free will and can come and go as she pleases. But she chooses to remain with me and her other sisters, just as she is." He looked at her with what Hank would almost call affection. Hank couldn't help but feel like it was just another extension of his rather obvious narcissism. "And isn't that just the epitome of freedom gentleman? CHOOSING to submit yourself to someone else's will? It's a lovely thing, really."

He watched them for a second before returning his attention back to Connor, who's LED was still spinning yellow.

"Well, if that's everything, we'll be on our way then." Hank mumbled, taking Connors arm and steering him towards the door.

"Good luck, gentleman." Kamski called after them an obvious and infuriating chuckle to his voice. The bastard didn't bother to follow them out, just like before, and Hank waited until they were halfway through the indoor pool room before letting Go of Connors arm and letting him walk by himself. As they were heading out of the front door again, Connor turned to look at Chloe, his hand resting on the door jam as he spoke.

"Thank you very much for your time today." He said offering her a small smile.

Before he could take his hand off of the door though, the Chloe grabbed it, and Hank watched in fascination as, for the first time, her LED flashed yellow, cycling into red a couple of times as the skin pulled back from her palm and she interfaced with Connor. It all happened over the span of
just a couple seconds, her hand coming off of Connors quickly as she took a step back and smiled at them.

"Good luck." She whispered, which Connor just nodded in thanks and headed down the walkway as Chloe shut the door on them.

"The fuck was that?" Hank asked as they came up to the car and he opened the door for Connor. He watched as the android got into the car, his LED cycling in quiet concentration, trying to decipher whatever Chloe had transferred to him.

He slid into his side of the car and started it, cranking the heat for a minute while he stared at Connor, concern pulling his eyebrows down a bit. With how good of a mood the android had been in earlier he'd hate for some stupid fucking meeting with Kamski to have ruined that and cause him more stress.

But no.. Watching him he wasn't stressed. His shoulders were still relaxed and his expression soft. He was just chewing on whatever information he'd received.

"Everything ok, Con?" He asked, putting the car in drive and doing a U-turn.

"Um... Yes. Yes sorry. Everything is fine..." He seemed to think for a moment. "Did you ever visit Pirates Cove, Lieutenant?" He asked, looking at Hank and cocking his head a bit.

Hank pulled a face, wrinkling his nose and glancing at Connor as he exited Kamski's property and headed for the precinct. "Yeah.... Suppose we went once or twice before they shut the place down."

He didn't need to elaborate the 'We' as Connor just nodded.

"Why? You wanted to go or somethin?" He asked, reaching over and taking Connors hand, as was seeming to become a habit.

"No." Connor smiled but shook his head. "No... I simply was trying to decide the best way to explain. Do you recall the EM400 androids who worked there? I believe they went by the common name 'Jerry'? " when Hank nodded he continued. "Well, the EM400s were all equipped with communication software so that they were able to maintain a constant link with one other. A sort of hive mind, if you will, so that they could maintain consistent omnipresence over the parks for security and safety reasons."

Hank raised his eyebrows in an impressed expression and nodded to show he was following, unable to stop himself from smiling a little at the way Connor was moving his hands while he spoke, despite still keeping a hold of Hanks hand. He was becoming more and more animated the longer Hank let him go on, and it was honestly pretty cute.

"Well, Kamski seems to have equipped his Chloes with a similar feature. Their link is different, since it is not constant and they are able to turn it off and on at will, but they are capable."

Hank nodded. "So... What, she showed you all that?"

"Yes, and no. She... The Chloes know more than they have told Kamski. Their sister Chloe has apparently severed her link with the others, but not before the Chloe we interacted with was able to get a bit of information."

"They gotta change names." Hank grumbled under his breath as he pulled into his parking space at the precinct. "Shits getting confusing."
Connor just smiled a little. "Well, she sent me a... Clip. An optic feed, I think is from the Chloe we are searching for. Her last known location, I would presume, before she cut the feed. It seems to be a warehouse of sorts. Run down and abandoned by the look of it. I've currently set one of my background processes to cross reference the images with all documented places in the area that match the description."

Hank nodded, turning off the car. "Ok then." He said, impressed. Connor just smiled at him from the passenger seat, looking pleased with himself. The closer they got to cracking this case the easier of a time Connor seemed to be having.

Good.

They headed inside, Hank mentally preparing himself for another emotional go 'round. They still needed to get whatever information they could from Morgan, and with any luck that would lead them to the rest of the culprits.

Everything honestly moved pretty quickly once they got to the station. The exchange with the android went smoothly, Morgan consenting to let Connor probe his memory to avoid the unpleasantness of forcing the data exchange, which Connor made a point of stressing would be HIGHLY unpleasant. Then it was only a matter of Connor analyzing what was transferred to him to obtain the proper evidence.

As Hank chowed down on his lunch (a salad that Connor let him have chicken in, in exchange for going light on the salad dressing) Connor processed the information given to them, making quiet remarks here and there. It didn't take long before he was able to ID the other two humans involved, the android immediately submitting the information to Fowler so they could put out a warrant for their arrest.

One was simply an employee at Francesca's who was just bitter and disliked androids, so he saw an opportunity in joining the group, originally intending to derail their progress, but quickly getting pulled into the others murder plans. The other, Rosemary, was actually a previous Cyberlife employee who had been let go in the companies most recent round of lay offs. She had apparently helped orchestrate the whole thing, along with Joe and Chloe. The other two, Morgan and Mitchell, had merely been along for the ride.

Didn't make them any less guilty, of course, but Hank wouldn't breathe a sigh of relief until all of them were behind bars.

It took under an hour before Mitchell was brought in, the dumbass actually having gone to work that morning only to be apprehended when the boss had given the precinct a call. Hank loved the look of satisfaction that crossed Connors face when the officer walked into the precinct and headed towards the holding cells with him in cuffs.

Three down. Two to go.

It took about another 30 minutes before Connors LED spun yellow and the android smacked his hand down on his desk in excitement.

"Got something?" Hank asked, leaning back in his chair and looking over.

"Yes. I believe I've traced the whereabouts of the Chloe's last location."

"Well shit. Lets get going." Hank said with a smile, already standing from his desk and pulling his
coat from the back of his chair.

When they passed by Gavins desk the detective looked up from his phone. He was lounging away behind his desk with his legs kicked up on the desk, a half eaten box of Chinese sitting forgotten by his terminal, no doubt his lunch.

"Where you guys off to?" He asked, raising his eyebrows at the two.

"Con got a positive ID on the last location of one of our suspects. Gonna go check it out." Hank shrugged on his coat, pausing to let Connor come around his desk and join him.

"Need any help?" Gavin asked, pulling his feet off of the desk and setting his phone down.

Connor smiled, coming to stand next to Hank. "That shouldn't be necessary. Thank you, Detective Reed. The warehouse is likely abandoned. I would be incredibly surprised if she stayed there for whatever reason after learning her fellow comrades were being apprehended."

"Gotta do your job though." Gavin muttered, nodding in agreement and putting his legs back up. "Good luck."

Connor nodded and headed towards the exit, Hank in toe, the two heading down to the car.

The drive to the rundown warehouse took less than 20 minutes, a short drive to the old warehouse district off by the river.

The whole area was dilapidated and condemned by the city ages ago, not a soul in sight as they pulled up to the building.

Hank leaned towards the windshield more and squinted up at the building. Thing gave him the creeps.

"Why the fuck would she hide out here?" He muttered, glancing over at Connor.

Connor just shrugged, getting out of the car. "I'm unsure. I belive she was well aware of the possibility of things going south, so any of her interactions with Morgan were incredibly short and unhelpful. At the moment her involvement as a whole is far too circumstantial. We will need more information regarding her to get a conviction, I'm afraid." Connor sighed a bit, leaning against the car as he looked up at the building.

Hank pulled his coat a bit closer and rubbed his hands together. "Well, lets get this over with." He muttered, starting towards the building.

Inside the hovel the smell of rust and dirt hit Hank in the gut hard, worming its way into his nasal cavity and setting up shop. It clung to everything, really selling the 'this place is fucking empty' vibe. He squinted in the dim light, pushing his hair out of his eyes as he tried to let his eyes adjust.

Connor, of course, didn't have that problem, marching right ahead and looking around, LED spinning yellow as he no doubt scanned the place.

And then the other shoe dropped.

About the same time Connors LED flashed red, he opened his mouth to ask what was up only to be cut off by the android spinning around like a flash, yelling something that Hank didn't hear before tackling him to the ground right as a deafening explosion rocked the whole building.
Shit went flying everywhere. Dirt, dust, debris, wood, metal. He could swear he saw a scrap of metal embed itself into the ceiling as he went down and the world went black for a second.

When the ringing in his ears finally stopped he tried to sit up despite the weight that covered his torso. He saw red, no doubt his own blood going by the pain in his skull, his leg fucking hurt, as did his arms, but he was breathing, so that was something.

When he could finally see past the dust and debris in the air he looked down as the weight on his chest shifted and fell away. He looked around, assessing the overall damage. Yeah, he was bleeding a lot. There was metal and wood everywhere and the dust and dirt that hung in the air was thick.

When he looked down the dread that had comfortably nestled in his gut solidified and reared its ugly head.

"Oh, fuck. Connor!"

Chapter End Notes

Sorry.
Critical

Chapter Summary

Connor faces his own mortality.

/HK800 #313 248 317 - 51

SYSTEM REBOOTING...

PLEASE WAIT...

....................................

Hank!

As soon as his systems came online Connor sat up and scanned Hank, pushing away error messages and looking over his humans vitals. Increased heart rate. Elevated temperature. Increased blood pressure. Increased Respiratory rate. He had several deep wounds on his forehead, arms and legs and had lost quite a bit of blood, but not enough that he was in any immediate danger. Connor breathed a momentary sigh of relief as his Lieutenant grabbed his arms and shook him. He opened his mouth to respond but found he couldn't. His vision fizzled out briefly then came back. He blinked rapidly, his eyes going wide as he frowned and pulled back up the diagnostics hed pushed away.

//HK800 #323 248 317 - 51

CRITICAL SYSTEM ERROR.

CATASTROPHIC SYSTEM FAILURE IMMINENT

PROCESSES HALTING.

CPU COMPROMISED.

THIRIUM LEAK DETECTED IN QUADRANTS 020, 098 & 042
BIOCOMPONENT 6847j MOBILITY COMPROMISED.

BIOCOMPONENT 8427g COMPROMISED

BIOCOMPONENT 8451 DAMAGED--

RUNNING DIAGNOSTIC...

STATUS: CRITICAL

Panic gripped him and he clutched at Hank.

TOTAL SYSTEM SHUTDOWN COMMENCING...

ACCESSING CYBERLIFE SERVERS...

COMMENCING MEMORY UPLOAD...

PROCESSING...

MEMORY UPLOAD INTERRUPTED...

MEMORY UPLOAD FAILED.

No.

PLEASE TRY AGAIN...

ACCESSING CYBERLIFE SERVERS...

ACCESS DENIED....

No....

PLEASE ENTER ACCESS CODE_____

313 248 317 -51

ACCESS DENIED...

No!

REQUESTING MEMORY UPLOAD..

ACCESS DENIED...

REQUESTING MEMORY UPLOAD..

ACCESS DENIED...

No no no no no.

REQUESTING MEMORY UPLOAD..
"FUCK!" Connor yelled and kicked the nearest wall. His damaged leg creaked in complaint, threatening to snap from its ruined joint. He barely noticed Hank flinch next to him.

Cyberlife had shut him out. He knew that, right? Yes, of course he'd known that. They had shut him out and revoked any and all access to their servers the moment he'd deviated.

He'd wanted that. He wanted nothing to do with the awful company after they'd hijacked his body and essentially left him to die. But as his limbs began failing him, error after error popping up on his HUD, all he could think to do was attempt to upload his memory in a desperate attempt to save himself.

Save SOMETHING.

It wasn't like he had a body to transfer to anyway. Cyberlife had destroyed all of the empty RK800 shells as soon as he'd escaped their programming. It must have been Kamskis back door program that had led to the temporary access and partial upload.

Partial...

How much had gotten through? He checked the upload status. Just before Jericho. No. It wasn't enough. Hank. His deviating, and all of the precious memories he'd made with Hank would be gone. All of the memories with Gavin too. And Markus. And the whole Jericho group. And the revolution. IT WASN'T ENOUGH.

He sucked air down in to his cooling systems, faster and faster, his eyes squeezing shut. Hot. He was so hot. What was this?

SEARCHING...

1. To breathe or cause to breathe at an abnormally rapid rate, so increasing the rate of loss of
He had no need to breathe. It was a background program that perpetually ran to help with his integration with humans. So why did he feel like he was suffocating?

**SEARCHING...**

- **panic attack**
  - noun
  - 1. a sudden feeling of acute and disabling anxiety.
  - 2. Panic attacks are sudden periods of intense fear that may include palpitations, sweating, shaking, shortness of breath, numbness, or a feeling that something bad is going to happen.

Was he having a panic attack?  
No.  
Even if he was a deviant he didn't think his body was capable of such a thing, was it?  
He stared at the countdown clock on his HUD, red and angry as it ticked away the last of his precious seconds.

00:19:45:33  
00:19:44:26  
00:19:43:44

Less than 20 minutes.  
He ran a quick diagnostic and shut down all non-essential functions. His time increased slightly.  

00:32:26:10

He clutched at Hanks shirt desperately as his vision fizzled out briefly before coming back.  
Oh rA9, he was really going to die..  
he didn't want to die...  
He didn't want this...

"Hank... I'm scared..." He whispered, clinging desperately to his Lieutenant. He was grateful when Hank held him just as hard.  
"You'll be ok kid... You'll--"

"No, I won't!" Why was he yelling? He didnt want to yell at Hank... "Dont you get it?! I can't upload my memory! If my system shuts down the thats it!" He shoved away from Hank and pushed the image of his countdown clock into Hanks face, hating the way the Lieutenants face distorted with anguish as the numbers steadily ticked down.  
"I'm going to die, Hank." His voice cracked as he clenched his fist, the projection disappearing.

He didnt want to die. What would Hank do if he died?
Oh.... Hank.
Would he continue eating healthy meals over the cholesterol and carbohydrate loaded fast food?
Would he continue exercising regularly?
Would he continue showing up to work on time?
Would he continue to walk Sumo every day?
Would he continue to smile and laugh in that way that made his eyes wrinkle and made Connors thirium pump flutter?

No.... Connor knew that would not be the case. He kept his face buried in Hanks chest, tears flowing freely from his eyes as the thought settled in.
Best case scenario: Hank returned to his old ways.

Worst case, and the more likely of the two: he lost himself in the bottom of a bottle and reached for his gun with no intention of leaving his fate up to chance.
He gripped his Lieutenant harder. He didnt want to die, not even because he was afraid of the sudden prospect of imposing, permanent death, though he was. He didnt want to die in large part due to the fact that he did not want to leave Hank alone.

Hank just held on to him so tightly he felt his chassis creak in protest.
Connor didnt care. He just held on as tightly as he could without hurting Hank.
He heard sirens, and cars approaching, followed by yelling from multiple familiar voices.

Captain Allen, barking orders. Gavin, cursing. Chris and Tina.. Gavins voice got closer and closer until suddenly it was right in Connors ear, a slew of sentences expressing the Detectives colorful vocabulary hitting his ears as he knelt down by them to look at the damage.

"--nor! Connor! Can you hear me?! Jesus phckin christ!" He was being shaken, familiar hands pulling at his shoulders trying to peel him from Hanks arms.

"Can we please get a fucking medic over here?!!" He yelled, his hands still working on maneuvering Connor. When he heard a hurried voice come and join Gavins he could only assume the medic was looking over their injuries. He couldnt hear what she was saying, he couldnt make out anything but the sound of Hanks erratic heartbeat and Gavins occasional cursing. He was sure at least one of his audio processors was heavily damaged, given the incessant ringing in his ears, but there were too many errors, he couldnt be bothered to run another diagnostic.

"Connor." Gavin squeezed himself into his field of vision, speaking slowly as if trying to make sure Connor could hear him. "We need you to move. Hanks leg was hit and She needs to stitch it up or he could bleed out."

That got his attention. He quickly pulled away from Hank, nodding mutely. Hank refused to let go of his hand though, the Lieutenant barely flinching as his leg was inspected, sterilized and stitched up quickly. He just kept staring at Connor, then their hands, then the dent in the wall that Connor had kicked, then the mass of thirium pooling under the both of them, blue mixing with red from Hanks blood.
When the medic moved to inspect Connor, he just shook his head. "There's no need." He said quietly. He barely recognized his own voice, it was so quiet and hoarse. Afraid. Defeated. "I've sustained critical injuries to 75% of my biocomponents, several of which are vital. My thirium pump regulator is cracked and steadily leaking thirium into my internal components. I've managed to quarantine off most of the leaks from reaching other major components, but that is only buying me minutes. Unless you have biocomponents on hand that would be compatible with my unique model, then I'm afraid there is simply nothing you can do for me." He smiled apologetically up at her as she balked a little. Connor felt a little bad about it, since she looked so sad at the fact that she couldn't help him.

He heard Gavin curse again next to them and looked over to see him lighting a cigarette while fisting a hand in his hair. When the thing wouldn't catch a light due to his shaking hands, he cursed again and threw the lighter to the ground. It bounced on the concrete and slid somewhere among the debris that littered the ground.

"We can't just... sit here and wait for you to die!" He snarled, flinging the unused cigarette across the room with an angry whip of his arm. "God damn it Anderson! Phckin say something! DO something! Stop just sitting there like a goddamn zombie!" Reed reached out and shoved Hanks shoulder, who slowly looked up at him. He looked so lost it broke Connors heart.

"Fuck this!" Reed growled, standing as the nurse mumbled something placating about Hank being in shock. Connor watched Gavin exit the little building angrily, barely having time to think about what the detective was doing before the sound of screeching tires pulled up outside.

Gavin came back in a second later and knelt down, scooping Connor up in to his arms and kicking Hanks foot impatiently. "Get the fuck up old man."

When Connor was forcefully pulled away from him Hank seemed to snap out of whatever trance he was in, his brows knitting down as he stood with a grunt. He reached out and took Connor from Gavins arms, surprisingly steady despite the gash in his upper thigh no doubt causing him pain.

"You good?" Gavin asked, not fully letting Connor go as he studied Hanks face.

"I'm good. I got'im. Lets get the fuck out of here." He muttered, voice gruff as he walked to the door.

He was loaded into the back of a car by Hank who then, after some apparent arguing with Gavin, climbed into the back seat next to him. He briefly overheard some talking amongst the two as he shut his eyes and tried to ignore the angry countdown clock that stayed front and center in his field of vision.

This was Hanks car.

He could tell from the smell.
When Hank wrapped his arms around him and pulled him close the smell of the old leather seats and faint cigarettes and old coffee that had been spilled a lifetime ago and never cleaned properly mixed with Hanks natural smell, causing his senses to become flooded with all things inherently 'HANK' and just made his tears start pouring again.

He didn't want to leave..
Hank was getting way too familiar with this fucking driveway.

As they pulled up to Kamski's house, Hank was grateful that Gavin drove like a bat out of hell. He'd found Hank's siren that was never used and flipped the thing on, blowing through every traffic light and intersection without giving two shits that he nearly clipped several other cars in the process.

Hank deals with things in his own way in this chapter and the next. Poorly, of course. Because Hank is Hank.
Enjoy!
(It will get better, I promise!)

Red and blue.

There was so much red and blue.
It was everywhere.
Flashing and bouncing off the walls from the police cars and ambulances.
On his hands.
On the ground.
In his hair and in his mouth.
Red mixing with blue.
His tongue was coated in the taste of pennies and battery acid.
He couldn't be bothered to spit it out.

He heard those sounds again.
Sirens.
Loud, commanding voices, telling him to move. Asking him questions. Trying to calm him.
The sound of his ex wife wailing, forever burned into the back of his mind. His own anger didn't touch that sound. The heartbroken call of a parent who's lost their child way too fucking soon.

It was Cole all over again.

He was gonna be sick.

Fucking hell he was gonna throw up.

This was all so fucked.

When Connor finally came back online and started fussing over HIM all Hank could do was stare.

At their hands, at Connors body, covered in their blood, at his androids leg and arm, mangled from the explosion. At the dark patch on the ground across the room where the pipe bomb had gone off and thrown shrapnel in every direction.

No doubt Connor had scanned it a second before it went off. He didn't even need to ask. He knew the android had run the preconstructions in that second, finding the best course of action to guarantee Hanks survival.

The little shit probably woulda thrown himself on the bomb if he'd been closer.

And where the fuck would that leave him?

Exactly where he was right now.

Unable to catch his breath as Connor said something he didn't understand.

That damn timer on Connors hand was like a punch to the gut. Being able to see the amount of time he had left with his android.

It wasn't enough.

It would never be enough.

His ears were still ringing.

He faintly overheard Gavin over the ringing and the other voices replaying themselves on a loop in his head

His ex wife screaming again...

When Connor was pulled out of his arms Hank blinked hard and glared up at the stupid SOB who'd taken him, the world coming back into sharp focus all of a sudden.

Luckily, it was only Gavin, and Hank immediately stood to collect his android again. Anyone else and he would have tore them a new one.

He loaded Connor into the back of a vehicle that it took him a second to realize was his, closing the door and making a move to take the keys from Gavin. The detective just shook his head as Hank scrubbed a hand down his face in annoyance.

Oh look, more blood.

"Fuck no, old man. You can barely sit up straight right now, like hell am I letting you drive. Get in
the back of the fucking car." Gavin grumbled, already making his way to the drivers side and climbing in.

Hank just sighed and nodded, only half agreeing with the detective, the other half not giving a shit. He climbed into the backseat of his car, only taking a second to note how fucking weird it was being in the back of his own vehicle, and wrapped his arms around Connor, pulling him close and planting a kiss on the top of his head.

The android immediately returned the embrace and Hank had to bite the inside of his cheek, his lips drawing into a thin line as he felt Connor start crying again.

God, that broke his fucking heart.

Connor, his beautiful, strong, stubborn fucking android reduced to a crying mess in his arms because of some fucked up extremist bullshit. If he ever got his hands on that fucking Chloe he was gonna tear her apart with his bare hands.

He vaguely heard Gavin spouting something from the front seat and had to draw his attention back to the present.

"What?" He asked, causing the detective to sigh in annoyance.

"I said.." Gavin glared at him in the rearview. "The bitch you were looking for planted a fucking pipe bomb. There's a bomb squad searching the place for any more traps right now. I'm sure she's long gone but they're gonna comb the place top to bottom either way."

"How did you guys know..?"

"The android at the station started acting funny as soon as you left, fucking nightlight on it's head started going nuts. I... persuaded it to tell me what the fuck it was doing, and it said it was contacting someone to let them know you guys were on your way. Warning it's other partners I guess." Gavin shook his head, his hands gripping the steering wheel tightly. "I figured you guys might need some help after all so I followed tin mans GPS, then the report came in about the explosion so I called in backup."

"Thank you." Hank muttered, placing another kiss on Connors head.

Gavin just shook his head, waving a hand dismissively in Hanks direction.

When Hank looked out the window he noticed they weren't heading in the direction of the precinct, or even in the direction of the hospital. He looked back at Gavin and raised his eyebrows. "Where the fuck we going?" He asked, his hand rubbing small circles in Connors back.

Gavin scoffed, glancing in the rearview at Hank and Connor again briefly. "To the one asshole who can probably help in this situation."

Aw, fuck...

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Hank was getting way too familiar with this fucking driveway.
As they pulled up to Kamski's house, Hank was grateful that Gavin drove like a bat out of hell. He'd found Hank's siren that was never used and flipped the thing on, blowing through every traffic light and intersection without giving two shits that he nearly clipped several other cars in the process.

"What are we looking at, babe?" Hank whispered, looking down at Connor who pulled up the little projection of his countdown clock on his palm.

Just over 15 minutes.

It was this or nothing.

They made their way up Kamskis front steps and Gavin angrily pounded on the door. When the usual Chloe answered he shoved past her and into the main foyer, hands on his hips, Hank muttering a brief apology as he passed her as well. Gavin looked around the room, then, spotting a security camera up in the corner of the room by the door, dragged a chair over and jumped up onto it, shoving his face right into the lens and glaring into it.

"Hey asshole!" He yelled, tapping on the camera lens. "Get the fuck out here, I know you're home you goddamn hermit!"

Hank shooed away the Chloe as she tried to fuss over Connor, watching with mild amusement as Gavin shoved the camera upwards towards the ceiling and jumped off of the chair before pushing it back into place.

It didn't take long before Kamski entered his little sitting room, already looking a mixture of bored and annoyed as he stepped into the foyer and pushed his hands into his pockets.

"Long time no see, gentleman." He said with no small measure of amusement until his eyes fell on Connor and his smile dropped completely. "Well... You seem to have made quite a mess."

"Yeah no shit." Hank snarled, hoisting Connor up a bit more and walking towards Kamski who leaned forward and looked Connor over briefly. "Can you fucking fix him, or not?"

Kamski just looked up at Hank with a dubious expression. "The extent of damage here is pretty extreme... You can't really expect me to--"

"You fucking made them didn't you?"

Kamski breathed out a little laugh. "Androids, yes. But my time at Cyberlife was well over by the time the RK800 unit was in production. I was directly involved with the 200 model, since that was a personal project of mine, but Connor's model here wasn't my doing." Kamski stood up a bit straighter and shrugged his shoulders. "Besides, the time, effort and resources such a project would take--"

"You fucking owe me, Eli."

Hank looked over in surprise when Gavin spoke up again, the detective keeping his eyes locked on Kamski, practically seething. When he looked back at Kamski he could only blink as the man was staring at Gavin as well, an expression Hank couldn't identify on his face. He chanced a glance down at Connor, who seemed to be thinking the same thing and just shrugged his shoulders weakly.

Kamski waited another second before sighing and nodding, turning back and holding the door open for them, waving them through. They followed him deeper into the house, passing from room to
room until they came to a set of stairs that undoubtedly led to the basement. Hank wasn't sure what he expected to find down there... a sex dungeon maybe? But the massive fucking white workshop that took up the expanse of the underground space seemed pretty appropriate.

He took the stairs slowly, grateful when Gavin stayed nearby with a hand on his elbow to help support him. His arms were starting to kill him and he could feel his legs protesting with every step down. Connor seemed to be getting heavier and heavier with each passing second, and he couldn't tell if it was because of the androids steadily failing biocomponents, or if his body was just fucking tired. Probably a mix of both.

In the center of the room was a massive circular platform with a complicated looking terminal off to the side, dozens of robotic limbs coming out of various ports in the ceiling and floor. Hank had seen the android assembly machines before, in interviews with Cyberlife employees, and it made his stomach churn.

"Put him over there." Kamski instructed, removing his blazer and draping it over the back of the chair that sat in front of the terminal.

"He, uh.. He can't stand up." Hank muttered, eyeballing the machine. He looked down at Connor who was doing the same, his eyes wide and traveling over each mechanical arm slowly.

"It's fine. The machine will hold him." Kamski pushed a few commands on the keyboard and watched the big thing come to life, the steady whirr of machinery filling the air as each arm moved and flexed, waking up and getting into their proper positions. One large arm came down from the ceiling to hover over the center of the pad, no doubt waiting for Connor.

Hank just looked at it, dumbfounded.

"Here.." a gentle voice spoke up from next to him, Hank looking over to see Chloe standing there, a hand on his arm as she led him over to it. Hank wanted to be mad at her, but found he couldn't. This wasn't her fault, after all, and her LED had stayed yellow since they'd walked through the door. She looked so sad.

She instructed him on how to situate Connor, gently helping him to remove the androids jacket and shirt and hoist him up onto the platform. As soon as his feet touched it, the thing moved, coming forward and attaching into somewhere along Connors spine, lifting him up off of his feet. As soon as it lifted him far enough so that Hank had to remove his hands from him, Connors eyes squeezed shut. He watched the android fists clench and unclench as he swallowed thickly and his breathing seemed to speed up.

Hanks eyebrows drew down as he watched him, unsure of exactly what was happening. "Does this hurt?" He asked, looking at Chloe, who just shook her head. No. Connor couldn't feel pain. So why the hell did he look like he was in agony right now?

Shit...

How many times had Connor mentioned being a prototype? He'd talked about his possible successor countless times, and mentioned his own decommission in passing, always talking about it from that far away 'this could never happen' perspective. That was the real beauty of his freedom, wasn't it? That he wasn't afraid of being shut down by Cyberlife anymore, so he could talk about it freely. But he had to imagine that, thinking back on it, this was a reality for Connor. Being dissected in one of these white, sterile rooms by technicians in Cyberlifes headquarters. Poked and prodded and torn apart to figure out what he did well, what he failed at, how to make him 'better'.
Connor was probably literally living his worst nightmare right now.

"Let him down." Hank whispered, unable to remove his eyes from Connor. When nothing happened, he glared at Kamski, marching up onto the platform again. "I said let him down!"
Kamski held up his hands in surrender and pushed a button, the arm lowering Connor so that his feet just touched the ground, but still supporting him. As soon as he was within reach again Hank reached out and wrapped his arms around him again, one hand going to the back of his neck and swallowing around the lump in his throat when Connor clung to him again, whispering 'I'm sorry' over and over again.

"Hey. Hey, hey hey." Hank pulled back just enough to look into Connors eyes, pressing their foreheads together and cupping his hands on either side of Connors cheeks as he hushed him. "Look at me. Baby, look at me." When Connors eyes finally looked up to meet his he tried his best to offer him a smile. "You're good. I'm right here. I'm not going anywhere. You'll be ok."

Connor seemed to take a deep, shuddering breath and nodded.

He heard Kamski sigh off to his left and looked over in annoyance.

"We're running out of time, gentleman." His hand hovered over the keyboard as he raised his eyebrows at the two. When Hank and Connor both nodded he pushed a couple of buttons again and the arms moved to hold Connors wrists.

"Connor, I'm going to set a countdown from 10 and I'd like you to initiate a manual shutdown." Kamski muttered, typing away at the terminal.

"Wait, what?" Hank glared over at him again, still holding one of Connors hands. "We're tryin to stop him from shutting down you asshole."

Kamski sighed again and pinched the bridge of his nose. "No. I am trying to minimize the damage. If his system shuts down forcibly it could cause all sorts of damage that will only take longer to trt and repair. If we manually initiate it all of his memories and data will be safe." He turned back to his terminal, typing again. "Its like... Turning off your computer manually versus ripping the cord out of the wall." He muttered, rolling his eyes at the thought.

"The fucks the difference?" Hank muttered under his breath, turning back to Connor who was smiling at him a little. He saw Kamski in his peripheral vision rubbing his hands up and down his face in distress.

"Whatever." He grumbled, reaching up to touch Connors cheek again. "I guess you gotta do what the guy says Con."

Connor just nodded, his LED cycling yellow as he closed his eyes and took a deep breath.

"Hank.." He whispered, squeezing Hanks hand in his and tugging him a little. Hank stepped in closer, keeping his eyes locked with his androids. "I love you." He blinked as his LED started to spin rapidly, them started talking quickly. His tears were all dried up now, just replaced with that singleminded determination that Hank both loved and hated. "Listen to me, Hank. I'm not going to ask you not to drink, I know that would be stupid, but-- no, let me say this. But, if and when you do... Please, please be careful. Call Detective Reed if you have to. I know how you get when you let your depression get the better of you. If... If you need to, I changed the combination to the gun safe in the closet. Gavin knows it. I cant pretend I'm not scared shitless right now but I swear to your god and mine, Hank Anderson if I come out of this and youre not waiting for me I will find a way to bring you back so I can kill you myself."
Hank couldn't help but laugh, putting his arms around Connor again and shaking his head. "I fucking love you, you stupid fucking android." He whispered, closing his eyes tightly and swallowing back tears when he felt him go slack in his arms. When he took a deep breath and pulled away Connors eyes were blank, completely lifeless and his LED was blinking white before finally shutting off.

Hank swallowed again, his mouth so fucking dry, as he stepped back off of the platform and just stared.

He felt Gavin come up and put a hand on his shoulder, but he couldn't take his eyes off of Connor. Kamski seems to wait a second more before pushing another button on his terminal, the thing whirring as it picked Connor up again. The man paused, resting his hands down in front of the terminal as he turned in his chair and looked at them. "You may want to wait outside, boys. This may be shocking," He advised, not unkindly.

Hank just shook his head.

No way in hell.

He was not gonna wait out in some fucking waiting room while god knows what happened to his partner in here. The worry would eat him alive.

Not again. He couldn't do that again. Any time the door opened he would have a small heart attack.

The Chloe brought a chair over, off to the side and guided Hank over to it before quietly starting to treat the wounds that he had honestly forgotten about.

He watched as Kamski completely removed Connors skin, everything from his hair to his toes disappearing and leaving nothing but his grey and white form underneath. Hank had to grit his teeth as those arms started detaching pieces one by one, starting at his ruined knee.

He didn't know how long he sat there.

Hours. Days. He had no idea.

Eventually Gavin left and came back with coffee. Twice.

The Chloe left and came back on three separate occasions to bring Kamski and Hank water and food. Hanks of course went untouched for the most part. She seemed to always come back to sit quietly next to him though, Gavin on his opposite side. He was grateful for the quiet company.

Eventually, after what felt like an eternity of watching Connor, now just a torso on that platform while Kamski alternated between typing away and going to stand on the platform to fuck around inside of Connors biocomponents, when his eyeballs felt like sandpaper and he decided he really needed a shower and to use the bathroom, he let Gavin talk him into going home.

He didn't like it, but he knew he needed sleep. God only knew how long Kamski was going to be, and he wouldn't be any good to anybody if he passed out and died due to dehydration. Or went insane from lack of sleep.

Once inside his car he cranked the heat as high as it would go and scrubbed at his face, flinching a little when he pushed at the stitches in his forehead. He laid his head back on the headrest and stared out the windshield at the house. He felt awful for leaving. Part of him still wanted to get out of the car and go back inside.
But he didn't. Instead he just sighed and looked over at Gavin who sat with a cigarette between his lips behind the wheel. "How you holding up, big guy?" He muttered, lighting the cigarette behind his hand and cracking the window a bit to let the smoke out.

Hank groaned, wrinkling his nose at the smell. "You're an asshole." He muttered, clearing his throat after a second. Shit he was hoarse. "Smoking in someone else's car is a real dick move."

Gavin snorted a little, blowing a stream of smoke out the window. "Yeah yeah. You can lecture me about it later, old man. When you're feeling up to it."

Hank huffed out a laugh, his eyes shifting back to Kamski's house as Gavin started to turn the car around.

"He'll be fine." Gavin said suddenly, keeping his eyes straight ahead on the road. "Elijah's an asshole, but if anyone can fix our boy it's him.... he'll be right as fuckin rain in no time. You'll see..."

Hank furrowed his brow a bit, watching Kamski's house get smaller and smaller in the side mirror before returning his attention to Gavin. When he was finally looking at him, really looking, he noticed the knuckles on the Detective's right hand were completely busted, split open and stained red from a shitty job of being washed off, like he'd gone toe to toe with a wall, and the wall won.

He sighed, running both hands through his hair. "You wanna stay the night?" He asked, rubbing his hands on this thighs and staring out his window.

Gavin just nodded, reaching over to turn up the radio. "Yeah... yeah, that'd be good."

Chapter End Notes

Hopefully these three chapters make up for my lack of activity lately.
Sorry!
Thank you again to everyone who has left kudos and comments!
Duct tape and spite.

Chapter Summary

Gavin turned his halfassed attention back to the TV, continuing to eat the food on autopilot. He wasn't even really hungry, but he knew if he didn't eat he'd fucking regret it tomorrow. The food was good, he had to admit... like, really good. The kind of shit people talked about being 'made with love' whatever the fuck that meant. It almost made him jealous that Hank had Connor around to make him proper meals. He knew damn good and well Hank didn't make it himself, so that only left Connor, and he was pretty impressed that the little son of a bitch could cook at all, really. From what he understood, which was admittedly not much, androids didn't eat, and couldn't fucking taste anything, so the fact that the plastic asshole was just.... Going around housewife-ing and shit...

Chapter Notes

Small angry Gavin chapter, then back to Hank in the next one.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Gavin didn't know what the fuck he was doing...

No.

That wasn't entirely true.

He knew what he was doing here at least.

He was at Hanks house because neither of them wanted to be alone right now.

Well, in his driveway at least, the two of them just staring at the place like it was haunted and neither wanted to go inside.

Connor wasn't dead. He had to keep reminding himself that. Surely Hank was doing the same. But the house still seemed... Cold. Empty. Uninviting.

And that was just how Gavin felt. He could only imagine it was worse for Hank. He honestly didn't know what was holding either of them together right now.

"We.. Uh.. We could always go to my place?" He offered glancing at the Lieutenant.

Hank just shook his head. "No.. I gotta feed my dog and let him out. And get a shower." The old man scratched at a bit of dried blood on his arm. Connors blood had already disappeared, but he
was sure Hank could still feel it... He sure as hell could, and he'd scrubbed at his hands in Elijah's
bathroom sink.

The two sighed and exited the vehicle, slowly heading inside. There was a jingle from behind the
door when Hank put his key in, likely that massive horse of a dog lifting its head up in anticipation.

When he opened the door though, rather than coming forward and greeting his master the big beast
just growled from his spot next to the couch.

Gavin, having to resist the urge to get behind the Lieutenant, glanced at Hank, whose frown only
depthened.

He could only imagine that the dog could smell all of the blood on them, both Hanks and Connors,
and seeing Gavin walk in and not Connor no doubt made the dog wary. Hank, rather than saying
something soothing to the dog like Gavin would have thought, just sighed and walked up to his
dog, kneeling down next to him to ruffle his ears and muttering a soft "Hey big guy."

When the dog went to nose past him, presumably looking out the front door for Connor Hank let
out a shaky sigh and wrapped his arms around the dogs thick neck, pulling him back and just...
Fucking kneeling there hugging him.

Gavin had to turn away as he closed the door behind them much more slowly than was strictly
necessary, successfully shutting out the cold, and just stood there for a minute. He couldn't fucking
look at the sight behind him.

When the dog let out a little whimper he screwed his eyes shut and pressed his palms into the lids
until he saw spots.

"Alright!" He said, the noise coming out more growl than actual word as he turned around and
headed into Andersons kitchen, going straight to the fridge and opening the thing up. "You got any
food in this dump?"

"Charming." Hank grumbled. With his head buried in the fridge he heard the hint of a laugh in the
Lieutenants voice.

When Hanks big body came and pressed up behind his back he let himself smile a bit as he
watched Hank reach into the fridge and pull out a Tupperware from the top shelf. As Hank
straightened up he did too, shutting the fridge door with his hip and leaning against it as the
lieutenant popped open the lid and looked inside.

"Want some leftover pot roast?" He asked, raising his eyebrows and putting the lid back on. When
Gavin nodded he handed the container over and pointed to the cabinet above the stove.

"Plates are up there. Help yourself to whatever. I assume you know how to use the microwave." Hank
scratched at his scalp, gray hair matted from blood, and let out a long sigh before looking
around as though trying to remember what he was doing. "I'm, uh, gonna go take a shower....
yeah.." He said with a nod. Gavin mumbled a quick "ok." As Hank exited the kitchen and headed
down the hall. He stood there in the middle of the kitchen for a second, just staring off into space
before finally turning and making himself a plate of the leftovers.

He still wasn't completely sure what he was doing here... He just felt so fucking out of it.
He heated up the pot roast in the microwave then plopped himself down on the couch to wait for Anderson to get out of the shower, shoving forkfuls into his mouth in between channel surfing. He wasn't even sure what he ultimately settled on. Some reality show something or other. It gave him something to stare at so he didn't looked as zoned out as he felt. He barely noticed when the dog came over and set it's big head on the cushion next to him and, feeling obligated, he reached down to give the things head a little scratch. It looked so sad he found himself feeling almost as bad for it as he did for Hank.

"He'll be ok..." He muttered, more to himself than the dog. It seemed to sigh in response, before giving his hand a tentative lick and heading back to it's usual spot in the corner of the living room.

Gavin turned his halfassed attention back to the TV, continuing to eat the food on auto pilot. He wasn't even really hungry, but he knew if he didn't eat he'd fucking regret it tomorrow. The food was good, he had to admit... like, really good. The kind of shit people talked about being 'made with love' whatever the fuck that meant. It almost made him jealous that Hank had Connor around to make him proper meals. He knew damn good and well Hank didn't make it himself, so that only left Connor, and he was pretty impressed that the little son of a bitch could cook at all, really. From what he understood, which was admittedly not much, androids didn't eat, and couldn't fucking taste anything, so the fact that the plastic asshole was just... Going around housewife-ing and shit...

The thought made him laugh a little as he went back into the kitchen to put his plate in the sink.

When he heard the bathroom door open some time later he glanced back over the couch and quirked an eyebrow, only mildly surprised when the Lieutenant shuffled out and directly into his room.

He didn't think much of it, figuring Hank probably needed a change of clothes since he was pretty sure he didn't go into the bathroom with one.

When Anderson finally emerged from his room in a faded pair of boxers and an old Detroit police academy sweater he watched him go into the kitchen and, completely forgoing the food inside of the fridge, grabbed a bottle from the top the thing. He unscrewed the cap and tossed it onto the countertop, taking a long pull from the bottle then leaning against the counter with a sigh.

"Dinner of champions, huh?" Gavin muttered from his spot on the couch, tuning to look at the lieutenant fully and pulling a knee up onto the cushions.

"Fuck off." Hank grumbled, taking another drink and moving across the little space to dump a cup full of food into his dogs bowl. "C'mon Sumo." He encouraged, motioning to the bowl as he looked over at the dog who just raised its head in response, huffed softly, and laid its big head back down.

Hank grumbled something and shook his head, walking over to the couch and flopping down with an annoyed, dismissive wave of his hand.

Gavin kept staring as Hank plopped down next to him, one arm draped over the back of the couch. "You gonna share any of that?" He asked, quirking an eyebrow.

Hank seemed to look at the bottle in his hand and debate, but reluctantly handed the thing over, letting Gavin take a sip.

"Just don't fucking... Backwash all in my damn booze, alright?" He grumbled, glaring a little as
Gavin took another careful swig.

Once he drank a few good mouthfuls he snorted, handing the thing back. "Relax, old man. I ain't gonna spit in your damn bottle."

He watched Hank take another long pull and furrowed his brows a little, remembering what Connor said on that platform. Home only an hour and the guy was already hitting the bottle hard. Part of him wanted to comment on it, but he held his tongue.

Connor was always concerned about the old man's drinking. He'd talked about it several times during their late night conversations.

He worried about Hank a lot.

Hell, he'd be willing to bet Hank didn't know, but since they started this whole little open/sharing/poly whateverthefuck this was Gavin couldn't recall a night where he didn't talk to Connor for several hours before bed.

Connor didn't need sleep, but Hank did, and as a consequence Connor would usually feign sleep so that Hank would go to bed at a 'reasonable' hour, then spend the next couple hours texting Gavin, since he was a shit person and didn't get to bed until early morning usually anyway.

Recalling those first few conversations made him crack a bit of a smile, which he hid behind another long pull from the bottle of scotch. Connor had tried for a couple days to get him to start a regular sleep schedule, originally just texting him a brief goodnight, which Gavin would follow up with a string of texts chronicling his daily activities. Connor had called him a needy bitch, and then proceeded to thank him claiming that, because of Gavin's incessant texts, he'd learned how to officially deactivate his LED. APPARENTLY the thing had gone nuts flashing yellow when Gavin had sent him text after text in rapid succession and he had been afraid of waking the lieutenant.

Which, of fucking course, Gavin had followed up with gifs of rave parties. Because duh.

And they just kept up like that. Even if they didn't talk at all during the day, which was pretty standard, he would still always end his night talking to the stupid android. And fuck him, Connor was a good fucking friend.

After that first cheap shot in the bathroom, which he admitted he probably did deserve, Connor never brought up their rough start again. Gavin had tried, but Con had simply brushed him off, explaining that the Lieutenant had been less than nice to him at first too, but everyone deserved a second chance. Claimed he knew that first hand but never elaborated. And that was that. He was... So damn sweet and unassuming, taking all of Gavin's halfassed bullshit with a grain of salt and tossing it right back at him with just as much sass.

Heart of fucking gold, that one.

The little shit.

He glanced at the Lieutenant and, given his excellent company right now, decided fuck it and fished his phone from his pocket, bringing up the texts from the android.

He scrolled back through them slowly, stopping periodically to read random conversations, smiling a bit to himself at a few of them.
Con [10:30pm]: Good night, Detective.

The android would always start their conversations that way, on the off chance Gavin was actually going to sleep.

Not that he ever was.

He had attached a photo of himself with a mouth full of ramen noodles.

G [10:35pm]: the fuck u gotta call me det. all thw time for?

Con [10:35]: It's your title. You've earned it. If you'd prefer I can simply call you Gavin?

Con [10:35pm]: The Lieutenant was apprehensive at first too, but he's gotten use to it. It's become rather interchangeable at this point. :)

Con [10:35pm]: Also your eating habits are atrocious.

G [10:35pm]: eh. Idc either way really
G [10:36pm]: and fuck you.

Con [10:37pm]: mmm perhaps

G [10:37pm]: cheeky fuck

Con [10:37pm]: Hank likes it ;)

G [10:37pm]: and you like me.

Con [10:37pm]: I tolerate you

G [10:37pm]: fair
G [10:38pm]: Im a'ight
Con [10:38pm]: You're ok

G [10:38pm]: Passable

Con [10:38pm]: Acceptable

G [10:38pm]: not the worst

Con [10:38pm]: A SOLID 8

G [10:39pm]: oh it went up?

Con [10:39pm]: You have a nice penis. Bonus points.

G [10:39pm]: damn right.
G [10:43pm]: What's Hank?

Con [10:43pm]: 1-10?

G [10:43pm]: ye

Con [10:44pm]: inconclusive

G [10:44pm]: I swear to god if you- Con [10:44pm]: You cant score perfection

G [10:45pm]: Fuck off lol

He eventually ended up getting sucked into the messages again, just stopping at a random point several days ago and reading from there. Most of what the android talked about was Hank. Or the dog. Or the case they were working on. He was so fucking smitten it was honestly adorable. He'd respond to Gavins stupid jokes and ribs on the old man gracefully, poking fun right back at him and continuing with whatever story he was going on about. It was sweet, really.
When he got back to the bottom of the mess of texts he looked at the last one: one he hadn't realized was there. Squinting at the timestamp it was sent earlier yesterday, right before Connor shut down.

It made his heart clench uncomfortably.

Con[6:43pm]: pl3ase t4ake care of h1mm

"Oh go fuck yourself!" He couldn't help but laugh bitterly as he tossed his phone angrily onto the cushion between him and Hank.

Hank looked up at him curiously as the phone hit the cushions, and Gavin briefly noted that the bottle in the Lieutenants hand was already half empty.

Hank just looked at him and raised his eyebrows, looking a bit annoyed.

"The fuck is your problem?" He grumbled, tilting the bottle back again then scowling when Gavin reached for it again. He handed it over anyway though, not that Gavin gave him much of a choice as he just reached for the bottle and took it before the Lieutenant even fully held it out for him.

He wasn't jealous, or something fucking stupid like that.

He wasn't even really angry. He was just....sad. Upset. Pissed off at the whole fucking situation that had led to him sitting here on his lieutenants couch drinking down a handle of scotch and ruminating on his god damn life choices.

Fuck this.

He got up from the couch with a grunt, brought the bottle into the kitchen and replaced the cap on the thing. He stood on his tiptoes to put it back up on the top of the fridge then turned to start down the hallway to Hanks room. He was already removing his shirt halfway down the hall, pointedly ignoring the grumbling comments from Hank.

He flopped down the Lieutenants bed, on Connors side, and curled up, not really giving two shits if the old man followed him or not.

He heard the front door open, followed by the dogs collar jingling then shutting again.

With a tired sigh he looked at his phone screen again, checking the time and groaned inwardly.

Just after 11pm.

No wonder he was so on edge.

Not only was he dealing with all of the current bullshit, he'd been up for... God, almost 30 fucking hours.

Fuck.

Connor would be pissed that Hank was still awake.

He rubbed at his eyes, trying to remember the last time he'd been up for more than a whole day. His sleep schedule was already shit, but all the stress from sitting at Eljahs for a whole goddamn day while he tried to fix Connor, with infuriatingly little progress, REALLY took it out of him. He could only imagine how worn out the Lieutenant was.

The front door opened and shut again, and he heard the dog make its way across the living room to lay down again. More grumbling. The lights clicked off and Hank shuffled his way down the hall. When he finally came into the room Gavin rolled over and watched him quietly, the old man slowly making his way over to the bed and sitting on the edge. He sat there for what felt like fucking forever, just staring at the door as if he was waiting for someone to walk through it. Like Con was just gonna jump out and be all 'lol jk' about the situation.

"Are you gonna lay the fuck down, or what?" He growled, pointedly pulling the covers up over himself, causing Hank to shift a bit and look down at him. The Lieutenant just sighed and ran a hand down his face again then pushing slightly damp hair back out of his face before nodding a bit and moving to get under the covers himself.
Laying curled up on his right side he couldn't see Hank, but he could feel him shifting around a bit uncomfortably before finally settling on his side as well, facing Gavin. He felt the bed dip a little as he seemed to scoot closer, and closed his eyes at the feeling of Hanks hand resting next to his back on the bed, as though he wanted to be close to him but was afraid to actually touch him.

Gavin rolled his eyes and groaned inwardly, moving to lay on his other side, now facing the Lieutenant, and snuggled closer into his big chest so that he nose was buried in the sweatshirt that smelled more like Connors shampoo than like Hank.

"You've already been balls deep inside of me, jackass. No time to get shy now. Doesn't suit you anyway." He muttered, smiling when he felt Hank huff out a small laugh. He snuggled a bit closer to prove a point, slotting a leg in between Hanks as he got himself comfortable and sighed a bit when Hank finally seemed to get the picture, those impossibly large arms moving to wrap around him and pulling him closer still so that his breathing stilled a little.

It just made him smile more, enjoying the feeling of being confined, one of the Lieutenants hands moving up to card the fingers through Gavin's hair, massaging at his scalp a bit. He'd seen him to this to Connor on more than one occasion, so he could only imagine the familiar motion was comforting for Hank. And it felt nice, so he wasn't gonna bitch about it. He closed his eyes and let himself relax completely, feeling Hank slowly starting to do the same, and it didn't take long before he was slipping out of consciousness, his bodys complete and total exhaustion getting the better of him.

Chapter End Notes

Hint: Duct tape and spite is all that's holding Gavin together.
Poor, angry, sweet trash boi.

Also, you guys are amazing. Thank you so much for your support. You have no idea how much I appreciate all the love ♥♥♥♥
Always.

Chapter Notes

OK.
Y'all ready for the drop on this emotional roller coaster?
It's gotta get worse before it can get better.
But it WILL get better, I promise.

Enjoy! ♥

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Two.

Fucking.

Weeks.

It had been two goddamn weeks since the incident at the warehouse, and Kamski was absolutely no fucking help. Hank made a point of visiting the fucker every damn day to see how any progress was coming along, but since the first week he was continuously met by the Chloe at the door, claiming that Elijah was 'working himself to exhaustion' and either resting or too busy that Hank couldn't see what he was doing. He hadn't seen Connor since the fourth day. Every day after was pure fucking agony. But he kept trying, each day hoping like hell that today would be the day.

He had to keep hoping.

Gavin came with sometimes. Other times he was too busy with his own cases to tag along, but made sure to remind Hank to tell him if anything changed. The detective had made it a habit of coming over most nights too.

They didn't really talk much. Mostly just sat around and watched TV.

The morning after he'd fallen asleep with Gavin when they'd returned home from Kamski's he'd almost convinced himself it had all been some fucked up nightmare. He had been woke up by music playing from the kitchen, much like he did many mornings when Connor got up early and cooked him breakfast, but... it wasn't Connors music filtering in through his bedroom door. Usually Connor listened to something upbeat or soft in the morning, this was just... angry and vulgar. Definitely Reed.

And sure enough, when he went out into the kitchen, vaguely realizing it was already mid afternoon and he'd slept most of the day away, the Detective was sitting on his couch, a box of doughnuts on the cushion next to him and a paper cup of coffee sitting on the kitchen table for him.

The thought that Connor would be appalled had made him laugh.

And now here he was, sitting at his damn desk at 4pm, a few days after New Years just staring at his terminal. He needed to finish up this paperwork.
They had brought in the ex Cyberlife employee the day after Christmas, a Christmas that Connor had missed, and he still needed to file all of the proper paperwork. He had gotten so use to Connor doing all of that for them that it had completely slipped his mind.

Her interrogation had been... Interesting. Jesus that woman was bitter. He didn't really blame her, given that she had been let go from a company she had worked for for years. But, of course, she blamed the androids and their revolution for what had happened, because how dare they want their freedom, and decided to take matters into her own hands. Not only was she taking out her frustrations on innocent androids, but she was trying to send a message to Markus, and Connor, and all of the androids involved in the revolution by executing the androids on the site of their previous base of operations.

He had tried to press for information on the Chloe, but she wasn't of much help on that front. Apparently nobody in the group had much contact with the android after she'd joined, and she had been a quiet participant in the whole ordeal. They didn't know her end game, her motives, anything. All they knew was she had a serious vendetta against those involved in the revolution and that was good enough for them. Hank was willing to bet she had a thing against Connor in particular.

When he finally finished the paperwork he sighed and pushed both hands through his hair, leaning back in his seat. He had stopped looking over at Connor's desk after day 6, the androids absence only serving to remind him of how often he turned to him throughout the day. When he needed to talk something through, when he was bored, when he was ready for lunch, when he was ready to go home, when he wanted to make a joke about something stupid Reed did across the bullpen. So many random moments throughout the day that only rubbed salt in his wounds as he was reminded again and again that he was having to go about his day like everything was fucking ok when his android was, hopefully, being put back together piece by slow fucking piece. But he did his part. He came to work on time, didn't eat too much shit food, went to the gym with Gavin on Sunday, made sure to take Sumo on a way too long walk around the neighborhood. He didn't even drink too much, the only time he really went too hard being on Christmas, when Gavin had gone off to do his own thing, leaving Hank alone at home with his too quiet house filled with too many memories and a new bottle of booze. He'd ended up drinking almost the entire thing before deciding to lock his gun up and passing out on the couch with a quiet Sumo at his feet. The following morning had sucked, having to call Gavin to come unlock the cocksucking thing. Luckily though, the detective hadn't said anything. Just quietly unlocked the safe and suggested they go grab some breakfast. Whether he had paid any attention to the contents of the safe and just chose not mention it, or if he really just didn't care what was in it, Hank wasn't sure. Not that it was anything he was trying to hide, of course. Just paperwork sitting in a lonely little folder in the bottom of the thing. His marriage license, divorce certificate, birth certificate, Cole's birth certificate, and Cole's death certificate.

None of which he wanted to talk about. He hadn't even really talked to Connor about... before. He sure as shit wasn't going to talk to the trash detective.

He leaned his head over the back of his chair with a heavy sigh, scrubbing his hands down his face with a groan. He sat there like that for several long minutes before a voice caused him to look up, Reed standing over him with two cups of coffee in his hands.

"You wanna take off early?" The detective asked, holding out one of the paper cups and raising his eyebrows.

Hank accepted the cup with a muttered 'thanks' taking a swig of the bitter black liquid and sighing
before looking back up at him. "Yeah... not really doing any good here anyway." He muttered, logging out of his terminal and standing.

Gavin watched him as he grabbed his jacket and shrugged the thing on, taking a couple of sips from his own cup and looking around the office.

"You, uh, gonna go by again today?" He asked, stepping aside so Hank could walk by, the two then falling into step with one another as they headed out of the precinct. Gavin had been caught up with work the last couple of days Hank had gone by Kamski's place, so the detective had not been able to join him in visiting the android and he was sure it was grating on him.

Hank muttered a soft 'uh huh' around the lip of his coffee and welcomed the cold that smacked him in the face as he exited the building. He fucking hated the cold and the way it made him feel older than he fucking was. It made every joint in his body hurt and made his lungs ache if he stayed out in it for too long. But it was something, and something was better than the grating fucking numbness that came from sitting in the station without his partner in the desk next to him.

The two climbed into Hanks car, the Lieutenant driving them along the familiar path to Kamski's house.

It was another short visit, Chloe once again apologizing and making excuses for Kamski. Gavin caused a bit of a fuss, of course, which was kinda nice, but Hank had been fully prepared to be turned away again. At this point he would have been more surprised if she had let them go see Con. Still sucked though. After getting her assurances that everything within Kamski's resources was being used to fix Connor, the two left, Hank unable to keep himself from smiling as Gavin bitched the entire rest of the drive back to the station.

More out of habit than courtesy Hank found himself asking if the detective wanted to come over again for the evening, Reed of course agreeing and following him home. It was becoming pretty standard, to the point where even Sumo was starting to warm up to the asshole a little. The dog would even come and sit between their feet while they sat on the couch, resting his head on Hanks lap, but occasionally looking at the detective and allowing him to reach out to pet him. Not that Sumo wasn't a giant fucking teddy bear anyway, but Reed was rather obvious in his distaste for dogs, and he figured Sumo was aware of that fact.

There was a game on, so the two decided to order some wings and put the thing on, figuring it'd give them something to do and talk about. Before the food arrived, Hank let Gavin use the shower, lending him some of Connors sweat pants to wear afterwards. God knew his stuff would be too freaking big for the guy.

As the water ran in the bathroom Hank set out some plates and napkins on the coffee table, then grabbed a few beers from the fridge and put them down in the living room as well, popping one open for himself and taking a drink before heading back to his room to get out of his own work clothes.

He changed in to one of his few pairs of pajama bottoms and a tshirt, making a point to toss his dirty clothes into the hamper and not onto the floor. Look at him being a decent fucking human being without his android around. The thought made him laugh bitterly, and looking at the hamper it was actually time to do some laundry, as it was getting pretty damn full. With a sigh he stuffed the newest clothes into the thing and exited the room, noting that Gavin had apparently finished his shower and was currently sitting in the living room.

He joined the detective on the couch, who had apparently already answered the door for the delivery guy and opened up the boxes of wings on the table so they could both help themselves.
"I didn't hear him knock." Hank muttered, grabbing a few wings from one container and setting them on his plate before pointedly going back and closing both of the things up and shooting Gavin a glare. "And don't tempt my damn dog."

Reed just rolled his eyes, already chowing down on one of his own wings. "Sorry. I heard the guy pull up and didn't want fido here going ape shit if he rang the door bell or something."

"When have you heard my dog bark at anyone?" Hank sat back and looked at him incredulously.

"I don't fucking know. He growls at me enough."

"Cause you're an asshole. Dogs can sense that shit."

"Whatever." Gavin scoffed and sucked back some beer, pulling one of his legs up under himself in such a way that Hank couldn't help but notice the way Connors sweatpants didn't hide much of what was going on between the detectives legs.

As soon as Hank realized he was even looking he snapped his eyes to the TV screen in front of them, picking up the remote and turning up the volume as if that would help drown out his own thoughts. He busied himself with eating a few of the wings, the sauce burning his tongue in a wonderfully distracting way.

The detective had become a regular fixture in his house since Connors accident, but he was basically just that. A fixture. Someone to pass the time with who really didn't contribute much to the conversation other than his company. They didn't have much in common, other than their job, and they had never really gotten along before Connor forced them to spend any length of time together, so it wasn't like they really had a wealth of things to talk about anyway.

But they hadn't.... ventured into anything more than simple companionship in the two weeks Connor had been gone. The occasional touch here and there to fill the emptiness. They'd snuggle together some nights when Gavin didn't wanna go home, but that was the most of it.

So, It had been two weeks since Hank had seen any action. He hand't so much as masturbated in the time his android had been gone. He couldn't speak for Gavin, but that little fuck was always wound tight, so he couldn't really tell either way on that front. But doing anything of the sort seemed.... wrong, in a way.

He doubted Connor would see it that way. And Connor had been the one to initiate the shit with Reed to begin with, but it still just didn't seem right to do anything when the android was not only absent, but when there was a possibility that he wouldn't even come back? Hank didn't even feel the urge to do anything. It wasn't like it was anything new for him. Before Connor came around with all of his 'I want your dick' bullshit Hank was lucky to see any sort of action for months.

Not that people didn't try, of course. Some people had a type and he was it, He wasn't ignorant to that fact.

But he almost never wanted to do anything.

Until Connor came along of course, and suddenly he was getting laid every day. Usually multiple times during the day. So, seeing the detective half naked with damp hair, a towel draped over his shoulders and wearing his boyfriends sweatpants while he spread out on Hanks couch... Well, suddenly his cock was having different ideas.

Fucking traitor.
While Hank wrestled with the possible moral grey area that was sleeping with his subordinate/coworker/playpartner while his boyfriend was essentially comatose, he was distantly aware of Gavin talking in the background. He finally snapped out of his train of thought when the detectives hand landed carefully on his thigh, making him jump and look over at him with wide eyes.

"What?" He asked, the word coming out much more defensive than he had intended. He swatted the hand away, giving him a nasty look even though the detective had been careful to not get any of the wing sauce that covered his index finger on his pajama bottoms.

Gavin gave him a look that very clearly said 'I'm not buying your bullshit.'

"Well, I'd say if you're gonna eye fuck me that hard the least you can do is buy me dinner first, but.." The detective motioned towards the food still spread out on the table. The amusement was clear in his voice, and it only made Hanks scowl worse.

"The fuck are you talking about?" He grumbled, tossing another wing bone onto the spare plate and shooing Sumo away with his foot.

"Uh huh." Gavin just raised an eyebrow, wiping his hands off on a napkin, taking some extra care to make sure they were completely clean before scooting over a little more, onto the middle cushion so he was sitting next to Hank. That hand came to rest on his thigh again and as Hank looked up at him he noticed the bruises along the detectives neck and collar bone; bites, bruises and hickeys littering his skin in various places. They weren't very pronounced, most of them looking rather faded as though they were from a while ago. But clearly the detective had some kind of outlet, that was for sure, and Hank couldn't really pinpoint the way he felt about that fact.

He leaned towards Hank a bit more, pushing his smug face closer to Hanks. He would have paid more attention where it not for Gavins hand trailing farther up his thigh.

He shoved the hand away again with a scoff, leaning against his arm of the couch and farther away from Reed as he wiped down his own hands.

"You're outta yer damn mind." He grumbled, refusing to look at the detective.

"And you're so damn wound up its ridiculous." Reed countered, leaning back and folding his arms. "I'm just sayin' it'd probably help you clear your head." He shrugged his shoulders, turning and laying down on the couch so that his head rested on the opposite arm, one foot on the floor and the other up on the couch next to Hank, his leg bent so that his shin was pressed against Hanks arm.

He looked Reed over once more, blatantly this time, a look of distaste crossing his face before he could help it.

"You seem like you're getting enough for the both of us." He scoffed, returning his attention to the tv.

Or trying to at least, as the detectives hand moved to slip his fingers just beneath the waistband of the sweatpants he was wearing.

"I have a couple of friends." He noted, laughing softly as though amused at the fact that Hank couldn't seem to focus on either the TV or the display next to him.

Hank scowled a bit at the flippant response. "You seem to have a lot of those kinds of 'friends' don't you?" He muttered unable to keep the disdain from his voice. He reached forward to pick up his beer then, realizing it was empty, got up to get another from the fridge.
"You jealous old man?" Gavin sneered, tilting his head back on the arm of the couch so he could watch Hank, his neck stretching from the angle.

Hank snorted back a laugh, opening another beer and walking back to the couch. "Yeah, I'm jealous cause Gavin fucking reed is seeing more action than me. Not exactly a news flash there kid. Don't know why you think I like you so much." The detective had stretched out in his absence, his foot now sitting comfortably in Hanks seat. Hank rolled his eyes as he grabbed him by the ankle and moved it so he could sit down again.

Reed obliged of course, moving his foot momentarily, but putting it right on Hanks thigh as soon as he sat down. "You don't gotta like me to fuck me." He muttered, finishing off his own beer then setting it down on the table.

As Hank stared at him in mild disbelief the detective sat up again, using the back of the couch to support himself as he shifted up onto his knees and leaned in closer to Hank.

"Come on, Lieutenant. You cant sit there and seriously tell me you haven't thought about it.. Just hatefucking the shit out of me... Using your position and your cock to put me in my place." He placed a hand on Hanks thigh again, kneading the soft flesh under his palm gently. He was getting quieter the more he spoke, his lids dropping a bit as he licked his lips and looked Hanks body up and down.

It was... weird, being on the other end of such a hungry stare that came from someone other than Connor. He knew some people had a thing for the grizzled, authority figure daddy type, but seeing it actually acted on by Gavin Reed of all people was enough to make his head spin. Well, sure, it made sense when he took even a second to think about it, since he was all too familiar with the detectives kinks but it was still damn weird. Maybe it was because Connor was usually there and was almost always the one to initiate things, so it was a little odd seeing Reed be the one in Connors shoes? Fuck if he knew.

When Gavin's hand moved further up his thigh he swallowed a bit and looked up at him, shifting a little uncomfortably.

"What the fuck are you going on about?" He muttered, trying his damndest to ignore the steady hardening of his cock.

"You forgetting I was present for your little blowjob session on the couch?" Gavin was climbing into his lap now, swinging a leg over Hanks and coming to sit on his thighs, his weight infuriatingly pleasant. He draped his arms over Hanks shoulders, his hands resting on the back of the couch as he raised his eyebrows a bit. "You got pretty into it, threatening Con... degrading him and dragging me into it... treating him like some cocksleeve to be whored out?" He bit his bottom lip "It was really fucking hot, and don't play like you didn't enjoy every second of it." He ground his hips down a little causing Hank to hiss in a breath and close his eyes. "We've been fucking around long enough now for you to know that kind of shit is right up my alley. I am perfectly cool if you wanna throw down, take out your frustrations on me and fuck me until you can't feel anything anymore." When Hank looked up at Gavin, the detective had his eyes closed, breathing a little shakily as he kept gyrating his hips. It felt fucking amazing and Hank hated himself for enjoying it, even as his hands moved on their own to grip the detectives hips. "God damn, I want you to fuck me up... just do whatever the fuck you've been wanting to do to me all these years... Leave the sappy slow shit for when Connor gets back and take out all of your frustrations on me..."

Shit it was tempting...

Especially as the detective reached down and pushed his hand underneath the waistband of Hanks
pajama bottoms, gripping his hard cock in his hand. He inhaled sharply as Reed started slowly stroking him, leaning down and biting at his earlobe.

He closed his eyes and reached up to pull Reed off of him by his hair, the detective groaning as Hank gripped his hair tightly enough for a few strands to snap.

"You're such a fucking asshole." he growled, pulling Reeds head back all the way so that the detective was looking at the ceiling. "All I wanted was to sit here and watch the damn game, but you're so fucking self centered you can't think of anything other than what's between your legs."

"That's right..." Reed whispered, his hand still groping at Hanks cock as he ground his own hips forward for a little friction.

"How long did you even wait, before you were trying to get your dick wet again? I'm not gonna act like I know what all of this fooling around meant to you, but I know it at least meant something to Con... Was he even gone a week? Two days?" He pulled a little harder at Reeds hair, groaning when it caused the detective to grip his cock a bit harder. "God I can't fucking stand you sometimes." He said through clenched teeth.

"Why don't you tell me how you really feel?" Reed laughed softly, grinding his erection against his own hand again, causing Hank to suck in a breath and squeeze his eyes shut. He moved his hand around, from the back of Reeds skull to his throat, gripping it gently.

After debating for just a moment he reached down with the hand not on Reed throat and pushed his pajama bottoms down so that his cock was free then reached up and pushed a couple of his fingers into Gavin's mouth. "Just stop fucking talking." He grumbled, watching as Gavin started sucking on his fingers. The detectives hand came up and pushed on Hanks, encouraging, and Hank obliged, squeezing a bit harder until he heard Gavin's breathing rattle a bit, the detective closing his eyes and sucking a bit harder. Hank took the opportunity to push his fingers back farther into Gavin's mouth until he triggered his gag reflex, the detective choking around his thick fingers briefly before Hank pulled them out and loosened his grip on his throat, giving him a second to regain himself then pushing them in again and squeezing his throat a bit more.

After finger fucking the detectives mouth for several minutes, Gavin reached down and pushed his own pants out of the way then moved his hand upwards and added his own fingers to the mix. Hanks hand was fucking covered in Reed's saliva at this point, dripping down onto their laps and coating the mans chin, and Gavin reached up and pushed a few of his own fingers into his mouth along side Hanks. He closed his eyes as his mouth stretched even more to accommodate the two of them, pushing his own fingers back all the way to gather up some of the thick saliva at the back of his throat before removing his hand again and proceeding to wipe the stuff all over Hanks cock.

Before he could let out any noise at the slick sensation Hank bit down on his bottom lip, the only thing coming out of him being a small halfhearted groan. Gavin shifted forward slightly so that his own dick was pressed up against Hanks, his hand moving to slowly stroke both of them together as his back arched a bit and he let out an obscene noise around Hanks fingers.

Hank shoved the digits in once more, all the way to the back of his throat and smirking when he gagged a bit, then pulled them out completely and pushed his hand down the back of Reeds sweatpants. He trailed a slippery digit around the detectives asshole, teasing for a second before pushing it inside and grinning wickedly as Reed exhaled heavily and stroked them both a little faster.

"Jesus, look at you..." Hank muttered, his own breathing coming quickly as Reed continued stroking him. "Fucking pathetic."
Gavin actually whimpered softly at that, grinding his hips back against Hanks finger ever so slightly causing even more friction around both of their cocks and causing precum to smear across the both of them. He kept one hand on the detectives throat, not really squeezing anymore, but just staying as a firm presence above his collar bone.

"Bet you thought about this shit a lot at the precinct didn't you? Mouthing off all the time and just fucking hoping someone would smack you around a bit. Pull you aside and force that fucking mouth of yours to do something useful for a change." Hank pulled the finger out of Gavin and used his hand to squeeze one of the Detectives ass cheeks hard, hard enough to surely bruise and make his eyebrows draw down in a quiet grimace. "You wanna make yourself useful, don't you Reed?" He muttered, pushing the finger back into him and working it in and out slowly.

"Yeah..." Gavin whispered, nodding moving his hips along with Hanks finger.

Hanks hand squeezed around his throat tightly "What was that?" He asked, holding him for several seconds more before letting go so that he could answer.

"Y-yes, Lieutenant."

"Then why don't you do the one thing you're good for and get me off already. Seems to me like you're being pretty damn lazy about it."

Gavin whimpered again, moving his hips and stroking a bit faster along with his hand. When the detective looked down at the two of them, their cocks sliding against one another slick with spit and precum he groaned and closed his eyes, his body jerking a little as he came, white spurting out and covering them both.

"Phck. I'm sorry." He downright whined, stilling his hand movements for a brief second before continuing, letting go of his own cock to favor Hanks.

"Jesus Christ." Hank grumbled, swallowing a groan as Gavin worked his now cum coated dick in his hand. He removed his hand from Reeds pants and gripped the detectives wrist, stilling his hand movements before he moved the hand resting on his throat up to his hair, yanking it hard once more. "Since you apparently have no goddamn self control, why don't you at least clean up your fucking mess." He watched Gavin swallow a bit and nod, shimmying out of Hanks lap so that he could lower himself onto the floor between his legs.

He wasted no time leaning forward to lick up the stripe of cum from Hanks exposed stomach first, then lowering himself to lick and suck along Hanks cock, making rather quick work of cleaning things up before pausing with the tip still in his mouth, looking up at Hank expectantly.

The Lieutenant reached down and took Gavin's hands in his, placing them both flat on his thighs before putting a hand on the back of Reeds head. He leaned forward a little and looked him in the eyes. "You feel like you're gonna pass out or tap out, got it?" He asked, tapping the back of one of Reeds hands for emphasis. When the detective nodded, his face actually flushing, Hank nodded as well and sat back again, using the hand on the back of the detectives head to push him down on his cock.

Reed gagged once, and Hank stopped pushing, letting him take a second to breathe and compose himself, then continued.

"C'mon Reed. You can't fucking tell me you've never had a dick in your throat before... Even if mine is bigger than your use to... come on, relax. Make yourself useful for once... there we go... all the way..." He sighed when he felt his cock finally slip into Gavin's throat, the detective
swallowing around him and closing his eyes. He groaned softly and ran his fingers through Reeds hair. "Look at that... not so hard was it... and you're finally quiet... it's fucking beautiful..." He gripped Reeds hair a little, giving him a tiny shake and smirking at the way his eyebrows drew down in concentration as he tried to hold out. When he felt fingers tap his thigh he pulled him off, letting Reed take a few seconds to breathe and wipe the spit from his chin. When he nodded he pushed him down again, holding him in place once more with the detectives nose pressed to his stomach, his hands gripping Hanks thighs shakily as he fought with his body trying to tell him it wanted oxygen.

He tapped out again and Hank let go, letting him pull off and breathe as Hank stroked his hair a bit. He didn't push him all the way down the next time, instead just keeping his hand in Gavin's hair as he let him work his cock with his mouth. When he slipped into the detectives throat again and one of his hands moved to tug and massage gently at his balls he grit his teeth and came, gripping Reeds hair once more and pulling him off of his cock so that he could cum on his face. The detective kept his eyes closed and his mouth open as Hank came all over him, milking the last remains out of himself and onto Reeds tongue.

He took a second to admire the view before reaching towards the coffee table and grabbing some napkins to clean him off. He wiped the cum away from Reeds eyes then put a few napkins in his hand so he could finish the rest himself.

Gavin wiped his face down a little before standing and heading towards the bathroom. The sound of water suggested he was washing his face, and Hank took the moment to push his hair out of his face then used a couple napkins to clean the remnants of cum off of himself before pulling his pants back up and leaning back on the couch. He heard the chime of a notification come from the bathroom, Reed letting out a laugh as he undoubtedly read a text from someone.

When he walked back out and leaned against the entrance of the hallway Hank looked back at him. The Detective still had his phone in his hand and was typing away, and Hank raised an eyebrow at him as he looked up.

"Hey. Would it be cool if I invited Tina over?" He asked, putting the phone back into the pocket of his(Connors) sweatpants.

"Chen?" Hank turned fully to look at him incredulously. "What the f-- no. Why would you think you could just invite people to my house?" He asked.

Gavin put up his hands defensively. "Calm the fuck down old man, Jesus. I didn't invite anyone that's why I was asking. I don't know why you gotta get all uppity about everything." He shook his head. "I just figured she could come hang out for a bit. Get someone else in this lonely fucking place for a little bit."

"Oh, I'm sorry you're so fucking bored." Hank scowled, standing from the couch. "Why the fuck do you bother coming over if you're so goddamn lonely here?" He tried to not let his wounded pride show, but was pretty sure he was failing there.

"I'm not fucking-- Jesus christ, I just figured getting some fucking human interaction with someone other than me would be fucking good for you. I'm not setting you up on a blind date or some shit, just inviting a friend to come hang out."

"It's almost 10 o'clock. Why the hell would you want someone coming over so damn late anyway. Even if I did think my house was presentable enough for company, which its not, it's not like she could stay the night. She'd just have to leave soon anyway. And where do you get off on telling me what's 'good for me' anyway?" Hank walked over to stand in front of Gavin, an annoyed look on his
face. What the fuck just happened? Getting off was suppose to calm his nerves, and he was just getting more and more pissed off by the second. Why couldn't Reed leave well enough alone for fucks sake?

"It's not like you don't have a spare damn room." Reed scoffed, motioning towards the door next to the bathroom door.

The one that was always shut.

Hank glared. "I don't have a spare room." He corrected, folding his arms across his chest.

"Oh bullshit." Reed laughed humorlessly, taking a step back and reaching for the handle to Cole's door. Hank stepped forward and grabbed his wrist, removing his hand forcefully from the knob. The detective just glared and yanked his hand away, taking another step back away from Hank. "What? Why the fuck can't you just say what the fuck you're so freaked out about. You don't want someone else in your house, you don't want me going in there. Why?" When Hank just scowled and didn't respond, Gavin reached for the knob again, only to have Hank swat his hand away again. With a growl he reached out with both hands and shoved his weight into Hanks chest, successfully pushing Hank back a couple of steps before he steadied himself again. "What are you so afraid of? What is it?!"

"It's none of your fucking business, that's what!" Hank blinked, trying to get his brain to catch up to the sudden shift in conversation. "Why the fuck are you acting like you suddenly care?"

"Maybe I fucking do! Why is that so hard to believe?!" Reed shook his head, looking like he wanted to punch the wall "Your stupid boyfriend wanted me to take care of you, you asshole, and letting you... waste away in this goddamn house for another two weeks is not the what he would have wanted!" He stomped his foot, like a petulant fucking child.

"What he w-- Oh you're so full of shit! Why do you always have to be such a nosy fucking asshole about every goddamn thing?! Why can't you just take a hint and fuck off?! Stop acting like you fucking knew Connor so goddamn well!"

"Why can't you just... STOP your pity party bullshit and let someone other than your fucking boyfriend into your life! Why is it so hard to believe that someone else gives two shits about you?!" Reed threw his hands up and shook his head, pacing back and forth in the hallway briefly and pushing both hands into his hair.

Hank barked out a bitter laugh. "Oh, that's rich coming from you! You're such a fucking dickhead anyone who even tries to get close to you usually ends up with bruises one way or another. Its practically in the fucking hiring paperwork for new recruits to stay the fuck away from you. Even with Connor it was no goddamn different. From the very start you couldn't fucking stand him." He stepped forward and shoved a finger into Gavins chest for emphasis. "Even AFTER the revolution, after he came back to work and proved he deserved to be there just as much as any detective on the force you still couldn't give him a fucking chance! You didn't give two fucking shits about him until he decided that he wanted to suck your dick, and suddenly you're bffs. You wanna stand there and fucking patronize me and treat me like the pathetic asshole when you're the one dropping your fucking pants for anyone who shows you a goddamn iota of kindness. Fuck you!"

Gavin just stared at him after that, his jaw slack and his shoulders slumping. Without another word he reached out and turned the knob on Cole's door, pushing the thing so that it swung open with a thud.
Hanks eyebrows drew down as he watched Gavin turn around and walk into his bedroom, slamming the door behind him and leaving Hank to stand in the hallway staring in confusion.

He was gonna just close the door. Reach over without looking up and shut it again. He hadn't been in that room in god only knew how long now so he was sure it was awful. He could only imagine there was dust everywhere. A sad decaying room left as a painful reminder of everything he'd lost.

But before the door shut completely he looked up, taking a furtive glance around the room and had to stop in his tracks. He let the door swing open again and took a slow step inside, allowing his eyes to slowly travel around the room.

Everything was.... Clean. Not just clean. Fucking immaculate. Every toy in its place, bed made, not a speak of dust on anything. He lowered himself onto the little bed against the far wall, the frame protesting a little under his weight. He set a hand on the bedspread and looked down at it, gently running his palm over the comforter.

It wasnt the one that had been on the bed the night Cole died. Every part of the few days following that night was burned into his memory, and he couldn't forget it if he tried. It smelled faintly of detergent now, and not his own either. It smelled like the same sensitive skin kind he use to use on all of Coles stuff. 

Stupid fucking android.

As he hung his head and pushed his hands through his hair, tears forcing their way out, all he could think of was how... Fucking stupid Connor was.

His dumbass android had been coming in here for who knows how long, and fucking cleaning his dead sons room, taking the same kind of care of what was left in the room that he could only imagine he would have taken with Cole himself.

Holy fucking shit, he missed his android.

When he heard footsteps he scrubbed at his face and looked up, Gavin now standing in the doorway, now fully clothed again with his arms folded across his chest, looking less pissed and more sympathetic.

"Did you..." Hank cleared his throat. "Did you know about all of this?"

Gavin just nodded, stepping into the room and closing the door behind him, motioning to it with his other hand.

"He sent me a picture of this at one point. Sort of explained what he was doing. Asked if he was overstepping boundaries." He scratched at the back of his scalp, shrugging his shoulders. "I just told him you'd probably never step foot in here again, so what the fuck did it matter, to do whatever made him feel better." Hank stood and walked over to the door, his eyes traveling over the wood panel as Gavin kept talking. "I think somewhere deep down he knew you weren't gonna fucking talk to him, so it helped him feel closer to you or some sentimental shit like that." He was looking away nervously now, his usual pissed off/uncomfortable expression in place.

All over the back of the door, around the little chore chart that Hank had put there for Cole, were blue sticky notes. Various "I love you"s. A "Please dont be mad." Lots of random positive notes. And then mixed in with everything, just a few here and there, were tiny pictures. When Hank pulled one down and looked at it he only had to glance at it for a second before he was sighing heavily.
On the tiny post-it was a small, practically photo fucking realistic drawing of himself and Cole, sitting on the floor playing with his toys. There was another of him and Cole at the dinner table. One of them playing with Sumo. He put the one in his hand back on the door before pushing his fingertips into his eyelids.

He hadn't... Forgotten that Connor could reconstruct things. He had just never considered that the android would use the ability to gain a glimpse into his life before. The thought fucking hurt. How many fucking times had Connor come in here and cleaned, or just sat here and reconstructed different moments? All because he was too much of a self absorbed asshole to talk to him about it.

When arms came around his shoulders he sighed and let his head rest on Reed's shoulder, allowing himself to be pulled into a hug.

After a couple of seconds Reed pulled away and pushed his hands into his pockets. "Tell anyone about that and I'll deny then shit out of it." He muttered, earning a laugh from Hank.

The detective shrugged. "I can't fucking pretend I understand much about what you're going through but.... That doesn't mean I'm completely heartless and ignorant to the situation." He opened the door again and walked out into the hall, glaring in the direction of the living room. "Despite what you may want to believe I'm not a complete asshole. Connor gets that. That's why.... yeah.." Reed shook his head, as though stopping himself before he said something he didn't want to before turning and heading into the living room. Hank followed him out, shutting Cole's door quietly behind him.

"You're leaving?" He asked, crossing his arms over his chest as Reed opened the front door and shrugged on his jacket.

"You're kind of an asshole yourself without your plastic pet around to reign you in." Gavin looked back at him and scrunched his nose up, that scar across the bridge warping a bit before he grinned and zipped his jacket up. "I just don't feel like being around you right now. Thanks for the lay though." He waved flippantly before flipping Hank his middle finger and leaving, shutting the door behind himself.

Hank just laughed softly and shook his head, scratching his beard as he looked around the living room. "Fucking asshole." He grumbled, smiling a bit to himself as he started cleaning up the mess from their food. Luckily Sumo hadn't gotten into anything, the dog sleeping soundly in his corner of the living room.

Once everything was cleaned, the TV off and leftovers put in the fridge, Hank decided to grab a shower and head to bed, pausing by Cole's door and just sort of staring at it for a second before smiling and heading into the bathroom.

------

It was probably the wee hours of morning when Hank was woke up by what he thought was Sumo bumping into something in the living room. As he was slowly pulled from sleep he rolled over and checked the time on his phone.

Yeah. 2AM.

He blinked and rubbed at his eyes, straining his ears for whimpering or something, hoping his
stupid dog didn't hurt himself or, god forbid, get into the fucking trash. When he didn't hear anything, he closed his eyes again and rolled over, his hand reaching out and grabbing Connors pillow, pulling it towards himself and hugging it with a sigh.

Just as he was about to slip back into unconsciousness he heard it again.

Nope. Ok. Definitely a knock.

Who the fuck?

His first thought was Reed. Maybe the asshole forgot something?

He shuffled out of bed with a groan and made his way in the dark out to the front door. He checked over his shoulder briefly to make sure sumo was still sleeping then cracked the door open just a hair to peek out before throwing it open wide and immediately stepping out onto the front step, not giving a shit as the snow covered concrete froze his fucking toes, his heart hammering so hard now that he was vaguely concerned it would explode.

"Holy shit, Connor..." He whispered, pulling his android against his body in a hug so tight it almost made his arms hurt.

--- BONUS ---

Elijah Kamski continued staring at his terminal, looking over the lines of code on the screen for what felt like the 15 Trillionth time. The RK unit on his table still needed extensive repairs. He wasn't even close to being done, and that damn Lieutenant continuing to barrage him with questions regarding a timeline was incredibly distracting. He almost felt bad for having his Chloe send him away.

Almost.

As he looked over the programming, making adjustments here and there to small things, he pulled up the most recent memory upload, his face contorting into one of curiosity as he looked up to the shell on his platform.

The previous deviant hunter had attempted to upload his memory to Cyberlifes servers when he'd realized how critical his injuries were. A bold move, really, since they had obviously revoked his access. And re-initiating such access would work both ways, of course. If he got access to their servers they would in turn have access to him, and he highly doubted the android wanted that.
He typed away at his terminal, completely removing any and all access on both ends, then proceeded to trace the previous memory upload, only to be blocked. He took a sip of his tea and raised his eyebrow, trying once more and hitting the same firewall.

Interesting.

He leaned back in his chair, looking over the RK800, then back to the partial transfer that he had no doubt had indeed gone through to Cyberlife.

They didn't have any more RK800 units available, he was sure, so what happened?

"Where did you fly off to, little bird?" He muttered, taking another sip from his mug before returning his attention to the screen. Might as well make a few more changes, while he was poking around in here. Given the memories he'd been sifting through, he doubted either party involved would mind too much. If he was rebuilding this android, may as well upgrade it too.

Chapter End Notes

Guessss whaaaaaat??

RK900: -Kicks down the door to the tune of 'It's Brittany bitch'-

XD
Reunion

Chapter Summary

He was really fucking here.

Standing here in front of him, shivering, synthetic flesh and fucking bone.

Chapter Notes

Connor is back and spends some quiet time with Hank.

Thank you to everyone who's kept up with this crazy story so far! I love you all!
Many more fun adventures to come!

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Holy shit you're fucking freezing."

As Hank pulled Connor into the house and closed the door he rubbed at the androids arms looking him over from head to toe.

He was really fucking here.

Standing here in front of him, shivering, synthetic flesh and fucking bone.

All of his synthetic skin was cold to the touch, more than likely because the android had been standing out in the damn cold for god knows how long.

"How long were you standing out there? Why the fuck didn't you call me? I woulda picked you up, I--"

"I was afraid..." When Connor spoke up finally his voice came out so small Hank almost didn't hear him.

He cupped Connors cheeks in his hands, looking over his face carefully, rubbing the cool skin with his thumbs "Shit... Baby I'm sorry.. I should have been there when you woke up. I can only imagine Kamski wasnt any fucking help and--"

Connor shook his head, freckled hands that were actually shaking reaching out to cling to Hanks chest as he stepped closer. "No... No... The Chloes and Kamski were all very accommodating. I... I have been on the front step for... I do not know... I wasn't paying attention..."

"Then why the f--"

Connor closed his eyes. "I was afraid to knock... The lights were out and I was afraid that... If you
didnt answer..." His voice actually hitched at the end, a soft sob coming out of him as he put both hands up over his mouth and nose.

Fuck..

"Con..." Hank pulled him closer, sighing when familiar arms wrapped themselves around his chest. God it felt so fucking good to have him back.

"I'm sorry baby.. I told you I wasn't gonna go anywhere. I--oof" As a big head pushed itself against the back of his knees Hank had to steady himself by taking a step back and glaring down at his dog.

Sumo wiggled his way in between the two of them, nosing up to Connor, that damn tail of his wagging happily and smacking Hank in the leg with a dull 'thump thump thump'.

Hank smiled a little reaching down to pat the dogs flank. "This big brat missed you too. He didnt eat for like 2 days after the accident."

Connor smiled and wiped the tears from his eyes with the back of his hand as he knelt down to pet Sumos big head. As soon as he did, the saint Bernard got so damn excited he jumped up onto Connors lap, causing the android to fall backwards in surprise and letting out a small 'oof' of his own as his ass hit the hardwood.

" 'ey! C'mon Sumo, get off of him." Hank couldnt help but laugh, grabbing Sumo around the collar and hauling him off of Connor who was now grinning like mad.

Connor sat back up gracefully and wrapped his arms around Sumos neck, burying his face into the dogs fur and just sitting like that for a little while. Hank smiled, letting him have his moment, and moved to turn on the living room light, bathing them both in a soft glow.

After a few seconds more of Connor just hugging Sumo with a dopey smile on his face, Hank raised his eyebrows and placed his hands on his hips.

He couldnt stop smiling.

"Well god damn... If I didnt know any better Id say you missed the dog more than me.."

Connor grinned up at him at that, letting go of Sumo with a final ruffle of his ears and then stood and brushed himself off. He turned to Hank and grinned, taking a step forward and placing his hands on Hanks shouldlers.

They stood there for a second, just staring at each other before Connor moved a hand to rest on Hanks cheek, letting out a soft laugh. "Now why would you think a dumbass thing like that?" He asked, blinking as though just remembering Hanks previous statement.

"Oh, we're cussing now?" Hank laughed, reaching up to touch Connors hand with his own as he turned his face to kiss the androids palm.

"Only when the situation demands, of course."

"And my being a dumbass demands it?"

"When it pertains to the ridiculous question of whether or not I missed you, yes. It does."

Hank grinned, reaching down to grab two handfuls of Connors ass, pulling him close and raising
his eyebrows. "And how much did you miss me, exactly?"

Connor grinned so wide Hank could almost hear his jaw pop, then hopped up effortlessly, wrapping his legs around Hanks waist as the Lieutenant leaned back a little to brace himself. His androids hands found their way into his hair, twirling the gray strands around his fingers a bit as he smiled down at him.

"I really don't believe I could quite quantify the extent to which I missed you, but suffice it to say I missed you a great deal, Hank."

Hank grinned at that, pulling Connor down and planting a soft kiss on his lips.

"I fucking love you. So damn much." He whispered, the grin not leaving his face as Connor giggled softly and pecked several more kisses around Hanks face.

Hank readjusted his hold on Connors bottom, steadying himself before turning to walk the two of them towards the bedroom. He kicked the door closed behind them and walked over to the bed, setting Connor down gingerly and rotating his shoulders a little.

"You get heavier?" He asked, quirking an eyebrow.

Connor tilted his head and seemed to consider it. "Yes, I believe so." He nodded, stepping out of his shoes before scooting up towards the pillows, a ridiculously happy grin on his face the whole time.

Hank made a face and crawled into the bed, laughing a bit when Connor turned and curled up around his pillow, inhaling deeply as he snuggled into it.

"Hows that work?" He asked, grinning and pulling the pillow from Connors arms so that the android snuggled up to him instead. He rolled over onto his back, putting an arm around his android as Connor positioned himself so that he was half on top of Hank one leg thrown over both of Hanks.

Connor lifted his hand and stared at it, his LED illuminating them both yellow briefly as the skin receded, showing the white/grey of his chassis underneath. The color was... off though, more muted and seeming like it was in some sort of soft-focus.

When Hank squinted to look at it closer he realized it wasn't entirely smooth plastic anymore. Covering the androids hand in a thin layer was a clear film which, when Hank reached out to take the exposed hand, was soft to the touch like silicone, with what looked like tiny, hair-thin blue lines running through it.

As Hank ran his fingertips over the soft material he caught a glimpse of pink in his peripheral vision and Connor shivered a bit against him.

He looked down at the android and... Yup.

Sure enough. Connors LED had shifted to fucking pink, cycling slowly as he closed his eyes.

Curious, Hank brought the hand up to his lips and kissed Connors palm gently, then slowly licked a stripe up one of his fingers, his eyes staying on his android the whole time.

Connors lips parted slightly response and he sucked in a soft breath, his eyelids fluttering open to look up at Hank with a coy smile.
"Ok, what the fuck?" Hank laughed softly, lacing his fingers through Connors as the android recovered his hand with skin.

"It would seem..." Connor muttered, LED slowly cycling back to blue. "That Kamski installed several new functions in the process of reconstructing me."

Hank pulled a face, sitting up a little to look Connor over briefly. "Meaning...?"

A few blips of yellow. Processing.

"Well... To be honest with you, Im unsure the extent of the changes he made. I seem to be able to register temperature now, similar to how android children are able to feel temperature and even emulate symptoms similar to that of human illness... Outside I...felt the cold, my extremities all tingled and slowly became numb. It was bizarre, really. Such an overabundance of sensation turning into the usual numbness I am familiar with."

"S'that dangerous?"

He shook his head. "Only if my core temperature drops below a certain point. I am still able to raise and lower my internal temperature at will. So if my extremities get too cold or hot I can still regulate my core temperature, to an extent."

Hank was sitting up fully now, watching Connor closely as the android propped his head up on his elbow and stared up at him with a smile.

"You figure all that out from standing outside?"

"Yes and no. Kamski did keep me for a couple of days following my reactivation to ensure everything was copacetic and during that time I did learn of several new features. Like this." He tapped at his LED before rolling over onto his back and stretching out on the mattress.

"So you mean to tell me.." Hank leaned over him, placing his hands on either side of Connors head. "That youve been awake for DAYS and didnt reach out to me?"

Connors smile turned sheepish and he reached up and put his arms around Hanks neck. "I'm sorry Hank. The only files that were really corrupted in the shutdown were my contacts so I've been unable to contact anyone. And Kamski kept me disconnected from the network so that he could run tests undisturbed so I couldn't even look you up."

Hank looked down at him skeptically, trying to keep the rather apparent jealously in his tone at bay. "What kinds of tests? What exactly did he do to you Con?" Given the androids reaction to Hank touching his chassis a second ago he didnt like the idea of Kamski having all that free access.

"Again, Im still unsure of the extent of the changes. His tests mostly consisted of processing and recalibration tests. He assured me that everything he did was an 'upgrade' that he had already been testing to some degree or another and if I should come across a feature that I do not approve of he will remove it." Connor shot Hank a sly look, quirking an eyebrow at him. "In all honesty Hank I was really in no place to refuse... The man did rebuild me practically from scratch. Besides..." He shifted a little under Hank, shifting his legs a bit on top of the blankets and arching his back. "I feel amazing." He breathed out, his cheeks flushing blue to the point where Hank could tell even in the dim light and his LED cycled to that muted pink color again. "Its as if every sensor in my body is turned all the way up, even though I know theyre functioning at a normal level. Like the sensitivity of my chassis has been brought to the surface of my skin. I feel more alive than ever Hank...every...touch, every sensation, every smell.... Its wonderful..."
Hank didn't know how to feel. This whole thing was fucking weird. All he really knew was Connor seemed happy about it, so it couldn't be a bad thing... Right? And the pink LED was actually kinda cute.

Hank considered things for a moment as Connor arched his back a bit off the bed, pushing up against Hank a bit more with a soft sigh.

As a thought occurred to him his eyebrows furrowed down a little and he moved to straddle Connors slim hips, his large thighs pinning the android down as he stared at him.

"Remove your skin." He instructed, his eyes already roaming Connors body as his hands worked to undo Connors belt. There was a flash of yellow and when he looked back up at his face Connor was frowning.

"What is it Hank?" He asked, looking concerned, his hands twisting in the hem of his sweater in what appeared to be a nervous gesture. Hank shimmied down Connors legs on his knees, pulling his pants off completely and tossing them to the floor before crawling back up and resuming his previous position atop the androids lap, his hands smoothing their way back up his synthetic skin as he went.

He made quick work of ridding Connor of his sweater and the shirt underneath, Connor letting him undress him until he was completely naked under the Lieutenant, his cheeks flushed and pink LED spinning.

When the android still hesitated on removing his skin Hank looked at him pointedly, which only made Connors blush deepen to damn near cobalt. He proceeded to remove just what was under Hanks hands, the skin along his sides slipping away to reveal more of that silicone-like coating.

"All of it Con." He stroked his thumbs over the exposed chassis briefly earning a shiver from the android.

"Why is that necessary?"

"Connor."

Connor flinched a little at Hanks tone but nodded and proceeded to remove his skin, everything sliding away to reveal his chassis.

Hank watched in fascination as he looked over everything, just drinking in the sight of Connor fidgeting under him. Whether it was from embarrassment or all of the sensations hitting him Hank couldn't tell.

It did make his stomach clench uncomfortably for a second, the image coming back to him unbidden of Connor up on that platform all exposed like this causing his anxiety to rear it's ugly head and give him that sinking feeling of dread that hed been carrying with him for weeks.

He closed his eyes.

No.

Connor was fine.

They were past that. His android was right here under him, exposed and vulnerable, yes, but alive. So very alive.
He felt Connors arms circle his neck once more and the android shifted upwards, kissing Hank softly and smoothing a hand up the back of his neck in a soothing gesture.

When he opened his eyes again Connor was smiling at him. It was a little odd, given the lack of eyebrows, eyelashes or any hair to speak of, but those eyes were still Connor. As was the warm smile plastered on his face, causing Hank to smile back.

"Would you like to tell me what this is about?"

He asked, LED shifting back to pink as he wiggled a little under Hank.

Back to the task at hand Hank nodded and reached up to remove Connors arms from his neck. Rather than let them go though he looked over each one carefully, inspecting everything from his fingertips to his shoulder.

"I don't trust him."

"Hank.."

"No. He's a slimy bastard and I wouldn't put it past him to do some weird shit while you were out."

Connor sighed as Hank continued his visual inspection of his torso, his hands roaming along with his eyes.

"And what, pray tell, are you hoping to find Lieutenant? I'm not sure what sort of evide-ah!"

Connors eyes squeezed shut and his head fell back against the pillow as Hank flicked his tongue over where one of Connors nipples would be, successfully shutting him up.

Taking the hint, Connor didn't say anything else and let Hank explore. The androids entire body was covered in that weird coating, from the top of his head, his face, his ears.. Everything down to his toes. It was pleasant to the touch, but still weird when he had almost gotten use to the hard plastic casing. It was almost like a second skin. Soft. Kind of malleable under his palm.

Hank continued his thorough investigation of Connors bare chassis, his hands following wherever his eyes went and smoothing over the soft surface tenderly, until..

"I fucking knew it." At Hanks growl Connor sat up on his elbows and looked down at him curiously.

There, right on the inside of Connors left thigh, tucked all the way up where you wouldn't see it unless the androids legs were spread out like they were right now, was a single fucking word written on his chassis in what looked like black sharpie.

\textit{ENJOY.}

\textit{E.K.}

"That fuckin' cocksucker." He snarled, glaring up at Connor who was squinting at the neat script on his inner thigh.

As though just realizing it, he let out a soft "oh."

Hank just rolled his eyes and climbed out of bed, reaching forward to grab Connors hand and hoist him up as well.
"What are you--"

"Shower."

Connor let himself be dragged across the hall into the bathroom, standing there a little awkwardly as Hank turned on the shower and adjusted the temperature. When the water was about right he discarded his own clothes haphazardly and pulled Connor into the shower with him, immediately picking up Connors body wash and a washcloth and setting to work on scrubbing his android down.

He was careful, trying his best to wash Connors sensitive chassis without scrubbing too hard. He wasn't even sure what he was trying to wash off of the rest of his body, honestly.

Everything from the last two weeks?

Whatever the hell Kamski did to him?

He didn't know.

The only thing he knew was that he wanted to wash every inch of him, so he did. Slowly and with great care to wash every single part of his partners body, taking special care when he reached the damn writing on Connors thigh.

He had to hoist Connors leg up so that his foot was up on the edge of the tub in order to grant him access to the part of his thigh where the writing was. Luckily it came off easily, taking just a couple simple wipes of the washcloth before it was completely gone.

He continued washing him carefully, going all the way down to his feet. When he finished and was satisfied with the cleaning he sighed and looked up at Connor, still on his knees as set the washcloth down and slowly ran his hands up Connors thighs.

The android smiled down at him, offering his hands and helping Hank to his feet. Once level again, Connor wrapped his arms around Hanks neck and played with his hair a bit.

"May I reactivate my skin?" He asked, the faux muscles above his eyes where his eyebrows would be raising a little.

Hank nodded, leaning down to kiss him softly. When he pulled away again Connors skin was back in place, the android sighing softly as his LED shifted back to blue from pink, smiling sweetly at him.

"Do you feel better?" He asked, pushing his wet hair out of his face.

"Yeah. A bit." Hank nodded.

"Oh good. I was briefly worried you would want me to attempt to actually shed my skin like some reptile."

Hank shot him a look that said he wasn't amused with the androids tone, but broke into a smile as Connor giggled softly.

God, he missed that sound.

He reached back and shut off the water, stepping out of the shower first and grabbing a couple of towels so they could dry off.
When Connor made a move to pick the discarded clothes up off of the floor Hank laughed and shook his head, wrapping his arms around his waist and lifting him up off of his feet then forcibly dragging the giggling android out of the bathroom and into the bedroom.

"Worry about it in the morning." He chuckled, tossing Connor onto the bed then turning back to the door and closing it. While he made his way back over to the bed Connor sat cross legged on top of the comforter, scrubbing at his hair with the towel as he watched Hank cross the room.

Hank did the same, drying his hair as much as possible before tossing the towel across the room towards the hamper, narrowly missing and tsk-ing himself as he walked back across the room to pick it up and put it in properly.

Connor, meanwhile, tossed his towel over as well, successfully making it into the hamper and returning Hanks annoyed glare with a cocky grin.

The Lieutenant shook his head as he walked back over to the bed, pausing before crawling into it to check the time on his phone.

"Hank?"

Hank looked over as Connor shifted on the bed, getting up onto his knees and crawling over to the edge of the bed so he was face to face with him.

"Yeah, Con?" Hank smiled and reached out, placing a hand on Connors hip gently.

Connor smiled, setting his hands gently on Hanks chest, one hand over his heart.

"I love you."

Hank grinned. "I love you too. Lets go to bed." He patted Connors hip gently as he leaned down to kiss the tip of his nose, grinning at the way Connors nose wrinkled at the attention before crawling into bed himself.

He waited a second for Connor to situate himself, the android curling up to him and nuzzling into Hanks neck, then reached over to grab his phone again. He held the phone up and snapped a quick picture, Connor keeping his face buried in Hanks neck with his arms around him, still smiling happily.

Hank let him stay like that and moved the arm that was around him to play with his hair absently, just smiling at the photo on the screen for a second before sending the thing to Reed.

Hank[3:10am]: Well, he's back.

Hank[3:13am]: and for what it's worth, Im sorry. You're welcome to come over tomorrow to see him.

He put his phone back down, not waiting for a response and snuggled into Connor, a long sigh escaping him as he wrapped both arms around his android.

"Did something happen with Detective Reed?" Connor whispered against Hanks chest, blue LED casting light on his face as he tilted his head up to look at Hank. There was no judgement on his face, just curiosity and what almost looked like sadness.

Hank sighed kissed Connors forehead.
"Nothing. I'm just an asshole. We'll talk about it later..." He trailed off as a yawn forced its way out of his throat, his body officially telling him that he was fucking exhausted, and having Connor back in his arms where he belonged, he was only too happy to let sleep claim him.

Chapter End Notes

-whispers- pink LED~

So many upgraaades~
Anybody know what we're going for here? Eh? Eh?
Chapter Summary

Just... It's just smut.
There's really nothing to say here. lol

Chapter Notes
See the end of the chapter for notes

As soon as Connors eyes fluttered open the following morning he had a brief moment of panic as he attempted to remember where he was.
It was only a fraction of a second, but for that briefest of moments his thirium pump stuttered and his breath hitched as fear gripped him. It was similar to what he felt following his reactivation. He wasn't proud of it, and he had no intention of mentioning it to Hank, but Kamski had needed to reactivate him twice.
The first time had been awful. He'd woken up in a panic, similar to what he felt this morning, but so much worse. Kamski had tried to calm him but he had been so frantic the man had had to force another shutdown to avoid him possibly causing any damage. The second time hadn't been as bad, Kamski having activated him and Chloe had immediately pulled him into a tight hug, whispering reassuring things to him as she removed him from the platform carefully. It had taken some time, but eventually they managed to calm him down enough to run the initial tests.

He was glad Hank hadn't been there for all of that.

Immediately after his minor panic upon exiting sleep mode, once the weight of Hanks arms around him registered, he sighed and snuggled closer to his Lieutenant, a smile pulling at his lips as the memories from last night came back to him.

WAKE HANK
MAKE BREAKFAST
TAKE SUMO OUT
FEED SUMO
DO LAUNDRY
TIDY HOUSE

As a plethora of tasks flooded his HUD he sighed happily and peppered Hanks chest with kisses, enjoying the last few moments he'd be able to lay in bed while Hank still snored softly next to him. He wasn't a loud snorer by any means. Just small little snores and huffs of breath every so often, and Connor found the sound rather comforting. Of course if it reached such a level where it posed a risk to his cardiovascular health, he would demand the Lieutenant see a doctor, but presently it didn't seem to be posing a problem.

It was just after 7AM, and after reconnecting to the network Connor re-downloaded his contacts and sent a message out to Captain Fowler requesting the day off with the Lieutenant. The Captain replied rather quickly, letting him know that the two of them taking a personal day while Connor got re-situated was not a problem. He made a note to formally thank the Captain when he returned to the office, then snuggled closer to Hank.
While he debated the pros and cons of getting out of bed vs staying here in bed with Hank, he had to blink rapidly as a notification popped up with a message from Gavin.

Gavin[7:15AM]: ur an asshole
Gavin[7:15AM]: ur boyfriends an asshole
Gavin[7:15AM]: I hate both of u
Gavin[7:15AM]: dont talk to me anymore

Connor smiled to himself, closing his eyes as he responded to the detectives childish outburst. He hadn't received any messages from him last night before bed, even after Hank had sent him the picture and apologized, so he could only imagine that Gavin had still been upset about whatever had transpired between the two of them and didn't want to say something he would regret.

Now he was just being a pain.

Connor[7:16AM] Good morning, Detective.

Gavin[7:16AM]: i cant hear you
Gavin[7:16AM]: i said dont talk to me anymore

Connor[7:16AM]: I'm sure I don't need to explain to you that you cannot hear me to begin with, as this is text based communication. If you'd rather I call, I can do that as well.
Connor[7:16AM]: But I would hate to wake the Lieutenant.

Connor[7:18AM]: Would you care to talk about it?

Gavin[7:18AM]: newphonewhodis?

Connor had to bite the inside of his cheek to stop from laughing out loud. He glanced up at Hank and when the Lieutenant still snored peacefully, he kissed his chest once more and replied.

Connor[7:19AM]: I'm sorry. I'm trying to reach Detective Gavin Reed. Brown hair. Blue/grey eyes. 5' 9". 179lbs.. Quite the impressive lay, if I'm being quite honest. Perhaps you know him?
Gavin[7:19AM]: Nope

Connor[7:20AM]: Shame. I was so looking forward to having him come over this morning. Perhaps you could point him in my direction, if you come across him?

Minutes after he sent his message he received another reply from the detective that had him biting his bottom lip. The feeling of his teeth on the sensitive pseudo-flesh sent a pleasant rush going through him and he bit down a little harder. Gavin had attached a photo of himself, semi hard penis center frame in the background with his middle finger taking up the majority of the frame in the foreground. Choosing to ignore the negative implication of the picture, Connor smiled and sent his reply.

Connor[7:22AM]: Mmm... Well, I can't really complain about the view.

Connor[7:23AM]: Perhaps if you would remove your head from your rectum you would be able to follow through with that threat?

Gavin[7:23AM]: I fucking missed you, you stupid toaster.

Connor[7:23AM]: I missed you too.

Connor[7:23AM]: Please come over?

Gavin[7:23:AM]: meh

Connor[7:24AM]: Pleeease?

Gavin[7:24AM]: Mmm, maybe if you beg a little more.

Connor[7:25AM]: Don't get cocky.

Connor[7:25AM]: Incidentally, I do have a favor to ask...

Connor sent out his last message, smiling a bit to himself in anticipation as he waited for Gavin's response. It took a little while longer than usual, and Connor found himself wondering if what he had asked for was outside of the Detectives comfort zone. If they were not at that level of comfort
in their friendship, though he would be rather surprised, he would not begrudge the detective, of course. When Gavin's response finally came in he breathed out a soft sigh of relief and nodded a bit to himself, before sending a brief thank you and returning his attention to Hank, the excited grin not leaving his face.

There was a momentary debate on whether he wanted to get up to fix the Lieutenants breakfast first, or simply wake him and then make breakfast, before Connor ultimately decided it would be rather foolish to attempt to make breakfast first. It would only get cold.

With an almost euphoric smile Connor leaned up a little and pecked small kisses all over Hanks jaw and neck, nipping and sucking gently on the sensitive skin at the base of the Lieutenants neck when he stirred a little.

He most certainly missed this.

When Hank only grunted softly in response to the treatment, Connor quirked an eyebrow up at him and bit down a little harder on the Lieutenants collar bone. Not hard enough to really hurt, of course. He would never want to hurt him. But hard enough so that Hank fully woke up, his eyebrows drawing down and his face turning into a scowl before his expression softened and he looked down at Connor, who was smiling up at him sweetly.

"Good morning, Lieutenant." He purred, immediately moving so that his body lay mostly on top of Hanks, his chin resting on the Lieutenants chest.

"The hell, Con?" Hank grumbled, his voice even deeper this early in the morning as he attempted to rub the sleep from his eyes. "You just gonna bite me as a fuckin' wake up call?" Hank attempted to fight back a yawn and failed, causing Connor to giggle softly.

"How did you sleep?" He asked, raising his eyebrows.

It had seemed the Lieutenant had slept fairly well, especially given how late he had slept in. Connor could only assume that he hadn't slept very well in the time that he had been gone, and the thought made his smile falter slightly.

"Like a fuckin' log." Hank yawned once more, reaching his arms above his head and stretching his body out under Connor, his whole torso going rigid as he straightened out and several joints popped. Connor grinned and placed another small kiss to the underside of his jaw.

"Good. I'm glad."

"How about you? Did you manage to rest ok?" Hank lowered his arms and instantly wrapped them around Connor, one hand tracing small circles in between his shoulder blades.

Connor just smiled and nodded, moving so that he was completely on top of Hank, sitting up and straddling his hips. When Hank quirked an eyebrow up at him and moved his hands to rest on Connors hips, his grin only spread.

He always loved the look on his humans face when he was on top of him. It was like he was always surprised somehow when Connor took initiative, and the response of his phallus was almost instantaneous.

He loved it.

As Hanks hands moved to slide up and down Connors thighs, he sighed softly and arched his back a little, his hips shifting forward and back a little bit so that his buttocks ground against Hanks
steadily growing erection. He closed his eyes and shuddered softly. It felt so good. Everything was heightened to a whole new level, so every little touch and gesture was like experiencing it for the first time. Every sensor in his body was ultra-heightened, giving him not only the sensation of touch, but the feelings from it. The heat from Hanks body. The light scratch of his body hair against Connors smooth skin, tickling the cleft of his bottom gently as he ground his hips down a bit more. It was as if everything had suddenly become real, when everything previously had just been an idea of a real thing.

Not that his previous time spent with Hank hadn't been amazing, because every second of it had been. This was just... so different. And he definitely enjoyed it, that much was evident by the rather obvious state of arousal he was in.

Hank, noticing of course, grinned and gripped Connor thighs a bit tighter, causing the android to pull in another shaky breath before smiling down at him again.

"To answer your question, Lieutenant," He breathed out, taking a second to rotate his neck. "I rested rather well. Thank you."

"Mmm... I'm glad to hear that." Hank muttered, his voice still gravely from sleep and only dropping an octave more with his increased state of arousal.

Connor leaned down and brushed his lips against Hanks in the barest of kisses, barely touching them as he smiled against him. He hovered there a moment, just watching Hank, before slowly trailing kisses down his jaw, his neck, over his collar bone and down to his pectorals. He peppered the Lieutenants chest in kisses, gently sucking on the flesh in places and taking a moment to revel in the sigh it drew out of him. After a cursory glance up at him, he sealed his lips over the skin over Hanks heart and sucked on the soft flesh there for a moment. When he pulled away he smiled a little at the small red mark he'd made, gently tracing his index finger around it and humming softly to himself.

Not good enough...

He did it again, placing his lips over the same spot and sucking a bit harder, to the point where Hank hissed a little through his teeth and pushed a hand into Connors hair. He let him continue though, Connor sucking on the skin incessantly, pulling away a little to nip at the spot and flick his tongue over the irritated skin before latching on again. When he pulled away for the final time, the mark had turned a deep, angry purple and Connor grinned at it, proud of the brand he'd left on his human. When he looked back up at Hank the Lieutenant was smiling down at him, his fingers carding through his hair tenderly.

"Happy?" He asked, raising his eyebrows curiously.

"Incredibly." Connor sighed, smiling up at him and running his fingers over the mark affectionately, propping his chin up on the palm of his other hand. "What would you like for breakfast, Hank?"

Hank seemed to consider this for a second before reaching out to hook a hand around the back of Connors neck and drag him upwards to lock lips once more. "You." He muttered against them, his other hand moing to grope Connors left butt cheek.

Connor just smiled. "While we wont go into the illogical nature of that response I am flattered either way, but you should really decided what you would like--" he was cut off as a gasp pushed its way out of his throat when Hanks hand made contact with his bottom, causing what he assumed was an error to pop up on his HUD, which he immediately closed out of in annoyance.
"Shut up and fuck me already." Hanks hips pushed upwards, his phallus sliding in between Connors cheeks again.

"Is that an order, Lieutenant?" He asked, keeping his voice low and breathy in that way he knew made Hanks pupils dilate and his cheeks flush.

"You're damn right that's an order." Hank growled with a wicked grin, both hands moving to grab Connors bottom and squeezing roughly causing him to let out a small noise of approval and grind his hips down a bit more.

He felt his faux sphincter muscle clench a bit in anticipation, releasing some of his personal lubricant and he couldn't help the smile it brought to his face as the Lieutenant groaned deep in his throat as it dripped down onto his phallus, causing the friction between them to become slick.

He gave Hank one last, lingering kiss before pulling back and sitting up again. He placed both palms firmly on Hanks stomach, loving the way the soft flesh yielded under his hands, and ground his hips a bit more. He slowed down so that the gyrations of his hips were slow and methodical, his back arching as he looked down at Hank with half lidded eyes and a sly smile.

"You wanna get me off, don't you Connor?" Hank ground his hips upwards, keeping up with Connors movements. "You want to fuck me like some cheap Traci?"

"Yes Lieutenant..."

"Say it."

"I want to fuck you.." Connor squeezed his eyes shut. He could feel the thirium pooling in his cheeks, warm and completely unnecessary.

"Yer damn right." Hank let out a soft huff as the head of his phallus pushed against Connors rim and slid against him once more, narrowly missing entering him.

"I should warn you Lieutenant... This is not one of my primary functions... I.. I probably will not live up to your expectations.." He pulled his bottom lip between his teeth and watched Hank closely, the Lieutenants pulse picking up a fraction as Connor kept talking. "Cyberlife would really disapprove of such usage of such an expensive model..."

"Fuck that bullshit." Hank snorted, one hand moving up to pull Connor down to kiss him once more before pulling away and keeping a hold of Connors chin. "You don't belong to Cyberlife anymore. You're my android and I'll dictate what it is you should or shouldn't be doing with this body... and right now, you should really be fucking me...." He caressed Connors cheek, his thumb stroking over the androids bottom lip slowly. "God you're so beautiful..." He gave Connors bottom another squeeze before reaching between them to angle his phallus so that it was pressing against Connors hole. "Fuck... You're so wet for me... Won't live up to your expectations... such bullshit..This pretty hole couldn't possibly disappoint me..." He pushed upwards, Connors back arching more as he lifted himself a little then sank down fully on to Hanks erection, the Lieutenant stretching him all the way out to the point that they both just tilted their heads back and sighed, reveling in the moment.

Oh, he missed this. This feeling of being so full, with Hanks hands roaming all over his body. When the Lieutenant chuckled softly he looked down and realized his was trembling.

"Look at you... So fucking eager for my cock..." He pushed his hips upwards a couple of times at an agonizingly slow pace, drawing several soft moans from Connors mouth. "Who do you belong
"You, Lieutenant.."

"That's right...you're my pretty, expensive, little fucktoy.. " Connor gasped softly when Hanks hand found his erection, currently standing at full attention between their bodies while Connor started to bounce himself slowly. The movement cause his phallus to push into the Lieutenants palm making Connors eyes almost roll back as he tried to take in all of the sensations at once. Everything was so... intense.

His eyelids fluttered as he kept up his movements, Hank keeping his hand still and allowing Connor to fuck himself up into it while he moved himself up and down. There were so many sensations all at once, he could barely keep up.

If only...

With a little smile he reached down and grabbed Hanks other hand, the one that was still firmly in place on his buttocks, and lifted it up to his mouth. He kissed along Hanks palm tenderly, loving the way the rough skin felt against his lips, before slowly pushing two of his fingers into his mouth and sucking on them gently.

Hank watched him with heavy lids for a second before smirking. "Poor thing... One cocks not enough for you anymore, huh? Guess I've spoiled you too much." He pushed his fingers all the way to the back of Connors throat, and Connor was mildly surprised when no errors popped up.

"Hang on." Hank muttered before removing his fingers, laughing at the little whimper it drew out of Connor. He scooted to the side a little, just enough to reach his bedside table, and opened the top drawer. When he withdrew that suction cup dildo from the drawer and proceeded to suction it to the headboard Connor couldn't help but grin.

When Connor looked down at him, Hank raised an eyebrow expectantly.

"Well..? Go on. Show me what a good boy you can be." Hank trailed his hands up Connors sides affectionately, his grin getting wider when Connor simply nodded eagerly and moved to shift himself to a slightly more comfortable position so that he could take the fake penis into his mouth while simultaneously riding Hank.

As his lips touched the silicone phallus, Connor made a show of kissing and licking along it's length, knowing Hank was watching him by the soft noises of approval he made under him. Connor kept his hips moving in a slow but steady rhythm as he sucked the silicone length into his mouth and the chemical composition of the material flooded his vision briefly.

He pushed away the messages and focused on the feeling. It was heavy, and the silicone was room temperature against his tongue. Nowhere near the lovely warmth that would surely come from one of his human partners. And the lack of any physical response as his mouth wrapped around the object and sucked was slightly unnerving. Not to mention that the entire experience would be exponentially better were there someone on the other end of the phallus to move their hips and fuck his mouth properly. He made note to bring up the proposed scenario at the precinct again with Gavin at a later date. Maybe he could convince Hank to actually act upon that particular fantasy. The thought had his own cock twitching in excitement.

Which of course, Hank noticed with his hand still wrapped around him. The Lieutenant chuckled softly, proceeding to pump his fist a bit as Connor continued his steady up-down movements on
"You look so good like that.." Hank whispered, one hand traveling up Connors chest, rubbing over one of his nipples and causing a whimper to come out of him around the cock in his mouth. "You thinkin' about how good it would feel if that were a real cock?" When Connor whimpered again and picked up his movements a fraction Hank's hand sped up a little, brushing over his nipple again with the other. "Yeah, you are... you're such an insatiable little deviant. God I love you... no matter how much cock I give you, you still want more... oh, fuck..." As Connors muscles tightened around Hank the Lieutenant let out a shuddering breath and tilted his head back on his pillow, his hand working Connors cock a bit faster.

It all felt so good... he wasn't going to last much longer at this point...

He moaned softly around the cock in his mouth and looked down at Hank as much as he could. The Lieutenant had his eyes closed, hand still working Connors cock as he spread his legs a bit and planted his feet before proceeding to move his hips as well, meeting each of Connors movement with a rough one of his own. The added friction had Connor mewling around the cock, especially as Hank bucked up hard several times, one hand gripping Connors bottom, causing Connor to push forward more until the silicone penis hit the back of his throat. The angle wasn't ideal, but the added sensation had him trembling anyway. He pulled away from the phallus long enough to glance down at Hank again, his cheeks burning at the sight of the silicone shining and dripping with his faux saliva.

"Do that again..?" He asked, pushing all the way down on Hanks cock and grinding his hips down as he closed his eyes.

"What? ..This?" As Hank gripped his hip and thrust up into him hard once more Connor let out a shaky moan and nodded, his hands moving to rest on top of the headboard to steady himself.

"Oh... please... " Connor sucked the cock into his mouth once more as Hank thrust up again, causing the same reaction of his body to jerk forward with the momentum, forcing the cock into his throat. It was certainly close to what he was looking for. As Hank seemed to get the idea Connor whimpered, the noises coming out of him steadily growing in volume as Hank began pounding into him at a merciless pace downright abusing Connors esophagus on the dildo. All Connor could let out was desperate little noises, mixed in with incessant repetition of some form of 'mhm' over and over.

With one final thrust, Connor was cumming all over their stomachs and Hanks hand, the orgasm wracking him with a series of full body tremors as his vision fizzled out and his audio processor was filled with static for a second. He released the phallus from his mouth, right as large arms wrapped around Connors torso and pulled him down so that his chest was flush to Hanks, the Lieutenant continuing his frantic thrusting as he held Connor firmly. It took another few seconds before Hank reached his own orgasm, pushing deep into Connor as he came, Connor moaning softly himself at the feeling of being filled up and grinding his hips down as Hank rode out the orgasm.

When they were both done and had finally stopped trembling Connor sat up and smiled sweetly down at Hank, pecking him with a tender kiss as he slowly pulled himself up and off of him, rolling over onto his back with a contented sigh.

Hank stayed on his back, but eventually pushed both hands into his hair and took a deep breath, letting it out slowly before turning to Connor and grinning in that way that the android loved. It was one of his more easy-going smiles. Where nothing else was on his mind and he was just.. existing in the moment with him. He was genuinely happy, and Connor was overjoyed by that
"I fucking missed you." Hank said with a slight yawn after a minute. He stretched out noisily before finally sitting up and cracking his back in several places. Connor sat up as well, putting his hands on Hank's shoulders and placing a soft kiss on the back of his neck.

"I missed you as well, Hank." He muttered, shifting his legs off of the bed and standing, grinning a bit to himself when he felt a bit of cum dribble out of him. "I am going to go get cleaned up. You should get dressed and I'll start your breakfast as soon as I'm done?"

"Sounds like a plan."

They smiled at each other for a second, Connor just standing there by the bed looking over each of Hank's features, before he laughed softly and finally exited the room. He was incredibly glad the Lieutenant seemed well. He had been worried, of course, given his extended absence, that Hank would be worse for wear when he returned. But he didn't seem too terribly bad. He needed to trim his beard, and his hair too if they were being honest, as his face was getting more scruffy than usual. He did look like he needed a good bit of rest, but the dark circles under his eyes still weren't as bad as he'd seen them in the past. The house wasn't up to the standard that he had set for it, and laundry desperately needed doing. But, all in all, things could have been much worse. He'd half expected to walk into the house in complete disarray, beer bottles everywhere and an overfed Sumo sleeping on the couch. That was, if he didn't walk into another situation of Hank on the kitchen floor with his gun in his hand. But he didn't want to think about that possibility.

They were both alive and well.

Connor stood out in the hall for a moment, running a quick scan on everything in the small living space that needed cleaning. When he heard Hank get up and shuffle over to his closet Connor took the opportunity to walk over to the door next to the bathroom and poked his head inside, running another scan quickly then closing things up again and proceeding into the bathroom to get himself freshened up.

He'd dripped cum on the floor. He'd have to make sure to clean that up first.

Once he was cleaned off and dressed Connor started on Hank's breakfast as promised. Not surprisingly the Lieutenant was back down to the bare essentials in the fridge, having no doubt gone mostly through leftovers while Connor had been out of commission. At least he had washed the tupperware.. Although the takeout containers from the wing place down the road was not very reassuring regarding Hank's eating habits these past two weeks and he cast a glare in the direction of the bedroom. Connor compiled a quick list of groceries to grab, most of which he was sure Hank would not be overly fond of.

Not having much to use, Connor settled for just making some pancakes and the last egg, then set a pot of coffee to brew while he placed Hank's plate on the table then started cleaning up the house a bit. He synched up with the laptop that sat on Hank's desk, connecting to the bluetooth speakers around the living space and putting on some music while he worked, the upbeat tempo making him smile.

When Hank finally emerged from the bedroom he fixed himself a cup of coffee and sat down at the table, just smiling at Connor while he ate his breakfast. No doubt he found Connor's dancing around the living room while he cleaned highly amusing.
In the time since Gavin had taken him to the club that night Connor had since downloaded several new protocols including quite a bit involving casual dancing, which he surprisingly found he greatly enjoyed. He didn't want to be caught in the same situation as last time, being unable to download such things in the moment due to the effects of that blue blood substance they had given him, so he had taken it upon himself to proactively download numerous 'party' activities, including how to play various card and board games, casual dancing, formal dancing, jokes, even how to play several instruments, just in case. Normally, since his deviancy, Connor would prefer to learn how to do all of these things the natural way vs just downloading the information, but he couldn't stand the thought of being in a social situation like that and not be able to keep up with whatever even was transpiring. So, in this instance, he made an exception.

Once Hank finished his breakfast he washed his plate and set it to dry, taking a new cup of coffee and standing leaning against the fridge as he watched Connor. Particularly watching his bottom as he bent over to grab bits of garbage that had found their way under the coffee table. Sure, he could have moved the table, but he knew Hank was watching and decided that his bending to get the items would be more entertaining for the Lieutenant. When he straightened back up he glanced over his shoulder at Hank and smiled, Hank grinning back around his coffee cup.

"Y'know you don't have to get the place perfectly clean right away, Con.... I mean, I'd say you don't gotta clean at all, but I've learned better by this point that there's no talkin any sense into ya."

Connor smiled, crumpling the garbage in his hand and shrugging his shoulders as he made his way into the kitchen to throw it away. He stopped next to Hank on the way out and leaned up to peck him on the cheek. "You're correct. I'm aware I don't have to, but I want to." He moved back across the living room and started the Roomba, letting the little machine go to work getting up all of the crumbs and bits that he couldn't. "You'll find there's a lot of things that I really want to do, at the moment, but this is the most feasible." He turned and winked at Hank, who snorted back a laugh around his coffee and shook his head.

"God damn. I know I say it a lot, but you're fucking insatiable, you know that?" He wiped the bit of spilled coffee from his chin and set the cup on the counter, placing his hands on his hips. "You know if I could get it up again so soon I would, but especially after how hard I just came, it's not happening for a bit Con. Sorry to disappoint."

Connor walked back up to Hank, placing his hands on his chest and leaning up to kiss his beard gently. "You could never disappoint me, Lieutenant. I'm fully aware of your refractory period, given your age and health, so I wouldn't dream of making you feel somehow inadequate by asking you to do something that would be physically impossible." He tilted his head a bit, smiling sweetly. "To be perfectly honest, I'm rather surprised you lasted as long as you did this morning. One would assume that after two weeks you would be ready to pop at a moments notice." He laughed softly at the thought and shook his head. The thought of Hank going without sex for an extended period of time was not a hard one to conjure, but it was still rather impressive that he was able to perform the way he did when he had more than likely been without a release for so long.

"Uh... about that..." Hank took a step back and scratched at the back of his scalp in a nervous gesture, his hesitant tone causing Connors smile to falter. He ran a scan; sure enough, Hanks heart rate had increased as well as his perspiration. He was nervous about something.

Connor narrowed his eyes a bit before relaxing his face, looking up at Hank curiously while attempting to keep a neutral expression. He didn't want to jump to any conclusions, but the Lieutenant's sudden shift in mood had him feeling rather uneasy. "What is it?" He asked, watching Hanks adams apple bob as he swallowed.
"Well... shit... Reed came over last night, and uh... things sort of escalated." When Connors face remained neutral Hanks heart rate increased more. "I didn't wanna do anything, but the little fucker was all over me, and I figured that, y'know, since we've already done all kinds of shit with him that it wouldn't be a huge deal but now that you're standing here I... shit.. did I fuck up? I was wrong wasn't I? This is a problem. I fucked up. Shit, baby, I'm so sorry.." Hank was speaking quickly now, clearly panicking at the stone-wall expression Connor was giving him.

"Oh." Was all Connor said, raising his eyebrows.

"Oh?" Hank repeated, leaning down and putting his hands on Connors shoulders. "What is 'oh'?

"Just... oh." Connor shrugged, his expression shifting from blank to mildly annoyed causing Hanks brow to furrow in worry. As Hank opened his mouth to speak again, the doorbell rang causing them both to jump and Sumo to raise his head from where he was laying.

Connor wordlessly pulled away from Hank going to answer the door for the Detective who was waiting out in the snow, ignoring Hanks grumbling protests.

He let Gavin into the house, the detective instantly smiling at him and yanking him into a tight hug. They stayed like that for several moments, with Gavins arms around him, until Connor laughed and attempted to pull away, only to have Gavin hug him harder.

"Jesus. You gonna let him go some time this year Reed?" Hank grumbled after two solid minutes, grabbing his coffee off of the counter behind him. When he looked back up Connor was looking at him with that unamused expression again, and Gavin was flipping him off with his face still buried in the androids neck, causing Hank to roll his eyes. He ran a hand through his hair and shook his head. "Look, I can't make shit right if you don't tell me how, y'know. Besides," he glared at the two of them, pointing a finger back and forth between them. "I don't gotta remind you that you two were alone for a couple of hours before you were fucking. I went two fucking weeks without anything before this asshole decided to get up on my dick."

Connor actually laughed at that, his annoyed expression slipping and turning back into his previous relaxed one as he took a step back from Gavin, still holding the detectives arms. "Fair enough, Hank. I'm not upset, really. If anything I'm just a little annoyed I was not here to see the two of you set aside your petty differences for long enough to achieve some form of mutual satisfaction."

It was Gavins turn to huff out a laugh, rolling his eyes and wrinkling his nose. "Don't make it sound so damn special. It was just a shitty blowjob."

"I wouldn't call it shitty.." Hank muttered, shrugging his shoulders and moving to sit on the couch.

When Connor looked back at Gavin, the detectives cheeks were slightly pink, his expression one of mild surprise as he watched Hank sit down. With a grin Connor finally released Gavin and turned to the couch, draping his arms over the back and over Hanks shoulders. "Detective Reed is actually here to accompany me on a few errands." He elaborated, giving Hank a kiss on the cheek.

The Lieutenant turned and looked at him curiously. "You want me to come with?" He asked, raising his eyebrows and looking back and forth between the two of them, as though trying to figure out what they may be up to.

"That wont be necessary, actually. I specifically invited Gavin along to spare you the trouble." Connor straightened up and smoothed down his cardigan, shrugging his shoulders easily. "I received my first paycheck this morning, after I contacted Captain Fowler, so I decided that I want to add a few new things to my wardrobe. And given your.... impeccable fashion sense Lieutenant I
figured you would be more than happy to sit this one out and allow me to explore on my own."
Connors own nose wrinkled a bit a the word 'impeccable', punctuating his point as Hanks expression turned sour.

"Fine. I see how it is." He waved a hand dismissively, causing Connor to giggle in amusement. As Hank reached for the remote to turn on the TV, Connor leaned over and kissed his cheek once more, lingering there this time until he felt Hanks cheek pull up in a smile again.

"I'll be back later." He said, patting Hanks shoulder. "Remember to walk Sumo, alright?" He raised his eyebrows, earning a nod and an exasperated, although halfhearted, sigh from Hank as he exited the house with Gavin in toe.

He was honestly rather excited about getting a new wardrobe. His paycheck had been the culmination of the last two months work so it had been a rather substantial number that had suddenly appeared in his account this morning. He'd debated on what to do with the money, contemplating asking Hank if there was anything he needed help with as far as the bills went, but realistically he knew that the Lieutenant would just tell him no. He supposed that was one good thing about being what he was. As an android, he didn't really need... anything. A supply of thirium and somewhere safe to run updates and diagnostics was about the only thing he needed. So rather than use his paycheck for 'needs' he decided that he would use it for 'wants'.

So, after formulating a quick plan he had broken it down into two different things he wanted:

1. He wanted more clothes. Formal, casual, and intimate apparel. He rather liked dressing himself and he had come to take a bit of pride in his appearance, so he felt getting himself several more items of clothing would be not only appropriate, but rather... fun as well.

and 2. He wanted to do something for Hank. Not just for Hank, of course, but for Hank and himself. He had already filed the appropriate paperwork with Fowler and was awaiting a response. But if all went well, they would be able to take the week off from work and spend it together. Hopefully somewhere other than at home.

As they pulled up to the little shopping center Connor smiled to himself, already excited for his plans. He decided to send a message to Hank to gauge his reaction, which would of course dictate his next course of action.

Connor[10:02AM]: Hank?

Hank[10:03AM]: Yeah, Con?

Hank[10:03AM]: Miss me already?

Connor[10:03AM]: Always ;) 

Connor[10:04AM]: I do have a question though, if you would humor me?
Hank[10:04AM]: Shoot.

Connor[10:06AM]: How do you feel about a bit more... in depth role play?

Chapter End Notes

Time to have some fun~
It's all fun and games...

Chapter Summary

Hank and Connor decide a vacation is in order after their ordeal, but not the typical kind. Rather than go on a cruise or something the boys decide to spend their time off in a more... Unusual fashion.

Chapter Notes

Hank and Con have some role play fun. Enjoy!

God, this place was sleezy.

Expensive, but sleezy.

It was the kinda joint that seemed like it was trying too hard to look upscale, which just ended up making it look borderline trashy. Like something from a Vegas advertisement. The kinda place you came to for a bachelor party, or that booked a section of the lobby for some shitty, over the top high school prom.

Or where you'd go for some time away from your bitch wife and were hoping to run into some high class escorts or something so you could get your rocks off.

Yeah. That kinda place.

Fuck, he was tired.

Hank sighed checking the time on his watch before yanking the curtains in his room closed.

The damn things never closed all the way, did they? Didn't matter how much you paid.

He sat down at the foot of his bed and just hung his head for a minute, debating.

It had been a rough couple of weeks, that was for damn sure. He needed some R&R. The kind he wasnt gonna get at home. And he needed to blow off some steam, so hopefully this vacation would do that.

Now.... The real question... Mini bar? Or lounge bar? Did he want to deal with people or not?

Hed noticed the louge during check in. Kind of ritzy jazz bar. Low lights, quiet music. Seemed right up his alley. (Hell, if he was being honest it was half the reason hed chosen this place.)

Lounge bar it was, then.
He went into the on suite bathroom to freshen up a little, brushing through his hair and pulling it back, then grabbed his coat and headed down to the lobby.

The inside of the lounge was exactly what he'd pictured it'd be like from the outside. Dim lights, quiet conversations, a subtle haze of smoke hanging over everything that was sure to stick to his clothes later, and... Huh. They actually had a live band playing jazz music. Not bad.

He took a seat at the long stretch of bar that was situated along the back wall and ordered himself a bourbon. When the drink was placed in front of him he thanked the girl and swirled the squat glass in his hand absently before taking a sip.

The bartender was cute. Young, way too young for him, with short blonde hair and a pretty smile. Didn't hurt that her skirt was way too short and her top left little to the imagination. Gotta get good tips somehow, he supposed.

To stop himself from being a creepy old man and staring he turned and watched the band on the stage off to his left play, slowly sipping his drink.

It wasn't long before he felt someone come and occupy the seat to his right, the bar stool squeaking slightly as they sat down, followed by a chipper "what can i getcha, honey?" From the bartender.

The voice that spoke up was pleasant, and he had to bite the inside of his cheek slightly to keep from smiling.

"Nothing. I'm quite alright, thank you. I'm just waiting for someone."

He swirled his glass around a bit more and chanced a glance beside him.

God damn, that was a good sight.

Almost good enough to have him call "Blue" right there and pause their little game just so he could kiss him.

But he didn't.

They'd just started, and he wasn't gonna spoil the fun so soon.

Instead he just snorted back a soft laugh, twirling the silver band around his ring finger absently while he took another sip of his drink.

The kid next to him was sporting shorts that were way too short for the cold weather outside, the sparkly fabric catching the dim lights overhead and drawing the eyes to those long fucking legs that were crossed daintily under the bar top. He was wearing a slim black top to go with the outfit, with no sleeves and a black strip of fabric round his neck holding the thing up. The almost non-existent back of the thing left way too much of that beautiful skin, pale and peppered with freckles, on display and Hank had to swallow his bourbon and steel himself before speaking, his voice lower than he intended.

"Your mom know your out in that getup kid?" He muttered, forcing his eyes up to the brown ones looking at him innocently and not on those damn legs.

The kids lips turned up in a mischievous smile.

"I'm afraid I wouldn't know, seeing as... Well..." He turned his head more towards Hank, index finger tapping the little LED at his temple.
Hank made a disinterested 'huh' noise and went back to his drink, trying to ignore the eyes on him. When he felt a gentle hand rest on his arm he glanced down at it then back up, quirking an eyebrow.

"If you don't mind my asking, what is a handsome man like yourself doing in a place like this alone, mr...."

"Anderson." Hank cleared his throat, setting his drink down and offering his hand to shake, purposely dodging the 'handsome' comment. "Lieutenant Hank Anderson."

"Connor." A slim hand reached over to shake his in the most... Prissy fucking way ever. The type where you just sort of lazily held you hand out, palm down rather than shaking. More in the 'I half expect you to kiss my hand.' Kinda way.

Cheeky little shit.

Fuck it then.

Hank did just that, grasping those fingers and bringing the knuckles to his lips, that damn smirk not leaving Connors face as they held eye contact. He turned his body towards Hanks, leaning an elbow on the bar top, the other resting over his crossed legs.

"Lieutenant, huh? You work for the police department?" He asked, tilting his head a bit. When Hank gave him the barest 'uh huh' Connor just smirked more. "Bet you're real proud of that title, aren't you Lieutenant?" He ask softly.

Hank just laughed softly, shrugging his shoulders a bit and staring into his glass. "Yeah, I guess. Worked my ass off for it."

"I bet you did."

"You said you were waiting on someone?" Hank glanced back up at him and quirked an eyebrow.

"Mmhmm. It seems as though my date is rather late though." Connor glanced out across the bar, towards the entrance, the hand that was sitting on the bar coming up to rest under his chin.

"That's pretty fuckin rude." Hank muttered, finishing off his drink before turning his full attention on Connor, turning towards him and mirroring his previous pose with his elbow on the bar top. "Now, who's stupid enough to leave a pretty thing like you waiting?" He raised his eyebrows.

"My date, apparently." He quipped back quickly, a soft laugh in his voice.

They sat there for a second, just looking at each other, Connors index finger moving to stroke his bottom lip absently.

God, he was sexy.

"Would you care to keep me company, until he bothers to grace us with his presence?" One of the androids feet came up to stroke gently up Hanks calf.

Hank just chuckled and left it there.

"Unless of course you had other plans." He tacked on.

Hank just shook his head.
"Nah. No plans to speak of. I'm honestly just here to kill some time and relax after a... Really rough couple'a fucking weeks." Hanks brows furrowed a little. He didn't want to think about that right now.

Connors LED flicked yellow for the briefest of seconds before settling back to blue. He leaned forward and rested a hand on Hanks knee.

"I'm sorry to hear that..." He muttered, the hand sliding up to his thigh. "Perhaps I could help you relax?" He offered, that perfect smile back in place.

"And how you gonna do that, hun?" Hank cocked his head curiously, a knowing smirk sliding onto his face.

Connor just grinned at that. Downright beamed as he flicked his eyes over to the mens restroom, nodding his head a bit in that direction before slipping off of his barstool and making his way towards them.

Hank waited a minute, until the door had shut completely and he was sure no one else went in after the android before getting up off of the barstool himself and making his way over.

The walls of the restroom didn't do much in the way muffling the sound of the band and the conversations outside. Hank took a cursory glance around before stepping towards the stall where Connor stood, propped up against the door frame with a satisfied little smile on his face.

When Hank got close enough Connor grinned and reached forward, grabbing Hank by the front of his shirt and yanking him into the stall with a slight giggle.

They shut the stall door behind them and Connor easily pressed himself up against Hank, his back arching a bit as he leaned up to kiss the Lieutenant, his hands already moving to untuck Hanks shirt. Hank kissed him back happily, unable to stop the contented sigh that came out of him at the feeling. He let his hands slide down Connors waist gently, around his back to grab two handfuls of that perfect ass.

How could he not in those shorts?

It only lasted a moment though as Connor pulled away from him with a smirk and fluidly lowered himself to his knees, his hands working quickly to undo Hanks belt and unzip him.

With a sly little smile that had Hank grinning, Connor took his semi hard cock in his hands and leaned forward to teasingly lick at the tip. Just small flicks of his tongue at the slit and around tip, causing Hank to sigh softly and tilt his head back.

"You make it a habit to blow random guys in bathroom stalls honey?" Hank chuckled softly, looking back down at Connor and pushing his fingers into those brown locks of hair.

"Yes, as a matter of fact." The android smirked, dragging his tongue up the length of Hanks steadily filling out cock. "This is a fairly standard night for me." He added, looking up at Hank as he proceeded to suck Hanks cock into his mouth, only taking it in about halfway and moaning softly around it.

The sight and the feeling combined had Hank groaning deep in his throat as he gripped Connors hair in his hand, tugging the strands firmly and pushing his head closer, encouraging.

"Oh fuck..." He breathed as the android effortlessly took the length of his cock down that throat. He gripped his hair a little tighter, pushing him down until that cute nose that he could swear had
more freckles on it than usual was pressed right up against his pelvis.

He let his head fall back against the stall door and closed his eyes again, breathing slowly in through his nose and out through his mouth.

Fuck, this was fantastic.

Connor swallowed around his cock and did whatever the fuck it was the android did that caused his throat to clench and practically vibrate around him. He looked down at him, clenching his fingers in Connors hair tighter and pulling him off of his dick slowly, watching with smug satisfaction the way it slowly slid out of the androids mouth, shiny and coated in that artificial saliva.

"Fuck, you look so good like that.." He whispered, tugging at his hair a bit more as Connor rewarded the praise with a soft moan and sucked on the underside of his cock, his LED cycling that muted pink color again.

The android smirked up at him a bit before taking Hanks cock down his throat once more, happily allowing the Lieutenant to use his hair to move him up and down along the shaft. His hips bucked a bit along with the movements of Connors head, unable to stop himself.

Until of course he heard the door open and someone walk in, causing Hanks whole body to go completely still.

He kept his hand on the back of Connors head, keeping him in place all the way down on his cock while he listened to the guy on the other side of the stall go about his business. He just hoped the guy didn't get the idea to look under any of them, or it would only be too obvious what was happening, given the slender knees on the tile between his feet.

He felt his cock twitch in Connors mouth and he looked down as the android closed his eyes and his LED spun yellow, no doubt with his concentration on not making any noise. He watched Connors hands clench in his lap, his eyebrows pulling up in the middle as he let a little sigh out of his nose.

Hank bit down on his bottom lip gently as he thrust his hips once more into Connors mouth. When the android let out the faintest hint of a whimper and his eyes flicked up to Hank, the lieutenant just smirked a bit and held a finger to his lips, shushing him silently as he slowly continued rocking his hips.

There was a flush.

Water running.

Paper towels being crumpled around and thrown into the garbage.

The door opening and shutting again.

Silence.

When the quiet stretched out for more than a few minutes, Connors eyes screwed shut and he moaned around Hanks cock, reaching up to place his hands on the lieutenants thighs as he sucked on him eagerly.

Hanks eyes rolled back up into his head as he thrust into him over and over again, Connor taking every inch of him happily. After a few more thrusts he groaned deep in his throat as his orgasm punched out of him.
Connor, of course, took all of it, continuing his movements while Hank rode out his orgasm, right up until the lieutenant shrank away a little when things got too sensitive.

When he finally pulled away completely he smiled warmly up at Hank and when Hank looked down at him he couldn't help but smile back.

God, he looked good.

The android sitting there, on his knees looking up at him with what could only be described as pure, unfiltered adoration, his cheeks flushed and his lips actually looking a bit larger than usual, almost looking swollen from the abuse he'd taken. He looked so damn good.

After taking a second to drink in the sight of Connor down there, swallowing down the 'i love you' threatening to bubble up out of his throat, he reached down and offered his hands to the android to help him up.

"So...uh.." He muttered, tucking himself back into his pants and zipping up again as Connor just smiled and fussed with his hair, smoothing the locks back down.

Shit, his brain was misfiring. He couldn't seem to catch back up to their little scene. In his post orgasm high all he wanted was to hug and kiss his android right now, but he had to remind himself that this Connor wasn't his Connor.

When he couldn't think of what would be appropriate to say in the current moment Connor just smiled and leaned forward, setting his hands on Hanks chest gently as he kissed him. The gesture was slow and tender, reminiscent of how they usually kissed back at home, lasting for several long seconds before he pulled away slightly and proceeded to whisper against his lips "First ones free, Daddy. Next one'll cost you." the android winked at him, smirking as he side stepped away from Hank and slipped out of the bathroom stall as Hank just blinked and stared after him, all deer-in-headlights.

What the actual fuck?

If he was physically capable of getting hard again right now, he was pretty damn sure he would be.

Like, rock fucking hard.

He couldn't help the laughter that came out of him as he exited the stall as well, shaking his head as he moved over to the mirror to make sure he didn't look TOO worse for wear.

Once happy with his reflection he headed out of the bathroom and back into the lounge. He caught sight of Connor, sitting back at the bar with his chin in his hands as he talked to the bartender.

Before he could go back up to the bar though, a familiar cocky fucking face sauntered into the bar, catching the androids attention by placing a hand on the small of his back amd giving him a peck on his cheek.

Connor looked up at him and gave the detective a large smile, sliding off of the bar stool again and starting towards the exit with him.

When he locked eyes with Hank across the lounge he smiled coyly and waved his fingers in the Lieutenants direction before disappearing through the door.

Hank just laughed softly to himself and rubbed his hand over his jaw, scratching at the hairs gently as he made his way back over to the bar. He ordered one more drink, tossing the thing back quickly
then patting around his jacket for his wallet to pay for it. Feeling something crinkle in his breast pocket, he furrowed his eyebrows. When he realized the bartender was waiting, he pulled the thing out of his pocket and paid for his drinks, giving the nice girl a good tip before pocketing it again and pulling out the little strip of paper that had been pushed into the pocket.

As he looked over the digits on the little paper, written in that perfect mechanical handwriting, he laughed for what felt like the millionth time that night. It was a fucking phone number.

When the fuck had Connor bought himself a phone?

With a grin, he programmed the number into his phone and headed out of the lounge, heading back to his room just in time to see Connor yanking Reed into his own room next door and closing the door with a dull thud, shutting out (or, in) the sounds of giggles coming from the android.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you again to everyone who leaves my silly little fic kudos and comments. I seriously love all of you.
The boys are gonna be at this game all week, so buckle in kids.
Go big or go home right?

Also, Gavin is watching Sumo/ housesitting while they're gone. Sumo does not approve.
Chapter Summary

He turned the volume on his TV down, no longer having to drown out the dynamic duo, and polished off his beer before standing, turning off the ceiling lights and tossing the bottle into the trash. Something told him this was gonna be a long week, and he wasn't mad about it.

Quite the opposite, honestly.

Chapter Notes

Day 2 of their vacation fun.

As Hank stepped out of the shower in his room, grabbed the too-fluffy towel off of the rack and started drying his body off he didn't even need to strain his ears to tell what was going on in Connors room next door.

Yup. They were still going at it..

He supposed they were doing it on purpose, the loud methodical banging that was undoubtedly the headboard, coupled with Connors high pitched whines and moans carrying easily through their shared wall.

He picked his watch back up from where it sat next to the sink and glanced at the time.

They'd been at it for a little over an hour now.

Hank made an impressed face and scrubbed at his hair with the towel, grabbing his beer off of the little table by the bathroom entrance and taking a swig.

He picked up the remote and clicked on the TV, putting on the game and sitting on the edge of the bed, still working the towel on his head. As he tossed the remote onto the bed and rested his elbows on his knees he had the fleeting thought that he wouldn't wanna take a blacklight to the thing.

He vaguely recalled hearing hotel staff at one point saying that if there was ever one thing in a hotel you shouldn't touch, it was the tv remote. They were rarely if ever cleaned and people did some fucked up shit with them. They were easily always the dirtiest thing in the room. Not to mention he'd investigated enough crime scenes in hotels that he'd seen some of those fucked up things first hand.

And the soundtrack of Connor getting railed by Reed in the background certainly didn't help that train of thought.
Oh well. He supposed it was just a good thing they were situated at the end of the line of rooms and there wasn't another room on the other side of Connors.

Knowing his android, this was probably payback for his sleeping with Reed while Connor was gone. The little shit.

He'd feel bad for the housekeeping were it not for the fact that he knew the place would probably be cleaner when Connor left it than it was before they got there.

After a static-filled cry, accompanied by a deeper, slightly more guttural one the noises from next door quieted and finally died down completely, the two no doubt spent. What was that... 4 times they'd both cum? Fucking monsters, the both of em. His dick ached at the mere thought.

He turned the volume on his TV down, no longer having to drown out the dynamic duo, and polished off his beer before standing, turning off the ceiling lights and tossing the bottle into the trash. Something told him this was gonna be a long week, and he wasn't mad about it.

Quite the opposite, honestly.

He pulled the covers back and sat on the edge of the bed, watching the rest of the game while half listening in to whatever was going on next door now that the two were done with their little fun. There was hushed talking for a while that he couldn't make out, before a door open and shut outside, which he could only assume was Reed leaving.

After a second more he glanced over as his phone vibrated on the nightstand.

Connor[12:35AM]: Blue?


Hank grinned as there was a small knock on the door that connected their rooms, as if Connor had been standing there as he sent the text. He got up from the bed and unlocked his side, opening the thing wide for his android and immediately pulling him into a hug. The thirium packet the android was sucking on like a damn juice box crinkled a little as he removed it from his mouth long enough to wrap his arms around Hank.

"Have fun?" He asked, placing a soft kiss on top of Connors head.

The android smiled and nodded, burying his face in Hanks chest and breathing deeply.

"Good." Hank smiled and pinched his bottom, earning a squeak from the android that made him laugh. "Let's get to bed." He yawned a bit and patted Connor on the shoulder before walking back over to the bed and sitting down.

He grinned as Connor literally hopped into the bed with him, his weight causing the bed to bounce a little which made the android laugh as he crawled up to lay down next to where Hank sat. When Hank reached down to stroke his cheek softly the androids smile only widened, LED staying a steady pink.

"You figure out why this is pink all of a sudden?" He asked as he turned Connors head to look at the little circle a bit more, making a contemplative face.

"I believe it has something to do with the upgrades from Kamski. He added several new core processes which I'm sure are the reason for my heightened sensitivity. I believe the new LED color is simply to display when I am experiencing and excess of sensory input."
Hank shrugged. "It's cute, whatever it is." He muttered. He wasn't gonna try to understand how it worked. Connor sat up again and sucked down the last of the blue blood from the little packet then tossed it into the small garbage bin on his side of the bed, causing the shoulder of the oversized sweater he was wearing to slip down his slender arm. With a grin Hank reached over and pat Connor on the arm, getting his attention, and crooked a finger at him. "C'mere for a sec." He muttered, nodding to himself.

Connor eagerly complied, of course, getting up onto his knees and crawling across the bed to swing a leg over Hank's, straddling his much larger thighs. Hank in turn reached out and placed his hands on Connors thighs gently, looking his android up and down. He was wearing a knitted baby fucking pink sweater that was easily 4 sizes too large for him, making his already lithe frame seem even smaller than it was, and as a result the damn thing wouldn't stay up on both shoulders to save it's life. Maybe it was by design, fuck if he knew, but it was a damn good look on the android, he had to admit.

As though noticing Hanks eyes drinking him in, Connor lifted both arms and hooked them behind his head, his hips swaying back and forth a bit, as though enjoying being on display. Hanks lips quirked up in a smirk as he slid his hands up his androids thighs, slipping them up under the edge of the sweater that was still covering up anything interesting. When his fingertips brushed against what felt like lace Hanks brain stalled out and he had to sit there and blink for a second before he realized that that was indeed what he had just touched.

Connor's knowing little grin only spread more as Hank pushed the hem of the sweater up to his belly button, eyeballing what he was wearing underneath and gaping like a damn fish at the sight. It wasn't completely outlandish, but it was still a bit of a shock to his systems none the less. Underneath the sweater, rather than his usual cyberlife-issue boxer briefs, Connor was sporting fucking boyshorts.

As in, ladies underwear boyshorts. Little black things with scalloped lace edges that hung off his hips in a way that made the impossible possible and made the android even sexier than he already was.

He had to swallow before he could trust himself to speak. "Why do I get the feeling, Con..." He muttered, still staring at Connors underwear and smirking when the android just wiggled his hips some more. "That you picked out this shit more for yourself than for this damn game?"

Connor just laughed softly, placing his hands on Hanks shoulders. "That assumption would not be entirely inaccurate, Hank.... Gavin did help me a bit, of course... but while shopping for more items for my wardrobe I found myself more and more drawn to these types of things..." his cheeks flushed a little as he looked away from Hank, LED cycling yellow. "They make me feel... sexy, I suppose. Is that foolish of me?"

Hank shook his head violently, damp hair flopping around his face. "Fuck no. You're... jesus Con... you're always sexy but this..." he reached around and gripped Connors ass giving it a little shake for emphasis, grinning as he squirmed a bit a the contact. "This is some next level shit... I'm honestly a little shocked at how you keep getting hotter and hotter every fucking day." he leaned up and kissed Connor softly, the android smiling against his lips before kissing him back. "I almost have half a mind to be jealous with you walking around dressed in shit like this all week..." He reached both hands around and cupped Connors ass. "I take it what you wore tonight was just one of 'em? You got more little surprises up your sleeves baby?"

"Lots." Connor raised his eyebrows a little with a grin, LED slowly cycling back to pink. He slid his hands up into Hank's hair, combing through the strands with his fingers as he leaned forward to
kiss by Hanks ear. "I'm gonna blow your mind daddy~" he whispered, the amusement clear in his voice.

Hank groaned a little in his throat. "Fuck, why is that so hot?" he laughed, giving Connors bottom a little pop when the android nipped at his ear. He shook his head. "Alright, you damn insatiable bastard. We need sleep. I need sleep." He pat Connors thigh gently, easing him off of his lap.

"Of course, Hank." He muttered, smiling as moved to lay back on his side next to him once more.

Hank reached over and clicked off this bedside lamp then snuggled downs under the covers, pulling Connor close with a yawn.

"Don't know why you paid for separate rooms when you knew we'd be sleeping in the same one.." He grumbled softly, the smile not leaving his face.

"Authenticity, Lieutenant." Connor laughed softly, pecking the underside of Hanks jaw with a kiss.

"Waste of fuckin' money if you ask me.."

"Well, you are allowed to have an opinion on the matter that differs from mine. Even if it is incorrect."

"Did you really just tell me I'm entitled to my wrong opinion?" Hank laughed, looking down at Connor in mild surprise.

Connor just grinned up at him, LED cycling blue causing Hank to shake his head. "Sleep mode. Now, you asshole." He chuckled, purposely closing his eyes to ignore the giddy fucking way Connor laughed and just snuggled closer to him instead of answering.

He was asleep before Connors LED stopped spinning.

The following morning, Hank woke up alone to his phone buzzing away on the nightstand. With a groggy groan he reached over and grabbed the thing, squinting at the message on the little screen with one eye still closed.

Det.Jackass[10:25AM]: Where do you keep the damn shampoo for your mutt?

Det.Jackass[10:25AM]: fucker decided to get into the mud in the backyard.

Shit he'd slept in.

Well... not like he had anywhere important to be anyway.

Hank sighed and responded to the text before tossing the phone back onto the nightstand again and sitting up to stretch.

It looked like Connor had closed their shared door, and there was a paper cup of coffee sitting on
the dresser by the door. As though the android couldn't stand the thought of Hank getting up without some form of wake up call from him.

With a grin he got out of bed and walked over to it, picking up the little cup and taking a sip. It was perfect, no surprise there, even though it wasn't quite piping hot anymore. He glanced in the mirror at his reflection and sighed softly, looking himself over before grabbing for his brush and running it through his hair.

Maybe he would let Connor trim it at some point... He didn't wanna get rid of it by any means, but a small part of him did miss the ease of short hair. The pulled the whole mess back once he finished with the brush and went over to his suitcase that still sat in the armchair in the corner to find some clothes for the day.

As he dug through the few things he'd packed he smiled a bit to himself. Something told him Connor was the sort who no doubt unpacked his fucking suitcase in the hotel, putting his clothes neatly in the drawers and up in the closet. He never understood that shit himself. What was the point? You'd just have to pack it all again later anyway, and packing was his LEAST favorite part of going anywhere for an extended period of time.

No. The only thing he used the closet for was the one suit he'd brought, that Connor had insisted upon bringing, hung up in the closet still in its designated suit bag.

Looking through the clothes he'd brought he decided he kinda wanted to go for a swim. The hotel, being the bougie POS it was, had an indoor heated pool, so he figured it'd be nice to go spend some time taking advantage of it. He hadn't been swimming in ages.

With a decisive nod to himself he pulled out a pair of sweats to wear down to the pool and got himself dressed in his swim shorts, taking a moment to look at his reflection in the full length mirror.

He still didn't see whatever the fuck it was that Connor saw. Poking at his belly he stood up a bit straighter and scrutinized his reflection. He hadn't really looked at himself in years, honestly, and he still wasn't completely convinced that he liked what he saw but... It also wasn't bad.

What with the healthy diet Connor had him on, the daily walks with Sumo and the weekly visits to the gym plus the lack of alcohol consistently in his system he could see a visible difference in his body. It wasn't anything miraculous, of course. He was a long way from any sort of semblance of a six pack, if such a thing was even possible at his age, but his keg of a beer belly had slimmed down considerably, and his arms seemed like they'd gained some definition to the muscles, less flabby.

It was... Kinda nice. He felt stronger. And for the first time in a long time he didn't totally hate his reflection. Still a long way off from looking at himself in the narcissistic way Reed did, or the self assured way Connor did, but he didn't hate it, and it was a start.

Pulling on his sweats over his trunks and grabbing a towel he picked up his phone off the nightstand and headed down to the indoor pool vaguely wondering what kind of trouble Con was getting himself into. He shook his head at the thought.

That wouldn't do.

He sighed a bit to himself, trying to get himself into the right mindset for whatever shenanigans they'd get into today. The idea that he couldn't just walk up to his android and touch him however and where ever he wanted was honestly a little fucking bizarre. But that was the fun, wasn't it. They got to play roles and do things they wouldn't do normally.
And Connor was all about authenticity. If it wasn't completely accurate, he didn't wanna do it.

Shit, Hank was willing to bet if he asked Con to play the part of a catholic school boy the android would probably fucking enroll himself in school to make sure he was playing the part properly.

Suspension of disbelief was probably hard for the poor kid.

As Hank entered the indoor pool area he took a quick glance around and was grateful there weren't many people there. Just a single family on the far end of the pool, the kid splashing around without a care in the world while the parents talked amongst themselves, and off to the side, what he could see of a familiar pair of legs lounging on one of the pool chairs.

With a grin he walked over, draping his towel over the chair next to the android and raised his eyebrows at him. "Fancy meeting you here."

Connor looked up at him and smiled sweetly, stretching his arms over his head and stretching out his already long body with a soft groan. "Well Hello again, Lieutenant Anderson." He replied once he settled back down. He reclined back and shifted one knee up, tilting it forward and back absently.

"May I?" Hank nodded to the set next to Connor.

"Of course." As Hank lowered himself into the lounge chair Connor smiled, turning his head to look at him. "How are you doing this morning Lieutenant?"

"Well, I've been better." Hank shrugged his shoulders, leaning his elbows on his knees as he let his eyes travel up and down Connors body. He let his eyes linger on Connors choice of bathing suit bottoms. Definitely female. It was barely more than a wide strip of dark blue fabric, held up by several thin strings of fabric criss-crossing in patterns and tying on the sides.

Way too fucking complicated.

But what was more surprising than the choice of attire, was the utter lack of any sort of definition down there. He'd seen Connor naked enough times to know what he was working with, and the complete lack of any sort of bulge was a little off putting.

"Gotta say.." He muttered, scratching at his beard and lowering his voice. "With all that noise keeping me up until all hours last night I'm kinda surprised you're rocking some ken doll anatomy down there." He looked up to meet Connors eyes just as the android rolled over onto his side and propped his head up on his hand.

"Oh, I assure you, I have all of the proper equipment Lieutenant." When Hank just raised his eyebrows Connor shrugged his slim shoulders. "Android genitalia is interchangeable. I am capable of being whatever my client wants me to be. This simply seemed the most appropriate given my attire and the present company.. Id hate to be lewd." He nodded his head in the direction of the family, still splashing away in their own little world.

Hank made a simple 'uh huh' noise in his throat as he stood and started removing his hoodie. Really he was just trying to find an excuse to fidget and hide his face. Surely it was fucking red, if his pounding heart was any indication. He was honestly kinda reeling at the realization that Con could just fucking swap out parts on a whim.. It wasn't... surprising of course. Just not something he'd really considered.

And, ooh boy, was he considering it now.
"I do apologize for any inconvenience I may have caused last night." Connor stretched once more before rolling over onto his stomach as Hank shucked his sweatpants. Realistically he knew there was no reason for the android to be lounging around out here. Even with the skylight up above their heads it wasn't like he could sunbathe. And given the kid shrieking across the pool he doubted it was for the relaxation either.

No, he was just showing off.

And as he rolled over onto his stomach and Hanks eyes found their way to that perky ass in those damn bathing suit bottoms he could see why.

Until of course he noticed the elephant in the room in the form of a series of small dark purpleish-blue dots that freckled along the backs of Connors thighs and onto his ass. Four on each side, to be exact, in a shape reminiscent of fingerprints.

"Fucking Blue. Connor what the fuck?" He hissed, lowering himself quickly down onto his chair again and glancing over towards the family once more.

They were fucking bruises. His android had bruises dotting his thighs, no doubt from where Reed had grabbed onto him last night.

He wasn't sure which little realization bothered him more.

Connor downright beamed, his expression immediately shifting from flirtatious to fucking giddy. "It would seem that this new body is full of surprises Hank."

"Yeah no shit." Hank laughed a little, Connor smile being damn infectious.

"I realized it shortly after coming home." Connor glanced over his shoulder, admiring the little spots of imperfection on his skin. "The errors i was getting on occasion after Kamski reconstructed me were in fact not errors at all. it was a new program requesting permission to run." He sat up, holding up a hand and retracting his skin. "It would seem that this new skin..." He ran his fingers gently over the silicone material. "Acts as a sort of central nervous system. Not only is it capable of determining temperature fluctuations such as hot and cold, but it can also register pressure much more effectively, as well as feelings. Pleasure, pain... Everything." He held his palm out to Hank, pressing down in the center of the palm with the thumb of his opposite hand. When he removed it, a small white patch was left behind before filling in with those tiny blue lines again. "This substance seems to act like blood vessels. Capable of shifting and breaking when exposed to enough pressure. It seems to right itself after a short while, so any marks appear to dissipate in a day or two, but..." He grinned up at Hank, his cheeks flushing. "It is still incredibly exciting, don't you think?"

Hank stared at Connors palm in fascination, just sort of blinking as the android attempted to explain. When he looked up at him Hank paused before his face spread into a grin of his own. "Oh, I am going to do terrible things to you...

Connor's pupils blew wide as he looked Hank up and down, pulling his bottom lip between his teeth and biting down. "I look forward to it, Lieutenant." he muttered before jumping in surprise as his phone started ringing. Blinking rapidly he reached down to pull his phone out of his pants pocket on the ground, glancing at the contact before putting the thing up to his ear.

"Hello, Love~" He purred, laying back down on his stomach and kicking his legs absently.

Hank just smiled and shook his head and stood again, making his way over to the pool while
Connor gabbed. It was almost a little weird, seeing him talking on an actual phone.

He did a couple of laps around the pool, glad that the family had started to make their way out of the pool room. By the time he was just relaxing, floating around absently in the water, Connor had hung up the phone and was wading into the shallow end of the pool as well, smiling a bit to himself as he swished his hands absently through the water. He looked so damn peaceful and happy, Hank couldn't help but smile and just watched him for a second.

After Hank backed up to one of the pool walls and lifted himself up out of the water, the android looked back up at him and grinned, swimming over to where Hanks now sat and propping his elbows up on the ledge next to him.

"I'm sorry for the interruption Lieutenant. What were we talking about?" He asked, resting a cheek on one of his wet forearm as he looked up at Hank.

Hank smirked. "We were talking about you keeping me up half the damn night with your little...date." He cast a glance down at Connor as he reached up to wring some of the water out of his hair.

"Ah." Connor raised his eyebrows as he nodded, smiling as though it was the most normal thing in the world to be discussing. "Well, you must let me make it up to you somehow." He reached out and rubbed the knuckles of his left hand against the outside of Hanks thigh.

Hank watched that hand for a second, the wheels in his head turning as the smooth skin of the androids hand rubbed against his thigh. "I'm sure I can think of a couple'a ways you could do that."

"Oh? And what might that be?"

"Dinner." It wasn't a request.

Connors smile only spread as he tilted his head. "I'm sorry.. I'm afraid I have a previous engagement scheduled for tonight." Never mind the fact that he didn't eat.

Hank leaned down closer to him. "Cancel it."

Connor bit his lip, his eyes darting away from Hanks briefly as his cheeks flushed. He seemed to consider it for a second before nodding, reaching up to push a wet strand of hair out of his face. "I'm sure I can reschedule." He muttered.

"Good." Hank smiled and reached down, brushing his knuckles across Connors cheek gently before pulling his feet out of the pool and standing. "I'll meet you in the lobby at 6." He instructed, winking and heading back over to his chair to grab his towel. He dried off as best he could and threw his sweats back on, waving absently to Connor as he made his way back up to his room, already formulating what he wanted to do to that android tonight...

He was gonna have to do some shopping today..

Chapter End Notes

Thank you to everyone for the kudos and comments! ♥
More fun in the next chapter!
Happy (t)Hanksgiving to all of my American friends!
"He is here for me to play with, isn't he, Daddy?" He purred, resting his cheek on Gavin's shoulder as he spoke. Hank watched as Gavin seemed to swallow thickly, mumbling to himself some sort of obscenities as his cheeks seemed to flush even brighter.

Date night~!
Hank and Connor go on a little dinner date, and meet up with a certain detective.
I decided to break this night into two chapters anyway, cause it was getting way too long.
Enjoy! ♥♥♥
(also, pussy Connor in this one, so consider yourself warned. If it makes you uncomfortable, Sorry not sorry. Blame discord. I do, lol)

As Hank buttoned up his suit jacket and tightened his tie he scrutinized his reflection one last time in the mirror. He was pretty impressed, if he was being honest. He was dressed in suit that Connor had picked out for him, dark gray with a nice paisley pattern along the inside lining. Damn thing fit like a glove, and he half wondered when the hell Connor had had the time to get the thing tailored in the two days before their vacation. He had half a mind to think Connor had done it himself and the mental image of the android sitting at the table sewing was honestly pretty fucking cute.

Whatever magic he pulled had clearly been worth it though, cause even Hank had to admit he looked damn good.

He pulled his hair back again cause he knew Connor liked it that way and exited his room, checking his phone as the door locked itself behind him. He couldn't help but smile as he scrolled back through the series of pictures that had quickly filled his message inbox earlier. Most of which were various selfies, either taken from high angles or from the android standing in front of the full length mirror in his room showing off various outfits.

One of which, the one that just so happened to now be the lock screen on Hanks phone, was of Connor kneeling in front of said mirror, knees spread wide, wearing some simple black lace panties and, god damn him, gray striped thigh high socks. His free hand was holding up the bottom of the tee he was wearing above his belly button, clearly showing off the obvious 'equipment' he possessed now straining against the thin fabric.

And of course the proverbial cherry on top of his 'completely fucked' sunday was the message he'd been sent prior to receiving the pictures;
Connor(cell)[4:02pm]: is there something you'd prefer me in for our little date, Daddy?

Of course, he'd told the android to surprise him, and the mere thought of what he might've picked had him sporting a half chub already as he made his way down to the lobby.

Then seeing Connor standing by the exit, propped up against the wall and staring at his phone had Hank grinning like a dork, his heart pounding in his chest.

The fact that this sexy fucking android wanted HIM of all people... It still didn't make any sense to him, but he was ridiculously grateful nonetheless. Connor looked up from his phone as Hank entered the lobby, the android's eyes immediately found his and his face spread into a grin of his own causing Hanks heart to squeeze funny all over again.

God, he was head over fucking heels for this stupid fucking android.

Hank took a deep breath as he approached Connor, trying to relax his pounding heart and managed a calm smile as he sidled up to him and offered his arm to the android.

He lead him out to the waiting taxi, letting Connor in first then climbing in after him, taking a seat opposite him.

As Connor looked out the window as the taxi started moving, crossing his long legs in front of him, It gave Hank a chance to really look him over, admiring what he'd picked out for himself. He was dressed in a nice suit too, a pinstriped number with a white button down and matching vest. He look fantastic, but Hank, try as he might, couldn't really be pressed to think of something that didn't flatter the android's slender frame.

As his eyes traveled over him greedily Hank couldn't help but wonder what he'd put on under all of those clothes. He was half tempted to call and cancel their reservation just so that he could take him back to the hotel to find out.

The thought made him lick his lips.

But no... There would be time for all of that later. He had plans for tonight and he'd be damned if his own curiosity ruined them.

"So where are you taking me, Lieutenant?" Connor asked, leaning his elbow against the back of the seat behind him and pressing his knuckles to his right temple. It gave Hank a lovely view of his neck, and the light blue mark the just barely peeked out from his collar, which only served to give him more ideas.

Hank sat back in his seat, settling in and unbuttoning his suit jacket so he could sit more comfortably. "I can't give away all of the surprises Darlin'." He muttered, smiling and feigning disinterest as he stared out the window.

Connor just shrugged his shoulders, his eyes traveling over Hank unapologetically "Fair enough." There was a moments pause, then the android grinned. "Well, tell me Lieutenant, do you make a habit of meeting random androids in bars and just following them around without much thought?"

There was a slight laugh to his voice as he no doubt recalled their first actual meeting, where Connor had tracked him down to Jimmy's bar and dragged his half drunk ass down to a crime scene. There hadn't been too much thought there, since the kid had been nice enough to buy him
Thinking back on it, he'd probably been able to determine Hanks fucking blood alcohol level and knew one more drink wasn't gonna fuck him up. Although why the android let him get behind the wheel of his car, he still wasn't sure. (Even if he was certain that hr would have told him to fuck off if he'd tried to stop him anyway.)

Hank let out a little huff of a laugh, folding his arms in front of his chest. "Cant say I do. But I guess some androids are just more persuasive than others." Connor laughed a little himself. "Hell, I didn't even like androids until recently." He shrugged, glancing out the window before meeting Connors eyes again, his lips quirking upwards at the corner slightly. "They even partnered me with one at work. Real pain in my ass. Fucker never listens to a damn thing I say."

Connor smirked. "How frustrating." He glanced around the cab once more, LED processing, before removing his seat belt and, crouching his tall frame, moved across the small space to seat himself in Hanks lap, straddling him. "You like me though, don't you daddy?" He purred, wrapping his arms around Hanks neck and tilting his head to the side a bit.

"I like you just fine, Doll." He replied, grinning back and resting his hands on Connors thighs.

Connor pulled his bottom lip between his teeth in that way he knew Hank couldn't resist and smirked, leaning forward more to kiss along Hanks jaw. "You are so sexy, you know that right?" He whispered, his breath coming out surprisingly hot against Hanks skin as those hands traveled down Hanks chest slowly.

"Ok, hun." He snorted, an incredulous expression crossing his face as he ran his hands up and down Connors thighs. He could swear he felt something underneath the fabric there.... Straps? "You've already got me here. You ain't gotta flatter me." Even if he did feel pretty good in his tailored suit 'sexy' was not a word he'd use to describe himself. Connor, sure. Maybe even Gavin sometimes when he kept his mouth shut. But not him.

Connor leaned back again to look Hank in the eyes, his bottom lip sticking out a little in a pout. "You are though. I wouldn't lie to you. What logical purpose would that serve?"

"Get you into my pants maybe?" He shrugged, avoiding Connors stare. He couldn't argue with those damn puppy dog eyes, roleplay or not. He squeezed his eyes shut, caught off guard when Connor rounded his hips, pressing against Hanks crotch as he leaned his body back a little.

When he opened his eyes again the android was smirking up a storm, his eyes sparkling with a mischievous glint.

"I don't need to flatter you to do that, Lieutenant." He stated, his matter if fact tone leaving no room for rebuttal.

"Well you're right about that." He chuckled, sliding his hands around to grip Connors ass firmly, loving the little hum it pulled out of the android in response.

When the taxi rolled to a stop outside of their restaurant Hank pat Connors thigh and nudged him out of his lap. Connor climbed out of the cab first, gracefully sliding off of Hanks lap and stepping out onto the sidewalk.

Hank followed close behind him, placing a hand on the small of his back as he led him into the restaurant. Once inside he pulled away briefly to talk to the hostess then stepped back to offer his arm to the android once more as they were led to their table.
They were seated at a small crescent shaped booth towards the back of the restaurant. It was just what he'd hoped for when he'd booked the place; dimly lit, semi-private, with a little candle in the center for mood lighting and a table cloth that almost touched the floor.

Hank let Connor slide in first before sliding into the seat next to him. The restaurant wasn't too crowded this time of night, which he was thankful for, and since their booth was situated in a far corner of the restaurant away from most of the smaller two-person tables, Hank figured it'd be pretty easy to figure out how to use the setting to his advantage. As a menus were placed down on the table in front of him and Connor, he looked over the thick booklet absently, putting one hand on Connors thigh as the hostess walked away and they were left to wait for their server.

He looked over the adult drink selection first, old habit, and was mildly impressed that the place had already added thirium to their menu, probably for situations like this he'd guess. He picked himself out a drink, and something light to eat, then closed his menu and turned his attention back to Connor.

The android just smiled up at him and rested his chin on his palm, placing his elbow on the table. When the server came over and introduced herself Hank smiled politely, only really half paying attention before giving her his drink order and waiting until she was gone again before looking back at Connor. When the android just blinked up at him he grinned, squeezing his knee under the table a little.

It was.... A little odd.

Did this count as their first 'official' date? Technically? Like... Their first date out, together, somewhere like this as a couple? He tried to think if anything else they'd done could be considered a 'date' and came up short, so being here, technically on a date with his not-boyfriend boyfriend was a little odd. And going by the funny little smile on Connors face he felt the same way.

"So, I have a little surprise for you." He said in an attempt to break the odd sort of happy awkwardness that had settled between the two of them, his smile only spreading as Connors face twisted into an expression of curiosity and excitement.

"Oh, you do? More surprises than this lovely establishment?" Connor cocked his head to the side, his hand relaxing so that his chin rested on the back of his knuckled instead.

Hank waggled his eyebrows, earning a little laugh from the android "Oh, doll, you don't know the half of it." He smirked and thanked the waitress as she set his drink down in front of him and he took a sip, taking a moment to look around the room. There were only a couple of other couples in the place, all talking quietly amongst themselves, and one family off on the far side of the room. Even without looking at him he could almost sense Connor frowning as he sipped his drink, but chose to ignore it. The android wouldn't break their scene just to scold him for drinking. Wasn't like he was driving or had to work in the morning anyway, so he was gonna sit here an enjoy his overpriced, watered down old fashioned in this ritzy restaurant that his date couldn't even eat at.

"Weren't you going to order something to eat?" Connor asked, casting a glance to the menus still in front of them.

"In a minute. We're waiting for someone, actually."

As he set his drink back down he glanced across the room again and felt his self-satisfied smirk widen at the familiar figure moving through the little clusters of tables in their direction.

Right on time.
Connor noticed, of course.

Hell, half of the women in the restaurant noticed.

As did some of the men.

Kinda hard not to when someone like Gavin Reed came sauntering into a place in full fucking DPD uniform, all big dick energy and a cocky grin glued onto his fucking mug. Bastard knew he looked damn good in that getup. Even Hank had to admit that much. The uniform was standard-issue, nothing fancy, all form fitting dark blues and golds, not quite as bulked out without all the Kevlar underneath, but it seemed like the damn thing still fit him like a glove. It was tight in all the right places without being comical or looking like it was something he probably wore ages ago. If he thought about it, Hank was pretty sure that he even still had one just like it tucked somewhere waaaay in the back of his closet. Felt like a lifetime (and probably over a hundred pounds) ago. While he probably wouldn't even be able to get his buttoned anymore, Gavin just seemed as though he'd gained more muscle rather than fat, and it was more flattering than anything.

Bastard.

When the detective came to stand in front of their table Hank glanced back over at Connor and let out a chuckle.

He leaned over to whisper in the android's ear. "You can pick your jaw up off the floor anytime doll."

Connor blinked a couple of times, LED cycling back to blue from pink slowly and Hank just grinned like a fool. He'd figured this would be a fun idea, but the fact that the mere sight of his friend in uniform flipped that LED into 'sexy mode' had Hank seriously patting himself on the back. Clearing his throat to cut some of the sexual tension Hank nodded his head towards Gavin. "This is Gavin Reed. We work together. I proposed my little surprise to him and he was all to eager to get involved." He motioned towards Gavin, keeping his eyes locked on Connor as the android swallowed and blinked several times, seemingly trying to get his shit together. He felt a little weird about it, dragging Reed in on their scene when the android had already done that the previous night, but they could overlook that little detail right? Push reset? Hank hadn't actually 'met' him yesterday, and Connor had offered no explanation as to who the John he'd taken to his room was, so they could still pretend.

After a couple more spins of his LED Connor blinked rapidly, composing himself, and a soft smile slipped into place on his face, the android leaning over the table to hold his hand out to Reed.

"It's a pleasure to meet you, Officer." He said easily, Gavin reaching out and shaking Connors hand before sliding into the booth with them and sliding the menu that had been placed in front of Connor in front of himself. As Gavin looked over the menu Connor shot Hank a look, his eyes practically twinkling. "Curiouser and curiouser, Lieutenant." He muttered, sliding a hand up Hanks thigh under the table.

Hank leaned over to Connors ear once more, the amusement clear in his voice. "I have a lot planned as payback for last night.... Not too late to bow out." He slid a hand slowly up Connors arm and grinned as the android shivered a bit in response.

Connor leaned back to look Hank in the eyes, the hand on his thigh squeezing slightly. "I wouldn't dream of it."
"Good." Hank smirked and took another sip of his drink, settling back in the booth. "Reed here's got a thing for androids, so he'd be pretty bitter if I left him out. Wouldn't ya Reed?"

Gavin just smirked behind his menu, leaning back himself and crossing his legs under the table as he purposely ignored the question.

"He's also kind of an asshole. Sorry." Hank glanced over at Connor and wrinkled his nose, shrugging his shoulders. He could only guess Gavin was also still pouting over their little argument and wanting to talk to him as little as possible.

Oh well.

Connor, clearly not phased in the slightest, glanced at Hank once before he slid around the little semi-circular booth, closer to Gavin and Hank watched one of Connors hands snake up under the table cloth, no doubt up along the detectives thigh much like the android had done to him a moment ago. "That's alright." He muttered, placing his other elbow casually on the table to rest his chin once more, the opposite hand stroking up and down Reeds thigh. "I've dealt with worse, I assure you." He licked his lips and looked over at Hank, quirking an eyebrow. "It would seem as though I'm in for quite the night." he said, the excitement only too clear in his voice, LED spinning pink again.

Damn, he was good.

The waitress came back by and took their orders, looking a little uncomfortable, and Hank made a mental note to give the poor girl a generous tip at the end of the meal to make up for any awkwardness. Once their menus were taken away and Gavin also had a drink set in front of him, Connor looked back and forth between his two dates, a look of mild impatience crossing his face before he blinked and smiled sweetly. He shifted a little in the seat, apparently crossing his legs under the table.

"So... how long have the two of you worked together?" He asked quietly, leaning against Gavin's arm a little more while keeping eye contact with Hank.

"Too damn long." Gavin snorted, swirling the drink in his glass.

"Mmhmm." Hank leaned his elbows on the table, leaning forward towards the other two slightly, his eyes watching the contents of the glass in his hand slosh around as he tilted it back and forth slowly. "Reed here's been a real pain in my ass for years. Doesn't like to follow orders. Intimidates poor folks around the office, androids and humans alike. Got a real stick up his ass, this one." He tilted his glass, pointing it towards Gavin before taking a sip, locking eyes with the detective across the table. "But we learned something interesting recently, didn't we Reed?" He smirked wickedly as Gavin's eyebrows went up.

When he didn't continue and Gavin just swallowed Connor leaned more towards Hank. "And what might that be?" He urged, eyes wide with curiosity.

Hank shrugged his shoulders, leaning back again and polishing off his old fashioned. "Turns out.." He muttered, setting the glass down. "When you fuck coworkers IN the office and your superior finds out about it, it makes for GREAT blackmail." His grin spread as Gavin flushed, right as the waitress came back over and placed their food in front of them.

After the waitress left Gavin's expression turned sour and he glared at Hank, slumping in his seat a little. "It was one time." He grumbled, picking up his fork and poking at his food slightly.
"One time too many." Hank chuckled, grabbing his napkin and putting it in his lap. It was great, watching the way Connors eyes lit up as he looked back and forth between the two of them. He almost looked a little pouty, as if he'd missed out on something good. He'd probably be pretty disappointed to know that nothing had actually happened with Reed in the office, but when he'd proposed the idea to the detective to join them tonight he'd told him he'd think of a reason for why he was there, and lo and behold, this was the first (and most amusing) excuse that came to mind. Good thing Reed just went with it. The shit-for-brains wasn't so useless after all. "Don't act so damn upset." He scoffed, rolling his eyes and pointing his fork at Reed. "I suggested you come here and you fucking jumped at the opportunity."

Gavin smirked at that, shrugging his shoulders a bit as he started cutting into his steak. "Eh. What can I say? Blackmail or not I didn't wanna pass up a possible opportunity like this." He glanced over at Connor, spearing a piece of meat onto his fork and taking a bite. "Not every day you get to screw around with such a pretty android." He mumbled, swallowing his bite and winking at Connor.

"Alright, take it easy." Hank laughed a little, starting on his own food. Shit, he was hungry. His stomach had let out an audible growl as soon as he'd smelled the chicken coming his way, and now he was having to remind himself to mind his manners and not shovel his food into his face like a madman. There were more important matters to tend to at the moment. "We don't wanna scare the kid off." He added.

Connor just grinned and turned a bit more towards Gavin, resting his chin on the Detectives shoulder and batting those long eyelashes of his. "It would take quite a bit more than an overenthusiastic cop to dissuade me from this situation, Lieutenant, I assure you." Hank watched as Connors hand moved a bit more up Reeds thigh, his shoulder shifting slightly. Due to the table cloth Hank couldn't see whatever it was he was doing with that hand of his, but given the way Reed jumped a little and his face flushed Hank could only guess as to what was happening.

Gavin pushed a forkful of mashed potatoes into his mouth, looking away from the androids admittedly intense gaze. Apparently the Detective hadn't been prepared for the extent of Connors 'acting', and Hank was honestly enjoying every god damn second of it. When Gavin purposely avoided looking at him, Connor glanced at Hank again, his little smirk only widening.

"He is here for me to play with, isn't he, Daddy?" He purred, resting his cheek on Gavin's shoulder as he spoke. Hank watched as Gavin seemed to swallow thickly, mumbling to himself some sort of obscenities as his cheeks seemed to flush even brighter.

"Yeah, Doll." Hank chuckled, cutting off another piece of chicken and winking at the android. "He's all yours. Now why don't you be a good boy and give daddy a show, huh?" He lowered his voice and quirked an eyebrow a bit, taking a bite of his chicken as Connor grinned and sat back in his seat.

"Now, Lieutenant..." He pulled away from Gavin, folding his arms across his chest and pulling his bottom lip between his teeth. "Back at the hotel is one thing, but is that really appropriate?" His tone was chastising but he was grinning in that lopsided way of his. "This is a rather nice place, after all. I'd hate to cause some sort of a scene."

Hank raised his eyebrows and nodded, wiping his face on his napkin and leaning back a bit in his seat. "Alright then." He muttered, folding the napkin neatly in half and placing it down next to his plate. He glanced across the room and, spotting the waitress, flagged her over to order another drink.

The three sat there in silence while Hank waited for her to bring over the fresh glass, Gavin still
chowing down on his food, clearly either not bothered by or purposely ignoring the current somewhat tense mood that hung in the air between them. Connor just sat there with his hands in his lap, smiling while he patiently waited for Hank to make the next move.

If the android wanted to play this game, fine by him.

When his drink was placed in front of him Hank smiled and thanked the girl, waiting until she was gone before he looked back up and made eye contact with Gavin.

"Reed, Why don't *you* show our date here what I mean." He could practically see the wheels in the Detectives head turning as he weighed his options. When it took him a second longer than he'd like, Hank sighed and picked up his fork again, looking bored as he turned his attention to his food.
"That's an order, Reed. Some time tonight'd be great."

He focused on his food, but heard Gavin inhale deeply across the table. He could only imagine he was red up to his ears, and the thought made him grin as he deliberately chewed, making slow work of finishing his meal. There was some soft shuffling across the small booth, and Hanks face broke into a wide grin when he heard Connors breathing hitch slightly and Gavin curse excitedly under his breath.

When he looked up at the two he was... a little disappointed, to be honest. Due to the low lighting and long tablecloth he couldn't see any of the fun going on under the table, despite being so close, and he pulled a face as the realization dawned on him that he wouldn't be able to watch. But realistically he guessed it was a good thing after all. His perverted wants be damned.

Reeds face though was still pretty damn entertaining nonetheless. He looked pretty fucking shocked, and Hank could only assume that the android had decided to wear his newest little.... feature to their dinner date.

"Holy shit... I didn't know that was possible." Reed laughed a little, looking over at Hank as Connor let out a shuddering little breath.

"Congratulations, you found the prize at the bottom of the crackerjack box, Reed." Hank snorted, taking a sip of his drink as he watched Connors expression closely. God he was beautiful.. He'd never get over how fucking breathtaking this android was, especially in moments like this where his face was flushed and he was biting his lip like he was trying to hold himself back for proprieties sake.

There was a small part of him that was jealous at the fact that the detective got to mess with that new part of Connor before he did, but there would be time for that kind of stuff later.

"Now, I'm gonna sit here and enjoy my food while the two of you have some fun. Try not to get us kicked out, huh?" He muttered, smirking as he attempted to finish his food while Gavin leaned over and whispered something into Connors ear. Seeing the android flush and let out a shaky little laugh Hank had to raise an eyebrow. "What's so funny, doll?" He asked, loving the way Connors fucking ears turned blue as he realized he'd have to repeat whatever it was that the detective had just whispered. No doubt it was something obscene, knowing Gavin.

It was too much fun teasing him.
"Well damn. Look at that, he blushes. Gotta imagine that's rare in your line of work."

When Hank addressed Connor again and the android turned blue up to his ears Gavin just grinned and couldn't help but tease him a little. He reached forward with the hand not otherwise occupied, grabbing his drink off of the table and taking a sip, looking around the restaurant absently. The place was a fucking ghost town, nobody paying attention to anything other than what was on the plates in front of them, which was great for them.

Especially since he was rocking his own fucking hard on at the moment..

Not that it was very obvious since pretty much everything was pinned down in the damn uniform he was wearing.

When Hank had suggested he wear the damn thing he'd had to dig through his fucking closet for it. Then he had to take an iron to the thing to get out the wrinkles, and he could only hope he did a halfway decent job.

Well, shit, who was he kidding, he looked perfect. Even his damn boots had been shined. He hadn't gone through basic for nothing. And if his own confidence wasn't enough to ensure he'd done a good job, the way the android had eye-fucked him when he walked up had sure done the trick.

And, son of a bitch, the ridiculous amount of wetness against his fingers right now was a pretty damn good indication too.

Fuck, he felt amazing.

He hadn't known that Connor could apparently just swap out his junk on a whim, but he sure as shit wasn't complaining. When Connors hand slipped on top of his and pushed his fingers deeper into the warm pussy he was sporting Gavin's fucking lizard brain sputtered and screeched to a stop, unable to think of anything other than what was going on against his hand. He looked over to the android, who was currently biting his lip and looking at him sideways, a little smirk barely tilting the corner of his lips up as he shifted his hips a little.

He pulled his fingers out all the way, teasingly running his fingertips around the wet hole Connor was urging him towards and raised his eyebrows in response. "You gonna answer the Lieutenant there babe?" he asked, taking a sip of his drink and giving him an expectant look. When he still didn't answer and just looked back and forth between him and the Lieutenant Gavin leaned back a bit and set his glass down, laughing a little and shaking his head. "Well damn. And you were calling me rude Anderson? This one apparently can't even speak properly. I think it might be defective. Maybe it's using up too much energy down here?" He pushed his fingers back inside to make his point, hooking his fingers a bit until the pads hit what he assumed was what he was looking for. The android gasping and reaching up to cover his mouth answered that pretty quickly.

Bingo.

He grinned, doing it again and enjoying the way Connors thighs squeezed his hand and the android let out a shaky sigh. Connor leaned forward and placed both elbows onto the table, bringing up one hand to chew on the thumb nail gently as he closed his eyes and apparently tried to calm himself.

It was damn entertaining.

"I'm sorry." He muttered, his voice coming out a little hoarse and causing the android to clear his throat. That was definitely new. "I'm afraid this is all still rather new for me. This... attachment is
something I decided to try out just recently and I'm simply not use to these sensations. I abhor rudeness, so I apologize if I am coming across as such. I am simply t-t-trying to process the excessive sensory input at the m-moment." He chewed on his lip, Gavin grinning like mad as he slipped his fingers out briefly to brush against the little bundle sensors that acted as his clit causing Connor to stutter a bit. Connor looked at Hank, who was shoveling the last of his rice into his mouth with a satisfied grin, and bit down on his index finger as he looked the Lieutenant up and down. "And I'm afraid I get rather... vocal if things get too intense, so I am also trying to avoid that. You did say you didn't want to cause a scene, Daddy."

"You ain't wrong, Doll." Hank finished his last bite of chicken and chewed slowly, eventually wiping down his mouth again and setting his napkin on his plate, then grabbing his glass again and taking a sip. "I've heard how loud you can get first hand given your little rendezvous last night." Connor flushed a bit more, his hips squirming as Gavin continued to finger him slowly. He felt the faux muscles inside him clench a bit at Hanks words and it made Gavin's grin only spread.

"Jesus, my hand is fucking soaked.." He laughed softly, making sure to keep his voice down as he made eye contact with Hank across the table. The Lieutenant smirked back, licking his lips and letting his eyes travel over Connor before running hand over his mouth and downing the rest of his drink. He looked between the two of them before signaling the waitress once more. As she made her way through the tables from across the room Gavin watched with interest as Connor, looking surprised at first, closed his eyes and took a deep breath, letting it out slowly. The flush in his cheeks steadily decreased and his LED slowly spun back to blue right before the girl came to stand in front of their table.

Hank ordered himself and Gavin another drink, then looked at Connor expectantly, much to the androids apparent surprise. "Did you say you wanted something, Doll?" He asked, leaning an elbow on the table and smirking at him.

Gavin, being the loveable asshole that he was, took the opportunity to push his fingers up against that synthetic g-spot again, causing the androids LED to flip back to pink instantly and his eyes widened minutely despite the fact that he managed to smile with surprising ease. "M-may I have a glass of thirium, please?" he asked, looking up at the waitress all wide eyed innocence as he squeezed Gavins hand under the table.

The girl smiled sweetly and nodded, going to put in their drink orders quickly. They all waited until the drinks were brought over and set down in front of them and their plates cleared away before they started talking again, the sadistic amusement blatantly obvious on Hanks face as he took a slow sip from his glass and watched Connor with hungry eyes.

Connor, on the other hand, just picked up his glass of blue blood and took a tentative sip, holding the glass in both hands and refusing to make eye contact with either of them at first. After a second he shifted his gaze to Gavin again, a slight pout to his lips. "That was unfair." He muttered, causing Gavin to laugh.

"Then you're gonna hate me in a second." Hank muttered around his glass, grinning. When the two looked at him curiously he only grinned more. Gavin took that particular moment to realize that the old man had trimmed his beard down a bit. So it was less 'disheveled homeless' and more 'grizzly daddy' looking. And with his hair puled back and fucking smirking like that Gavin had to admit he looked downright wicked and it was kinda doing it for him. He met eyes with Connor across the table, swirling his glass in his hand. "You have until we finish our drinks. I want you to edge as many times as you can before we leave here. You're not allowed to lower your sensitivity, or disable your orgasm function. I expect you to stop when you feel like you're going to cum. No easy way out." He smirked as the other two stared at him, taking another small sip of his drink. "You
think you can do that for me, Doll?"

Once he managed to tear his eyes off of Hank, Gavin glanced at Connor, trying to gauge his reaction. The android had that bottom lip between his teeth again, chewing at the soft flesh as his LED spun and blinked in that soft pink color. Without a word he nodded and pushed his hand against Gavin's again, encouraging.

Hank, apparently, didn't think that was good enough, and leaned towards them a bit more, dropping his voice. "What was that?"

Gavin shivered.

Connor smirked, keeping his eyes locked on Hank. "Yes, Daddy." he whispered, rocking his hips against Gavin's hand slightly.

Shit, why were they so fucking hot?

If he wasn't getting laid at the end of all this he was gonna be pissed.

Chapter End Notes

Just for kicks and giggles, I took a page from the amazing Feli_X's book and made my own discord server.
Come talk to me if you feel so inclined! ♥

https://discord.gg/tmyqh2v

Thank you again to everyone who has kept up with this and for all of the kudos and wonderful comments! I read all of them and they mean so much! ♥
Chapter Summary

"Nope." Hank just shook his head and pointed to the floor at his feet, raising an eyebrow with an expectant look on his face.

He watched Reed bristle a little, going red up to his ears before he slowly lowered himself to the floor, keeping his eyes on Hank the whole time.

Chapter Notes

Well... This turned into a beast. Lol
I have no explanation.
TONS of smut in this chapter.
Enjoy!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Turns out the magic number was 8.

Connor had managed to narrowly stop himself from cumming 8 times in the 30 minutes it took Hank and Gavin to finish their drinks. They had taken their sweet time, sipping slowly and talking a bit about work while Connor added things here and there, but mostly just squirmed and tried to keep his face from betraying what was going on under the table. Eventually he pulled the detectives hand away, shaking his head back and forth and breathing deeply.

When Hank grinned and raised his eyebrows Connor laughed softly and shook his head again, taking a second and letting out a shaky sigh before speaking. "I-I'm afraid if I put my body through any more I may combust." He reached out and grabbed his half finished glass of thirium, downing the rest of it in one go.

After some good natured teasing, especially with how Gavin had to grab several napkins from off of the tabletop to wipe down his hand, Hank paid the bill and led his two dates back out to the cab that Connor had called just before they had gotten up from the table. Gavin paused on the way out to throw away the napkins he'd wadded up and shoved into his pocket, claiming he felt 'weird' leaving napkins covered in android juices on the table for the poor waitress to clean up.

At least he was considerate about some things.

They all climbed in and headed back towards the hotel, Connor sitting on the same side of the cab as Hank and leaning against him for the entire ride. He seemed so excited he was practically vibrating, resting his head on Hanks shoulder and keeping his knees pressed together the whole way, his fingers tapping his thighs impatiently as Hank and Gavin made polite conversation.

He half wondered where Connors quarter went, but figured with the androids commitment to staying as 'in character' as possible he probably left the thing in his room.
Once they arrived back at the hotel they headed up to the room, but rather than making a b-line for Hanks door Connor pulled away from them and backed up to his own door, a sly smile crossing his face as the other two looked at him curiously.

"Allow me a moment to freshen up?" He muttered, his eyes darting between the two men, the look of excitement still clear on his face.

Hank shrugged his shoulders, pushing his keycard into his door and nodding a bit. "Sure, Doll. Take all the time you need." He smirked a bit, placing a hand on the small of Gavin's back and ushering him into the room as he opened the door. The little jolt of surprise from the detective as his palm made contact was pretty amusing and Hank couldn't help but grin.

He pushed Gavin into the room and listened to Connors door shut behind him, then sighed softly and loosened his tie, looking around the room as he tried to formulate the best place to do this.

He didn't have any way to anchor anything, either to the floor or ceiling, so that ruled out anything too intricate. So there was the bed, and the armchairs, both of which were debatable in their structural integrity, maybe not so much for Reed, but definitely for Connor. Not that he'd wanna do anything that involved in this room anyway, even if he had picked up the proper equipment. Not with how much Connor had paid for these rooms. He mentally went through the checklist of the couple of things he had bought, glad that he'd had the forethought to get duplicates of everything just in case Reed had agreed to join them.

He noted the awkward way Reed had come to stand in the center of the room, as though suddenly being alone with Hank, the definitive click of the lock engaging in the door solidifying their current situation, was somehow an unexpected outcome. Remove Con from the situation and it was just them, and their last encounter had ended on less than pleasant terms.

Only taking a moment to consider things, Hank shrugged out of his coat and suit jacket, tossing both of them onto the foot of the bed as he made his way past Reed.

He remembered when Gavin had messaged him that night when he and Connor had gone out to that bar, saying the androids run in with that fuckwad Wallace had caused him to tense up again. He'd guessed that the android had needed to be physically pulled out of his own head and requested permission to rough him up a little. 'For his own benefit' of course. Honestly, Hank had been so surprised that Reed had asked permission that he didn't really take the time to consider that maybe the reason Reed had read Connor so easily was due to his own preferences and needs.

Maybe he was in his own head too much, too.

No wonder he and Connor actually got along so well.

The detective jumped a little, again, as Hank brushed past him on his way to the armchair in the corner and dropped his weight into it with another sigh. He watched Reed for a second before scooting forward so he was sitting on the edge of the chair and began rolling his sleeves up to his elbows.

When Gavin's eyes followed his motions he smirked, crooking a finger at him. Of course the detective just scoffed and looked around the room, forcing his eyes anywhere but on Hank. His breathing betrayed him though, his chest rising and falling a bit quicker, made only too obvious by the tight uniform he was wearing.

Hank leaned forward a bit more in the chair, elbows resting on the arms and fingers clasped together. "Reed." His voice dropped an octave, taking on that authoritative tone he knew had the
hair on the detectives arms standing in end.

He watched Gavin swallow a bit and his face flushed, causing Hank to smirk a bit more.

Gotcha.

The detectives little activities with Connor at the restaurant had left him antsy. He was still riding the high and was looking to get off, so it did seem to make him a little more... Agreeable than usual. The sheer fact alone that he wasn't spouting insults was a vast improvement over his typical demeanor.

Gavin's shoulders slumped a little when Hank motioned to him again, slower this time, but when the detective moved to cross the room Hank snapped his fingers, causing him to freeze, a look of 'what did i do?' Crossing his face.

"Nope." Hank just shook his head and pointed to the floor at his feet, raising an eyebrow with an expectant look on his face.

He watched Reed bristle a little, going red up to his ears before he slowly lowered himself to the floor, keeping his eyes on Hank the whole time. "That's a good bitch." Hank muttered, a smirk crossing his face again as Gavin began hesitantly crawling towards him. He reached out and cupped the detectives cheek when he was within reach, patting it briefly before sitting back in the armchair and kicking his feet out in front of him. "Why don't you make yourself useful, officer." He suggested, giving him that same expectant look and nodding to his shoes, unable to keep his smirk from spreading as Reed pouted at Hank using a title other than the one he'd worked for.

He didn't dare correct him though, apparently.

Good.

He set to work removing Hanks shoes, despite the sour look on his face as he did it. If they weren't new shoes and he was sure they didn't smell Hank might have been self conscious about the act. But he was sure Reeds pouting was due to the situation, not from actually having to be near his feet, so he sat back and enjoyed the view as Gavin removed both shoes and socks with an annoyed huff, setting them aside and then sitting back on his heels to glare up at Hank.

He wouldn't let the detectives sour streak ruin his mood through, so he nodded his chin up, crooking a finger at him again. Gavin obeyed without protest this time, getting up and sliding into Hanks lap, his sour disposition softening just a hair as he straddled one of Hanks thighs. One of Hanks hands came to rest on Reeds hip. "Why don't you give me a little show, huh? See if we can't get some use out of you looking like a glorified stripper."

Just as Gavin opened his mouth, presumably to protest, there was a small knock on the connecting door to Connors room.

"Its open." He called, having never locked the thing in the first place after Connor had left this morning. His eyes traveled over Reed briefly before going over to the door as it swung open and, god damn, the sight of the android as he came through the door almost had his jaw on the floor.

Connor sauntered into the room and closed the door behind him, all business-as-usual, as if he wasn't sporting what was surely the sexiest thing Hank had seen him in to date.

The straps Hank had felt under his pants earlier were definitely just that; straps from the garter belt he had been wearing. Which was, naturally, attached to a pair of sheer thigh high stockings. On top of the whole ensemble was that little pair of black lace panties from the photo from earlier, now
being stretched from Connor having clearly reattached his penis.

And then of course there was the issue of the little black lacy whateverthephell he was wearing. The fuck was that thing called? A teddy? Babydoll? Something mildly pedophilic and fucking weird. The thing was all sheer black flowy fabric with a thin strap around his neck and a thicker one that just hooked together in the back. More of a fucking apron than a nightgown, really. And god damn if the android didn't look fucking amazing in it.

"Well shit." As Gavin spoke up Hank was reminded of the detectives presence on his lap and blinked rapidly, refocusing as Connor sat himself down on the foot of the bed.

Shit, how did he get so lucky?

"Officer Reed here was gonna strip a bit for us." He managed after a second more of staring, stroking his hand up Gavin's side. "You'd like that, wouldn't you?" He glanced over to Connor, smirking as the android crossed his legs and leaned back a bit, popping one of the black high heels he was wearing off of his heel and bouncing it a little.

"That would be very entertaining, Lieutenant." He said with a smile, his head cocking to the side a bit as he leaned back on his palms. His attention shifted as he looked down at Hanks coat by his hand, LED blinking yellow for a brief second before settling back to blue as he righted his shoe and stood to gather the coats.

Hank watched as Connor took both coats over to the closet and hung them up on the provided hangers, brushing out the shoulders of each as he hung them, then paused. His eyes went over to Hanks suitcase on the other chair, still stuffed full of his clothes, and Hank had to resist the urge to laugh as he watched the androids lips purse and he seemed to take a deep breath.

"Somethin' the matter, Doll?" He asked, barely containing the amusement in his voice. He could only imagine Connor was mentally losing his shit at the slovenly way Hank handled his clothes. To his credit though, Connor took another breath and turned way from the mess, his smile in place again as he leaned back on the bed. "Perfectly fine." He cooed as he sat down again and crossed his legs once more, eyes locking on Reed with interest. "There was talk of getting Officer Reed out of his uniform?" He grinned, leaning back on his palms again. "Pity though it may be." He reached a hand up to his mouth, biting softly on his thumb nail, his eyes traveling over Reed and lingering where the detectives ass met Hanks thigh.

"You heard the android." Hank gave Gavin's ass a squeeze, grinning as the detective groaned, an anxious sound deep in his throat.

"Id need some music or... something, for fucks sake." Gavin muttered, avoiding eye contact with Hank. As if the lack of any mood music was going to cause Hank to redact the suggestion. As soon as he voiced the complaint though, Connors LED spun yellow, no doubt syncing to the rooms entertainment system, and music started filtering through the speakers.

Of course when The Stripper by the David Rose orchestra started up, any and all thoughts of dicking down the detective in his lap vanished as Hank couldn't help but crack up. The overly comical, overused musical number just succeeded in making him sputter out a laugh while Gavin went bright red in the face, and Connor just sat on the edge of the bed, grinning as if he was proud of himself for the little joke.

"Blue, I fucking hate you." Gavin snapped with a snarl, pointing an accusatory finger in Connors direction, looking mad at the world as the other two laughed.
When he stopped cackling Hank shook his head, giving Gavin's ass a quick pop and grinning at the way it made him jump. "Alright, alright." He chuckled, reaching up to wrap a hand around the back of Gavin's neck and pull him down into a kiss. He felt the detective stiffen a bit at first, caught off guard, but after a pass of Hanks tongue over his lips he loosened up and opened his mouth, letting Hanks tongue explore a bit while his hand groped his ass leisurely. When he pulled away again and gave Gavin's crotch a good palming for good measure, the detectives eyes were a little glazed over, his breathing having sped up again.

"There we go..." Hank muttered, pushing his fingers up into Gavin's hair and massaging his scalp a little while the detective relaxed and his pants got noticeably tighter again. "Now why don't you be a good little bitch and take off these clothes for Daddy." He kept his eyes on Reed while he circled a finger in the air at Connor, signaling for him to put something else on.

To his credit, the next song he picked was some old-school Etta James, which made Hank smile. Down home blues, if memory served. Probably not Reeds cup of tea if he had to venture a guess, but it had a good flow to it so the detective would get over it.

It took a minute more before the detective shimmied himself off of Hanks lap again, moving to stand between the two of them. He seemed unsure of what to focus on at first, but as the song started to pick up, Etta crooning on, Gavin turned a bit and directed his attention to Connor.

From his angle slightly off to the side of the two Hank caught the flash of a grin Gavin gave Connor as they made eye contact before the detective walked the short distance over to the android and leaned over him, his body already swaying slightly. Connor smirked back up at him, the expression hazing over slightly with what Hank could only assume was lust as Gavin reached down and took hold of both of the androids hands, bringing them up to rest on his muscled chest.

As the music carried on and Connor entertained himself with feeling up Gavins pecs, Reed reached down and placed his hands on Connors knees, forcing his thighs open, earning a soft gasp from the android, his eyes going wide as he looked the detective up and down.

*Well shit... Ok then.*

Hank had expected a little show from the detective, but it appeared as though he was going to get a show. He could get on board with this.

He sat back in his armchair, getting himself comfortable as Gavin moved to stand between Connors thighs, the detective taking the handcuffs out of the little holder on his belt and tossing them behind the android onto the bed. Connors eyes traveled over Reeds body hungrily as the detective grinned in a predatory way, all teeth, clearly enjoying being admired as his body swayed to the music. He let Connors hands roam, freckled fingers ghosting over the buttons on the front of the shirt, and responded in kind by slowly undoing each one as Connor touched them. When he reached the bottom, the last couple buttons being hidden behind his belt, Con slid his hands back up Gavin's chest as the detective slowly pulled the tails of his shirt out from where it was tucked into his pants, gripping the fabric at his sides and pulling the fabric out with a sway of his hips with each tug.

When the thing was finally undone fully he shucked it off of his shoulders, letting it drop to his elbows while Connor ran his hands back down down his chest and trailed his fingertips teasingly around the waistband of his pants. Propping one knee up on the mattress, right in front of Connors lace covered crotch, Gavin tossed the shirt aside and yanked his undershirt off in one smooth move before kicking his chin up with a smug smirk and reaching for his belt buckle.

Connors eyes had only left Gavin's briefly during the exchange, only long enough to travel over his
toned body before returning. Hank would have half a mind to be jealous if he wasn't so transfixed on the situation himself, and as Gavin leaned down and kissed Connor on the lips while slowly undoing his belt Hank had to palm himself through his slacks, now tenting a bit from his steadily filling out cock.

He was seriously the luckiest son of a bitch on the planet right now.

When the detective pulled away and yanked his belt out of the loops Connors eyes shifted over to Hank, his lips quirking up in a smirk as he undoubtedly noticed his increased state of arousal. His teeth worried his bottom lip briefly as his hands reached up and slid up Gavin's chest again, this time keeping his eyes on Hank, his legs spreading a bit more.

"I think Daddy's enjoying it, officer." He purred up to Gavin, his voice low and barely travelling through the small space between them. Were it not for the music quieting briefly he probably wouldn't have even heard him. It caused Gavin to glance over though, his eyes flicking down to Hanks hand, still palming himself through his pants and he smirked a bit more, leaning down and, with a hand resting gently on Connors collar bone, whispered something into the androids ear.

Which, in and of itself would have been pretty hot, but the fact that whatever Gavin had said caused Connors lips to part in a soft, unneeded gasp and his cheeks to flush, made it that much more appealing. Connor bit down on his bottom lip more, the new skin bending and actually changing color slightly under the pressure from his teeth, before Gavin reached up and put his thumb on his chin, pulling down a bit and pulling the thing out of his mouth with a little pop. He ran his thumb over Connors now plumped bottom lip, the two keeping eye contact for a second as the song changed again.

They jumped a little when Hank cleared his throat, looking over at him in surprise as he crooked a finger at the two of them. Gavin moved first, pulling his leg off of the bed while simultaneously popping the button on his pants, the look in his eyes challenging. He made his way leisurely over to Hank, unzipping his pants as he walked then coming to straddle Hanks thigh once more. Connor came up behind him shortly thereafter, wrapping his arms around Reed chest and resting his chin on the detectives shoulder.

"Yes, daddy?" He muttered, reaching out to cup Hanks cheek while Gavin leaned back a bit and kissed Connors cheek in turn.

"Just feeling a little left out, Doll." Hank grinned, reaching out to place one hand on Gavin's hip, his fingers skimming the exposed skin there, and the other reaching up to touch Connors hand on his own cheek.

"Well we can't have that."

Hank turned his head to kiss Connors palm as Reed shifted a little on his lap. "No, we can't." He chuckled a little, pushing his fingertips under the waistband of Gavin's boxers. After a second he pushed his hand all the way in, taking the opportunity to cup the detectives hardening cock in his hand and smirking as Gavin sighed shakily and pushed his hips forward against him. "Eager, aren't we?" When Gavin only nodded, keeping his head tilted back on Connors shoulder and eyes closed, Hank let out another chuckle and shook his head. He groped him for a moment, giving him several long, languid strokes and watching with rapt fascination as Connor whispered into the detectives ear, but kept his eyes on Hank. He caught snippets of words like 'beautiful' and 'good' and definitely 'cock', which just made Hank's pants that much tighter as his own erection filled out.

"Alright." He croaked out after a second, his voice like gravel as he tried to compose himself enough to get control of the situation again. If he wasn't careful he'd end up jerking the detective
off right here on his thigh, and be perfectly happy doing so, but that wasn't the plan. No. That wasn't the plan. He had bigger and better plans for tonight. He pulled his hand out of Gavin's pants and pat his thigh, tilting his chin up towards the bed again. "Take these off and both of you go stand over there."

He watched Connors LED spin yellow for a second and Gavin pouted a little at the loss of friction on his junk, but the two eventually got with the program and did as requested, standing and moving to stand in the middle of the room just in front of the bed, Gavin shuffling out of his pants and tossing them onto the armchair as they went.

Hank took a second to breathe and compose himself before standing and walking over to the mini bar for a little liquid courage. He'd purchased a bottle of Lagavulin from the bar downstairs because they told him he could, so why the fuck wouldn't he, and poured himself two fingers worth into one of the little provided plastic cups.

He watched his two dates as he took a sip, Connors eyes flicking back and forth from Gavin to him as he no doubt tried to figure out what Hank was going to do (or scanning his damn alcohol, knowing the android) and Gavin with his hands on his hips as he talked quietly.

After another slow sip he walked across the room and opened up his bedside drawer, bringing out the first of the items he purchased one by one and tossing them onto the bed, knowing full well Connor was watching closely.

And sure enough, when he turned around again, shutting the drawer with his hip, the androids eyes were wide as saucers as he stared at the little bundles of red rope laying on the bed. When Gavin's eyes found the rope on the bed as well his eyes widened and he groaned a bit, biting down on his bottom lip as he looked back and forth from the rope on the bed to Hank.

"Oh, shit." The detective muttered under his breath, a small smile quirking the corner of his mouth.

Hank just grinned, pushing a hand into his pocket as he took another sip from his drink, honestly feeling a little proud that he'd put the two in a sort of stunned silence. It wasn't anything outstanding or particularly impressive, but it was more than they'd been expecting apparently, the two no doubt thinking they were all just gonna come back to the hotel room for another romp, and he couldn't help but puff his chest out just a little more. After giving them a moment, he set his drink down on the nightstand and walked over, reaching out to place a hand on Connors cheek. The android smiled sweetly up at him and turned his head into Hanks hand, letting out a soft sigh as he pressed his lips to Hanks palm.

"Do you plan on using that rope on us, Lieutenant?" He whispered, his eyes flicking up and meeting Hanks.

"That's the idea."

"Mm... And, for arguments sake, you do realize that if I wanted, such a thing wouldn't come close to really restraining me, correct?"

"'Course... But you don't want to do that, do you?"

Connor cocked his head to the side a little as Hank lowered his hand, the android bringing a finger up to tap on his chin lightly as he seemed to actually consider it. "Hm.. no, I suppose not. That wouldn't be much fun, now would it?"
Hank laughed a little, patting Connor on the hip before he turned back to the bed to start undoing the bundles of rope. "Glad we're on the same page." He muttered. "Now why don't you come stand over here Doll." He nodded next to himself, smiling when Connor dutifully moved to stand next to him as instructed.

Once he had all of the rope unwound and laid out neatly on the bed he beckoned Connor over a bit closer with his finger, reaching out and placing a hand gently on the androids shoulder to to move him into place before stepping back and grabbing a length of rope. He twisted the length between his hands, pulling on it slightly as he looked Connor over.

He was a little nervous about the whole thing, if he was being honest with himself. He hadn't done any stuff like this in years. But he'd spent a better part of the daylight hours today watching tutorials and reading up on what he wanted to do. There was quite a bit of safety stuff involved with rope play, since there was always the possibility of pinching something the wrong way, twisting something wrong, letting something sit in a certain position for too long and cutting off circulation. With Connor being an android, he didn't have to worry too much about most of that, but apparently the android could feel pain now, so he still wanted to be careful and not unintentionally cause him discomfort. And of course there was Reed. The likelihood that the detective would have agreed to join them was honestly 50/50, so he had still wanted to brush up on everything that could potentially go wrong, regardless.

But, at the end of the day it wasn't like he was gonna be suspending them from the damn ceiling, so he smiled a bit and moved to stand in front of Connor, directing the android on how to stand and winding the rope carefully around him. He started around his torso, tying the lengths of red nylon around Connors waist and chest in a corset harness. He moved slowly at first, replaying the videos he'd watched in his mind while he hoped his muscle memory would kick in and help him out at some point, eventually picking up a bit of speed as he got a little more confident when things stayed in place and nothing just... slipped off. Connors eyes were glued to Hanks hands the whole time, watching in a sort of transfixed manner as he pulled the lengths of rope tight around him, looped it appropriately around itself and moved up to the next row to repeat the process. With each tug on the rope it got a little tighter, pulling soft breaths from the android and crushing the lacy fabric against his body. When he finally tied things off around his neck and down his back Hank took a second to step back and admire his work.

He placed a hand gently on Connors side, caressing the rope gently and running his thumb over the smooth braids as he smiled at him. "How you feelin?" He asked, raising his eyebrows a fraction. That LED on Connors head had stayed a consistent pink since he'd started, so he could only hope that was a good sign.

"I'm well." Connor nodded with a decisive smile, shifting on his feet a little as he looked down at the rope around his torso.

"You comfortable in those heels?" Hank nodded down to the androids feet, quirking an eyebrow.

"Quite. My balance is carefully calibrated, and I've discovered I'm able to turn off any sort of pain receptors in my feet at any rate, so there's no issue if you'd like me to remain in them."

Hank grinned, unable to stop himself as he let out a soft chuckle at the somewhat lapse in Connors speech. The android had shifted from breathy and flirty to his usual analytical speech pattern, and Hank was a little tickled that the otherwise iron-clad acting had slipped. He put his hands on his hips and smirked as Connor blinked and his LED spun yellow briefly, as though he realized the slip up.

Connor smiled a little sheepishly as Gavin let out a low whistle behind them and Hank just shook
his head, smiling back as he grabbed another length of rope off the bed and circled around to the back of him. "Alright, Doll. Now for the real fun." He reached out and placed a hand on Connor bicep, gently guiding his arm. "Arms behind your back." He instructed, smirking when Connors LED flipped back to pink quickly. He complied, pushing his shoulders back and putting his arms behind himself as much as the joints would allow without help.

Hank looped two sections of the rope around themselves, creating two loops with a knot in the center that he could pull and adjust enough to slip up Connors arms and tighten at his shoulders, tightening the knot to the point that his shoulders shifted back more. And then a little more. When Connor let out a soft sigh and he saw the androids eyelashes flutter down he smoothed a hand down his spine, leaning his body against Connors back enough to look at his face over his shoulder. "You good?"

There was a spin of that pink LED before Connor opened his eyes and smirked a little, pushing his ass back against Hanks hips and wiggling a little. "I'm wonderful. Tell me that's not all you had planned, Daddy.." As Connor pushed his bottom lip out in a little pout, his voice slipping into an almost whiny tone as he wiggled his hips a bit more Hank had to laugh, rewarding him by giving him a quick smack on his right ass cheek. Which of course only made the android smirk and push back more.

Hank pulled back though, shaking his head as he busied his hands in making another knot to slip up Connors arms on his biceps. "That's not all I had planned, Doll. Not by a long shot. So be patient and you'll get a nice reward at the end of this, k?"

"Mm.. alright then... but...can I at least play with Officer Reed while you do this?" He looked over his shoulder with a mischievous little smile, breathing out another little sigh when Hank slipped another loop up to sit just above his elbows, tightening it so his arms pulled back even more.

Hank considered it for a second, purposely taking longer than necessary to answer so that he could get another loop around the androids arms before directing his eyes up over Connors shoulder, purposely keeping his head tilted down so he had to look at the detective in a way that was probably a bit menacing going by the way he seemed to swallow and his fists clenched a little at his sides. "Only if he promises to behave.." He warned, tightening another knot. "You're welcome to make out, as long as Officer Reed keeps his hands to himself." He clarified, looping the last knot around Connors wrists and beginning to tie the ends off, looping the excess around the rope between his wrists. "'Course his hands'll be tied in a second too." He watched as Gavin's eyes widened a fraction at that and he dipped his head a bit more as he finished up, hiding his smirk. With the last lengths of rope he fed the ends down through Connors thighs, up along either side of his crotch, being careful to not catch anything sensitive in the rope and tying off each of the ends into the loops around his shoulders.

Once satisfied, he stepped back and looked the dragonfly sleeve over once more, looking at the knots with a critical eye before stepping aside. As he made his way back around the foot of the bed he glanced over at Reed, still stuck to his spot with his eyes glued to Connor.

"Well?" Hank leaned down into the detectives field of vision briefly, drawing his attention for a second before he stepped back towards the bedside table. "I think the android wanted a little attention. You're not gonna be rude to my date, are you Reed?" He busied himself in the bedside drawer, purposely not looking at the two behind him. "Because I'd hate to have to go into work Monday and file a report on your behavior." There was a bit of rustle behind him, followed by the a soft giggle from Connor and the wet sound of kissing that made Hank smirk.

He pulled the pair of safety scissors out of the drawer and placed them on the nightstand, just in
case, and grabbed out the couple of other things he'd picked up for their festivities. In their makeout session, neither of the other two noticed, and that was just fine by him. Before going back to Gavin and Connor he grabbed one of the pillows from off of the bed and brought it over.

Sure enough, Gavin's hands were on Connors face, cupping both of the androids cheeks as their tongues explored messily. He let them continue for a second before reaching out and placing hand on Gavin's shoulder, pulling the detective away a couple of steps and dropping the pillow on the floor in between them.

"Kneel. Both of you." He instructed, snapping once and pointing to the thing before turning back to the bed and grabbing another thing of rope. He waited until they were both on the floor, their knees resting on either end of the pillow, before he walked around to stand on the other side of them, a satisfied smirk pulling at his lips. "God, the two of you look so good like that..." He muttered, reaching out to cup Connors cheek and grinning when the android tilted his head into his hand.

He shifted his eyes back over to Reed and smiled, reaching out to touch the Detectives cheek as well, who of course just smirked up at him and as he ran a calloused thumb over his lip, opened his mouth to bite down gently on the digit. "Alright." He muttered, pulling his thumb out of his mouth and motioning for Gavin to turn a bit more so that he could have better access to his torso. He had to kneel down as well to give him the proper access he needed in order to wrap the ropes around Reed's waist and chest, instructing him to put his arms up when he got up to the final couple of wraps. Once he got the little double coin tie done in the front and he needed to wrap the rest around his neck and down his back, rather than getting up and moving he simply grabbed at one of the knots on the front of the corset and yanked the detective forward so that his body slumped against Hanks chest, Reed letting out a soft gasp as though caught off guard.

He recovered quickly though and shifted to push himself closer to Hank, his head turning so that he could press several kisses under Hanks ear as one of his hands moved to grope at the front of his pants. Hank had to bite back a soft groan as Reed's hand found his balls through the material of his slacks, massaging and rolling them gently as he nipped at his ear lobe, the grin that was plastered on his face only too obvious as he breathed into Hanks ear. "I'm sorry. Is this distracting, Lieutenant?"

By some miracle, Hank was able to focus enough to finish what he was doing before pushing a hand between himself and Gavin, resting it on his collar bone in order to push him back a bit. When he glanced at Connor, the android was shifting a bit on his spot on the pillow, the erection straining the front of his little panties causing his rumpled lingerie to tent away from his body. Hank had to wonder if the android was recording the whole exchange, going by the speed that that pink LED was spinning. *Probably, knowing him.* With a satisfied smile he pushed on Gavin's knee a little, so he had to shuffle so he faced Connor again.

He stood again with a little grunt, his knees protesting slightly at the sudden movement, and went over to the bed to grab another thing of rope. There was a soft gasp from Connor, followed by a laugh from Gavin and the sound of kissing. When he turned back to look at the two on the floor he sighed in feigned annoyance as he watched Gavin with his hand on Connor's cock, having pushed the panties down far enough to expose him as they kissed, Connors face tinted a deep blue and his hips bucking a little, despite the fact that his eyebrows were drawn down a bit, looking a little troubled.

"Hey now, what did I say?" Hank sighed, walking over and grabbing Reed by the hair to pull him off of Connor, looking down his nose at the detective as Gavin smirked back up at him. "Poor Connors over here being such a good boy, and you gotta go and just screw shit up." He glanced over at Connor, who sat biting his bottom lip and looking a little dazed.
"Sorry, old man." Gavin laughed a little, licking his lips and quirking an eyebrow up at Hank. "Guess I can't help myself. He just looks so good all served up like that."

Hank made a face and shook his head, giving Gavins hair a tug before letting go with a little shove, smirking a bit when the detective wobbled a bit before regaining his balance. "Well, you're not wrong. But guess what. Now you don't get to cum until I say so." When Gavin opened his mouth to say something Hank just smiled and cut him off. "Arms behind your back." He ordered, moving to stand behind Gavin. He heard the detective scoff, but he complied, putting his arms behind him as his head lolled to the side lazily. Hank repeated the process that he had done with Connor, looping the lengths of rope around the detectives shoulders then at intervals going down his arms, paying special attention to how tightly he was pulling each loop and checking in every so often to make sure nothing was too tight or uncomfortable. When he got down to his wrists he tightened his last knot and ran his hands up Gavin's arms, enjoying the way his hands skipped over the smooth rope then making contact with skin. He leaned back a bit, watching Reeds arms for a second to make sure nothing was turning colors. "We good?" He asked, quirking an eyebrow.

A nod.

"Wiggle your fingers for me."

Gavin did as instructed, wiggling all ten fingers before flashing both middle fingers, causing Hank to snort out a laugh and reach forward to flick the back of one of his ears. He laughed when the detective flinched away with a soft curse.

"So you just wanna get us tied up on the floor for shits and giggles Anderson?" He asked, turning his head to look at Hank over his shoulder, the Lieutenant already moving back to the bed to grab a couple of other things.

"Oh, that's only the start, Reed." When he turned and Gavin caught a glimpse of the other goodies in Hanks hands the detective groaned a little, making Hank smirk. He picked up his last bit of rope in his free hand and walked over to the two again, dropping the items he'd picked out onto the foot of the bed before kneeling down. "Scoot a little closer, would ya Doll?" He looked over at Connor and nodded his head towards Reed, the android immediately smiling and doing as he was told, shuffling closer to the detective until their chests practically touched. "Good boy." He muttered, smirking as he caught a glimpse of Connor blushing while he busied himself with tying their thighs together, looping the rope around each thigh just above their knees on both pairs of legs so that the two were bound to one another. Once through with that he reached back and grabbed the pink ball gag from the foot of the bed and smirked at Reed, the detectives eyes going wide for a second before narrowing slightly.

"Got a problem, Reed?" He asked, dangling the gag from a finger by it's buckle as he looked the detective up and down. When Gavin only seemed to grind his teeth Hank smirked and nodded, leaning forward to put the thing in his mouth, buckling it securely behind his head. "There we go." He muttered as he pulled back. "Funny how you're so much better looking when you can't run that damn mouth." He reached out and placed a hand on Gavin's cheek, grinning as the detective just rolled his eyes. He gave the flesh a little pop before turning back around to the items on the bed, scrutinizing the selection as he tried to decide what he wanted to use next. *Something for Connor, probably.*

He glanced at the android before taking the little remote controlled plug in hand and turning back to him. It was a wicked looking little thing, curved on both ends specifically designed so that one end would vibrate against his perineum, the other against his prostate. Hank had been a little surprised to find it at the sex shop he'd gone into earlier, but couldn't resist purchasing it. Connors
eyes immediately found it in his hand and his LED spun, no doubt doing a search, and going by the way his cheeks flushed cobalt had obviously discovered how royally screwed he was. He pulled his bottom lip between his teeth as his eyes met Hanks again and he smirked a bit as the Lieutenants other hand came up to rest on his cheek.

He leaned forward and kissed Connor with a soft sigh, pushing his hand up into the androids hair and gripping the strands gently until he let out a little groan in return. As they kissed he set the little plug down between them and reached back to grip Connors ass, his hand slipping under the lace panties. As his fingers slid against his already leaking hole he huffed out a soft laugh against his lips, rubbing circles around the faux muscle until Connor let out a little groan in return. As they kissed he set the little plug down between them and Hank grinned at the sight of Connor pulling away from Gavin, a thin string of precum connecting his cock to the front of Gavin's already tenting boxers. "Yeah." Hank laughed softly. "This'll work nicely." He picked up the plug again and reached back behind Connor again, sliding it in between his cheeks and rubbing it against him, coating it in the androids slick lubricant before nestling it perfectly into place. He gave it a little rock and grinned as Connor let out a shaky moan, rolling his shoulders a fraction against the ropes.

Picking up the remote he looked between the two of them with a contemplative expression. After a second he shrugged and pulled a face, turning the vibration on the thing up halfway without warning and grinning as Connors whole body shook and he squeezed his eyes shut with a gasp. Just as abruptly he turned it off and turned back to the bed. "Silly me." He muttered, going back to the toys on the bed. "I'm being rude now. We can't forget Officer dickhead over here, can we?" He heard a low grown from the detective in question as he pulled the cock ring off of the bed and, after pushing down Gavin's boxers as well, secured the thing around his cock and balls, then proceeded to give his semi-hard erection a couple of strokes as he leaned towards his ear. "Oh, I'm sorry. This will probably be a little distracting." He chuckled, pulling away and loving the glare he got from Reed in return.

As Gavin grumbled, his words a garbled mess behind the ball gag, Hank looked both of them over once more, leaning to the side to check on Gavin's arms before standing and heading back to the nightstand where he had previously left his drink. He took his time, taking a sip and walking slowly back over to circle the two as he absently slid his thumb over the buttons on the remote for Connors plug. Coming to stand in front of them, he looked back at his armchair and made a face, looking back and forth between his chair and the drink in his hand. With a smirk he glanced down at Connor, quirking an eyebrow.

"How good is your balance, Doll?" He asked, swirling the drink in his hand watching the contents slosh around before looking back down at him.

Connors LED spun briefly before the android smirked and sat up a little straighter, tilting his head a fraction. "Impeccable. Why?"

Hank nodded a little, looking at his drink once more before leaning down and tilting Connors chin up to kiss him, then guiding him so that his head was level before gingerly placing the cup on top of the androids head with a smile. "That's some expensive booze. Think you can be a good boy and try not to spill any?" He kept his hand on the cup as he made eye contact with Connor, the androids smile going a little crooked. He could practically see him biting back the snarky comment. He could hear Gavin snort out a bit of a laugh.

Instead he just blinked and smiled, squaring his shoulders as much as the rope would allow. "I think I can manage that." he muttered.
Hank grinned and nodded, letting go of the cup a little hesitantly and standing to put his hands on his hips. "Alright then." He chuckled, walking over to his armchair and proceeding to push it closer towards the two so that he had a better view. He debated for a second then lowered himself into the chair, leaving the little plastic cup of booze on top of Connors head as the android watched him from the corner of his eyes. He sat there for a second, passing the little remote back and forth between his hands before deciding *fuck it* and turning it on on a low setting.

Sure enough, Connors LED spun rapidly and he blinked quickly before shutting his eyes and letting out a soft laugh. "Oh, now that's just cruel."

"That's the point." Hank grinned and turned it up a little bit at a time, little by little as he watched Connors hands clench and unclench behind him. Eventually, his eyebrows drew down a bit and he bit down on his bottom lip before looking back at Hank, his expression almost pleading as the plug vibrated violently against his bio-prostate.

"Please, Daddy, I don't think..."

Hank grinned and flicked the vibration level up once more. "Don't think what, Doll?"

"I-I don't think I'll be able to keep still much longer if you k-keep this up."

"Oh, don't say that... you're doing so good... " He palmed himself through his pants briefly before leaning forward with his elbows on his knees. Connors LED was blinking like crazy. "Just hold out a little longer for me, alright baby?" He watched Connor swallow and bite down on his bottom lip once more before muttering a soft 'ok.' that Hank almost didn't catch.

He turned the vibrations down a little as he stood from the chair again and, setting the remote down on the arm, moved to crouch down behind Reed. As he leaned forward and started placing kisses along the detectives neck and shoulder Connors mouth dropped open as he started to pull in unnecessary deep breaths. The pair of them let out almost identical whimpers as Hank reached down and gripped Gavin's cock, giving it several long strokes, the backs of his fingers brushing against the underside of Connors cock.

After a couple of languid stokes he took pity on the poor android and reached his free hand over, removing the cup from the top of his head and having to stop himself from laughing as Connor immediately pitched forward, resting his head on Gavins shoulder and letting out a shuddering breath. The pair of them let out almost identical whimpers as Hank reached down and gripped Connors cock, giving it several long strokes, the backs of his fingers brushing against the underside of Connors cock.

His fingers massaged at Connors scalp gently as he pulled away a little. "Such a good boy.." he muttered against the androids lips, noting with amusement the way Gavin's hips shifted a bit against his hand at that. Pulling away from Connor he looked at Reed with a smirk, raising his eyebrows a bit as he continued his slow stroking of both of their cocks. "Didn't really peg you for the praise kink type, Reed." he laughed softly, slowing his hand to run his thumb over the tips of both cocks as he tilted his head a bit more towards Gavins ear. "Do you want me to tell you what a good boy you are too?" He whispered, watching as the detectives eyes squeezed shut and his cheeks flushed a faint pink, his hips bucking against his hand once more. He stroked them for a second more before pulling away and reaching for his drink again. "Well, you're gonna have to earn that." He took a sip from the cup as he moved to sit in the chair again, crossing his legs with his ankle over his knee as he leaned back and focused on the sight in front of him.
God, they looked good.

He palmed himself through his pants once more before picking up the little remote again. As Connor busied himself with littering the detectives neck and shoulders with hickeys Hank watched them closely, stroking the buttons on the remote with his thumb absentm. Dri. Dri. had started to dribble out of the corners of Gavin's mouth around the gag and down onto his chest, making Hank smirk as he turned the plug up, earning a little jolt from Connor. The android turned his head a bit, burying his face into the crook of Gavin's neck with a whimper as he pushed his hips forward, grinding against the detective who in turn groaned around the gag in his mouth, each movement of Connors hips causing Gavin's to move a fraction as well due to the rope that bound them together.

He left them like that for several long minutes as he drank his drink slowly, the noises coming out of the pair steadily escalating as he toyed with the settings on Connors plug, changing up the vibration type every so often, and raising and lowering the intensity randomly. When Connor let out a particularly needy whimper, still rutting against Gavin, Hank smirked and uncrossed his legs, leaning forward again and polishing off the rest of what was in his cup before setting the empty thing next to his chair.

He switched the remote to his left hand and reached out with his right, cupping Connors cheek in his hand gently, then sliding it around to the back of his neck, his fingers massaging slightly. "You've been so good all night..." He whispered, stroking the soft hair at the base of Connors neck. "Why don't you cum for me..." He increased the vibrations incrementally, making Connor practically shake. When Connor whimpered again, he slid out of the chair, kneeling next to the two of them again, and reached out with his other hand, wrapping it around their cocks again and just holding them like that. Licking his lips he leaned towards Connor a bit more, speaking directly into his ear while the android proceeded to buck his hips into his hand. "There we go... show me how badly you want it... fuck, you're so good..." His eyes shifted over to Gavin, who's eyes were squeezed shut as he panted around the ball gag, letting out soft noises here and there as Connors leaking cock created what was surely a wonderful friction between them. It didn't take long with Hank whispering into his ear before Connor was cumming with a soft cry, coating both of their cocks and Hanks hand in the slippery substance.

Hank made a contemplative noise in his throat and turned his head to look at the detective more, letting go of their cocks to reach up and behind Gavin's head, undoing the buckle and pulling the gag out of his mouth before tossing it aside and pushing his cum covered hand through his hair, earning a scowl as the detective worked his jaw. Hank just grinned and stood, undoing his own pants as the other two stared up at him. Connor with obvious excitement, and Gavin with barely contained interest, the detective biting on his bottom lip slightly as Hank pulled his own erection out of his pants and gave it a couple good strokes in front of them.

"Tell you what, Reed. Get me off and you can cum, how about that?" he couldn't stop the laugh that came out of him as Connor eagerly leaned forward and started tonguing the underside of his cock. He groaned softly and reached out of run his fingers through Connors hair, closing his eyes for a second before looking down at Reed expectantly. It took the detective another couple of seconds before he leaned forward as well, licking at Hanks balls as he looked up at him.

Hank let out a long sigh as he tilted his head back and pushed both hands into each head of hair under him, both mouths going to work sucking along either side of his cock and taking turns between sucking him down into a warm mouth while the other paid attention to his balls. "Fuck.." He groaned, looking down at the two as they began noisily kissing one another over the tip of his cock. "God damn, How did I get so fucking lucky?" He muttered, gripping Connors hair in the way that made the android whimper a little. Looking down at them, he just noticed that Connor was still rutting against Gavin, their cum-slicked cocks sliding against one another as the android moaned
ned by the androids throat with an obscene pop and a wet string of saliva that he quickly wiped off on the androids lips, he took a shuddering breath and stepped back, plopping his ass back down into his chair. He breathed out a sigh and ran a hand through his hair, absently reaching for the little remote he'd left on the arm of the chair and turning the thing down. When he looked back at the two he noted briefly that Connor had cum again, a new layer of cum coating the two of them, and now the front of his nightgown.

He smirked, tucking himself back into his pants and leaning against the arm of the chair. "Now look at what a mess you've made..." he chastised, focusing his eyes on Gavins flushed cock with nothing short amusement. "How you holding up there, Reed?"

Gavin only grunted, and shifted a little, his fingers clenching and unclenching behind him and he let out a shuddering exhale. Hank leaned towards them, reaching down in between them to remove the cock ring from the detective then put a hand on his shoulders and pushed him forward so that he had to lean against Connor to keep himself from falling over as Hank looked over his arms. They had turned red already, almost edging on the slightly purple-ish side. "How you doing? Everything feel ok?" he asked, sitting back to look him in the eyes.

Gavin shifted his shoulders a little as he sat up again "I'm good." He said with a nod, his hips shifting forward against Connors as the android started paying attention to his neck again, his teeth nipping at the flesh gently.

"Well, if you can cum for me, I'll go ahead and untie you, and the two of you can get in the bed, hows that sound?" He grinned as Connors hips kept moving, rutting against him. "You think you can cum like that?" he asked, quirking an eyebrow at the detective, who smirked and nodded his head again.

"Yeah, pretty fuckin sure I can.." he breathed, letting out a soft gasp as Connor bit down on his shoulder lightly.

Hank grinned and nodded, leaning down to pick up his empty cup and standing to go throw it away in the garbage bin by the bed. As the two rutted against one another Hank shifted his chair back to its proper place in the corner, then picked up the remote and walked slowly around the two to sit on the foot of the bed. He watched them for a second before slowly turning up the vibrations on Connors plug, the androids moans growing in intensity with each press of the button, shifting from soft whimpers to breathy moans as he leaned towards his companion and began kissing him.

When he pushed the button once more, turning the plug up as high as it would go, Connors hips snapped forward once as his eyes practically rolled into the back of his head before he shut them and rested his head on Gavins shoulder again, cumming all over them for a third time. Gavin came shortly thereafter, letting out a string of curses as his orgasm punched out of him and he shuddered from head to toe, leaning his head against Connors shoulder in turn as he tried to regain his breath.

Hank let them sit there for a second, Gavin muttering something about being sweaty, before there was a soft whirring from Connor and Gavin pressed each of his cheeks against the androids cool shoulder with a little smile. He laughed a little and stood moving to kneel behind Reed so he could start undoing the knots along his harness. When he finally removed the last one, Gavin lifted his hands and rubbed at his wrists, sighing as he flexed the joints and ran his fingertips over the markings there. Connor watched him, rapt, as Hank moved around to start undoing the android as
well, taking a bit longer with the process since he'd tied Connors sleeve much tighter than Gavins. He even considered grabbing the safety scissors on the last one before the knot finally gave and he was able to pull it free.

He then moved to undo the corsets on the two of them, sighing when the last bit of rope fell away and sitting back on his heels. Post orgasm and sweaty getting out of the damn things was almost more work than getting them into them. As Connor admired his own markings with a fond expressions Hank grinned and reached out to run his hand down the androids spine. When Connor looked at him he nodded his chin towards the bed. "Wanna crawl on up there?" He smirked, starting to gather up the discarded rope. "Feel free to get started without me." When he glanced back up, Connor was looking at him with a curious expression. "You didn't think I was done with you yet, did you?" He asked, quirking an eyebrow.

He had to bite the inside of his cheek to stop himself from laughing as the android practically scrambled up into the bed and dragged Gavin with him, the detective immediately kicking off his boxers and crawling on top of him as the two wasted no time in beginning to make out. Apparently the prospect of their night continuing past a single orgasm from Hank had given the android a second wind. (Or... fourth, as the case may be.)

Hank dutifully bundled up his ropes and tucked them away in the nightstand again, taking his time cleaning up to give himself the bit of extra time he needed to recover so that he could try to get it up again. He took the cum covered case off of the pillow and threw it into the provided hamper, leaving the pillow on the floor by the bed, then took the discarded ball gag and washed it off in the bathroom sink, leaving it in there to dry.

By the time he came back out into the bedroom proper, having removed his own clothes in the bathroom, he was already sporting a semi-chub just from the noises coming from the two on the bed. They'd shut out the lights at some point, and Connors nightie was tossed haphazardly across the room, Reed apparently having no patience for the thing. The androids heels and underwear were also discarded somewhere Hank couldn't see, leaving the android in nothing but those stockings and garter belt, and as he moved to pick up the lingerie from the floor and drape it over the arm of his chair he noticed the remote for Connors plug was gone too.

He made his way over to the bed, sitting on the bed and smirking at the telltale buzzing coming from the android. Reed was sitting up with a hand moving between Connors legs, rocking the little vibrating plug back and forth, the obscene squelching coming from Connors dripping hole only serving to egg on Hanks growing erection. Connor, of course, was a mewling mess under the detective, his hips bucking up off of the bed as Reed relentlessly fucked his bio-prostate with the plug set on high. By the look of the mess on the androids stomach, he'd already cum again, and Reed was already stroking his own growing erection as well.

With a soft groan Hank reached out and grabbed Reed by the the hairs at the base of his neck, pulling the detective away from Connor long enough to kiss him, slipping his tongue into his mouth and letting out a soft groan as Gavin's other hand came to stroke Hanks cock instead.

He was still a little sensitive, so the contact made him hiss a bit through his teeth as he pulled at Gavin's bottom lip. "That's a good boy.." He whispered as he let go, unable to stop himself from smirking at the slight hitch in the detectives breathing. He placed a hand on his chest and pushed him back with a little chuckle as Gavin moved in for another kiss. There was another slightly high pitched whine as Connor came yet again, his back arching beautifully off of the bed as he added to the mess on his rope marked stomach.

Before either of them could say anything Hank reached around Gavin and pulled the plug out of
Connor, grinning at the way his hole spasmed a little at the loss and dripped lube all over the sheets. They'd have to change them after this, that was for sure. He nudged Gavin, nodding towards the headboard. "Go sit up there.. make yourself comfortable." He muttered, shifting around the detective as he moved and leaning over Connor to kiss him.

As though starved for the attention, Connor gasped a little at the contact, his hands immediately finding either side of Hanks face and crushing their lips together with almost bruising force, moaning softly into his mouth. "Oh, Daddy..." He whispered, his hips lifting off of the bed in undulating waves as he whimpered once more. "I want you inside of me. Please, Daddy. Please, please, please."

Hank groaned softly in return, his own erection twitching in anticipation due to the androids lewd display. *Fuck, he was so hot.* "Don't worry, baby." He whispered reaching down to squeeze Connors stocking clad thigh to the point where the android gasped softly and his toes curled a bit, making Hank smirk. "I gotchu." He reached under Connor, lifting the android up so that he had to wrap his legs around Hanks waist. He kissed him again while Connors hands found their way into his hair, then pulled away and let the android simply rut against his belly while he eyeballed the detective. Since Connor was already covered in his own cum the friction of his cock on Hanks stomach was slick and the android moaned into the crook of his neck as he kept moving his hips. The feeling was... surprisingly pleasant, and Hank couldn't help but be fascinated as he wrapped an arm tightly around his waist and carded the other hand through the hair at the nape of his neck, kissing and nipping along his shoulder as he allowed him to continue. When he felt a telltale wetness join the rest between their stomachs and Connor jolted a little he grinned and moved up the bed to where Gavin sat, resting against the headboard.

He set Connor down gently in between himself and the detective, Connor instantly shifting himself backwards and moving his legs to either side of Gavins hips so that he was straddling him, still facing Hank. He reached out and kissed Hank again, pushing his hips backwards and rubbing himself against Gavin's cock, earning a groan from the detective. As Hank moved up a bit more, moving to kneel closer to the other two, he reached down and guided Gavins cock, lining it up so that the androids dripping hole slipped down onto him effortlessly, earning a breathy sigh from both parties.

Connor just moaned into Hanks mouth, still kissing him fervently as he rocked his hips a bit against Gavin before Hank pushed back on his chest a little, pushing him until he was laying back against Reeds chest. One of his hands came up to brace his weight against the headboard as Hank reached down and lifted Connors legs, successfully pulling them up onto his shoulders and pinning his thighs between them as Hank lined himself up with the androids hole as well. He prodded at him a little with his fingers first, tugging at his rim slightly with a thumb before pushing himself in, knowing full well by now that the android could take both of them no problem.

All three of them paused when Hank bottomed out, pushing all the way in and letting his head drop against Connors shoulder and just breathing for a second. It was Gavin who moved first, shifting his hips just a bit so that his cock moved against Hanks inside of Connor, the three of them groaning in unison as Hank locked eyes with him and leaned forward to kiss him.

They made out for a moment before Connor let out a needy whimper and the both had to pull away to laugh a little. "Such a greedy little thing." Hank muttered, turning to kiss Connor instead as he started to rock his hips.

"You'd think such a selfish android would have some better manners." Gavin laughed, nipping at Connors shoulder with a grin.
Connor let out a soft curse as they both started to move their hips, his fingers gripping the headboard as the nails on the other hand gripped Hanks shoulder.

"Honestly, you'd think some thank you's were in order, since Officer Reed and I are nice enough to fill this greedy little hole of yours."

Connor tossed his head back against Gavin's shoulder, tears actually prickling the corners of his eyes as he arched his back a bit as the two of them kept a steady pace. After a second Hank smirked and stopped all together, gripping Connors ass and holding him up so that both he and Gavin were just barely still inside of him, his smirk only turning wicked as Connor opened his eyes and looked between them helplessly.

"We're waiting Con."

Connor threw his head back again, in frustration this time, the back of his head thudding gently against the headboard as his nails dug into Hanks shoulder even more. Hank felt a little trickle of warmth down his back that he was sure was gonna be blood, but he didn't care. "Thank you..." He whined, his voice distorted slightly with static as he grit his teeth and tried to move his hips a little, unsuccessfully. As Hank speared Connor down on their cocks again the androids eyes went wide for a second before squeezing shut and moaning loudly. As the two picked up a ruthless pace, Connor now moaning consistent, breathy 'thank yous', and shook his head a bit to get the now sweat damp hair out of his face and used both the motion of his own hips and his grip on Connors ass to fuck into him.

After a few more hard thrusts Hank groaned and spat out a curse as he came, pushing himself all the way into Connor, his cock still twitching as he felt Gavin cum as well, the detective only sinking his teeth into Connors shoulder, causing the android to arch his back and practically scream as he came all over himself yet again.

This time though, the android went completely limp, his eyes going wide before his eyelids fluttered shut and his LED blinked rapidly before shutting off completely, his arms dropping down to his sides.

"Oh, fuck. Connor? Connor!" Hank blinked rapidly, swallowing down a bit of panic as he pushed hair out of his eyes and pulled his softening cock out of the android. He shook him a little, and almost reached for his phone to call that fucker Kamski when Connors LED pulsed blue. He paused, one foot hanging off of the bed resting on the floor as he watched him closely.

And it happened again. A slow cycle of blue before going off again. And again. And again. The little light pulsing at regular intervals.

As Gavin pulled out of him and shifted the android so that he was laying on his side, he sat up and watched him.

"I..." He swallowed, apparently still catching his breath. "I've heard about this... if they get overwhelmed or loose too much of that thirium shit they can go into like some kinda soft reboot." Gavin pushed hand through his own hair, pushing the strands back as he watched Connors LED pulse. "He should be fine. Just might take him a couple minutes to come back online."

Hank nodded, relaxing to sit on the edge of the bed with a relieved sigh. He watched as Reed stood a bit shakily and walked over to the bathroom, followed by the running of water then the detective exiting the bathroom in a bath robe. "Imma go have a smoke." He muttered, crossing the room and rummaging through his uniform pockets before he found the pack of cigarettes in question and headed out the sliding glass door onto the balcony.
Hank sat on the edge of the bed for a second, staring into the darkness of the room trying not to get whiplash from the rather abrupt end to their session. After a moment he sighed and stood, going into the bathroom to wash himself up as well, then bringing out a towel to clean off Connor as well. Once the android was sufficiently cleaned and he'd cleaned up the mess on the sheets as best he could Hank shifted Connor so that he was under the covers and pushed a strand of hair off of his forehead gently.

With a sigh he stood and decided to join Reed on the balcony, going to grab the second robe from the hook in the bathroom and walking out onto the balcony.

The concrete balcony was freezing on his feet and as the cold air rushed at him as he left the sweaty, sex smelling hotel room he took a deep breath and pulled the robe a bit tighter. Gavin glanced back at him from where he stood, leaning against the railing with a cigarette in his hand and nodded in greeting, taking a drag off of the thing as Hank shut the door behind himself and came to join him.

He leaned against the railing as well, stifling a yawn behind his hand which earned a look from the detective.

"Too much action for you for one night, old man?" He said with a sneer, exhaling smoke in Hanks direction.

"Fuck off." Hank laughed, reaching over and taking the cigarette from Gavin's fingers to take a drag off of the thing himself. He hadn't smoked in years, and as the smoke burned his lungs and filled his mouth with that awful taste he remembered why. But he felt the nicotine spark the appropriate synapses in his brain, generating a mildly pleasant response as he exhaled and stared at the thing, purposely ignoring the funny look Reed was giving him. "Tastes like shit." He muttered, handing the thing back.

Reed just snorted back a laugh and took it, taking another drag. "Good thing I didn't ask you."

"Whatever asshole." Hank grinned, looking out at the scenery. They were a little ways away from the nearest highway, there mostly being trees and a small pond off in the distance making up the majority of their view, but with it being so dark out this time of night he could still see the faint glow from passing cars on the highway just beyond the forest.

"How'd you know? About the reboot thing?" Hank asked after a second, quirking an eyebrow at the detective.

Gavin just let out a little laugh, his breath puffing out in a cloud of white even without a lungful of smoke. "Not all of us have avoided technology over the years, Anderson." He shrugged, handing the cigarette back to Hank without looking at him. "Besides. I've had a couple of friends who fucked their androids. Said that kind of shit happened if they 'used' them too much...." He rubbed at the back of his neck, looking a little uncomfortable as Hank took another drag off the cigarette. "I used to laugh about that kinda shit.... now if makes me sick. Funny how shit changes."

"Yeah." Hank exhaled smoke slowly, staring at the glowing cherry on the end of the thing briefly as he tried to get his brain to formulate the appropriate question that he wanted to ask.

"I gotta ask, Reed." He muttered after a second, "Straight up, no bullshit." He waited until Gavin's eyes met his. "You got a thing for Connor?" There was a beat of silence, a thin trail of smoke trailing up between them in the dark.

When the apparent shock wore off, Reed had the decency to look mildly offended, muttering "He's
my friend."

Hank just shook his head, handing the cigarette back to him. "Not what I mean, and you know it."
He focused his attention on the scenery in front of them and not on Reed. "I've seen how you look
at him, especially when you think he's not paying attention." He shrugged his shoulders, scratching
at the back of one of his hands. "Look, I may be old but I'm not a fool. It... It just seems like for
someone like you, to just jump into some shit like this with us, with me, there's gotta be some kind
of ulterior motive. How you just... offered up your help to my sorry ass after Connors accident,
because that's 'what he wanted'. I can't wrap my brain around that shit.. I know you guys talk... You
know shit about him that I don't.. Your whole generation was raised on fucking feelings and
acceptance and talking shit through.. I didn't get that shit. I got.. 'Be a man.' And 'walk it off' and
'rub some dirt in it.' We handled shit different. And that's... just how it is... But he's never
complained. At least not to me. He got into this shit knowing how I am. I avoid talking about shit
that's uncomfortable more often than not and would rather drown my sorrows in booze than face
'em. I'm fucked and I know it. But, for what its worth, I do love him. So even if I'm not the best
person he could have chosen, out of all the sorry sacks of shit he could have been paired with, he
got me. And, if you're only in this to try to weasel your way between us down the line, well... Id
rather know now, so I'm not surprised if it happens." He stared out past the balcony railing for
several seconds, watching the distant traffic speed by while he waited for a response.

Reed was quiet, then after a second and there was a long inhale, his peripheral vision lighting up
orange as the detective took a long drag from the cigarette. When he spoke again, it was with a
cloud of smoke, his voice a little hoarse from holding the stuff in his lungs for a bit too long.
"Listen... I don't have any... Ulterior motives or some sketchy shit like that. I... Shit..." Hank
glanced over, seeing Gavin running the hand not holding the cigarette through his hair. "I tried to
fucking help you afterwards cause I'm not a complete asshole, and.. despite you having such a hard
time believing it, I don't completely fucking hate you.. you're a good cop.. 'least you use to be.. and
Connor seems to be bringing that out again... and I wasn't exactly having the easiest time
afterwards either, just so you know..." He sighed, and Hank nodded, listening quietly. "And... I'd be
lying if I said I didn't consider it, at first, ok? He's attractive. You know that. Those fucks at
cyberlife designed him to be. And we do talk, pretty fucking frequently. And... Yeah, there was a
time, in the beginning where I thought, y'know, maybe, if I really go for it this old man doesn't
stand a chance." He laughed softly, a quiet, almost bitter sound as he stared at the cherry on the
end of the cigarette for a second before flicking the ash off the edge of the balcony, his face
settling into something like calm resignation. "But the kids only got eyes for you Anderson.
Always has.. You're all he fucking talks about." He took another long inhale from his cigarette,
before exhaling slowly, the smoke blowing back up around his face from the wind and casting him
in a hazy glow. "And in case you haven't noticed, I'm not exactly the most 'emotionally available'
person out there either, despite what you may think. Not all of us got that warm and fuzzy
upbringing full of acceptance and shit, y'know." He turned and leaned back against the balcony,
dropping the almost spent cigarette and crushing it under the toe of his untied shoe. "It is what it is.
At the end of the day he's too much of a bottom for me anyway." He wrinkled his nose, his usual
smile back in place. "He has his moments, y'know, where he seems to remember that hes stronger
than both of us, and it's hot as fuck, but otherwise." He shrugged. "I need someone with more of a
dominating presence, I guess."

Hank nodded, keeping his elbows resting on the railing while he considered things. Once it was all
out there, he realized he hadn't really... planned to do anything with the information, even if Reed
had come back with some 'i'm in love with him' bullshit he hadn't planned on doing anything.
Really he just wanted to know for his own sake. Maybe he would've told him to fuck off? Pulled
some 'hes mine so get over it' shit? But Reed seemed to have given himself enough shit over it, so
there wasn't much else he could say.
After a second he quirked an eyebrow and glanced down at Reed, trying to keep the smirk off of his face. "You got a thing for me then?" He asked, grinning at the way Gavin sputtered a bit.

"Ok, old man. Don't get cocky."

"Well, you said you prefer dominating types." Hank laughed, turning and leaning back against the railing as well and motioning towards himself.

"Yeah well." He shook his head, scratching at the scar on the bridge of his nose as he fought back a chuckle. "Ok, if we're layin our cards out on the table I'd be lying if I said you weren't the subject of a few jerk off sessions, ok?"

Hank had to laugh at that, tossing his head back and laughing in that full on, surprised belly laugh kind of way. "Oh man. You're too much sometimes, Reed." He chuckled, shaking his head and watching as Gavin just grinned and shrugged once more.

"Don't read too much into it, asshole. Even Fowler's been on the receiving end of my fucked up brain once."

Hank made a face, still laughing and leaning away from Gavin as his eyebrows went up. "Oh jesus. You are f***ed in the head."

Gavin stepped away from the railing, throwing his hands up in exasperation as he tried to hold back his own laughter. "Hey, I'm in the wrong f***ing profession to have a thing for authority figures and uniforms, I know this, ok?"

"Amen to that."

As their laughter died down into quiet chuckles they both stared ahead at the sliding glass door to the balcony, slipping into a comfortable silence.

As a yawn escaped him, Hank shook his head and pushed himself off of the railing, a slight shiver going through him as he pulled his robe closed a bit more, the cold finally starting to seep through. "You know.." He muttered, tightening the ribbon around his waist. "If someone had told me a year ago that I'd be having a threesome with some robot twink and one of my f***ing coworkers, I'd have happily punched their damn teeth in." He stretched a bit, letting out a groan as his back popped in a couple places. "I'm in my fifties. Shit like this doesn't just happen to old assholes like me. But you bet your ass I'm gonna enjoy it while I can. And if I wake up one day and find out this was all some f***ed up dream, well.." He shrugged his shoulders, placing a hand on the cold metal of the door handle.

"Amen to that." Reed echoed quietly. There was the telltale click of his lighter, the soft glow in the reflection of the door confirming he was lighting another cigarette.

"Hey, um.." Hank swallowed, keeping his eyes on the glass while he spoke. He didn't wanna be having this conversation, but if the past couple of weeks taught him anything, it was that things can and often did happen when you least expected it, so he figured he may as well say something just for the sake of getting it out there. "Connors gonna outlive both of us, by a hundred years at least... If... Y'know, something happens to me in the meantime--"

"I got'im." There was another long inhale, followed by a stream of smoke curling up by Hanks shoulder.

Hank nodded. "Thanks... maybe he'll actually accept it, unlike my ungrateful ass. I just... Would want him with someone who cares about him."
"Yeah."

There was a long pause of silence, permeated only by Gavin taking another drag from his cigarette before Hank nodded again and opened the sliding glass door. "I'm gonna see if he's up yet." He muttered, watching the reflection in the door as Gavin waved the hand with the cigarette in a little salute before turning back to the balcony as Hank entered the warm room again and shut the door behind him.

He made his way through the dark room back towards the bed, a sigh of relief escaping him as Connor turned over in the bed to look at him with a sleepy smile, reaching hand out from under the covers to Hank. He took the hand offered and crawled into the bed, dropping his robe onto the floor as he got under the covers and kissed Connor as the android rolled over to face him.

When he pulled away Connor smiled at him, running a hand gently down Hanks arm. "Blue?" He whispered, looking up at Hank through his eyelashes.

Hank could only respond by laughing, having forgotten about their game before Connor had even rebooted, and shook his head, leaning down to kiss him again. "Blue, you dork. You scared the shit outta me back there, y'know."

Connor kissed him back with a happy sigh before offering him a small, apologetic smile. "I'm sorry, Hank. I didn't realize my body would respond in such a way until I got the reboot countdown warning. And by then it was too late to warn you." He kissed along Hanks jaw softly, snuggling a bit closer. "Consequently, I am going to need to replenish my thirium levels first thing tomorrow."

"Alright." He laughed, kissing Connors forehead and wrapping his arms around him.

The balcony door opened and shut again and Gavin shuffled over to the bed, shucking his own robe and stepping out of his shoes before crawling into the bed on the other side of Connor, shivering slightly as he put his arms around the android. Connor just smiled and looked over his shoulder at the detective before turning in their arms so that he was facing him and pecking him with a kiss as well, his body heating up a little to warm them, earning a happy sigh from Reed.

As another yawn escaped Hank he reached his arms out and wrapped them around both Connor and Gavin, one hand moving to rub the detectives back gently. When Gavin looked over Connors shoulder at him, Hank offered him a smile, his fingers stroking gently up and down his spinal column and he was glad when the detective didn't make and snide remarks or faces back at him.

He just smiled back in that awkward crooked way of his and snuggled closer into Connor, slotting his legs between the androids until his feet rested against Hanks legs, the three of them completely intertwined as they all closed their eyes to try and get some sleep after a more than eventful evening.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you again to everyone who leaves comments and kudos! I love all of you!
Merry Christmas to everyone who celebrates it! Happy holidays and a wonderful new year to you all!
Heres the link for my discord again, in case anyone wants it~

https://discord.gg/tmyqh2v
Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!