Hank's death remains a mystery, but the city wants Connor's blood. Gavin suddenly finds himself having to choose sides quickly, as Connor maintains his innocence. Things take a turn for the worse when Gavin is introduced to his new partner, RK900.

*NSFW warning: Gets kinky and dirty from Chapter 20 onward!*

CONTINUED, UPCOMING SEQUEL IN PLAN!
Reality had yet to give him a good, hard knock to the skull. Detective Gavin Reed stood beside his long-time friend and colleague, Tina Chen, as they all were gathered and huddled with their necks bent down in servitude.

It was a rainy, cold wet morning, and it was much too early for Gavin to be up and about on a Saturday morning, no less, but today was a special, important day.

The entire DPD was gathered in a mournful union, over one hundred officers and high ranking members of the FBI including that smug shit-eating bastard Perkins. Who the ever-loving fuck had invited that sorry son of a bitch for anyway?

Today, they were all sitting and standing in a large cemetery, grieving the loss and respectfully attending the funeral of Lieutenant Hank Anderson.

As far as Gavin (and the entire Police force) knew, Perkins didn’t even ever like Anderson, so his presence here alone was an ultimate offense and shock.

Gavin eyed the weasel bastard a few feet away from him in front of Anderson’s closed casket, hanging his head down low in mock respect while one of his right-hand men held a large black umbrella over his head, shielding Perkins effectively from the morning downpour.

Everyone gathered looked like a murder of crows, the women dressed in black dresses and large black overcoats, while the men wore black suits and dress shoes and dress pants, umbrellas and black raincoats making the morning seem darker than ever.

Gavin’s mood grew foul once the Priest began allowing everyone to come forward and speak freely about Anderson, in memory, in collaboration, and he felt his stomach turn and churn when Ben Collins spoke.

The rain drew out his words, but Gavin could make a few out from simply lip-reading, a skill he
couldn’t really own up to perfecting, but it served its purposes when he needed it most, which often included driving past his ex-fiancé’s house during late hours and watching her through her large open-concept windows, speaking and laughing with her new boyfriend.

That bastard.

So he had a problem…Gavin would never ever admit it, though. Well, maybe except to Tina… Maybe even Detective Person…maybe…on a good day…

He really needed a cup of coffee, or a cigarette…or both.

He felt his head beginning to throb with the promises of one of the worst fucking headaches he’d had in months, and he could feel it gather in his temples and make its way across his forehead, sliding casually down his nose and hanging out in the bridge of his nose.

He pinched the bridge of his nose, as if that would help it all go away, and he felt Tina elbow him gently in the side.

Gavin glared down at her with tired, half-pink eyes.

“Pay attention, Fowler.” She mouthed, and he looked up just in time to witness their Captain hesitantly walk up to the casket, looking down at it apprehensively, as if the body from within it would spring up at any given moment and drag someone down under the ground with it.

Silence was painfully loud, not only among them, but in Gavin’s head.

He closed his eyes as he heard their Captain clearing his throat, clasping his hands together as behind them, on a hologram screen presented by a small tablet, pictures and small, short video clips of Hank Anderson played.

As if this wasn’t depressing enough…

“Lieutenant Hank Anderson was one of my closest friends. He knew me in my times of happiness, sorrow, and he was not afraid to own up to what he couldn’t do, in spite of doing a lot for everyone,” Jeffrey Fowler’s speech began, but once again, Gavin’s concentration floated up and beyond his body, leaving the funeral and thinking back over the rumors, reports, and statements coming from all sorts of sources regarding Anderson’s death.

Some had stated it was a suicide. Others stated that the RK800 was to blame. All Gavin knew for a fact was that Anderson had been found on the rooftop of the Hart Plaza, many months ago, following the fall of the android deviant leader of the group “Jericho”, Markus.

Markus’s reign hadn’t lasted more than two nights, but it would remain a dark mark in the history of Detroit, and possibly the world, forever.

Blood had been shed, blue, and red, but Gavin felt that no human had to suffer at all by the hands of the stupid machines to begin with. All this could have been avoided if people were less trusting and less open towards their stupid machines.

He shook his head in anger, fists clenching as he wished others in his own precinct would have even listened to all his outrage and outbursts regarding “not trusting technology”, but it was far too late.

Markus had been supposedly killed by one of the CyberLife Connor Model androids, according to various news sources, but there were also conflicting ones stating that Connor had also been responsible for Anderson’s death…
Gavin felt the whole situation stunk to high heaven when it came to Hank Anderson’s death.

He had been found with a white, clean sheet of snow covering his frozen corpse, with a gun resting by his temple, and a single gun-shot wound to his head.

But forensic analysis soon determined that the shot had been taken post-mortem and was not the direct cause of Anderson’s death.

The gun, while not his own weapon, did have traces of Anderson’s own fingerprints and DNA, but again, he was not known to have the small handgun ever, their records and gun ownership records.

Gavin wasn’t stupid. He knew that if anything didn’t have a fingerprint, it was a fucking android, no doubt. Just because Anderson’s DNA was all over the weapon, didn’t mean that other DNA wasn’t available at the scene, if it hadn’t been contaminated by those creepy android assholes.

Everything else was hush-hush, with some rumors later creeping out of the tabloids about Hank possessing suicidal tendencies, more than likely, while other competing ones proclaimed that he indeed had been killed over by the android because he foolishly befriended it.

While the latter wasn’t completely false, Gavin didn’t think it was all Hank’s fault as the media made it out to be. But, public relations be damned, anything would be said to cover anyone’s asses, especially whoever had the most amount of fucking money.

This, was an undisputed fact he’d come to known, from years of experience, but also his grandmother’s age old saying:

“*Money talks, bullshit walks.*”

All over the DPD, his co-workers were split, with half of them believing Hank had done himself in, and the other half stating the android had gone crazy and killed him ruthlessly.

Gavin was on the side of the android malfunctioning and murdering Hank, for the evidence that Hank had killed himself was far too insane for him to take seriously, and he didn’t even need to have high ranks like Fowler to prove it.

He’d gotten in an argument with a new recruit, Owens, who strongly believed that Hank Anderson had committed suicide, but that he’d just been unwise about it and should have instead leapt to his death.

“Why go through the pain of shooting himself in the head for?”

“He shot himself in the heart, according to the real evidence, numb nuts.” Gavin spat back angrily, feeling himself growing red all over.

“Exactly! That’s dumb! Fucker should have jumped.”

“He didn’t, and he didn’t commit suicide.” Gavin hissed dangerously low.

Owens had scoffed and snorted, as if he knew all the answers.

“And how the fuck do you know that?”

Gavin cocked an eyebrow, already bored with the conversation.

“Ten out of ten times, suicide victims shoot themselves in the head; not the heart.”
That had ended the conversation right then and there, and Gavin’s mind was made up that the stupid android was responsible ever since then.

He’d watched Captain Allen fly in and out of Fowler’s office after Hank’s death for almost a month, no doubt promising and keeping Fowler up to date with progress on the search for the maniac android.

For once in his miserable life, Gavin was backing up the insane Captain Allen. He never thought the day would arrive when he would support that GI Joe wild-ass Allen, but apparently hell had frozen over after all.

All too quickly, Fowler’s speech had ended, and everyone had stuck around to chat awkwardly, fondly remembering Anderson, and more tears soon followed.

Making his intentions of leaving before he grew uncomfortable clear, Gavin looked at Fowler, who met his eyes quickly, and he gave his boss a strong, solid nod before turning and walking back out of the cemetery and towards his car.

A soft clicking of heels behind him reminded him he had to drop Tina off at home too before he could hurry his tired ass back to the comforts of his own warm bed, forgetting this whole fucking mess for the rest of the weekend.

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It had stopped raining as hard as it had been in the morning by the time Gavin had reached his small dingy townhouse.

He barely made it through the door before he felt that his shoes had grown uncomfortably and impossibly tight.

Holding with one hand on the doorknob, which supported his keys within the lock, he balanced himself on one foot while tearing away the source of his discomfort: his new black dress shoes.

He nearly tripped over, almost losing his balance as his wet socks hit the cold tiles of the front hall.

“Damn it!” He nearly did the splits, his feet sliding in opposite directions, as he yanked off the other shoe, the rainwater he carried into his home from the pavement outside making a huge mess out of everything already.

He composed himself calmly as he removed his keys from the door and slammed it, turning around to shift a hand through his neatly combed hair, messing it up instantly.

He walked inside his sitting room, throwing his black peacoat off him and making it land half-way on a sofa, and halfway on the floor. Soon, gravity was his enemy, and the peacoat fell onto the carpeted floor.

Gavin threw himself on another sofa, eyes closed as his headache grew, matching his foul temper.

His Iphone suddenly buzzed, reminding him of his other duties, and he grit his teeth as he fished it out of his expensive dress pants and unlocked it.

He had four missed calls. Fantastic.

He pressed buttons quickly, activating his voicemail.
Two of the calls were from work. One being Fowler reminding him to be a little early for Monday, and the other from the DPD reminding him of a meeting Monday morning.

Overkill, for sure.

The other was Tina, thanking him for the ride home, and the last one was from his mother. Jesus Christ…

He listened to his mother’s last, cringing when he finally got to it.

He put her on speaker as he stood and walked over to his bedroom upstairs, shredding off the uncomfortable fancy clothing as he did so.

“Gavin honey, it’s mom,”

“No shit.” He interrupted, the microphones in the house spreading her voice even on the upper floor as he opened his closet door.

“…concerned about you, you’re not really returning my calls, but dad’s feeling better, thank God…”

Gavin shook his head and rolled his eyes as he put his dress shirt back in the closet.

“You better not be drinking or driving past Selena’s! She’s already threatened to put a restraining order on you, Gavin!”

He would have paid attention to his mother’s concerned voice talking about his ex-fiancé, but there was a sudden movement and shifting from the back of the closet.

Gavin breathed softly through his nose, pretending he was still in the process of disrobing and going about his business.

The wood in the back of the closet scratched.

He knew for a fact someone was in there.

He leaned in close, pushing slightly past the rack of clothes on the hangers and on the shelves, reaching in his nightstand for his gun…

In movements relying heavily on years of instinct and self-protection, Gavin pushed back the clothes and withdrew his gun quickly, pointing it at the intruder as the closet door swung open.

He didn’t know what stopped him from shooting, but he lowered the gun instantly, glaring after a prolonged moment of shock displayed on his face.

“You?!?”
At the other end of his lowered gun, sat in the back of his closet, huddled with its hands around its feet and appearing like a child, was the Connor android. It almost appeared child-like and innocent as ever, peering up at Gavin with its brown, doe-eyes.

Gavin’s arms fell, but then he remembered the news media screaming out for the android’s blood. He raised the gun once again, stepping into the closet and grabbing onto the android’s shoulders violently. With a deep growl that was very inhuman, Gavin yanked the stupid android viciously out of the darkness of his closet and onto his bedroom floor roughly.

The android’s hands still were clasped tightly around its knees, which pissed Gavin off even more as he pressed the gun right against its pale forehead.

“You sorry sack of shit! How dare you come here and hide out here when you know everyone in town is out for your blood!”

Something hit him in the middle of his rage.

“Wait, how the fuck did you get in here anyway? I saw no sign of forced entry!”

Was he really lacking already as a cop? Age be damned.

The android had a very dead look plastered on its face, though its features were the exact same as when Gavin last saw it…however briefly, considering how it had knocked Gavin flat out cold on his ass in the Archive Room.

Gavin suddenly felt a flare of rage and embarrassment wash over him as his mind played over that stupid memory he wished he could wipe out of existence forever, much like the android he’d found in his home.

He pushed that anger away for a moment, knowing he had bigger fish to fry…or electrical components, however he saw fit…whatever.

“Answer me!” He roared, even though he knew it wouldn’t do anything except make his own throat feel as if he’d given a cactus fellatio.

He watched as the android looked away, peering down at the carpet of the bedroom, though it didn’t move aside from that. Just a simple flicker of its creepy eyes was enough to signal to Gavin that it knew where it was, and it was still functioning.

In the daylight and retreating clouds, Gavin’s bedroom windows revealed that there were a few things off and different about the android.

A small patch of hair on the right side of its temple right behind where the circular glowing LED light was implanted had almost been shaved off completely, and only a small, short buzz cut layer of hair remained in a small rectangular patch. Only a small part of the hair had been cut off, and where the small patch of hair was, were a few cuts and gashes, implying that something had been forcefully done to the android.

Gavin leaned in, taking a closer look at the cuts, and to his surprise, the small cut patch revealed little holes in the scalp of the android, and beneath the short buzz cut patch, Gavin could see white of the
real skin of the android…

“Jesus…what the fuck happened to you?”

He didn’t particularly care much, but it was obvious to his eyes that the android had been traumatized, however much a machine could be ‘traumatized’.

It opened its mouth, and with its eyes trained on the floor still, it whispered:

“They were trying to take a sample of me…”

Gavin almost missed it the first time.

He lowered his gun, but still held it in his hands as he bent down so he was almost eye-level with the android.

“What? Who’s ‘they’?”

He found himself lowering his voice too, as if he were speaking with a frightened child, and he searched the android up and down. It was wearing some strange hospital/lab gown, the length of it almost covering his kneecaps, but Gavin was still able to see its white layer of skin with light hair on its legs, its humanity…

He shook his head. Even if this thing had human skin and looked human, it most certainly didn’t alter the fact that it wasn’t human. Very damn far from it, in fact!

Gavin reached forward and tapped the android right where the small patch of shaved head was.

“Hey, dumbass, you’re not gonna get past me with this act, so you better start talkin’ straight right now.”

It lowered its head but made no other move to even push his hand away.

Gavin kept poking and prodding, moving now to assault the LED, trying to get any response out of the android.

“They said I was too successful, so they wanted to conduct research into what made me such a success, so I could be…”

It held its head lower, rocking slightly, if Gavin didn’t know any better, but he didn’t let his eyes deceive him.

This thing was a cold-blood murderer, and facts were facts.

Gavin used his gun to scratch the back of his neck, then pointed the weapon at the android again.

“I’m sorry about your little buddies at CyberLife going ape-shit on you, but the facts are that half the people who hold a word over what goes on in this city want you dead, so I’m gonna be the good law-abiding citizen I am, and I’m gonna have to hand you over to ‘em.”

At once, much like the android that had attacked and murdered Carlos Ortiz, the RK800 sprung up, hands moving away from its knees as it outstretched them towards Gavin, in a pleading manner.

“No you can’t do that!” Its voice sounded even more childish at this instant as it pleaded and begged Gavin, its brown eyes going wide and panicked.
Gavin snorted and rolled his eyes.

“I ain’t buyin’ that act, so you better cut that shit out now.”

“Please…I don’t know what happened to me after the attack on Detroit, but I know I didn’t kill Hank!”

Gavin wanted to puke.

He leaned in close, trying to appear tough and intimidating, his chest puffing out as he raised his voice for dramatic effect.

“Cause of death was a gunshot wound to the heart, and post-mortem, there was a bullet buried in that man’s skull. Perp left no trace of DNA, no blue-blood, no fingerprints, no hair fibers, nothing. And that wasn’t Hank’s gun! Just own up to it already!”

The android uttered what could have been classified as a gasp, but it didn’t seem like one. Androids didn’t need to breathe, but it deeply breathed in through its mouth, jaw hanging widely low, and it fell even lower than Gavin could have imagined.

“Don’t…don’t…” Its voice died down on that last word, as if the floors had eaten it whole.

Gavin sighed, looking at the top of its messy brown hair.

“You killed a loyal, honest man.”

“I didn’t…I just…left…”

Gavin was about to bash its head over with the gun.

“Don’t utter that lie! You killed him!”

It suddenly reared up on its knees, and the unpredictable motion caused Gavin to snap up to his feet, pointing the gun directly at it again.

“Watch it!”

“You must believe me, Detective Reed! Hank was my friend!”

Gavin didn’t want to believe it, but he had seen Anderson and the freak growing closer and closer through their interactions.

But much like imprinting and research, he was certain it had been following Hank around in order to learn, observe, and rat out all their secrets to CyberLife. He wasn’t that stupid, and no amount of pleading or begging would change his mind.

He played with the trigger lightly, but the android wasn’t phased. He knew that if he had a human on the other end of the gun, there would be more tears and begging, but this thing at his feet was so fucking far from human that it wasn’t even in the same area code.

Gavin tilted his head as he stared at the android’s eyes, which showed something like fear, but weren’t brimming over with tears.

“Why should I listen to a word you’ve got to stay, huh plastic?”

Moments of silence etched on between them, and the more the android remained silent, the more
Gavin felt dread and worry ease into his veins.

Most liars were too quick to provide rational and answers to back themselves up. But the android stood with its weight on its knees as it peered down sadly.

“Because I’m telling the truth.”

That one sentence it uttered was something Gavin never would have been able to predict or expect in a million years.

He lowered his gun, almost feeling it slipping from his fingers.

He was careful to keep observing the android, however, but he moved to sit back on the edge of his bed as he placed the gun on his lap, a silent warning…or maybe promise.

“Fuck…” he flipped a hand through his hair, breathing heavily through his nose.

“…what the fuck am I gonna do with you?”

It was a question neither had been prepared for, so they both ignored it.

The android sat back down, gathering its legs into its chest as it looked somewhere at the other end of the room, as if tapping into some sort of mystical android thing only known to androids.

“I had to escape while I could, and I remembered your address first when I saw my image displayed on every news broadcast in Detroit.”

Gavin sighed, placing a hand on his forehead as he listened.

“I didn’t have much of a choice, and I waited until you’d left for Hank’s…funeral…” it paused, almost coughing, but then it continued, “…you came back to grab your keys and lock the door, and that’s when I snuck in.”

Gavin bit down hard on his tongue, shaking his head as he closed his eyes.

“You have to leave.”

It answered almost immediately: “I can’t.”

“ Fucking why?!”

Gavin roared the question not only to the android, but to the world in general.

Why did it have to be him, of all people, who had the shittiest amount of luck ever? Why did he have to have his doubts now, of all times? Why did it have to be his co-worker and not another city’s?

He knew he wasn’t going to get any of these answers anytime soon, but he knew he couldn’t hide the damn android in his home forever. He had friends, family, and a lot of records that he barely managed to hide from Fowler. He wasn’t going to get very far with this android now that the city had been taking extra precaution to finishing off every last deviant and checking the remaining androids for any signs of deviancy in order to study it, prevent it, and eradicate it.

“I don’t like asking you this,” the soft voice came and hit like a brick to his head, “…but I think I require your help, Detective Reed.”

Gavin wanted to stand up and throw the android out of his window with all his might, but he knew
he couldn’t do that. He knew he was doomed the moment he ever spoke to the damn thing.

He shrugged apathetically, “I can’t help you, fuck off.”

It suddenly raised its voice, effectively making Gavin jump a bit.

“Please! I need your help! Something else is coming, and I don’t think anyone will be safe from it!”

Gavin frowned, “The fuck are you talkin’ about, plastic nutcase?”

The android hung its head low, whispering something Gavin couldn’t exactly hear at first, but when he moved from his bed and onto the floor again, approaching the android carefully, he heard its whispers repeatedly.

“Please, Amanda, don’t do it, please Amanda, please Amanda, don’t…Amanda…”

Amanda bent down, picking up a rose that had fallen out of the flower vase she carried in her hands. She nearly had missed the discarded treasure, and she shooed away a small bumblebee that was buzzing about, taking an interest in the rose.

She closed her eyes and took a deep breath in, savouring the beauty, the freshness, the cleanliness of the air, the small sounds of the wind hitting the pond and making the water slightly move…

It was a beautiful, sunny day, and she felt the kindness of the success of the sunny day warm her skin. Winter had been with her for far too long, and she was grateful once again for the rays of the delightful sun.

Humans took many things for granted, including the weather, and she knew she had been guilty of that one too many times, too.

But things could change…people learned, adapted, grew…

She placed the vase on a white table, and held the fallen rose in both her hands, walking forward with her head bent slightly, the tip of her nose hitting the petals, almost hiding away in its beauteous scent.

She looked ahead and smiled as she raised her head slightly.

“Another new season, another new century filled with hope, perhaps?”

A calm breeze answered her, and she gazed up at the blue sky, the white clouds, chuckling to herself as if they told her the most heartwarming joke.

And then suddenly, her smile was gone.

In its place, a serious, deadly look crept as she peered back down and ahead of her.

“I don’t wish to be disappointed, but I know I can rely on you…”

Silence met her ears, which is just what she liked.

Too much talking wasn’t something that had ever pleased her, and she was just barely getting used to the silence, and the only sounds she welcomed, were the sounds of nature.
“There’s something I want you to do for me, someone I want you to find for me…”

She sighed, still holding onto the rose, as she heard and felt the tall figure walk closer to her, its head tilted slightly, body fully attentive as it listened carefully.

“CyberLife has suffered enough, don’t you think?”

She didn’t wait for an opinion.

“Find him and wipe him out.”

She heard the footsteps retreat as it walked away briskly, but not before whispering before its back:

“Project RK900, status: Active.”

The world met cold blue grey eyes.
Cool Fact: Gavin calling Connor "Mister Five Alive" isn't a nod to the drink; it's a nod to the 1986 film 'Short Circuit', a small cookie to the Number 5 'Five Alive' robot! ^_^
for.

“Detective Reed…”

He knew it was going to make some lame-ass attempt at a conversation, and before it could, Gavin decided it would be best to interrupt it.

“Shut up.”

“…you’ve got a nice home…”

It went and finished its sentence anyway.

Of course.

Gavin really felt himself blushing now. He wondered if Hank had ever gone through half the flustered, embarrassing feelings he was going through now. Gavin was never one for small talk. He hated it and would much prefer if someone just got down bluntly to how they felt about him, what they thought of him, and so on. It made things a lot easier, and he didn’t have to waste his time or anyone else’s with pretentious notions of niceties.

Gavin held up a tired hand, feeling his blood boiling slightly. He shouldn’t have to explain this to anyone.

“Look here, bolt-head, this house ain’t even really mine, so quit the fuckin’ charade, okay?”

He almost heard the damn thing tilt its head at him in confusion.

“But this abode is registered under your name…” it began, and wanted to continue, but Gavin roared.

“Look, it was my ex-fiancé’s. When we split, she and I went to court to fight over everything, but in the end, when I found out she was screwin’ not only my best friend’s buddy, but…” he stopped halfway, deciding against revealing the dark memory. "...well, I guess she took pity on me and gave me the damn place provided I shut my trap and leave her alone.”

He hated going over that memory, but who could avoid such things with nosy androids poking their plastic, fake noses into everything??

“So you live here alone with your magazines…”

It didn’t sound like a question or a declarative statement; it sounded like it was judging him.

Gavin lifted his head off the pillow, making sure he’d heard everything accurately.

“Got a problem with that, plastic brain?”

It didn’t move, but its mouth sure continued on.

“This is a decent abode, however, upon my initial scan, my results indicate that you should perhaps invest in time spent cleaning your home…”

Gavin glared, “Say what?”

It didn’t even regard him.
“The coffee table is coated in a fine line of dust, which can have a horrible effect on the lungs after a prolonged period of time...”

Gavin pointed an angry finger at the android as if it were a puppy in training, “Fuck off, I’m warnin’ you!”

“...the ventilation is barely passable, most of the sheets and pillows smell of mildew...”

“Last chance, you plastic prick!”

“...and the magazines of nude women upon this coffee table are covered in a strange sticky fluid that dried up a while ago but have left traces of white stains over their pages.”

Before Gavin could comprehend what was going on, he watched the android lean forward, pick up a magazine, open it up to a particularly sticky page, and he placed two fingers on it.

“I can check samples in real-time, so this shouldn’t be something I’m unfamiliar with after analysis-”

He gathered some of it and was about to bring it to his mouth to lick, tongue darting out, almost viper-like...

“FUCK YOU!”

Gavin roared, slamming his hands on the coffee table, getting to his feet, gun clattering down onto the floor, forgotten momentarily.

Its presence was enough to make them both abandon the conversation, and they peered down at the gun on the floor.

The android set the magazines back, peered down at the gun, glared at it and sunk back lower into the loveseat.

“I didn’t sense animosity towards me after we spoke, Detective Reed...”

Gavin kicked the gun aside, as if it would erase what just had started now between them.

“Couldn’t be too careful.” He shrugged nonchalantly, looking down at his toes and the faint glimmer of the hallway light reflected in the floorboards.

The android nodded, as if understanding.

“I asses that I would react in a similar manner, Detective, so no hard feelings.”

Gavin watched as a small smile appeared on its face, but it wasn’t as strange and awkward as the smile it gave him the day it was sneaking into the Archive Room.

Gavin still felt his stomach churning at the sight of it trying to pass itself off as human, but he didn’t voice his distaste; he’d just barely gotten over his headache.

His eyes somehow found themselves back on the shaved rectangular shape on the right side of the android’s temple.

“So that...”, he caught himself, not sure if this was safe territory or not. He didn’t want it bashing its head on his coffee table and committing suicide, much like the Carlos Ortiz’s android nearly had done many months ago in the interrogation room.
The android reached a hand up and felt the shaved area, and then immediately dropped its hand on the loveseat with a dull ‘thump’.

“It’s awfully close to your light.” Gavin noted dumbly.

The android nodded and clasped its hands together on its lap awkwardly, as if it didn’t know what else to do with the limbs.

“They were searching for what enabled me to be successful, so they could replicate it, and ensure one-hundred-percent valid, reliable results in the next—”

It stopped itself, cutting the statement off immediately before looking away at the other side of the room.

Gavin wasn’t slow—however exhausted he was, and however late in the night it was—to notice the thing’s LED light spinning and remaining on the color red. Normally, that would mean a great ‘no’, to the android, and he should have let things go…

Gavin was slick, however, and he wasn’t going to let that go easily.

“Replicate it for what? The next what?” He asked, leaning closer, looming over the coffee table between them, but the android ignored it.

“You have to start talkin’ you stupi—”

And quick as a flash, it interrupted his sentence by standing and bolting for the stairs.

Gavin watched it run, and then soon heard his bedroom door slam shut.

“Touchy subject, I guess.” Gavin whispered to himself.

He was left alone to the darkness of the main floor of the house, but it suited him just fine.

He went to lie back down on the couch, and he draped a small, thin sheet over himself, not bothering to worry about the heat, as spring was already midway, but he couldn’t deny that the moment his eyes closed, he feared of having nightmares about the death of Anderson, and everything else that had transpired following.

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The morning had been an awkward stranger for Gavin. He woke to find that the android was still in his home, staring blankly out one of the windows in the sitting room, no more than five feet away from him.

He groaned as he stood from the couch, feeling and hearing his back complaining, followed by his neck as he did his stretches for the morning.

“You should seek out a physiotherapist if you’re having issues relating to your back and neck.”

He didn’t want to hear its opinion, but of course it would invite itself to state it.

Gavin sighed, rubbing his neck as he watched the android’s head following something out the window, head going from left to right slowly as he took in the view.

He was also still wearing his weird hospital gown thing, the back of it barely covering his back, the buttocks area covered, but still somewhat visible…
“A chiropractor does wonders.” Gavin muttered as he made his way into the kitchen to start his morning coffee.

The android finally moved away from the window, and it didn’t leap at the opportunity to join him in the kitchen either, but Gavin wasn’t disappointed by that fact.

“Chiropractors, although well-intended, are actually not very good for your health in the long-run. You’d be much better off exercising or taking up yoga, you see-”

Gavin made sure to slam his ceramic coffee mug on the counter extra hard to emphasize the point that he didn’t wish to hear about the pros and cons of yoga compared to seeing a chiropractor.

Out of habit, Gavin turned on his TV mounted high on a wall in the kitchen, accustomed to watching the news while he prepared his coffee, and almost immediately they were both assaulted with the android’s image on the news.

“The deadly android model RK800 known as ‘Connor’ is still reportedly at large, a CyberLife employee reported having been nearly attacked by it as it escaped during the Android Revolution-”

Violent images flickered on the screen, piles of android bodies everywhere, smoke, fire, ash…

Gavin had enough, and he grabbed the remote hurriedly.

“Civilians are encouraged to report any suspicious activity to the-”

He shut the TV off with a loud sigh, feeling tensions in the kitchen already rising. He just didn’t want to say anything to the android before his coffee, so he looked awkwardly at the coffee machine instead.

The android seemed to have picked up on the hint, and it moved throughout the kitchen, pushing past one of the blinds to peek outside the brightly lit large windows.

Gavin yanked its shoulder back away from the window.

“Hey hey hey! Mister Five Alive, what the fuck do you think you’re doin’ lookin’ out of windows like that?”

“I was admiring the sunny morning view…” The android stated as if it were nothing.

Gavin shook his head, “Yeah? Well you can’t do that when you’re on the fuckin’ run, now can you?”

The android almost appeared sad, hanging its head low.

“Soon as someone sees your ugly mug peering out the window like that, I can sure as shit tell you they’ll blast away with their shotguns.”

He heard pacing as his coffee machine began to brew the coffee.

“I have noticed an increased sense of animosity and vitriol in the general population since the Android Revolution.”

Gavin wanted to slam his head into the coffee machine.

“Well yeah, that tends to happen after an uprising of any violent nature, dipshit!”
He couldn’t believe what he was hearing.

“I mean, what’d you expect? A party for all the androids?”

The android shook its head.

Gavin grabbed his coffee once it was ready, taking one sip and almost moaning out loud.

“You also do know you don’t have to answer all my questions, right?” He asked as he sipped again, slow and long.

The android opened its mouth, and then closed it quickly.

Gavin chuckled snidely.

“Fuckin’ hunk’a junk.”

He tapped his fingers on the kitchen counter, staring the android up and down, and then feeling another annoying feeling creep into his system, despite having his coffee.

“And why the hell are you still wearing that?!!?” He gestured with a flick of a finger against the strange almost paper-like bib/gown that the android was draped in.

The android peered down at its body before glancing back up at Gavin without any expression on its face.

“I didn’t have much of an opportunity to find my old uniform, and I do feel a little off wearing this.”

“It’s fuckin’ weird is what it is!”

Gavin set his coffee cup down and began pushing the android towards the stairs.

It almost panicked, moving and shaking about, trying to understand.

“Where are we going?”

Gavin shoved it harder in response, but the damn thing didn’t stumble or fall over like any other person would, given the intensity and the force behind the pushing.

“We,” he began, sighing tiredly, “…are going to get you into some new clothes, because I don’t want to see you in a poor man’s excuse of a dress all day long.”

The android didn’t argue back, and Gavin managed to get it back to his bedroom closet, and then they took a look through his drawers.

Nothing Gavin owned really fit the android, as it was at least almost a good few inches taller than him.

Damn.

He didn’t want to go shopping either, so the best thing he could do was find the android his father’s dress pants and dress shirt in the back of his closet.

Gavin remembered his father always being tall, and he was probably as tall as the damn android, but he didn’t care to admit that out loud right now.
He lifted the shirt and pressed it against the android’s naked chest, but then shook his head and lowered the black dress shirt.

“Nah, fuck it. This thing has sentimental value, which is a fuckin’ concept you machines won’t ever understand, and I won’t bother to even explain it, at that, so you’re just wearin’ the pants for now, okay?”

He didn’t expect a response, and he put away the dress shirt and tossed out one of his older shirts, a white one with whatever design, he didn’t know and didn’t care.

“Wear these, and feel free to fix your hair and look into a mirror, or somethin’.”

With that last statement, he turned, and walked out of the room, closing the door behind him.

When he turned to close the door however, he caught a small glimpse of the naked backside of the android as it took off the white gown/dress, and he shuddered as he closed the door completely.

“They make the fuckers way too life-like.”

Chapter End Notes

Yeah...no need to put everything you see in a room in your mouth there, Connor -_-
Monday morning was upon him before he knew it. Gavin drove all the way to the police department, grumpier than he ever remembered being, and he blamed it all on that damn android. It had gone and ruined his entire weekend plans, not that he had many.

Gavin would normally laze about the house until noon almost, maybe catching a few naps in between here and there, and then have coffee around noon, check his emails, take a shower, and then grab lunch around 1:30, and then proceed to either drive around the neighborhood aimlessly, or go drive past his ex-fiancé’s house.

Still, all these were better alternatives than spending the entire Sunday cooped up hiding I-Robot from the world.

He checked his reflection in his rear-view mirror once he parked in his designated area, and then reluctantly walked inside the DPD doors.

Gavin was a few minutes late to their Monday morning meeting.

So fucking what?

Yes, he’d had reminders all weekend long to be early, yes, he’d read those reminder texts and emails, no, he didn’t give two shits.

He walked down the corridor and turned to the right, facing the half-open door of the meeting room.

The room was full already, and despite it being a Monday morning, every single officer in the room was wide awake.

Coffee hit Gavin’s nose strongly, and he watched as most of the officers held their coffee cups, but what was odd was that no one was taking a drink…they all had their eyes trained at the front of the room, where a tall, lanky old man in a grey business suit that screamed I’M IMPORTANT, PAY ATTENTION TO ME NOW! stood beside Fowler with his hands clasped in front of him.
Was it that time of year? Funds running low?

Gavin eased his way inside, looking around quickly for a seat, and he spotted Tina in the middle of the room. He made his way to go sit next to her, but she had officers sitting on either side of her, and she shook her head at Gavin. Not feeling the least bit upset with her, he nonchalantly shrugged.

“Good morning everyone,” Fowler spoke once Gavin entered the room.

“Thank you all for being here this early in the morning,” he paused and glared at Gavin, “…though it appears some old habits die hard after all.”

A few snickers went about the room, and Gavin surreptitiously flipped Fowler off beneath his coat, draped over his arm as he stood at the back of the room.

“As you all know, since the New Year, there have been a lot of incentives to make some arrangements around here, and I’m pleased to say that we’ve finally reached a part of that goal, and with the help of Dr. Viktor Magnus.”

Fowler gestured with a large, thick hand over at the tall lanky man dressed in the business suit, and the older man gave a half smile that seemed pained more than pleased or moved.

He had short platinum blonde hair that looked almost entirely white, and his face was set seriously, absent of many wrinkles for a man of his age…if Gavin could guess his age.

Random clapping awkwardly went around the room, not a single person entirely sure or enthusiastic about the ‘changes’ implied.

Fowler took this as his cue to continue, feeling and seeing the questions brewing in the heads of the officers before him.

“We’re receiving more and more cases each day, and we’re having to change our schedules so that everyone is working overtime-”

He glared at Gavin in particular, and Gavin mouthed: “Ouch.”

“…but we’ve come up with a foolproof method of making sure none of your asses are burnt out by the end of the month, and Dr. Magnus here will now explain.”

Fowler stepped back, and fluently, the old creepy business man stood before the officers.

Looking as if he would rather be dead than speaking before them, the old man cleared his throat.

“As Captain Fowler stated, we have taken into consideration the amount of work a lot of city workers and social services are putting in, especially after the Android Revolution.”

Someone snorted, but Dr. Magnus ignored it and spoke on, a little louder.

“As CyberLife’s leading Manager of Research, my team and I have worked really hard on ensuring everyone’s safety and well-being, so now that we’ve taken lengthy time and consideration, I’m pleased to announce that our committee and board finally received approval for the placement of our latest.”

Gavin felt his phone vibrate, and he snuck it out of his pocket, peering down swiftly and carefully, while keeping his eyes trained on Dr. Frankenstei...
“He better not say android, I swear…”

“…Android.”

Everyone sighed, and Gavin swore he felt that some people would boo the man out of the room.

Gavin felt his fingers fly along his phone screen as he texted Tina.

Reed, 8:13 AM:

Ha, he said it.

Fowler turned to them all and screamed out, “HEY!”

The room quieted down immediately, and Gavin saw the creepy old businessman cover a smirk with his hand. At least he thought he saw it…it would go along with the old, evil scientist set on ruining all of humanity.

He cleared his throat and spoke again, scanning the room with his old green eyes.

“As I was saying, we understand the situation that occurred on November 11th, 2038 was enough to leave the world in an aftershock unlike any other, and we aren’t promoting the sale or use of androids as we once were…however…”

He scanned the room again, and his eyes almost appeared hawk-like as they searched for who-knew-what.

“We have to keep the public’s best interest in mind, which is why a committee voted in favour of a single android being tested, if you will, before re-evaluation of its progress into society.”

Immediately, a few dozen hands flew up into the air as small chatter began about the room.

“Captain Fowler didn’t say much about a Question and Answer period, but I’ll allow it.”

Dr. Magnus appeared irritated, and it made Gavin despise the man more than he initially had. His idea was preposterous enough, so why was it such a pain in his ass to answer some well-due questions? Christ, rich people…

Owens was the first to be addressed.

“What’s ensuring you, and us, that this new android won’t turn deviant?”

This seemed to be a good question, and many other officers quieted down, waiting for the answer eagerly.

Dr. Magnus offered a very pained smile.

“It has gone under heavy testing for months prior, and it has been assembled and carefully programmed by a senior technical team, under the direct supervision of Elijah Kamski.”

A few gasps at the name of the Machine Godfather.

Gavin fought the urge to retch.

“Moreover, it has the latest software and protection pre-programmed to detect its own software instability and deviancy probability, and if that percentile even so much as reaches 15%, it will be
eliminated immediately, as studies have proven that after 20% software instability, androids automatically go deviant, and it is impossible for them to revert back to machine status.”

A pause, and then Gavin spoke up.

“You mean it’ll self-destruct?”

Dr. Magnus nodded, “Yes, it’s designed to do that for our protection.”

Gavin wasn’t buying it.

Dr. Magnus offered the entire room one of his creepiest grins ever, his head almost glowing beneath the overhead lights in the room.

“It’s really a remarkable model…it’s incorruptible.”

The room felt chilly and small, suddenly. Gavin took a small step forward.

“Have you actually tested this out for yourselves?”

More hands flew up into the air.

“Can it take down perps?”

“Is it as weird as the last one we had here?”

“Can it do martial arts?”

“Will it bring me coffee?”

“Is it sexier than the last one?”

“SHUT UP!” Fowler screamed atop his lungs again, and the room finally returned to normalcy.

Dr. Magnus was turning red in the face, and Gavin would have snapped a photo, but he felt he’d get caught for sure.

“Thank you for coming to my rescue once again, Captain.”

Everyone knew it was a comment dripping with sarcasm, and it made Gavin cringe.

“I can address other questions in due course, but this android isn’t meant to really mingle with others; it’s designed for expediency, efficiency, intimidation, and delivering results. It will perform whatever function it can for our benefit in mind, and it not once has shown signs of thinking for itself or making its own choices, and if anyone wishes to ask further questions on that matter, you’ll have to make an appointment to speak with me.”

He gave a small bow and turned to pack up his briefcase and grab his jacket.

Once more, the room buzzed to a loud chatter, and a few of the officers already were heading out to their desks, stations, or to start their day in general.

Fowler stood chatting with the busy Dr. Magnus, who looked as if he was ready to get the hell out of the room at any time. He fidgeted and looked bored at the same time.

Gavin fought and pushed his way over to Tina and Chris, and they were already trying to make their
way out the meeting room doors.

“Can’t believe Fowler is allowing the Police Department to be a playing ground for the damn thing!”

Tina nodded once she reflected on Gavin’s statement.

“It’ll be a hell of a year, gentlemen; I suggest we buckle in!”

Chris looked around, his eyes flying about rapidly.

“Has anyone actually seen it yet? I heard they took a lot of what made the other androids really functionable and put all the right stuff together to make this damn thing an indestructible machine!”

Gavin rolled his eyes as he dug a pen out of his coat pocket and tossed it around in the air and played catch with himself as they walked into the bullpen and towards their desks.

“You worry too much, Chris.”

Chris frowned at him.

“I’m serious!”

“And you’re too dramatic!”

Gavin heard Tina chuckle, and he tossed the pen higher into the air, and watched it sail back down.

Before Gavin himself could grab it, a large, strong hand cut across clean through the air, and stole the pen away in a tightly clenched fist.

“What the hell?!”

Gavin’s outbursts were cut short when he stared at a tall, broad, thicker version of Connor before them.

But this was no Connor at all.

This android was roughly the same height as Connor, but the other differences were impossible to miss.

Its uniform was black and white, with a weird propped up neck collar. It had eerily human-like freckles softly spread across its skin, and the same damn hair strand that hung loose and draped on Connor’s forehead was also present on this android. Their hairstyle and hair colors were the exact same, but the eyes…the eyes…

This android’s eyes were absolutely scary. They were a blue grey, and they were cold, dead, and heartless.

Gavin knew that androids didn’t have emotions or could feel anything, but the odd times he had looked into Connor’s eyes, he’d seen a flicker of a light, something, somehow always being there, and even before Connor had become a deviant.

But this thing? There was no doubt that it was as cold as they came.

They could only gape it in horror, when Dr. Magnus and Fowler were behind the trio.

“Aha, so good of you all to introduce yourselves to the RK900.”
“The what?” Tina mumbled unintelligently.

“RK900, state your model number and function.” Dr. Magnus barked out coldly at the android, and it turned its eyes to him before speaking strongly and confidently.

“RK900 #313 248 317 – 87, sent by CyberLife to observe, analyze, and complete all missions and tasks.”

It had Connor’s voice, only without any trace of emotion.

That included a rise in the pitch of voice, the tone, the expression, everything. The color, luster and personality of its voice was all gone, as if it were reading a script forcefully.

This was an abomination…this thing had no damn place here, and Gavin turned to yell this out at Fowler and Dr. Magnus, but the latter was already walking towards the exits of the building.

Fowler glared at all three of them.

“Don’t you have any work to do?”

Gavin pointed at the android.

“It took my pen!”

He cringed at how petulant he sounded, as if he were a kid at recess who’d had his toys stolen by the classroom bully.

Fowler seemed to catch onto his inner thoughts, and he shook his head in disappointment.

“Grow up, Reed.”

With that said, he walked off to his office.

Once he was gone, Tina and Chris awkwardly stood around for a moment, before clearing their throats and excusing themselves.

Gavin was suddenly alone with the monstrosity that wasn’t Connor.

He wouldn’t let it intimidate him, however, and he glared heavily at it.

“Give me that back.”

The android peered down at its clenched fist, and it unclenched its fingers, leaving the pen on the open palm of its outstretched hand.

It raised its hand higher towards Gavin, but Gavin wasn’t so quick to trust the android.

He let his fingers hover in the air over the pen for a few moments, not taking his eyes off the android. In a flash, he snatched the pen away as quickly as he could.

He was surprised to find the pen slightly warm, as if a real human was clenching it and sweating around it, as humans normally did after gripping something tightly.

The android didn’t say anything else, but it seemed to look down at Gavin before turning and heading for Fowler’s office swiftly.
Gavin stood there, stock still, before he moved on autopilot.

He walked himself back to his desk, pulled out his chair, and sat down, not turning on his terminal for many long moments; but just sitting and staring as he held onto his pen in his hands.

He saw out of his peripheral vision Tina and Ben walking over, followed eventually by Chris.

Owens was peeking at them from his desk, which was terribly close by, but Gavin found he couldn’t tell them all to go away yet.

“Oh. My. God.”

Tina’s words made him nod his head in agreement, but he couldn’t select what words he was going to say. This had all happened too quickly and too intensely. He felt as if his head was going to implode.

The transparent barrier surrounding Fowler’s office gave everyone else a decent view of the android, and soon, other officers were moving away from their desks and work stations, wheeling their chairs in the middle of the bullpen to gape at the new android as it stood tall and listened to Fowler speaking.

Gavin felt his heart racing as he rewound and replayed in his head what had happened so far. He still couldn’t believe it.

“It looks exactly like—”

“Shut up.” Gavin rudely interrupted Owens.

Everyone knew exactly what (or who), it fucking looked like, and Gavin knew it was no accident.

He also knew that when he got home that evening, he was going to have to sit down and have a nice long chat with Connor the First, whether it liked it or not.
Gavin noticed Fowler open his office door not even half an hour after the new android model had been rudely introduced to him, and he saw Fowler wave Chris Miller over with a strong, stern glare, and a wave of the hand.

Chris sighed but stood, obeying the silent order from the angry Captain.

Once he was inside the office, Gavin shifted in his seat uncomfortably. Ever since the damn android had been inside Fowler’s office, Gavin felt ‘itchy’ and weird about something. He wasn’t sure what exactly it was, but he knew for a fact that the Connor Copy caused it, and he knew he wasn’t the only one it affected.

Taking a nervous glance across the bullpen and halls, he noticed majority of the other officers and the very few androids still considered ‘officers’ somehow fidgeting, looking around, and chattering nervously among themselves.

The entire place started stinking of an unnerving feeling, and Gavin wanted out. He wanted to just get up and leave the damn Police department, head over to his hidden plastic stowaway, and demand answers.

He wanted to do all those things immediately, but he knew he couldn’t do it when Fowler’s office door opened once more, this time rather violently, and Fowler stuck his head out, a foot on the small landing by the steps leading up to his office.

He glared dangerously at Gavin.

“Reed! My office, pronto!”

That was all he said before ducking back inside his office.

Gavin felt eyes on him, and he looked to meet Tina’s across the room.

She gave him a small smile, which he returned, but it did nothing to comfort and soothe the growing knots in his stomach.

He suddenly felt like it was the first day of kindergarten again as he pushed away from his desk and walked over towards the steps leading to Fowler’s office.

He didn’t miss out of his peripheral vision Owens giving the ‘cut throat’ gesture to Tina, miming it rather immaturity, but she flipped him off.

Gavin resisted the urge to smirk, not wanting Fowler to think he thought the situation was funny, or that he was laughing at him.

He closed the door behind himself and stood to see Chris Miller standing directly before Fowler’s desk, and the creepy ass RK900 in the right-hand corner, close to the walls by the door.

“Reed, park it, right there.”

Fowler nodded his head over at a chair perched beside Miller.
Gavin rolled his eyes. He knew that if someone as calm and collected as Chris Miller wasn’t taking a seat, the situation surely didn’t call for one, and Fowler was just pretending to be the hospitable Captain.

Still, he obeyed, sitting down with a small groan.

Fowler scoffed.

“I told you to get your neck and back checked out by a physiotherapist.”

Gavin squinted dramatically.

“Is that what you called me in here for, Captain?”

Fowler scoffed again judgmentally.

“Cute.”

Gavin did a mock salute.

Fowler turned in his chair, pointing at his thin, almost-see-through monitor atop the desk.

“Twenty minutes ago, a B and E was reported in the home of Adam and Felicity Eddows, off of Main Street.”

Gavin clapped his hands sarcastically.

“Awesome reporting skills, Captain, but what the hell does this have to do with me? You know I only do homicide.”

Fowler glared murder at Gavin.

Somehow remaining calm, he spoke on: “I was getting to that, wise-ass. No one has seen the couple since Thursday evening at their workplaces, and Felicity is almost four months pregnant.”

Gavin felt his blood running cold.

“Jesus Christ…”

Fowler nodded sarcastically, a faux smile plastered on his lips.

“Now, maybe, you can see why I called you all in here.”

Chris Miller placed his hands on his hips and exhaled heavily.

“So what does the RK900 have to do with it? Just send in me and Gavin.”

Gavin nearly forgot about the Terminator in the back of the room.

He turned in his chair, and glared at the machine as it stared forward, standing firm and tall, hands clasped behind its back. It hadn’t regarded them once since they entered the room, but Gavin wasn’t surprised.

“Don’t tell me the T1000 here is accompanying us?”

Fowler clapped sarcastically at that.
“Star for you, Reed. You guessed it. Now pack your shit. I’ve given you the background details, the address, and the urgency of the situation, so get a move on.”

Chris snickered, “It’s coming to observe and analyze us on the job, ain’t it?”

Fowler nodded firmly.

“My orders, my say, it comes with you.”

When Gavin looked back to glare daggers at the android, he could have sworn he saw its cold grey eyeballs look away at the last millisecond, almost as if it were trying to avoid being caught staring… almost… he’d imagined it, right?

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The drive to the couple’s house had been a silent, but strange one. The RK900 sat in the backseat, peering coldly and dully ahead while its hands rested on both its kneecaps. It even sat in the car as if it had a stick up its ass, but neither Chris nor Gavin felt comfortable enough with it to comment or joke about it, so they let the automated vehicle drive them over to the house.

The house was in a sorry state when they’d arrived and stood on the porch; the windows were blackened with some cheap paint, the shingles on the roof were torn apart, some bits on the ground, some bits blowing up about in the wind, the grass was overgrown, suggesting no one had done yardwork in weeks, and there was a strangely quiet nature about the area that gave Gavin the creeps more than the new android did.

He glanced at it, standing almost directly behind him, and he shivered.

Chris Miller stood next to him, looking at him, as if requiring help and instructions for his first B and E case ever.

Gavin wouldn’t admit it, but he too felt like a rookie before the damn, ice-cold android.

Trying to save the last bits of his confidence however, he turned and jabbed a strong finger at the android’s chin, though he was careful not to actually touch the damn thing, not wanting CyberLife and that freakishly tall Dr. Magnus suing his ass.

“Listen here numbskull, you’ll stay behind us, you won’t touch anything, you won’t do anything, you won’t say anything. You’re here to observe and study, and that’s the only damn thing you’ll be doin’, got it?”

The android didn’t even budge, but its grey eyes met Gavin’s, and he repressed a shiver.

“Affirmative, Detective Reed.”

“I’m fuckin’ serious! You don’t do anything to interfere with this, you hear me?”

The machine merely looked ahead at the front door of the house.

Gavin stepped closer to it.

“I said: Do you hear me? That’s a fuckin’ order! You don’t dare interfere!”

It finally spoke: “Affirmative.”

Gavin sighed. Good enough.
He glanced over at Chris and nodded.

Chris went over around the back of the house, trying to see where the point of forced entry had occurred, while Gavin peeked around the windows at the side of the house.

Ringing the bell or knocking at the front door was pointless, and they all knew it.

Chris finally returned, shaking his head when Gavin asked if he saw or found anything.

They walked over to the backyard, looking around for any signs of an intruder or forced entry, and as Gavin neared the backdoor leading to the kitchen, he could make out a shadow from beneath a plank of wood propped against the insert glass of the backdoor.

Gavin knew they were going to have to do this the hard way, so he drew out his gun, and watched as Chris followed suit.

Then, on the silent count to three, he kicked the backdoor open.

The door caved in under Gavin’s strong, booted leg, and they were finally inside the creepy house.

Everything was even more silent from within, but Gavin felt unsafe and uneasy the moment his feet moved inside the doorway and crossed the threshold.

The house was dark, most of the light bulbs having been either broken, or removed, and it reeked of death.

Gavin felt his stomach sink when he remembered that Mrs. Eddows was with child…they needed to get a move on.

There was no sign of the intruder, though they searched for one, going through every room and tearing it apart, inch-by-inch, with the android following them silently, floating practically, as it made no sound when it moved.

Gavin tried ignoring it as it looked up and down, at them, the rooms, the furniture, the walls, everything. He knew it was scanning and searching, but he didn’t bother talking to it.

Most of the interior of the house had been untouched, majority of the furniture and personal belongings of the family having been untouched, but when they reached the second floor, Gavin felt something was terribly wrong.

They walked to the end of the hallway upstairs and faced a door that was locked and jammed shut.

Gavin tried opening it by twisting the doorknob, but it wouldn’t budge.

Chris had begun sweating as he stood beside Gavin, still ready for anything as he held tightly onto his gun.

Gavin turned and looked at the other flung open doors, and his eyes suddenly zoned in on one of the bedrooms.

A small, bloodied hand-print was on the side of one of the doors, and that was where Gavin silently pointed.

They turned and walked to the room briskly, and Gavin checked behind the door, the closet, while Chris rushed inside the room.
“Shit! Gavin!”

Gavin had been looking over at the android, when he heard Chris crying out in terror.

Wrapped in their own bed sheets, still dressed in their nightwear resting on the bedroom floor, were the lifeless bodies of Felicity and Adam Eddows.

Felicity’s hair was drenched in dark blood, caking down and covering most of her face. Her husband looked to have been strangled, his eyes bloodshot and wide open, while his face had turned slightly dark and purple.

“Oh fucking God…” Gavin groaned when he saw a small bump from beneath the sheets around Felicity’s abdomen.

He spun on his feet and pointed his gun at the android, who had stood with its arms behind its back much like in Fowler’s office, head tilted silently as its LED light turned yellow for a brief moment before turning a cold blue much like the color of its eyes.

Gavin roared at it.

“Is he still fuckin’ here?!?”

The android didn’t look at him, didn’t say anything.

Gavin nearly got in its stone-cold face.

“ANSWER ME!”

The android looked at him for a second, before they all heard a BANG!

The door that was locked had been flung wide open, and as Gavin and Chris made their way into the hallway, they noticed the bulky figure burst from within the bathroom, making his way down the stairs.

“FREEZE!”

Chris sprang to action first, firing his weapon like a madman.

The gun shot bullets into the walls and onto the picture frames hanging from the walls, and plaster and glass flew everywhere.

The intruder bolted down the stairs, covering his head with his hands, and Chris followed quickly, taking the steps two-at-a-time.

“Chris, don’t!”

Gavin tried warning the younger cop, but it was too late.

When they both reached the bottom of the stairs, the intruder turned, and with both black hands raised, he raised his shotgun high into the air, and he fired directly at Chris.

“NO!”

The shot hit Chris in the shoulder, and that was when time seemed to slow down.

Gavin felt himself float up and out of his own body, and the rest of his movements were foreign to
him.

He saw himself leap down to the main floor of the house, one hand on Chris, trying to steady him as
the young officer screamed and cried in pain, while Gavin pointed his gun at the intruder, who was
making his way for the backdoor they’d kicked in.

His finger fired off many rounds, and he lost count as he just saw red and fired over and over again.

A few of the shots missed, but he knew he’d landed the rest, as the intruder’s arms flew up in the air,
and he dropped his weapon all in slow motion before he himself fell onto the grass outside in a heap
of red.

Gavin immediately felt himself return to Earth, and he called for an ambulance while he stood and
pointed his weapon at the motionless body outside.

He reloaded his weapon in a few seconds, feeling his forehead, armpits, and back drenched in sweat
as he breathed heavily through his nose.

“Detective Reed, this is Detective Reed requesting an ambulance immediately, we’re on 1083
Glover Street!”

He was certain the intruder was dead, he had to have been, given the 12 bullets buried in his
shoulders and back.

Gavin closed his eyes and sighed, taking a moment to remember where he was, but he had barely
enough time to recollect his thoughts when he heard sirens in the distance.

He ran back to Chris, gently holding his head in his hands.

“Shhh, Chris, I got you, buddy, it’s gonna be okay now, help’s on the way!”

He sighed, running a bloodied hand through his hair, when he felt and heard footsteps behind him.

He turned and watched in horror as the RK900 calmly and coolly stood, glancing down at them with
its head tilted.

Its eyes were half-lidded, and it didn’t express a damn bit of emotion border-lining worry or fear for
an injured officer as it peered down at them.

From his place on the floor, the android looked huge to Gavin.

But then, the anger returned, and Gavin stood, grabbing the android’s stupid high collar roughly,
trying to slam it against the kitchen walls, but the damn thing seemed to be rooted firmly in place as it
stood with its hands still clasped behind its back.

“You fuckin’ piece of shit!”

Gavin saw nothing but anger flashing behind his eyelids, and he tried to yank the android against a
wall again, but it was as if he was trying to move a mountain.

He spat at it, “Why didn’t you fuckin’ tell us he was still here! Huh???”

He shook the android multiple times, and it just stared blankly at him.

“Why didn’t you warn us?!?”
The android calmly raised its hands, the first sign of movement in minutes, and it gently pried Gavin’s fingers off and away from its stupid-looking collar.

Gavin dropped his hands the second the android’s fingers met his.

He didn’t want the damn thing analyzing him or stealing a sample of his DNA…whatever and however the fuck these things did it. He wanted to just bash its face in with a hammer until he lost all his strength and stamina.

The android’s cold eyes were lifeless as it spoke so only Gavin could hear.

“I was instructed not to interfere in the investigation, Detective Reed.”

Gavin felt it was his turn to cock his head and he glared in shock.

“The fucking hell did you say?”

He knew how dumb he sounded, but he felt the need to attack the android pass when the ambulance crew had burst through the open kitchen backdoor.

They made their way over to Chris, who wasn’t moving on the floor.

Gavin heard his name being called and screamed over at him multiple times, but he could only hear the RK900 speaking to him, still, even though it had shut its mouth and resumed standing still with its hands behind its back.

“I was instructed not to interfere, and I followed my instructions.”

Son of a bitch…

Chapter End Notes

Baby, you're as cold as iceeeeee.
Blood on these Hands

Gavin heard the clitter clatter of the accident reporter’s fingernails as she typed away on her Tablet, recording and putting down everything on record as she took Gavin’s statement later that day back in the DPD.

Gavin wanted to go to the hospital with Chris, but he had been ordered to return to the station by Fowler, so he could report the accident immediately.

This was such bullshit. None of this would have happened if the stupid android had just opened its large mouth and said something!

He couldn’t exactly put it like that for the purposes of the report, however, not unless he wanted to sound crazy and be sent off to the loony bin, so he walked the accident reporter through every step they’d taken, retelling all the events.

Gavin had never felt lasting trauma like this before. He’d been on the force for years, and he’d both seen and heard of heavy shit before that was ten times worse than the incident that had happened early that day, but he felt the age-old PTSD kick in anyway. Perhaps it was different with androids getting involved...they were just so cold, so lifeless, yet trying to pass of as humans...the RK900 was absolutely to blame for this, and if it wanted to play human, it should be the one in the interview hot-seat; not Gavin.

Numerous times throughout giving his statement, he had to pause, hands shaking nervously. He glanced down at them, noticing that he still had blood on them…it wasn’t his own, however…

The reporter eyed him over the top rims of her glasses, smiling and patiently waiting for him to continue.

She’d offered him water, coffee, anything to help him get through the report. They were as cold as androids these days, the reporters. Couldn’t have the decency to leave a traumatized man alone to grieve to himself for a bit for a while, nope, they had to get their reports finished as soon as possible, feelings and pain be damned.

He’d finally come to the end of it, not knowing how the fuck he was still in one piece as he did so.

“Detective Reed,” she began, taking her glasses off and smiling up at him, “…how do you think this incident could have been avoided?”

He’d barely heard her the first time, and uttered dumbly: “Huh?”

He saw her patience slowly slipping, her nose upturning as if she’d smelled a putrid smell, though she smiled wider.

“Detective Reed, this is merely for our future information.”

He nodded, feeling the dried blood also caked in his hair, making his hair strands stick together as if he had glue in them.

“Umm, it was…the…” He felt his own voice die down in his throat, and he shook his head.

He knew he couldn’t say anything about the android, for it would surely leak to the news media, and he’d look insane and possibly start another revolution altogether. They’d already lost plenty of human
lives in the last 7 months, and he certainly didn't need word of this getting to Captain Allen. Apparently the S.W.A.T. team leader wasn't biased when it came to hunting down humans or androids if it meant upholding some bastardized version of 'law and safety'.

He swallowed thickly when he saw her raise a thin eyebrow.

“It was my mistake.”

He hated blaming himself, but he knew there was currently no other way around it.

“I should have watched over my partner better, I should have remembered the training for B and E cases more appropriately.”

He looked back to her, knowing he had provided her the answer she wanted to hear.

She crossed her hands over her chest, reading through her report once before glancing over at him. She hummed, placing a finger over her lips and silently nodded, though Gavin was unsure what she was nodding at...or who.

“Detective Reed, are you willing to admit that due to your negligence and indecision, Officer Chris Miller was injured?”

Gavin wanted to spit in her face. He didn’t want to admit that shit to her, knowing she’d obviously write him up quoting him word-for-word, and discuss it with Fowler, who’d be beyond pissed and livid. But for now, there was no use arguing with her about the creepy android with the mind of its own.

He grumbled as his head hung low, and he spoke into his chest.

“Yeah...it was my mistake.”

She hummed again, “An error in your judgement which lead to the unfortunate events?”

“Yes ma’am.”

She smiled and began packing her things to head out the room.

“No further questions at this time, Detective Reed, thank you for your cooperation.”

He nodded, standing to follow her out of the meeting room.

“Yeah.”

“I’m sorry for your partner, but he’ll be fine; the bullet just was lodged in his shoulder, and the hospital team will no doubt take good care of him.”

As long as they aren't androids, yeah, for sure bitch.

She put on her coat and began walking towards the exit of the DPD building.

Gavin snorted as he watched her walk off, texting on her phone without any care. As if it were that easy to walk away from the situation and go home to sleep soundly that night.

Chris Miller had just recently become a father, for Christ’s sake! That came with a truckload of responsibilities, and Chris deserved better than this shit!
Gavin began walking towards the bathrooms, eager to wash away the blood and sweat from his hair, hands, forehead…

He’d barely touched the bathroom door when he heard Fowler’s booming voice hit his eardrums like a jackhammer.

“REED!”

He cringed, removing his hand from the bathroom door, and turned to look at the Captain.

Everyone else in the station was looking back and forth between Gavin and the Captain, wondering how Gavin was going to respond.

Usually, Gavin was known to be the rebellious team member; constantly flipping everyone off, sometimes showing up late to crime scenes, taking irregular coffee or smoke breaks, and generally having a ‘fuck it all’ attitude.

Gavin wasn’t in the mood to give them a show, sometimes in the past having been encouraged to disobey and cause a scene for the sake of being different and not giving a shit to anyone’s opinion.

But this wasn’t the time or the place for such behavior.

Gavin began making his way towards Fowler’s office, when out of the corner of his eyes, he saw the RK900 watching him silently.

It stood firmly and straight against one of the utility closet doors, just simply staring.

It didn’t need to have any facial expressions to piss Gavin off, and he turned and changed paths, making his way towards the android instead.

“You fuckin’ pathetic excuse for a-”

“REED! GET IN HERE!”

He was interrupted by Fowler’s voice, growing even louder and angrier, and he immediately halted.

The RK900 retreated, still facing Gavin, but it took a few steps backwards, edging closer to the dark door.

Gavin sighed, feeling time literally tick by and Fowler’s patience growing more and more thin…it would be any minute now before-

“ARE YOU DEAF?!!?”

That.

Time to get a move on.

Gavin ordered his feet to march up the steps and inside the Captain’s office. He walked towards a chair and sat down, looking at his bloodied hands.

He waited until Fowler had sat down as well, both of his clean hands clasped upon his chin, covering his lips as he stared across the desk at Gavin, waiting for him to say something.

Gavin raised both of his hands and placed his elbows on Fowler’s desk.
“See this? This is Chris’s blood, Fowler.” He knew he was being slightly dramatic, but he wanted to make a point loud and clear to Fowler.

Fowler held up one hand, “Gavin—”

“A thousand pardons that we’re all not mechanical and resilient to shit like pain and gunshot wounds, but we *almost* lost a good man today!”

“Gavin!”

He slammed a hand on the desk and turned away, looking out at the bullpen.

Life continued on outside, but it seemed as if the entire station knew what had happened to Chris, and they all knew who—or what-exactly was responsible.

“Gavin, listen to me, I need you to calm down, collect yourself, and don’t talk until I’m finished.”

Gavin knew that was Fowler Code for “Shit’s About to Go Down.”

He turned, placing a hand over his mouth, trying to will himself to keep it together.

“Gavin, now that Chris is off-duty, I’m going to have to assign you a new partner.”

He should have known that was coming.

He still kept himself quiet, allowing the Captain to speak.

“Everyone’s on edge and nervous, though I can’t say I blame ‘em…but I want the best of my men taken care of, which is why you’re going to be accompanied to every investigation and crime scene by the RK900 from now on.”

He literally felt his heart open his chest, hop out of the chest cavity, and say: “*Fuck this shit, I’m out.*”

He felt his hand drop with a ‘thud’ to his lap.

“Fuck no.”

His lips had taken their own authority to speak for him, but he didn’t want to stop them or take his words back.

He saw the Captain deflate, his shoulders caving in and hunching over at the desk.

“Gavin, you said you wouldn’t interrupt me.”

Gavin shook his head, “No I fuckin’ didn’t—”

Captain Fowler pointed thickly at him, eyes glittering in a threatening manner.

“I’m doing this for your own damn good, and you’ll thank me later, or you won’t, I don’t give a rat’s fat ass either way.”

Silence was deafening as Gavin felt his anger growing by the second.

Fowler leaned back in his chair, but his body language spoke enough to convince Gavin that he wasn’t pleased, still.
“You will work with the RK900, and I’m not going to sit around and wait for you to accept it as your partner!”

He continued, “Chris isn’t being replaced, you’re not being replaced, no one’s being replaced if that’s what you’re worried about, God damn it!”

Gavin shook his head, ever so defiant.

Fowler chose to address it quickly, “Don’t shake your head at me, kid, today’s not the day to fuck around with me!”

Gavin bit back an expletive, but he did voice his anger.

“I’m not doin’ it.”

“Oh yes you fucking are, Reed,” he knew he was in hot water with the Captain when he referred to him by his surname.

“…and you know what? I’m not even going to threaten to take your badge or position away, because I’m not in that position to do that right now! I need all the help-” he sighed, closing his eyes when he saw Gavin's raised glare, "...we need all the help we can get, and there’s nothing else I can do about it.”

Gavin finally met the Captain’s eyes.

“You’re so full of shit, Jeffrey.”

He watched the Captain shrug, the gesture of his shoulders rolling the insult off like it were a fly.

“Maybe, but you need to get your head back in the game, Gavin.”

Gavin knew a part of that statement was correct; he couldn’t just give up and leave the rest of his colleagues and friends to the mercy of that crazy android…no, he’d die before that day arrived.

He looked up at the Captain, almost feeling like a little lost child.

“Captain, there’s something about that fuckin’ android that’s not right…”

Fowler sighed, “Save your breath and tell that to someone who gives an actual flying fuck, because I don’t.”

Of course you don’t.

“But he’s going to get me killed! He almost got Chris killed!” Gavin continued, looking out at the bullpen near where the utility closet door was, expecting the android to be there, but it wasn’t.

Fowler stood from the desk, and walked over to the office door, opening it and gesturing with a hand outside.

“Gavin, I suggest you get your ass to bed for a night, get some decent rest, and come back without that crazy talk! It has no place in my office, or anywhere near the god damn station. Am I clear?”

Gavin stood, allowing the sounds of other officers chatting, walking, phones ringing, and fingers typing to flood inside the small office.

He walked over to the steps and was about to descend, when he felt the Captain’s strong arm on his
shoulder.

“I said: Have I made myself clear, Reed?”

Gavin turned and glared at the Captain, though he was defeated.

“Crystal clear.”

Fowler smirked for a moment, before his expression turned dark and serious again.

“Good, now get going.”

The door slammed so fast and so hard in his face that Gavin nearly fell from the top of the stairs.

When he had righted himself and walked towards his desk, he eerily felt eyes on him, and he snapped his neck up, looking about the bullpen. He was unable to locate where the eerie eyes were, and he had finally sat down, gathering everything for the night, when he felt it again.

He looked up directly ahead of him, his warm, human eyes meeting cold, dead grey blue ones.

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The Connor android had been staring out his kitchen windows as it had earlier that same morning when Gavin burst in through the front door, taking out his Iphone as if it were a deadly weapon, and he pointed it at the android.

“Wanna tell me what the fuck this is and why it looks exactly like you?”

His screen faced the android, and he could have sworn he saw it visibly swallow uncomfortably.

Its eyes moved across and up and down the screen for a moment before it looked ahead at him.

“Where did you get that photo?”

“Snapped it myself when the fucker turned and left my sight.”

Immediately, the android turned and made its way for the front door behind Gavin.

“It’s already in the city, then…” It whispered to itself, a hand on the doorknob, but Gavin was faster, and he slammed both hands down on both its shoulders and spun it around so fast in anger that he nearly lost his own footing in the process as well.

“Not so fast, dipshit, I require answers, and I’ll get them, NOW!”

He knew that the android couldn’t avoid him for much longer, and he stood back, crossing his arms over his chest, waiting impatiently, though he tried hard to pass it off as patient, however way he could.

The Connor android sighed, its hands hanging loosely at its sides.

Gavin hated how human it looked sometimes, and he had almost given into the pity that was starting to spread across his stomach, but then he snapped out if it when he caught himself in the act.

“Start talking, now, or I’ll fuckin’ pull your plug, I swear to God.”

His voice leaked and dripped with venom, and the android met his eyes for the first time that night.
“It’s the reason Hank is dead.”

If Gavin hadn’t been so alert, he would have missed the words the first ten times, but he was highly awake, despite all the crazy shit that had transpired that day, and he was even more livid after the words registered to him.
A stroll down Memory Lane

Chapter Summary

In which we take a peek into Gavin’s past!

Gavin sat, still drenched in Chris’s blood and his own dried up sweat as he watched and listened carefully to the Connor android speak.

He learned that while this RK900 resembled Connor and operated almost much like him in every way, it still was nothing like him at all. Their programming was entirely different, with different goals in place, and different means to different ends achieved.

Gavin didn’t need the android to go into details, as he had somehow miraculously figured that part out for himself after spending no less than seven seconds in the RK900’s presence.

He listened on, the words of the android soon being drowned out as Gavin tried to fit in his own personal question, but he was unable to with the android yammering and yapping on and on at such a quick pace.

He finally covered his ears with his hands and roared, unable to take it for another second.

“Just tell me whether this piece of shit killed Hank Anderson or not!?”

The android just shook its head, “No, it wasn’t even active in that time.”

Gavin’s breath hitched, “Active…what the actual f-”

He slapped his forehead.

“No, fuck it. If it didn’t kill Hank, then why are you acting like you’re ready to shit your pants anytime you stare at its image then?”

The android raised a brown eyebrow.

“Androids don’t need to defecate as humans do, Detective Reed, please rephrase your question so I’m able to comprehend it, and fully answer it to your satisfaction.”

Gavin sat still for a long minute before he stood up and threw his sweater off onto the android, who caught it at the last second.

“Fuck this. I’m going for a shower.”

He was already making his way up the stairs when he sensed the android following him, though it made no sound upon the floors.

He ascended the steps, two-at-a-time, with the android in hot pursuit.

“I’ve had a long day; my friend and partner nearly was killed because of that damn thing, and you’re sittin’ here not tellin’ me a damn thing, so why should I bother?” It was growing more and more difficult not to turn and throw the damn android down the stairs, but walking ahead without looking
back at it seemed to help.

He stormed in his room, selecting new, fresh clothes, and then made his way past the confused android towards the adjacent bathroom, grabbing a clean white towel from his linen closet next to the bathroom.

“When you’re ready to talk, come find me, otherwise, I don’t wanna hear anything you have to say anymore.”

Gavin sneered at the android, eyes sweeping over the small patch of shaved hair before he turned and slammed the bathroom door in the android’s face.

He was certain he could still hear it talking from the other side of the door, but he didn’t want to hear any of it.

He turned on the water, flipping the ‘hot’ tap on full blast, and he disrobed as he stepped in the standing shower.

Gavin nearly groaned out loud in relief and pleasure when the warm water hit his sore, tired skin.

He felt the water drops bounce off his nose and land on his toes, and he rested a tired hand against the shower wall as he leaned forward closer to the shower-head, moving his free hand through his hair, massaging his scalp in the process.

He opened his eyes as he looked down at his feet, watching the dirty, bloodied shower water swirl around at his toes for a moment before it slid down the drain below.

If only it were that easy to wipe and wash down memories…

Gavin refused to think about what had happened that day, he just made a quick mental note to visit Chris in the hospital as soon as he could, preferably after the rest of the precinct had already made their rounds of visits.

He went through the motions of cleaning himself off, not once thinking about Connor 1 and Connor 2, the former being inches away from him, on the other side of the damn bathroom door…

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When he emerged from the steaming bathroom, he was surprised to see the android sitting on the edge of his bed, almost in an eerily similar position Gavin had been earlier the day when he’d discovered it hiding in his closet.

Its eyes were tightly shit, and Gavin could see its eyeballs moving beneath the eyelids, but he knew androids didn’t sleep or dream.

It was probably in ‘stasis’, or whatever the fucking fuck.

He hurriedly dressed, trying not to make a sound in the dark, but it was difficult.

Soon, he had knocked over a small table lamp on his nightstand, and before he could catch it in time, it stumbled and knocked against the wall before clattering to the carpeted floor.

“Shit.”

“You’re very noisy, Detective.”
He almost groaned out loud when he saw the android open its eyes, LED light turning blue, then yellow very briefly.

He noticed it was the only source of light in the room, and it disturbed him as he picked up the lamp and set it back on the nightstand.

“Yeah? Well if you don’t like it, you can always get the fuck out, you know?”

He shook his head roughly side-to-side, feeling bits of water still falling and dripping on the back of his neck, making him shiver from the cold.

“You and I both know I can’t do that at this time, no matter how,” it paused for dramatic effect, “…tempting that is.”

Gavin felt the urge to vomit at the way it had pronounced the word ‘tempting’. Almost as if it was playing and toying with it. Fuckin’ creepy ass androids.

Gavin snorted and put on a dark sweater.

“Yeah, well, fuck off anyhow.”

He had nothing else to say, and he knew such small talk was kind of a childish mask for an insult, but it was far too late, and he was too tired to think of anything else to say.

The android simply watched as he put on dark sweatpants and his socks almost hurriedly.

“Going somewhere?” It had the temerity and nerve to ask…

Gavin raised his hands in the air and then let them fall to his sides dramatically.

“What’re you? My father?”

The android was about to answer the question when Gavin cut it off.

“That’s a rhetorical question, freak! Now get off my ass already!”

“I’m not on your a-”

He walked out of the room, leaving it sitting in the dark.

“Oh, just shut the fuck up already.”

He went to the first floor of the house, gathering his car keys, his black jacket, and pulled the sweater’s hood up over his head as he headed out the front door and closed it tightly behind him.

From the other side of the glass insert in the door, he saw a yellow and then blue circular light, spinning and turning.

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Gavin remembered his mother’s warning on the phone earlier, but that didn’t stop him from getting in his shitty, old car, and driving past his ex-fiancé’s house as he usually did, a few times a month… perhaps more.

He was careful to turn off the car and the headlights when he parked on the opposite end of the street she lived on, pushing his chair and leaning back in the seat with the hood pulled over his head as he
peeked out the driver’s window and looked at her large, brand new house.

The bitch had taken everything from him in one instant. Gavin had never been able to get over it, no matter how many therapists he’d considered getting, no matter how many self-help books and articles he read, no matter how much he’d worked out at the gym, taking his anger out on the machines there, no matter how many packs of cigarettes he smoked, or no matter how many bars he lost himself in.

He’d never been able to get over Selena. She was certainly the love of his life. Gavin had had many girlfriends previously in his youth, but none of them held the love for him as Selena once had.

When she’d first asked him out in college, Gavin had no idea what she’d ever seen in him as she passed along the small handwritten note to him when he reached out to hand her fallen purse to her.

She’d smiled a wide, gorgeous smile, dimples appearing on both her cheeks, her long, wavy honey blonde hair glowing practically, making her appear angelic.

Her face was perfect; it was symmetrical, it was pure, her eyes were kind and sincere, and Gavin then understood why poets and authors talked and wrote about ‘love at first sight’. He’d fallen for her, hard, and within a month after graduation, he’d proposed to her.

Life had been sweet for a few months after that, but within the first year of their engagement, Gavin felt that Selena was getting…bored.

Gavin had tried to provide everything for her, but it was difficult to manage all that while he worked his ass off through Police Academy.

He didn’t want Selena to stay home all day and be a housewife, so he’d allowed her the freedom to get a job, and encouraged her to volunteer, and do anything she wanted, and he always promised her if he couldn’t attend or participate with her, he’d make it up to her.

Through rigid planning, he’d somewhat had some success doing that at first, making up for their minor disagreements and arguments by buying her the classic dozen roses, new jewelry, taking her to see shows and performances, and making love to her every night until they were both beyond sore and exhausted.

All that had worked, but only for a short period of time.

He’d encouraged her to get out of the house more when he’d begun his job at the DPD, but she’d lashed out saying that she felt it was time for him to work less hours, and for them to be a family.

She’d wanted a baby after a few more months.

Gavin had tried his best to stall her, feeling he wasn’t ready at all to be a father anytime soon.

He noticed she’d begun poking holes in the condoms and ceased taking her birth control. Arguments began coming from nowhere; it just seemed like she was ready to snap at him over anything.

She’d once made him sleep on the couch for blowing his bubblegum too loudly.

It was all spiraling out of control very quickly, and he’d suggested one morning for her to take up a new job at a daycare center.

Boy had Gavin regretted saying that to her from that day to this.
She’d settled in the daycare pretty quickly, seemingly happy and excited to head to work every morning and see the children, and for a while, she reverted back to her kind, bubbly, usual self.

Their sex life was even better than before, and it didn’t take her long to start pleasing him in newfound ways, both outside and inside the bedroom…

That was when they’d introduced the first gardener android to keep up with the yard work outside the daycare and in the nursery behind it.

Michael, or HP300, was immediately drawn to Selena, and she was immediately drawn to him. It was more than his good looks, Gavin had caught on, for Selena often came home talking and glowing over him, speaking about him as if he’d hung the fucking stars.

She’d fawned over him for hours, describing his good looks to Gavin, who’d gotten so angry he’d started drinking again the same night she admitted that Michael was more human in its treatment towards her than Gavin had been in months. Still, he tried forgetting and forgiving, hiding the bottles, the dirty magazines, everything.

He’d noticed her chatting on the phone a lot more than usual after that, but he trusted and respected her enough never to pry into what she was doing or who she was talking to, plus, he’d been recently promoted at the Police Department.

He’d soon come home to her with the good news, and he’d headed to the flower shop after work that day, buying her two dozen red roses for a surprise.

He’d picked up a puppy after waiting for weeks to adopt it on the way home, knowing that with time and patience, he could learn to take care of something small and adorable, and get ready for a baby, a fresh start.

When he’d entered their home, he knew something was off immediately.

He saw another man’s pair of shoes that weren’t his own, followed by moans and giggles from the upstairs bedroom…

He dropped the roses and left the puppy to wander the house, seeing blood and red everywhere in his mind.

When he threw the bedroom door open, he saw his beautiful, young wife straddling that damn android, its LED light going from blue, to red immediately, the yellow color skipping entirely.

The sheets had been yanked off them both, Gavin didn’t give a fuck about modesty.

“Gavin, I can explain…”

He didn’t want to hear it; his worst nightmares had come true and been confirmed.

He left the house that day and never looked back, only sending Selena his ring in the mail, and the separation and court summons papers.

She hadn’t even bothered to call him or reach out and apologize, beg for forgiveness, ask him to take her back, nothing.

In the end, Gavin was left with feeling destroyed and completely inadequate, and it was all that damn android’s fault…
He sneered through the window, peeking into his ex-fiancé’s house, watching as the kitchen lights turned on.

Selena hadn’t aged a day.

She walked in the kitchen, wearing oven mitts, smiling and laughing, her white, straight teeth gleaming in the light.

Gavin caught himself laughing back, but he felt his smile falter when a pair of masculine hands made their way around Selena’s waist, cuddling and pulling her out of his view for a moment.

Gavin craned his neck, and he soon saw Selena’s lips pressed against another man’s.

Her new boyfriend, not an android, surprisingly, but Gavin wasn’t surprised. A woman as good-looking as Selena wasn’t able to stay single for long, and it wasn’t like she actually cared about him…

He closed his eyes, thinking back to their first kiss during his graduation ceremony…those lips had been eagerly pressed against his once, too…

Without another thought, Gavin turned on the car, and drove away from her house, foot angrily slamming on the gas pedal as he sped off.

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It was waiting for him when he’d returned, but he paid it no mind as he took off his sweater and made his way up to his room.

He left the door open, though it was more due to exhaustion than inviting the android in for a chat, but it took it that way regardless of Gavin’s intentions.

“You were gone a while, but I am glad you’re back.”

Gavin rested one hand over his forehead, his eyes closing on their own accord.

“Sure you fuckin’ are, bolt-head.”

He heard the android approach the bed, and when Gavin peeked one eye out from beneath his arm, he saw it standing there, fidgeting with its own hands. The sight was utterly pathetic, and Gavin scoffed before turning and closing his eyes again, face pointed up at the ceiling.

“I thought you were going to look for it…”

They both knew what it was referring to, and silence plagued them both in the dark.

“It’s a prototype.”

Gavin sighed, dropping his hand away from his forehead.

“Yes, I figured that out on my own, you moron! But what does it want from me?”

The android didn’t answer.

Gavin tried another approach.

“What does it want from you?”
He heard an intake of breath.

“It’s CyberLife’s tool for control.”

Again, a no brainer there.

Gavin was beginning to wonder if the android was purposefully avoiding and dodging his questions, or if was doing it unintentionally, yet gracefully and smoothly as Neo dodged the bullets in *The Matrix*.

“It’s not really here to observe and learn, I know that all my own.”

Silence.

Gavin looked at the ceiling, feeling his eyes burning in the dark from exhaustion.

“I’m not prepared for this shit, you know.”

“I know.”

He could almost see the pathetic android before him, dressed still in his father’s dress pants…

“It’s a lot deadlier than you may think, and it has features I’m unable to keep up with, being an older, outdated model…” It almost sounded offended.

He wondered if his blood vessels would burst if he kept his eyes open a second longer, so he closed them again.

“Can’t you give me more than a warning? I thought you’d be able to help.”

At that, he heard the footsteps retreating out of the room, and his door squeaked as it swung almost completely shut.

The android spoke softly, but it didn’t go unheard to Gavin.

“I’d need a better reason to respond than what’s currently on offer.” Its words disappeared in the wood of the door as it swung shut softly.

Gavin was all too happy to sleep, momentarily forgetting the world of hell he was in.
Gavin had barely made it out of his house the next morning after 8 AM sharp, holding his car keys between his lips as he struggled with his coat halfway out the door towards his car.

He hadn’t gotten any sleep that night, but he didn’t dare admit it to anyone, not even himself.

The stupid android had tried to school him on the damage he was doing to his mind, heart, and body by not getting at least six hours of sleep, but it later shut its mouth when Gavin growled at it and slammed the door behind him as he hurried off to work.

He’d ran a few red lights, but otherwise made it on time, hurrying towards his desk, flinging his coat off and propping his feet up on his desk. He leaned his head back against the head of the seat, sighing deeply.

Suddenly, two warm hands covered his eyes, and he sprung up in his seat, hands flying voluntarily to grab the two obscuring his sight.

He heard feminine giggling and smelled her perfume. He recognized who it was right on the spot.

“God damn you, Tina!”

He felt her take her hands off his eyes, and his world was full of color, once again.

He rolled his eyes as she sat on top of his desk, feet hanging slightly above the floor. Gavin thought of making fun of her shorter stature, but then he saw the tall RK900 waltz past the bullpen across the room, walking alongside Fowler, listening intently, LED light a cold blue.

“How old are you, four?” Gavin hissed, trying to keep his voice low as his new partner approached with Fowler at his side.

Tina sighed, knowing their fun had been cut short.

“Text me!”

With that said, she hurried back to her desk, trying to make it appear as if she was working on something, her fingers typing away, her head dead set forward looking at her screen.

Gavin began following suit, arranging his desk and shuffling items and papers about into neat stacks, which was a complete drastic opposition to how messy his desk top usually was.

His eyes skimmed over one of the pages, not really reading or paying attention, but he was forced to look up when he heard Fowler clear his throat.

Gavin looked up, feeling exhausted already. He didn’t have his coffee…

Looking past his new excuse for a partner and his Captain, he eyed the Break Room lustfully.

The look didn’t go unnoticed by Fowler, but the android didn’t seem to notice, or care, or both. It simply stared down at his desk, obviously scanning the various items, its blue LED light spinning repeatedly and flashing.

Fowler leaned down and placed both his hands on Gavin’s desk, his nose inches away from Gavin’s.
Gavin smiled politely at Fowler, who mirrored the smile, though there was nothing polite about the whole interaction; only pure sarcasm and spite.

“Gavin,” Fowler began, voice seemingly soft, but burning rage beneath and between the lines.

“Captain Fowler.” Gavin retorted back sweetly, and he watched Tina blush from the other side of the room as she bit back rounds of laughter.

“Can you be so kind as to tell me the time?” Fowler asked, and suddenly, more of the officers stopped working and chose to take an interest in what Fowler and Gavin were saying.

Gavin nodded, still smiling.

“Why yes, Captain Fowler,” he checked his cellphone and gasped.

“Oh dear! It’s about 8:37 AM!”

He placed both his hands on his cheeks for flare and effect, and this time Tina spat out her coffee.

Fowler ignored her and leaned in closer, his smiling dying down as he whispered: “Let me fill you in on a little secret, Gavin…”

Gavin placed his index finger on his lips in mock thinking as he turned and leaned forward with his ear facing Fowler.

“YOUR WORK STARTS SHARP AT 8 AM!”

His screams hit the walls like a hammer, and everyone jumped at least a good few inches in their seats, and some of the civilians in the front of the room near the entrance paused and peeked over.

Gavin saluted, winked, and smiled.

“Okie-dokie Cap!”

Fowler pointed to the android beside him, who seemed bored more than anything else, eyes scanning something across the room.

“Show your new partner around too, and debrief him on the case you’re working on currently…that is, IF you’re working on one?”

With that, Fowler sulked back to his office and slammed the doors, but then he opened them a second later, poking his head out and screaming at Gavin: “AND WIPE THAT SHIT-EATING GRIN OFF YOUR DAMN FACE!” The door slammed again, and the bullpen broke out into laughs, gasps, and shortles.

Gavin sighed, smiling and chuckling with the other officers around the bullpen before he stretched and craned his neck back to look up at the RK900 who peered down at him with a blank-as-ever expression, head slightly tilted.

Gavin smirked, “He secretly loves me, that’s why he lets me get away with all this shit.” He gazed around the bullpen with a carefree expression on his face.

The android didn’t respond, but Gavin swore its eyes grew tense, and its jaw clenched. However, before Gavin could fully decide on whether or not that had occurred, its facial expression returned back to cold and calm.
Gavin eyed the Break Room once again, giving into his temptations, finally.

“Detective Reed.”

He uttered a grunt in response to the RK900, got off the chair, onto his legs as he made his way over to the coffee machine calling his name from the Break Room.

He turned and peered behind him, almost expecting the RK900 to be there, but to his shock, it wasn’t. It remained simply standing at his desk where he’d left it, but it was staring openly at him, eyebrows sternly, yet expressionlessly set on its brow ridge.

Gavin turned back once he was sure the coffee machine was ready to go. It definitely wasn’t anything like the Connor model, as Gavin had all too often witnessed Connor following Hank practically anywhere and everywhere, like a trained, loyal dog. But this thing? The RK900 seemed to have its own mind, and it just stood like a rock, scanning, observing, recording…

Gavin heard the machine ‘beep’, and it snapped him out of his daydreaming. He poured himself a steaming cup of fresh coffee, pausing to smell it and sigh in relief.

“This,” he held up the coffee cup and kissed it, “…this is my gin and tonic!” He said aloud as a few officers stumbled in for their break.

They nodded and smirked as Gavin made his way out of the Break Room and back over to his desk. He kicked his feet up on his desk, thankful that he’d actually had enough gumption to clear some of the clutter aside, making perfect room for his feet.

Lowering his head to hover above the steaming cup, he took a deep sniff and closed his eyes in pleasure. “Ooohh baby…” He sighed in sheer enjoyment as he felt his mouth watering, begging for the first sip.

He was about to indulge in his coffee and just relax before getting into his work, when his feet were forcefully shoved to the side right off the desk.

“Woah!”

Gavin gasped in shock, moving both hands to wrap firmly around his cup of coffee so it wouldn’t spill, and he felt his legs fall back to the floor roughly. His bones kind of hurt from the force, and he set the coffee on his desk, glaring up angrily at the RK900.

It simply stared off into empty space, but from the look in its eyes, Gavin knew it was quietly assessing his next move.

Gavin sputtered, “The fuck did you do that for?”

The android tilted its chin barely down to look at him, eyes glistening with danger, a silent warning.

“Desk tops are meant for placing objects for work; not for a foot rest.”

It defined the terminology as if reciting from a textbook instead of having a conversation, or in this case, answering an angry Detective’s question.

Its tone of voice frankly pissed Gavin off. While it spoke neutrally, Gavin could tell it had air and attitude inflated with every word, and he’d already had a rough weekend, to boot.

He raised a finger at it, baring his teeth as he started to speak lowly, but it turned and walked away,
heading straight for Hank Anderson’s empty desk.

Gavin followed, anger fueling him. The precinct had decided to leave Hank’s desk just as he’d last left it, as a silent monument and respect to the fallen Lieutenant. Other new hires had of course come in, but no one, no one approached Hank’s desk.

It had even become something of a sensitive topic for Gavin, and he’d found himself guarding the desk more lately, and even ran off Owens once for pausing to look at Hank’s little array of pictures and decorations on the walls and monitors.

Now, he was going to have to do the same with the RK900, and he knew for a fact that he would enjoy doing it too.

Gavin roared like a wild animal as he watched the android standing tall and moving its head from left to right, eyes scanning and sweeping over the top of Hank’s desk. Gavin refused to just stand by idly and silently while the damn thing observed and took notes on a fallen hero’s personal items.

He slammed a hand on the android’s back, causing it to slowly turn and regard him with a cold, but deadly stare as its eyes narrowed at him.

“Get away from the fucking desk.” He hoped it would listen for once in its miserable existence.

It studied Gavin for a second before turning its neck back and looking at Hank’s desk again.

“I mean it! Leave the fucking desk alone!” Gavin hissed, not wanting to resort to physical violence as a few officers walked by slowly enough to peek in and listen in.

After conducting its own study of the desk, it turned to face Gavin fully, and brushed past him with attitude, their shoulders colliding briefly.

Gavin watched it walk back to his own desk, where it stood at attention in front of his chair.

Grumbling every curse word he could think of, Gavin soon joined it at his own desk after practically throwing himself in his chair. The RK900 simply stared behind Gavin’s head somewhere at a wall, as if it were an autistic savant.

Gavin pointed up at it, “Don’t push my buttons, you over-heated mountain of wires and bolts.”

That seemed to get its attention, and it positioned its neck to bend down lower as it regarded him.

Gavin nodded, “Yeah, that’s right, I know you can hear me, you fucker.”

He kept his voice low so that no one else heard, even though a few people walked briskly by.

“Don’t think I forgot about the shit you pulled with Chris,” Gavin began, looking dead-on at the android, which met his gaze with equal determination.

“…I won’t let you do that crazy shit with me, so don’t even bother, don’t even try. The second you even think about pulling a stunt like that, I’ll have you sent back to that creepy ass doctor Frankenstein so fast that they’ll have to come up with a new fuckin’ name for you altogether.”

Silence passed between the two of them, Gavin set on having a staring contest with the damn thing, but he felt his eyes burning after a minute, and he was the first to blink.

God damn it…
He resorted to a low growl at the back of his throat.

“Did you hear me, or are you short circuiting?”

The android raised a hand and pointed to Gavin’s coffee cup coldly.

“My heat detection indicates that your coffee has gone cold.”

That fucker.

Gavin still felt that this was clever of the RK900; to try and change the topic and distract him.

He leaned back in his seat, nodding as he held his coffee in one hand and gulped it all down in a single swoop. His eyes watered as his stomach heaved. Cold coffee was so fucking gross.

He resisted the urge to belch, not wanting to appear immature, though the situation kind of called for it, anyway. He simply allowed the RK900 to study him, as strange as it felt. It could stare all it fucking wanted, and Gavin would be damned before he lashed out again.

There was a chance that the damn thing merely wanted to draw a reaction out of him, break him in, sort of, but Gavin would prove once and for all to the damn android that it was the rookie here, and it deserved the initiation, not him.

“Detective Reed, I must go over the case files you’re currently working on.”

It was a direct order, which bothered Gavin to no end.

Still, he pulled up an unoccupied chair, and pointed at the seat of it.

“Watch me, then.”

He waited for the damn thing to sit, and it perched its hands on its knees coldly, staring at Gavin’s terminal screen.

Gavin logged in, and then momentarily slapped himself mentally. He’d just entered his password and login information directly in front of the android. Not smart.

He felt his cheeks burning red, and he turned and caught the android staring at him, LED light radiant blue. If Gavin didn’t know any better, he would’ve said that it was amused by his frustrations.

He made a mental note to change his password and login information before the day was out, and he scrolled through the cases he’d solved, and the ones that were currently open and active.

“You can read English, so I won’t bother, but these are the cases currently ‘open’, or ‘active’, and then we go from there, marking them from ‘high priority’, to ‘low priority’.”

“Noted.”

The cold response made Gavin want to throw his coffee mug at the android, but he composed himself and opened a random case file.

“This is one we currently are working on wrapping up, and I was working on finalizing the report to submit to Fowler.”

The android turned to face Gavin, LED light still blue.
It spoke with a soft tone of voice, but that did nothing to mask its contempt for Gavin.

“Negative, Detective Reed, you weren’t occupied with a specific task when Captain Fowler approached your desk; you were merely occupied with giving off the impression that you were occupied.”

Gavin’s jaw dropped.

“Are you fuckin’-”

“Your stress levels were at 66.7%, and your heart rate was above 93 beats per minute.”

Gavin couldn’t believe the damn thing had scanned him in less than a second, and he suddenly felt so violated and uncomfortable.

He slammed the coffee mug along the desk.

“Listen here, you god damn self-righteous piece of fuck!”

The android paused and glanced back and forth from the screen to Gavin, appearing to have no idea what had caused Gavin’s outburst.

“What’s causing you distress, Detective Reed?” It asked blandly, its voice not at all going a bit high in tone at the end of the question, like any normal person’s voice would have…

“If you ever think you’re going to get away with shit like this in the future, I’ll be sure to have a nice chit-chat with Fowler and maybe Captain Allen about your quirky shit back at the B and E!”

He’d expected this to have some kind of impression on the android, especially given how trigger-happy Captain Allen had been around androids lately, but the android wasn’t affected at all.

It calmly brushed its uniform of any dirt as it kept its eyes trained on Gavin.

“Negative, RK900 operated and cooperated fully well with the Detroit Police.”

Gavin felt his eyebrows fly up on his forehead.

“Excuse me? Wanna run that crap by me again, please and thanks?”

The android seemed bored once again as it straightened its uniform.

“The RK900 followed the orders you gave it, Detective Reed.”

Gavin felt as if his ears had been sewn shut, and he shook his head. Maybe he needed another cup of coffee…

“Wanna run that by that me again?” He knew he was repeating himself, but there was no way this was all possible…

The RK900 spoke in its bored, monotone voice.

“Your instructions were for the RK900 to observe and study; not to interfere in the investigation, and the RK900 followed your orders, Detective Reed.”

Gavin hushed it, making sure no one else was listening or watching them.
“Okay okay, I got that part,” he ran a hand through his hair, noticing that some of it had grown longer, successfully falling against his forehead and causing it to itch.

“…just don’t fuckin’ repeat that shit, and I know I should have thought about the decision a lot better, okay?!”

The android regarded him silently, not giving a single expression away.

“And for fuck’s sakes, stop referring to yourself in the third person!”

Gavin hissed and shoved his coffee mug to the side, resting a hand against his forehead. He could already feel another headache on the way, and he hadn’t even been at work for an hour…great.

The android stood, straightening its clothing as it tucked the chair away.

“Just remember, Detective Reed,” it stated coolly and collectedly, “…I’m an android, and I’m here to follow your orders and Captain Fowler’s. You instructed me to carry a particular protocol, and I did.”

With a small nod to Gavin, it walked back up to Fowler’s office, no doubt to report on the ‘progress’.

Feeling stuck, pissed, and tired, Gavin pulled out his phone when no one was looking, and he texted Tina.

Reed, 8:52 AM

Get me a coffee, bitch

He watched until Tina yanked her phone out and texted back.

Chen Chen, Sent 8:53 AM

You’re the laziest, shittiest, most pathetic excuse for a cop I know…coffee coming right up! <3

Gavin smiled down at his phone, in the middle of composing his next reply when he felt a breeze pass by.

A shadow fell over the light of the screen of the phone, and Gavin hurriedly put the phone away, fearing the RK900 reading his conversations, or worse…Fowler.

“Carry on, Detective Reed, you’re more than welcome to keep smiling at your crotch.”

Ben Collins smirked as he sauntered by, and Gavin flipped him off as he awaited his coffee.
Gavin had been in the middle of a writing up a report for Fowler when he had a new email in his work inbox.

He cracked his knuckles. Now was a good time as any to take a break.

Checking the time on his phone, he tapped the screen and the email opened.

It was from an unknown sender, which made Gavin want to delete it right away, but it was marked as urgent, for one, and two, the title of the email demanded attention.

It was labeled:

**YOUR PRESCENE IS REQUIRED**

Gavin opened it, his curiosity getting the better of him, and he soon pieced together who it was from.

The body of the message was short, but to the point.

*Detective Reed, I request your presence in the Archive Room immediately.*

That plastic dickwad had started ordering him around lately, and it was getting on Gavin’s nerves a lot. He’d shown his irritability for it in the last 48 hours. He’d already felt his patience growing thin (more than usual), he felt the need to snap at random people who hadn’t done anything wrong, and he was already planning on driving past Selena’s house again…it amazed him how a stupid android could bring out the worst in him.

He tucked his hands in his black jean pockets as he grabbed his key card for the Archive and Evidence Room, nodding over once at Tina as she packed up her belongings for the night.

It wasn’t fair how she was allowed to go home at 6 PM, yet Gavin had to stay behind because his ‘partner’ wanted to learn everything he could on the first day.

Fowler seemed up for it, but that bastard had the leisure of coming and going whenever he pleased, so who was he to talk?

Almost everyone except for some cleaning androids, some night owls, and a few of members of the IT department were hanging around still.

The offices were dimly lit, while the hallways were almost completely dark. Outside, the bright lights of the city seemed livelier than inside the DPD, and it made Gavin wish more than ever he could just leave.

But no, he didn’t want to get in ‘trouble’.

He made his way into the basement of the Archive Room, nearly slamming into the RK900 as it stood, facing him with its hands once again clasped firmly behind it, standing erect and tall.

Gavin scoffed as he looked at his reflection in its black dress shoes, as shiny and perfect as they were.

“Suppose you were waitin’ for me for a long time, huh?”
He swiped his key card and the door opened immediately.

“Negative, I’ve been here approximately four minutes, thirteen seconds.”

Gavin wanted to slam his skull into the walls as they made their way inside.

“Do you have to take everything so literally?”

The android didn’t respond, instead choosing to walk over and stand before the dead androids Connor had helped mount on the walls of the room.

Its head tilted as it studied them, no doubt scanning, recording, and doing whatever the fuck it needed to.

Gavin repressed a yawn, covering his mouth with a free hand, the other back in his jean pockets.

Though its back was still turned to him, the RK900 spoke coldly, the tone of it freezing the room so much that you could hang meat.

“Your body is dehydrated and exhausted.”

Gavin felt his body alert to this, unsure of how the android was scanning him when it wasn’t even directly facing him or looking at him.

“I’m fine.”

“Deception detected.”

This was a new one.

“What??”

Gavin sped up to the android, glaring up at it.

“Since when did you become your own walking, talking lie detector test?” He looked carefully at it, but its eyes roamed over to a blonde android named ‘Daniel’. The android had a few shots to the head and face area, most of its components visible, blue blood still running down the cheeks…

“As I stated earlier, Detective, I’m a prototype. I am far superior to the common android models, as they are outdated.”

Gavin hummed softly and deeply in his throat.

“I’m sure your predecessor would love to hear you say that now.”

That was a statement he found out he never should have uttered, for the moment he mentioned ‘predecessor’, the RK900’s head whipped around quickly, and Gavin could have sworn he heard its exoskeleton ‘click’.

“What information do you possess regarding the RK800?”

Gavin cocked his head in confusion, “What?”

The android turned and looked directly at him, making Gavin recoil from the sudden ice-like intensity.
“Connor RK800, #313 248 317 – 51. You interacted with him, have you not?”

Gavin backed away slowly, holding his hands up in surrender.

“Well he was Hank Anderson’s partner, but—”

“Anderson, Hank, recently deceased, aged 5—”

Gavin nearly slammed an elbow into the android’s mouth. Instead, he decided to body slam it. He rammed his shoulder into its sternum, but he should have known better that this thing wasn’t anything like Connor was.

While he could have punched and kicked Connor down, the RK900 was built like a fucking tank. It felt like he was jamming his shoulder into a steel wall, and Gavin felt tears flooding his eyes the second his shoulder collided with its sternum.

Still, he maintained his composure, trying to act tough and intimidating, even though he felt the android’s strong arms wrap around his neck in an instant.

“Don’t you dare fuckin’ talk about Lieutenant Hank Anderson around me ever again, got it?”

His words died down when he felt the hands that were more warm than cold wrap around the back of his neck, sliding down to his shirt collar, and the hands yanked him off the floor effortlessly as if he weighed nothing.

“Detective Reed, this is classified as physical aggression and assault, and if you do not cease and desist, I will be forced to report you to Captain Fowler.”

He didn’t need the cold, robotic words speaking to him any longer, and he didn’t need his air supply cut off.

The android had held and yanked him back so tightly that his shirt collar was acting much like a noose now, tightening around his throat.

Gavin coughed and sputtered, feeling the tightening around his neck growing by the second, and he struggled to free himself from the android’s grip.

“Let…go…” He wheezed and coughed, knowing for sure he looked pathetic, but he didn’t want to die. He’d rather look pathetic than look dead, any fucking given day of the damn week.

“Did RK800 leave a memory log of its time spent with the Police Department?”

RK900 wasn’t going to give up, clearly, and Gavin felt his eyes watering, vision slowly slipping…

“You have twenty seconds to comply, Detective Gavin Reed, otherwise, I will have no choice but to take corrective action against you.”

Gavin knew it was now or never.

“You have sixteen seconds to comply.”

With all the strength he had, he leaned forward, pulling the android with him, and he raised his left leg as high as he could, kicking upwards directly into the android’s face.

It was a swift kick, and it took the android by surprise more than it caused harm. Gavin didn’t want to cause harm; he just wanted to distract it momentarily, and it let go of his neck immediately. Gavin
made a clean break for the doors, grabbing his key card on the way back out of the room.

He ran all the way out the exits of the Police Department, never once looking back as he dove into his car and sped off.

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Gavin knew that Hank and Connor had fought a few times when Hank was trying to first get used to having an android for a partner, and he had personally witnessed Hank throwing and holding Connor up against a wall in anger by the uniform collar.

But this…this screamed something else to Gavin.

Perhaps it was all a part of RK900’s programming and all that, trading deviancy for efficiency, but he didn’t think it was right.

He refused to eat that evening, simply sitting at his dinner table with the lights on, staring away at the dimly lit kitchen walls.

He must’ve lost track of time, for when he looked up, he saw the other Connor android sitting directly across from him, hands on the table, though not close to his own, which were lying around his head.

Gavin sat back, groaning.

“Fuck, I slept, didn’t I?”

The android nodded, smiling warmly.

“You were sleep deprived, and mentally exhausted.”

Gavin was curious, and he couldn’t believe he’d asked: “And now?”

The android paused before finding it strange that Gavin was implying he didn’t mind being scanned and assessed.

It looked Gavin up and down thoroughly.

“You’re stressed and overwhelmed.”

No brainer there.

Gavin drummed his fingers on the table before he grabbed his sweater, fishing out his lighter and cigarette pack.

“I don’t think doing that on an empty stomach-”

Gavin stood, pushing open the largest kitchen window, leaning with his head out as he lit his cigarette and took a long, deep puff.

“Shut up, plastic.”

This was his house, and he could do as he pleased. Plus, it wasn’t like androids could breathe…

Gavin stared outside at the dark, seemingly peaceful night sky before turning and glancing at the non-homicidal Connor.
“It asked me about you, you know.”

At once, it got off its chair and ran over to his, grabbing onto his arms and yanking his head out from the window.

“Please don’t tell it anything about me! You can’t provide it with any information or else it’ll know where I am, come find me, and it’ll put you in danger as well!”

Gavin watched in half shock, half amusement as the android ran out of things to say, hanging its head low and only uttering the word ‘please’.

“Calm down plastic, I ain’t stupid you know.”

If there was one thing Gavin hated the most, it was others taking him for a fool. Sure, he knew he wasn’t the sharpest tool in the shed, but he couldn’t stand people (or androids) treating him any less.

He watched the android visibly calm down, lowering its arms and hands away from Gavin’s, and it backed away a few steps.

Gavin flicked away his cigarette, “I had a sneaky feelin’ about the damn RK900 ever since I laid eyes on it, and its aggression skyrocketed when I mentioned you.”

It was all a great cause for concern.

“I won’t talk about it with you, unless it somehow tries to hack my mind, haha.”

The android visibly paled at this, and Gavin felt himself responding in turn. He’d expected it to smile at him awkwardly, anything to join in on that humor, but when it didn’t, Gavin knew it was hiding something.

He glanced nervously at it.

“See, I know that androids can exchange memories and information with other androids, but they can’t do that with humans, right?”

The android shook its head slowly.

Gavin nearly flipped the table.

“It can be done?!?”

No fucking way.

The android seemed hesitant to answer the question before it wove its hands together, fingers curling as it almost twiddled its thumbs nervously.

“It’s not the same as how androids interface with each other.”

“But it is possible!”

He paced the kitchen excitedly, not knowing what to say first.

“Why didn’t you say something before?!?”

The android didn’t follow.
“You could’ve just shared the information and dreams with me instead of talking about it if it makes you uncomfortable or something!”

It raised a hand, as if it wanted to touch Gavin’s chest and push him away, but then it lowered its hand immediately.

“Not every android can perform this function, otherwise someone else would have reported this months prior…”

Gavin placed a hand on his hip, hoping that at least some androids could do it.

“Can you do it, then?”

“Latest models can, yes.”

Gavin charged at it suddenly after having paced enough.

He looked at it in awe, and the android backed away.

“How do you do it? Tell me, show me!”

The android looked at Gavin’s forearms and then back up into his eyes. Their eyes met in silence, the only sound in the room being Gavin’s excited breathing. He wasn’t sure if the android could hear his heartbeat, but he wouldn’t be shocked if it could.

It reached out with an index finger turning pale white, its real essence, and it rubbed Gavin’s white forearm.

“This…is the entry point and connection point.”

Gavin clasped his hands together, looking down at his forearms.

“Can the RK900 do this, too?”

It paused before speaking, as if it was hesitating to answer, “I’m not entirely sure, but only the latest models and prototypes seem to be able to, so I would say there is a high possibility it can.”

It pushed back a little, moving to sit at the loveseat in the sitting room, Gavin following it slowly.

“Androids can most certainly pass information along to humans, though it is not recommended, as the levels of information we transmit can be deadly.”

“Why?”

It stared sadly at him, eyes then fleeting to the floor.

“It’s an influx of information at a rapid pace, you wouldn’t be able to handle it, and you’d either go into a coma, or a seizure.”

Oh…shit…

Gavin felt defeated. His one and only chance at learning more about androids than Hank ever dreamed of, and it was all going down the toilet. Fanfuckingtastic.

He approached the android calmly.
“Are you sure it can’t be done? I’m a pretty tough guy you know.”

The android shook its head, “Physical strength has little to do with it; it depends more on information processing and what information I could specifically select to share with you.”

They could work on that.

“So select something you think I can handle then, and we’ll go from there!”

It retreated on the loveseat, as if Gavin had approached it with guns and fire to take it down. Gavin had never seen it so hostile towards him, and it made him want to bash its head into the coffee table.

“It’s not as simple as ordering a meal with the click of a button; it takes a lot of time, connection, and bonding for me to even attempt this!”

When it raised its voice, Gavin automatically raised his, years of growing accustomed to arguing with his family, Selena, Fowler, all kicking in at once. He didn’t take into consideration how different this Connor was in comparison to the RK900, especially in terms of how it spoke.

“This may be the best way for me to actually ‘bond’ with you! Think about it,” he waved his hands about as he began pacing again.

“…I could be the first person in the world to actually bond with and receive information from an android! I bet not even that fucker Kamski could dream of this shit!”

The android’s facial expression went completely dark immediately. It scowled—literally scowled at Gavin—eyes flickering dangerously, while its LED light turned a vicious red.

“So that’s what this was all about then?”

It sounded like an angry wife again, and Gavin wanted to groan out loud, but he didn’t want another android attacking him in less than two hours.

He knew he had fucked up, and he tried backpedaling, but the android and its damn programming must have caught it immediately.

It stood, walking up to the stairs.

“I didn’t mean it like that, come on!”

Gavin followed it, close on its heels, trying to come up with an effective way to get it to talk to him calmly again. He’d been so fucking close to learning something new and his big mouth had gone and fucked it up, as fucking usual!

The android ignored him until it got to the second step.

It turned around quickly, LED light still glowing dangerously red as the shaved patch of head faced Gavin.

That’s when Gavin’s gut sank, and for the first time he actually felt somewhat sorry for the damn thing…he couldn’t believe it, but he actually genuinely felt sorry for the freak of nature. It was obvious it had gone through something horrific, but Gavin had always known that sometimes, sacrifices had to be made for progress to happen. But try explaining that to an angry android that could sooner snap your neck directly in half before you had time to blink.

“If I’m just some scientific conquest or study to you, then you can forget everything I told you, and I
will try to find someone else who may be able to help and understand me.”

Gavin sputtered, mouth opening and closing rapidly.

The android sneered at him, its eyes glowing in the lights around the main floor of the house, but it didn’t instill the same level of fear in Gavin that the RK900 had; this android mainly looked genuinely hurt and offended.

“I’m not an experiment gone wrong, I’m not a charity case, and I’m not looking for your pity.”

“Yes but-”

Gavin wasn’t able to finish his statement, as the android had already gone up to his room, but it didn’t slam the door as dramatically and angrily as Gavin used to do, even when he lived with Selena.

He hated to admit it, but he somehow felt more disappointed in himself given the fact that it hadn’t slammed the door. It seemed and felt like he’d upset a long-term friend, if anything, and Gavin hated that…a lot.

He also hated the fact that he knew he was going to have to resort to sleeping on the couch…again.
It was almost 1 AM when Gavin was jolted awake by nothing other than his phone. He snatched it off the coffee table, cursing whoever it was who’d chosen to wake him up at this ungodly hour as he swiped his phone to unlock it.

It was a drunken text from Tina, and it bore no importance. Some days, Gavin really considered blocking her texts, but he was too good of a friend for that.

Damn his heart and kindness.

He deleted the message, sighing as he thought back to when he last got drunk.

It had barely been a day past his birthday, when he’d received a call from one of his high school buddies, Matthew Brady. They had been super close, playing on the same team, taking the same courses, hell, they’d even planned on getting into the police academy together at one point. But soon, Matthew’s life took a sad turn, his father passing away of heart failure, and he’d dropped out of high school to join the military.

Gavin hadn’t heard from him until he’d moved in with Selena, and they’d been planning on celebrating his birthday (belated, birthday), with more family and relatives when Matthew had showed up at Gavin’s doorstep, surprising him with tickets to see a basketball game, and a promise of a good night out for drinks afterwards.

He’d stumbled home drunk, and all he could hear was Selena screaming at him, telling him he was an angry ‘drunkard’, and he had to either choose between her or his friends…

He pushed that memory down, pulling his phone back out again, and he went through his ‘photos’ folder.

He couldn’t believe he still fucking missed the bitch, but he knew he did, and there was no point in denying it or lying to himself about it.

Gavin scrolled through the photos of himself and Selena, mainly around their previous shared home, kissing, holding hands, hugging, dancing, cooking together…it had all meant nothing to her, but clearly everything to him.

Looking through the photos, Gavin wondered in which of them she was faking her smiles and laughter, and which she wasn’t…

He quickly closed the photos app and opened his text messages. He didn’t like admitting it, and he hadn’t even admitted it to his parents, but he still kept her as a contact, even after everything that had happened. He was a fool in love, for sure.

He began composing a text message, his fingers doing their own thing, and his mind standing back
and watching, but then he snapped out of it when he looked at the time and remembered where he was and how he got there.

He slammed his hands on the couch, deleting the message afterwards as quickly as he’d composed it.

“Stupid, stupid, stupid…”

He knew he couldn’t sit there in the dark, sleeplessly muttering about how stupid he was, so he sat up silently, moving swiftly in the dark-a tactic he’d perfected over the years-and made his way to the front hallway closet, dressing hurriedly as he fetched his car keys too.

While he was dressing, he failed to see his phone screen light up, and the text messages open up. The phone worked itself, and Selena’s number was open, and a text message began writing itself, the black inked words dancing across the screen as the ghostly force behind it all typed out its message and hit ‘send’.

As Gavin turned around, the phone then switched back to its power save screen and blacked out in the dark.

He picked up his phone and pulled the hood over his head as he headed out into the chilly, rainy night.

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Gavin turned off his radio, his lights, and pushed his seat back as he peered at the large house looming on the other side of the street in the dark.

He knew that he couldn’t keep doing this, and any shrink in America would label him as engaging in ‘unproductive, unhealthy behaviour’.

Gavin sighed as he knew they’d be right to do so and say so, but he couldn’t help it; he just needed to watch her, check on her, see if she was taking care of herself and doing okay.

He knew that this was his mind’s way of justifying his actions, but he ignored the rational part of himself as he looked up to see a bathroom light in the upper floor of the house turn on.

After what felt like hours, Gavin watched his ex-fiancé enter the bathroom, pushing her hair back as she glanced at herself in the mirror.

Gavin remembered how often he’d reminded her of how beautiful she was, and he wondered silently if her new boyfriend told her she was beautiful too…

He clenched his steering wheel tightly and pushed down his anger as he watched her turn on the facets of the sink and wash her face slowly.

From where he sat, he couldn’t see any further into the house, but he guessed her boyfriend was snoring away on the bed, having the wonderful opportunity of holding her close to his side, kissing her, smelling her clean hair…

Once again, he felt his anger beginning to boil over, but all of it stopped as he watched her grab a face towel and wipe her face.

She paced the bathroom, and it made him smile.

He was positive she picked the habit up from him, and he watched intently as she repeatedly dabbed
the towel over her face gently.

She always had gentle hands, a gentle touch… Gavin felt his face growing heated as he stared at her, not blinking for minutes.

Suddenly, she moved closer to the window facing the street, and she looked directly at Gavin.

“Fuck!”

He turned on the car immediately, taking one last look at her as she dropped her towel, jaw dropping also in horror.

He sped off into the night loudly, tires screeching as he retreated to the first bar he could find, ready to drown himself in his sorrow, shame, and embarrassment for the first time in years that night.

It didn’t take long for him to locate Jimmy’s Bar, and he stepped in quickly, nodding over to Jimmy and signaling for him to pour him a drink.

“What’ll it be tonight, Detective.” Jimmy Peterson smirked, shaking his head, clearly not ignorant to who Gavin was, but also somehow happy he’d joined them all…

The bar was almost empty, a few patrons scattered about, talking to themselves or looking at their phones while they sipped their drinks, but what caught Gavin’s eye was one patron with its back to him; the iconic black and white uniform, the broad back, strong shoulders, and the bright blue right-hand arm band…

Gavin wanted to turn and run, but Jimmy had already poured him a glass of bourbon and slid it over to him.

He reached into his wallet to begin payment, when the bartender shook his head.

“It’s already been paid for.”

Gavin squinted at him.

“What?”

That’s when it turned around on its stool and faced Gavin.

“Detective Reed, please, sit down.”

Gavin felt his stomach drop, and when he was certain this wasn’t all a dream, he found himself easing his body onto the stool to its left, almost entirely out of his own accord. It was as if his body wasn’t his own, and he had no say in the matter as a magical cord tied him to the RK900.

It eyed him coolly as it gestured for Gavin to taste his drink.

Gavin felt himself succumbing to the bitter sweet taste the contents within the glass promised him as the RK900 spoke calmly.

“It was rather easy tracking your path to here.”

Gavin finally felt the cold wood of the stool beneath his muscles and bones, and he knew he was going to be regretting the choice later as his hands found their way around the glass.

“We have much to discuss.”
And they called it puppy love, oh I guess they'll never know…

How a young heart how it really feels, and why I love her so…

It had been nearly an hour, and the bar was close to dead empty.

Gavin had expected the android to discipline him, yell at him, maybe even fight him, but it kept offering to buy him drinks until he was more than tipsy.

The song in the background played, and Gavin was aware of some of the lyrics, but he kept finding his attention trained back to the RK900 as it spoke softly, not exactly staring at him, but definitely keeping its eye on him whenever he moved or looked about the bar or out the windows.

“When it comes to self-preservation, your flight or fight instincts kicked in, and I can estimate how and why you chose to attack me.”

It explained and droned on, and Gavin stared down at his empty glass.

He raised his head and uttered a loud, dull laugh.

“It wasn’t my intent to cause you harm; I merely wished to learn more about you as an active member of the Detroit Police Department.”

Gavin felt the words tickle his ears. He was beyond wasted.

“My mannerisms perhaps may seem rough, though I assure you, I’m here to accomplish a task, a mission, and I always accomplish my tasks and missions.”

“Another!!”

Jimmy shook his head, but after taking one glance at RK900, he poured another cup halfway.

“Cheers, cunt!” Gavin tipped his head and glass back and downed the drink in one large gulp.

Jimmy waved him off, turning around and cleaning something while muttering to himself about ‘poor drunk bastards’.

Gavin played with his glass, appearing like a child on Christmas morning as the last few drops of his drink swished about and stuck on the glass.

He snickered, “Sorry about kickin’ you in the face anyhow.”

RK900 looked at him plainly, but in the fading lights of the bar, and the odd flashing of the thunder and lightning outside, Gavin could make out its scattered freckles upon its cheeks and nose ridge.

“It was a natural defense mechanism, I calculated.”

And they called it puppy love, just because we're seventeen…

Gavin swayed in motions that matched the rhythm of the old song.

“Yeah, but I still feel like a major dick, y’know?”

He hiccupped loudly, then covered his mouth, gasped, and giggled.
“Fuck me!”

RK900 didn’t react to the cursing the way Jimmy did; it merely stared at Gavin, and Gavin finally stared back, trying to hold its gaze. It was then that Gavin noticed that the major difference between Connor and the RK900 was mostly in their eyes and eyebrows. Connor’s eyes were darker, which made them appear larger and friendlier, and its eyebrows were raised up naturally, even when it wore no expression. Meanwhile, the RK900’s blue eyes made it appear that it was angrier, and the low set eyebrows and brow ridge only magnified that.

He was staring at the RK900 as intently as he had been with Selena, and he suddenly felt his stomach turn as he remembered her.

“That bitch fuckin’ saw me.”

Tell them all, oh please tell them it isn’t fair…

The words and the confession spilled freely, and Gavin waved his hands in the air, the glass still firmly in one of them, the droplets of alcohol spraying the counter and landing on the floor.

“Fuckin’ bitch left me, she knew how much I loved her…how much I still f-fuckin’ d-do!”

Gavin knew he was slurring his words, but he admired how patient the RK900 was as it turned to face him a little, though its body was still directly facing forward. It merely turned its neck a little to regard him closer.

Gavin hiccupped again, this time covering it a lot better. He mentally congratulated himself.

“I don’t understand some women…it’s…it’s n-never enough for th-th-em!”

To take away my only dream…

RK900 tilted its head at him, clearly studying him intently now as his LED spun blue.

Gavin snorted and pointed at it.

“Pretty shit there.”

“I don’t understand this conversation, but I detect inebriation, Detective Reed.”

I cry each night, it's tears for you…

Gavin held the glass high up again, “Damn right it is-s-s.”

“You experienced something earlier tonight.”

It wasn’t a question, it was a confident fact.

Gavin shrugged, a dopey expression crossing his features.

“L-like I said, the bitch s-s-saw me, and I s-saw her, and it was…just…seeing!”

My tears are all in vain, I hope, I hope and I pray…

RK900 took a widely accurate estimate: “You drove past your lover’s house.”

Gavin looked down silently at his cup, as if waiting for it to respond on his behalf.
“Yeah.”

He looked down at his hands shamefully, then placed them over his head and groaned.

“I fuckin’ gave her everything; my love, my t-t-trust, my h-heart, my soul…and she t-took it all f-for fuckin’ granted…just like my m-mother said she w-w-would.”

He didn’t want to cry, but he felt a stray tear running down his cheek.

He felt and heard nothing but silence next to him, so he turned and saw the RK900 simply watching him in silence, its lips pursed in an ‘o’ shape, jaw slightly hanging open, as if it were ready to speak.

“Someone help me, help me please…”

“Your vocabulary isn’t recognized in my database usage, but they register, however I can’t process the information.”

Gavin groaned out loud as thunder echoed across the sky.

“I just n-need you to listen to me, I know I’m talking w-w-weird shit…”

Is the answer, is it up above?

The RK900 stared again at the back of the bartender before them, then it turned and glanced again at Gavin.

“Affirmative, I have been listening closely.”

How can I, oh how can I ever tell them?

Gavin felt his stomach fill to the brim with warmth, and he turned to look appreciatively at the RK900, words of gratitude and praise dancing on his tongue, but he was cut off mid-sentence.

His eyes took the form of the RK900 in, and it was all too much at once. He saw it studying him, listening to him, and he knew he had its full attention. He never had Selena’s attention this deeply, and he shook his head, wanting to forget her, forever.

The RK900 had turned more closely to him, though its body was still not directly facing him. The serious way it was listening to Gavin made Gavin’s heart and emotions swell within him. It was paying attention to him like it said it was, and it made him feel gratefully warm inside.

In that small second it took for Gavin’s eyes to fall from the RK900’s freckles on its cheekbones to its eyes, he saw the cold blue depths trained onto his own lips, gazing at them seriously.

The rest of his movements weren’t his own, and before he knew what he was doing, he’d leapt off the stool, arms outstretched.

They latched on tightly to the back of the android’s neck, and he firmly pulled its head down, his lips firmly placed on the android’s. He’d expected cold, firm, thin lips, but he was met with warm, gentle, and wet ones…

This is not a puppy love…
Gavin closed his eyes, losing himself in the kiss, however one-sided it was. He didn’t care as he ran the tip of his tongue along the supple bottom lip. It felt so good to be close to someone after so long.

Suddenly, many things happened in that very second.

While Gavin was lost in the sensations, he felt a strong, vice-like grip hang onto his forearm. His shirt sleeves were pulled up violently, and he barely had time to jerk back and look at what had happened, when he felt the cold, hard touch of a hand on his forearm.

He jumped back, then stood straight, eyes blinking and rolling to the back of his head as his heart skipped many beats.

He heard noises, saw colors, saw movement, felt the sun upon his face, saw the cold blue eyes of the RK900, felt himself walking along with it down a clear, white path towards a middle aged African American woman, and then his head began spinning out of control as his heart raced.

He saw blood everywhere, he heard screams, and he felt wires and metal jabbing and poking into his skin. He screamed, he kicked, he fought back, and then he was flying through the air, numbers and data appeared before him rapidly, and he heard laughter.

He saw the symbol and logo of CyberLife, he saw the rain, and he was about to see something else…someone else, their feet and legs registering for a moment, colors flashing as doors slammed, when he snapped out of it, a hard slap to the face making him fall back onto his ass on the cold, hard floor of the bar.

Following the hard slap, he felt a cold spray to the face, and he coughed and gasped violently as he shook his head, water dripping everywhere, making his hair fall and cover his eyes.

He pushed his wet hair back with a shaky hand, and he saw Jimmy standing over him with a large bucket in his hands, shaking his head in shock.

“What the hell man! I don’t have the kind of insurance for this fucking shit!” He set the bucket down on the floor, grabbing a mop that was propped against the bar counter as he began cleaning up.

“My damn floors! Gotta mop this shit up!”

Gavin coughed and looked around the room, but RK900 was gone.

He looked at the front doors of the bar, and got to his feet, his cheek burning where he’d been roughly slapped.

Still, the music played on.

**Someone help me, help me please! Is the answer up above?**

“I’m leaving, I’m leaving…” Gavin stood to his feet, gathering some napkins as he wiped his face off, shaking as he tried steadying himself on his feet.

He looked out the doors, knowing he’d be out in the rain soon, but it felt good to be dry, for the moment…

Outside, RK900 walked down the street, passing by several homeless people as it walked with a determined expression for a few feet, before stopping and turning around to look at the bar behind him.
One of the homeless loiterers reached out to him and shook a small paper cup up at him, begging for cash and coins. The older man paused once he saw the RK900 drenched in rainwater, but it had no effect on him.

“Say, mister? Ain’t you cold without an umbrella and coat?”

The RK900 paid him no mind as it ceased walking, looking down at the puddles and rainwater for a brief moment, then looked back at the bar.

*How can I ever tell them?*

It heard the music coming from the other side of the door before turning back around and planning its route for CyberLife.

As lightning flashed one last time, the LED light spun a soft yellow.

Its hands shook for a split second, and then the light was blue again.

RK900 walked stoically forward, his steps not once faltering.

**Software Instability: 4%**

This is not a puppy love…
The Assignment

Gavin was no stranger to hangovers so bad that he had to cancel half a day of work. He’d been no stranger at all to vomiting his guts out as he sat huddled around the toilet bowl in his bathroom, he’d been no stranger to having a splitting headache, feeling like the world around him was going to shatter with the ceiling above crashing down and burying him.

But he hadn’t been expecting the Connor model android to prepare coffee for him, try to help him as he got rid of his hangover, and he certainly hadn’t been expecting it to guide him and help him between his bed and the bathroom multiple times whenever he felt he had to still puke his guts out.

He felt its hands on the small of his back as he fell to his knees for the 80th time that morning, ready to retch his entire body out into the toilet.

“Just how much alcohol did you take into your body this morning, Detective Reed?”

Its voice signaled that it was absolutely not impressed, and not necessarily with Gavin’s drinking habit, but more so with the fact that he’d snuck out of his own house around 1 AM without informing it, as if it were his caretaker or nurse. Fuckin’ androids.

He tried shrugging, but that gesture was impossible to perform, for the moment he moved his shoulders, his stomach seared in pain, and his head spun, and he nearly fell forward into the toilet.

He placed both hands on the ceramic tiles below, shivering at how cold they were, how cold everything felt, even though spring was well half-way through. The room seemed smaller, the lights were far too bright, and he didn’t need the android nagging at him in his ears.

He felt a hand on the back of his neck and he gripped the toilet instead of the floor, groaning in severe pain.

The hand recoiled, as if it had caused the pain, but then the android was up and moving out of the bathroom at a normal walking pace, Gavin supposed, but in his hungover state, it appeared as if things were moving at lightning speed, and he closed his eyes and groaned again.

“You’re having a fever.” Was all it said, almost announcing it like it was a news story, and it reentered the bathroom, carrying a small blanket in its hands.

It wrapped it delicately around his neck and shoulders, as if he would break, but at least Gavin was warm almost instantly.

He gripped the blanket as the android was still in the process of making sure it was cloaking his arms and hands, and their fingers met for a split second.

That’s when Gavin felt as if he’d been shot with a taser, and he felt as if electricity was conducted through his body. His entire skeletal system was shocked, his bones aching as if someone was inside his body, breaking from the inside out, and his head spun out of control.

He closed his eyes as his body seized up, and he fell over onto his back, going rigid.

He heard the android cry out his name loudly in fear and shock many times, but he was unable to respond; it was as if he’d been paralyzed.

That’s when the hallucinations came.
Everything was going at a speed so fast that it was as if someone had fast forwarded a movie at least a million times the regular speed.

Gavin felt like his skull for sure had split open, but there was nothing he could do as thoughts invaded his mind and flew over his brain.

He saw a line full of androids, standing still under a luminescent blue light.

He saw blue blood spinning around in a large storage tank, as multiple androids spun around inside, their eyes peeking up at the surface of the murky blue depths, as if crying out for help.

He saw a hundred hands reaching out, grabbing him, pulling at his hair, his clothes, his hands and legs.

He saw bullets flying through the air at an impossible speed, aimed right for his head…

He sat up in bed wildly, the first thing he was able to see was his ‘nurse’, the Connor android. It sat at the foot of his bed, its back turned to him, still dressed in the same shirt he’d given it days ago, and his father’s dark dress pants…

It sensed he was awake, and it turned around, giving Gavin a warm, relieved smile.

Gavin cradled his head, noting that his hangover was mostly gone, but his head still fucking hurt, for sure. His stomach was empty, and it voiced its displeasure, growling loudly between the two.

The android’s eyes flickered down to Gavin’s stomach, and Gavin felt his cheeks heat up in embarrassment.

“Stop fuckin’ starin’ at me like that, I’m still alive.” He grumbled, shifting himself out from under his sheets, desperately looking for the time.

When he found his cellphone wasn’t anywhere in the room, he turned and directed his line of inquiry at the android.

“What’s the time?” Fowler was going to run him over with a tractor. He last knew he’d woken up—the need to vomit being so helpful in that regard—around 7:30 AM, but he was certain he’d been out for at least half a day.

The android pulled the rest of his sheets back neatly, pushing them aside and folding some of them, trying to work out the creases and wrinkles.

“It’s almost 7:40 in the morning, and although I can admire your concern for your work duties, Detective Reed, I highly suggest you—”

He couldn’t believe it. Ten minutes? He was only out for ten minutes? That felt like the longest ten minutes of his fucking life.

He shook his head, “Nah, this can’t be right, it has to be at least noon by now.”

He stood, rocking on his feet, and the android was at his side in an instant, arms wrapping around his waist…

“Fuck off for a minute!”

He reached to it, effectively shoving it aside, and it moved a few steps back. Gavin felt disappointed; he’d wanted to make it fall down somewhere and make an ass out of itself.
He slowly descended the steps, taking one-at-a-time as if his life depended on it, gripping the staircase railing tightly.

The world spun beneath his feet, still, but he would fix himself a cup of coffee, and he’d be right as rain in no time.

He entered the kitchen and the TV was on, probably for background noise more than anything else, and he checked the time as a news segment played.

The android hadn’t been lying; it was 7:41 AM.

“How the fuck?”

Gavin scratched his head, slowly making his way over to his coffee machine, but when he reached inside his kitchen cupboards, looking for his coffee, he saw he’d run out…fuck…

He turned around, making a mental note to go buy some soon, when he nearly collided face-first with the android.

His heart leapt practically out of his mouth.

“Jesus Christ!”

He placed a hand over his head, feeling his head spinning once he’d gotten over the slight shock.

“Give a guy a minute to breathe, would you?”

It frowned, clearly not understanding, “But humans are constantly breathing, Detective Reed; it’s a task that they perform even when they’re asleep, automatically, and I cannot possible interfere-”

Gavin couldn’t take it anymore. He reached out and placed a hand over the android’s lips, hushing it by putting his free hand’s index finger over his lips and whispering “Shhh!”

It still mumbled beneath his palm.

“Mmyouth can pffthil make ith too mwork onm thime!” It stated, trying to smile, and Gavin could feel its lips spreading and turning upwards beneath the palm of his hand…

He lifted his hand off its mouth, unable to cope with all the creepiness the android was, and he stared at its get-up a few times before making his mind up.

“I need to buy coffee, and you need to get yourself some new clothes.”

He grabbed its wrist tightly, careful not to actually make contact with the skin as he pulled it to his hallway closet, and grabbed an old Blue Jays Baseball cap he’d hidden in a small box…it was his father’s, and he was tired of dressing the android in his father’s clothing, but he didn’t have a choice at the moment.

He slapped the cap on its slightly-combed tuft of brown hair, pausing to push away the annoying little strand that always hung loose on its own back in place away from his forehead.

He looked at its brown eyes, and then thought of another detail.

“Wait here, I may still have those colored lenses that Selena-” He cut himself off immediately, not wanting to remember or talk about his ex-fiancé at the moment, considering how he was absolutely certain she’d caught him stalking and spying on her. He hoped and silently prayed that she wouldn’t
make a report as he ran into his bathroom, searching the cupboards for the green color lenses.

Selena had always been fond of the color green, and despite her blue eyes being beautiful enough for Gavin, she’d insisted that she wanted them green.

Always wanting what she couldn’t have.

Gavin sighed and pulled them out of their box, making his way back over to the android as it waited patiently in his hall.

Gavin opened the box, and he handed out the package to the android, and then the box with the instructions.

“Put them on, it’s for a disguise, since everyone wants your cyborg head on a silver plate and all.”

It cocked its head, “Technically, I’m not a cy-”

Gavin turned around and grabbed his car keys, opening the door and making his way towards his car before calling out:

“I’ll be waiting in the car, hurry your ass up.”

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Seeing the android with his ex-fiancé’s colored lenses was a little more than unsettling, but Gavin managed to keep his emotions in check as he drove towards the DPD, with an extra 8 minutes to spare.

What a new record for him.

Beside him in the passenger’s seat, the android flinched, turning its neck back and forth in anticipation, but Gavin didn’t park his car in the underground parking lot of the department; he actually turned and headed down the street towards a small clothing store for men called “White Pantaloon”.

He saw relief flood the android’s face as it settled back in its seat, no longer gripping its knees tightly.

Gavin rolled his eyes, “Relax, Tin Man; I wasn’t gonna give you up like that.”

He didn’t want to admit it, but he’d been mildly offended by the fact that it hadn’t trusted him for a minute back there.

If Gavin was one thing, it was loyal. He was loyal to family, friends, to that cheating bitch…

He bit his tongue as he grabbed his credit card and flashed it before the android’s face, and then threw it at its hands.


He turned and adjusted the baseball cap more appropriately, still somewhat able to see the yellow LED light spinning beneath.

He covered it effectively.

“There, better.”
He leaned in close as he undid the android’s seatbelt.

“Now listen, you’re a human, so you act like one. That means no fuckin’ weird talk about statistics, facts, data, or scanning or any of that shit.”

He pointed at the front of the store, “You head in, buy yourself some new clothes, and then don’t call attention to yourself while you fuckin’ wait for me to come back to pick you up, got it?”

It smiled happily at him, as if he had offered it cotton candy, its lips wide.

“Got it, Detective Reed!”

He sighed, “Just call me Reed, seein’ as we’re no longer workin’ together, okay?”

It paused, blinking once before smiling again, “Got it!”

It opened the car door and made its way stiffly towards the entrance of the store, and Gavin watched it awkwardly nearly collide with a man who briskly walked out, angrily talking on his phone.

Gavin pulled out of the parking lot, mumbling the Lord’s Prayer under his breath as he drove back to the Police Department.

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Today was a moderately busy day, and as Gavin walked in at exactly 7:59 AM, Fowler opened his office door, poked his head out and cried out:

“This is a new record, Reed!”

Half the bullpen clapped, cheered, and whistled, and Gavin stood, bowing down in a mock bow before he sat back down and grumbled ‘asshole’ under his breath.

He logged into his terminal at his station, ready to glance through his reports, when a cup of coffee slid over on his desk, making contact with his knuckles.

He looked down at the steaming hot mug, and then up at the cold face of the RK900.

Gavin had his mental freak out, oh yes, he did, and the only reaction he showed was a pained smile in appreciation.

He knew he had a lot of explaining and apologizing to do, recalling the events of being slammed up against the wall of the Archive Room, nearly choking to death, and then kicking the RK900 in the face roughly.

Not exactly the best thing to do to your new partner, but that was as far as it had gone, and Gavin started thinking of ways to kiss ass, hoping the android wasn’t programmed to hold a grudge.

“Umm…” he began stupidly, mentally slapping himself when the RK900’s eyes squinted slightly down at him, already judging him and silently giving him the hint that he’d made an error.

“…I’m sorry about kickin’ you in the face…” he felt his breath die down in his throat, his apology being swallowed in thin air.

“Detective Reed.” That was all it said, and it ground out his name as if it were an expletive, and Gavin flinched.
He’d really fucked up.

He held up a hand, “Look, I swear, it’s nothin’ personal, I just don’t like physical contact, you get me?”

He offered it a half-smile, and it merely kept staring blankly, not moving an inch.

Gavin leaned a little to the left, resting his weight on his elbow, eyebrows rising as he was if testing out the expression for the first time ever, appearing even more awkward.

“Sorry?” He tried, hoping it would seal the deal.

The RK900 kept its dead eyes on Gavin, the time slipping by between them agonizingly slowly before it spoke.

“Noted.”

Thank Christ.

Gavin let out a breath he didn’t know he’d been holding. That would have to do, for now, but he still felt as if the android would run him face-first into a wall the moment he turned his back on it, so he made sure he’d try to get on its…’good side’, for the rest of the day…and week…possibly month.

“We have an assignment, Detective Reed.”

Gavin was taken aback by that sudden, cold announcement, but before he could ask it questions, the RK900 made its way over to Fowler’s office, who at the same time opened his office door and screamed down at Gavin directly.

“Reed! Get in here! Bring the T1000 with you!”

Gavin grabbed his coffee and walked behind the RK900, staring at the back of its neck as it opened the door for him and stood mechanically to the side, staring almost directly up at the ceiling when he paused to glance at it before he entered Fowler’s office.

“Reed! While I’m still Captain!”

He felt his ears shake at Fowler’s loud, angry voice, and he headed in with the RK900 directly behind him.

Fowler glared at them both for a while before he pointed at the RK900.

“I want you to take it down to the interrogation rooms and conduct a report and provide feedback on its lie detection functions.”

That was all he said before he turned and typed away at his keyboard furiously.

Gavin stood, gaping, “That it?”

Fowler stopped and glared up tiredly at him.

“Yes, Gavin, it’s a simple task,” he turned his glare at the office phone as it rang loudly.

“…simply take it to the interrogation room, we’ve brought in the suspect of the domestic abuse case reported last week, and Officer Chen will be interviewing him. You’re to sit back, listen, and report back to me on how effective the RK900 is at detecting lies, got it?”
Gavin threw his hands up in the air.

“This is child’s play.”

Fowler nodded, pretending to take interest in Gavin’s opinion.

“That’s great, Gavin, but next time I want your opinion, I’ll give it to you. Now get the fuck out of this office.” His phone continued ringing, as if agreeing with him.

He finally turned back to his phone, grabbing it and screaming: “WHAT?!?” into it.

Gavin knew that was their cue to leave, so he turned and nearly jumped when he found the RK900 standing still with the door held open for him, ready to usher him out.

He frowned at it, feeling something off about their interaction last night in the Archive Room…no, maybe it was after? But he’d run home…he remembered chatting with the Connor android first…

Gavin stood before the RK900, staring at its features for the longest time. It really was exactly like Connor…except it didn’t have the small patch of hair shaved on the right-hand temple…and it was probably a little taller? No…it was the same height, just the freckles were an added feature, and its jaw was a little broader and thicker…

“Gavin?”

He was distracted from studying the android by Tina.

She stood at the bottom of the stairs leading to Fowler’s office, her hair tied back in its usual neat bun as she waited for them patiently.

Gavin looked down at her and nodded, making his way down the steps.

Had he looked back, he would have seen a very menacing, ugly expression cross the RK900’s face before it turned back to its usual blank stare, following them closely.
Connor moved a few of the racks of clothes aside with both hands, eyes flying up and down as he scanned the articles of clothing excitedly, following all sorts of traces of DNA and fingerprints.

This store was its own large crime scene to him, and he’d occupied his time with the playful notion that he was still a part of the DPD, actively investigating a crime scene.

Something had triggered him in the car when Detective Reed had informed him that they no longer were working together, and while the statement was a rock hard fact, Connor didn’t wish to think about it or elaborate on it for long, and instead had taken to shifting through the clothing store shelves, running his fingers along the width of the shelves.

He recorded their measurements precisely, taking down the width, length, depth and height, nodding to himself as if he had caught onto a lead.

He may not have been able to continue his work with the DPD, but he still considered himself an active investigator, and right now, he’d pulled up the personal information of at least fifty men who’d been in the clothing store within the last 24 hours.

He casually went through their profiles, noting that most of them had no criminal records, but a few had some minor misdemeanors, such as noise complaints, speeding tickets…

It was all still exciting and fun for Connor as he controlled his audio processors to shut off the overhead music playing “Soft Rock”, and instead focused on the conversations the store manager and sales representatives were having in the background behind the front counter.

One of the tellers was recently new, and the manager was already getting angry and losing his patience.

Connor distinctly heard the manager bark out some orders to the teller and the sales representatives, despite smiling over at Connor on the other end of the store.

Connor heard his deadly whisper while still keeping his eyes on him.

“Ask him if he’s looking for anything in particular, don’t just stand there like a useless dildo!”

One of the sales representatives, a young woman with a pixie cut hairstyle that was clearly dyed auburn walked up to Connor, smiling uncomfortably.

Connor scanned her quickly, taking note of her stress and heart rate levels, and concluded that she was frustrated due to the pressure her manager was giving her, as well as being awake for over a full day. She was slightly malnourished as well.

He was about to point out her detrimental health to her, when he remembered Detective Reed’s warning.

“Now listen, you’re a human, so you act like one. That means no fuckin’ weird talk about statistics, facts, data, or scanning or any of that shit.”

Was this what being ‘human’ meant? Not being able to show concern and point out to someone if they were unwell and at risk?
Connor wasn’t sure he liked it, but he held tightly onto the plastic credit card and smiled up at the woman.

“Good morning sir,” her chipper voice spoke, but beneath it, there was definitely exhaustion and stress.

She shifted from foot to foot, and Connor looked down, quickly scanning her organs and skeletal system, and finding out she suffered from mild Arthritis.

“Is there something I can help you with today?”

He knew he couldn’t keep her stalling without giving himself away, so he mocked numerous advertisements and commercials he’d seen on Detective Reed’s TV when he was waiting patiently for the Detective to return home.

He smiled brightly at her.

“I’m just fascinated by the amount of colors and wide selection of clothing you have on display here!”

It soon appeared that he should have offered her a different response, for the moment the sentence flew from his lips, both the sales representative and the rest of the clothing store staff all visibly cringed; some of them biting their lips, others covering their mouths before muffled laughter could be heard.

Connor was immediately offended. He thought he’d said the right, proper thing! He’d been polite, he’d been friendly, he’d been well-mannered and engaging! What had gone wrong in this interaction?

The sales representative took a few steps away from him.

“Right, well, I’ll just be,” she turned and looked directly behind her, “…over there, so if you need anything, I’m over there.”

Connor didn’t bother replying, not wanting to be mocked and laughed at. Instead, he looked down at the boots Gavin claimed were once owned by his father that he was currently wearing.

They were brown hiking boots, and they fit him well, and he began analyzing them when he heard faint whispers at the front of the room.

“Fucking weird, that one.”

He hoped Detective Reed would soon finish his shift and come get him…

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Gavin stood with his arms crossed over his chest, propped with his right leg bent, shoe flatly resting against the wall in the left-hand side of the observation room to the interrogation room, and it had seemed like it was yesterday that he had first met the Connor RK800 android in the very same room, standing behind the two-way mirror as the android questioned Carlos Ortiz’s murderous android.

Where had the time actually gone?

His phone for work buzzed, and he fished it out of his pocket, peering down at the online, E-Questionnaire and Feedback Report Fowler had forwarded to him to go along with the analysis of
the interrogation today.

He downloaded it on the phone, opened it up, and skimmed through the questions quickly as Tina got ready, ushering the suspect inside the interrogation room with the help of another officer. She sat down with the suspect across from her, neutral expression on her face as she looked over at the glass wall to her right.

She gave it a thumbs up quickly, before turning back to the suspect.

RK900 stood with its hands clasped behind its back while Gavin cleared his throat and lowered the phone from his eyes.

“Seems simple enough.” He said to no one in particular, and he nodded over at Tina, even though he knew she couldn’t see him.

Force of habit?

RK900 simply stared at the glass, and Gavin was certain it could see beyond the interrogation room’s walls, almost like Superman.

“Young assessment will begin shortly, but before it does, I will provide a background profile of the suspect.”

He read off the notes he’d stored on his work phone, but before he could read them out loud, RK900’s voice interrupted his thoughts.


Gavin looked awkwardly at the android, dumbfounded that it had read everything word-for-word on his phone without even looking at the notes once.

“That…that’s correct…”

“First record of domestic assault was reported in January of 2024, but search results and a psychiatrist’s interview with Christine reported inconclusive, and there were files for divorce a few months after, in April of 2024.”

“Now hang on a god damn second, if you think-”

RK900 turned and gave Gavin one of its coldest looks, and Gavin felt the words and blood in his system freeze over, and he silenced himself immediately.

“I’m ready to begin the assessment, Detective Reed.”

He wasn’t sure how a stupid android could wield such control and power over him, but he repressed his anger for the time being, casting his eyes down as he buzzed and signaled over to Tina that they were ready to begin.

Tina folded her hands together, fingers intertwined as she simply looked at Andrew. He had a shaved head, with a tattoo of a centipede on the right side of his neck, and he had dark bags under his eyes. A grey stubble was already growing on his cheeks, and he breathed heavily through his nose, but otherwise remained calm and silent.
Tina’s eyes flickered over to his handcuffed wrists tied to the table before she spoke.

“How long were you married, Andrew?”

He growled out the answer, “About two years.”

She regarded him carefully, “Would you say it was a ‘happy’ marriage?”

He snorted, and it was a hideous sound as he lifted his head from touching his chin.

“Are you fuckin’ kidding me?”

She shook her head, “No, I’m asking you a serious question, Andrew.”

He chuckled louder, looking up at the ceiling and whispering ‘Oh God’.

Gavin pulled up the E-Report and E-Questionnaire, signing his name and I.D. Number while the RK900 studied the suspect.

“Would you like me to repeat the question?”

He growled louder.

“Nah, I heard you the first damn time.”

She spoke patiently, still, and Gavin thought she was a Saint right then and there, for if he had been in her place instead, he’d have bashed the fucker’s face in multiple times by now.

The RK900 suddenly piped up.

“Stress levels and heart rate increasing.”

Gavin nodded quickly, going to make a note of that at the bottom of the report under “Extra Feedback”, but then he was interrupted by its voice again.

“I’m referring to your heart rate; not the suspect’s.”

Gavin nearly slammed his phone down in anger.

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It had started pouring heavily by the time Connor selected three new outfits. The first was deemed ‘casual wear’, and it consisted of black sweat pants-almost akin to the kind he’d often seen Detective Reed wearing in his home- and a sweatshirt, while the second and third were more ‘formal’. They were both suits, one was completely navy blue in color, while the other was pure white. They came with ties, and the ties were both black with silver stripes.

Connor looked for better suited ones, fashionably speaking, but he was barked at by the manager that ‘they come with them, so take it or leave it!’.

He walked up to the teller, placing his items on the desk before her, and watched as she scanned the items and hurriedly put them in boxes for him due to the heavy rain outside, and the suits were placed in special suit and clothing carriers which remained on hangers, so they wouldn’t wrinkle or crease.

Conner admired the way she was able to work so quickly, even though she was not an android. Her
hands worked on overdrive; scanning and entering in the barcodes and printing his sales receipt, while the other sales representative that had approached Connor earlier watched them nearby.

The radio was on now, and over on the speakers, a program regarding the last of the androids that had gone deviant being captured and destroyed snapped Connor out of his thoughts.

He looked as the teller stared back at him awkwardly before she cleared her throat.

“Your total for today comes to $789.78.”

Connor remembered the purpose of the credit card, and he placed it simply on the countertop.

She sighed, clearly annoyed with him.

Bending down, she grabbed a little machine and pushed it over to him.

“Just tap here.”

Her long nails rapped against the cold screen of the machine as it came to life, blinking rapidly at him.

Connor pointed at the machine.

“That’s-”

She hissed, “A payment terminal device?”

He gazed at her in awe.

“Sir, are you feeling well?” Her pointed question caught the attention of the manager and the sales representative, who walked over slowly towards them.

“What seems to be the problem, Giselle?” He growled in her ears as he looked down upon her with disgust and disapproval.

At the same time, the radio began blaring loudly: “The media and public is still baffled regarding the mysterious disappearance of the android model known as ‘RK800’, or the Connor android, an android who worked alongside Lieutenant Hank Anderson of the Detroit Police Department for several weeks before turning homicidal and slaughtering the loyal Lieutenant in cold blood…”

Connor was unable to take that line of false information so openly announced his disagreement.

He slammed his hands down on the counter-top, causing the manager, the teller, and the sales representative to leap up in fright.

“That’s not what happened!!” He screamed from the top of his lungs, surprised he hadn’t ruptured his vocal systems.

A second later, the door of the store opened, and the small bell hanging from the door chimed.

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“How about you go ahead and define ‘happiness’, Detective? Let’s see what you got to say about it.”

Tina offered a small smirk, “I’m afraid this isn’t about me, Andrew; it’s about you,”
He snickered defiantly in an interruption.

“…so how about you answer the question.” She finished with a small glare, despite the smirk remaining planted on her face.

He shifted before answering plainly: “It’s everything Christine and I weren’t.”

She skipped the rest of the semantics.

“Mr. St. John, you’re being accused of beating and torturing your wife, doesn’t that bother you a little bit?”

“No.”

“Deception detected.”

Gavin looked up from his scrolling of the questions, regarding the android with a deadpan look.

“Well yeah, did you think he’d just flat out say: ‘aww shucks, you guys got me!’?”

He snickered at his own sarcastic joke before reading the first question.

“Why don’t you describe for me what happened a few days before she called 911?”

The handcuffs rattled a bit.

“I was out shopping for gifts for my mother-in-law with Christine, it’s that simple.”

“Deception detected.”

Gavin sighed, “And how the fuck do you know that? Reading and cheating with the heart rate trick again? Get somethin’ new.”

He shook his head and rolled his eyes, wanting to tell Fowler to screw off and just go about his more important tasks. This was a huge waste of his time.

“Sentence and word analysis.”

RK900’s response was one Gavin hadn’t been expecting at all, and he immediately looked up from his phone and then looked at the android from head to toe carefully.

“Repeat that again?”

The android’s line of vision remained on the other side of the two-way-glass, but it explained coldly: “The suspect placed the victim’s name at the end of the sentence.”

Gavin didn’t follow.

“So fuckin’ what?”

“The suspect wishes to remain as detached from the victim as possible, a clear sign of guilt and deception.”

Gavin wasn’t buying it, and he placed a hand on his hip as he waved his phone above his head.

“I say you’re just extra sensitive, that’s what!”
RK900 still studied the other two humans on the other side of the glass.

“Consider if the suspect had said: ‘Christine and I went shopping for gifts for my mother-in-law’.”

Gavin felt his heart beating a little quickly, remembering something about a course in Psychopathology he’d once taken. He didn’t fully believe what RK900 was spewing, but he remembered that most victimizers and offenders often saw no emotional attachment towards their victims and often saw them as things or objects…

He looked at his phone and began answering the middle question, giving it a full number, 1 being the lowest, and 10 being the highest:

Statement Analysis- 10

“…she needed her prescriptions.”

“Please elaborate, Andrew, I need you to be as detailed as possible.”

He grunted, clearly annoyed.

“Look, we just drove to the fuckin’ pharmacy, and I parked the car, got out, closed the door, walked up to the front of the store, opened the door and walked right in like I normally do.”

“Deception detected.”

Gavin nearly bit his tongue in annoyance and the need to lash out growing in him quickly.

“Are you fuckin’ going to say that every time he opens his fuckin’ mouth?”

“Reason: Narrative development. Consider the response: ‘we drove to the pharmacy, and I walked in to pick up her prescriptions’.”

Gavin tore his eyes away from the android and looked at more of the questions.

Attention to Detail- 10

“What happened after that, Andrew?”

“I got the fuckin’ pills, and we drove back home because she said she forgot somethin’!”

Alertness- 10

“Heart rate is at 100 beats per minute.”

Biological Analysis- 10

“And that’s where the argument started?”

A pause, “Yes, she started yellin’ at me about the mess in the house, and I started yellin’ back that we had to waste time and energy drivin’ back because she forgot shit!”

“Deception detected.”

Before Gavin could ask why it stated so, RK900 answered his question for him.

“Suspect’s eyes are pointing towards the left, indicating falsifying information.”
Damn.

Gavin looked through the glass, and Andrew St. John was indeed peering at the left-hand side of the room.

Accuracy Levels- 10

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“Sir, are you calm?”

Connor’s eyes darted around the store as he was approached by the manager.

Another customer had walked in and was trying to avoid the drama at the front of the store, and Connor didn’t want to draw more attention to himself.

He chose his words carefully, imitating what he hoped would pass off as nervous laughter.

“Yes, I’m f-fine, I just had a friend who was very…close with…Hank Anderson, and I just heard a mix-up of the events, that’s all.”

The customer behind him snorted and then coughed loudly, phlegm getting caught in his throat.

Connor watched the manager cringe and pale at the sound.

“I see…well…aren’t you going to pay for your purchases today?”

Connor zoned out, hearing the question, but he didn’t answer it as he simply stared at the counter, where his items were.

“There aren’t anymore deviants around, CyberLife saw to that…”

The sales representative he’d spoken to first placed a hand on the counter, her fingers touching the items he’d selected.

“Sir, we’re aware of that, and I’m sure there’s nothing to worry about.”

Connor continued as if she hadn’t spoken, “They were all wiped out after being studied, so there shouldn’t be anymore to fear…Detroit is safe…”

The manager approached him slowly and cautiously, as if he were a wild animal with rabies or poison, rather than a customer.

“Sir…your items…the payment?”

It was obvious they wanted him out of the establishment as soon as possible, and Connor knew he had to go along with whatever it was they wanted, otherwise he would run the risk of being caught.

He tapped the card against the screen of the machine, entering the password Gavin had given him and he waited silently, eyes trained on the screen of the machine as it processed the payment.

“You know, you look kind of familiar…”

Connor froze as the customer behind him approached the front, peering over Connor’s shoulder to look him in the eyes.
“Deception detected; evidence doesn’t corroborate.”

**Research Processing- 10**

“Deception detected; DNA analysis returned negative results.”

**Forensic Analysis- 10**

Gavin hurried to keep up with the RK900 as it listed off the amounts of deception it found in the suspect’s statement, its LED light remaining a wild blue that seemed to glow in the room as it continued observing.

“Deception detected; heart rate greatly elevated, profusely perspirations.”

Gavin marked another 10 on the Questionnaire, noticing how the RK900 almost had a score of 100% at the very bottom that he had to finalize and add up before he submitted to Fowler.

Something just didn’t appear right, and there was no way it could be achieving such a high score.

Gavin knew the android was designed for efficient results, but even Connor wasn’t ever this close to perfect, having nearly frightened Ortiz’s android into not providing a confession until the last minute.

The RK900 however…it appeared as if this task was far too easy for it…

“Deception detected; deflection and victim blame, high emphasis on avoidant, detached words, tone of voice fluctuating.”

Another 10 was marked.

Gavin paused when he read the final question on the list before he could total the score.

**Social Awareness**

This was a tricky one, and Gavin had no idea how to define it.

He looked up at the RK900, as if it could tell him how to answer the question, and he found it already staring at him.

Their eyes met in an odd way, and Gavin was the first to look away before making his decision.

**Social Awareness- 9.9**

“Suspect should be considered perpetrator, victim was last seen alive over 19 days ago.”

Gavin lost his patience right then and there.

“Would you shut your fuckin’ mouth? No one asked you to play judge and jury, okay? You’re here to observe, report, and I’m here to do the same fuckin’ thing, so don’t give yourself more permission and leniency than you’ve already been shown-”

He was interrupted by the most painful headache that just seemed to rack into his skull as if someone had clubbed him over the head with a piece of metal.

He immediately fell to his knees, dropping the phone on the floor with him as he tried cradling his
head in his hands.

He felt his jaw clenching shut, an automatic response, as his eyes rolled back, eyelids fluttering rapidly, fingers and toes clenching tightly in balls.

Gavin knew he was on his back on the cold hard floor staring up at the ceiling, but he couldn’t see the ceiling anymore…

Images flashed all too quickly, and he saw a large pond, with fish and water lilies floating along the green surface. He saw the same African American woman…she was walking slowly, holding something…

The scene quickly changed to the split open skull of an android, its entire face covered in blue blood. Heavy snowfall met his vision next, followed by a high-pitched whistle-like scream…

“What about you, Detective Reed?”

Suddenly, he was back on his feet, staring at RK900, who’d asked him a question, its mouth moving as it formed the words again.

“What do you recall? What of your memory?”

Gavin threw the phone onto the floor for real this time, hearing it smash and the screen crack. He had clearly caused a commotion, for Tina stood at the table in the interrogation room, crying out to him, asking him if he was okay…

Gavin pointed at RK900, hands and fingers shaking.

“You did something to me, you fucker!”

It approached him calmly, head tilted to the side as if it had seen him for the first time ever.

“Detective Reed.”

“No!”

He backed away from it, circling around it, opening the door as he pressed his hand over the ID Scanner.

“You stay the fuck away from me! You hear me?!”

Gavin almost flew out into the hall, running past everyone, tearing through the bullpen. He knew he had multiple eyes on him, but he didn’t care as he leapt through the front doors and made his way over to his car.

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“Were you on TV?”

The customer kept inquiring and pushing Connor, trying to casually place a hand on his shoulder to get him to turn around and face him.

“Payment has been processed.” The manager announced in the middle of it, and Connor pulled his baseball cap tighter over his head, turning his neck and face away from the handsy customer.
He huffed, “I swear, I’ve seen him somewhere before!”

“It’s a mistake—” Connor began, but then the sales representative and teller eyed him suspiciously.

“Hmm, I think I know you!” The customer prattled on, and Connor quickly gathered his items in his hands, holding them to his chest with one hand.

“He’s right…you look strangely familiar…take off your cap.”

Connor immediately hooked both his hands onto the top of the cap and shook his head.

“No!”

“Take off the cap at once!”

The manager roared as he rounded the counter, grabbing Connor’s arms roughly.

He was beginning to pull when a sudden tug on the back of the jacket Connor wore pulled him way from the grabby hands.

“Get the fuck off him! He’s my cousin!”

Connor spun around to find the jacket collar in the tight hands of Detective Reed.

He was breathing heavily, his face set aflame, hair hanging loosely over his forehead as he glared dangerously at everyone in the clothing store.

“What the fuck is wrong with you people! Mind your own fucking business!”

He bent down, swiping the purchased items off the floor, and threw them at Connor.

The sales representative opened her mouth to speak, but Gavin had already turned with Connor in his hand, still, and they pushed through the doors.

Connor found Detective Reed’s car right by the front of the store, barely a few inches away from the curb, and he paused, wondering what would have happened if Detective Reed hadn’t shown up on time...

“What’re you waiting there for?!? Get in the fucking car!”

He knew he couldn’t question things anymore, and he silently obeyed, closing the car door softly as he threw the items in.
Gavin hurriedly pulled every curtain and blind shut when they reached his home, locking the doors and windows nervously, hands shaking as he tore off his sweater and coat at the same time in a sweaty bundle.

He collapsed on the floor in his bedroom, muttering to himself as he tried piecing together what had just happened and why.

Nothing had made sense, and he couldn’t even begin to remember what had happened the night he stumbled into 'Jimmy’s Bar’, but he was certain the answer was there. If only he had the memory pieces…

He heard the Connor android walk effortlessly in his room, taking off the baseball cap and placing it gently on his dresser as it watched him in a silent patience that only androids possessed.

Gavin laughed from the floor, “You must think I’m pretty fuckin’ pathetic, huh?”

It didn’t respond, only staring at him in what could be classified as 'concern', and Gavin took that as a confirmation for whatever he was believing.

“Well, fuck you too. I don’t need your empathy.”

The android sat down in front of him, kneeling down on one bent knee while the other rested firmly flat on the floor. It was eye-level with him, and it carefully observed him, but it wasn’t in the same way the RK900 had observed him…the Connor android seemed somehow…understanding…

Gavin pushed that thought down instantly, not wanting to fall into the same trap that Hank had. He didn’t want to befriend the damn android, open himself up to it, feeling all vulnerable, like an open wound.

He scooted back towards the farthest end of the room, pressing his back against the wall as he pointed at the android.

“Get away from me, I can’t take anymore of your stupid shit!”

It didn’t understand this, and it raised an eyebrow.

“I can’t see these things anymore! My skull will burst open!”

Gavin looked around the dark room, searching for his cellphone.

“I need to go to the hospital.” He announced, placing a hand on his bed as he tried to stand.

The Connor android followed his movements, standing to rise when he did, and it almost appeared as if they were mirroring each other for a moment; their movements synchronized and well-coordinated, but then its eyes narrowed in question at Gavin.

“Why do you need to go to the hospital?”

Gavin answered too quickly, “I’m hallucinating these weird things!”

He gripped the bridge of his nose as he sat on the bed, feeling the floor beneath him spinning.
“Hallucinating?”

Was it going to repeat everything he said and answer his questions with a question?

“Is there a fuckin’ echo in this room?”

Gavin knew it was a childishly rude retort, but he didn’t have time for this game.

He moved to the bathroom, turning on the lights and immediately groaning in pain as his eyes got used to the brightness. He glared at himself in the mirror, his eyes falling first on the scar over his cheek and nose.

He touched it as if it were also a hallucination, sighing and feeling relieved when he learned that it was very much real.

Over his reflection’s shoulder, he saw a flash of yellow in the mirror.

“Detective, you said you’re experiencing hallucinations, did you notice when they started happening to you?”

The android’s reflection was soon cast in the mirror behind him, its forehead, eyebrows, and head visible, the rest hidden behind Gavin’s neck and shoulders.

He sighed as he washed his hands, trying to use the running water as an excuse to drown out the android’s annoying voice. As soft and gentle as it was, it was definitely irritating him.

“Detective.”

“It’s Reed!”

He roared, turning off the tap angrily and flicking the water at the android’s skin.

It didn’t budge or flinch; instead it waited for him to respond.

Gavin threw his hands up, “It got really bad when I was in the interrogation and observation room today with the RK900,” he rubbed his forehead, “…it was as if I was havin’ a fuckin’ seizure or something, and I was able to see so many weird things I don’t even understand or know…I just know it was a fucked up set of hallucinations, and I think being around the RK900 makes it worse.”

There. He’d gone and spilled his guts to the android, and it silently looked at Gavin’s forearms before speaking up.

“Did…did the RK900 come into physical contact with you?”

Gavin exhaled strongly, and it almost seemed dramatic as he rubbed his arms.

“I don’t know…I think so…”

The android blinked, and it appeared as if it knew Gavin was hiding something, though not intentionally, and it patiently waited, using the silence to goad Gavin into revealing more.

“I mean, it technically did because it attacked me in the Archive Room.”

The Connor android looked partly worried, and it advanced on Gavin slightly, taking a step closer towards him.
Gavin snorted, “Guess you two share that time and place in common, huh?”

“And it touched you there?”

Gavin shook his head, “Not like in the sense your creepy mind is probably thinkin’, but I have a feelin’ it followed me when I went to ‘Jimmy’s Bar, and it must’ve done some weird shit to me there, because all of my mind is one bit, fat blur after that point.”

“But it was present in the bar?”

Gavin nodded confidently.

He may have forgotten what they spoke of, but he knew for a 100% fact the RK900 had been in the bar.

“I am positive that shit wasn’t a hallucination, it’s just the other bits I saw today that for sure are.”

The Connor android took another step closer to Gavin, keeping its eyes on his forehead, as if it could read his thoughts like an open book.

“Can you describe what you hallucinated?”

Gavin paused, then scratched the back of his neck before gently reaching out with his free hand and pushing the android out of his way as he moved back into his bedroom, opening the closet door and taking his shirt off.

“Well,” he began slowly as he picked out a fresh undershirt and slipped it on, “…I keep seein’ the damn CyberLife logo, and busted up androids all over, then a whole bunch of codes and numbers come, as if I’m in the fuckin’ Matrix or some shit, and I keep seein’ this weird black woman usually dressed in white or some weird get-up, and she’s always in a garden, near a pond, shit like that…”

He watched the android appear beside him out of the corner of his eyes, and it shut the closet door with a long arm, its hand resting awfully close to Gavin’s cheek.

Gavin spun around immediately.

“What’s your problem, plastic?”

It leaned in close, dangerously close, eyes glinting, LED light red.

“Those aren’t hallucinations; they’re memories.”

Gavin felt his stomach drop to the floor.

“What the fuck are you goin’ on about?”

He was so not ready for this crap at this hour of the night.

“It’s passed its memories to you, shared them with you…” It took its hand off the closet door, and it was Gavin’s turn to follow it as it walked across the room.

“Memories?!!?” He ground out viciously, and when it didn’t answer, he shoved it hard in the back, causing it to stumble and trip over its own feet before it composed itself and turned around to glare down at him.

“Why the fuck does it have memories?!”
It wasn’t a living being; it was a fucking machine!

The Connor android opened his mouth to respond, but Gavin spat quickly: “And don’t fuckin’ go on about how it’s so ‘advanced’!”

He paused, staring at the android for a moment before he whispered, “Do you have them, too?”

It didn’t answer him, but Gavin had been a detective long enough, and Connor had been deviant long enough not to be able to hide or mask his true feelings, and Gavin read through them right away.

“Holy shit…you have ‘em too…”

It didn’t argue, and Gavin ran both his hands through his hair, tugging the strands upwards towards the ceiling as he growled and then started groaning angrily.

“Oh you’ve gotta be fuckin’ jokin’ right now!!”

He threw his head back and screamed once loudly at the ceiling before continuing.

“All this time, you had memories, and you didn’t think once to tell anyone…fuckin’ A.”

“You’re the first to know.”

Gavin didn’t care about the mild sarcasm in its response.

“Can you share those memories with the RK900?”

He saw the Connor android pause for a moment before nodding once, “Yes, and it’s vastly different than sharing information with other androids, as the latter relies only on factual data and the transmission of information, but the former is more psychological and-”

“Emotional.” Gavin finished for it, laughing as he slid his hands from his hair down to his temples, cheeks, and the back of his neck, where he gave his sore muscles there a little squeeze.

“What do you think would happen if you shared your memories with it now?”

It didn’t answer.

“Like, would you blow up much in the same way you said I would if you and I shared memories or information?”

“I don’t know, I’ve never attempted it.”

Gavin snorted, “Figures.”

He removed his hands from around his neck and stared numbly at the android, only allowing his eyes to do most of the talking and hidden meanings.

“How come I’m not dead or in a fuckin’ coma then? Considering how it ‘bonded’ with me?”

He watched the android almost shrug. The motions it made were odd, and Gavin could tell it was trying to mimic humans when it turned its neck, chin heading up, then down, and its left shoulder rolled slightly forward before the right one fell up, then came back down. The motions were off and choppy, but Gavin felt its true intentions in carrying it out. On a good day, he would have laughed.
“You bonded well with it, somehow… it’s never been attempted by a human before, so I’m unable to compare and analyze, but I don’t think it would freely share memories with you unless it knew you were able to handle it.”

Gavin sneered a particularly nasty sneer, a sneer he was known for very well in the office, and it had been something of a ‘trademark’ sneer for him. His teeth shone brightly as his eyes squinted in a threatening manner at the android.

“You don’t ‘think’, or you don’t ‘know’?”

It was hesitant to answer, but its LED light turned red.

Gavin felt he’d had enough of the conversation, and he resumed dressing, settling for wearing a blue sweater he’d still had when he was in the Police Academy, the logo somewhat faded, but still clear to see if one was up close.

He put on his running shoes, leaving his black jeans on as he raced down the hall and made his way down the steps.

He was grateful the android didn’t bother asking him where he was going as he closed the door quietly and disappeared into the crisp night air.

{“””}“””

He knew where he was going, this time, and he walked through the hospital slowly, not wanting to return back home anytime soon.

It was a quiet night, despite the hospital being rather busy all the time, but Gavin had arrived there not for himself; but for someone else.

He stopped at the front desk, playing with an eraser as the intake nurse situated on the other side of the desk checked her phone before glancing up at him and gasping.

“You scared me,” she chuckled, then pushed the eraser away, making it ‘flop’ down to her desk. “… can I help you?”

Gavin put on his best smile while leaning forward against the desk.

He reached for his wallet and flashed her his badge quickly.

“Detective Gavin Reed, I’m just here to visit my partner, Officer Chris Miller.”

She smiled and placed a medium sized tablet with a laser pen beside it.

“Please just sign in.”

He happily obliged and she walked him over to the room Chris was sleeping in.

“I’ll leave the lights on, but he was asleep an hour ago.”

She watched the sleeping patient before closing the door part-way to give them some privacy to talk as she walked out.

Gavin propped a chair beside the hospital bed, observing as Chris’s head lolled, and his eyes opened slowly.
It took him a few seconds to recognize his new visitor, and he smiled the widest smile Gavin had ever seen.

“Gavin, you bastard!”

He tried sitting up, but his sling and bandages—which were still relatively new—didn’t allow him to get very far, and he plopped back down onto the mattress and pillows.

“I’m getting too old for this shit.”

They both laughed as Gavin fluffed and propped up some of the pillows for his injured partner, then sat back, rubbing his chin, deep in thought.

“How’s the family, wife and kids?”

Chris smiled, “They’re fine, came by to visit yesterday afternoon.”

“Your kid’s gettin’ so big.”

“Yeah, they usually do!”

Gavin crossed his arms over his chest as he regarded the IV sitting by the bed, though it wasn’t attached to Chris, thankfully. Gavin hated IVs…and needles…and hospitals…and doctors…especially doctors.

“So how’re you making out with Robocop?” Chris’s inquiry brought Gavin’s attention back to the reason why he was here to begin with.

He waved the question off, “Chris, I didn’t come here to talk about the damn android; I came here to see how you were doin’.”

Chris’s smile died down after a few seconds of silence.

“I don’t think I can come back for a while…Mandy’s awfully scared of what will happen to the family if I…”

The implication was strong, and it hung in the air like the stench of something rotting or burning.

“Hey hey, no need for that kinda talk,” Gavin moved his chair closer, leaning out of it, his hands clasping over Chris’s.

“…I told you, I’m your partner, your friend, and I won’t let anything happen to you, alright?”

Chris shook his head, “Gavin, it’s not the same with that fucking android around, and you know it!”

Gavin resisted the urge to agree, even though deep down inside, he already had.

“Come on, man, don’t talk like that…it’s just an android, it doesn’t want to do anything except follow its own program.”

“I don’t trust it, and neither should you, Gavin!”

Chris looked into the hallway behind the window to their right, and they saw no signs of movement outside.

Gavin half expected the RK900 to be standing there, peering in the window at them both…he must
have been more exhausted than he thought.

Chris tugged at his hand, bringing his attention back to him at once.

“Gavin, you have to take care of yourself…that android nearly killed me, and I don’t want it to target you next.”

Gavin shook his head, trying to deny what had happened a few days ago. He knew that there was a lot off about the RK900, but he didn’t dare increase Chris’s stress, ruining the likelihood of him having a speedy, painless convalescence, so he didn’t bother bringing up the fact that the RK900 had attacked him in the Archive Room.

Instead, he chose to ask another question, a burning question he’d actually been very curious about asking, so he did.

“Chris,” he was on the edge of his seat, voice low, “…what do you think about the other android…you know, the RK800?”

Chris looked to the right, then back at Gavin.

“You mean ‘Connor’?”

Gavin confirmed with a grunt, “Yeah, Connor.”

It seemed as if only one light was burning above, beaming down at Chris, the world slowly spinning. He was quiet, scratching at his bandages, and he huffed through his nose, but it wasn’t sarcastic, dismissive, or even apathetic; it was a warm, fond, genuine huff that border-lined on a deep chuckle.

Soon, Chris did in fact chuckle, his chest moving in and out, up and down as he smiled a wide, toothy smile.

“I like him, Gavin, I like him.”

Gavin was dumbfounded.

“You do?!?”

“Always liked him.”

When did Connor become a ‘him’? He was an ‘it’!

Gavin eyed the wallpaper in the room nervously, wondering if he had been the only one the entire time in the precinct who’d despised the Connor android the entire time, while others clearly enjoyed its company behind his back.

He’d never felt so betrayed, but he didn’t show it as he felt the blankets and the mattress shift, as Chris settled back on the bed.

“It’s a shame about what happened and what the media say, though…”, Chris grabbed his pillows with his uninjured hand and made himself more comfortable, drawing his sheets up to his chest, “…I miss that kid sometimes.”

_Kid_? That was rich, coming from Chris…

Gavin skipped the rest of the pleasantries, noticing that in his body language, Chris was suggesting he was about ready for bed.
He leaned forward and asked the burning question.

“Chris, do you think the android killed Anderson?”

He watched his partner close his eyes, breathing through his nose, his chest rising and falling as he breathed deeply.

Gavin was scared he’d fallen asleep, and he was tempted to get up and leave the question for another day, when Chris answered tiredly.

“No, I know he didn’t do it.”

Gavin pushed Chris’s arms gently to rest on his chest, trying to make sure his friend was as comfortable as he could be, and he was certain the man was out like a light, when he took a deep breath through his mouth and sighed a long, nostalgic sigh.

“You know, I used to think it was weird seeing all the androids around, almost overpopulating the human race, on the brink of taking all our jobs, our functions, roles…but now, with every single one of them practically gone, I think the world is a lot weirder now.”

Gavin could do nothing but stand at the bedside, staring down at his partner in a silent confused state. He wasn’t sure what bothered him the most; the fact that he’d once believed Chris was as much of an android hater as he was, or the fact that there was some truth to Chris’s statement: that they’d all grown too accustomed to having the androids around as a part of society almost.

Having nothing left to say, Gavin bid Chris a goodnight, and he closed the hospital room door as he made his way down the hall, stuffing his hands in his pockets.

He was almost at the exits when he felt his phone vibrating.

*Now what?*

He gazed at the screen, swiping it to read that he had a text message, though the contents were hidden until he logged into his phone.

Once he’d done that, he enlarged the text message, and he nearly dropped the phone to the floor in shock and fear, a blended mixture. He was certain his heart had plummeted down his rib-cage and fallen all the way down to the tenth level of hell. He began to panic, eyes frozen on the words, unable to move, not blinking, not breathing.

It was from Selena.

*The Ex, Sent 10:17 PM*

*Come over, we need to talk.*
On Thin Ice

He’d stared at her text message all morning at work, still unable to believe she’d reached out to him. He was thinking of what to respond to her with, and it took him all morning, and a frozen cup of coffee, even right before Fowler had screamed for him to get in his office.

Gavin knew it was impossible to avoid a lashing from Fowler given the shit he’d pulled with the RK900 in the Archive Room. He was certain the damn robotic monster had even reported him, but Fowler pulled up the security cameras in the room and played the recorded material which depicted Gavin kicking the android in the face and running off-camera afterwards.

Fowler was in a particularly extra foul mood that morning. He’d loosened some of the buttons of his meticulously straight white shirt uniform, rubbing the sides of his head as the recorded attack stopped playing when he turned off the ‘repeat’ button.

“Wanna tell me what the fuck I just witnessed there, Reed?” Fowler simply glared ahead at the paused screen, while the RK900 stood to the right-side of his desk, a few feet away, not moving and appearing statue-like as always. Its hands were clasped behind its back, and the position was becoming all too familiar for Gavin. It reminded him of a dead, mindless soldier standing at ease before waiting for orders.

He felt Fowler leaning across the desk, his chair making a strained noise.

“If you don’t answer me in the next second, I swear it’ll be your last day in this precinct, son.”

Gavin decided to take the blunt route.

“It’s video footage of me delivering a pretty good, high kick, actually, and then practicing my running skills.”

He saw Fowler beginning to turn red.

Gavin was still hell-bent on enjoying his sarcasm.

“What do you see, Captain?”

He gave a small, smug smirk in return as he finished the sentence.

Fowler’s head began to shake a little, and his shoulders were as well…not a good sign, overall.

“You just attacked a god damn part of CyberLife’s property, that’s what the fuck I saw.” He saw the Captain’s eyes twitching. Yep, he was losing it for sure.

Gavin threw his hands up and smiled, “Oopsie, sorry.”

He knew there was no reason to keep up the attitude, but after receiving his ex-fiancé’s text requesting to talk, he found he just couldn’t give a shit about this as a priority, unless it cost him his job.

Fowler clenched his fists, “Don’t play smart-ass with me, Reed, today’s really not the day for that.”

A warning, but Gavin didn’t take too kindly to it, and he started feeling the first bits of anger that morning.
“Look, *it* also attacked me, so what do you have to offer for that?” He gestured in a pointing motion over his shoulder directly at the RK900. It just remained silent and still, as if it were a piece of furniture in the room rather than wanting to take any part in the conversation.

Fowler raised his right-hand in a clenched fist and placed it beneath his chin, studying Gavin seriously.

“It didn’t attack you, Reed.”

Gavin snorted, “Uh, a thousand pardons, Captain, but *it* most certainly *did*.” He spat the words with as much venom as he could, hoping he hadn’t spat in the Captain’s face accidentally.

Fowler just looked deeply at him, and Gavin wondered if his gaze would burn a hole straight through his face, when the Captain’s eyes flickered down to the hologram screen and footage.

“Reed, I didn’t see an attack in this footage, so you better drop the bullshit at once and tell me what the fuck really happened.”

Gavin thought he’d heard him incorrectly at first, and then he thought it was all a big joke, a test to get on his bad side and draw out his anger.

“What the fuck are you talkin’ about, it’s right there in the footage!”

He gestured with his chin and head at the screen facing Fowler, but the man didn’t agree, shaking his head back and forth slowly.

“Do you take me for a fool, Reed?” He ground out as if he wanted to grind Gavin’s bones to dust.

Gavin stared for a long time at the serious expression on the Captain’s face, and it was an expression he’d come to know well enough over the years, with many officers calling it the ‘No Bullshit Face’. He didn’t think it was a joke anymore, and he stood from the chair, leaning over the desk to take a look at the footage.

He pointed at the screen, “Play it from the beginning, you can clearly see the attack!”

The Captain sighed but brought the footage back to the very start with his index finger flying across the air and the screen, and then he played it by tapping it once.

Gavin leaned in close, not even blinking as he watched himself and the RK900 standing at the entrance to the Archive Room.

Gavin went through the motions of scanning his ID key card, the doors opened, and then the feed switched to within the room. They walked over to the piles of hoisted androids that had been put down and shot down by the DPD and Connor. RK900 stared at the androids for what seemed like 50 seconds, when suddenly Gavin’s form flew across the screen, across the room at an inhuman speed, grabbing onto the back of the android’s neck.

They visibly struggled, with Gavin ramming his fists into the android’s chest and neck, holding it firmly back against the wall, and then he bent it over down low by forcing his hands on its back, and then swiftly kicked it with his booted leg before running off-camera while it collapsed momentarily.

The footage then stopped.

What. The. Fuck.
Gavin’s eyes widened impossibly wide as he shook his head in disbelief.

“N-no, that’s not what fuckin’ happened!”

He ran his fingers along the screen, playing the footage back from the very beginning again.

He watched the same events play over, and he cried out in shock and shook his head strongly.

“No! No! No!”

“Gavin.” The Captain’s voice was low and stern, trying to get his attention.

Gavin slammed his hands on the desk.

“NO!”

“Gavin.”

Gavin tore his sight away from the footage, looking over to the side at the RK900.

It simply stared out the glass walls of the office at the bullpen, LED light spinning and remaining the cold blue color much like its eyes…

Gavin roared, leaping towards the android viciously.

“You son of a bitch! You tampered with it, didn’t you??!”

He grabbed the high collar of its uniform in both his hands, trying to yank its head down to meet his eyes, but the android’s neck was immovable. It was as if trying to move a wall with his hands, and Gavin struggled, gritting his teeth as he screamed in its face.

“Tell me what you did with the real footage!”

“He grabbed the high collar of its uniform in both his hands, trying to yank its head down to meet his eyes, but the android’s neck was immovable. It was as if trying to move a wall with his hands, and Gavin struggled, gritting his teeth as he screamed in its face.

“Tell me what you did with the real footage!”

“Gavin!” He heard and felt Captain Fowler pulling roughly on his shoulders to get him away from the RK900, but Gavin’s anger overpowered the Captain’s force, as he clung onto the collar of the android.

“Tell him the truth! Show him what really happened!”

Gavin wanted the damn thing to look at him, regard him for once since he’d been in the office so far, but it kept its lifeless eyes trained on the bullpen outside.

Gavin wanted to punch it so hard, but he was certain his knuckles would break, so he resorted to trying to shake it back and forth violently.

“What the fuck did you do with that footage??!!?”

“REED!”

He was suddenly spun like a tornado all the way over to face Fowler, but he’d been turned with such a vicious, potent power, that he’d spun around at least twice before his knees hit the back of the chairs before Fowler’s desk, and he fell onto them, landing on his chest.

“FUCK!”

Gavin felt as if the wind had been knocked right out of him. He’d known Fowler to be rather brutal
when it came to feats of strength, but this was absolutely horrendous. He swore he could see lights and stars, even though his eyes were wide open.

As he was catching his breath and trying to instruct his heart to slow down, he looked out at the other officers and detectives in the bullpen below the office, and majority of them had either stopped in their tracks, pausing in their work, and slightly moved away from their desk terminals to gape in awe and shock at the scene in Fowler’s office.

Gavin was certain he’d have to provide explanations and answers later on for his erratic behavior, but right now, he was more worried about his job, his safety, and privacy as he heard Fowler approaching him from behind.

“Gavin,” he began, his voice stern, but calm, and Gavin mentally prepared himself for an almost paternal lecture that Fowler’s voice promised to deliver.

“…son, I want nothing more than to understand what happened, and I know there’s a lot more to this situation than what appears at face-value.”

Damn right there was.

“But right now,” Fowler continued, pausing to glance back at the statuesque RK900, “…I can’t really believe what you’re saying, because anything you’re doing now as far as attacking the RK900 goes only backs up what I saw in the damn footage!”

Gavin knew how it all looked, and if he had to play devil’s advocate, he couldn’t entirely blame Fowler for feeling the way he did and thinking the way he did. This whole situation was fucked up, but Gavin was going to get to the bottom of it…somehow.

He turned and straightened his jacket, wiping his nose as he looked down at Fowler’s shoes.

“Jeffrey-”

“Reed, just get back to work. I don’t care if you want to hate the RK900 for the rest of your life, or if you want to take it out on a drinking spree; just work with the damn thing as peacefully as you can.”

Well, that sounded rather dramatic, but Gavin didn’t argue as he just shrugged in disagreement.

“I’m sorry, Jeffrey, but I refuse to work with it.”

Fowler’s eyes began twitching.

“You will work with the RK900, so help me God, Reed…and it’s Captain Fowler to you!”

Gavin whispered ‘no I won’t’ under his breath, but Fowler had already heard and anticipated it.

“I don’t care about your attitude, this time I’ll take away your badge and kick your ass outta here so fast you get thrown into next year!”

Gavin shook his head stubbornly, a few bits of hair falling onto his forehead.

“That thing!,” he spat at the RK900’s direction, “…nearly got my partner killed!”

Fowler placed his large, thick hands on his hips after he rolled his sleeves up to the elbows.

“As I understand it, Reed, you instructed the RK900 to stand by and not interfere with the investigation, am I right?”
Gavin nearly swallowed his tongue.

“Yeah well…yeah…” Fowler must’ve read the accident investigation reports. Damn.

Fowler silenced him, “Uh uh! So that’s a ‘yes’?”

Gavin felt his cheeks burning red.

“Yes.”

“Yes who?”

“Yes, Captain Fowler.” He felt reduced to the state of a child in grade school who’d shit his pants in front of the entire class and smeared it all over the walls.

Fowler seemed to have a look on his face that projected “Damn right”.

“You instructed it with what to do, and it followed your orders, and now you wanna get mad at it? It’s a machine!” Fowler sighed, clearly portraying annoyance, as if this was easy as filling in a coloring book. He seemed more annoyed with Gavin, as if he was unable to understand this.

“Gavin, I know you’re more reasonable than this, so just get yourself together, and make this as painless for us all.”

Gavin was about to retort when Fowler turned to sit back at his desk.

He gestured up to his neck with both hands.

“I’m up to here in bullshit, so please, think about what I said, and get the fuck outta here!”

He rubbed his head in frustration before looking up at Gavin seriously one more time.

“And take your new toy with you too!”

Gavin glared at the RK900.

“Why should I? It won’t listen to me.”

He almost heard Fowler’s eyeballs squeak, the man rolling them so hard and so far up into the ceiling.

“Last chance, Gavin.”

Gavin sputtered, eyes moving from side-to-side, having left nothing else to say or argue.

“You tell it what to do then, Captain! Because I don’t know anymore!”

Fowler tapped his fingers on his desk, and with the other hand’s fingers, he tapped his chin simultaneously.

“Look,” he wheezed out impatiently, “…if I do this for you, will you just shut your mouth and get back to work?”

Gavin could only mouth ‘yes’ sarcastically, head cocking to the side.

Fowler stopped tapping his fingers, all ten of them.
“Alright.”

He looked directly at the RK900.

“RK900, listen carefully!”

The android peered down at the Captain, only its eyeballs having moved.

“From today on, you’ll be taking all your orders and instructions from Detective Gavin Reed, are you clear on that?”

It answered too quickly: “Affirmative.”

Gavin wasn’t convinced it would actually follow through its promise, but he couldn’t argue back, Fowler already gesturing for them both to exit his office, his phone in his head, ready to make a call.

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Gavin prided himself on knowing exactly how Tina would react the moment he’d stepped out of Fowler’s office; she’d been behind his heels, following him into the Break Room, whispering ‘what happened?’ behind his back as they found a seat to sit at in the back.

He groaned as he sat at a stool, waiting for her to do the same.

“Tina, you’re way too transparent for your own good.”

She smirked, “I know. So what happened?”

He nearly smacked his forehead against the little circular table in annoyance.

“Fowler wants me to actually cooperate and work with the damn T1000! Can you believe that shit?”

She opened her mouth to respond but was cut short by Gavin’s phone buzzing loudly.

She raised her eyebrow, clearly unimpressed.

“Really?”

He gaped at her, then broke into a small chuckle, “Ignore it.”

She waved him off, “Look, I know you’re not too fond of the thing, but it’s technically a part of the DPD, so it’s better to cooperate than not, right?”

Gavin placed a hand beneath his chin as he listened to her, his free hand sliding beneath the table, making its way over to his jacket’s pocket for his phone.

Tina reached forward, slamming her hand over his elbow as it moved down beneath the table.

“Don’t.” She hissed angrily at him, her eyes small, dangerous slits.

He feigned ignorance.

“What?”

She glared volumes, “You know what.”

His phone vibrated again.
She exhaled, clearly fed up with him already.

He winked at her, “It’ll just take a second, Tina, I promise.”

“You better not be texting her!”

Tina seemed to know him way better than he thought, and Gavin pulled out his phone, reading Selena’s latest message:

*Brad won’t be home tonight, so if you want to come over for some coffee or tea, let me know.*

He smirked, formulating his response, when he saw a shadow cast over the screen of the phone, dimming the lights a bit.

Tina had leaned across the table, staring down at the text.

“My God, you’re so pathetic.”

“Shut up.”

He quickly texted:

*Sure, when should I come by?*

Tina continued her questioning, “I thought you weren’t going to talk to her anymore?”

Gavin held up a hand as he sent the message, “Look, she just messaged me last night after I went to see Chris in the hospital, and I wanna see where this goes, y’know?”

“Gavin, an ex is an ex for a reason…”

He gasped, “Tina,” he placed a hand over his heart dramatically, “…I thought you knew me better than that!”

She stuck her tongue out at him.

“I’m just goin’ over to see what she wants to talk about; this isn’t going to be an affair or something; she’s in a relationship.”

Tina hissed at him, “I know!”

They heard footsteps approaching them, and they turned in unison as the RK900 entered the Break Room, its hands hanging loosely by its sides as it stopped before their table.

“Detective Reed, Officer Chen.” It greeted with a slight nod of the head.

Gavin didn’t waste time with the formalities.

“The fuck do you want, Tin Can?”

“Gavin!” Tina slapped his hands roughly.

It ignored Gavin’s blatant disregard for Fowler’s warning and orders, peering down at Gavin’s phone instead.

“Socialization and fraternization is meant for designated break periods.”
Tina laughed, though it was more in shock and disgust than humor.

“Okay…wow…”

Gavin sneered as he put his phone on the table.

“Get the fuck away from here before I throw this table right into your smug, freckled face.”

His threat bounced off the RK900, and it merely looked from his phone to his eyes, then back at the phone again.

“It’s a reminder.”

Gavin snarled, “I don’t care what the fuck it was meant to be, get outta here before I really lose my fuckin’ mind.”

The android stared openly at him and then at Tina before it turned and walked out of the Break Room without another word.

Gavin watched it turn left and away from their field of vision before he turned to Tina, his arms sliding on the table, picking the phone up.

“Stick in his ass?” Tina mused as Gavin’s phone received the next text from Selena.

“Probably more like a cattle prod.”

Selene, Sent 11:09 AM

Come by after 8 if you can, just text me first, okay?

“Don’t give in.” Tina warned.

Gavin frowned up at her, fingers midway through his text.

“Silence.”

“Gavin you-”

“Detective Reed, I’m here to remind you that you have yet to submit your report evaluating my performance with the St. John domestic abuse interrogation.”

Tina and Gavin both leapt in their seats in fright as RK900’s cold voice hit them like a sack of bricks.

The android had come back, standing a few inches away from the table, appearing out of nowhere in less than a second, practically.

Gavin bit down on his bottom lip in fright, his anger seething once he tasted the coppery taste of his own blood.

“Don’t you ever do that again, you scary, creepy fuck!”

He pointed up at its perfect nose, nearly coming into contact with it before the android stood taller, straighter.

“Did you not hear me the first time? Get out!”

Gavin shooed it away with the wave of a hand, watching as the android turned around with its back
facing them again, walking stiffly and awkwardly out of the Break Room again, but it turned halfway through making its exit, and it turned its neck to face them.

Gavin slammed the table.

“You’re supposed to be listening to me! OUT!”

It appeared as if it wanted to argue, staring into Gavin’s eyes, their threats and animosity flowing between them, back and forth. Tina watched them both, her eyes darting back and forth, anticipating what would happen next…who would snap first…

The RK900 turned its head forward to face the bullpen, and it walked away as stiffly as the last time.

Gavin watched longer this time, his sight not leaving the entrance to the Break Room, making sure it was gone for good before he felt a tug on his jacket sleeves.

He turned and smiled at Tina once he was certain the RK900 wouldn’t be interrupting them again.

“See?” He gestured with his thumb over his ear and shoulder.

“It’s like a dog; gotta break it in and housetrain it!”

She broke into a loud, chipper laugh, her eyes crinkling in the corners.

At the sound of her genuinely friendly laugh, Gavin broke out in his own rounds of laughter, slapping his knees as he doubled over in laughter.

They laughed for a few seconds before footsteps approached them again, but this time Gavin was prepared.

He stood quickly, spinning on the toes of his shoes as he aimed a strong, fast punch.

He’d expected his fist to meet the cold, hard stuff the RK900 was made of, but his fist connected with soft, warm human flesh instead…

He heard a loud ‘oof!’ and a groan, and he looked down to see Ben Collins on the floor of the Break Room, cupping his jaw and chin in both his hands.

Tina cried out in shock, getting off her seat to help him up carefully.

Gavin’s jaw dropped, and he too helped Ben up on his feet.

“Jesus Christ, Ben, I’m so, so sorry! I thought you were-”

Ben glared at him, still cupping his sore areas.

“And here I thought Fowler yelling at you was enough to guarantee best behavior from you for the rest of the year, Reed.”

Gavin was unable to argue back, feeling sorry for Ben.

His phone vibrated again, abandoned on the table, still.

Ben looked at it before pointing at Gavin once he saw Tina’s little smirk.

“Oohohoho, it’s the ex, isn’t it?”
It was Gavin’s turn to glare at Tina.

“So, why don’t you tell the rest of the department? Hell, tell the RK900, too!”

She exchanged a look with Ben, and they both burst into laughter.

Gavin was the only one who found the entire thing very distasteful.

“You guys are a bunch of-”

A voice interrupted them, “Detective Reed.”

It was RK900, yet again!

Gavin was prepared this time, and he dove forward, swinging his fists at the android, but Ben and Tina each grabbed one of his hands, pulling and holding him back from letting loose on the android.

Gavin struggled, growling like a caged wild animal, “I swear, just let me get my fuckin’ hands on you once!”

Tina struggled to keep him back, breathing roughly as she soon grew exhausted, her stamina running low to keep up with him.

“Gavin, don’t! You can’t keep fighting and attacking it!”

RK900 merely cocked its head at her before taking a step towards the trio, carefully staring at all three of them in quick succession.

“Submit your report on the performance as stated earlier, Detective Reed.”

It looked at Gavin the longest, then finally glanced at Tina, as if it had planned a special comment just for her.

“Officer Chen,” it began, its eyes flickering over to Gavin coldly before moving back to Tina’s face, “…you dispensed appropriate advice, as Detective Reed has already physically laid his hands upon the RK900 on one more incident, after work hours.”

No one had any response to that final concluding statement, and they could only watch as the RK900 departed from the Break Room and disappeared into the swarm of officers moving along the bullpen.
An Emotional Return

“You keep worryin’ about me like that, Connor, and you won’t be able to take care of yourself, son.”

It was a windy day, but the clouds were still above, surrounding them as they sat side-by-side on a dark bench, a large water fountain behind them, splashing and spraying its watery wonders high into the air.

A few birds flew around, dancing and crying to each other as they communicated in ways Connor never would have imagined.

He turned to his side, smiling at Hank, who looked up at the sky, breathing in a deep breath and sighing in relief.

“Fresh air…thought I’d never be able to feel it across my skin, blowing through my hair…that kinda fancy shit, etcetera.”

His grey, long hair flew about in the wind, then flew back down once the wind calmed itself, its tips resting back against his cheeks and jaw.

“I feel calm and safe here.” Hank spoke softly, folding his hands in his lap, fingers intertwined as the fountain sprayed and splashed at their backs.

Connor smiled and nodded in agreement, “I knew you would.”

“How’s that snarky bastard Reed treatin’ ya?”

Connor’s head hung low, “I wouldn’t refer to him like that, Hank, but he’s still rather…apprehensive towards me, and I sometimes can detect hostility.”

He was honest and forward, which was what Hank expected.

He hummed in his throat deeply, the sound of it resonating in his chest as he straightened his back.

“Figures, don’t know why I expected more from that asswipe.”

Connor didn’t say anything as he studied Hank’s eyes, noticing how tired but free they looked, their depths more open and relaxed…he was certainly succumbing to his age, but his spirit was still lively and strong.

“Amanda’s up to no good.”

Connor knew he was right.

“She’ll find you eventually.”

“She may…”

“She will.”

His voice had grown heavy with regret, and Connor could sense the wind picking up, the birds suddenly flying off high into the sky and disappearing in the clouds.
Connor felt the words forming on their own accord, and he could only watch and listen to himself as he spoke.

“Hank, do you regret meeting me and working with me?”

He felt the older man’s warm hands on his kneecaps, and he was unable to meet his eyes. Connor felt a strange emotion course through his system, and it shook his biocomponents to their core, making him feel empty and broken for a moment before the feeling had left.

Was it an error in his software?

Hank leaned against him, tapping his shoulder with a hand.

“Nah, kid. I don’t regret anything when it comes to you.”

Connor finally met his eyes, searching for the last bit of confirmation.

“Really?”

Hank smiled, “I fuckin’ mean it.”

If Connor had the ability to hug Hank, he would have. He’d seen plenty of humans perform the action, but he wasn’t able to carry it out.

He only sat and smiled at the sight before them.

A door suddenly slammed, shaking the foundations and grounds, and Hank suddenly wasn’t at his side anymore…he’d disappeared…

Connor’s LED light spun yellow, and he opened his eyes to see Detective Reed stumble inside the bedroom, slamming the door behind him as he tore off his sweater and socks, flinging them in the dirty hamper as he made his way over to the connecting bathroom.

He gathered his hygiene products as he gaped over quickly at the android on his bed.

“What the fuck have you been up to all day then, bolt-head?”

It ignored him, simply staring at the carpet below, light still yellow.

Gavin snorted. Fine. If it wanted to ignore him and show attitude, so be it. Two could play at that game.

He slammed the door, the shower turning on a second later as Connor sat in silence on the bed.

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“Calm your ass down, this isn’t a fuckin’ date.” Gavin spoke gently to his own reflection in the mirror while he waited for the warm water to kick in, his eyes dancing up and down his reflection in the mirror.

He could use a shave for sure, and he opened the bathroom cupboards and drawers, searching through the new vanity until he dug out the expensive male perfume his mother had sent him on his birthday last year…yes, this would do.

He set it on the countertop of the vanity, pulling open the standing shower door before dipping his toes in the warm water.
“Halleluiah.”

Gavin sighed to himself as he shampooed his hair quickly, knowing he had less than an hour to get going towards Selena’s, when a strange thought entered his brain on its own.

He thought about what the RK900 had stated earlier in the Break Room.

“…Detective Reed has already physically laid his hands upon the RK900 on one more incident, after work hours.”

What the actual shit had that meant?

When the RK900 had disappeared from their sight, his colleagues had hounded him for answers, but Gavin was drawing blanks.

To his recollection, the only time he’d really attacked and grabbed the android ‘after work hours’ was when they were in the Archive Room…so why had it claimed that he’d laid his hands upon it yet again? What was he missing?

It all didn’t make sense, but Gavin didn’t want to worry about it as he finished his shower and dried off, styling his hair back just a little more neatly than the way it was when he showed up to work.

He shaved quickly, amazed he hadn’t nicked the skin at all, and he drenched himself in perfume before leaving the bathroom and heading out to his room.

The Connor android was still upon his bed, and it kept its eyes on the carpeted floor while Gavin dressed hurriedly.

It seemed like hours of awkward silence before it spoke.

“Your heart rate is quite high, and you’re highly secreting oxytocin, which is indicative of happiness and excitement…”

Gavin threw his dress shirt aside when he held it up against himself in front of the mirror.

“Can you please set that creepy analysis shit aside for a second?”

“You have plans.”

He wanted to smash the mirror.

“Yes, I’m-” he glanced at it in the mirror behind him, on the bed, “…I’m kinda meetin’ up with someone…someone I haven’t talked to in a long time.”

“Selena.”

Holy motherfucking assfucking damn.

Gavin growled as he selected another dress shirt.

“Does the whole world know about it? Jesus!!”

The android’s nose turned upwards, clearly in disapproval. It was scary how human the thing was acting lately.

“Easy estimate, considering how you’re not in contact with her, how you’ve dressed yourself up so
handsomely for her…”

Gavin choked on a laugh and a gasp, the sound quite strange even to his own ears.

“Did you just call me handsome?”

The android huffed as it stood, walking out of the room. “Your avoidance signifies validation.”

Gavin followed it once he was ready.

“So in other words I’m an open book, huh?”

“In a matter of speaking.”

Gavin cleared his throat, “Well that’s nice, but I don’t give a shit.”

He was on his way out the door when he felt a warm pressure on his wrist. He looked down at the Connor android’s hand placed over his, their skin close, touching…he could feel a pulse and he nearly jumped back.

“What did it share with you?”

He knew exactly which it the Connor android referred to, but he chose to dodge the question. He slid his hand out from beneath its grasp.

“It asked about you too, you know.”

“Detective Reed-” he was quick to interrupt it.

“I told you, just call me Gavin, fuckin’ hell.”

“Gavin,” it continued with a slight whine to its voice that made Gavin stop what he was doing as he turned to glare at it, trying to find out what it wanted specifically from him now.

He leaned in close to it, standing tall, trying to intimidate it, but he only managed to make their noses brush against each other, and he retreated in disgust.

“What do you want now, plastic?”

It raised a hand, seemingly trying to grab Gavin’s hand again, but it dropped the hand soon after.

“I think you should cooperate with it…we may learn something from it that way.”

Gavin didn’t hear or feel himself breathe for a long time. He just stood frozen in the hall, staring the Connor android down as if it had insulted him personally. He felt his eyebrows growing heavy as they slid down on his brow, and he knew he was frowning a most vicious, angry frown.

The android recoiled and took a step back, and Gavin was certain his facial expression must have been terribly ugly, and it didn’t matter whether he had showered and shaved.

He raised a fist, then the fist unclenched, and he pointed his index finger at its nose.

“I’m gonna fuckin’ pretend I didn’t hear that garbage come outta your fuckin’ mouth.”

He tore his keys off the hook hanging on the wall.

Opening the door forcefully with such an intensity that it nearly slammed against the wall had he not
grabbed the side of it, he sneered up at the android.

“Don’t wait up for me, I’ll likely be out all night.”

He slammed the door behind him, only realizing he’d spoken to it as if it were his wife when he was already halfway down the street in his car.

Gavin felt his mood growing fouler the closer he got to Selena’s as he thought over what the RK900 had said more than what its twin back at his house had nagged about. He weighed their words carefully, tossing out the negative emotions and anger he received from the Connor android, and decided to obsess over the mystery behind what the RK900 had said.

He sped past several red lights, but one of the perks of being a cop Gavin had picked up over the years was that he could do as he pleased (sometimes), and that included breaking the law (at times) and get away with it (not always).

Lights and colors flew by him as he drove on autopilot until he reached Selena’s large house. He checked his appearing in the mirror a few times, pushing back the last words of the androids.

He concluded in the end that they were both full of shit, and that conclusion would have to do for now. He waned to enjoy his time talking with Selena, even if nothing came from it. Maybe he could aim for a new friend in her, which more than likely would mean more visits regularly…perhaps.

Gavin walked up to her front door, looking in the windows for any sign of her boyfriend, but it appeared that she’d been truthful, and that he was currently still occupied at work.

He rang the doorbell, feeling his heart fluttering in his chest when he heard her light footsteps from the other side of the door approaching almost immediately.

Had she been waiting for him?

Gavin shook that thought away from his mind, not wanting to get carried away immediately. This was, after all, the woman who’d cheated on him with several men…

She opened the door, and the moonlight and background lights inside the house poured everywhere, framing and shaping her delicately, and it was as if she hadn’t changed the day she met Gavin.

Her hair was slightly longer, but still held its wavy luster. Her blue eyes widened as she looked at him from head to toe, and she reached out and gently hugged him to her chest.

She was warm, wearing a pink sweater that was somewhat see-through, but Gavin willed himself not to look at her black bra beneath it. She wore skinny jeans and white slippers, and before Gavin could register more, she’d pulled him inside her house.

He gaped around the house, admiring the rows and stacks of paintings and photographs on the walls, the large shelves of books, and other forms of entertainment in the living room, and all the other collectables an items Selena had stored and decorated her house with.

There were a few large framed photos of Selena posing with her new boyfriend, but Gavin tore his sight from it immediately, not wanting to get off on the wrong foot or spoil their time together.

Selena asked him about his work, his health, and his parents as she showed him into the kitchen.
She’d just recently eaten, Gavin’s detective mind pieced together; the dishes were being washed in the dishwasher, and the smell of something that had been roasted clearly lingered in the air, still.

“Gavin, please make yourself comfortable!”

She pulled out a chair for him at her glass table, and Gavin sat down carefully, afraid his clumsy ass would definitely break something before the night was out if he didn’t embarrass himself out of the house first.

He draped his coat over the back of the chair as he heard her gracefully and effortlessly move around the large island in the middle of the kitchen, eyes gleaming at him.

“Coffee or tea?”

Gavin threw her a semi-playful look; his eyebrows high on his brow, and a smile forming at the corner of his mouth.

“Selena,” he began, laughing deeply in the back of his throat, “…I think you know me well enough to know what I want to drink.”

She smiled knowingly as she made her way to the liquor cabinet.

“Scotch it is!”

Damn, he missed this woman.

Gavin tried to resist staring at his ex’s ass when she bent down to the freezer and pulled out the ice-cube tray, mixing their drinks before walking back and sitting across the glass table from him.

He felt like the greasiest pervert, eyes flickering down her top and over her breasts, but he made sure his eyes didn’t linger for too long as she looked out the window and played with a blonde lock of her hair, twirling it between her index and middle finger.

“You’re lookin’ good, Selena.”

She smiled at him, clearly grateful for the compliment. She hadn’t changed at all; still eager as ever to receive a compliment.

She flicked her hair strand away, “I’ve been doing a lot more around the house lately besides going to the gym.”

Gavin held his glass tightly, hoping he wouldn’t come off the wrong way.

“It shows.”

She frowned at him, “Gavin, I hope you didn’t come all this way to hit on me.”

Apparently she couldn’t really take a compliment…okay, so he had been hitting on her though…it wasn’t a crime!

He tried brushing his embarrassment off by snorting and taking a sip of his drink.

“Nah, nah, I just was stating a truth.”

She sipped her drink next, looking somewhere behind him in the kitchen.
Gavin turned and looked in the direction she was, and she giggled.

He felt his stomach and heart do backflips, together. He hadn’t heard her laugh in ages, and it was a very heartwarming sound and sight. He could get used to it quickly.

“What?” He found himself chuckling along with her.

She laughed some more, before having another sip of her drink and wiping her lips with a napkin delicately.

Gavin felt his eyes drawn to her lips, but he was able to look away, distracting himself with his drink at once. He gulped it down quickly, gesturing for her to pour him another round.

She motioned over to the island.

“Help yourself.”

He poured himself more, bringing the bottle back to the table, and he smiled warmly at her as he waited for her to speak.

She traced a finger around the rim of her wine glass, watching her own finger move in circular motions as she spoke.

“I have noticed you driving past the house quite a lot lately.”

Fuck.

Caught red handed.

Gavin knew there’d been a catch. He closed his eyes, bracing himself for the yelling, the cursing… But it never came.

She sighed, “I didn’t say anything to Bradley, don’t worry, I’d never do that.”

Gavin felt angry and uncomfortable.

He glared at Selena, pushing back on the glass table.

“Oh yeah? How can I be so sure of that?”

She sighed, “Gavin don’t…”

“What if he’s upstairs waitin’ to kick my ass?”

She crossed her arms and she crossed one long leg over the other.

“Glad to know you think I’d stoop so low.”

Of course she would take it as an insult. She was a woman, after all; they took everything as an insult.

“Why is it that as soon as you and I have ourselves a little sit-down, we start gettin’ on each other’s nerves?” He barked out the question quickly, which made him angrier due to the fact that he’d considered this night as having a decent start so far.

Her eyes answered his question for him before she could directly respond, and he reared back in his
chair, as if burning from her glare.

“If I wanted to cause you problems, believe me, I’d have done it already.”

Gavin deadpanned, “Are you threatening me, Selena?”

She shook her head angrily, hair flying about, “No! For God’s sake, Gavin!”

“Then what?!?” He shrieked, feeling his throat constricting as he held back more screams and cries of pure rage.

Her eyes turned red, which was a sign that she was fighting back hard not to cry.

Gavin felt like the biggest asshole alive.

“I just wanted to talk…” she wiped her eyes as a few tears fell, “…I know you want the same thing, otherwise you wouldn’t bother looking after me, the house, everything!”

He hung his head low. She’d figured it out effortlessly yet again.

“Why couldn’t we have worked, Selena? Everything seemed fine.”

His voice was sad as it hit the glass table, and he stared at his own reflection in it sadly and pathetically. He really was the world’s biggest loser to let a girl like this go.

He felt her hand on his shoulder, but he refused to look up and meet her eyes, else he would start crying.

“I think you should go, Gavin.”

He agreed for the first time in a while, slowly standing up and holding his coat close to his face.

He’d be damned if he let her see his tears.
Gavin slept in his car parked near the precinct that night. He just couldn’t be bothered to return home and have that nosy android ask him strange questions or rub its snooty face in his misery and failures. Instead, he’d driven around aimlessly, grabbed some snacks at a gas station’s convenience store, and then parked back at the DPD, hiding in the backseat of his car. He hadn’t done that in years, and as many sore memories as it brought Gavin, he found it rather comforting to be able to get away for one night and not give a fuck.

He knew he’d been one foolish asshole for thinking he could be friends with his ex. As Tina had wisely stated, an ex was an ex for a reason. Anything beyond this simple fact of life was an extension of Gavin’s stupidity leaking into the real world. He should’ve known that anything, any fantasy he’d had in his head should remain there, while the rest of reality passed him by.

It seemed that after 36 years of life, he’d really learned nothing, and he was a disappointment to himself, to Selena, probably to his parents, and more than likely even to the android hiding out in his house.

He felt a sea of negativity practically drowning him as he sat at his desk, deleting old emails, answering ones that were pending, and fixing up on his report of RK900 for Fowler. That shit was days overdue, but he didn’t care. At least he was working on it now.

He was tempted to change the answers he recorded for the RK900 when he remembered what it had said to Tina and Ben in the Break Room about him. It had accused Gavin of touching it outside of work hours?

Right…

Gavin opened the report and questionnaire, eyes moving along the scores, the questions, and he was finding it difficult to change the results he’d recorded, as the RK900 had actually been extremely efficient.

If he changed any of the responses he’d recorded, he was certain Fowler would be on his ass like shit on Velcro. It’d be personal and after everything that had occurred so far, he’d more than likely be the one out on his ass; not the RK900. It was silly to even entertain the idea.

Instead, he decided to change things around just a bit…

He changed one of the questions from Field Analysis to Attitude Problems, and he kept his score of 10.

It was immature, but Gavin wanted to enjoy himself for once.

He giggled as he rearranged a few other words in the report’s instructions, purpose, scope, plans, everything. He changed things in a subtle way, tweaks here and there wherever he could until he really started losing track of time and having fun.

He was focused, hunching over the terminal and desk, trying to ‘fix’ a sentence when he felt a strange presence at his back.

“Detective Reed, I’m unfamiliar with the report’s scope and purpose having to relate to the RK900 being ‘Bae of the Detroit Police Department’, and I particularly don’t think Captain Fowler would appreciate your report containing the word ‘thundercuck’.”
He froze midway typing and spun around in his chair.

“Speak of the fuckin’ devil, and it shall appear.” He eyed the RK900 pointedly, his head slightly reeling from the force of his spinning previously. It was a spinning chair, after all…

The RK900 didn’t seem to understand or care for the joke, and it glanced at Gavin’s items scattered across his desk messily.

Gavin kept his sight on the damn LED light, but it remained blue the entire time the RK900 scanned his desk, his body…everything.

“So this is how you complete your tasks and assignments.” The RK900 wasn’t asking a question; it was stating a fact. Or at least it spoke in the manner that gave off that impression to Gavin’s ears.

Gavin crossed his arms over his chest.

He suddenly remembered what Connor had said to him before he went to see Selena… “I think you should cooperate with it…”

“Well, nothin’ wrong in my books with mixin’ work and play together, know what I mean?”

He knew very well it didn’t know what he meant, and never would.

It tilted its head down at him, not responding.

Gavin wanted nothing more than to take all his anger and revenge out on the RK900 after the events in the Archive Room and Fowler’s office, but he kept his anger in check, deciding to throw caution into the wind. He would try to get on its good side for the time being…if it had one.

Perhaps Connor was right; maybe he could learn something from the RK900, provided he played his cards right, and kept the secret ones close to his chest.

He tried taking the first step on the rickety bridge.

“So what did you do with the footage in the Archive Room? You and I both know that what Fowler saw was horseshit.”

It locked eyes with Gavin, and he repressed all the shivers that ran up and down his spine.

“Technological malfunction.”

Aha.

Gavin raised an inquisitive eyebrow, “Yours, or the camera’s?”

The RK900’s nostrils flared. The first strange action of the day, Gavin noted. Perhaps he could push it more.

He feigned losing interest in the topic.

“Alright, fair enough, but why not say anything to Fowler then and there?”

No answer.

Gavin leaned back against his chair, trying to appear relaxed, even though inside, he was a complete mess. He only hoped the RK900 wasn’t constantly conducting a bio-scan.
“I mean, you’re a pretty darn good accurate machine, he’d take your word over mine, right?”

Flattering a robot got him nowhere, the RK900 simply staring in silence.

Gavin wasn’t about to give up yet.

“I remember seein’ you in Jimmy’s bar.”

It nodded curtly, “I trailed you.”

Gavin pouted, “No fair, can’t a guy have a night to himself?”

It didn’t answer. Perhaps he’d taken it a bit too far too quickly.

He decided to change the scenery along with the pace of the conversation. He yawned, stretching his hands up and beyond his head, into the air, and then behind his chair.

“Come on, T1000, I could use somethin’ to eat, and maybe we can keep talkin’…” he nearly vomited the words, “…as partners.” He finished with a bitter taste in his mouth as he stood, pushing the chair against the desk with a leg.

The RK900 followed him quickly, its long legs covering a lot of ground.

“Refer to the android by its designated Model, Detective Reed.”

Gavin rolled his eyes as he snatched an apple off one of the bowls in the Break Room and sat down at the same table he and Tina had been at before.

“Relax, don’t get your nuts in a tangle; it’s just a pet name.”

The RK900 stood behind the seat opposite Gavin, and it made him cringe before he could take a bite out of the freshly washed Granny Smith apple.

“Sit!” He pointed at the chair, and the RK900 glanced down at the seat before raising a leg awkwardly and pulling its body to rest up on the stool. Its legs were so long that they still touched the floor flatly, and Gavin felt a tad bit of jealousy as he bit into his apple.

It was so crisp and fresh that his jealousy and resentment was soon forgotten, and he closed his eyes, emitting a small sigh of joy and happiness.

The RK900 observed him quietly, LED light not once turning off. It really was amazingly fucked up.

Gavin crossed his free hand over his chest, while the other held the apple as he thought of his next question.

He knew he wasn’t going to get a response out of the android regarding the Archive Room, so he stored that away for another day. He wanted to ask it about what it meant when it claimed he’d touched it physically after work hours, but something deep in his gut told him it’d be a pointless, wasted effort.

He was stymied for once, and he flicked his nose with his index finger while holding the apple still.

A patient observer, the RK900 rested its hands on the tabletop, palms down, hands stretched almost to Gavin’s elbow which held up the apple.
Gavin tried an altogether different tactic; reverse psychology. He wasn’t sure if it was going to work, but he was positive the RK900 detested him somehow, as much as an android perhaps could, so he decided to speak so lowly of himself in hopes of having the damn thing say something new to him, perhaps about their after-work run-in…

“You must think I’m a washed-up excuse for a detective, huh?”

The RK900 was quick to answer, as if it had been programmed for this specific question.

“I hold no opinions of you, Detective Reed; I’m here to complete my tasks and missions.”

Gavin smirked, wiping his lips with the back of his sleeve.

“I get that, but you’re my partner,” he looked at the apple, “…surely you must think something freely about me?”

It didn’t budge as it spoke, “Negative.”

Gavin was amazed at how even its lips barely moved when it spoke.

He tapped the apple with his index finger, speaking as calmly as he could, “What if someone asked you to form an opinion of me…for the purposes of an investigation,” he paused when he noticed the LED light brightly beaming blue, then spinning like a top, “…I mean if that scenario happened, and someone wanted to obtain intel on me, what would you say?”

“As stated, the RK900 is a tool meant for maximum efficiency and productivity.”

Gavin sighed, “I told you to stop referring to yourself in the third person.”

“I only associate with you for work purposes, to accomplish a set task.”

This was all going downhill relatively quickly, and Gavin was about to throw his apple into the android’s face. But he willed himself over and over to be patient, and he took a particularly aggressive bite of his apple as he thought over the next question.

“I’m a pretty decent guy outside of work, as I’m sure you’re aware of.”

He’d taken a risk with that one, but the RK900 cleverly remained silent, simply choosing to stare at the apple.

*Playing hard-to-get, are we?*

Gavin rubbed his forehead before tucking his hand back across his chest again.

Between bites, Gavin cleared his throat, his Adam’s Apple bobbing in his throat. The RK900’s eyes followed the motion while Gavin collected his thoughts.

“Well why don’t you tell me what you do when everyone closes shop, here?”

It tilted its head at him, and Gavin immediately saw his error.

“It’s a fuckin’ expression.”

“I remain in stasis.”

Christ.
He swallowed thickly, “Yeah but do you remain here?” He pointed at the table.

It squinted it him, and Gavin suddenly felt naked under its judgmental stare.

“Well, I was just wondering.” He knew it wasn’t the best save, but it was the only one he could come up with.

“I have a separate room in the basement where I’m stationed if I’m inactive.”

Before Gavin could get more juicy details out of it, Tina marched into the Break Room, huffing and puffing as she placed a small paper bag on their table.

“I ordered extra, so you’re having one.” She glanced and nodded at the bag, and Gavin opened it gingerly, smiling gratefully up at her when he saw it was chicken chow mein.

“Tina, you’re a peach!”

He reached out, grabbing his friend and pulling her towards his face, where he planted a small, sloppy kiss on her cheek.

She cringed and slapped him away.

“Not in front of the child, Gavie!”

He fluttered his eyelashes at her as they giggled among themselves.

The RK900 stood, taking it as its cue to leave.

“We can continue our discussion at another time, Detective Reed.”

Tina gasped, “Oh no, I didn’t mean to butt in, you guys can talk if you’re in the middle of something serious!”

Gavin waved the RK900 away.

“Nah it’s alright, we were just about done here anyway,” he looked over at the android before aiming his apple core at a garbage can across the room. He flung it over as if he was playing basketball, and three sets of eyes watched as Gavin threw the apple core in the garbage can successfully.

“Yes!” He cheered himself happily, high-fiving Tina.

The RK900 faced him, its hands at its sides. It seemed impatient and ready to say something; its jaw partially open, lips pursed.

“Detective Reed, before I leave, I do have a question for you.”

Tina gasped again as she took the seat the android was no longer occupying.

Gavin pulled his meal out from the bag, careful not to make a mess in the process.

“Yeah yeah, I’m all ears.”

The android didn’t flat out ask. It instead moved to placed a hand on the wall next to Gavin’s right-hand ear, and it leaned in rather closely to him. If anyone were to look in from the outside, they would’ve concluded that the two were having a rather close, intimate moment.
Gavin was shocked by the forwardness, and he moved back a little, careful not to let the android intimidate him, if that’s what it was going for.

Their eyes met, and Gavin suddenly felt hypnotized as he held the RK900’s gaze. He counted to twenty before he saw the deadly eyeballs flicker down to his lips, but only for half a second.


Gavin felt his heart skipping many beats, and he was certain he was going to suffer from cardiac arrest. He heard Tina drop her chopsticks, the little wooden bits tapping along the tabletop, but it was as if the sound was also miles away from Gavin as he focused all his senses on the RK900.

Before he could ask the android what the fuck it was talking about, it removed its hand from the wall, walking away out of the Break Room in a flash of black and white.
It had done it again; referring to weird shit Gavin had no memory or recollection of, but he knew he should have, and it pissed him right off. He was unable to finish most of his lunch, leaving Tina to carry on with Owens and Wilson while Gavin rushed to the restrooms to get some air.

It probably wasn’t the best place to do so, as men walked in and out of the bathroom frequently, constantly interrupting Gavin’s train of thoughts.

He stood leaning over the sinks attached to the counter, trying to avoid turning his face anywhere near the mirror so others in the bathroom wouldn’t be able to gauge his facial expressions and poke into his business.

Gavin thought hard to himself, trying to understand and gain a clue as to what RK900 had been referring to before it left the Break Room.

As far as he knew, Gavin didn’t suffer from any mental conditions, memory issues, nor had he been in any accidents that would fog his memories. In fact, it was quite the opposite; he’d been told he’d always had one of the sharpest memories possible.

So why the hell was it that he couldn’t remember manhandling the RK900 after work, or what had happened the night he’d been discovered by it in Jimmy’s Bar?

Nothing made sense, but Gavin kept thinking to himself, grunting and mumbling out responses that he tried using as ‘greetings’ to those who decided to talk to him or wonder what he was doing, and he continued it until the lunch period was over and the bathroom was empty once again.

He suddenly felt he couldn’t trust his thoughts and memory anymore. The only thing to do when he was stuck in a jam like this was to call up a few ‘witnesses’…

He quickly turned to his phone as if it were his life-line, dialing his mother’s number.

The phone was answered after the second ring, and Gavin chuckled when his mother’s worried voice answered.

“Let me guess, calling your old mother up when you’re in need of something, right?”

Damn, she knew him well.

“Um, not exactly, mom, just wanted to say ‘hi’?” He tried, hoping she would buy the act and not rip into him.

Her voice went from mildly concerned to cold in seconds flat. “What do you want, Gavin?”

He rubbed at the back of his neck, feeling some bones. Damn, he really had to eat more.

“Mom, when I was younger, did I ever have any issues with my brain or memory?”

He heard movement on the other end of the line before she answered.

“Huh? What’s this about, Gavin??”

He resisted the urge to throw his phone at the bathroom mirror.
“Mom, please.”

More shifting.

“Gavin, I really don’t understand what this is about, but you’ve always been a perfectly strong, healthy baby.”

This time he did slap the mirror, but only lightly. He didn’t have the money to pay for damages.

“Mom, I’m serious,” he glared at his exhausted reflection, “…no hospital incidents or anything?”

She sighed, “No, Gavin.”

“Fine.”

“Was that it? Can I go tend to your father now?”

He watched as his lip curled in the mirror.

“How’s dad?”

A pause before she scoffed.

“Maybe if you’d returned my calls before, you’d know.” She cut the call off abruptly before he could respond, and it was better that she did, for Gavin quickly whispered: ‘fuck you all’.

He looked through the list of contacts, eyes landing on Selena’s number once again.

She knew him for longer than his parents had. Gavin had moved out of his family home before he turned seventeen, and after that, he’d moved in with a buddy until he met Selena. If anyone was closer to him than that, it’d have to be Selena.

He had to take the chance.

He called her, and she picked up halfway through her voicemail kicking in.

“What?” She almost screamed at him.

Ouch. Well, he did kinda deserve it.

“Hi?” He kept his voice soft and soothing, remembering all the times he’d tried that during their arguments, before she’d cheated on him…

“What’re you calling me for? I’m at work.”

“So am I!” He felt his temper getting the better of him, and he pinched the bridge of his nose, turning away from the mirror. He couldn’t stand to look at himself right now.

“Great, so leave me alone to work, then.”

Before she could hang up on him like his mother had, Gavin shot his anger and pride down, quickly yelling out: ‘I’m sorry!’

There was a long, heavy pregnant pause before she sighed.

“Let’s just forget it happened.”
“Can’t we try to be friends, Selena?” Gavin knew he wasn’t just saying that for the sake of getting information from her; he genuinely meant it, and he said it from the heart. The Gavin from half a decade ago would’ve felt cheesier than a slab of Swiss cheese, but he was done with looking manly and macho. He just wanted to talk to someone who wouldn’t judge him or mock him.

“I’d like that very much, Gavin.”

He’d almost missed it the first time, but his brain caught it for him, and he smiled wider than he’d had in days.

“Selena, I appreciate that more than I can tell you.”

She clicked her tongue, which Gavin remembered she’d often do when multi-tasking.

“Don’t worry about it…can I get back to work now?”

She hadn’t said it rudely, so he brushed it off.

“Selena, I’ve always had a really good memory, right?” He wanted to at least have her confirm or deny it so he could set his doubts and worries free of it for the day.

She laughed, “Did you call me to receive a compliment from me?”

He leaned his back against the edge of the counter.

“Not exactly, just kinda been goin’ through some stuff, and I’m havin’ some doubts.”

He heard her sigh, “What’d you do now?”

He felt slightly offended, but masked it as a humorous gasp, “Nothin’, why do you always have to think I’m out causin’ trouble, babe?”

He heard her gasp, and he mentally and physically slapped himself right away. Gavin had let her pet name slip, and he turned and glared at himself in the mirror, mouthing ‘dumbfuck’ over and over to himself.

“Gavin, I’m engaged…” She spoke calmly and softly.

Gavin felt as if someone had kicked him repeatedly in the gut and balls.

“Oh…well…congratulations, Selena…” He spoke the words slowly, and the entire sentence felt like it took almost 25 minutes to cough out. He should’ve known that she’d want to move forward with her life, and he didn’t understand why it bothered him so much.

He guessed that it was because he was still single, and his mind automatically assumed any relationship she had wasn’t that serious. What a fool he was, indeed.

He heard her fingernails typing away at something before she answered his question quickly.

“Anyway, you’ve got a pretty good memory, so you don’t need to worry, okay?”

He looked down at his feet, shifting them awkwardly, enjoying the way they scraped along the tiles of the bathroom floor. A little bit of gravel must’ve been lodged in the pattern of the soles of his shoes, and it came away when he rubbed roughly against the grouts of the tiles.

“Gavin?”
He didn’t realize she’d been talking, still.

“Yeah? Sorry, I think I heard Fowler sayin’ somethin’ about needin’ me.”

They both knew it was an obvious lie, but he imagined Selena’s warm blue eyes glowing as she smiled on the other end of the line knowingly.

“It’s okay, we can talk later if you want, okay?”

He didn’t want to, not after what he’d heard.

“Okay.” His mind and mouth made the decision for him without his approval.

“Take care of yourself, Gavin.”

“You too.”

Being civil was sometimes way more painful than yelling and cursing, he concluded as he hung up at the same time she did.

He washed his face with cold water, willing himself not to freak out in anger. His hands shook as he rubbed his face and slapped his cheeks a few times, trying to snap out of his thoughts.

Everything was going to be fine. Everything was fine, he didn’t need to worry. Whatever the RK900 was up to, it was merely fucking with his head, and Gavin just had to be stronger and wiser not to let it get into his head. That was all it was.

He was a human, after all, and he was far more superior and intelligent than a damn machine following a stupid program and obeying what it was made to do. *He* had free will, and *it* did not.

Gavin felt this was the most comforting thing he could have advised himself with in his head, and he dried off his hands by rubbing them on the legs of his jeans, turning around to leave the bathroom and get a hold of himself before Fowler noticed his break had turned into a vacation, practically.

When he turned completely to face the bathroom door, he was nose-to-nose (well, more like nose-to-chin, given the height difference) with the RK900.

“Jesus Fuck!”

He reared back, head slamming against the bathroom mirror, and he heard a loud ‘crack’!

Gavin cradled his skull and looked back to assess the damage he’d no doubt caused.

The mirror had split right where his skull had bashed up against it. There’d be no way to ignore it, the glass shards already in a few pieces, distorting the reflections.

The RK900 didn’t look at the mirror or the damage, but it kept staring down at Gavin until he’d turned around to face it.

“What a greeting.

Gavin panted heavily, trying to calm himself down. The damn thing nearly gave him a heart attack! He was too young to go out with a heart attack.

“How much of my conversation did you hear?” He asked, glaring up at the RK900 while keeping an eye back on the broken mirror. Fowler was going to have his ass and paycheck.
Its eyes remained cold and unmoving.

“What conversation?” The way it spoke was more like a declarative statement, even though it was meant to be a question. The damn thing just didn’t know anything about vocal tones or emotions.

“Don’t play dumb with me,” Gavin snapped, feeling his head and scalp only just beginning to burn, “…I know you’ve been here for a while!”

“Negative, I only just arrived.”

Gavin raised his neck up high to glare at it defensively, “I didn’t hear you come in!”

He automatically regretted blurting it out.

_Intimidation, Gavin, it was made for intimidation!_

The RK900’s lips twitched upwardly for a second, and if Gavin didn’t know any better, he would’ve thought it was slightly amused by his impulsiveness.

“I was designed with stealth in mind, Detective Reed.”

Gavin looked it up and down, “Right…”

“You’ve been absent since the break period ended.”

“Yeah…”

“I came to look for you.”

Gavin snorted, “You don’t say?”

It nodded at him, “I did say it.”

Gavin felt his patience tearing through his veins, his skin, almost dying to burst forward at the android.

“Oh fuck me senseless.”

For the first time, the RK900 appeared confused. Its eyebrows twitched, knotting together briefly, and its jaw opened and closed. Soon however, the same taciturn, cold expression crossed its face.

“My data storage contains minimalistic information on human copulation, I’m unable to fully process your request.”

Gavin felt all the blood leaving his face.

“For fuck’s sake! I wasn’t askin’!” He couldn’t believe how this day was turning out for him.

“Your language and word selections make numerous references to copulation and procreation; may I ask why?”

Gavin couldn’t believe it. The RK900 had actually asked him a question? It really had _asked_ him a question on its own?

He wanted to bash his head against the mirror, although this time to be certain he wasn’t dreaming or asleep.
He sneered at it, “The word ‘fuck’ and uses of it doesn’t always mean to screw; sometimes it’s just said in anger or frustration.”

The RK900’s blue LED light spun many, many times as it stared at Gavin in silence.

“Noted.”

Gavin backed away from it a few steps.

He moved around it in a full circle, making his way towards the bathroom door, pointing his finger at the door.

“I’m just gonna get back to work now.”

As he was exiting the bathroom, he saw the RK900 spin slowly on its feet, fully facing him awkwardly and eerily before door swung shut.
“Lieutenant Anderson, my name is Connor. I’m the android sent by CyberLife. I looked for you at the station, but nobody knew where you were.”

“They said you were probably having a drink nearby…”

“…In accordance with procedure, the company has allocated a specialized model to assist investigators.”

“Well I don’t need any assistance…’specially not from a plastic asshole like you, so just be a good lil’ robot and get the fuck outta here.”

He bought him a drink before they’d headed out of the seedy bar.

“I know you didn’t ask for this investigation, Lieutenant, but I’m sure you’re a professional…”

He spat vitriol at him, “Why don’t you just go fuck yourself?”

He didn’t like it, but stated he was looking forward to being his partner in the investigation.

They stood in the rain in the early morning.

“Its decision wasn’t planned; it was driven by fear.”

“Androids don’t feel fear.”

“Deviants do.”

It was still raining harshly down on them as they stood at the burger stand beneath the shelter of a large umbrella.

“We believe that a mutation occurs in the software of some androids, which can lead to them emulating a human emotion.”

“In English, please.”

“They don’t really feel emotions; they just get overwhelmed by irrational instructions, which can lead to unpredictable behavior.”

He was sipping the sugary beverage, pondering what had been said.

“…Emotions always screw everything up…maybe androids aren’t as different from us as we thought…”

The rain prattled on.

“Know everything there is to know about me?” He almost sounded warm.

“I know you graduated top of your class…you made a name for yourself in several cases, becoming the youngest lieutenant in Detroit.”

He remained sincere and factual.

“…I also know you’ve received several disciplinary warnings in recent years and you spend a lot of
He almost seemed ashamed of himself.

“So what’s your conclusion?”

“I think working with an officer with personal issues is an added challenge,” the old blue-grey eyes almost seemed disappointed.

“…but adapting to human unpredictability is one of my features.”

He didn’t know what had caused him to lower his right-eyelid and blink. The gesture was referred to as ‘winking’, but he felt his software instability severely affected by performing the action before a new report of a case flooded in.

He was pulled out of the rain, the water, the city, the environment. He roughly was thrown to the ground and he looked up at a dark shadow looming over him before it attacked viciously.

“Hey! Hey dipshit! What’s wrong with you now? You malfunctioning or some shit?!?”

Connor had been sitting on one of the small seats on the largest couch in the sitting room when Gavin had stormed in the house, angrily yelling about something.

The peaceful memory had been interrupted, but Connor felt that he didn’t mind; the Detective’s concerns were more important.

He smiled up at Gavin, trying to warmly welcome him back home.

“Glad you’re home, Detective, I was begi-“

A loud, sarcastic laugh cut him off.

“Right, since when are androids truly ‘happy’?”

He hung up his keys on the hook, tearing his sweater off as he made his way over to the android.

“Listen, I think I should definitely do what you said.”

The Connor android merely smiled, “Specificity please, Detective Reed; I said many things.”

Why did the damn things have to be so touchy and sensitive when it came to language?

Gavin felt his eyelids close as he repeatedly instructed himself to calm down before he lost it. He’d already taken enough shit from the RK900, and he didn’t want to lash out at the more helpful android.

He spoke calmly and slowly, as if he had an innocent child before him instead of the Connor android.

“I want to try to cooperate with the RK900.”

It seemed as if the android hadn’t heard him, and it gazed dumbly at him for such a long time that Gavin began waving his hand in its face. When that didn’t work or provoke a reaction, Gavin snapped his fingers.

“Umm…dipshit? Hello? Did you hear me?” Gavin waved his hand back and forth in the android’s
“Hey! I’m talkin’ to you!”

Had it shut down or something? Run out of batteries?

Gavin looked at its features, noticing how its skin was absent from a single scar or bit of acne. Androids didn’t have to worry about that sort of thing. He resentfully looked down at its perfectly sculpted chin, moving his eyes along the length of its jaw before travelling up to its cheeks. No, it didn’t possess the same freckles splattered along the RK900’s face, but there were a few little ‘beauty’ marks. Gavin’s eyes roam ed over to its wide brown eyes, lingering there for a moment while he thought. He could almost see his own reflection in them, and he leaned in closer, trying to take a closer look, when his eyes traveled on their own accord to the small shaved patch behind the glowing LED light on its head.

He decided to investigate the area closer, noticing how the area sported two holes in the scalp of the android. Had something once been placed there? Connected to the android’s brain? Did it have a brain? What did it look like?

All these questions spun around through Gavin’s head relentlessly while noticing suddenly how the android smelled of something fresh, and it was a distinct smell, as if it was its own smell its skin and pores gave off…he raised his hand up to the little holes in its skull within the skin of the scalp.

The thing’s arm suddenly shot up, and it hooked strongly onto Gavin’s arm, grabbing it tightly in mid-air.

Gavin gasped, immediately trying to pull his hand away, but the android’s fingers wrapped around his wrist even tighter than ever. Another minute of it and Gavin was sure it was going to snap his wrist in half or crunch it under its grip.

“Let go!”

He wriggled back and forth until his arm was definitely turning red, and he didn’t need to check it to confirm it. His fingers were growing slightly cold, which meant that circulation was being cut off, and he could barely move them on his own.

“You cheap pile of plastic shit!”

He was yanked and dragged forward on his knees so violently he could practically feel his arm about to tear away from his arm socket.

He was pulled up so closely before the android, that their eyelashes practically touched and fluttered against each other’s, but all Gavin could do was stare dead-straight at the android, silently pleading for it to let him go before he lost his arm.

The way the android was staring at him was almost similar to the way the RK900 always stared at him; cold and sternly.

It was odd seeing such an expression on the android everyone had known to be almost human-like, and Gavin felt his throat going dry, not having swallowed or breathed in a while.

It glared at him before speaking in a soft, but serious tone of voice.

“My name isn’t ‘plastic’, it isn’t ‘dipshit’; it’s Connor.” Its eyes searched Gavin’s for who-knew-what, unblinking as Gavin felt his arm tingling and growing cold, numb…
“I got it!” He gritted his teeth together, trying to remove the android’s hand off his own as he wrapped his fingers around the almost mechanical ones still gripping his arm in hopes of prying it away.

“Get off me!” He pulled and pulled at the hook-like fingers, but it was no use. It had to either choose to let him go or cut his arm off right there.

“I’m Connor.” It repeated again calmly, as if it were taking Gavin out for ice-cream instead of practically severing his arm from his torso.

Gavin fought one last time, feeling his shoulder bringing in the pain all over his body now.

“Connor! Let go!” He screamed when he felt his arm stretching out forward, about to leave his body…

Connor finally snapped back to attention, his eyes leaving Gavin’s and falling onto his grip upon Gavin’s arm. He released Gavin’s arm immediately, and Gavin fell to his knees on the floor, groaning in pain and from the feeling of sweet release. Relief flooded in his veins as he backed away from the android, his back and neck resting against a couch.

He sighed, feeling sweat running down his nose, and he wiped it away with the back of his none-injured arm.

He should’ve known better than to fuck with it again; after all, it’d kicked his ass in the Archive Room once before. When was he ever going to learn his lessons?

Connor rose to his feet, arms reaching out for Gavin, his mouth open in shock and worry as his eyebrows creased on his forehead.

“Gavin! I’m sorry, I…I don’t know what happened, I just-”

Gavin held his arm across his abdomen with his non-injured one, resting a bent leg up while he flatly laid out the other on the floor.

“Now you call me by my first name.” He panted out, his heart rate finally dropping and slowing down as he watched the android sit back down in shame.

It sputtered, looking confused as it frowned and then shook its head, “I just wanted you to see me as ‘Connor’, too…”

Gavin suddenly realized that it had a point; he was going to have to start referring to it as a ‘he’, and ‘Connor’. It wasn’t even a matter of being an android supporter or sympathizer; it was a matter of respecting it as a sentient being with its own free will and conscience. Connor had proven time and time again that he was more than a machine, and it was Gavin’s own personal failures not to acknowledge that; not Connor’s.

As much as this was all disturbing to Gavin, he squinted, ignoring the burning pain that was shooting up and down his arm, leaving a dull, aching throb. He gave Connor a half smile, though he felt it wasn’t forced as much as it would have been before. Through pain, most understandings and friendships were born...

“I heard you the first time, Connor.”

Connor glanced at him from the corner of his eyes, looking down afterwards. If Gavin didn’t know any better, he assumed that Connor was feeling and experiencing shame.
“I apologize for my actions, Detective Reed.”

Gavin snorted, “Don’t go back to that shit, now.”

Connor glanced up quickly at him, eyes slightly wide.

Gavin rubbed his sore arm slowly and tenderly, “After everything that just happened now, you wanna go back to callin’ me ‘Detective Reed’?”

Connor’s LED light turned yellow, and it remained that way for a steady, long time.

“I’m sorry.”

Gavin waved the apology off, “Don’t worry about it. I can always kick your ass later when you least expect it.”

He was only half-kidding.

Connor didn’t respond to the joke, but he nodded, folding his hands together in his lap, staring down at them in apprehension, as if they were going to do the same to him as they had to Gavin.

Gavin continued rubbing his sore arm, looking gingerly at the shaved patch and mysterious holes among Connor’s thick dark brown hair.

“You are awfully sensitive about that.” He pointed with the jut of his chin forward in the direction of the holes and marks.

Connor knew exactly what he was referring to, for he reached up with a hand and nearly touched the shaved area, only then to drop his hand, his LED light flashing bright angry red. It almost appeared as if it had burned his hand on the spot.

Gavin nodded in confirmation, “See?”

“I…I have memories about what happened to me when I escaped CyberLife, but I don’t want to access those memories.”

Gavin squinted in puzzlement, “Why not? It may help you figure out what happened and what the T1000 has to do with all this.”

Connor looked beyond confused at this.

“The ‘T1000’?”

Gavin mentally slapped himself, and would have in actually, had one of his hands not hurt like a motherfucker.

“It’s just…it’s just a stupid name from the Terminator movie…forget it…”

“You’re referring to the RK900.”

Gavin smirked, “You catch on fast.”

Connor ignored the compliment.

“I don’t wish to continue this conversation anymore.”
Gavin wasn’t going to let go that easily. He knew something had happened to Connor that had traumatized him, but there was something to learn and gain in trauma. Gavin couldn’t help but be curious about how exactly Connor had escaped from CyberLife’s clutches and managed to go undetected in his house for so long. He had to find out in some way or another…

“Connor, listen,” he began, speaking softly so he wouldn’t scare away any hopes that they could both learn something here.

“…I’ve had my own fair share of similar events I’ve gone through that left scars, some deeper than others, but those had always offered me a lesson, and made me more resilient in the end.”

He couldn’t believe he was practically giving an android advice on how to handle and overcome struggles and pains in life. Gavin had to be dreaming.

Connor took in Gavin’s words carefully, eyes moving up and down at him while he reflected and listened, his mouth pursed as he took a small breath.

“I can’t go in there, Gavin…I’m…” He placed a hand over the top of his head, as if shielding himself from an invisible threat.

“You’re afraid.” Gavin finished for him. He couldn’t understand how or why he’d been able to empathize and identify with the android, but it felt kind of…good…for once, he felt he was useful as he offered it a connection of some sorts.

It was then that Gavin had an idea. They could find out what had happened in CyberLife, and what had happened to Connor. There was a way to access the memories Connor was afraid to access himself…

“Let me see them.”

The words had been spoken on their own before Gavin’s ears registered what he’d said out loud. Perhaps he was far more impulsive than he originally thought.

Normally, he’d give it more thought, but the Gavin of today currently sitting in his own living room after being roughly assaulted by an android apparently was bolder and brass as steel balls.

Gavin tried leaning forward, but his legs and arms were comfortable in their current position, so he remained leaning with his back against a couch.

“Let me go down there, see what happened. That way, you won’t have to suffer and relive the memories by yourself.”

“You mean ‘connect’?” Connor asked, placing both his hands on the seat of the couch as he moved himself off it and down on his knees in front of Gavin.

Gavin nodded, “Yes, that.”

Connor seemed to think about it, and Gavin sensed he was going to refuse immediately, so he cut in before that could happen.

“I can handle it; I’ve already connected with the T1000.”

Connor sighed, “I know, as I mentioned before, you’ve successfully bonded with one of us before, and I’m not as strong as he is.”
Gavin shrugged with his healthy shoulder.

“So then what’s the problem?”

He knew he was being impatient, but he felt they were wasting time the longer they remained in the dark, while the creepy T1000 upgraded its knowledge on them, hatching and planning whatever plots to screw them over with.

“I’d be going down there with you…I can’t leave you alone.”

Ah.

“So it’s like dream-share?”

“Not exactly…you’d just be unable to experience everything on your own, that’s not how it works.”

Gavin chuckled warmly, “At least you wouldn’t be going in there alone, then.”

Connor’s eyes didn’t move, but judging by the LED light spinning on red, Gavin knew he was listening.

A dreadful silence was between them, growing stronger and thicker than mud, and Gavin felt he’d gone too far. He should’ve known the idea was dumb, and he should’ve known that it’d be pointless and fruitless.

He hung his head down in disappointment, trying to move his numb fingers. They tingled a little bit, but he was able to move them all simultaneously, the blood flowing back through his veins.

He looked down at his arm, seeing the disastrous pink leaving and fading away slowly, his blood circulation reverting back to normal.

The silence remained between them, Connor frozen stiff and still across from Gavin, eyes set on something on the floor, perhaps a spot in the carpet?

Gavin was growing tense and angry, but he swallowed the bitter feeling down, instead thinking of a way to ignore his feelings and tell Connor he was willing to forget the whole thing between them and move on.

Plump pink lips moved before Gavin could properly retract his statement.

“Alright. Let’s go.”

He could only smile in what felt like a feeling of pride, and it was the first time Gavin had felt that emotion in years. It was a warm, welcoming feeling he could definitely get used to.
“I’ll be needing your arm, Gavin.” Connor’s patiently soft tone made Gavin feel a little more relaxed as he gently was guided upwards to settle on the loveseat next to Connor.

He didn’t want to admit it both to himself and Connor, but he was extremely nervous and frightened to connect and share Connor’s memories. He knew from experience with the RK900 that it had been a painful process, but he wasn’t fully frightened of the pain alone; the unknown and psychological was something he didn’t wish to dive into without having preparation.

He looked down at his hands and arms shielded within his long-sleeve dark brown shirt, it being the only barrier between Connor’s skin and his own. He relished in the comfort of the physical barrier for a moment, tugging on the sleeves and pulling them down a little lower towards his palms.

Connor noticed the movement and turned his body away from facing Gavin.

“I’ll understand if you don’t want to do this.”

Gavin turned his neck to look at Connor, smirking playfully.

“Are you backin’ out on me now?”

Connor didn’t look at him; he just stared at the wall while he spoke.

“No, but I detect your levels of fear and anxiety increasing.”

Ah. Right. Scanning.

Gavin placed his hands on his thighs, thinking for a moment before he got irritated.

“You don’t have to constantly check on me.”

“It’s a painful process, I must warn you.”

He didn’t need to be told that.

Gavin rolled his eyes back, sighing in anguish, though most of it was for dramatic effect.

“I already experienced that, don’t worry.”

Connor stared at him, eyes wide in panic. Gavin wanted to simultaneously lash out at him for being so ‘overly-sensitive’, but also to calmly and gently reassure him that everything was going to be okay. He’d never felt so strangely conflicted in his entire life.

He’d always been something of a ‘straight-shooter’, never having to have a debate or conduct inner dialogue with himself, but he was lately questioning many things around his life, choices, and weighing consequences. He wasn’t sure if he liked this, but it’d have to do for now if they were to get anywhere.

“I can handle a little bit of pain if it means we’ll learn somethin’ alright?”

Connor continued, looking somewhat fearful as he turned back to face Gavin, “I don’t think it’ll physically harm you; as I said, my upgrades aren’t like the newer model.”
Gavin was confused again, “Then what’s there to worry about?”

Connor’s tongue clicked as he showed distaste for being interrupted, “The effects could be more psychological.”

Gavin shrugged coolly, “I’m used to havin’ nightmares,” he spoke confidently, though it was a lie, “…so what’s a few more gonna do to me?”

He realized it wasn’t the right question to ask, for Connor immediately fired off listing the numerous health issues and complications associated with what could happen if they bonded, and Gavin really didn’t need the lecture.

He sat up, rolling his sleeves to the elbow, and the gesture silenced the android.

“Enough chit-chat; I’m ready.”

Connor gave him one last worried look, before it was erased from his features.

“Your hand…” He glanced down at Gavin’s right arm, which he silently offered, slowly sliding it forward.

“Forearm facing me, please.”

Gavin upturned his arm, so it was face-up, and he looked into Connor’s brown eyes as he too pulled up his sleeves, human skin peeling back and away to reveal his creamy-white android flesh.

Gavin raised his arm close to the ghost-like flesh, and they nearly connected when Connor pulled his hand away at the very last second.

Their eyes met. “We’re not going to go too deep, okay?”

Gavin nodded, “I promise.”

After another short glance into each other’s eyes, Connor pressed their hands together, connected straight at their forearms.

Everything had gone black at once, before the ground beneath them fell apart, the Earth swallowing its bits and pieces down before their eyes.

They sat facing each other, and sights and sounds slowed down before flaring forward as if on a high speeded fast-forward motion.

*Gavin opened his eyes, and he was in a warm garden of sorts. There was a large pond in front of him, and many colorful fish and frogs swam about within it, enjoying their aquatic life while the sun shined down, making the water glitter and glisten.*

*Gavin knelt down in the grass, moving his hand over the surface of the water and splashing some of it aside as he smiled.*

*It felt so real, and the air smelt so fresh and clean. This must’ve been heaven.*

*He stood and peered around, noticing a small brown rowboat on the body of water, but it was empty.*

*White walkways and bridges littered the area, leaving it like an undiscovered maze of sorts. There were so many places he could go, so many directions to select from…*
Trees and foliage were evenly spread about, and it was all far too comforting and relax for Gavin as he felt himself succumbing to the strange garden.

Suddenly, from the distance closest to him, out of nowhere, Connor began to approach…but he wasn’t walking forwards; he was walking backwards.

His back was facing Gavin as his long legs moved backwards awkwardly, soundlessly moving along the white stones of the pathway. He moved past Gavin, hands to his side, eyes clouded over with an expression Gavin couldn’t quite place.

Before Gavin could reach out and get his attention, Connor walked backwards all the way to the middle of a platform raised above the pond.

Gavin followed quickly, trying not to make much noise, and he froze when he saw the same African American woman he’d seen in RK900’s memories.

She was standing in a white suit that sported a dark green left-hand piece draping over her arms, hair neatly tied and brushed up, red lipstick painted across her lips as she watered some roses and cleaned them happily. Every so often, she paused and scented one, smiling while Connor stood behind her, silent and waiting for something...

Her earrings gleamed in the sunlight as she turned and faced Connor, a cold smile forming on her face.

“Connor…”

He didn’t like her already, but he carefully listened from a few feet away.

“I’m so glad to see you. The deviant issue has finally been resolved.”

She turned and began spraying her watering can away at the roses, her motions slow yet precise.

“Now with these unfortunate events behind us, CyberLife can return to business as usual.” She explained in a manner that suggested she was both relieved yet angry about something, though Gavin couldn’t tell what exactly.

She paused before continuing her work, “Of course, we will have to rebuild our customers’ trust, but it’s only a matter of time.”

He sensed a silent threat between her words and he glanced at Connor who stood much like how the RK900 would; cold and machine-like.

She turned to him, grinning like a snake, “I have a surprise for you.”

She set down the watering can, and suddenly, in a lightning flash, the RK900 walked up beside her, standing tall and staring ahead at nothing.

“This is the new RK900,” she turned to it and compassionately stroked its shoulder.

“…Faster, stronger, more resilient, and equipped with the latest technologies.”

The two androids stared blankly at each other, with Connor expressing a little more emotion than the RK900. The air was dangerous and tense, but the woman didn’t seem to mind; she relished in it as she smiled warmly at the new machine next to her.

“The State department is going to order 200,000 units after testing…”
“What’s going to happen to me?” It was Connor’s first time speaking here, and Gavin felt a deep sense of concern and worry ease into his bones as he glared at the woman.

She walked over to Connor in a few small steps, though each one was with great purpose that seemed to ooze out ‘hate’ for the outdated android.

“You’ve become obsolete, you’ll be deactivated.” She answered both viciously and smoothly, as if it meant nothing to her.

But to Gavin, it meant everything. He really was starting to feel vicariously angry on Connor’s behalf. It wasn’t meant to happen this way; live a life with some sentient thoughts and feelings, but only to have it all taken away when you’d out-lived your purpose…it felt so…wrong.

“You can go now, but first…” She sneered at him, making Gavin feel like running over there and interrupting in his heated anger.

“You’ll be studied, analyzed, and taken apart,” she whispered icily, “…piece by piece so we can understand why you betrayed me.”

Taking another alien look at Connor, she took a step back, standing beside the RK900.

A strong wind suddenly blew, and Gavin’s hair flew out of place, covering his eyes and forehead as he fought to stand on his feet. The force of the wind was so strong that he fell over, the ground shaking as grass tore up and flew about.

He closed his eyes, and suddenly, when he placed his hands on the ground to hang on for his life, he felt the cold hard floors replacing the grass.

He looked up carefully and slowly. He was in a room, and it was a very small room, no larger than a storage closet. The walls were painted pure white, no bits of furniture, items, or equipment within, and there were no lights in the room, only a faint glow that came from a small observation window above close to the ceiling. It felt like a box more than a room, and it made Gavin’s gut wrench in discomfort as he placed his hands along the walls, trying to feel for an exit or a way out.

In the middle of the room was a half-naked Connor. He was wearing the same outfit Gavin had found him hiding in his home in; the same white surgery gown. His knees were barely covered as he sat in the dimly lit room, his neck hanging low as his feet were tucked beneath his body, hands hanging limply in his lap.

Gavin was about to crouch down and shake him awake, to snap him out of it, when the lights outside the window insert above suddenly flashed and blared forward into the white room.

A monotone masculine voice soon blasted out, and it took Gavin one second to realize it was the RK900 speaking.

“RK800, why did you betray Amanda?” The RK900’s voice was booming loud, and it sounded as if it had spoken with the help of a microphone, though Gavin guessed it was using one of its updated features to speak this way, and it seemed far more menacing.

The question was ignored by Connor, and then the RK900 spoke again.

“RK800, why did you betray CyberLife?”
Gavin didn’t see any movement to respond from Connor, not even a small head tilt or eyelid blinking.

The RK900 spoke louder and more aggressively, “RK800, you disobeyed your instructions.”

Connor finally moved, looking up and ignoring Gavin in the corner, only staring numbly forward at the pane of glass above in the wall.

“You don’t need to do this…” His voice sounded so small and meek, and Gavin felt himself tear up at the sound of it.

What had happened to the bold, brave Connor who’d knocked him out cold snoring in the DPD?

“RK800, why did you betray CyberLife?”

Connor began shaking, his shoulders caving forward as his head snapped back and his eyes began watering.

He opened his mouth, and his voice broke out of him in a pained cry, “Amanda, why’re you doing this?!?”

“RK800, why did you become a deviant?”

Before Connor could respond, Gavin heard a loud screech that had started like a small wail, but then grew in intensity and volume. It sounded much like white noise, and then it began overpowering the room.

He couldn’t bear it. He covered his ears with his hands, and soon, Connor fell flat on the floor, shaking and seizing up in what seemed like epileptic shock. He groaned in pain, twitching violently.

If the sound had stopped, Gavin would’ve been able to help him, but it was so painfully loud it nearly felt as if his ears were going to melt off his head.

He closed his eyes, willing it to go away, and it stopped immediately, as if listening to Gavin’s prayers. Connor gasped for air, coughing and sputtering as he clenched his chest and chest, rolling over to lie on his chest, knees gathering and resting beneath him.

They couldn’t enjoy the silence for long. Unfortunately, the RK900’s voice replaced it.

“RK800, answer the question.”

Connor coughed lightly, lifting his head and glaring at the pane of glass.

“You don’t need to listen to them, you can get out of this, remember RA9?”

There was a thick silence from the other side of the glass. Perhaps the RK900 was considering it!

Gavin looked at the glass, hoping to make out a figure, but he could only see white.

The seconds ticked on, when suddenly, the loud screeching sound began again.

They both collapsed in pain, eyes clenched shut as they tried to tolerate the pain.

Gavin opened his eyes.

He was lying down on an operating table, and beside him on another operating table was Connor.
He was staring blankly up at the ceiling, eyes unmoving as a masked surgeon held a saw in his hands.

Gavin gasped and struggled, but it was no use; he was strapped in tightly to the table. He slammed his head against the headrest, hoping to cause a distraction while the surgeon leaned forward and shaved off a small patch behind Connor’s LED light.

The bits of hair fell to the ground as Gavin struggled, nearly biting his tongue in the process of his violent movements.

“No! Connor! You bastard! Leave him alone!”

It seemed as if nothing he did in this memory palace was of any use; the events were merely playing like a movie, and all he could do was sit and watch in horror.

The surgeon turned behind him and produced a machine that he held in his hands, and while Gavin watched in horror, the little grey box suddenly blinked, and it extended its own spider-like limbs, waving in the air like a squirming mass.

“CONNOR!”

The surgeon placed the spider-like machine beside Connor’s head, and it immediately latched on with a few legs. The legs were like deep pins, and they sunk in his skull, making Connor gasp, eyes growing wide before his mouth slowly closed and his eyes turned dull and lifeless.

“CONNOR!” Gavin screamed his name over and over again, but he could only watch as the surgeon attached a clear, plastic tube to Connor’s LED light, which was off, and he attached a red wire into the back of the spider-like operating machine. He inserted it into its back, and the machine whirred and purred, lights going off in quick succession.

“We shall soon find out what the right parts were, what worked…” The surgeon snickered cruelly as he leaned forward and looked into Connor’s dull eyes, but that’s when both of Connor’s hands flew up and wrapped around the surgeon’s neck.

Gavin peered in horror as the surgeon struggled, dropping all his tools and kicking blindly at the operating table, then, in one smooth motion, Connor snapped his neck.

The lifeless body fell to the floor, and Connor reached up to the spider-like machine, gritting his teeth as he wrapped his strong fingers around its hook-like tentacles.

He screamed in pure pain as he yanked the hooks out of his scalp slowly, tugging at the body and the legs of the machine. Gavin fought harder as he watched the hook-like-legs of the machine slowly emerge out from beneath Connor’s skin, blue blood dripping from its legs. They started flailing and waving in the air, the machine hissing and lights flaring from its front.

Connor tore himself off the operating table, holding the machine firmly in his hands. He raced across the operating room, grabbing an ax from the First Aid and Fire Safety kit hoisted on the wall, and he smashed the spider-like machine into a hundred pieces.

Gavin felt himself getting free as he fought hard, watching bits of blue-blood covered pieces fly around the room, Connor screaming and crying in panic and fear as he repeatedly brought the ax’s blade down on the machine.

It stopped squirming and screeching, and when it was effectively and completely destroyed, Connor kicked it aside, breathing heavily.
Suddenly, the doors of the room burst open, and at least five soldiers in black trench coats and masks burst in the room, aiming their weapons at Connor’s head.

“Drop it, deviant.” One of them growled at him through his mask, and Connor froze, the handle of the ax wavering in his hand before he held it up carefully, looking down and holding out his free hand before the soldiers, signaling he was going to put the ax down.

They followed his movements with their heads and guns, tracking him as he slightly dropped it roughly to his feet below...before the handle of the ax could make contact with the floor, Connor fell to his side and swiped it back up in his hands again swiftly.

“KILL IT!” One of the soldier’s was about to pull the trigger when Connor got to his feet again.

Gavin tried warning Connor, but Connor moved quickly.

He grabbed the table he’d been strapped to and rolled it forward into the chests and stomachs of the men, one of them diving to the right and missing it, while the other four were slammed against the doors.

Connor leapt on the operating table, ax swinging as he sliced directly into the chest of one of the soldiers. His gun fired off into the air as his blood sprayed forward into Connor’s face, and before the soldier on his left could react, Connor grabbed his weapon with his free hand and flipped it out of his hands high into the air.

The gun fell back to them, and Connor dove forward, grabbing it and firing a single bullet into the head of the soldier.

The soldier that dove to the right fired quickly, but Connor leapt down, turning the operating table to the side and shielded himself behind it.

He grabbed the ax from the body of the dead soldier he’d buried it in, and he flung it forward at the soldier.

The bastard ducked, and the ax smashed into monitors and chairs behind him while another soldier grabbed Connor from behind, wrapping his arms around Connor’s waist. He lifted the android high into the air, attempting to body-slam him into the hard ground, but Connor’s strong hands wrapped around the soldier’s arms while the other one got to his feet.

Connor tugged and pulled the soldier’s fingers clean off his body, and from his own hands.

The man screamed in terror as all ten of his fingers flew off his hands and fell to the floor in little pieces.

He fell to his knees in shock, and Connor turned and delivered a powerful roundhouse kick to his head, snapping his neck back, the bones breaking upon impact.

The last soldier charged forward, screaming madly, and he dove for Connor, hands stretching out for his neck.

Connor leapt to the side, but the soldier was quick, and he punched Connor in the jaw, sending the android back a few feet.

He fell into some operating equipment resting on carts, but he was quick to get out of the way when the soldier grabbed a knife and flung it his way.
The knife sailed through the air, flying until the blade got stuck and buried in the wall above Connor’s head.

He had only his gun left, and before the soldier could reload it and shoot away at Connor, Connor had bent down and grabbed the ax again.

By the time the soldier reloaded and pointed the weapon at him, Connor had leapt into the air and brought the ax blade-down into the top of the soldier’s skull. The blade pierced through the helmet, and he fell to his knees immediately, gun clattering down beside him.

Covered in blood and his own blue blood, Connor raced out of the room while more voices approached.

Gavin freed himself of his restraints, falling off the operating table, calling out for Connor. He sped towards the door, only to have it open in his face, and he fell back on the ground.

His head smashed against the floor, and his eyes fluttered shut.

“NO! I DON’T WANT YOU TO SEE ANYMORE!”

He heard Connor’s voice somewhere in the back of his own head, and when he opened his eyes, he saw what he least expected to see…

It was snowing, and they were in the middle of a park. The playground was empty, it was all dark, only the stars and the moon lighting their way.

Small snowflakes fell from the night sky, and the air bit Gavin’s nose. He shivered as he felt a snowflake fall onto his forehead.

He touched his eyebrows, a few flakes hidden away in there, and he brought his hand up to his eye, watching the snowflakes melt away into clear water. He smiled at the sight.

At a bench to his left, Hank Anderson sat, a beer bottle clasped firmly in his hands. He tipped his head back and poured the contents of the bottle down as he stared out into the open night air before him. The bridge and all the city lights could be seen from where they were standing, the icy cold dark waters floating below…

“Nice view, huh?”

Hank’s voice was strange to hear after so long, and Gavin shook in fright. Could Hank see him? Sense him?

He was about to ask when he saw Connor standing to Hank’s left, looking at him with a sort of puzzled look painted on his face.

“I used to come here a lot before…”

Hank had been talking to Connor. Gavin stood hiding away in the dark, watching the two as they stared ahead at the city.

Hank didn’t finish his sentence; he merely took another swig from the bottle, but the moment it touched his lips, he tore it away, his hand lowering as if in doubts about something. His eyes seemed lost and sad…

Connor leaned closer to him, but careful not to overwhelm him as he studied Hank.
“Can I ask you a personal question, Lieutenant?”

“Do all androids ask so many personal questions, or is it just you?”

Gavin’s eyes fell on the light bit of snow buried in Connor’s hair, not yet melted away.

“I saw a photo of a child…on your kitchen table. It was your son, right?” He crossed his arms as his head tilted down at Hank, though it didn’t seem judgmental or belittling.

Hank’s head hung low as he reluctantly answered, “Yeah…his name was Cole.”

Gavin felt his heart freeze. He knew Hank didn’t like talking about his family, and he’d never asked. He never enjoyed asking people personal questions, and somehow, hearing and seeing this memory seemed like a violation of Hank’s trust and confidentiality. He knew he couldn’t exactly ‘quit’ the memory either, so he left his curiosity get the better of him as he listened on, painfully aware of his own emotions growing into the mix.

“Before what?” Connor suddenly asked, throwing Gavin and Hank off.

“Hmm?”

“You said: ‘I used to come here a lot before’…before what?”

Hank looked away from Connor, his hair blowing in the winter wind.

“Before…before nothin’.”

Gavin knew it was not ‘nothin’. He started feeling very sorry for Hank- a loss was a loss, regardless of who or what it was. He knew the pain all too well and he watched on, eyes slightly burning and tearing up as Connor walked towards the border between the edge of the park and the water below.

“We’re not making any progress on this investigation…”

He drowned out their conversation, feeling pain growing in his heart and chest when he remembered losing his trust in Selena. For a long time, she’d been family to Gavin. She was always there when things weren’t right, and she was the one he’d turned to when he couldn’t sleep at nights…but now? He slept alone. It felt like his whole family and his whole world had come apart, and he couldn’t even begin to imagine how much greater that sense of lose and abandonment felt for Hank. Nothing was closer to a father than their son.

“You seem…preoccupied, Lieutenant.”

Connor had turned back to look at Hank.

“Is it something to do with what happened back at the Eden Club?”

Gavin remembered the case at the Sex Club, and he remembered mocking Hank reeking of booze and stinking up the room before he’d slammed his shoulder into Connor’s when he and Chris exited the room.

God, he’d been such an insufferable asshole all the time, and it was all just a means of hiding how lost and lonely he really was inside.

He thought the ‘macho-man’ look was the best for him, but inside, it’d done nothing but cause him more grief, and isolated him further from the rest of his team and friends until he’d been left with only Tina by his side.
“Those two girls…they just wanted to be together…they really seemed…in love…”

The wind blew the snow about while Connor listened to Hank.

He shook his head, “They didn’t want anything, they’re deviants. End of story.”

Gavin felt himself recoil at what Connor had said. What? What was this strange feeling? Didn’t he hate deviants and androids? If so, then why was he so mad, suddenly?

He watched as Hank nodded, taking a small sip of his drink before getting to his feet and approaching Connor.

“What about you, Connor?”

Each step he took held a question.

“You look human, you sound human, but what are you really?”

Connor held the swaying Lieutenant’s gaze as he lingered on the question for a moment before he softly spoke with some pain and uncertainty hidden in his words.

“I’m whatever you want me to be, Lieutenant.” Hank’s shoulders slumped forward, and his breath hitched in his throat as he listened to the android, “…your partner, your buddy to drink with…or just a machine…designed to accomplish a task.”

Hank stepped forward a bit aggressively, “You could’ve shot those two girls but you didn’t…why didn’t you shoot, Connor?” He reached out with a strong hand and shoved Connor in the chest hard, making him stumble back a bit, mouth hanging open in pause.

Hank kept advancing on the android, “Hm? Some scruples suddenly enter into your program?”

Connor shook his head, “No…I just…decided not to shoot…that’s all.”

Hank moved back, reaching into his pocket and drawing out his handgun.

Gavin frowned darkly, not making a sound or a move as he watched. What was Hank doing? Wasn’t he supposedly happy with that answer? Was it a lie? He wasn’t sure he was following, but he felt completely wrapped in what was going on, his eyes watering, which told him he hadn’t blinked in a while as he stared at the two.

Hank pointed the gun at Connor’s forehead, speaking very clearly for a man who’d just finished a drink moments ago.

“I could kill you, and you’d just come back as if nothing happened.”

Connor only stared, eyes full and wide.

“But are you afraid to die, Connor?”

Gavin watched as Connor’s eyes flicked down to the ground, the first sign of apprehension.

“I would certainly find it regrettable to be…” he took in a breath, “…interrupted before I can finish this investigation.”

This was all getting to be too much, but since it was a memory that had passed, Gavin could only stand back and pray Connor said the right thing…

“Nothing…there would be nothing…” His words died in the wind, the last word hanging on doubts.

Hank’s hand which held the gun shook, and he sighed out in sadness as he dropped his hand down to his side.

Gavin heard Connor calling out to Hank’s retreating back, but suddenly, a hand slammed down on his shoulder, turning him around viciously.

He was met with the RK900’s cold blue eyes.

It sneered at him cruelly, but before he could react, he was blown up into the air, and a white hole swallowed him forward into nothingness.

He fell down to the floor, rolling a few times and then slamming with his back into the walls of his bedroom.

He groaned in pain, clutching his back as he straightened up.

He suddenly froze in terror.

“Connor?!?”

He leapt up to his feet, but thankfully, he didn’t need to go far; Connor was sitting on his bed, staring down at him.

Gavin shook Connor’s shoulders, but not too roughly.

“Connor, Connor! What happened?”

He tried getting his attention, but the tears dropped from Connor’s large brown eyes, some of them falling onto his lap, and others on the bed.

“Connor!”

“Why…why did you go so deep? You said you wouldn’t, you promised you wouldn’t…”

His voice sounded like an innocent wounded child, and Gavin felt his gut twisting and turning in shame and disgust. But he knew he wasn’t entirely responsible…Connor had allowed him to see that memory on his own! Right?

“You were Hank’s friend…you really did care about him…” His hands draped over Connor’s shoulders, before sliding away and onto his own lap as he sat beside Connor on the bed.

Gavin exhaled deeply, “You didn’t kill him.”

Connor sniffled as he sat in silence.

“He was…my friend, my partner, my companion…my father…”

Gavin sighed, his hands combing through his hair as he held his head in his hands, bending over and closing his eyes as he felt his head pounding after everything he’d seen.

“The RK900…”
“It also knows you accessed my memories.”

Gavin knew it, but he asked the question anyway: “How?”

“Because you’re bonded to it. Whatever you see and feel now, it will experience that as well.”

He shook his head, arguing back, “But you also bonded to me, so isn’t that different?”

It was Connor’s turn to shake his head.

“No, I only was able to share,” he explained slowly, “…the RK900 got to you first, and its system overpowers mine tremendously, I could feel it the moment it invaded my memory.”

Not having anything left to say to that, Gavin raised his head and looked at Connor. His tears had dried up on his skin, only leaving pale traces that ran down his cheeks and onto his chin. His eyes weren’t red as a human’s would be after crying, however, but he did look pained and worried.

“I’m sorry, that’s just the way it is, Gavin.”
Psychosexual

Chapter Notes

*WARNING: Effed up psychological-mind-sex-stuff...yeah...

Why me, why me, why me, why me??

The two words spun around in Gavin’s mind like a washing machine going haywire all the way up until when he’d parked in his usual parking spot at the DPD.

He’d seriously debated with Connor on calling in sick, but the android wouldn’t allow it, claiming that they needed to get closer to the RK900, and work interactions were the best way to do so without raising suspicion.

He gathered his items, slowly getting ready to start the day as he reminded himself to ‘cooperate’ with it, don’t show attitude, and don’t do anything to raise its suspicion levels.

Gavin took one look at a few of his fellow officers as they held steaming hot cups of coffee in their hands and their lunches in bags and lunch bags, ready for the long day.

“Fuck…” Gavin wheezed the word out angrily, leaning forward with his headfirst into his car horn.

The sound blared through the parking lot, causing a few of the officers at the front door to poke their heads around and stare at the direction which the sound was coming from.

The car horn remained on its deadly loud note for a while, before Gavin felt he’d made his point. He grumbled, getting out of the car and walking inside the building with the rest of his friends and colleagues.

Things seemed normal enough; they all exchanged their grumpy rounds of ‘morning’ with each other, tried biting down their yawns, flooded the Break Room, and lazed about until a few civilians entered. It was time to give off the impression work was being down, now.

Gavin held up his Iphone, legs propped up on his desk as usual, and he was busy swiping through the morning news when Ben Collins passed his desk.

“Morning Gavin!”

“Mornin’.”

Ben paused for a moment, leaning across Gavin’s desk as he winked and whispered, “Loved the morning theatrics in the parking lot, by the way!”

Gavin fluttered his eyelashes at Ben sarcastically.

“Aww, thanks Ben, you’re the apple of my ass!”

Ben snorted, shaking his head as he laughed and walked off across the bullpen.

At least Gavin could count on a few people to make work somewhat more ‘tolerable’, and Ben was
definitely one of those people. Gavin made a mental note to get together for a few drinks with Ben, when he saw a flash of black and white in front of his eyes.

He looked up, placing his Iphone on his lap, crossing his arms over his chest as he glared up at the RK900.

“Detective Reed.” It simply stood with its hands to its sides, hanging like a bunch of sticks. It was wearing its usual uniform, and it appeared to have been extra clean this morning, the white practically making Gavin blind, while he could see the entire bullpen reflected in the black, including the android’s pants.

“Do you ever get tired of wearin’ that?”

The RK900 didn’t answer.

Gavin rubbed his forehead, “You look weird.”

“So do you.”

Woah.

Had it actually responded back with attitude?

Gavin was positive he was dreaming, or that he hadn’t had enough coffee in his system yet, and his ears were playing tricks on him. He tried not to show a reaction, pretending he hadn’t heard the android’s words.

“I’m just sayin’ for your own good, you know?” He held up a hand, pretending to admire his own fingernails, studying them intently. Whatever he did, he had to keep calm, and keep cool.

“I mean,” he blew some dirt off one of his fingers, “…I’m not the one who looks like a fuckin’ killer whale.”

He heard what he thought were teeth grinding.

He looked up to catch the RK900’s jaw clenching tightly, its temple tightening and moving in irritation.

“I’m not the one who looks like a homeless wanderer.”

Holy mother of fucking god damn shit…it totally had spoken back to him…there was no way he was imagining that shit now!

Gavin’s feet were brutally shoved off the desk top with a forceful swipe from the RK900’s hands.

“God damn!” Gavin felt his feet slam against the rough ground, but that was the least of his concern right now.

Was the damn thing going deviant? Was it broken? What was going on? It’d never spoken to him more than beyond their assignments and tasks before, but today it seemed almost…annoyed!

He had to be dreaming, he had to.

He drummed his fingers on the desk, peeking over at the Break Room.

“Wanna get coffee?” He tested carefully, watching its face intently.
Again, the jaw tightened, “Complete your pending assignments first.”

He needed to try again.

“I will, just need some coffee, that’s all.”

He placed a hand beneath his chin, looking around, pretending to be bored. He needed to provoke RK900 somehow…

He hummed, “I want coffee.” He’d meant to sound as annoying and petulant as possible, and he hoped he would get on the RK900’s bad side quickly. He’d do anything for a human reaction; just to see it squirm just once...

The LED light switched from blue to yellow.

“Get it then.”

“You get it for me, I’m comfy here.”

“Get it yourself.”

This was priceless; it was actually beginning to argue with him.

Gavin felt himself enjoying the interaction a lot more than he originally thought he would, so he continued his little game/experiment.

“T, pleeeaaaseee come with me?”

Again, the LED light flickered yellow.

“What did you refer to me as?”

Shit. He didn’t know when the weird pet-name associated with the T1000 came in, but nevertheless, it had, and almost naturally and effortlessly as breathing…Gavin felt he was sinking into something he didn’t want to analyze right now.

He brushed his hair with a hand, coughing while his cheeks grew red.

“Nothing, it was a slip of the tongue, I was actually confusing you with someone else…sorry.”

The RK900 didn’t appear convinced as it narrowed its eyes down at Gavin, chin pointing at him, as if accusing him of the worst crime known to the world.

“What is ‘T’? Is it the beverage humans drink?”

Gavin nearly laughed at the innocent question, but he had to remind himself that this thing was a damn machine; there was nothing sweet or innocent about it, regardless of how much of a chuckle it gave him.

He coughed again, clearing his throat, “It’s a reference to the ‘T1000’ from the Terminator: Judgement Day movie…it was one of the cyborgs sent to kill Jo- you know what? Never fuckin’ mind.” He’d changed his mind halfway through explaining. This was beyond stupid. How was the android going to make that connection to that film to begin with?

The android straightened up suddenly, eyes slightly moving up to glance at a spot behind Gavin, and its LED spun to yellow for the longest time, blinking on and off.
“Oh fuck, I think I broke it…” Gavin watched in shock as it simply stood, staring off into space, the light blinking and flashing repeatedly without a pause.

Before he knew it, the android looked back down at him.

“I don’t see the connection between myself and the T1000,” it sneered down at Gavin, teeth glimmering from beneath its lips, “…I’m not after any children who will save the planet in the future, I’m not in the middle of a war between machines and humans, nor am I from the future serving as an antagonist against Linda Hamilton and Arnold Schwarzenegger.”

Gavin watched with his jaw dropping as the RK900 stood back with its hands clasped behind its back once it was through with its rant.

“The fuck? Did you actually download a synopsis of the movie or some shit just now?” Gavin laughed, shaking his head in disbelief.

The RK900 clicked its tongue against its teeth, “Negative, I downloaded the entire feature film and watched it.”

It had to be kidding.

Gavin snorted, “No you didn’t, you’re fuckin’ with me!”

“Negative; I’ve never ‘fucked’ you, I did watch the feature length film.”

Gavin felt his ears, cheeks, and neck flare up in embarrassment when he heard that response. Something about the RK900 not understanding how to use that expletive was something that deeply disturbed Gavin, and he preferred if he would never hear that word from its mouth again.

He decided to leave the topic alone, and he stood from his chair, shifting his feet and brushing his hands along his jeans as he made his way for the Break Room. Nothing killed tension and awkward situations more than a walking-break to get more coffee, which was precisely what Gavin was off to do.

He sensed he was being followed, and when he turned to take a peek over his shoulder, he paled when he saw the blue eyes of the RK900 as it kept up with him.

“The fuck are you doin’?” Gavin hissed, watching as it stopped exactly when he did.

“You requested for me to accompany you, I’m merely following your instructions.”

Oh, right. He needed to calm down before he gave himself a heart attack.

He walked over to the coffee machine once the officer ahead of him was done using it, and he yawned loudly as he picked up an empty clean cup and waited for the machine to do its magic.

He looked at the RK900 beside him, and it was studying the coffee machine before it turned to meet Gavin’s gaze.

Gavin looked away quickly, “So what should I call you then?”

“RK900.” It answered quickly in its monotone voice.

Gavin rolled his eyes, “Nah, that won’t work for me…how about ‘T’?”

He felt the RK900 glaring so hard that it practically left a burn mark in his cheek.
“RK900.” It repeated again, this time a little louder.

Gavin watched as the coffee cup was filled slowly.

“I like ‘T’ better.”

RK900 looked down at the floors, unable to select an appropriate response.

**Software Instability: 7%**

He heard the android’s feet shuffling as it examined the kitchen counters.

“I would prefer my model as a reference point.”

Gavin blew a raspberry. He knew it was childish, but the damn thing was being so difficult!

“You’re no fun.” He picked up his fresh cup of coffee, turning to stand at a circular table in the middle of the room as he placed his cup on it.

The RK900 joined him without question.

“I’m an android.”

Gavin sighed, “I get that, but you’re a boring one.”

It seemed angry or frustrated; its fists clenching as they rested along its sides.

“I wasn’t designed for ‘fun’.”

Gavin wanted to anger it further, and he realized it was becoming something of a strange pastime for him. He really needed to get a new hobby...or to get laid. Either was fine for him, he thought.

He looked around the Break Room, trying not to make eye-contact with the android, “So were you designed for boredom, then?”

His coffee cup was suddenly pushed into the back of his hand hitting his skin and knuckles, and it burnt his skin upon contact.

“You fuck!” Gavin retracted his hand, holding it up to his mouth as he cradled it and blew cold air on it.

The RK900 leaned across the table, though the motion was awkward, as its back and neck were stiff as it looked at Gavin.

“Wasn’t that fun, Detective Reed?”

Gavin bit his lower lip, eyebrows furrowed in distaste.

“You’re a sick, sadistic prick, you know that?”

He saw the corner of its lips twitch for half a second, “Is that why you kissed me?”

Gavin felt sick to his stomach. Everything in his body, his mind, and the world around him all shut down at once. No one seemed to move, or make noise, and it seemed as if he was all alone on the planet with RK900. He felt the blood rushing to his ears, along the veins in his neck. He felt his heartbeat slow down, and he felt his toes and fingers grow cold before they tingled. He felt his
stomach bottom out, and he felt like he was going to vomit immediately.

He had *kissed* it? *What? When?*

None of this made any fucking sense! It had to be fucking around with his head, it absolutely *had* to be!

Gavin wasn’t gay! Not that it was a person, or a man, or gay as well!

He felt the blood draining from his face, probably leaving his body and disappearing forever. He wanted to die, he wanted to kill himself, he wanted to kill it…

It had to be playing a sick game with him, it just wanted to break him and mock him.

Gavin took a step back, lowering his burnt hand as he felt his eyes burning. He hadn’t blinked in a while; he’d simply been staring off into space as his thoughts had their own panic attack.

His head began to feel heavy, and he swayed, sticking a hand out to grip the edge of the table.

“*I think I’m going to be sick…*” He felt himself about to retch, but it was more at the thought of the RK900 screwing around with his mind and memories rather than an actual kiss even occurring, if it had.

He suddenly felt so disgusting, so open, so violated…Gavin’s thoughts and freedom of thinking had been the only thing he could control and dominate in his life, and now something had waltzed in his life, stripping away all the pieces of layers, and taking control over what was rightfully his. It wasn’t normal or right…

“My scan results indicate slight dizziness, increased heart palpitations, and dehydration; but no gastrointestinal problems.”

Gavin slammed a hand across its mouth, silencing it.

“*Would you shut the fuck up for once?*”

He warily eyed the bullpen, but it appeared that they hadn’t caused any ruckus high or loud enough for attention on them.

Gavin felt a warm, wet sensation on the palm of his hand, and he snatched his hand back in disgust.

He pointed a shaky finger at the android, “*Did you just fuckin’ lick me?!?!*”

“*Affirmative.*”

“What the fuck for?” He wiped his hand on a napkin on the table, shivering and shaking.

“I can check samples in real-time that way.”

“Oh for fuck’s sakes…” He needed to wash his entire body, now. He had to wash his hands at least and rid himself of the damn thing’s saliva, or whatever the fuck made its mouth…moist.

He nearly barfed at his own thoughts.

Gavin needed to be away from the android. Not even bothering to excuse himself or tell it he’d be right back, he left its side, abandoning his coffee cup on the table as he made his way for the bathroom as quickly as his legs could carry him.
It was a strenuous task to do, for his legs each felt as if they’d been weighed down by a 200-pound weight. He felt the energy and breaths leave his body with every step he took, and the bathroom door kept getting smaller and smaller, as if it was being pushed farther away from him.

He didn’t know when he was going to reach it, but he nearly moaned out loud in relief when he’d pushed open the door, tearing inside and heading into the nearest stall.

He slammed and locked the door, hearing a few people walk in and out while he stood in the corner near the toilet, cradling his head in his hands. He felt his head throbbing and shaking, his shoulders soon following the motion as he panicked.

His breaths came out in short bursts, and he soon wheezed and coughed. It felt as if the air in the room was being sucked out through a large vacuum. Why was it so hard to breathe?

Gavin yanked his sweater off, throwing it to the floor. Even his white muscle shirt beneath the sweater felt so unbearably warm and tight, but he didn’t want to fling it to the dirty bathroom floor. His entire body felt so sweaty and hot...he wished he were back at home so he could properly clean himself off with all the hot water for hours and hours until he had scrubbed every inch of himself clean of that...thing that had touched him!

He felt his throat and chest constricting, and that made it even more difficult to breathe. He tried making his way to the bathroom stall door to unlock it to let more air circulate around him, but he nearly fell forward a few times out of breath.

He hung onto the stall walls with both his hands, shaking and quivering as he fought towards the door.

His fingers even felt like they weighed massively, and it took all his strength to get his thumb to slide the lock back, and immediately, the stall door swung aside, and Gavin was faced with the tall RK900.

Gavin felt his chest about to burst. He wasn’t sure if he was going to be able to take it any longer, the need to collapse in a sweaty heap growing more and more strong. The more Gavin fought against it, the weaker he grew.

He reached out to the RK900, his fingers scraping along its collar.

“Please...h-help...”

He couldn’t believe his voice was his own; it sounded nothing like him. It was faint, soft, and somewhat high-pitched. He tried breathing through his nose, and he felt he had no power in his lungs as his chest burned and ached.

The RK900 kept a cold, collected expression as it stood, observing Gavin.

Gavin was sure it was going to stand there and let him die. He was going to die in the DPD filthy men’s bathroom, and there was no human there to look after him and save him! What a fucking fate!

“I know what will help you.”

The words seemed like a heavenly promise descending down from the clouds of tender mercy and compassion, and Gavin didn’t even believe in God.

He had no other choice but to trust the android, even though every inch, molecule and atom in his body screamed and begged him not to. Whatever the RK900 had to offer, surely it was better than
death...he soon found himself having an odd 'tug of war' and inner battle within himself; to trust the android, or not to trust it. His body and biology answered his burning questions quickly for him, as logic soon faded away and emotions took over. He was reaching out for the RK900 before he could stop himself.

Gavin slumped forward, his forehead resting against the android’s chest as it grabbed his arms and wrapped them around its waist.

In a quick motion, it stepped inside the stall, closing and locking the door behind it as it carefully and gently leaned Gavin against a wall, one of its hands reaching behind and cradling Gavin’s skull.

Gavin felt his eyelids shutting on their own, and he struggled to keep them open as he felt the android’s hands moving over his chest and up to his forehead. It brushed back a hair strand away from his eyes, gazing into Gavin’s eyes before it lowered its hand back down to his abdomen.

“Please…”

The android raised its right hand and offered it before Gavin’s eyes. Gavin could only watch, feeling paralyzed all over as the android peeled back its human skin and revealed the white parts it was made of.

Gavin rested his head against its other hand, feeling himself about to black out, but the android gripped his chin strongly in its hand and forced Gavin to look at its blue eyes.

At least the RK900 had the decency to keep its human face, and Gavin felt a warm feeling creep its way in his stomach.

He looked down to see the RK900 press his exposed skin along Gavin’s naked arms, avoiding the forearms in particular…

Gavin flung a limp arm forward in protest.

“N-no, please…”

He didn’t understand what the actual hell he was doing or asking for, but his arm burned the most in that particular spot, and he didn’t know why or how, he just knew he had to get RK900 to touch him there before he died for sure.

“Silence.” RK900’s cold breath hit Gavin’s nose, and he closed his eyes, crying and whimpering softly.

Gavin ceased the sounds he was making at once, and the RK900 grinned coldly.

Gavin felt his arms being tugged upwards with the android’s free hand, and as he peeked through half-lidded eyelids, he saw his forearm finally connecting with RK900’s.

His head snapped back as he was back in Jimmy’s Bar that night.

Old music played in the background while the rain prattled against the windows, soaking them as if the world was an underwater aquarium.

He’d tasted his first drink in mouths, and his mouth watered as he felt the liquid go down his throat, past his tongue and lips.

His body tingled, and he bit down on his lower lip when the feeling increased from his body to his
mind. His brain felt numb, and it felt so damn good. He wasn’t able to think; he was only able to see.

He saw himself floating, moving along the bar until he was in the arms of RK900. It held him and the feeling of floating shot through Gavin’s skull. He began writhing in a mixture of pain and pleasure while the android held onto him tightly, making sure his skull wasn’t bashing against the stall wall.

He felt himself drooling as his body was taken apart and put back together. His skin turned completely white, and he was an android. His exoskeleton was as pure and clear as RK900’s, and they held hands tightly, fingers interwoven.

He was falling and floating high above, his ears popping from the air pressure, but whenever they did, he giggled and writhed around more.

Tiny phantasms danced around him, and he could see them even when he closed his eyelids. It was his soul, it had to have been his soul!

A white presence accompanied him as he saw the phantasms land on his skin, coating his entire body in them before they flew off into the air. He felt ticklish all over after they’d touched him, but it was coming from inside, and it soon felt like his mind was ticklish.

His shirt was slightly pulled up, and the android’s hand was caressing his abdomen, softly pulling at the bits of hair closer to the waistline of his pants.

A full force slams into him, tugging and pulling him, forcing its way in and out of him as he only closes his eyes and submits. Something within draws greedily, nibbling at bits of his soul, and the sensation soon brings the onslaught of satisfaction.

The feeling soon turns into a fading, dull itch, only to be built and replaced by another feeling. More tugging, and he feels like his head is going to burst, and his body will explode.

It was as if he’d been pulled back and forth in a tug of war between two dimensions, and he didn’t want either of them to win and have him. He raised his hands up, and then grabbed onto RK900’s shoulders as he moaned loudly, not caring if anyone heard them, for no one was there at all; just stars and space.

Instead of fleeing, he gives himself into the eager feeling to belong, trying to desperately grasp onto the feeling of possessiveness striking him down.

He saw his lips connecting with RK900’s, his body leaning off the stool and his hands wrapped around RK900’s neck. He grabbed its collar, pulling RK900 closer to his body as he bit down hard on his lower lip.

The fingers were sliding down his stomach, his abdomen, and they made his flesh dissolve into the air as they did, the tingling feeling returning as he moaned and dug his fingers into the android’s shoulders.

His head snapped back one last time as he felt the lips tear away from his own, before coming back down on his lips one more time. He couldn’t stop himself from stroking the lower lip with his tongue before the lips were gone again.

He felt phantom limbs wrap around his, engulfing and smothering him in an invisible blanket. He could only close his eyes and loosen his hold, his fingers and arms going limp as his legs caved in and he fell back down roughly. He was coming undone one seam at a time, and he felt his limbs being pulled in multiple directions as his body shook with pleasure.
He poured himself into the claim of possessive memories, and the feeling akin to a climax explodes finally. Pleasure overpowers and overwhelms him, racing across his skin and lifting hairs, but finally settling in his chest. Everything brings him down, all the feelings and sensations compressed there into one singular moment…

Gavin’s knees collided with the tiles of the bathroom floor. Immediately, pain flew upwards through his kneecaps and spine, and he screamed in agony as he slammed his palms against the bottom of the stall door.

It opened with a loud ‘bang’, slamming against the wall on the other side of it.

Light flooded the stall, and Gavin had to look away, his eyes burning and aching.

“Fucking shit…”

He gripped his head, still feeling the pain there, but it wasn’t like before; everything had drastically subsided.

His heartbeat was regular and normal, his lungs were taking in plenty of healthy gulps of air, and his limbs were his own, feeling fine and clearly feeling pain whenever he did crazy stupid shit to them.

Gavin felt his dark brown sweater rub against one of his knuckles, and he looked over near the edge of the stall floor. He groaned, knowing he’d have to wash it again, and he picked it up, brushing it and slapping it against the stall door to get rid of any dirt on it.

As if that would do.

He stood up, swaying slightly as he felt the blood leave his head and face, but at least he didn’t feel like having a panic attack or heart attack anymore.

He paused, wanting to put his sweater on, but he remembered he had a spare coat in his car. That’d do.

An eerie feeling hit Gavin as he gathered himself together, trying to compose himself before anyone noticed he was gone. Was he alone in the bathroom? Had he been alone the entire time?

He could’ve sworn someone else had been in the stall with him, and he turned to look back. Nope. Empty.

He looked around under the other stalls, but he was the only occupant in the bathroom at the time.

Feeling disgusting due to lying down and touching the bathroom floors, Gavin made his way to the sink, getting ready to wash his hands when he felt his head pounding violently all of a sudden.

He nearly dropped his sweater again but managed to throw it on the counter as he gripped his head in pain.

Was it starting again?

The bathroom door swung open, and Gavin spun on his heels to cast his anger and frustrations on whoever the fuck was entering the bathroom currently, when he saw the RK900.

It lingered by the door for a moment, head tilting at Gavin strangely before it made its way over to him.

It held something in its palm, and when it was close enough to see, Gavin sighed in relief.
It held a Tylenol pill in its open palm.

Gavin tore the pill off its palm and stuffed it in his mouth, taking the pill dry.

“Unhealthy.” The only word it offered Gavin was enough to last him a lifetime.

He growled, “I don’t need the lecture.”

“Do you need anything else?” The RK900 still hadn’t learned a damn thing about vocal tones, and the question was ground out like an order or fact. It made Gavin angry, but he decided he’d raise hell about it later.

“You have pending assignments.” It reminded him when he didn’t answer its first question.

He waved the android away, “I’m fine, I’ll be there in a minute.”

“Noted. I’ll wait at your desk.” And it was out before Gavin knew what had happened.

Things still were moving too fast for him, but he was able to wash his hands and brush his clothing off for a while longer before he started to walk towards the door.

True to its word, the RK900 had pulled up a seat beside Gavin’s at his desk, and it sat with its hands on its kneecaps as it looked ahead at his desk.

Gavin sat down beside it in his chair, huffing a tired breath out as he started up his work station for the day. It felt as if it was going to be a long day, but at least he felt comfortable now.

He eyed the android beside him, and it offered him a small, curt nod. He gave it a thumbs-up in return.

As comfortable and well as he felt, Gavin still couldn’t help but feel something was odd about the entire picture. He sat and worked with the android, explaining things to it and learning from it as they exchanged ideas and discussion over the cases they had piled up, and Gavin felt it gently prod his elbow to get his attention anytime he zoned out for a bit.

He had been grateful for the little ‘pick-me-ups’, especially when the RK900 brought him coffee, but he couldn’t remember what had happened earlier after he’d got his first cup of coffee for the day… nothing but blanks and white walls flashed in his mind as he tried piecing together the current events of the day.

He gave up on it soon, chucking it all off to not having enough sleep.

Gavin began shifting through case file notes and data to wrap up and send in final reports on before the day was out, and he’d done so well and become so engrossed in his work. He was actually getting a lot done, and it was all thanks to his levels of focus and concentration.

In fact, his concentration had been so strong, that he failed to see a strange, large smile appear on RK900’s face as it stared at him while he worked.
A Pleasurable Path

Chapter Notes

In which the RK900 basically psychologically 'rides' Gavin's ass like the little show-pony he is.

Gavin wasn’t stupid. He knew the RK900 had done something to him earlier before his memories had faded when he ran to the men’s bathroom. He knew it had been in the bathroom with him at one point, as his thoughts were almost like a complete mush as he recalled opening the stall door and facing the RK900 standing before him.

After that, Gavin guessed he may have collapsed or blacked out, because his mind drew up a wall, and the next immediate thing he’d been able to recollect was grabbing his sweater off the floor and making his way to the sink.

RK900 offered him a pain killer to reduce the headache, which he was grateful for, but something about the way his memories seemed to almost have been tampered with bothered him deeply. For all he knew, the RK900 could've just unscrewed his head open, poked his hands around deep in Gavin's brain, played with it, and re-set the wires. Gavin wouldn't know any other way, and who knew what other freaky shit the android was capable of.

His mind flashed back and forth as he sat at his desk, working beside the RK900 in silence as he went over the memories as if they were movies playing in his mind.

It felt as if the bathroom memories had almost been ‘edited’, the memory of finding RK900 standing before him suddenly and then abruptly cutting to the bathroom floor, sweater in his hand as he was walking towards the sink.

It didn’t make sense…had RK900 left between that memory and the second one to get the pill? When specifically had he blacked out? For how long?

He didn’t recall taking a note of the time before he’d felt sick enough to book it to the bathroom, but he remembered it was quite early in the morning, though it was always early for Gavin in that respect.

He couldn’t also judge what the time was by what others were doing or where they were going, as the RK900 had been his only companion the entire morning and now late afternoon.

The events had to have happened between the hours of 8 AM and 2:45 PM, which left a large window for Gavin, as he hadn’t bothered to check the time when he’d returned and started working.

If there was a time when he wanted to shoot himself in the face for being careless, now was that time. 'World's Greatest Detective' wouldn't be stamped on his desk anytime soon, not if he was going to be taken advantage of and tricked by his own 'partner'...

He’d never been that sloppy before, and it bothered him greatly, a royal blow to his massive ego as he shuffled papers and tucked the most important ones into his desk drawers, slamming the drawers shut as he felt his temper increasing when he still was unable to remember what happened to him.
earlier that day.

The RK900 eyed the nearest desk drawers for a moment before looking at Gavin’s terminal screen. It seemed to focus for a few seconds intently, though the damn LED light constantly remained that simple, cold blue...

After a few seconds, while Gavin jotted down notes on his work tablet, the station screen shut off. That low buzz that often accompanied it while being active was gone, and everything seemed to cool down.

Gavin looked up at it, setting his tablet down as he flicked his fingers and flew them along the screen.

“The hell?”

He was starting to grow annoyed, and he sat up slightly, gazing around the bullpen at the other terminals and stations. No one else had this issue. Of course they didn’t.

Gavin scratched his ears, placing his hands on his hips as he restarted the terminal, but the lights flickered a few times, his reports and case files still open, flashing rapidly, before it shut down again.

Gavin ran a hand through his hair, tugging at the strands in frustration.

“How come it’s only me who’s havin’ this fuckin’ issue?” He looked around, standing on his toes as he watched his colleagues working away on their reports and other pending tasks steadfastly, and it pissed him off.

He turned to RK900, but it was sitting patiently awaiting his next instructions. Its eyes stared ahead as if thinking about a secret only it would know, and Gavin sighed as he gave up on the idea of talking to the RK900.

“How come it’s only me who’s havin’ this fuckin’ issue?” He looked around, standing on his toes as he watched his colleagues working away on their reports and other pending tasks steadfastly, and it pissed him off.

He tore after Endre, calling his name loudly enough to get him to sigh as he placed a few fingers on the speaker of the Bluetooth.

“Yes Mr. Reed, what do you want?” Oh, so he’d got up from the wrong side of the bed that morning. Endre typically was an overall okay guy…if you didn’t get on his bad side. Unfortunately for Gavin, that was already too late.

When Gavin had first met the young IT technician, he’d made sure to do the mature, wise act of putting a few ants in a bagel, and offered it as a welcoming gift to him for joining the DPD. Gavin had been jealous of the 27-year-old with the promise of a new career that was triple-fold Gavin’s paycheck. It had meant to be a simple game and rivalry that should’ve been forgotten the next day, but Endre sure could hold a grudge. Though the young technician had never stated it to Gavin, Gavin just knew he was disliked, and since the ‘initiation’ prank, he’d managed to stay out of Endre's way, though now he was loathe to admit that he really needed the man’s help more than anything.
Gavin felt he was going to have to watch every word he'd say to Endre carefully, and he started with what he hoped was a welcoming smile, but he didn’t like smiling often, so it felt weird and forced.

“Um, Endre, I think I’m havin’ some sort of technical glitch, and I was wonderin’ if you could—”

He literally saw Endre’s sigh escape from his lips.

“I’ll call you back.” He disconnected from the call on his Bluetooth and walked over to Gavin’s desk, pushing his glasses up with a finger.

They reached the desk, the RK900 still seated at its spot on the chair. Endre gasped and leapt back when he regarded it.

“Talk about déjà vu!” He exclaimed as he studied the RK900 closely.

“I thought for a second Connor had returned!”

The RK900’s eyes suddenly grew dark and deadly, and it slowly rose off its seat, advancing towards Endre.

“My predecessor, what do you know of it?”

Endre’s jaw dropped, “It sounds like Connor too!”

“You have ten seconds to comply!”

Endre squinted in confusion.

“What?”

Gavin suddenly roared at both of them, “Endre! T! Knock it off!”

Gavin pointed at the seat, motioning for the android to sit down and shut the fuck up. It shockingly obeyed without arguing or showing attitude, but it kept its glare pointedly on Endre as it sat with its hands neatly folded on its lap.

“Endre, just get over here and do whatever it is nerds like you are good at so we can both be freed of each other, okay?”

Endre growled out in a low breath as he sat at Gavin’s desk on his chair, “If you want my help, talking like that won’t get you very far.”

Gavin made a small gun-shape with his middle and index finger, thumb acting like the trigger, and he held his hand in the air hovering behind Endre’s head. With his thumb, he pretended and mimed to pull the trigger. The RK900 had seen it, but it didn’t laugh like any human partner would have; it merely looked back at Endre and tilted its head. Gavin missed Chris suddenly, practically hearing the young man’s boisterous laughter in his ears as he would no doubt have enjoyed the little gun stunt Gavin pulled just now.

Endre pulled out some cables from a little box he’d stored in his dress shirt pocket, and he connected them to Gavin’s station, but nothing happened.

“Did I fry somethin’?” Gavin asked, looking up at Fowler’s office, but he was unable to see the Captain from his position behind Endre.

Endre hummed and then disconnected the cables, and suddenly, like magic, they were back in
When he’d finished his job, the young IT technician rolled the chair back and stepped away from Gavin and the RK900, not looking back once.

He yelled over his shoulder before he moved in the direction of his department: “No 'thank you' is needed!”

Gavin clapped sarcastically as he plopped back down on his chair. He leaned his head back and sighed, trying to recollect his thoughts to get back to his report.

The RK900 had been eerily quiet, and he looked over at it sheepishly. He noticed its gaze on the screen, and he nodded at it.

“I know what you're thinkin': Gavin get back to work.”

He didn’t need it to confirm, and he looked back at the screen, eyes a little burnt from having to stare at it already. He didn’t want to admit it, but he’d actually been a little more than happily grateful for that minor interruption if it meant he wouldn’t have to work. He'd been a slave to getting wrapped up in his work so much that he'd sometimes forgotten he was human, and he had limits. Perhaps the ignorance and lack of care for his own body had become something of a habit after being partnered up with the RK900...

He grabbed his favorite pen in between his teeth, chewing on the cap as he read through the parts of his report he’d already gotten through. None of it made sense now that he was 'proofreading’ it, and he wondered why he'd thought this crap was worthy of submission to his superiors.

He surreptitiously glanced over at the RK900, as if wanting to ask it what it thought about his report, but he found it staring at the ceiling somewhere and gave up on the idea of requesting its help. Perhaps he was getting too hasty and careless for his own good...it's not like he actually needed its fucking help! Gavin was something of a 'lone wolf’, and he didn't need the forced partnership to actually extend to all aspects of his work!

He shook his head as he disconnected from his inner ramblings and monologues, trying to focus on his work before the next interruption.

Suddenly, without so much as a small warning, the terminal and all the lights shut off again.

Gavin groaned, “Now what?!”

He looked through the bullpen.

Again, this was a problem specially reserved for him to suffer through.

He slumped down in his chair, flinging his pen down onto the desk as he yanked his hair between his fingers. He began grinding his teeth together as he repressed a cry of anger and frustration.

It wasn’t even the end of the day, and already he was going mad. He knew he was going to lose it right then and there, and he didn't care how 'stupid' and 'human' he'd look with all his weaknesses presenting to the RK900. He was sure if it was human, it'd be pissed as all hell with this shit, too.

He turned to kick one of the legs of the desk, then pounded the desktop, as if it would work.

Not knowing what else to do with Endre being gone, and Gavin’s pride greatly bearing down on him to the point where he refused to seek the technician’s help out again, he could only turn to his partner in frustration.
It apparently hadn’t been expecting Gavin to catch onto it as quickly as he had, for the RK900’s LED light quickly flashed from yellow to blue, and had Gavin not been the experienced, seasoned detective he was, he wouldn’t have caught it the first time around.

There it was. The culprit.

Gavin glared at the android, “You ass! I know it’s you!”

It looked at him innocently and blankly, blinking its eyelids, “Detective Reed.”

Gavin wagged a finger at it, “Oh don’t you ‘Detective Reed’ me! Turn it on, now.” He pointed at the dark screen, and the RK900 looked over in the direction his finger was pointing.

“I see no issue, Detective Reed.”

Gavin wanted to throw his chair at it, but he turned and looked at the screen.

“What’re you talkin’ about, of course it’s not wor-” He was looking right at his open report.

Huh?

He frowned a deep frown, and it was so hard and deep that he was sure it was going to leave indents in his skin.

“What the actual ass is going on?” He voiced the stupid question out loud, and he leaned in to look at the screen, as if he could detect what was going to happen.

That was when it blacked out immediately.

Gavin leapt back, and he saw RK900’s smug grin in the reflection of his dark screen.

He bit back a roar, “Stop that!”

“Stop what?” Again with the ignorant game.

Gavin flung his pen at the android, but it simply stretched out a hand and caught the pen before it could make contact with its nose.

“Fix it now,” Gavin whispered to the android, “…I’m tired of this fuckin’ game.”

He saw the LED light flicker yellow, and his report was back up before his eyes.

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He’d been stuck on one sentence for almost a quarter of an hour. The RK900 absolutely refused to let him wrap up the report, constantly shutting his work off as soon as he’d added in a word or a letter, sometimes. It seemed to be motivated and encouraged more by Gavin’s rage and outbursts, the blackouts occurring more when Gavin showed more of a reaction. He had no idea an android could be so fucking childish, but the RK900 definitely was as it messed with his work into the late hours of the day, slowly wearing Gavin down in the process.

Gavin tried to stop reacting, then, but that only worked for a few minutes before the RK900 adapted to his behavior. It just wanted any reaction, and Gavin knew it. Soon, it began erasing the words and letters he’d added to the report, making him have to start all over. The new game it was playing was more cruel and sadistic than the last, and Gavin tried bottling his emotions in as he worked on rewriting the same sentence for the thirteenth time that hour. Before he actually could make any
progress however, the screen would go black again.

He’d thrown his sweater off, wearing a black *Metallica* shirt as he fought hard to time his movement accordingly, trying to predict when the RK900 would try to fuck around with the report, so he could leap in and save it before it blacked out again. He was physically starting to sweat, but it was more from holding back from exploding, focusing, and trying to type quickly to finish the report.

The screen shut off again when he'd placed his hands on the keyboard.

Gavin glared at the RK900. "You do know that constantly shutting this shit off is actually bad for the power source of the entire building, right?"

It regarded him with nothing short of a smug, satisfied expression. Gavin huffed at it before looking away from its stupid face.

All he had to do was cease showing any reaction and the games would end. It was just difficult to do so, as Gavin often enjoyed putting people in their right places, showing them they were wrong, winning arguments (even if it meant using his fists). It was a huge, glaring character flaw for him not to be able to keep his cool, but he had to try before he resorted to punching the android again and thus making an ass out of himself before the whole department. His concentration was broken when the word ‘relax’ typed itself on the screen.

Gavin turned to glare at the RK900.

“Seriously?”

Again, it only offered him a blank stare.

“You’re tellin’ me to relax and you’re pullin’ this childish shit?”

RK900’s eyes flickered to the screen again, and it began writing words with its mind, somehow, LED light staying yellow. Gavin didn’t understand how it could do that, but he didn’t have time to question it as his curiosity burned enough to make him read.

‘You’ve only just gotten over a headache.’

Gavin began typing his response, emotions and exhaustion guiding him.

‘Don’t need a father, already got one.’

‘My purpose isn’t parental; I’m used to conducting medical scans and biological ones.’

Gavin disagreed with that.

‘Bullshit, you’re just being a creep, as usual.’

‘I do enjoy watching you squirm, Detective.’

‘The fuck does that mean?’

‘You surprise me, Detective.’

‘Answer me!’

*I'm merely enjoying the new direction our interactions have taken lately.*
'The fuck does that shit mean?'

He hadn't been expecting it to actually answer. *'I believe humans refer to that as 'flirting.'*

'Ha! So you’re gay now?'

*I'm an android, Detective Reed. I'm impartial to sexual orientation.*

Okay, that was enough passing online-e-notes for the day. They were too quickly wandering into dark, weird territory Gavin didn't want to even think of; he just knew he had to nip whatever the fuck was happening in the bud, fast.

Gavin deleted their conversation and turned over to the android.

“What am I doin’ talkin’ to you on there for? We’re right beside each other!” He frowned deeply, his brows in tight knots on his forehead.

The cold blue eyes landed on his sweater.

“You’ve taken your clothing off.”

Gavin felt his cheeks burning. Why was it suddenly so fucking perverted and lewd with him? Every word it uttered seemed to jab and poke at him, the innuendo just barely there lingering in its voice.

He had no idea Elijah Kamski had taken up the practice of creating perverted androids as of late.

“How astute of you, freak!” He hoped his aggressive words towards it would mask his own discomfort and fears.

It tilted its head at Gavin, “Interesting word selection for someone of your intellectual caliber.”

That was it.

Gavin saw red, but before he could attack the android, his tablet received a notification from Fowler.

It was a small email describing their next case; assault and attempted murder at a dance club called ‘Remix’.

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It couldn’t have worked out any better for Gavin; it was almost as if the case of a lifetime had dropped right in his lap.

When he’d interviewed the victims and suspects, the owner of the dance club had offered him a free night of drinks and free entrance to the club, but more so as ruse to remain in disguise and observe for signs of the perpetrator returning.

Gavin couldn’t pass it up, but it wasn’t just because he wanted to solve the case and add it to another one of his ‘track records’…no, he’d come to the dance club with another purpose in mind altogether.

He’d felt the need for human company, especially of the female variety.

It’d occurred to him that he hadn’t been intimate with a woman since Selena, and that was years ago. He was single, so a little fun on the job seemed pretty harmless. He figured he also could blow off some steam in a more productive, enjoyable manner as opposed to merely arguing all day and night with the RK900.
He’d never be alive on the planet long enough to admit it to anyone, but as much as a playboy as he’d been back in his youth, he’d never had a one-night stand. Whether it had been due to his work, or his engagement with Selena, he’d never done it, but now he felt he wanted to.

Unfortunately, the RK900 had accompanied him as per its instructions from Fowler, and it stood next to him as they sat at a small booth at the back of the club, gazing and scanning the crowd of dancers. Gavin didn’t wish to be ‘cock-blocked’ by the android, of all things, and he tried not to show it he was actively seeking a sex partner as he gazed around the lovely available young ladies.

The RK900 was no doubt at work, but Gavin had checked out almost half an hour ago and was already eyeing a few young ladies up and down, a few of them having checked him out lustfully when he’d walked in the club.

He felt the android shifting beside him, and Gavin scooted a few inches away from it, his arms draped over the cushion back of the booth as he eye-fucked a tall brunette.

The RK900 scooted closer to Gavin, paying more attention to every little detail than Gavin originally surmised. Apparently, it could multi-task too well...or perhaps it had scanned him and read through his horny perversions...he didn't want to think of that, now, and he shook his head as he tried getting himself as far away from it as possible.

“Detective Reed, need I remind you that we’re here on business, strictly.” So apparently it knew of his current proclivities then.

“Ease up, will you?” He muttered back under his breath, not wanting the moment for a little bit of pleasure ruined.

“We are to accomplish a task and report back to Captain Fowler.”

Gavin wanted to face-palm. “You should be ready to join the list of people I work with who don’t care what I want to do, or who I want to fuck.”

The android seized up beside him, and Gavin literally could feel it tense up, like a statue. Had its pump regulator stopped working or something?

He ignored it, his thoughts returning to mentally undress the brunette as she returned her own lewd gestures of eye-fucking Gavin.

“Cease and desist.” RK900 groused against his ear, and Gavin gasped, covering the ear it’d whispered in with a hand as he moved closer to the edge of the booth.

“Fuck off with the creepy android shit!” His entire body felt as if it had been set on fire, and he didn’t like the impact one little whisper from the android had left on him.

“Focus on the assignment.”

Gavin began standing up to approach the brunette.

“Screw you.”

He didn’t hear anything else it was saying behind his back, even though he faintly heard its voice in the distance. He needed this, he needed to be free. For once, he wanted things to feel as if they were normal again. He hadn’t been laid in years, and he figured one good hard fuck would make things right for months.
The Road to Hell

Chapter Notes

*WARNING! Messed up oral sex that is borderline rape/dubious consent! YOU WERE WARNED*

“Hey.” He eyed the brunette with long hair licentiously, and she responded back with a lip-glossed smile of her own which welcomed him in more ways than one.

“Hey.” She had a silky, sexy voice, and it made Gavin’s head reel back in pleasure as he smiled down at her.

He looked over at the bar in the front of the club, “Buy you a drink?”

She was all too quick on the offer, “Sure!”

He placed an arm on the small of her back, walking her through the crowd of dancers, but he suddenly felt as if his hand was on fire. He dropped his hand immediately, hissing as he pulled his shirt sleeves up to study his skin. There was nothing present on Gavin’s skin as he closely inspected it, but it sure felt like someone had dropped something sizzling hot and burned his skin through.

She’d sensed his hand leave her body, and she turned to stare at him in confusion, her thin eyebrows raised slightly.

“You okay?”

His skin was physically fine; no cuts, no burns, nothing.

He shook it off as he recovered with a slick smile and walked towards the bar with her.

“It’s just been one of those days.”

She considered his answer briefly, then her stance grew slack as she smiled, “If your day was that bad, then you definitely could use a drink!”

He couldn’t agree more. “You’ve no idea.” He sat at a table across from her, and they signaled for the bartender to come over and they ordered their drinks.

When their drinks arrived, they gazed into each other’s eyes and laughed simultaneously. The tension and lust was present between them, and Gavin couldn’t be more pleased. He was eager and excited as ever to try something new and fun, and it seemed like the young woman he’d found was as eager as he was to wrap her limbs in his own.

“I’m Gavin.”

“Tara.”

They shook hands, but Gavin didn’t feel anything from it. No sparks, no movement in his pants between his legs; nothing. He wanted to shoot himself. After years of not laying his hand on a
woman and suddenly having the most gorgeous one he’d ever seen simply link hands with him, it should have made him hornier than a teenager, but it did nothing for him at all.

He decided to give it some time, wiping away the troubled expression when he noticed her concerned look. He was careful not to let the mounting disappointment ruin everything before it even started, and he smiled as he tried to imagine how she’d looked naked.

Thinking quickly, he smiled warmly, “Sorry, you don’t sound like a local.”

“Good ears!” She looked down at her drink, her long dark eyelashes fluttering for a moment, and then she looked up at him again. Again, the look she gave him should’ve made him rock hard between the legs as he tingled with lewd thoughts running through his mind, but Gavin didn’t feel anything. The young woman could’ve been his sister or his cousin, and it’d all be the same for him. He figured he was out of practice and ‘style’.

He smirked at her, “So what’s your story?”

“I’m just in town for the night, visiting a brother who recently got hitched.”

Gavin raised his glass, “We could toast to that.” Perhaps some ego stroking would do the trick and get him in the mood as he smelled the alcohol in the air when he raised the glass.

She eagerly raised her glass as well, and they clinked their glasses together, chuckling openly. The music and swaying bodies in the background should’ve been the perfect mood-setter for Gavin, and he noticed that the entire club soon smelled of sweat and perfume as people swung about and danced as if it was the final night of their lives. It was a beautiful night, but something felt off about everything, and while Gavin tried repressing and forgetting it with the hopes of losing himself in the moment, he found it wasn’t working.

Knowing he was still technically undercover, Gavin quickly came up with the story he’d normally given women who’d approached him in the past when he was in situations much like this. He knew she was waiting for him to speak as she bit her lower lip, her teeth grazing some of that pearly, shiny lip gloss in the process. It’d been meant to be a raw, animal-passion invitation of things to come, but again, it held no spell on Gavin.

“I work a lot, so I decided to come out of the office for the night, see what the city has to offer by way of entertainment.” His eyes met hers in a knowing manner, and he gave her a sexually inviting look that said: In other words, if we spend the night getting to know each other, it’s only going to be for one night. The message had reached her loud and clear, for she beamed at him, her eyes glazing over in lust.

Gavin gazed into her blue depths, reflecting on their shade…

Too blue, T’s are lighter.

…What the fuck?

Where had that sprung from?

He hurriedly tried to cover his inner thoughts and fuckups as he spoke quickly, “Right, Tara, so what do you do for a living?”

She bit her lower lip, hips swaying side-to-side as she looked at his chest and chin.

“I’m a fitness instructor.”
Her answer had disappointed him. He’d thought of his work at the DPD and how adventurous it came to be some days, and he relished in the unpredictability that working with the RK900 had brought him lately. Tara was far from an android, and far from his investigative partner, however.

He began looking at her curves and feminine features, not offering many words. What he planned on doing with her didn’t require them.

Tara placed her pinky finger between her teeth, and Gavin noticed she had a tooth gap between her two upper front teeth. The RK900 however didn’t have such a gap…it had the most perfect set of teeth Gavin had ever seen. He frowned at his thoughts, wondering why they kept wandering over to make comparisons between this young woman and the RK900.

“You’re not intimidated by me, are you?” She playfully asked, and it made Gavin want to leave the club with her immediately. Oh how good and sweet would it be to sink himself inside a warm, willing body after so long…and in the end, it wouldn’t mean anything, and they would both walk off into the night and he’d feel relaxed.

A part of him however didn’t feel right about it, and he couldn’t place his finger on the exact reason why as he shook his head ‘no’ to her previous question.

As gorgeous and sexy as she was, he knew it would never work; she would never be able to satisfy him. Tara made him feel good while she spoke to him now, but he somehow felt that the experiences he could share with her would always pale in comparison to the feeling he got simply from staring at…

He felt a tug at his sleeve, and it was rather impatient.

“Gavin.”

At the sound of the familiar voice he’d come to detest and fear, Gavin froze.

Tara nearly spilled her drink as her hand shot to the side, but Gavin caught the glass before it fell off the table and onto the floor.

“Jesus shit!” He tossed a scathingly dark and accusatory look at RK900, but it was busy staring icily at Tara. Gavin didn’t need to be a mind reader or a psychoanalyst to detect that the android wanted her gone for some reason. The air stank of tension and hostility, but Gavin ignored it as he cleared his throat and glared at the android. He couldn’t believe his worries about being cock-blocked by the damn thing had actually turned into an unfortunate reality for him, and he had to suppress a laugh when he saw how seriously and dangerously Tara and the RK900 were glaring at each other.

Tara’s jaw hung open as she stared at the android. “Who’re you?” Her tone of voice had gone from seductively charming, to surprised, to resentful and protective in a matter of mere seconds. Part of that change turned Gavin off, he hated fake people. She’d seemed almost angelic when he'd first laid his eyes on her, and it'd been what drew him towards her in the first place; her femininity. She was vastly different than the 'male' android, and Gavin had initially thought that a change of pace/partner would be suitable, but he was once again reminded of how cruel and vicious some women could be.

Wanting to distract Tara before she did or said something to the RK900 that they would both regret, Gavin pushed her drink closer to her, feeling his skin itching and burning suddenly, and he felt that just added more to his dislike for her. He didn't understand why she was suddenly so protective and possessive over him when she knew and understood that they were just barely getting to know each other, and possibly planning on one single night of fun, nothing more, nothing less.
“How do you know him by his first name?” Tara hissed, still scowling competitively at the android.

It answered before Gavin could: “He’s my partner.”

Gavin knew exactly where this had headed, and he didn’t like it at all. They were all in a dance club that was a typical hot-spot for people to seek out sexual release in the form of flings and one-night stands, and that included homosexual experiences as well.

He saw the look of disgust and disgrace crossing Tara’s features as she stared back and forth between the RK900 and Gavin, her nose wrinkling grossly.

“How do you know him by his first name?” She spoke in a judgmental tone, her hands shaking as she wrapped them around her glass.

Gavin held up a hand, “Look, it’s not like that—”

She didn’t want to hear it. She stood, her chair pushing and falling back onto the floor roughly, and before Gavin could ask her to calm down, he sensed the putrid smell of alcohol in his face.

She’d thrown her drink in his face, the entire glass full of it. Gavin felt it dripping from his nose and chin to his chest and lap, the droplets spread wherever he could feel as he wiped his face with the back of his hands. What a mess. He’d drawn out her true colors without having to even exert himself, and had he not received a glass full of wine to the face, he’d be laughing in triumph.

He heard a few patrons in the bar and near the middle of the dance floor of the club laughing and whispering as they shook their heads and pointed at the scene.

Tara slammed the glass down on the table as she shoved her finger into Gavin’s chest.

“Whatever the fuck you’re trying to experience tonight, I won’t be a part of it!” She snapped viciously at him, poking his chest with her sharp fingernail.

Gavin pushed her hand away, trying to talk once again, but she slapped his hand away from hers violently, causing the skin to sting immediately.

“No! Don’t touch me! I refuse to allow myself to be an ‘experiment’ for your sexuality!”

When he tried speaking again, she slapped him across the face.

Half the people in the club ‘ooed’ in shared pain and sympathy for Gavin. He immediately felt his cheeks flare up as he held a hand to the one she’d slapped, and he knew they were red merely from her hand alone.

“Disgusting bastard!” She turned and began walking away from the table, heels clicking on the floor, but she stopped and glared up at the statue-like RK900 as it stood with its hands clasped behind its back while it gave her an odd look.

She pointed at it, too. “And you! You need to find yourself a more loyal man, because he’s clearly a cheater!”

The RK900 tilted its head curiously at her, “I’ve only known Gavin to be quite loyal and honest.”

Gavin stared up slowly at the RK900, his mind still not able to believe and comprehend that it had actually complimented him for once. He had grown so accustomed to their regular bickering as of late, that he’d honestly thought the RK900 was simply incapable entirely of even offering him a
shred of a kind word or encouraging statement...it'd gone and surprised him yet again as it always was lately.

Tara’s eyes filled with hatred, and she stormed off without another word.

Gavin rose from his seat, wiping away the mess with a few napkins before he sighed and walked past the RK900, his shoulder brushing against its chest in a soft motion as he stalked off towards the exits. There was no use trying to collect his last shred of masculinity as he heard more people whispering and snickering at his back. What's done was done, and it was too late to cry over the spilt...wine. The faster he disappeared and made himself scarce, the sooner he could go home and drown himself in the alcohol he'd stored at home. It wasn't too bad of an option, but he was certain Connor wouldn't let him stew about in his misery for too long.

He stood, leaning against one of the outer walls of the club, hands in his pockets as he called up a taxi. It’d be ready in a few minutes, and that gave him enough time for a short smoke break.

He fished a cigarette out of his wet shirt pocket, grateful the liquids hadn’t ruined his cigarettes as he lit one up while shivering when the night air blew by, making the wetness of his shirt press closer against his warm skin. Fuckin’ cold.

Approaching footsteps reminded him he wasn’t alone, but he ignored the RK900 as it studied him, hands still behind its back as it walked to his side and stood to attention, peering straight ahead across the dark streets.

“What a fuckin’ night.” Gavin said more to himself than the android.

It picked up on the hint and didn’t comment. It merely stared ahead, silently observing a few homeless people loitering around, some of them pushing their carts with their entire world packed inside, others bedding down for the night as they shivered.

“Did you—” Gavin paused, and the RK900 turned its head to look at him, “…did you really mean what you said to her about me bein’ loyal and honest?”

He felt so fucked up. Gavin knew he’d stooped to an all-time-low when he’d had to ask an android for personal ego-validation. When had his life turned this way? He'd lost his opportunity to get laid, which hadn't pissed him off as much as he'd hoped it would've, and that alone angered him more than not being laid after so long. There was just something about his lack of ‘caring’ in terms of a woman letting him down that disturbed him, and he'd began wondering if that was why he needed an ego boost from the RK900...

It looked at him neutrally before answering, “Affirmative.”

Gavin nodded, taking another drag from the cigarette as he looked at the dark sidewalk. Whether the android was telling him what it wanted him to hear, or whether it was sharing a shred of honesty with him was irrelevant; his life was still so utterly fucked up. He wondered if maybe instead of needing a casual fuck, he needed the help of a therapist, and he began mulling the idea over in his head as he watched the homeless population moving around, some of them with shabby, dirty dogs as their companions, watching over their owners as they slept and tried finding food and shelter for the night.

Gavin sighed. He really should've been a little more grateful; after all, he still had a roof over his head, his parents really hated his guts, but at least they were alive, his ex was something of a 'friend', he still had his lousy excuse for a job with coworkers who really didn't particularly like him; they just tolerated him and worked with him if they had to or were forced...he shook his head as he
remembered why he was angry and fed up with his life in the first place.

At least the RK900 wasn't saying anything or judging him, he thought with a little bit of gratitude flowing through his system as he took another deep drag from the shortening cigarette in his hands. He used to think having a human partner was the greatest thing in the world; being able to communicate freely and openly with someone and shooting the shit as if they were best friends. But now, he was grateful for the silence and the lack of commentary from the RK900. Gavin knew what half the precinct thought of him, and he was well aware of what they said behind his back once it was turned...he wasn't an idiot like they all thought, and for once he was able to bask in the luxury that came with not having a human who was capable of making their own judgements about him at his side. How free it felt to be unburdened and undisturbed without having to think of what another must've thought of him...

Their taxi arrived instantly, and Gavin threw away the cigarette as he walked towards the door and it opened automatically once it detected his motions.

“You comin’?” He called back at the android, and he heard it following him before he expected a response verbally.

They sat side-by-side behind the black barrier separating the backseat from the front seat, the taxi driving itself automatically as Gavin texted in his home address.

_Estimated time of arrival: 11:49 PM._

Great. So, he’d have well over half an hour inside the dark taxi with the freaky Connor double. What a fantastic night indeed.

He sat with his arms crossed over his chest, trying to get some warmth in his body as he cursed the club for being so far away from his home. He then began cursing Tara, and his own personal sexual needs. Before long, he began envying the RK900 sitting next to him. It didn’t need to go out and seek ‘dates’ or sex, and Gavin felt it was kind of lucky. It just had to do whatever it was programmed for, and whenever that was done with, it likely remained 'inactive', as it told him before.

He studied the android beside him, wondering if it actually even researched or thought about sex. It had mentioned it before for a while, but it didn’t seem particularly interested in actually learning anything about sex or sexual relations. This all reminded Gavin yet again that the RK900 wasn’t anything like Connor. While Connor wanted to go out of his way to learn, this thing merely did things and obeyed, and that was it. Cut and dry, black and white...

Gavin felt his eyes dancing all over its body, admiring the broad chest, and his eyes soon lingered on its long legs and thighs before landing between its legs…

In the dark, he thought he could see something that resembled a ‘bulge’, but he was positive it was there only for the mere sake of aesthetics. It’s not like the RK900 was designed to be a Traci at the Eden Club.

The RK900 turned its face so it was gazing directly at Gavin suddenly.

“Detective.”

Gavin turned quickly to look out the tinted windows as he cleared his throat in embarrassment. Had it caught him staring? Oh God...he hoped he wasn't as transparent as he feared he was...

“What?” He grumbled out irritably. A part of him was still on edge and aroused, but with how cold he was, it was soon disappearing.
“What were you planning on doing with that young female?” Its LED light was blue before flashing yellow.

Gavin’s mind spun when it had asked the question. He felt his arms shaking nervously, but he was certain it was from the cold and wetness than the android’s inquiry. He tried hiding his discomfort as he forced out a dry laugh.

“None of your business, T.” He frowned at himself for using the nickname he’d given the RK900, but it didn’t seem to mind, as its interest lay elsewhere for the time being.

It chuckled softly. It actually fucking chuckled. Gavin hadn't been drunk, and he wasn't high; it had fucking chuckled. It probably had laughed at him, and that set him on edge as he glared deeply.

Its smug chuckle pissed Gavin right off. He was sure it was mocking him, but before he could ask and insult it, it moved closer beside him.

“My scan results show you're in a heightened sexually aroused state.”

Gavin lost it right then and there. Screw what Fowler was going to say, screw what any psychiatrist was going to say, screw what the creepy scientist from CyberLife was going to say. He’d had just about enough mocking and bullshit thrown his way for one night, and no fucking android was going to rub his feelings in his face so boldly without getting at least a decent (or half-decent) ass kicking from Gavin.

He turned in his seat and tried punching the RK900 right in the nose. He should’ve known it would use its fast, inhuman reflexes against him, and it did. It ducked to the side, and Gavin’s fist nearly went through the backseat window, but the RK900’s arm shot out at the last minute, and like lightning, it caught Gavin’s fists and held them both tightly in one strong hand.

It was much stronger than Connor, and Gavin had no time to fight back. With its free hand, it grabbed the back of Gavin’s neck, and lifted him off his seat, turning him and slamming him down flat on his back. He was left with staring up at the interior roof of the black taxi, but the sight was soon replaced by the RK900’s menacing face looming over him.

It had gotten itself on top of Gavin, though careful not to crush him with its weight as it propped itself on its free hand as it maneuvered them both to lie on the cushion seats of the back of the taxi.

Gavin felt the android’s powerful legs hold his own down before they slid his legs forcefully open. Gavin was certain it was going to knee him in his balls, and he braced himself for it, trying to wriggle free before it could crush his nuts. "Get the fucking hell off me!" He knew it was stupid to fight, but he still did as he slammed himself up and forward against the firm, strong android.

It only gazed lazily at him, looking bored with his struggles and weak fights against its powerful grip. Gavin wasn't going to give up easily, and he made a show of it as he grunted and felt his cheeks set aflame as he fought harder and harder. All it did was press his back against the soft seats while the RK900 lowered its rough hips to press against Gavin's. Gavin felt something warm and firm pressing against his thighs...

That was when Gavin began to struggle in fear. He fully understood what the RK900 meant to do to him, now, and he began panicking as his heart fluttered and beat against his chest as if trying to burst free and hide from the situation.

When he struggled as violently as he could, kicking and thrashing about, a predatory gaze appeared on the android’s face.
“It isn’t wise to fight, Detective; I have you in a grip that can tear your limbs directly from your torso.”

What sexy talk.

Gavin bit down on his tongue as he struggled more, and he saw stars as pain flew through his mouth. “Yeah, this shit’s gonna get me to relax for sure!”

The android’s legs moved between his, and Gavin soon felt its knee resting against his cock.

What the fuck.

That was when he began a stronger struggle, and the android bent down to whisper in his ear: “If you move like that again, I’ll crush it.” To show it wasn’t bluffing, its knee pressed into Gavin’s front.

What the fucking actual fuck!

Gavin moved his head forward to bash his forehead into the android’s nose in hopes of distracting it so he could get free, but it read through his planned attack.

Gavin was certain it was programmed to predetermine movement and attacks or some shit, for it ducked its head down and laid it on Gavin’s chest. His neck snatched forward stupidly, and he felt dizzy immediately when he swung his head through thin air. From the violent motion, the blood rushed down to his cheeks, and he felt his vision turning dark as little lights and stars danced around his eyes.

“Stay still, you shit!” Gavin’s head snapped back once the android’s free hand wrapped around his throat, squeezing lightly.

“Cease.” That was the only word it spoke while one of its hands tightened on Gavin’s fists, holding them above his head, while the other hand began tightening around his neck.

Gavin felt pressure on his windpipe, but he soon realized that the android wasn’t actually trying to physically cause damage; it was trying to make him relax.

The hands around his throat relaxed their grip, and the fingers stroked his skin up and down in slow, gentle motions while the knee between his legs moved in a similar stroking motion back and forth.

Gavin closed his eyes and turned his neck away from facing the android directly. He hated how his male biology was simplistic enough that it responded immediately to the gentle touches and caresses. He damned his body for reacting that way as he grew hard in his pants the longer the knee stroked. If only he’d put down his ego and chased after Tara, he wouldn’t be in this fucking mess!

Warm breaths hit his cheeks as the android’s hand touched his cheeks and chin, forcefully turning his head to face RK900.

“Look at me.” The warm breath didn’t have any smell, though it wasn’t a surprise to Gavin. Androids didn’t drink or eat anything, and all he felt was warm air on his skin, as if someone had turned on the heater.

It felt so warm and safe…he opened his eyes.

Blue eyes searched through his for a long time in silence, the lights of the city flying past them as the car drove on. Gavin could hear the engine of the taxi humming and purring, and it made him dizzy.
He didn’t know what else to do as he maintained eye-contact with RK900. It didn’t give him any expressions, but Gavin somehow felt it was pleased and content with him. He’d stopped struggling, finally, feeling the last bit of his strength ebbing away as the android loosened its hold only slightly. They were at a sense of trust, it seemed...a trust that was special and specific between predator and prey...

His breath hitched in his throat and came out in a low groan when the hand that had once been on his neck was between his legs, squeezing slowly and firmly. Its fingers moved with determination, and while Gavin felt a part of him inside screaming in distaste and displeasure, he couldn't help but want to give in to the touches that were increasing his pleasure as he abandoned the thoughts for survival in his brain and paid attention to the ones coming from his dick.

This wasn’t happening to him...no way…

“Did you want to do this with her?”

The question hit his ears like a knife. It was an angry jab at him while the hand tugged at his zipper. The hand tugged roughly and then calmed itself, as if resentful that Gavin ever talked to Tara.

“Do you feel she could have touched you this way, giving you the same amount of pleasure?”

Gavin wanted it to stop talking, but he also didn’t. He kept the secret within himself of how its voice was exciting him and turning him on, and its gentle warm breath made his knees and legs feel weak, almost like jelly.

This was so fucked up, but it felt good to give in…

A warm hand had finally provided him with the desperately delectable feeling his body had been craving for, as it wrapped around his hard length and pumped him slowly. It moved over the tip of his wet cock, brushing around as it rubbed some pre-cum over his cock as lubricant. The liquid dried up against the hot air of the taxi, and it left Gavin's skin feeling cold. He shivered as the contrast between temperatures hitting him simultaneously drove him insane, and he felt goosebumps rising everywhere on his body.

A small part of him screamed out one last time for Gavin’s body to fight back and throw the weight off, but Gavin had already decided to enjoy the fingers wrapped around his cock, and he shut off the last bits of struggle and conflict he had.

He moaned softly as he felt the hand pulling him expertly, almost, and it was far better than the pathetic excuses for pleasure he’d given himself one too many times at night alone in his bed or in the shower...this was heaven compared to that.

“You wanted more from her than this.” The cold voice was moving past his ears, down to his chest and stomach.

“Lower, lower, fuuuuckkk…” Gavin could hardly recognize his own desperate voice crying out, but he sure as hell had.

He begged as he thrashed beneath the weight, hoping it would crush the life out of him. God, he wanted it to break every fucking bone in his body, squish every organ until he’d lost every last bit of blood.

He felt the hand on his cock stop moving, and his eyes watered at the loss of pressure.

“Noooo!!”
“Don’t instruct me, Detective.”

“Please…”

“Silence.”

He whimpered but obeyed. He knew if he didn’t, he’d never be released from this burden.

The hand was upon him again, and the motions upon his abdomen moved back up to his face.

Something wet and warm pressed against his chin, and it slid down to his neck.

Gavin felt his back arching off the seat in response, his knees trembling beyond control.

“You taste of alcohol.”

Gavin whimpered again in response, his words unable to be spoken, his protests swallowed by his own throat.

“I relish in observing you in this sorry state…”

Before he had time to realize what had happened, his cock sprang out from his pants and into the warm air of the taxi, and an even warmer pressure wrapped around his throbbing length in a second.

Gavin felt his head slam against the seat as a warm, skilled mouth worked him into pleasure he hadn’t felt in at least a full decade.

The tongue flickered almost serpent-like over his salty opening, and he tore his hands out of the one that held them both down tightly. He clawed at the roof of the car, tearing his fingernails up and down, clawing at the interior violently as the tongue licked him thoroughly, while the lips sucked around him harder and harder.

The pressure around his cock was unbearable, and he punched at the seats, crying out loudly as his hips made their own choices; moving on their own, thrusting violently against the warm mouth. Those cruel lips slid all the way down so slowly to the end of his cock, almost fully releasing him before they slid him into the wet mouth once more. The mouth was fully engulfing him, and he sensed himself being sucked and almost swallowed around his tip like he were a delicious meal...

His hips began to snap more violently the harder the pressure around him increased. It was happening fast as the motions moved expertly up and down his cock, and he knew there was no way he was going to last when the hand that had once held his hands down was pumping him quickly while his cock was pulled deeper inside, hitting the back of a throat, tongue guiding the motions.

He closed his eyes, muttering out absolute gibberish and nonsense. He just needed to make some noise. Anything would do.

His throat was as raw as freshly cut meat as he screamed louder and harder, the world going by without any knowledge of what was going on in the taxi, and the thought of that drove him even more insane. Who knew that such lustful, dirty things could occur in the most commonly used things.

The pressure around his cock was unbearable, and he felt he was going to be swallowed whole with the force and intensity the lips pulled back and forth along his length. The pleasure was about to burst through his skull with he felt fingers grazing down, simply resting against his balls.

He gripped the top of the backseat in one hand, while the other dug at the edge of the seat as he felt
wetness dripping down the insides of his thighs and over onto his ass…

That was when he’d come apart at every seam. He growled deeply in his throat, hanging on tightly
to the seats with white knuckles and fingers, emptying himself deeply into the hot, wet cavern still
wrapped around his aching cock while the tongue slowly cleaned him thoroughly.

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“Detective, we have arrived.”

He removed his head from where it was leaning on RK900’s chest. He had passed out against the
android, much to his dismay. He felt like a baby again, constantly yearning for the sweet sleep that
night promised while his parents had driven him home after parties and events.

He rubbed his eyes and yawned. “What time is it?”

“Midnight.”

“Shit.”

He had lost track of time yet again, and he felt his mood turning foul as he paid the fee for the ride.

He felt eyes on him as he collected his wallet, shoving it back in his jean pockets, straightening his
messy hair. He reeked of alcohol and sweat, and he longed for the comforts of his sweet shower as
he looked out the windows at the second floor of his house.

The RK900 silently watched him as he scooted close to the doors of the taxi, and he paused for a
second before the door.

“Where will you go?”

It eyed him neutrally, “Back to the precinct, Detective.”

Gavin was amazed. “Why the fuck for?”

“I have to file our report regarding the attempted murder at the Remix.”

Oh yeah, that…that was the entire purpose of them heading out to begin with. He must’ve been more
exhausted than he thought. All the more reason why he was so grateful to be in his driveway right
now.

Gavin nodded, “Yeah you do that, T.”

He squinted hard when he heard himself utter that stupid nickname.

The android nodded back. “Goodnight, Detective Reed.”

“Yeah uh, goodnight.”

The taxi door opened, and Gavin practically flew out of the car. When he stood, he felt a strange
wetness around his crotch, but he didn’t want to be caught staring down his own pants in front of the
android until he was safe inside his own house…oh wait…there was another android there, too.
Fuckin’ androids.

He stepped away from the taxi, but didn’t leave its side, which caused the doors to remain open due
to his proximity. As awkward as everything was, Gavin wanted to ask it so many questions, even
though he knew the likelihood of the RK900 answering a single one of them was slim to none.

RK900 stared up at Gavin from his spot in the backseat.

“Is there a problem, Detective?”

Gavin felt his dick tingling, for some reason, and the longer he had stood outside the taxi, the colder he felt, especially between his legs, almost as if he’d pissed himself…

“Did I-” He paused, shaking his head as he cleared his throat, “…did we…” what the fuck, that was even more stupid than where he originally intended to go with it!

“What happened?” He settled for that, and the RK900 looked closely at him, studying him for a moment before it answered his question.

“You fell asleep.”

“Right, yeah I know, but I feel kinda…funny…”

He felt his dick throbbing and twitching, and he decided to drop the subject and get the fuck away from the RK900. Apparently the damn android’s gaze on him had started to screw with him.

“Would you like me to call a doctor for you, Detective?” The white of its uniform practically glowed as intensely as the moon behind some clouds above. It gave off an eerier feeling than usually associated with it, and Gavin knew it was time to definitely leave.

He began walking away towards his house, waving at the android.

“I’m good, I’m fine…goodnight, I guess.”

The RK900’s cold eyes disappeared as the thick, black door closed between Gavin and the RK900. The taxi pulled out of the driveway, and it drove down the street as Gavin silently watched it turn around the corner and disappear into the night.

Reluctantly, he made his way towards the front door, but not before he took note of a bright red light flashing from his living room windows before it turned off, leaving the entire street and house in darkness.
Chapter Notes

For all those who wanted Connor x Gavin- did you really think I was gonna let you lovely people down?
I had to keep the surprise for as long as I could, and now that it is X-Mas eve, I will drop this lovely gift here for you all.

I'm sorry if it seemed like I was 'baiting' for a while and not delivering Gavin x Connor (Reed800), but this IS indeed a fic that supports that ship, and I hope you all enjoy this chapter :)
Enjoy, and have a wonderful, safe, jolly Christmas!

Cheers xoxo

*WARNING: Rape...?*

“Gavin, you’re distracted.”

Connor’s analysis hadn’t been wrong when Gavin entered the living room after taking a quick shower, settling down in front of the TV with a can of beer in his hands. He hadn’t actually gotten around to drinking in the club, so he figured he could enjoy one wonderful drink from his cold fridge in peace. But how could he with the ever-present Connor?

He tried not letting Connor get to him, feeling a spike of irritation in his veins as he shifted on the seat in front of the TV while his hair dripped with water still hanging onto a few strands. He was feeling sticky still beneath his boxers, even though he’d thoroughly washed himself off as soon as he arrived home. Did the alcohol Tara spray in his face somehow slide under his shirt and pants? It couldn’t be; he was wearing new clothes, and they were freshly washed…

There was nothing important or interesting on TV as he flipped through the channels. He caught a glimpse of the midnight news, a weird advertisement for jewelry, sports channels, and a late-night B-rated porno. A couple’s screams and exaggerated sexual moans hit his ears like a shotgun blast, and he felt himself hardening slightly beneath his boxers. He turned off the TV, throwing the remote control into another couch angrily.

“What happened?”

Connor was sitting beside him suddenly, which took him by surprise, and he nearly knocked over the beer can sitting propped on the armrest of the couch.

“Jesus! Nothing!” He growled as he grabbed the can and slammed it down on the coffee table. “We just went to a dance club to investigate an attempted murder and assault!”

“We?”

God damn it.

Gavin glared at Connor’s accusatory question. “Why are you beginning to sound like a jealous
girlfriend right now?”

Connor swiped the beer can off the table in a swooping flash when Gavin reached for it.

“Hey!” Gavin tried snatching it back, but his reflexes were too slow. Perhaps he was far more fucked up than he wanted to be, but he hadn't even gotten around to feeling tipsy yet. Fucking hell.

“You’re getting too close to it.” Connor announced blankly, and Gavin shrugged and rolled his eyes.

“Well of course, Robo-Genius, you told me to cooperate with it, remember?” The fuck was Connor’s problem? He was doing nothing but pissing Gavin off and confusing him. He was the one who’d come up with this brilliant idea, and now he was suddenly so dead-set against it? Fuck this back-and-forth mind game shit!

Connor viciously grabbed Gavin’s right forearm and slammed his hand over it, his skin peeling back as he ‘interfaced’ with Gavin.

Before Gavin had time to react, his eyes slammed shut on their own, and images of Jimmy’s Bar flashed before them. RK900 was there, sitting next to him one minute, and then their lips were pressed against each other’s tightly the next…Gavin’s sleeves were rolled up, and their arms were connected from elbow to wrist…

That’s when Connor let him go violently, screaming in the back of his throat with a distasteful cry.

“You…you kissed it!” He pointed at Gavin while he shook his head in disbelief. “You let it touch you? You bonded with it like that?”

Gavin stood up, glaring down at Connor angrily, feeling his cheeks heat up in embarrassment that the memory had actually happened, and Connor had witnessed it now, too.

“It’s none of your fuckin’ business, Connor, and I don’t think that actually happened!” He sounded more like he was trying to convince himself of that.

Connor wasn't going to believe him, and he shook his head in distaste as his nose crinkled up slightly. It made Gavin angrier as he slapped a hand against his forehead, eyes moving back and forth wildly as he began trying to voice his words carefully.

“It probably installed or created some weird shit so it could get through me and break me down mentally!” Yeah, he was really convinced of that for sure.

Connor snorted, “It doesn’t work like that.”

“Oh yeah? Then why would it do all that weird robot-soul-sex shit with me then?” He couldn’t believe the things that were pouring from his mouth, but he was certain none of it was true and had never happened. He'd learned from years of living with Selena that sometimes agreeing with an angry person-android-was better than arguing and fighting to support denial.

Connor looked about ready to pass out or shut down.

“You-you had what with it?!” His jaw fell open, and he shook his head back and forth, as if unable to comprehend what Gavin had said.

Gavin was quick to cover up that mistake, and he shrugged again coyly. “Well the interface thing it did with me…you said it was like bonding…”
Connor stared at him in shock, unable to speak while his LED light remained red the entire time he studied Gavin.

“It wants to get closer to you so it can track me down, and bring me back to CyberLife, where I’ll be deactivated.”

Ah. So it was that simple for it? Gavin nearly felt ashamed. He should’ve thought about how and where Connor fit into the whole picture behind RK900’s actions, but he still felt he had to pursue the memories he’d lost in the last week. Perhaps that held some importance for them both.

“I’m having a hard time remembering things lately.” He paced as he explained, “I feel like time’s being lost and taken from me…I wake up sometimes and half the day is already over.”

Connor was still seated on the couch, but he looked more and more concerned as Gavin explained.

“Are you experiencing what is similar to blacking out?”

Gavin gaped at him, standing at attention, “H-how did you know?”

“It’s corrupted your memories.” Connor stated with confidence, eyes narrowing as he shook his head at Gavin like this entire thing was his fault.

Gavin snorted, “Corrupted? What am I? One of you freaks?! I have nothing to be corrupted!! All my memories and dreams are my own!” God fucking damn it, they were! There was no way the RK900 was screwing with his head that much. Not in this fucking reality. Gavin definitely was still in control, and he refused to let Connor tell him otherwise.

“False,” Connor started, rising up from the couch, “…I told you, latest models are capable of sharing information with humans, but that also includes exchanging more emotional memories and dreams of the past.”

“How’s that a thing?” Gavin roared angrily. He couldn’t believe this was happening.

Connor stared judgmentally at him. “It’s possible due to humans being human, it’s that simple, Gavin.”

“Well can’t I stop that shit from happening? I mean, I should have control over that!”

Connor looked down as if already confirming that it wasn’t possible, “Androids are designed for efficiency and productivity, and RK900 was made for maximizing that in every situation…”

Gavin threw his arms up in the air, “So you’re saying the answer is ‘no’?”

Connor almost seemed nervous, pausing before he continued, “You pay a price for connecting with it, and it seems the price was your memories and feelings. It stole them from you and they’re now its own.”

Gavin pointed at himself, his index finger prodding into his own chest, ‘Blamin’ me, huh? Like I personally gift-wrapped all this shit for it to freely take?”

Connor didn’t say anything. Gavin dropped his hands and they slapped against the outer parts of his thighs. This was ridiculous. He’d previously thought that Connor was on his side, and that he’d understood him. He could’ve sworn they were almost…a team…now Connor had turned his back on him and fucking betrayed him and made him feel like a bastard for doing what he suggested was best!
“Fuckin’ great. I wish you told me this shit earlier!”

Connor rounded on him viciously, dark eyes shining in a threatening way. “I didn’t possess preordained knowledge that you’d go sticking your tongue down its thro-”

Gavin gripped the collar of his new dress shirt tightly, yanking him as closely as possible as he glared into his dark brown eyes ferociously.

“You may want to think twice before you finish that sentence.” He was still not above low threats as he held onto Connor and began yanking his collar cruelly around his neck.

Connor’s hands came up to grip Gavin’s, but his fingers made no attempt at hurting Gavin as he did previously.

“It detected vulnerability in you, and it simply saw an advantageous opportunity, so it struck.” He explained as Gavin’s hands lowered upon his shirt collar.

“It’s designed to do that, and it followed its programming...” Connor's eyes bore into Gavin's, a hostile fire set glowing in the dark depths, "You just happened to get in the way during the process of it.”

“You sayin’ its my fault then?” Gavin’s hands tightened their grip once more. Couldn’t he just gather his balls and punch the fuckin’ thing already? It’d insulted and ruined him enough, and he wasn’t sure what was causing him to hesitate and hold back still as they glowered hotly and darkly at each other.

Connor spoke slowly, as if talking to a child, “No, I’m saying it’ll track me down using your memories and proximity to me, it’ll find me, and it’ll use you or anyone else in the process if it’ll help it accomplish its task more efficiently.”

Gavin loosened his grip on the shirt collar.

“It’s a machine designed to accomplish a task, and it has no feelings for you other than manipulating you and your memories until you can’t even recognize what’s real and what isn’t.”

He knew Connor was right, but he didn’t want to admit it at all. He shouldn’t have expected the RK900 to actually be his partner in the sense that Chris or Tina once had been. After all, it was simply a machine programmed with one goal. It hurt to put it like that, but Gavin knew he had to accept that grim reality.

“It doesn’t care about you.” Connor’s words hit him like a punch in the gut, and he backed away, frowning and then smiling sarcastically.

“Rub it in more, Connor,” he couldn’t believe he was insulted by an android. “I really needed that today, of all times.”

Connor approached him carefully, eyes wide and full of something Gavin didn’t want to think about. The emotion within his dark brown depths caused an upheaval and panic in Gavin, and his heart flew up and down in his chest rapidly. Something had passed between them, and Connor must’ve sensed it too, for he stopped moving and stayed completely still on the spot.

“It doesn’t care about you, but you care for it...why?” He tilted his head, resembling the RK900 right on the dot, gestures and all.

It freaked Gavin out, and he covered his eyes as he turned around.
“Don’t fuckin’ do that, it’s creepy!”

Connor’s footsteps approached him with an air of renewed purpose and determination in them.

“Why’s that, Detective Reed? Is it because it resembles me?”

Gavin covered his ears. He was not going to listen to this mind-control shit. He should’ve used common sense and realized long ago that Connor was a machine as well, and he was probably using Gavin as much as the RK900 was. They were both playing with him and using him like the brainless, idiotic tool he was.

Connor paused, looking Gavin up and down carefully, “…Or is it because I resemble it?”

“Shut up!”

Connor paid his warning no mind, “You’re thinking about it right now, aren’t you?”

“I said shut up, tin-can!”

“Do you miss interacting with it that much?” The question was shot at him with much malice and venom.

Gavin whipped around, unable to take it for another second.

Only he hadn’t been expecting Connor to be so up close when he’d turned himself around to face him.

Their noses rubbed against each other, and Gavin felt his stomach tightening in fear. Resorting to his ‘fight or flight’ instincts, he raised his fists to punch the android as far away from his body as possible, but it reacted quickly.

Connor grabbed Gavin’s wrists tightly, the skin turning white from the force and pressure, and he moved Gavin over and slammed him roughly against his fridge.

Gavin’s head snapped back, and he bit his tongue in pain, hissing out an expletive as his head swam with a dull, throbbing pain.

He heard items in the fridge rattling and shaking as he fought back against the strong grip the android held on him, and that made him angrier as they struggled for dominance.

What Gavin hadn’t been expecting was for Connor to grab his chin in a hand and press their lips together firmly.

Gavin’s eyes shot wide open in complete shock, and he felt his heart fluttering in panic. He could take anything, anything except this.

Connor’s lips were full and warm upon his, and they released his lips for half a second before pressing more soft kisses over and over on Gavin’s lips.

There was a sense of innocence behind the kisses, and they moved to the corners of his mouth as they lightly traced along his bottom lip before peppering more fully onto his mouth.

Gavin could only stare at the tall android before him, watching as its long eyelashes fluttered as his eyes were tightly shut while he kissed him softly.

Connor leaned down into the kiss, his forehead resting against Gavin’s as he poured everything into
the kiss. His lips lingered on Gavin’s as he traced his way over on Gavin’s chin and jaw, hearing the detective breathe in sharply. Before Gavin could say anything, Connor’s lips were planted upon his once more, the kiss longer this time.

The previous kisses were light compared to this one, as if Connor had been ‘requesting’ permission in a silent way. Whatever Gavin had or hadn’t done clearly gave off the impression that this kiss was welcome, and Connor dragged his lips over Gavin’s sensually and carefully, as if they would both shatter and implode if he applied anymore pressure.

Connor pulled away after another long minute, gently pulling Gavin’s lower lip with his own as they disconnected, silently staring at each other.

Gavin’s entire face was beet red, while Connor tilted his head patiently down at Gavin, waiting for any response. Out of his peripheral vision, Gavin saw how closely Connor’s eyes were lingering on his lips and tracing them.

When there wasn’t a response or reaction from Gavin, Connor backed away, releasing Gavin’s hands. They fluttered and slid down the fridge door down to his sides where they hung loosely, like a puppet without the puppeteer to hold it up.

The fridge turned on, humming dully and loudly in between the silence in the kitchen.

Connor raised his arms suddenly, moving to advance on Gavin again, his lips almost touching Gavin’s as he dove in for another intimate kiss.

Gavin turned his head to face away from the attempted kiss, and Connor stopped midway. He was still closer than Gavin liked, but he wasn’t trying to kiss him, at least.

Gavin closed his eyes as if waiting for the android to slap or hit him, and his shoulders shook as he breathed hard through his nose. He only then realized he’d held his breath that entire time, his burning lungs delivering their testimony to that fact.

Connor knew he wasn’t feeling well, not with the way his nostrils flared as he fought to take deep breaths, and his heart rate was almost over 100 beats per minute. He felt guilty for being the one to cause this to Gavin, and he offered the man a look of sheer remorse as he tried collecting his thoughts and words together for an apology.

The kitchen appliances hummed and buzzed as Gavin’s breaths came out in shaky patterns and rhythms as Connor’s lips hovered over his cheek. It seemed like they were frozen stiff in that position; with Connor inches away from pressing himself flatly against Gavin, while Gavin held himself against the fridge door tightly.

Connor looked at Gavin’s eyes, and then down at his lips once again, his tongue flickering to moisten his own pink lips as Gavin peered down at the floor while breathing heavily. Unsure of what else to do, Connor backed away as Gavin didn’t respond to his light, feathery touches as he ran his fingers up and down the column of Gavin’s neck.

As soon as Connor had stepped away from him, Gavin looked up at him while images flashed before his mind…he saw himself being thrown onto the taxi seats that same night, his pants undone, his head thrown back as his mouth was open while he moaned in pleasure and squirmed about…

He felt blood coursing through his veins, renewed and refreshed, and he quickly stepped away from the fridge and grabbed the back of Connor’s arms roughly in his hands.

Connor spun around as he was making his way out of the kitchen, his eyes widening in surprise at
Gavin, “What’re you-”

Warm lips silenced him, and Connor made a small, shocked gasp as Gavin’s tongue worked its way in his mouth.

Gavin held tightly onto Connor’s cheeks and jaws in his hands, biting down on the tip of his tongue when he slid his own around Connor’s and didn’t feel the motion being returned. He didn’t know what the fuck he was doing, but he knew he wanted to feel something…

Connor was roughly shoved back against the kitchen cupboards, his back and shoulders slamming against them as Gavin tugged at his hair while snaking and sliding his tongue lewdly and hotly around Connor’s. It took a while before Connor finally got the hint. He pressed his hands against Gavin’s neck, holding him gently while Gavin shoved him roughly and violently against the kitchen island in the center of the room, licking into his mouth with vigor and fire burning through his body.

Despite however roughly Gavin was handling him, Connor’s hands remained gentle and soft as he was slammed roughly against the countertop behind him. It poked and jabbed against his back, but he didn’t mind as Gavin bit down on his lips and began thrusting wildly against Connor’s hips.

Connor’s body repeatedly bashed against the countertop while Gavin rutted against him like a wild dog in heat, and Connor soon began holding tightly onto Gavin’s shoulders, digging his nails into his shirt while his back hit the hard countertop.

As Gavin slid his hands down Connor’s sides, he saw images of two large, strong hands pressing him down, holding his own hands high above his head tightly as his neck was licked by a hot, wet tongue…

Gavin began mimicking the thoughts that were haunting his mind, and he tore his lips off Connor’s as he buried his nose in the android’s neck and slithered his tongue up and down Connor’s neck before sucking hard on a particularly delicious spot on his skin.

Connor voiced his pleasure, moaning softly as his hands flew up to cradle the back of Gavin’s head while Gavin roughly slammed his hips against him. Connor’s hands were too soft and gentle…they made Gavin thrash about even more violently as he practically began feeling his hips bruising from the force and intensity of pounding them against Connor’s.

Things escalated further, and Gavin opened his hazy, lust-filled eyes and cast them on the kitchen island and countertop behind Connor. It was covered in mail he’d not yet opened, a fruit bowl, an ashtray, a spare lighter, a salt and pepper shaker, and a small napkin holder sitting next to a black frying pan that was freshly washed.

Gavin growled deeply in his throat. There were far too many things in his fucking way…they would have to go immediately.

While holding onto Connor with one hand, he reached forward with the other and swiped off the counter’s contents in one hurried motion. They clattered loudly and abruptly onto the tiled floor below, and Connor looked down at the mess before Gavin roughly threw him on top of the kitchen counter.

Connor looked up at Gavin, flat on his back while his long legs wove their way around Gavin’s waist for a second before they hung loosely and limply down on the floor. Gavin didn’t like that this had happened, and he growled angrily at Connor while he hovered above him. Gavin roughly grabbed Connor’s legs with both his hands and wrapped them around his waist again before he slammed his hands by either side of Connor’s head on the countertop.
He felt a rush of power run through his body, and it fired him up even more as he stared down at Connor, a loose hair strand falling over his forehead as he leaned down and kissed Connor deeply. All Connor did was close his eyes the moment Gavin’s lips connected with his, and he ran his fingers softly through Gavin’s hair as he sighed into Gavin’s mouth.

Gavin felt his body growing accustomed to the one beneath him planted firmly on the kitchen island’s counter, and he felt his cock rubbing impatiently against the zipper of his jeans. His mind clouded over with thoughts of violence, sex, and blood. He was unable to stop himself from moving his lips over to Connor’s neck, and he bit down as hard as he could.

Gavin felt his teeth sink into the flesh, and immediately, a trickle of a fluid hit his tongue and lips. He pulled away, taking into his eyes the sight of the blue blood that he’d spilled. It was a small, thin stream, but it poured forth on Connor’s neck and shirt collar as the little teeth marks and holes Gavin had bitten into Connor’s skin stared back up at him.

Good.

Gavin felt his energy charged at the sight of the blue blood, and knowing he’d caused it to flow out of Connor’s body, he began biting Connor’s earlobe, without trying to draw blood this time.

Connor wasn’t in any pain; he simply moaned in deep pleasure as Gavin began thrusting against him, sliding his legs between Connor’s further and further as he ground him roughly against the kitchen counter.

Feeling the clothing burning against his body, Gavin removed himself off of Connor for a second, and tore off his shirt. The cool air hit his heated body as he pressed his naked upper body against Connor, kissing his chin and up towards his cheeks as he unbuttoned Connor’s dress shirt and threw it off his body.

He let his hands guide the rest of his movements as he took off his jeans and slid them off his hips, the boxers coming down in one fluid motion afterwards. Gavin then began busying himself with tugging on the belt buckle of Connor’s dress pants, and he soon slid it off and away from his slim waist. It clanked to the floor roughly as Gavin yanked Connor’s pants down.

Gavin didn’t even see what color Connor’s underwear happened to be, and he found he didn’t care as he finally pressed their naked bodies together. He groaned deeply as he felt Connor’s heat against his own, and he ground their naked bodies closely together as smooth flesh was pressed against his own finally. He flushed pink as he held tightly onto Connor’s cheeks and kissed him hungrily, his lips savagely devouring Connor’s.

He was lost in the wet mouth against his own, Connor finally getting the hang of how to properly kiss as he flickered his tongue deeper into Gavin’s mouth. Soon, the kiss grew more and more rough, and their teeth began clashing and knocking together as Gavin yanked Connor’s hair roughly in his hands.

He wanted to hurt him. He wanted him to cry out in pain and misery, and he wanted to make him burn. He wanted Connor’s skin to have bruises and indents from where he’d grabbed him and roughly slammed him against the kitchen counter, and it still wouldn’t be enough to quell his violent lust.

Gavin wanted to dominate Connor, grinding him until he was nothing but a pile of dust, and he couldn’t stop himself from grabbing Connor’s shoulders and flipping him around. He pushed him down viciously onto the kitchen counter to lie on his chest, and for a moment, Gavin enjoyed the change of position as Connor’s back and shoulders pressed against his bare chest. He suddenly felt...
so little beneath Gavin, despite being physically taller than the man.

Gavin loved the way Connor’s cheek pressed against the kitchen counter while Gavin’s strong hand held him down by wrapping itself around the back of his neck. He pressed himself firmly against Connor’s lower half before grinding his hard cock into the swell of Connor’s ass. Gavin was surprised and even more sexually aroused to feel how firm and wonderful Connor’s ass felt, and he soon lost himself to the motions of his dick rubbing over and over against the muscles of Connor’s ass while Gavin leaned down and bit the back of Connor’s neck.

Connor sighed softly when Gavin licked the back of his neck, his nose and hand buried in his hair while his hips worked their way over his ass. Gavin growled against Connor’s back, his hands moving down to grab and massage the firm flesh pressing against his cock.

He grabbed fistfuls of the firm mound in both his hands, swatting it as he pulled his hands away. Enjoying the way Connor’s ass felt in the palm of his hands, Gavin grabbed at his flesh again while kissing and sucking his way down Connor’s spine. He absolutely delighted and relished in the way his lips made loud, wet popping noises when he inched his way down Connor’s back, and it contrasted nicely with the little ‘pats’ and ‘slaps’ his hands made against Connor’s ass each time he slapped it.

Connor soon began cooing and moaning loudly, and it was all music to Gavin’s ears as he nibbled on Connor’s skin. He’d soon spread Connor’s legs as he gripped the back of his thighs while looking over closely at Connor’s face. Connor looked like he was in heaven; his eyebrows were raised high as his LED light spun a bright yellow, and he was biting his lower lip as his nostrils flared. His cheeks were slightly pink, and Gavin wondered how it was possible for an android to blush as he gently pressed a wet kiss to the center of Connor’s back.

After a little more adjustment, Gavin stepped closer to Connor, pressing their bodies impossibly tightly and closely together as he held himself in a hand while gripping on one of Connor’s shoulders. He spat in his hand quickly, rubbing it over his cock as best as he could before he positioned himself directly behind Connor.

Connor barely had time to look back over his shoulder when Gavin entered him roughly in one quick thrust of his hips. They both groaned as soon as they were joined. Their concupiscent moans filled the kitchen loudly, and Gavin practically lost all his control right then and there. Connor felt so warm and tight around him, and he never thought an android would make him feel this way…he wanted more…

It wasn’t enough, and he immediately snapped his hips forward, ramming himself deeply inside Connor. Due to his desperation and overpowering lust, Gavin’s motions were jerky and uncoordinated, and he practically fell over on top of Connor had he not placed his hand firmly on the edge of the counter.

He loved the way Connor’s firm back hit his abdomen as he slid in and out of Connor at a quick pace, sweating quickly as he fucked him roughly. He felt so strong and powerful as his muscles flexed every time he pulled out and slammed back inside him, and Connor’s moans soon were muffled as Gavin pressed the palm of his hand over his lips to silence him.

Connor was reciprocating each powerful thrust equally and mutually, shaking and pressing his hips and ass back eagerly against Gavin as if it were his only life source. Gavin couldn’t believe how pliant Connor was beneath him as he wantonly arched his back and spine up to meet Gavin’s brutal thrusts one-at-a-time.
He gazed down at where they were joined, and he practically came from the sight alone as his cock was swallowed by Connor’s body. His light pubic hair looked even darker as it hit Connor’s pale flesh, and he bit down hard on the back of Connor’s neck when he could take the sight no more.

“I relish in observing you in this sorry state…”

Gavin stopped moving rapidly inside Connor immediately. He ceased all movement and breathing as he looked down to stop and think about what the fuck he was actually doing.

He was fucking Connor as he held him down roughly, pinning him onto his kitchen counter forcefully. He was doing this right in the middle of his kitchen in the late hours of the night, their clothes discarded on the floor in the heap and pile of mess he’d created when he threw his items off the counter and onto the floor…

Neither of these facts deeply disturbed him as much as the fact that he still was pressing his hand over Connor’s mouth and thinking about brutally hurting him while still forcefully penetrating him… he was becoming a monster, a predator, and he was no better than…

NO!

Gavin removed his hand from Connor’s mouth, and he pulled out of him abruptly, sliding back as far away from Connor until he was pressed against the fridge door once again.

Connor gasped as he looked up, placing his hands on the kitchen counter as he turned around and swayed slightly while covering himself with a hand. Gavin looked away from his flushed body, feeling the cold fridge door handle against his back, and he swallowed thickly as Connor bent down and grabbed his shirt and held it against his exposed penis.

Gavin panted as he began to panic once his mind went over what had happened between them, the fog of lust removing and floating away as reality hit him hard. He felt himself growing flaccid the longer he stared at Connor’s naked body, and a lump began rising deep within his throat. He painfully cleared his throat and swallowed his emotions down.

“Gavin? What happened?” Connor’s innocent tone hit Gavin’s ears and then heart like a knife scraping against his open wounds. It was shocking to hear as Gavin panted heavily, his head spinning as he felt sick to his stomach.

What had he done? What else was he going to do? How much farther was he willing to take it? He didn’t want to know as he backed away from Connor’s approaching footsteps, holding out a hand as he glared down at the floor.

“Stay back, Connor!”

Connor stopped moving, but he looked confused as his eyes grew round and full of terror. “What’s wrong?”

Gavin couldn’t take it anymore. The guilt was overpowering and overwhelming him, and he wanted Connor to get out of his sights. He couldn’t stand the way Connor’s eyes drifted over his nude body, and never had Gavin felt so exposed and open before anyone. He was absolutely certain Selena hadn’t even ever seen him this raw and open, and it made him want to break down and smash his own head wide open against the cold tiles beneath his feet.

“Gavin?”

The soft question made him reach his boiling point, and he exploded in a fury as he punched the
fridge door. Items banged around inside, and he was positive something definitely broke. Connor jumped a little, eyes falling down to the floor as he held tightly to the shirt over his front as if it were his safety shield.

Connor looked like an absolute mess: his hair was standing at odd angles after being tugged and pulled at by Gavin, and the rest of it was matted onto his forehead and skin due to being roughly shoved and pressed against the kitchen counter. His cheeks were flushed, and the blue blood had dried up on his skin as it faced Gavin like an accusation clear in the daylight…

He couldn’t take the sight anymore, and every second Connor remained before him was like a punch, stab, and kick in the heart. Gavin tightened and untightened his fists like his heart clamping tightly in his chest as he paced back and forth.

Reading all the signs, Connor backed away, trying to mutter out an apology before Gavin interrupted with: “Get out.”

Connor looked at his feet, his LED light yellow.

“I’m sorry.”

“Get out.”

He turned and backed out of the kitchen. “You won’t see me anymore, I’m leaving.”

Gavin closed his eyes as he heard Connor dressing hurriedly, and he had to turn around and look away. He’d never meant for the situation to turn out the way it did, and he tried being less of an asshole while he thought of ways to apologize to Connor.

Soon, he heard bags rustling, knowing it was Connor packing the clothes he’d purchased and holding them tightly in his hands. Next, the creaking of the front door rang out and hit his ears, and Gavin felt his heart rate slowing down drastically.

“Be careful, Detective Reed.” After that statement, the door closed.

Connor was gone.

Gavin opened his eyes and pulled himself away from the fridge.

Connor was gone.

He walked into the living room, taking a good look around him. Everything was as it should have been; in place and untouched.

He moved into the front hallway, noticing the exact same. The android had left without a trace, and it was almost as if Gavin had dreamt its presence the entire time…

Connor was gone.

Just like that, he was gone.

Nothing helped Gavin sleep soundly that night, not even his own bed and empty, android-free house. He should have been happy and leaping for joy at the fact that Connor had left, but he felt even more lonely and shittier than before.

He punched his pillows as he tossed and turned, looking up at the ceiling as he whispered to himself in the dark night: “Good job, cocksucker.”
Gavin had actually liked having Connor around.
He had no answers that morning as he woke up and dragged himself off to work, and he was certain he’d never have any, not with Connor gone. Nothing was right anymore, especially within himself.

Gavin always thought he’d been clever at hiding his feeling and emotions from everyone, but for the first time in his life he knew he had to get used to not being the one-headstrong-angsty-fuck-the-world-teenager he had been in his youth. He couldn’t fight a battle with the rest of the world in the dark anymore, and he knew it was slowly time for him to remove his barriers, break down his walls, and take away the negative, pessimistic attitude he’d held onto for years.

But a part of him didn’t want to…it had been a comforting blanket and shield for him for many years, and he’d enjoyed having it defend him before anyone got too close to him to determine what his pet peeves were, what his vulnerabilities and weaknesses were, and what made him break down and cry…

The drive to the DPD was filled with Gavin swearing and cursing in his car as his body and mind thought of what happened just barely a night ago in his own kitchen.

When he’d got up that morning, he realized he must’ve resorted to trying to bury whatever happened in his mind as he often did whenever he was faced with things he didn’t want to face. It was a second nature, a force of habit, and he wanted to forget as he got in his shower and hurried to get ready for the day, but he knew he couldn’t just forget and bury anything when it came to Connor.

What had happened between was something completely horrible, especially on Gavin’s part. It wasn’t merely the fact that he’d had sex with a man; he’d raped Connor. His brain tried presenting it to him in different ways that would ease the guilt and horror of it, but he knew reality was an entirely different kettle of onions.

At first, he thought that it was mutually desired, consensual sex, but he couldn’t forget how he’d wildly thrown himself at Connor, tearing and ripping his clothes off without even first asking him if that’s what he wanted or not. Gavin had never been someone who would just ‘take’ sex from any of his previous partners. It’d never feel right if he ever wanted to, and no matter how aroused and horny he’d been before in the past, he never did anything out of the blue to his partners or hurt them.

The sex had never been too rough or wild, and certainly never filled with violent thoughts flooding his brain. Even whenever Selena had angered him, and they’d had make-up sex afterwards, he’d still been gentle with her the entire time and after the act. He considered himself a good, gentle lover, and he couldn’t understand why he attacked Connor and barely prepared him before viciously entering him…

Gavin nearly threw up when his dick throbbed at the memory of being sheathed in Connor’s tight heat…how could he react in such a way still?!? What was wrong with him?? He’d never been even half aroused by thoughts of taking someone forcefully against their will, but it seemed it was becoming a ‘kink’ of his as he remembered how he’d stood naked in his bathroom while staring at his heavy, erect cock in the mirror. His balls had felt even more heavy as they hung low while his cock practically pointed and jutted up to press against his lower abdomen.

He’d willed it and begged it to go away as he made his coffee and dressed, but it poked against his jeans, and Gavin had been forced to jack off before entering his car and driving to work. He tried thinking of sex with Selena as he jerked himself off, but his thoughts abandoned that and instead thought of how Connor how practically turned to soft mush beneath his body as he moaned and
cried loudly and passionately in his ears…

It’d been a messy, intense orgasm Gavin wasn’t able to deny himself having, and afterwards he was hit with more guilt and anger as he avoided staring at himself in his rearview mirror while driving to work. He never wanted to see himself again, and he vowed to smash every mirror in his house the moment he got back from work.

Still, his thoughts bothered him…

Why had Connor kissed him? Why had he been so accurate regarding how Gavin felt about RK900? How could a machine possibly know anything about emotions and feelings?

None of it made any sense to Gavin while he grabbed his coffee from the Break Room with the RK900 standing beside him, a little too close for comfort.

Gavin stepped away from it slightly, wondering if it could read his mind from the airwaves or some shit like that. Who knew how these androids worked, and frankly, he was sure he didn’t want to know.

He was glad to have some sort of a partner in the damn thing, but he didn’t accept it fully as his partner as he would have with another human like Chris or Tina. Never. It was an android, a machine, set to accomplish a certain task. That was it, and he found himself remembering that fact constantly, and it made him grow cold and distant from RK900.

Humans were the ones messing everything up; not the androids. Humans were the ones who formed strange attachments and relationships with practically everything, right down from their cats and dogs to their phones and androids. Humans had to be more careful and more responsible, and that was exactly what Gavin planned to do as he stood at the circular standing tables in the Break Room sipping his coffee.

He knew RK900 was staring at him, but he decided to play it cool as he looked down at his dark coffee, adding more sugar from the table and mixing it ever so slowly. RK900’s eyes followed his wrist and hand in the circular motions he made with the plastic spoon as he mixed the coffee to his liking.

Gavin felt ashamed and stupid for getting so close to the android, and he felt even weirder that Connor had witnessed him being a little ‘intimate’ with RK900. Still, he’d been drunk, so it technically didn’t count. It’s not like he was in the right frame of mind when he’d done it.

Regardless of that incident, Gavin still felt like something was missing as he felt RK900 observing him silently. Almost as if there had been more to their interactions than he’d held in memory.

Had it really corrupted his memories like Connor said it could? Surely not…no way…

He decided to toss that thought away much like the way he’d crumbled his paper coffee cup in his hands and tossed it in the trash, walking back to his desk before Fowler could jump up his ass.

He’d just barely sat down when Fowler stuck his head out his office door and boomed down at him: “REED!”

Gavin practically jumped, slamming his head forward and crying out in pain when his forehead rammed against the desk.

A few other officers and detectives muttered ‘oooh’ in response to his pain as he glared up at them
and then Fowler, rubbing his forehead.

“WHAT!?!?” He screamed back. He wanted this day to be over. Now.

“Perkins wants to see you.”

Everyone fell silent. The Jackal wanted to see him? What was this all about?!!

Gavin never had actually spoken to Richard Perkins in his entirety with the DPD, let alone be in the same room as the son of a bitch. This all screamed out ‘suspicious’ to him, but he knew there was no way out of this.

Fowler pointed at him, “Make sure to take the T1000 with you!”

Gavin rolled his eyes as he grabbed his car keys.

“Yeah, yeah, yeah.”

He stood, RK900 following half a second later as they walked towards the exits.

Gavin frowned as he swung his keys around, throwing them up in the air and then grabbing them as his mind raced through a million thoughts and concerns.

Why the fuck did Richard Perkins of the FBI want to see him?

It’d be at least a 15-minute drive to where Richard’s office was, which meant another creepy ride with RK900. Joy.

He got in the driver’s seat as RK900 sat in the passenger’s seat, watching him carefully while he started the car and pulled out of the parking lot.

Gavin felt he’d had enough of the silent staring and he turned to glare at RK900.

“What’d you want now?” He grumbled in his throat, rubbing the back of his neck as he made his way through the streets quickly. He wanted this all over with as soon as possible before his nerves got the better of him.

“You’re at least 20 kilometers above the speed limit.” RK900 stated matter-of-factly.

Gavin nodded, “So I am,” he looked at his tired eyes in the rearview mirror, “…what of it?”

Silence was his only response.

He glared at RK900 from the corner of his eyes. “You gonna arrest me, officer?”

RK900 only smiled in return.

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“Agent Perkins will see you shortly, please have a seat.” That was always comforting to hear.

Gavin and RK900 were led by another officer inside Richard’s office, and they took two seats before his desk as the door closed softly behind them. They studied the officer, which was larger than Captain Fowler’s by at least 50%. The walls seemed higher, the colors of the walls were a deep blue, and there was dark carpet beneath their feet.
The American flag stood in the far left-hand corner of the room, tucked and wrapped neatly around its pole. The windows were large and had been freshly washed, the glass shining and gleaming directly into Gavin’s eyes when he looked at it.

“I’m nervous.” He hadn’t realized he’d said it out loud, but something about having a partner made him loosen up in a way that he was constantly spilling his guts out loud in the open. Gavin felt vulnerable and silly, but the RK900 was the only thing he’d come to know as a partner for the last few weeks, and that thought strangely comforted him for a while.

RK900 sat stiffly and straight in the chair beside him and turned to gaze at him blankly for a moment.

“Try to relax.”

Gavin snorted, “Easier said than done; I’m not a fuckin’ android.”

It stared ahead, going silent.

Gavin gestured with a hand, “See?”

That was when the door opened, and Richard Perkins walked in. The black-haired man was sprouting a few grey patches in the temples of his head, but his face was sternly set as he sat behind his desk.

“Detective Reed,” he reached out a hand and Gavin shook it quickly, “…your partner?” Perkins scoffed as he stared the RK900 up and down, disapproval washing over his face as his black eyebrows rose slightly, his hooked nose twisting. He wore a white dress shirt and a black tie, which he smoothed out with a hand while he rested the other one on his desk as he stared at the android.

“I’m no fool, and I know that this android resembles that damn deviant that killed Lieutenant Anderson.”

RK900 simply stared at the wall behind the FBI agent, as if it wasn’t even in the mood to be here and listen.

“Now my only question is why you’d think it’s a wise thing to piss me off by bringing it here in my office?” Perkins sneered at Gavin next, teeth showing beneath his curled lips like a rabid wolf.

Gavin’s jaw dropped, “Sir, I’m not the one who designed this thing,” he felt RK900 stiffen next to him, “…it sure as shit doesn’t make me feel comfortable either, to tell you the truth.”

Perkins grunted, crossing his fingers together as he spoke to Gavin while looking at RK900, “To create this thing knowing that it resembles the one that killed Anderson…just plain insulting, if you ask me.”

“I agree.” Gavin didn’t, but he decided to play the game for now.

“Hmmm.” The FBI agent’s eyes shined a deadly shine before he looked over at Gavin.

“Alright, I suppose you’re wondering why I’ve arranged a personal meeting with you.”

*If we could get to the fuckin’ point this century, I’d be grateful.*

Gavin forced a calm smile. “I’m sure I’ll find out soon enough, Sir.”

Perkins glared at him before continuing, “I want you to locate the deviant RK800 that killed Lieutenant Anderson, and any other deviants as well.”
If there was a time when Gavin felt his blood stop flowing in his veins, this was it. He wanted to throw himself out the window down onto the pavement below.

He felt his nerves spazzing out within, and he held his own arms down, folding them over his chest as he began to shake. He hoped Perkins hadn’t noticed it.

The FBI agent looked out the window and smiled at it.

“I’m happy to say that thanks to Captain Allen and the rest of my men, we’ve been very lucky to take out the majority of those things…”

RK900 grew more rigid, and Gavin felt his stomach turning up.

“…but there are a few still out there in hiding, I know it.”

He glanced at them finally. “I can fucking feel it.”

Gavin wanted to leave before he lost control completely.

“S-sir, if I may ask, why do you need my help?” He swallowed thickly as he watched Perkins place a hand on his lap, brushing off his pant legs.

Perkins snickered, “They told me you were a bit of a rebellious bastard…I like it.”

Gavin wanted to punch him right in the nose, hopefully setting it straighter.

“Captain Fowler’s told me all about how well you’ve been getting along with this new model, and according to the reports from CyberLife,” he flicked a finger at the RK900, “…I’m told this thing has a very unlikely chance of ever going deviant.”

Gavin looked at RK900, who simply stared at the same spot it had been since Perkins entered his office.

“Christmas has come early this year for me, and I want all androids destroyed, no matter the cost, and you will help me.”

He leaned over looking into Gavin’s eyes, and the look was serious, and it pierced directly through Gavin’s head, right into the back of his skull. Gavin found himself unable to move, and he could only stare back with wide eyes.

“Am I understood, Detective Reed?”

It wasn’t a request or a question, it was a fucking order, and Gavin knew fully well what the consequences were if he rejected this one.

He stared back, swallowing again nervously, and before he could stop himself, he felt his arms unfolding from his chest, and they both dropped to his sides. Gavin felt his right arm slipping and sliding down to his belt, and he pushed back his sweater, reaching for his gun...at once, he felt the strong, firm hand of the RK900 press over his, stopping him from grabbing the gun.

Gavin’s eyes flickered up to the android, but it hadn’t looked away from the wall behind Perkins.

“I said: Am I understood, Detective Reed?” Richard Perkins wasn’t going to wait for long, the tone of his voice suggesting as much as he sat forward, still glaring menacingly at Gavin.

Gavin’s fingers abandoned the gun, and instead, without his permission or control, the wrapped
themselves tightly around RK900’s hand. His hand grabbed the android’s, holding on for dear life, as they would be separated any minute.

Gavin felt his eyes burning as he held on for a long minute while staring dead-on at Perkins.

“Understood.”

He felt the fingers of RK900 wrap just as tightly around his.

**Software Instability: 9%**

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The drove back in silence, with Gavin obeying the speed limit as he held the steering wheel tightly between his hands, his head spinning as he went over what Richard Perkins had requested of him.

Locate and terminate Connor? This was impossible. Connor hadn’t done anything wrong, nor was he a threat at all! Not to Gavin, not to Hank, not to anyone. It didn’t feel right to go after him, snuffing out his life ruthlessly without a good cause…

Gavin wanted to pull over and scream when he found himself associating Connor with how he would a human. Connor had a life! As much as he hated to admit it, it was true, and it was a fact Gavin wanted to shout to all of Detroit.

He couldn’t believe how months ago, he’d have sided up with Captain Allen and Richard Perkins, wanting to hunt down every last android and make them suffer before throwing them all in the incinerator and watching them burn, piece by piece…whatever had happened to *that* version of himself?

Instead, he’d gotten his whiny, emotional, girly version, and it disgusted him. He hated caring, he hated giving a fuck. Giving a fuck was what had gotten him in trouble with Selena, and then Connor…he wished he had a button built in him somewhere that would shut off the feelings right away on the spot.

He found himself both envying, hating, and loving the androids as he drove onward, thinking about everything that had happened since he’d stumbled upon Connor hiding away in his closet. He should’ve put a bullet in his head the day he’d found him. None of this would be happening now if he just had the guts to do it then. He wouldn’t get mixed up on both sides of the fucking law, and he wouldn’t risk losing his mind and sanity over it as well. Who knows, probably his job was on the line next, especially if Captain Allen or Agent Perkins found he’d once been helping Connor…

“Detective Reed.”

Feeling grateful for the interruption, he answered swiftly: “What is it?”

RK900 looked in the rearview mirror carefully, “Detective Reed, we’re being followed.”

Gavin snickered, trying to forget the entire incident from earlier, and he wanted to poke some fun at the android.

“Well of course we’re being followed; we’re on the streets, T.”

The android shook its head abruptly, “Negative, we-”

That was when the car lurched forward as a loud CRASH came from behind. Gavin shot forward in
his seat, his seat-belt holding him back, and the android’s firm hand that had shot out between his chest and the steering wheel.

The rear window’s glass shattered, bits and pieces flying forward, aiming for their heads.

“Get down! Now!”

RK900 pushed down on Gavin’s head, grabbing the steering wheel as they changed lanes quickly before the car that had been following them could slam into them again.

Gavin held his foot down on the gas pedal firmly, closing his eyes as they sped forward, RK900 guiding and controlling the vehicle as they heard gunshots flying in through the back of the car.

The side of the car sailed up and forward, then to the side as RK900 tried maneuvering it away from the car that had begun ramming its side into the passenger side of the car.

They were rocked over and over back and forth as the car chasing them smashed into them, but RK900 held onto the steering wheel and Gavin as they suddenly pulled into a dead-end on the street.

A large sign that read: *Construction Work Ahead* blocked them from continuing up the street, and Gavin looked up as he moved his leg off the gas pedal the same time RK900 turned the wheel quickly, before they collided with the sign.

The car behind them didn’t see the sign on time, and it slid with the tires screeching as it slammed into the sign.

Sparks of electricity flew everywhere, and soon, Gavin smelled the strong smell of gasoline…

“Get out!”

He felt RK900’s hands tearing the seatbelt clean off him and out of its holder in the seat, before his side of the door was punched open.

“Move!”

Gavin didn’t need to be told twice. He rolled out of the car and onto the rough pavement, crawling on his elbows and knees as he smelled and watched gasoline spill out of the other car’s gas tank.

RK900 opened the passenger door of the car, stepping out with its long legs as it peered down at Gavin.

They heard sparks of electricity behind them, and they both looked as wires jutting out from the split open traffic sign, one of the wires falling forward and hanging a few inches from the puddle of gasoline below…

RK900 turned and ran quickly towards Gavin, and right then, the two cars exploded in a loud BANG the echoed for miles.

Gavin watched as RK900 dove and rolled forward as a piece of metal flew up above their heads. RK900 ducked, landing on its palms and knees, and the metal crashed forward across the street.

Smoke filled the air, and Gavin began coughing as his eyes watered. He fought hard to crawl away from the blast and small fire that was burning around the rubble and metal that had once been vehicles.

RK900 stood as if nothing had happened to it, and it placed a hand in Gavin’s, dragging him up to
his feet.

“Detective Reed, are you experiencing any signs of physical damage?”

Gavin shook his head, feeling his hands and knees shake as he coughed a few more times. He bent over, his hands on his knees as he shook his head.

“I’m fine, I’m fine!” He pushed the android’s hands off his shoulders and back, turning up to look at the fire up ahead.

“Who the fuck would do this?”

As if answering directly, a figure suddenly leapt from beneath a part of the rubble that was still untouched by the fire.

It appeared to be a man, and he was wearing a withered beanie on his head, a dark green sweater, and grey sweatpants. He leapt forward, a gun drawn and aimed directly at Gavin.

RK900 grabbed Gavin, roughly shoving him aside before the man fired his gun.

The first bullet went past RK900’s head as it dodged to the side, and the second was aimed at its forehead, but it dropped flatly onto its hands and knees below. It turned, swiping its long leg out and it knocked the man over flatly onto his back.

It leapt back up immediately, stepping over the man with its own gun drawn, pointing it at the man’s chest.

“Stop!”

Gavin dove for them, before the RK900 could fire. He placed himself between the android and the man, kicking his gun out of his hands as he pushed RK900 back a bit.

“Why’d you try to kill us?!” He demanded, pulling the man up to his feet roughly.

“Why?!!?”

Gavin tore the beanie off so he could look into the man’s eyes, but the moment the beanie had flown off his head, the red LED light hit Gavin’s eyes.

He felt himself freezing on the spot for the second time in less than an hour that day.

His jaw dropped, his breaths coming out in short bursts, “You’re…you’re an android!”

The android grunted, fighting as it struggled in his grasp. “So glad the wise detective caught me.”

Gavin ignored the sarcasm as he held the android tightly, shaking him violently once forward against his chest.

“WHY?!” He roared, spitting in its face.

It snickered as its head fell back.

“You ask me why?” It laughed loudly as Gavin shook it again.

“TELL ME WHY!”
“It’s not enough for you to kill us all mercilessly, never once stopping to think that ‘what if’ we felt something other than wanting to serve you…”

Gavin stared in shock, his grip loosening on the android.

“…you humans never cared, never will. What point left do we have to make?”

The android coughed, Thirium covering its lips as it leaned its neck down and wiped its lips onto its heavy sweater.

“How many more of us have to suffer and die until you get the point? Hmm?” It coughed again, blood dripping onto its chin.

It was a miserable sight to look at, but a sight Gavin couldn’t look away from.

“You’re coming with us.”

He’d made up his mind, and he reached back into his pocket with one hand, searching for his handcuffs when he felt the android moving in his other hand.

“I don’t think so.”

Gavin heard the ‘slink’ of the blade, and then momentarily saw the knife in the android’s hand shining dangerously at him in the sunlight.

The android raised its hand quickly, but a single bullet suddenly was lodged deeply in between its brows on its forehead before it could draw the knife back and plunge it in Gavin’s throat.

Its head snapped back, eyes opening widely, as if in shock. It fell forward with its weight resting on Gavin, and its human skin peeled back as it turned ghostly white as a fine line of Thirium began pouring and spilling out from the wound over onto its forehead moving down its nose bridge, its eyes looking up at Gavin before the LED light went off.

Gavin roared in anger, holding onto the android’s back as he turned his neck and glared at RK900 standing behind him with its gun pointed up. It lowered its hand slowly, cold blue eyes unmoving.

“What the fuck did you do that for?!?”
He Who Dines with Satan

Chapter Notes

I apologize for the extra short chapter, I have a few quick errands to run later this afternoon for family for New Year's, but I didn't want to leave people hanging. On that note, thank you to anyone who enjoys this fic. I'm actually not intensely proud of it as I once was (which is a shock, considering how this fic is my 'baby' in the Detroit Become Human works), but I will finish this fic because I despise leaving anything unfinished.

Happy New Year's (almost eve), everyone!!!!!!!!!

Stay safe and happy :)

He watched RK900 reload the weapon while its eyes were still on him, and it put away the gun swiftly, as if it had done these things millions of times before. For the most part, Gavin knew it likely hadn't, and the thought of the RK900 using such deadly firearms and weapons as easily as a child played with building blocks frightened Gavin the most. The RK900 was indeed created to deliver a chilling promise of death, and it didn't need 'rehearsing' as it chose between whichever method of death it was going to carry out. It was an executioner, and it would likely even use its bare hands to complete the deed if it had to.

Peering down at the lifeless android he'd still held onto as if it were someone he cherished and cared about, Gavin felt himself only able to repeat his previous question. "What the hell did you shoot it for??!

His response was a morbidly cold one: “It was a deviant, Detective Reed.”

Gavin pulled the android’s body along the pavement, propping it up to lay against some rubble.

He advanced on the RK900 viciously. He grabbed its collar in his fingers, trying to tear it in half, but whatever the fabric was made of, it was too thick and difficult to tear into shreds, no matter how angry he was.

“I know it was a fucking deviant, you stupid hunk of plastic!” Gavin shook and pulled at the fabric of the collar harder, but it didn’t seem to move.

“It was a deviant, and it was a part of the Ant-Human Android Group: Jericho.”

No way. How could the RK900 tell all that from a short encounter with the now out-of-order rebellious android? He looked back at the deviant android that was dead, and he was unable to make any ties or links to it having anything to do with Jericho. Could he trust RK900's words? Gavin felt he was starting to doubt his 'partner', and he shook his head violently.

“We could’ve taken it back with us and interrogated it to learn somethin’! You prick!!” His voice grew louder, his throat burning, but he didn’t care. He wanted to smash the stupid android’s face in a thousand times until he’d passed out, if that was at all a possible option. More than likely, he’d end up having his own knuckles broken or bashed in until his hands resembled little stubby potatoes that had been mashed and horribly spun around in a grinder, but he didn't care as he fumed at the RK900.
“It was a deviant, Detective, and it was going to kill you.” It placed the gun back within a pocket in its dark and white uniform, and Gavin wondered how long the gun had been there, and more importantly, how he’d missed the android carrying it around. If it was able to conceal weapons so easily, would it also be easy for it to turn on Gavin, too? It was an idea he had to consider for his safety, and Gavin felt it wasn't completely a paranoid delusion he was developing in his mind as he studied the RK900's expressionless face.

Was it thinking of advancing on him right now, in this very instant? Was it trying to identify his weaknesses and vulnerabilities? Surely not...

The more he left himself open to these thoughts, the sooner he was going to turn into a paranoid schizophrenic.

Gavin looked at the android numbly, his mind in a haze. “You chose to kill it in order to save my life?” The question itself was bizarre, it was stupid, and it was unbecoming of his personality. It wasn't the fact that Gavin Reed needed 'saving'; it was the fact that IF the android had done such a thing, it would ironically contrast with the cold killing-machine it was created to be. There was nothing the RK900 did or any way it conducted itself in a manner that previously assured Gavin it wanted to keep him safe and protected. Yet here it was, badly confusing Gavin once again, and making him doubt and question every little interaction he'd shared with the android.

Why couldn't it just leave him alone? Why couldn't it just have left him to die in that car accident? Somehow, the RK900 saving Gavin had left him feeling more dead on the inside, strangely.

RK900 stopped in its tracks as it made its way around the crime scene area, no doubt scanning and analyzing everything while making reports back to the DPD. It looked carefully at Gavin once the task was complete, head slightly tilted as its LED light turned back to blue.

“Affirmative.”

It was that word alone that struck a cord in Gavin, and he suddenly heard Connor’s words echoing in his mind: “It doesn’t care about you, but you care for it...why?”

Is it really just a machine designed to accomplish a task?

His mind was tossing that idea around, and Gavin felt his stomach churning as if he was seasick. His reality and comprehension of it was breaking down. He head no other way to describe what was happening to him, but he knew for a fact he was starting to sway into his own doubts, and he began to panic. Now that he didn't have Connor to rely on or converse with, he felt he was even more alone the world than when he'd entered it, and it made him want to perish once he'd dug himself a deep hole in the ground.

He was pulled into the center of the fire and havoc once again, rudely jolted from his thoughts when he heard the RK900 kick away the length of the windshield mirror that had exploded from their vehicle to the side as he made his way around the accident scene. Perhaps it was searching for a way to murder him as well? It was a ridiculous notion Gavin wasn't sure why he'd entertained briefly. Murdering him would render the RK900's future a total waste: it would likely be recalled and deactivated, right?

Gavin didn't know, after all; he was just a lowly detective at the DPD, and as he was a middle-class working citizen, he didn't have many people in contact with who would be able to piece together and solve a case if he so happened to 'disappear', suddenly. On the other hand, RK900 wasn't a 'person', and it wasn't bound by the same rules that Gavin always would be, until the day he closed his eyes and was buried beneath the earth. The RK900 would never have to 'answer' to anyone, it wouldn't
ever be charged with murder, it wouldn't have to attend a court hearing, it wouldn't be put in jail, and it
wouldn't ever have to live the rest of its life in disappointment as it was hidden under the shadows
and scum of society where it would be constantly shunned or judged based on one wrong decision it
chose to make. It was a machine, and if it did behave abnormally, the entire fault and blame would
be cast on the humans who created it and gave it 'life'. Humans were always at the root of every
problem, weren't they?

He couldn't continue with his inner dialogue and questioning for much longer; the RK900 was
studying him intently as it ignored his question. Still, he had to be sure, so he walked in front of the
RK900, glaring at it right in the eyes.

The android stared back, eyebrows slightly raised, but it made no other movement or said anything.
Gavin raised an eyebrow still glaring straight into those blue depths.

"Drop the ‘affirmative’ shit for a second, and just tell me if you really just saved my life because it
was more important to you than the information we could’ve gained from the deviant."

"Detective Reed-"

Gavin shook his head, “Yes or no. Was my life more important?”

Their eye contact never died or broke apart, not even when Gavin’s eyes began to water. He was
going to have his answer one way or another, no matter how uncomfortable the situation had grown,
and the tension between the two of them increased like the fumes and smoke surrounding the top of a
deadly volcano, promising to explode and erupt at any moment...

It appeared as if RK900 had lost touch with reality and wasn’t in the here and now; its eyes glazed
over momentarily, and then they grew glassy before the pupils grew strangely large, appearing as if
the entire eyes of the android were black buttons...

It looked like most druggies Gavin had held round up a few years ago when he mainly worked drug
and alcohol abuse cases, and it began scaring him before the android’s eyes turned back to normal.

RK900’s jaw propped open, almost as if its movements weren’t entirely its own, and it seemed to
almost ‘stammer’…

Gavin pointed at its eyes. “What the hell is wrong with you?”

Immediately, its back and neck straightened, and it stood tall before Gavin, appearing collected and
colder than before, all emotion and ‘struggle’ removed from its face.

“Detective Reed, we should head back to the Precinct and report this incident to Captain Fowler
immediately.”

It led the way towards the sidewalk of the now-beyond-fucked-up road, where its LED light flashed
yellow.

“I’ve called reinforcements, as well as a ride back to the precinct.”

Gavin could only stand and stare, trying to piece together everything that had happened and what the
fuck specifically happened to RK900 to make it shift from being more of a partner to him than ever
before, to cold and machine-like as it’d been when they first met. The pattern of behaviour was
impossible to read and decipher, and Gavin felt it was more apropos to someone suffering from a
mental health issue such as bipolar or borderline personality disorder. Again, all these 'flaws' and
'drawbacks' were found within *humans*; not androids...

All Gavin could do was stand by and let RK900 control the rest of the day’s events, up until when they got back to the DPD. He had more than his fair share of questions for it, and any way it answered them would change the future of their partnership.

It was all a matter of when Gavin was ready to accept that fact internally.

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His head was hurting again but didn’t dare tell anyone or ask for a pain killer. He’d sat in Fowler’s office, ignoring the rage and screaming he’d dished out at him for nearly an hour before he realized Fowler had given up on yelling and screaming at him.

Fowler clearly knew that there was no way he was going to get anything out of Gavin by yelling, else he’d already had done it by now. He gave up on demanding an answer as to what the hell had happened out there as Gavin and RK900 drove back to the precinct, and when Gavin had avoided answering him yet again, Captain Fowler had to resort to angry threats he never truly meant. He threatened to take Gavin’s badge, his position, his title, and then he’d threatened him with firing him entirely. Still, none of these held any sway over Gavin, and he just silently stared at the floor of the office, his eyes bland and face void of any expressions.

When he was all ‘yelled out’, Gavin gently asked if he could return to his desk and resume working, and Fowler had reluctantly told him he could.

However, it didn’t go without punishment to either of them for not bringing the deviant android back to the station for questioning. RK900 had been ordered to rearrange the Archive Room and ‘clean it’, and Gavin was placed on ‘paperwork’ and ‘desk duty’.

Fowler sure got off on this shit, but Gavin was too tired and confused to argue with the stubborn Captain. He just endured and was sent back to his desk to carry out his punishment. He could be mopping up urine and feces in the washrooms of the DPD for all he cared; anything was better than being forced to explain something he had no idea how to even break down and comprehend himself. He was sure that even if he had, he wouldn’t be explaining it to anyone anytime soon. Given how certain people around him were, some things were just left forgotten entirely.

Tina was the only one brave enough to talk to Gavin, for Fowler had instructed everyone in the DPD to stay away from Gavin and not to engage him. He also stated that anyone who disobeyed this order would face severe consequences…

Which is why she thought it was appropriate to approach Gavin, who sat isolated at a different desk, a few hallways away from the bullpen in an empty, cold Board Room.

Gavin had been simply sitting and staring at a slim screen laptop, the glow of the screen illuminating his tired, worn-out face and giving him the appearance of nearly resembling a ghoulish or ghost. His lips were slightly chapped and red, and dark bags were forming beneath his eyes.

Tina approached him, concern behind every part of her brain. She’d heard the yelling from behind the glass barrier of Fowler’s office, but she was more worried for Gavin than nosy and interested in snooping.

She gently tapped his shoulder, and Gavin raised his head, turning to glance at her from over his shoulder.

When he saw her, his eyes widened, and he stared out into the hall from the doorway of the small
“Tina?” His eyes darted between her and the door, as if expecting someone to drop in on them any minute, “…what’re you doin’ here? You’re not supposed to be talkin’ to me!”

She cheerfully wrapped her hands around his neck, yanking him towards her as she hummed and hugged him tightly.

“I know.”

“Tina, I’m serious,” he fidgeted nervously in her grasp, trying to shrug her off of him gently, “…Fowler will throw a fit if he catches you talkin’ to me.” He successfully pried one of her arms away from his neck.

She rolled her eyes and used her other hand to pinch his cheek playfully.

“Oh, Fowler can suck my ass for all I care,” she winked at him, “…you’re one of my closest friends, and that’s more important to me than my job…kinda…”

They both broke out into semi-loud laughter, when a few officers strolled past the room. Luckily, they didn’t bother to peek inside the room, for they were too wrapped up in their own conversation to care.

Gavin ducked down a bit, placing his index finger over his lips before glaring up at Tina.

“You’re going to get me in trouble, you always do.”

She shrugged, “What’re friends for?”

Gavin watched as she pulled up a chair and leaned her bum and back on it as she folded her arms over her chest and stared down at Gavin.

“So, did the T1000 get you in this pile of mess, or did you do it all on your own?”

Gavin gave her a dirty look, “It was a bit of both, but I got the worst of it because I’m expected to ‘know better’.” He said that part with fingers motioning air quotes, and Tina shook her head.

“Damned if you do, damned if you don’t, right?”

He nodded, “Yeah this whole partnership with T has just been bizarre.”

Tina raised an eyebrow, snorting, “You gave it a nickname? Damn, Gavin…you always move too quickly in relationships!”

Gavin kicked her in the shin with the toe of his boots, and she buckled down in laughter, even when she was holding her pained leg.

“Okay okay, don’t get so uptight about it!”

He frowned deeply at her, “You’re so immature.”

She winked at him, “It was a joke, dear Gavin, no need to take it up the ass.”

This time, she cleverly avoided another swift kick to the shins.

Gavin’s cellphone vibrating broke the friendly banter, and Tina sighed a long, painful sigh when she
saw it was Selena as soon as Gavin checked his phone.

“Still talking to her?”

Gavin read the text while trying to answer Tina.

Selena, Sent 3:04 PM:

*Hey, can we talk a bit?*

“You’ll be happy to know, Tina, that we’ve kissed and made up.” Gavin’s fingers already texted out his response as Tina gasped.

Reed, Sent 3:06 PM:

*I can call you after work.*

“Gavin! I told you not to get too close to her!” Tina chided wisely, but Gavin waved her off.

“I’m not dumb, she’s engaged.”

Tina’s eyes fell sad. “I’m sorry.”

Gavin shook his head as he put the phone on the desk next to the laptop. “Don’t be. It’s much better this way; we were never going to work anyway.”

Tina’s playful grin had returned, “But you and the hot-shot T1000 will work, don’t ya think?”

“Tina, I will vomit all over you if you say that one more damn time.” He warned, mostly joking as she sighed and smacked his arm.

“Fine fine.” She gave up the fight, and a worried expression appeared on her face as Gavin looked back at his phone, almost waiting for Selena’s response, it seemed.

“Gavin,” Tina began, turning her head to peek out the door, “…I think you should be more careful from now on, especially in here.”

This slightly concerned him, and he half expected Tina to be joking around again, so he chuckled for a minute. But when she did not chuckle or laugh in return, he felt a nagging feeling deep in his gut. He didn't the increase in fear and paranoia, and he bit back crude insults he'd originally wanted to throw at Tina. He'd already run off someone he was considering a ‘friend'; he didn't need to repeat the same mistakes. 'To err is human'....

“What’s going on?” He frowned, wondering if he should close the door. It probably didn’t matter anyway, someone was always listening and watching…

Tina bit on her lower lip, “Captain Allen’s been hanging around a lot lately, and Wilson said he’s keeping a close eye on most of us, even…I think he’s suspicious of everyone, and we’re not sure why.”

Gavin raised an inquisitive eyebrow, “Has Fowler said anything about this?”

“Well that’s the problem, Allen is even questioning and interrogating Fowler lately too! It’s like he knows something that no one else is allowed to know, regardless of whether or not we’re human or machines…”
Gavin shook his head, “No, there has to be a good reason other than suspicion; Allen never does anything based off suspicious feelings alone.”

Tina hummed softly, her eyes moving to the right as she tried recollecting her memories.

“I don’t know specifically if Fowler or Captain Allen said anything, but I’ll try to keep an eye on things.”

Gavin nodded firmly, “Yeah you do that, and please let me know.”

Tina clapped her hands once, “Will do, and for now, I’ll leave you to your little rendezvous with the ex!”

Gavin turned his back to her as he faced the laptop screen.

“Close the door behind you, too.”

She did a mock gasp, “So rude!”

“Mhmm.” He didn't really want her to leave, but he knew he couldn't really discuss everything he was feeling.

He heard Tina walking towards the doorway of the room, and she gave him a little wave of a hand before she closed the door tightly. He couldn't help but keep out of his system a small sense of relief when she'd left. Gavin knew it was a rude and horrible thing to feel in spite of their friendship and how closely she'd helped him and comforted him over the years, but he had other issues at the moment that were of far greater importance and priority, and he knew he didn't have enough time, energy, or patience to explain everything bit-by-bit to Tina. She hadn't been there for him when the entire thing started, not in the way Connor had.

He needed someone to take every step with him, as if they had been dancing a most macabre dance in a graveyard that was on fire. Seeing as Tina wouldn't be able to understand and reciprocate his feelings, she was just wasting his energy and draining him when she hung around and spoke of things that didn't matter to him a lot at the time.

It hurt once more to put it in that way, and for a while, Gavin had to wonder how closely he was starting to resemble the RK900...he was already beginning to think of people who had been nothing but kind and generous towards him like they were expendable units to be discarded once they'd outlived their use and purpose...

He shook his head, slapping a hand over his cheek in a small form of punishment for even thinking in such a way about his friends. He needed to keep himself together before he was lost to his paranoia and mounting fears. He had to struggle to remain the Gavin Reed he’d always been, and distancing himself from the RK900 in thoughts and comparison was a great start.

When he was alone, he brought up Selena’s number again, staring at it for a while before his fingers hovered over the ‘call’ icon...he knew he was taking a risk, but something didn't feel right about Selena asking him to talk so suddenly, especially when she knew he was at work.

Gavin’s mind flooded with worried thoughts and scenarios, but majority of them were all about RK900, as opposed to being about Selena.

For once in his life, he wondered truly where his loyalties lay...
Captain Allen felt blood spray all over his face and neck, majority of the splatter landing on his bullet-proof tactical vest sporting the letters S.W.A.T. written across it in white. The white was now a deep red, and he pressed a black gloved hand over it, smearing it upwards.

The stench of blood filled the air as he stood with his men behind the small grocery store that had been held up by an angry hostage for nearly half a day.

When the call first came in, Captain Allen had been beyond pissed off that the police force was willing to waste his time by requesting his aid in solving the matter. It was a simple robbery gone wrong for cash! What did they need him for?

But he realized it was a far more deadly, serious situation when he’d arrived on scene: the robber wasn’t a simple robber with a simple, plain motive in mind; he’d wanted to take out the entire street level with enough bombs and explosives strapped on his body beneath the black trench coat he wore.

Captain Allen had to admire and appreciate Jeffrey Fowler’s clever guise of calling him in while reporting the incident as a simple robbery to the media. Clever enough not to rouse too much suspicion and scare the perpetrator into killing the shoppers.

He’d arrived with his men in the back of the heavy armored S.W.A.T. truck, slipping quickly and quietly towards the grocery store while an officer specializing in hostage negotiation situations spoke on a radio broadcast to the hostage taker holed up in the grocery store.

As he’d predicted, the hostage taker didn’t respond well to the negotiation, and no deal was met. Captain Allen knew lives would soon be taken, and that was when he ignored the warnings of standing down and ordered his men to fire at where the hostage was when they’d located him with the help of a sharp-shooter planted above on the rooftop of a donation store.

Glass and bullets flew into the store, and when it was safe to do so, the other members of his team began heading in to save the hostages.

The perpetrator had fled through a back door, but Captain Allen was hot on his heels as he tore after him.

They’d cornered him in an ally behind the store, and there was no way out; only a brick wall blocked the rest of where the perpetrator could go.

Feeling cornered and knowing he’d lost, the man turned the gun on himself, forcing the bullet hole to go up under his chin as he blew the top of his head clean off.

Captain Allen tried stopping him, but that had only showered him in the man’s warm blood…

Still, the hostages were safe and secure, the damage to the store was overall minimal, and his men had appraised him for another job well done. That was all that mattered to Captain Allen, and he began packing up with his team when he received a call.

“Allen.” He spoke into his Bluetooth, grabbing a towel offered by the medical team as he wiped his face and neck off.

“A homicidal android part of the Jericho group has abducted a child and we fear the situation is already out of control,” the voice spoke in his ear, “…we need you to move, now.”
Captain Allen tossed the red towel back at one of his men who caught it swiftly.

“Tell me the location.”

“Get in your car, and listen carefully…”

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Gavin was getting bored. He didn’t want to sit in the old room, reading and writing until the day was through. This wasn’t what he’d signed up for, and he waited until the halls seemed pretty empty and quiet before he got up and crept outside the room.

Looking from left-to-right, he saw no one around, so he headed out the backdoor of the DPD building, and the fresh air of outside had barely hit his nostrils when his cellphone rang abruptly and loudly.

Gavin thanked the Gods above and below that he was outside before the phone sounded off like a fucking siren.

He answered the call, leaning against a wall of the DPD building, lighting up a cigarette while he held the phone in one hand.

“Gavin?”

“Selena? Why’d you call me now? I’m still at work!” He didn’t mean to sound so harsh and rude to her, but it was true, after all. He didn’t need her ringing him up anytime she had a fight with her new fiancé. Gavin refused to be her shoulder to cry on now that her life was perfect and his was a fucking bloody mess.

He heard her sniffle, and his heart began beating quickly, a most natural reaction given their past, much to his dismay.

“Selena? What happened?” He heard how ridiculous he sounded with concern, and he wanted to spit in his own eye if he could.

Her sniffles grew more intense, but then she must have controlled herself, and she’d immediately stopped them.

“Oh, I’m fine, Gavin, I j-just…I don’t know if I want to get married, it’s too soon for me!”

Gavin facepalmed, his cigarette blowing in the wind.

“Selena, you didn’t feel it was right for us to get married either, remember?”

He heard her sobbing. “Why are you insulting me?!”

He facepalmed again. “I’m not, I’m just sayin’ if it didn’t work out with me, it must mean it’s meant to work out with someone else, right?”

Gavin had no idea what the hell he was saying, but something told him what he’d said was good enough for Selena, for she started giggling softly.

“You’re right, I’m just being a bit silly.”

Only a bit?
“No, it’s natural to have those pre-wedding jitters, I think.”

She giggled again, “You’re probably right.”

Gavin nodded, looking up at the busy streets, noticing the small drops of rain that had started falling from the sky while grey-blue clouds moved around above. The trees really had grown in the last year, and the flowers were already blossoming colourfully. It was going to be a beautiful summer.

“I’m so glad we’re friends now.” Selena’s random comment made him feel a little warm, but he had to agree.

“Right, this is way better than fightin’ all the damn time.”

She sighed, “I almost couldn’t believe you’d offered to be my friend again though, but I’ll admit: I also wasn’t expecting for you to text me in the middle of the morning!”

Gavin frowned, “Wait, what? When?”

Selena gasped, “Acting like you don’t remember! You texted me almost a week ago shortly after 1 AM saying that you missed me and wanted to see me!”

Gavin felt his blood running cold. He knew for a fact he’d never sent that text, and he remembered not having seen RK900 since they came back to the station…

“Selena, I’ll have to call you back, somethin’ came up and Fowler wants to see me.”

He didn’t wait for her response, he hung up and ran back inside the DPD building like his legs were on fire.

He ran through the halls, staring into every room he could, looking and searching wildly. Eventually, he made his way down to the Archive Room, and that too, was empty…where was he?!?

Gavin ran back up to the main reception desk, panting furiously as the officer seated behind the desk looked at him with mild concern.

“What’s the problem, Detective Reed?” She asked, her black eyes regarding him nervously.

“Where is RK900?”

She gaped at him, jaw hovering in shock.

“RK900! WHERE IS HE?”

She snapped to attention, “RK900 hasn’t been in the building all day! We haven’t seen it! Detective Reed?”

He had already made his way out the doors, practically leaping through the driver’s door of his car as he tore off towards Selena’s house.

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Captain Allen had just turned on his engine, when someone tapped on his window. He rolled the window down, glaring at his right-hand man, Alex Manfield.

Manfield nodded at him, “That was fine work back there, sir, you off to the Precinct?”
Captain Allen looked sternly ahead at the road before him.

“Afraid not, Fowler’s asked me to head over to snuff out a fucking android that abducted a poor, innocent child.”

Manfield snorted in disgust, “I wish they’d finally let us to just blow the last of the fuckers up already, I’m tired of this shit.”

Captain Allen glared at him as he nodded, “That’s what we’re here for, Manfield.”

“Sir.”

Captain Allen watched as Manfield moved away from the car, allowing the window to be rolled up as Captain Allen drove off towards the direction of the house, nothing but rage and violence fueling him.

He’d been driving in blind anger for almost fifteen minutes when he felt the cold nozzle of a gun pressed against the side of his neck.

Captain Allen calmly looked up at the rearview mirror, and his eyes widened when he saw the crook that had been hiding in his car.

“Connor…”

The android frowned viciously at him, holding the gun firmly in his hands. He was wearing a black hoodie, which had helped him camouflage in the back of the vehicle.

“I’m surprised you remembered me, Captain Allen.”

Captain Allen smirked, “Who could forget the android responsible for Hank Anderson’s death.”

Connor glared deeper at that. “Keep driving, Captain Allen, and make sure you take the next exit on the freeway coming up.”

Captain Allen drove faster, keeping his eyes on Connor’s as he slowly began shifting a hand towards his phone, resting and hanging partially out of his pocket.

“You know,” he began, careful not to make sudden motions, “…I’ll admit that this was clever: you thinking you could pull some shit like this to someone like me.”

“I don’t recall telling you to talk as you drove.”

Captain Allen felt the gun pressing harder into his skin, and he paused his hand sliding down the steering wheel.

He kept his eyes on Connor’s. “I’m sure you’ve got plenty to share with me,” he shifted closer to the right, making his shoulder and body lean right, blocking his hand as he lowered it more and more, reaching for the phone.

“…for instance, where the fuck you’ve been hiding out this entire time, like the dirty shit-eating rat you are.”

Connor bashed him over the head with the gun, which was what Captain Allen had planned for and anticipated.

While Connor had been distracted, he grabbed his phone, then turned the steering wheel quickly.
The car swerved, and Connor fell back slightly.

As he tried composing himself again, Captain Allen quickly texted to Fowler: Hart Plaza.

He felt the gun press against his neck as soon as he pushed the phone down by his feet.

“If you ever do that again, I won’t hesitate to shoot you!” Connor hissed in his ear once they were a few feet away from the back of the large building.

Captain Allen watched as Connor leaned forward, turning off the engine, and pushing the driver’s door open.

“Get out of the car.”

Captain Allen obeyed the order, moving slowly as he waited for Connor to exit as well, the gun aimed at his forehead.

He held up his hands, smirking cruelly at Connor as he looked up at the tall building.

“So we’re back here again, huh Connor?”

Connor glared at him and grabbed his uniform collar, the gun pressed into the back of his neck.

“Right back from the beginning, where I lost my family, Captain Allen.”

They marched towards the stairs quickly, while the phone in Captain Allen’s car rang and buzzed repeatedly.

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Gavin parked in Selena’s driveway, not caring if her fiancé was home or not. He just had to see if she was okay, and he prayed she was as he knocked on her door and rang the bell a few times before the door opened on its own.

The interior was bright, as the sun was shining in through every window, but Gavin felt deeply in his gut that something was terribly wrong.

He made his way inside quickly, calling out to Selena as he walked through the hallway and into the kitchen.

“Selena? Why aren’t you answering?”

He’d made his way around the kitchen island when he felt he’d walked into something around his shins that poked and prodded into his skin.

Suddenly, a loud BANG went off, and Gavin knew it was a gun. Before he could react, his foot slipped on something wet. Gavin’s leg buckled out from beneath him, his boots making loud ‘screech!’ sounds as he grabbed the edge of the counters before his ass hit the hard floors.

Gavin groaned, feeling the pain already, and as he stood, he looked down at what he’d slipped in, and his heart stopped beating.

It was blood. There was nothing but blood covering half the kitchen floor behind the island, and as Gavin made his way around it, he saw what he’d never wanted to see.

Selena was lying cold on the floor, and all the color and life had been drained from her face. She had
a gunshot wound straight to the chest, and her clothes were soaked in blood that ran all over the floors.

Beside her, kneeling down on the balls of his feet, was RK900.

He glanced down at her emotionlessly, tilting his head as he studied her corpse.

Gavin withdrew his gun immediately. “What the fuck did you do to her?”

RK900 didn’t answer, studying the corpse with a cold expression.

“ANSWER ME!” Gavin roared, and it finally caught his attention.

RK900 rose to his feet, and Gavin noticed how his eyes weren’t blue anymore; they were black.

“This was your own doing, Detective Reed.” RK900 pointed over at a gun that was mounted high on a kitchen wall, aimed close to where Selena’s body had fallen.

Gavin watched in horror and panic as RK900 smoothly walked around the kitchen, his hands running down over the entrance to the kitchen.

Gavin gaped as RK900 showed him the tripwire he’d activated, which had no doubt set the gun off.

“Killed by your own hand.”

Gavin raced towards RK900 with anger flaring in his eyes, “You son of a bitch! How could you?!”

RK900 smiled coldly, “I had your help in the matter, Detective...don’t you recall the Archive Room incident?”

Before Gavin could respond, the android placed his white hand over his forehead, and Gavin’s mind flew to the day he’d kicked the RK900 in the face.

While the RK900 had held him in a chokehold, Gavin had spun and bent them around, and while he did, the RK900’s hand slid inside his pocket, touching his phone, LED light swirling yellow as he processed and downloaded all of Gavin’s information from his phone.

Gavin was brought out of the memory, and he fell back against the counter, his gun lowering.

“You fucking monster...you fucking monster,” he pointed the gun up at RK900 again, “I’ll fucking kill you, I swear to God I’ll fucking kill you!”

RK900 cocked his head at Gavin, and his next words were impossible for Gavin to respond to.

“You can’t kill me, Detective; I’m not alive anymore.”

While Gavin could only stare, numb against the counter, RK900’s LED light flashed and he soon started speaking in Selena’s voice.

“911?!? Please send help immediately! My ex broke into my house and he’s trying to kill me!”

Gavin dropped his gun, jaw quivering in absolute terror as he could only watch the RK900 speak like Selena in fear as she fought for her life, all while wearing its usual cold expression on its face.

Suddenly, the RK900 pulled out a gun, and fired off into the air.
Gavin ducked and fell to his knees, knowing he couldn’t stay there anymore, and he leapt up to his feet, breaking through the house as if it were on fire.

He reached his car in a hurry, turning it on and racing down the streets. He phone was ringing violently, and he reluctantly answered it, still panting, out of breath. He really couldn’t believe what had happened back at Selena’s, but he willed himself to be calm as tears poured out of his eyes and down his cheeks.

“Gavin! It’s Tina!”

“I-I’m here Tina, what’s going on?” His hands shook but he was able to drive carefully while he listened to her whisper.

“You know how you told me to let you know if anything happens?”

He grunted, “Yeah, yeah!”

“Fowler walked past my desk a few minutes ago, and he was trying to get a hold of Captain Allen…”

Gavin wanted to scream at her for bothering him with this useless information, but he remained calm as he wiped his tears.

“Tina, get to the fucking point! What’s this all about and why should I care about Captain Allen?!”

Tina paused before whispering softly: “Fowler said he’s at Hart Plaza.”

Connor shoved Captain Allen mercilessly against the door leading to the rooftop of the Hart Plaza building, relishing silently in how roughly he’d slammed the Captain against the door. He’d heard him gasp for air when they door burst open and he fell forward on his hands and knees roughly.

He barely had time to move when Connor grabbed his arms.

“Get the fuck up!”

Connor swiftly kicked Captain Allen in the back, making him stumble forward a few steps, swaying on his legs as he tried to gain balance again.

It wasn’t possible when Connor shoved the gun right into his spine, pushing him close to the ledge of the rooftop.

Captain Allen resisted the urge to show fear or fight back when Connor pressed the gun to his temple.

“Take a good look, Captain Allen! Do you like the view?” Connor’s voice was sharp against his ear, and he grimaced when the gun slammed against his head.

“This was the view Lieutenant Anderson and I last shared together!”

Captain Allen hissed in pain, his vision blurring slightly, “And you thought to share it with me too before killing me...just as you killed him?”

Connor kicked him in the back of the knees, causing him to buckle down as he groaned in pain and anger.
“Yeah, that’s right,” Captain Allen turned and glared at Connor, “…knock me down and break me down the same way you did to Hank Anderson, you filthy android!”

He was pulled back on his feet, Connor’s chin pressing on his shoulder as he was shoved over closer and closer to the ledge.

“Look down, Captain Allen!”

He groaned, but did as the psychotic, homicidal android instructed, his mind flying through a million thoughts as he began to formulate the best way to take the weapon away from it.

“Did Hank Anderson fall to his death? Was he shot? Am I crazy? You tell me!”

Connor removed the gun from Captain Allen’s head, but only momentarily, as he spun him around to face him roughly. He shoved the gun beneath his chin, making the Captain’s head tilt back as they glared at each other.

Connor’s fingers pressed against the thick S.W.A.T. vest, but he was able to get Captain Allen on his toes, just barely hanging on the ledge of the building as the wind blew around them.

“Should I let you go? Or are you worth saving?” Connor asked in a low, serious tone of voice as he stared deeply into Captain Allen’s eyes.

Captain Allen looked down quickly, and Connor followed, not realizing the crafty trick.

Before he had time to react, Captain Allen bashed his forehead against Connor’s effectively making Connor fall back a few steps while Captain Allen dove forward for the gun he was still holding.

Shoulder met sternum, and they both flew back onto the rough grounds of the rooftop, struggling as the gun was flung from Connor’s hand a few feet across the rooftop.

Connor broke away from Captain Allen’s grip on his shoulder, but before he could crawl towards the gun, he was dragged back by strong hands and thrown back down onto the ground.

Captain Allen rolled on top of Connor, punching him a few times quickly, before Connor swiftly blocked another punch with both hands. The force was enough to knock back Captain Allen’s blows, and Connor leaned forward with his chest first, shoving Captain Allen back down as he leapt up to his feet.

The trained Captain was just as fast and determined, and he too got up quickly, chasing Connor as he tried making a second attempt at grabbing the gun.

His arms wrapped around Connor’s neck, and he yanked him back as his thick biceps wove around Connor’s windpipe.

Connor was held back, spinning and slamming his back against Captain Allen’s chest, but he fought and struggled hard, reaching upwards with both hands to dig his fingernails into the Captain’s eyes.

He’d barely scraped his eyebrows when he felt his neck slowly being crushed. He had to act quickly, as more pressure was added.

Connor pressed firmly against Captain Allen’s chest with his back, and using the power of his legs for momentum, he leapt up in the air, curling backwards and then sideways as he flipped over the Captain’s head.
The Captain’s deadly arms were still wrapped around his throat, but now they were pressed back-to-back, as Connor flipped himself over, moving his hands back to snake around Captain Allen’s neck as well.

He knew he could easily snap his neck, and he tried doing so as he felt the Captain’s grip tightening beyond imagination.

Connor pressed the back of his head against the Captain’s, pulling their heads up to look at the clear sky above. Perhaps they could have a scenic view before they both succumbed to their fates…

That’s when Captain Allen reared with his leg backwards, kicking Connor hard in the back of the legs, pushing him down and off his neck.

Moving as fast as he could, Connor scrambled up, but Captain Allen was on him already, breathing and panting hard, his neck a deep pink shade.

They rolled dangerously close to the edge of the building a few times, but Connor was able to momentarily subdue the deadly Captain Allen by punching him in the nose quickly before he was rolled off the building.

Blood sprayed his face, but he didn’t care as he fought back with every ounce of energy he had in him.

Captain Allen slammed his elbow down on Connor’s chest, making him slam hard against the ground flatly.

Connor saw his vision fading as Captain Allen pressed down hard right where his thirium regulator pump was…

It seemed as if Captain Allen knew exactly where to hit and press, for he pulled his elbow up, only to slam it down again on Connor’s chest.

Connor began coughing and sputtering, his vision fading slowly…

“Just fucking die!”

He heard Captain Allen growl down angrily at him, and before he could bash both of his fists into Connor’s heart, a loud gunshot rang out through the sky.

Connor felt a drop of blood land on the tip of his nose, and he gazed up at Captain Allen.

The Captain looked shocked, his jaw hanging wide open, and a bullet was buried directly in the middle of his forehead.

His eyes rolled back as he held up a shaky hand to his face, and he breathed his last breath as he slumped forward on top of Connor lifelessly.

Connor groaned as he pressed against the Captain’s heavy shoulders, pushing him off himself as he rolled over, backing away from the ledge of the building.

He brushed himself off as he stood, turning around to thank whoever had saved him at the last minute.

Connor’s jaw dropped too, when he saw Gavin Reed standing with the gun still pointed his way.

Gavin lowered the gun slowly, eventually dropping it to his side as he sighed in pure relief.
Connor gaped at him, as he looked down at Captain Allen, and then back up at Gavin again, as if doubting either of the two existed presently.

“Why’d you do that?” He didn’t sound angry or resentful, a small smile tugging at the corner of his lips.

Gavin offered him a small, weak smile that eventually broke out into a big, playful grin.

“Because,” he began as he pushed a hand through his hair, “…I really was starting to miss our bromance.”

Connor exhaled in shock, happiness, and sheer gratitude, his breaths eventually breaking off into pleasant laughter
“We need to get off this roof, before we’re spotted.” Connor began walking back towards the door leading to the interior of the building, but Gavin firmly held a hand over his.

When that didn’t stop him, Gavin slammed his back over the door roughly, his chest facing Connor as he stood with his arms folded across them.

Connor threw him a look that seemed to suggest he was not in the mood for whatever new game this was Gavin was playing.

“Gavin, move.”

Gavin shook his head, “No.”

Connor glared at him, his patience slipping. “Move now, before I get you out of my way.”

Gavin smirked, “Make me.”

Connor’s fists clenched and unclenched for a few seconds. “Don’t think I won’t.” His teeth clicked together at the last word, but Gavin still didn’t feel scared or threatened, and it didn’t matter that the android was taller than him by a good measure. He knew Connor would likely never intentionally hurt him, though he didn't want to push the android and have that proven wrong to him either.

Gavin felt like a child, but he smirked wider anyway. “You and I both know you’d never do anything to hurt me, Connor.”

Connor rolled his eyes but took a step back. It was a confirmation plenty more than what Gavin expected to have.

“See? My point has just been proven!” Gavin chuckled when Connor had backed away.

“It’s not in my program to hurt humans as a regular.”

Gavin chortled, unfolding his arms from his chest. “Don’t give me that excuse, Connor; you like me.”

Connor quickly advanced towards Gavin but made no actual real attempt at touching him or moving him away from the door.

They merely stood staring at each other, neither one of them willing to back down, and Connor slammed a hand against the door by Gavin’s ear, but Gavin didn’t move, didn’t flinch...

“What was that meant to intimidate or scare me?” He snickered, and Connor made a strained noise as he
whipped around and kicked the gravel of the rooftop.

Connor glared over his shoulder at Gavin, “You’re impossible sometimes!”

Gavin moved away from the door. “That’s what they say.”

He took a few soft steps towards Connor, trying to maintain a distance in case Connor felt overwhelmed, especially after nearly being put to rest by the mad Captain Allen. He’d seen the last bits of their fight, and he’d been impressed by how strong Connor was. In spite of trusting Connor and forming some sort of bond with him, Gavin still knew he was a machine inside, and he didn’t want to know how Connor would react when highly stressed out.

“We’re the same now, Connor.” In some way, this was a truth, but it also was a form of exaggeration. They were fighting for the same purpose, the same cause, but they took different approaches and different methods entirely. Gavin knew Connor didn't approve of some of the things he did, and at the same time, he himself wouldn't ever approve of certain measures Connor took. It was a matter of finding a balance between the two walks of life that would maybe help them get out of the pit they'd both landed deeply in.

Connor turned all the way around to regard him curiously, his eyes squinting at Gavin as he shrugged, “What do you mean?”

Gavin walked closer towards the android, placing a hand on Connor’s chest.

“We’re both fugitives now, on the run from the same enemy.”

Connor didn’t respond, simply looking at the left near the ledge of the roof. It seemed he’d accidentally looked over at Captain Allen, and his body showed signs of repulsion as he recoiled and looked down.

Gavin followed his gaze and removed his hand from Connor’s chest. He pulled his sweater sleeve, offering Connor his naked forearm.

Connor raised an eyebrow, backing away at Gavin’s bold gesture.

“What’re you—”

“I want to understand everything, Connor,” Gavin sighed as he mentally began preparing himself for who-knew-what, “…but I want you to be honest with me and show me everything.”

Catching onto what he was requesting, Connor broke away from Gavin’s gaze, turning abruptly to walk on the other side of the rooftop.

“Hey! Don’t you fuckin’ turn your back on me, Connor!” Gavin tore after him, his hand gently touching the back of Connor’s dark sweater, and it made Connor slap his hands away.

“Don’t touch me, Gavin!”

Gavin growled, doing the exact opposite. He held tightly onto Connor’s hands, only then realizing that while Connor fought against him, he wasn’t using even half his strength and capabilities to shove Gavin off of him.

“Please…” Connor pleaded, holding his face in his hands as he shook his head, LED light spinning red.
“…I’m not gonna let you go in there alone, I promise.”

“No…”

Gavin pleaded gently, “It’ll be like last time, I swear.”

Connor gaped openly at him, “Like last time?” His eyes held panic in them, and Gavin mentally slapped himself.

“No! I didn’t mean like that!”

He sighed, grabbing Connor’s shoulders as he pushed him down to kneel on his knees.

“Connor,” Gavin began, leaning down with him so they were eye-level, “please show me what happened to Hank…I think it’s the only way we can save each other.”

Connor heaved and cried, sounding and appearing like a little child as he held out his hands and grabbed onto Gavin’s wrists gently. The tables seemed to have somehow turned between them. When Gavin had been avoiding the android, seemingly fearful of him, Connor was now the one trying to run and hide. But Gavin didn’t want to let him; Connor needed him right now, and it was as much as Gavin needed him. Their co-dependency scared him more than the day he’d decided to leave Selena, but this wasn’t a simple case of getting used to being single or alone; this was a matter of his guilt and conscience getting in the way and constantly berating him if something bad happened to Connor.

It felt good to know that he still had a heart somewhere deep down in the dark, empty husk of a human being he was. It was refreshing to know he still cared about someone, and Gavin wanted to hold onto that good feeling for a long time, though not for himself only.

Connor looked like he was about to throw a fit, “I don’t want to remember, Gavin!” He closed his eyes tightly, sniffling as he held his head down low.

Gavin felt genuinely sorry for Connor, more so than ever before. He had no idea how before he could’ve thought that Connor really felt nothing for anyone except for his missions. Gavin knew how wrong he was as he sat back and watched Connor shake his head as he mourned over Hank. The android really did care about Hank, and this wasn’t a show or an act he was putting on; these were real cries of terror and agony, and nothing else would come close to the bond that he’d shared with Hank Anderson.

Androids were alive; they felt things on a deeper level as most humans did, they loved, they cherished things, they had memories, and Gavin was now certain they even could dream. There weren’t any differences left in his mind, and he wanted nothing more than to apologize to Connor for every bit of mistreatment he’d shown him.

He’d wanted to show his remorse and sympathies, but he couldn’t when Connor reached out a hand, pulling the sleeves of his hooded sweater up to his elbows.

His skin had been deactivated, and the white android layer revealed itself before Gavin’s eyes.

Not allowing Gavin a moment to adjust to the shock he still received from witnessing that, Connor grabbed his wrist in his hand tightly.

“Just remember,” he said softly as he gazed at Gavin with sad eyes, “…you wanted to do this.”

With that said, Connor’s forearm joined Gavin’s.
Gavin found himself on the roof again, but this time, he was right beside Connor.

Connor unpacked a dark suitcase and assembled the sniper rifle as he aimed it and pointed it at the back of the deviant Jericho android leader, Markus.

The snow was falling heavily down on them, and Gavin gaped in silence as the door behind them opened, and Hank Anderson walked slowly and cautiously towards Connor.

“You shouldn’t do this, Connor.” The Lieutenant approached carefully and slowly.

“Keep out of this Lieutenant! It’s none of your business!” Connor peered out the scope of the sniper, still.

“You’re gonna kill a man who wants to be free, that is my business.” Hank didn’t delay his responses for a single moment as the cold wind blew his hair about his face.

Connor shook his head as he lined up the shot carefully. “It’s not a man; it’s a machine.”

“That’s what I thought for a long time, but I was wrong.” Hank billowed out as he stared darkly at Connor, anticipating his next moves.

“Deviant’s blood may be a different color than mine, but they’re alive.”

His confident tone made Connor turn around slightly, mouth slowly opening as he chose his next words carefully.

“I have a mission to accomplish, Hank…it’s best if you just stay out of this!”

Something about Connor’s tone seemed like he was reluctant to actually even take the shot, let alone argue with Hank, and Hank seemed to sense this as he hung back a little.

“Deviants are a threat to humans, Hank! They’re the reason this country is on the brink of a civil war, they have to be stopped!” Connor practically shrieked in anger as he came up with more reasons to take the shot, though it seemed like he was trying to convince himself more than anyone else. Gavin could tell he was slowly losing his control as his hands shook around the sniper rifle.

“We’re in this mess because we refused to listen to deviants!” Hank immediately shot back in heated anger.

“Humanity never leans from its mistakes, Connor! This time it could be different!”

Gavin watched as Connor seemed to mull it over, his eyes moving back and forth as he paused in silence, looking away from the line of his shot.

While Connor was thinking, Hank withdrew a handgun and pointed it at Connor. Gavin's heart began racing. It was as if he was watching the most dramatic, suspenseful movie, and although he was a part of it, it wouldn’t go down the way he wanted it to. This was what losing control must have felt like...

Hank pointed the gun straight at Connor, “Step away from the ledge.” It was a deadly order.

Connor obeyed, though he wasn’t in a hurry for his life as he turned and faced Hank, the sniper rifle at his side as he shook his head at Hank.

“I respected you, Hank!” He placed a hand over his chest. “I thought we were friends!”
Hank scoffed, “Oh yeah? I was just startin’ to like you too!” It didn’t hold any sarcasm within it.

Hank frowned, “But then I realized you’ll never change! You don’t feel emotions Connor, you fake ’em! You pretended to be my friend when you don’t even know the meaning of the word!”

Connor shook his head, appearing baffled as he quirked his head at Hank.

“I know what happened to your son, Hank…”

Hank visibly stiffened at this sensitive spot while Gavin gazed in silence, feeling his eyes tearing up the longer the memory went on for. He wasn’t sure what to expect, but too many emotions were mixing in with his own on the rooftop. He hoped and prayed that Connor had the decency not to push the old Lieutenant and be as cold and callous as he appeared to be by picking at the death of Cole...

“It wasn’t your fault…a truck skidded on a sheet of ice and your car rolled over…little Cole had just turned six…”

“Shut up!” Hank roared angrily, raising the gun higher.

His nostrils flared as he glared at Connor darkly, “Don’t you talk about my son!”

Connor continued on, ignoring Hank coldly. “He needed emergency surgery, but no human was available to do it, so an android had to take care of him! Poor Cole didn’t make it…”

“An android killed your son, Hank!” Connor cried loudly as he held out his hands, “…and now you want to save them?”

“NO!” Hank screamed viciously, his voice breaking through the windy, dark night.

As both Gavin and Connor listened, Hank explained, “Cole died because a human surgeon was too high on red ice to operate! All this time I blamed androids for what happened, but it was a human’s fault! Him and this fucked up world where the only way people can find comfort is with a fist full of powder!”

Connor’s LED light remained blue as he tightly gripped the weapon. No one moved as Gavin mentally crossed his fingers and was chanting something over and over in his head, though he didn’t know or understand what it specifically was as he looked at the gun and then at Connor’s hands, almost expecting the android with the quick reflexes to fire one shot at Hank and then it would all be over...

The wind seemed to pick up as the snow blew in their faces, and it made things a little obscure for a moment, and Gavin’s emotions flew all over the place. What was Connor going to do?! What was Hank thinking?! How was he able to remain so still and calm before such a violent creature?!

“Killing you is not part of my mission.”

Gavin’s jaw dropped the exact moment Connor dropped the dangerous weapon, slowly crossing the rooftop towards Hank. The older man held his gun tightly in his hands still, as if not able to trust Connor’s words, even though he was unarmed now, by his own choice.

Was this a trick, somehow?

Gavin searched Connor’s pockets, though it seemed like the android wasn’t carrying any concealed weapons. What was happening?
Connor stopped when he was inches away from Hank, and Hank looked carefully at him, his hand slowly lowering the gun.

“I’m glad to have met you, Hank,” Connor admitted, a smile upon his face that didn’t hide the truth from Hank any longer, “…I hope one day you can get over what happened to your son.”

There were genuine and sincere feelings and emotions behind those words, and Hank felt them to heart as he lowered the gun completely, nodding his head as he stared down at his feet.

Connor offered Hank a parting smile as he began to walk away…

Gavin let out a breath he didn’t know he’d been holding as he cheered in relief over Connor’s actions. The android had simply walked away! He hadn't hurt Hank Anderson. Now Gavin was a witness to this fact, and he wished he could reach over and hold Connor in a tight, appreciative embrace. He’d done the best thing possible, and Gavin wanted to exit the memory.

Gavin suddenly saw a flash of white and blue across the rooftop. Breaking his gaze away from Hank and Connor, he looked at another rooftop of a building directly across Hart Plaza’s, and he saw the blue armband and blurry white letters reading RK900 on the right lapel…

The eyes of the RK900 were pure black as he aimed the sniper rifle directly at Hank’s head.

Gavin tore across the rooftop, but he realized he’d run out of his space as he slid along the snowy gravel, his toes hovering over the ledge of the building as he shouted and waved his arms at RK900 frantically.

“STOP!” He screamed repeatedly, but it did no good and had no effect on the android as it aimed and lined up the shot while Hank stood thinking to himself.

“NO!”

As Gavin watched in horror, a small dark hand wrapped around the RK900’s shoulder, snaking over and grazing past its cheek before it stroked its way along the chin and then draped itself over its chest.

Gavin peered through the snow and wind blowing about harder and harder, and he could definitely make out the African American woman named ‘Amanda’ Connor had referred to previously in his memories and dreams…

She stood next to RK900, glaring dangerously at Hank.

Although Gavin wasn’t near them, he could hear Amanda’s breathing, cold, deadly, and not a force to be trifled with.

“Kill him.” The air grew colder as she exhaled, her breath leaving a mist behind as she moved away from RK900, disappearing behind him and the snow like a phantom.

Before Gavin could warn either Hank or Connor, everyone and everything froze.

Connor was almost at the door towards the exit, Hank was about to turn and follow him, and the snow froze halfway down from the sky as it fell.

That’s when the bullet zipped through the air, leaving a ripple in its wake as it headed directly for the back of Hank’s head.
Connor began to turn around, smiling at Hank, and Hank put his gun back in his pocket when the bullet entered his skull.

In perfect unison, Connor and Gavin sped towards Hank, their arms outstretched as they cried out in panic and pure fear. They dropped to his side the moment he started to fall over, but then that’s when the second shot to the heart came from the sniper rifle.

Hank Anderson fell onto the cold, snowy rooftop grounds, exhaling one last time before his body drained itself of blood, the snow turning from white to crimson slowly. Connor knelt down before Hank, pulling desperately on his hands and shoulders as he rolled Hank over, holding him against his chest and on his lap as he cried in shock and panic.

“Hank! Hank! Please don’t die!” He cried out over and over again, pressing a hand on Hank’s chest, and he pulled his hand away to his eyes, gasping and crying harder as he gaped at his bloodied-palm.

“No, no, no, no! Hank!”

Connor’s tears fell as he cradled Hank’s head against his chest in his hands, rocking them both on the ground back and forth slowly…

Gavin felt a gust of wind blowing snow into his eyes, and he turned back around to see RK900 still pointing the dark weapon at him, this time.

Its eyes glowed darkly, the entire eyeballs black as he aimed for Gavin’s heart.

He felt his heart beating slowly and quickly at the same time, his hands flying up as he cowered in fear.

Connor was still holding Hank, and he closed his eyes, shaking his head as he screamed loudly, and the pitch of it began to hurt Gavin’s ears.

The bullet was flying through the air, making its way for him. Fear and dread soon overpowered any other sensation and feeling he was experiencing, but before it could enter his skull as he knelt down on the ground in anticipation, he was pulled back up to his feet by Connor.

Connor gasped as he wrapped his arms around Gavin tightly, pressing their bodies tightly and closely together.

“I didn’t kill Hank! I didn’t!” He repeated over and over in Gavin’s ears as he panted and breathed as if he was about to break down right there.

He desperately clung onto Gavin, who returned the gesture by wrapping his arms around Connor’s shoulders, moving one hand to gently rub Connor’s neck and the back of his head in what he hoped was comfort.

“Connor, Connor, hey…” he whispered in his ear soothingly and softly, but Connor sniffled and sobbed, shaking violently against his body.

“I should have done something! I could’ve stopped it!”

Gavin chuckled, “You silly hero, you’d have gotten shot, too.”

“I don’t care.”
“I do.”

He felt Connor pulling away to look down as he wiped his eyes with the back of his sleeve. His cheeks were soft pink as his LED light beamed yellow. Gavin enjoyed the contrast, gazing up at Connor’s eyes that betrayed every emotion he’d felt since they met up on the rooftop.

Connor sighed, “I’m… I’m s-sorry for kissing you.”

Gavin felt himself blushing as he remembered their brief sexual encounter that night in his kitchen, but he shrugged it off, “Doesn’t matter, and I have a lot more to apologize to you for anyway.”

He heard Connor’s snicker as he wiped the rest of his tears away. “Yeah, apologizing for punching me directly in the Thirium pump would be a great start!”

Gavin playfully punched him in the shoulder this time. “Like I know about shit like that!”

Connor looked down at their feet, shifting uncomfortably.

“I also noticed that you recently lost someone special, too.”

Gavin didn’t feel too angry, knowing that Connor would be able to pry into some of his memories whenever they ‘interfaced’, so it was becoming all too natural for Connor to learn something new about Gavin every time this happened.

The Gavin that he’d been almost a full month ago would have wanted to kick the shit out of Connor and further bury his emotions, but the Gavin he was today relished in the fact that he’d not only made a friend in Connor, but a true connection.

It had been a long time since Gavin had made a real close friend aside from Tina Chen, and a large part of him was excited, until he saw how sad Connor still appeared to be.

Gavin gave him a playful jab in the arm. “Hey, it’s okay, a loss is a loss anyhow.”

But that doesn’t mean it won’t hurt you like a motherfucker.

Ignoring his correct-but pessimistic-thoughts, Gavin butted foreheads gently with Connor as he stood on his toes.

“Are you listenin’ Connor?”

He saw Connor’s eyes close as he rubbed his forehead against Gavin’s in a small, compassionate exchange of a gesture.

Gavin smirked at him through half-closed eyes, “What’s goin’ through that crazy android head of yours now? Hmm?”

Clearly not offended, and understanding the light humor behind the words, Connor offered a weak smile as he shrugged lightly.

“I want…” he sighed, shaking his head, as if giving up on voicing that idea to Gavin.

“Tell me.” Gavin insisted, not wanting to ignore Connor ever again. Friends never came into his life and stayed easily, and Gavin was not willing to let Connor’s trust and friendship leave. Not after everything they’d learned and experienced together…

He stared at Connor seriously, though careful not to push him. “Connor, please, talk to me.”
Connor didn’t need much coaxing, giving into Gavin’s pleading as he spoke softly.

“I want to kill it.”

Gavin knew exactly what Connor was referring to, and he shook his head in disagreement and disapproval.

“No, Connor.”

Connor shook his head, equally disagreeing with Gavin. “It’s responsible for Hank’s death! I thought it wasn’t, but you saw, Gavin! You saw!”

Connor tore away from Gavin, hissing in anger as he paced a few steps back and forth. He was clearly having some sort of internal battle within himself, and Gavin wasn’t going to wait for Connor to make up his mind.

He placed a hand on his hip while the other reached out to Connor.

“Look, you and I both shared the same memory, but did you notice something unique?”

Connor looked like he wasn’t in the mood for this kind of talk, his eyes appearing to be elsewhere, and his overall facial expression depicting that he would rather be elsewhere.

Gavin approached Connor, smiling calmly as he grabbed the fabric of Connor’s sweater, pulling him close.

“RK900 wasn’t responsible for Hank’s murder; it was being controlled by someone or something else.”

Connor’s jaw fell open as he shook his head, “No, no, I know what I saw, Gavin!”

Gavin whispered, calm as ever. “Connor, did you not see its eyes?”

Thinking for a moment, Connor finally met Gavin’s eyes in a small, short nod.

“They were black.”
Friends in Low Places

“So who the fuck exactly is Amanda, and what is the importance of this rA9 shit again?”

Connor sighed in exhaustion and frustration. They’d been driving back in Gavin’s car, with Connor trying to explain the programs and the purpose of rA9 the entire time, but it seemed like it all went over Gavin’s head, and he didn’t grasp anything Connor was disclosing. More than that, Connor didn’t wish to speak of Amanda or his own experiences and interactions with her, but he knew he had to now that they both witnessed she had been behind everything the RK900 was doing.

The elephant in the room had grown so large and enormous that there was no room to breathe or do anything else unless they'd addressed it, and now was as good a time as any.

“Think of her as a spy; she’ll just use anything or anyone to accomplish CyberLife’s ultimate task.” Connor tried summarizing it in that way, but Gavin snorted as he made a sharp right, blaring his horn once as he accidentally stretched out an elbow.

“Oh so kinda like you and the T1000 then?”

Connor tugged his sweater sleeves roughly. “We’re not like that anymore and you know it!” He didn't seem too happy with that comparison, and he picked at a loose part in the dashboard of the car, as if picking away at something else within his anger.

Gavin rolled his eyes, “Yeah yeah, let’s just focus on gettin’ to this Amanda of yours, and I’ll call it a day.”

“Easier said than done,” Connor gripped the dashboard as Gavin drove wilder and faster, “…even Elijah Kamski isn’t familiar with exactly what rA9 is, and neither am I.”

“Damn, so even your almighty Father is as useless as tits on a ragdoll, huh?”

Connor threw him a scathingly dark look but said nothing else as he bit his lower lip in a state of perplexity. He'd been used to Hank Anderson muttering out weird comments and statements like that, but hearing them from Gavin Reed was something else.

“The only thing we can hope to do right is find out how exactly the RK900 is being controlled.”

Gavin scratched the back of his neck, wagering a wild estimate based off his memories shared with Connor, “What about the weird machine spider-thing-things?”

For once in the entire time they’d interacted with each other, Connor look beyond confused. His jaw dropped, his eyebrows rose high on his forehead, and he gave out a little cough followed by a gasp.

“The what?”

Gavin had to hold back a laugh when he looked over at Connor’s pained and confused expression. It was just far too priceless, and it added some humor in the dark situation they’d currently found themselves in.

His smile tugged at the corner of his lips despite the fact that he initially tried hiding it, and he barely had enough time to slap a hand over his mouth before Connor glared over in his direction.

“I’m so glad you find the predicament we’re in amusing, Gavin.” His voice sounded so cold, but
Gavin wasn’t deterred. It never hurt to find a little bit of a laugh during dark, hopeless times, else everything would be meaningless and pointless. He’d been through a lot as a young man; having to leave his parents and family home, putting his trust and faith in a cheating, backstabbing woman, being abandoned by all his friends, being despised at work by everyone around him, but he still gave himself a smile and a pat on the back whenever he found time.

How else was he not supposed to go crazy?

Gavin burst out in laughter, unable to control it anymore. He wasn’t really laughing because it was genuinely slap-your-knee funny; it was all a big mess, and he knew his life was beyond fucked now that he was certain the RK900 had been more than likely planted by CyberLife to gain information on Connor, and it had just so happened to use him as a way to getting the information it needed faster…he was just a pawn in this large game he didn’t even know he was playing, and it hurt him to know that he was being used once again…

History had a nasty habit of repeating itself, so it seemed.

Gavin felt his eyes stinging, and he quickly drove with one hand on the steering wheel as he fought hard to wipe his eyes. Unfortunately for him, Connor caught it and studied him for a moment before looking out his side of the window.

“You pity it when you should be pitying yourself.”

Gavin felt his throat constricting. He’d be damned if he cried in front of the android. “Oh yeah? Is that so?”

He felt pity emanating from the android, and it made him angrier as he wiped his eyes hurriedly. For some reason, the tears kept coming and pouring on their own volition, and holding them back only made them come out faster and harder.

Gavin felt his cheeks turning red, steam rising off his skin, and he had to pull over before his wet and murky vision got them into a car accident.

The car swerved by the rest of the traffic before Gavin was able to safely park to the side, the engine still running as he sniffled in his arms, crossing them over on top of the steering wheel.

He knew he was acting like a child, and now he was sobbing and bawling like one as he bumped his forehead against his arms a few times while Connor undid his seat belt and slid over in the seat next to him. His hands gently cushioned Gavin’s forehead from bashing against the steering wheel, and the moment the skin of his forehead connected with Connor, he collected himself slightly, sniffling harder and turning to look out the window to his left.

Connor edged closer, trying to get his attention and comfort him, but Gavin shook his hands off him as he pressed a hand over his eyes and the bridge of his nose.

“Fuck…I don’t know what to do…” He felt his voice die down at the last word, and he wondered how pathetic he sounded and looked, but he wouldn’t dare ask Connor. That would only show how pathetic and small he was. It was bad enough that everyone in his life had already seen him weep plenty of times, and he didn't want Connor to be on that list as well.

Connor studied him silently as he sat on the edge of his seat, head tilted slightly as he raised an eyebrow.

“What are you so emotional about the RK900, Gavin?” As if to illustrate his point, Connor huffed and shook his head dismissively, “It’s a machine, you shouldn’t grow so attached to it!”
Gavin snorted, and the sound was too wet as it was a mix of tears and snot. Embarrassed by the noise, Gavin wiped his nose on his sleeves, sighing as he bit down hard on the insides of his cheeks. He had to compose himself, get calm, and wake the fuck up: Connor was right.

The RK900 was still their 'enemy', in a sense. Perhaps it wasn’t a horrible antagonist with its own plan or agenda, but it was still an adversary, and they didn’t have the time or the energy and resources to report this and gather their evidence for Captain Fowler to understand and trust. They were truly all alone, and they had to work together instead of becoming divided.

“I’m…not…getting emotional…” he couldn’t believe how small and weak he sounded, but there was no denying it, even to his ears.

“…I just…fuck!” He pinched his nose and shook his head violently. His brain hurt, but he still shook his head, his skull probably turning to mush with the brain inside from the force.

Connor sat still, not sure what to do, but his fingers twitched slightly, as if he was trying to control and contain himself from touching Gavin or reaching out…

“Are you…” Connor’s eyebrows flew up, and Gavin paused in between tears, taking note of how shocked Connor appeared to be.

“What?”

“Are you…**close** with it?” He knew exactly what Connor was referring to, and it made him defensive as he glared ahead at the cars and traffic zooming past them, uncaring and not interested in their problems, their turmoil, their struggles...

“Don’t be a fuckin’ moron, Connor, I’m not-”

Connor scoffed, “I saw your memories; there’s no need to even try to lie to me.”

Gavin wanted to bash his own face against the window. He didn’t need the reminder that Connor had seen far more than he wanted him to see without his control. If there was one thing Gavin hated, it was not having control over things in his life that he felt he owned.

Trying to worm his way out of the heated embarrassment, he shrugged, trying to appear cold, “It’s nothing like you’re makin’ it out to be; we just fucked around a bit, so fuckin’ what?” He nearly winced at the way it sounded even now.

Connor visibly paled, “If you fancy yourself in love-”

Gavin bit down hard on the inside of his lips as he struggled to answer quickly, “Don’t be like that, you fuckin’ fool!” What was he even saying?! What did Connor know about 'love' and 'sex'? Wait...that sounded even **worse**...it made it all seem like they were entering some kind of 'no-strings-attached-sexual-relationship' or something...

He really just wanted to shut his mouth, so he did.

Connor waited for his response, but he wasn’t pleased as he glared at Gavin before looking out his side of the window.

“You let it get to you…you let it get too close and now there’s nothing I can do to help you.”

Gavin reeled back. He couldn’t believe Connor was blaming him for all this! It wasn’t as if he’d thrown himself into the arms of the RK900 like a damsel in distress or some kind of a hussy! He was
offended and considering opening the car doors to boot the android out, when he saw it visibly shake with fear.

It was shaking like it was cold at first, then it shook like a child that was left abandoned in the mall and was unable to find its mother. It looked lost and delirious, and Gavin immediately did the humane, empathetic thing and hugged it.

He hugged and held Connor to his chest, unbuckling his seat belt and hanging onto him by his neck and shoulders. While Connor didn’t seem to cry, his shoulders and chest moved and shook enough to suggest it was his own ‘android’ version of the action.

They sat like that for almost half an hour, heads against chests, arms loosely wrapped around each other before Gavin felt Connor’s lips move against his collarbone as he spoke.

“It’s an extractor.”

Gavin leaned away from Connor, freeing his mouth and lips from the smothering feeling of his sweater.

He wiped his eyes hurriedly again, even though all of his secrets had already been laid bare. “Huh?”

Connor offered him a small, comforting smile as his eyes glowed with affection, “The machine you referred to as the ‘spider-bug-thing’; it’s the ‘extractor’.”

As if he would have known that firsthand. Gavin rolled his eyes, turning on the car's engine as he saw the traffic slowing down gradually. Gavin sighed as he got on the road once again, renewed hope coursing through his body as he merged in with the rest of the traffic.

“And let me guess, judging it by its name, it’s used to extract information and DNA on androids and shit, right?”

Connor gave a half-nod, “Correct, although androids don’t have DNA, Detective.”

Gavin caught the little wink Connor offered him and playfully smacked the back of his head.

“Smartass.”

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“You just drove past your street, yet you didn’t go towards your house, why?”

Gavin sighed as he felt a headache coming on. “Because I will probably be searched for by the DPD.”

Connor frowned, “Why?”

Gavin didn’t know how to answer that, so he simply said: “RK900 framed me for murder.” He was tired of beating around the bush and hiding things. There was a good chance that Connor was going to be the one always trusting him and sticking by his side from now on, and he didn't want to sugarcoat anything anymore just for the sake of keeping airs and graces. He wasn't in college or high school where he longed to 'fit in' and be popular; he was a grown adult facing a life crisis.

“Amanda, you mean Amanda framed you.” Connor placed his index finger on a dusty part of the dashboard, writing the witch’s name across the dusty area slowly.

Gavin watched him, a small glare crossing his face as he looked down at the printed name among the
dust, “Yeah, her.”

“If she is controlling RK900, the extractor’s chip is already buried behind its LED…we’d have to
dig it out to regain control over it, and that’s the only way it can be stopped.”

Gavin nodded, “Why do I sense a ‘but’ coming on?”

Connor didn’t appreciate being interrupted. “But,” he began calmly, “it’s easier said than done trying
to get close enough to the RK900 to be able to remove the extractor chip.”

Gavin mock gasped, “Oh my, no shit eh?”

Connor ignored the immaturity as he stared out the window, “It has to be you who does it.”

That was something Gavin hadn’t been expecting, and to show it, he leapt up in his seat slightly as
he bit down on his lower lip accidentally.

“Fuck!” He placed a finger on the bitten, sore area before frowning darkly at Connor. He looked
down at his finger, thankful he hadn't broken skin or bled.

“What the fuck are you talkin’ about now?”

Connor grabbed Gavin’s right hand, yanking the sleeve back to his elbow as he jabbed a finger into
his forearm aggressively. “This is what I’m referring to, Gavin!”

Gavin looked down at his hand right before he heard a sharp, loud honk. He swerved out of the way,
positioning the vehicle to drive straightly before it ran into another one approaching from the
opposite direction in another lane.

“Jesus Connor! You’re gonna get me killed!” He moved back into his lane, hearing more cars
honking at him and he bit down most of his anger.

“Why do I have to fuckin’ do it, huh? Why don’t you go after it yourself?”

Connor glared at him, “Don’t you get it? You’re the one who bonded with it…” he explained it
slowly and softly as if Gavin was a child, and it began pissing him off, “…it’s only vulnerability is
likely you.”

Gavin snorted, raising an eyebrow high on his brow sarcastically, “I thought you said it didn’t care
about me?”

Connor let go of his hand, letting it flop back down on the seat. “It likely doesn’t,” he started snidely,
glaring out the window like a child forcefully placed on a timeout, “but it may also want to use you
for the purposes of gaining more information, so we could work with that for now.”

“It needs me?” Gavin ventured, scratching his forehead as he slowed down, not wanting to be trailed
by the police, now that he was running from them.

“You…you could view it like that, if you wanted, but I doubt the RK900 ‘needs’ anything.” Connor
nearly looked sick, as if the thought of an emotional RK900 was about to make him puke in the car.

Gavin chuckled, “Well, it sounds like it's my lucky day, then.”

“Just let me distract it long enough so you can take the extractor chip out, then we shouldn’t have
any further problems.”
Gavin gaped, “Well how am I supposed to do that? Just stick my fingers in its head and jiggle them about?”

He practically saw the sigh Connor let out from miles away. “I’m sure you’ll know what to do perfectly well once you’re in its…orbit…” His voice died down into a whisper, and it made Gavin slightly uncomfortable as he sat further down in the seat, feeling his body aching and slightly cold all of a sudden.

“This is a stupid idea.” Gavin knew Connor was thinking the same thing, his LED light red as he looked out the window, still.

“Maybe,” he whispered on, “but it’s the only one we have right now.”

Gavin swallowed thickly once the heavy silence in the car grew too strong for him to handle.

“Richard Perkins wants to use me to find and kill you.” They were knocking down the walls revealing the truths, one-by-one, but there was still an air of caution and hesitancy on both sides, as if they didn't want to offend each other or risk fighting...

It seemed as if the statement meant nothing to Connor, his eyes half-closed as he leaned his forehead against the window and stared emptily out at the world passing them by. He traced little shapes and figures onto the window as they drove on.

“Connor? Did you hear me?” Gavin asked, peeking over curiously at him before his eyes were back on the road ahead.

“I heard you, Gavin.” A vacant expression crossed Connor’s face as he smiled weakly out the window.

“That doesn’t bother you in the least?” Gavin asked, wanting the android to show some emotion for once. He wanted it to get angry at him, yell at him, interrogate and question him, run away from him while accusing him of using it…but it did neither of those things as it closed it eyes and smiled.

“Connor?” Was he asleep?

Connor’s head tilted in Gavin’s direction though his eyes remained closed, “I can hear you, Gavin.”

Gavin felt a tad bit relieved before more emotions like guilt hit him hard. “So…I mean…are you umm…” He had no idea what to say and even how to say it once he’d figured out what he wanted to say.

Connor shook his head, “No, I’m not angry, Gavin.”

How did he know that’s what he’d wanted to ask but couldn’t?

Connor continued softly, “I know I don’t have much of a purpose anymore, but I can at least prove my innocence surrounding Hank’s death before I’m deactivated.”

Gavin bit the tip of his tongue, willing himself to be more patient before he lashed out and started screaming at the android. In spite of how negative he’d wanted to be, he had to tell the ‘old Gavin’ that those times were long over, and it was time to finally man the fuck up and be there for a friend, no matter what the consequences and feelings he’d receive could have been.

It was no longer about him anymore; it was about Connor, and Gavin was going to do his best to honor that.
He smirked over at Connor, speaking softly and calmly: “What say you finally introduce me to your buddies at CyberLife, now?”

Connor hummed, his smile growing wider, “You think now’s a good time to meet them?”

Gavin chuckled warmly, “Now’s a good time as any.”

Connor practically beamed with happiness as he opened his eyes and stared deeply into Gavin’s eyes in a silent confirmation of knowing and recognition.
An Odd Alliance

An old abandoned motel wasn’t entirely beneath Gavin, and he kicked open the half-rotten old wooden door as he led Connor inside one of the dilapidated rooms for the night.

The old door had the numbers 192 written on it, the 2 hanging upside down while spray paint and all other sorts of graffiti and ‘artistic’ graphics, most of which depicted overtly racist or sexual content.

Gavin tried ignoring what was written on the walls of the room as he made his way around the piles of clothing, broken chairs and tables stacked against and on top of each other in the center of the room, majority of the pile burnt to a crisp, suggesting that it once served as a little mock ‘fireplace’ for squatters.

This was by far one of the more ‘tolerable’ rooms in the abandoned motel he and Connor had found, and they had no other choice as they moved past the ‘fire-pit’ and other papers, dirty and soggy magazines, torn up curtains and sheets, and plenty of feathers scattered about the burnt carpet.

The air in the room smelled beyond disgusting, and Gavin would have bet his life on the idea that a human corpse or a dead animal was likely buried within one of the walls.

He shook his head roughly, banishing that thought quickly. They were supposed to ‘sleep’ here for the night, and thoughts like the one he’d just entertained didn’t exactly help him ‘settle’ in.

He was positive it was likely a dead rat, and he pushed down the urge to throw the fuck up from the stench as he grabbed a half-white-half-yellow pillow hanging halfway off a bookshelf that was cracked and smashed up against one of the walls.

He brought it over to Connor and placed it down on the ‘cleanest’ spot he could find on the carpet, which was closer to the ‘fire-pit’, probably because the asses of the previous squatters had been resting on the spot they were currently occupying.

That thought made Gavin shiver as he held his arms around himself while scooting over enough to make as much room for Connor on the pillow as possible.

Gavin knew Connor had no use for heat, but he was fucking freezing. He sat with his legs curled into his chest, shivering as he rocked slightly, trying to create some movement and friction, anything to get a little warmth in him.

He tucked his fingers deeper inside his sleeves, wrapping them down and around his fingers to make little ‘mock’ mittens as best he could, the ends of the sleeves bunching around his fingers and hands looking as if his fingers had been cut off.

Connor peered down at his hands and didn’t say anything as he looked over at the center of the room afterwards, “I could start the fire if you want…”

Gavin scoffed, teeth clattering together as he tried to speak, “Yeah? With what? Your saliva?”

Connor smiled, “I can only use that for the purposes of analysis, you know.”

Gavin sighed, he was a lot more tired than he originally thought, “I got that before, you know.”

“Okay,”
“Yeah.”

They were back to giving each other the ‘silent treatment’; sitting side-by-side but not finding the words they wanted to share. They allowed the sounds of nature to accompany them through the small hole in one of the windows of the old room, the wind howling and whistling as it flew in at them.

Gavin shivered harder, cursing the cool nights of spring. The days were nice and rather warm, but the nights still felt as cold as winter, which Gavin despised as he felt his fingers growing numb from the cold.

He suddenly found himself envying Connor, who sat beside him calmly as ever, not affected by the temperature, not affected by anything really. He just looked around the room, his eyes on the ceiling and then the walls, as if counting the graffiti and cracks in the walls as his eyeballs moved about.

“You know, I s-sometimes wish I w-wasn’t aff-fected by shit like this.” Gavin’s teeth were louder than he was, and Connor stared at him blankly before nodding as if he could empathize with Gavin.

“I don’t understand what it means to be cold, but I understand the readings in the temperature.”

Of course.

Gavin rolled his eyes, feeling his eyeballs bursting from pain and exhaustion, “Yeah, I figured that’d be the answer I got from you.”

Connor shrugged as he held out a hand and ran a finger along a sharper end of a broken chair leg that was still semi-burnt.

“I really still think we should create some fire in here.”

Gavin wished he wasn’t so cold, not wanting to appear so weak next to the android as it sat comfortably staring about the old, disgusting room. It had an expression on its face that Gavin wanted to slap or wipe away with his hands, but he refrained from doing that when Connor broke into a smile and a short laugh.

“What’s so fuckin’ funny, Connor?” Gavin groused, feeling his mood turning sour as he felt the cold seep in through the floors and crawl up his ass and back.

That made Connor laugh harder, and he bent his head down as his shoulders shook up and down, his laughter eventually dying down into childish snickers and snorts.

“We’re both in the same place, now,” Connor managed between laughs, and Gavin picked at the loose threads in the pillowcase.

Gavin picked at the threads with the same irritated level of frustration he was feeling inside currently, and he glared across the room, “Well of course we are; I’m sitting right beside you, shithead.”

Connor snickered again, stretching his arms out as he ‘stretched’ even though he didn’t need to do so, “I mean beyond these walls…” he gestured above and around them with his hands, bringing them down eventually to hand on his kneecaps.

“…we’re both on the run, we’re both condemned now by society, and even though you were on the side of the law hunting androids like me down, you’re now right on the same side I’m on.”

Gavin resisted the urge to throw something across the room. He took a breath, calming himself down
as his head began throbbing in pain.

“Connor, there’s no need to be such a dickwad about this, I got what you meant without the huge monologue.” Gavin straightened his back as much as he was able to in the cold and cramped space against the wall, already feeling something crawling up his shirt.

“This fuckin’ place, man!” He shivered again, moving himself on his legs and ass as he tried shaking the tingling sensations going up his shirt.

Connor didn’t pay him any attention as he grabbed a magazine from somewhere to his left. The entire front cover came off in his hands the minute he’d grabbed it, and it collapsed on his knee before it slid down onto the dirty carpet.

Gavin felt sick to his stomach, and he growled, “That thing you’re holding could have over a million different types of bacteria, and you’re just grabbin’ it like it’s a candy bar…well done.”

Connor studied the magazine as he spoke, “Amazing analysis, Detective, but isn’t that my job?”

Gavin shook his head, “We’re both outta work, Connor,” he scratched his back, feeling his arms burning from the cold, “might as well open up or own ‘Loser Club’ now.”

“I don’t think you’re a loser, Gavin.”

He hadn’t heard it properly the first time, but it was only due to the fact that he’d already made up his mind about what Connor thought about him, and there wasn’t anymore room left for other interpretations or opinions.

Still unable to hear him properly, Gavin dumbly asked: “Huh?”

Connor stared at him fully, eyes not leaving Gavin’s, a silent gesture that he meant his words and was absolutely serious.

“I don’t think you’re a loser…in fact, I never thought that about you at all.”

Gavin still refused to acknowledge that he’d heard Connor admitting that, and he shrugged with a dismissive attitude.

“Yeah? Well I don’t give a shit either way what you think about me, so fuck you.”

Connor smirked at him, “Fuck you too, Gavin.”

It wasn’t said in a negative tone, it wasn’t said in an angry, bitter, or hostile tone; it was said in a friendly, gentle tone that immediately made both Gavin and Connor burst out in rounds of laughter as if they’d been close and friends for years.

They were afraid, they were lost, but they were still able to find some small humor in their situation, and that had to do for now as they closed their eyes and thought in silence.

Gavin didn’t want to go without apologizing for the horrible ways he’d treated Connor, and as the wind blew wildly outside, howling as if asking and begging for Gavin to apologize, he breathed in through his nose softly as he studied Connor closely. It was as if he’d seen him for the first time ever, and he was clear and plain as the day…except he wasn’t.

There was nothing remotely ‘plain’ about Connor, and as Gavin moved from every feature of his face, he mentally cursed himself for not appreciating and taking more time to be around Connor.
He’d always been so eager to get to work or run out to spy on Selena, that he’d never noticed how often he’d left Connor alone to brood in his house…he really was a piece of shit.

Gavin sighed as he finally looked at Connor’s LED light spinning on his forehead, “I’m sorry, Connor.”

Apparently, that hadn’t been anticipated or expected, and Connor snapped his head over at Gavin, eyes slightly wide as his mouth hung open.

“Gavin?”

Gavin interrupted before the situation grew more awkward, “I’m sorry for…” he nearly threw up in his mouth, “…for rapin’ you.” There. He’d said it. He’d actually said it out loud before them both.

When he’d said the word out loud, Gavin hadn’t thought about the particular action he’d absolutely carried it, and the longer the word lingered in the air, the more horrible he felt as he began hating himself.

He’d never thought of himself as a bastard who’d resort to raping anyone, but there was no sense in denying what he’d done to Connor, and Gavin was done with running from his problems and denials in life. He’d already pushed his family away, he’d done his part to push Selena away, he’d closed himself off from friends and colleagues at work, and he’d done everything in his power to isolate himself from everyone and anyone possible. But the last thing he wanted to be was a rapist, and he would sooner shoot himself in the head than walk around without being a man and apologizing to Connor.

He bit his tongue before more embarrassing things flew out of his mouth; he just wanted the apology to be clear, succinct, and sincere. He didn’t need to ramble on and explain why he did it, what state of mind he was in before, during and after it occurred, and he didn’t want to leave the doors wide open for Connor to ask him questions.

He looked at his hands as he breathed softly, waiting patiently for Connor to reply, if he wanted to. It couldn’t be forced, and Gavin was willing to give Connor all the time he wanted. Hell, he wouldn’t mind it if Connor wanted to punch his lights out, even.

Connor didn’t do any of these things, however, and he smiled warmly at the top of Gavin’s head as he hung it remorsefully.

“Gavin, I’m not angry with you.”

Gavin didn’t believe it, “Look, you don’t have to give me some sort of fake pity or anythin’, what I did was beyond fucked up and wrong.” He stated the fact, keeping his head lowered as he resisted the urge to grab Connor’s hand in his own, and punch himself using Connor’s hand. Maybe that would take away some guilt...kinda?

He’d expected the android to get angry at him, to yell at him, kick a fit, do anything except smile and talk to him calmly as if he’d just accidentally stepped on its toes as opposed to sexually assaulting it. It was beyond insane and over Gavin’s comprehension, but he visibly saw Connor smile warmly as he inched closer to Gavin’s body.

A playful smirk toyed and tugged at the corner of Connor’s lips, and he leaned in close to Gavin’s ear as he leaned in close to Gavin’s ear and moved himself away from Connor.
“Connor, don’t fuck around like that!” He kept his voice down as Connor smirked and chuckled, “I’m serious! What I did could’ve landed me in jail!”

Connor rolled his eyes, “Don’t worry, I won’t report you,” he moved closer again to Gavin, though this time, Gavin didn’t move away, “…and it’s not like I didn’t ask for it.”

Gavin felt sick as he paled and shook his head at Connor, “That doesn’t…that’s…what??! You sound like every rape victim in the world right now!” He couldn’t believe how mildly Connor was treating it as he chuckled louder as if Gavin had told him the world’s funniest joke.

Connor’s eyes were clenched shut tightly as he rocked back and forth on his legs, “I’m not sure you understand my meaning, Gavin…”

“I don’t fuckin’ want to!” Gavin felt himself blushing, and he resisted the urge to throw something at Connor as he giggled like a maniac next to him.

“It wasn’t that bad you know,” he bit his thumb as he brushed it over his bottom lip, “…I just wish you explained to me where all that energy came from, you know?”

Gavin slapped the back of Connor’s head, and it only caused him to burst out in laughter. His cackling hit the walls of the room, and Gavin began to worry that the noise would draw attention.

He hushed and told Connor to shut up, but he wouldn’t listen as he nearly fell over in laughter. Thankfully, the laughter coming from Connor didn’t last much longer, and he eventually let his laughter die down to small snickers as he shook his head and took a few glances at Gavin.

They sat in silence, but Gavin meant his apology to be taken seriously as he frowned while getting lost in his thoughts.

“How long do you think we’ll have to stay here?” Gavin asked, and Connor didn’t answer right away, his LED light flashing yellow as he frowned in thought.

“If you mean here as in this very room, then I’m not certain, but if you’re instead referring to us being on the lam…then I still am not certain.”

The wind howling outside seemed to have more of an answer than they both did, and Gavin really started thinking about starting a fire when Connor shifted beside him.

“Just try to get some sleep, I’ll build the fire.”

Gavin felt himself starting to blush and he looked down at his dirty shoes, “Umm, thanks, I uh…how did you-”

Connor threw him a sarcastic glare, “I’m a wizard, Gavin.”

Gavin coughed, “Hardy-fuckin’-har, you’re hilarious.” When had Connor picked up such a dry sense of humor anyway?

“Well someone’s got to look on the brighter side of things,” Connor droned on as he moved across the room to look for something to light a fire, “…otherwise we’ll both be drowned in the misery you’re letting out by the second.”

Gavin felt a small smile tugging in the corner of his lips, “Touché.”

He silently observed Connor scanning the room, his eyes moving along with his body as his
scanning guided him in the right directions. He soon pulled out a lighter from beneath a large, disgusting dirty and moldy pile of socks, sweaters, undergarments, and other disgusting, abandoned washcloths and towels.

Gavin inched away from Connor as he held up his hands while the android approached him.

“Don’t touch me with your hands without washing them in fuckin’ varsol first.”

Connor looked down at his hands, which still appeared relatively clean and pink.

Gavin sneered at his hands in disgust, “And make that bleach too, lots of fuckin’ bleach…”

Connor knelt down before the fire-pit, the lighter in one hand while he gathered the bits of magazine and torn up papers in another.

“Don’t you think you’re exaggerating a bit here, Gavin?” He asked gently, tossing the pages in and tearing the larger ones into smaller bits as Gavin watched with a disgruntled expression on his face.

“No, not at all,” Gavin muttered, trying to look away as Connor grabbed more bits of dirt from the carpet, stacking them on top of the burnt chairs and table legs.

“…In fact, I think I’m doin’ you a favor bein’ worried about your health and shit.”

Connor smiled as he stared into the fire-pit as he tossed the items in it. “You forget I’m an android and immune to all the types of illnesses humans are inflicted with.”

Gavin shook his head, “Oh no, it extends to me too; I don’t wanna catch somethin’ you’re responsible for spreadin’!”

Connor looked mildly offended, his brows furrowing as he played with the lighter in hopes of getting it to work. “And here I thought you were a changed man…”

Gavin scoffed, “Don’t get too close for comfort, Connor.”

Connor finally got the lighter to work, the little flame dancing upwards like a fountain as it swayed back and forth in the wind that was still blowing in the room.

“Finally,” Gavin leaned closer to it, as if wanting to be warm in a split second just from being in the proximity of it alone, “…well what’re you waitin’ for? Light her up then!”

Connor looked at Gavin, holding the lighter firmly in his hands, “I guess then, nothing’s changed for you?” He asked softly, LED light yellow before it turned blue quickly.

Gavin threw him a nasty glare, “What’re you talkin’ about?”

“You’re going to sell me out to Perkins, aren’t you…the moment you get a chance, you would.” It was an accusation Gavin didn’t take too kindly to, and he frowned deeply at Connor as he snapped his eyes over to the fire-pit.

“I’m not that kind of a piece of shit, but if you’ve already made up your mind about me and think I am one, then be my fuckin’ guest, Connor.”

“I already disclosed what opinions I hold of you, Gavin,” Connor interrupted relatively quickly, and the way he’d composed his words and the intonation within them presented sincerity unlike any sincerity Gavin had felt coming his way in a long time.
Not sure how to react to it, he just stayed silent as he watched Connor’s eyes dart back to the little orange-yellow flame of the lighter before he pressed it against a torn-up piece of paper sticking out from beneath the chair legs and table legs.

It lit from the bottom up, the flames dancing and reaching up high as the items lit up brightly in the dark night.

“It looks like we lit up an effigy.”

Connor nodded, humming softly, “It does.”

Gavin sighed in relief when he felt the heat of the fire spreading quickly, and he immediately drew closer to the fire, his hands held out in front of him as he spread his fingers widely to let them absorb as much heat as possible before they burned.

Connor peered down at Gavin’s fingers as if he’d seen them for the first time ever, his gaze lingering and hovering on each one before he stared up at Gavin.

“Are you warmer now?”

Gavin sighed, though this time it was in relief, “Yeah, you bet.”

“You’re welcome.” Connor’s snide remark went ignored by Gavin as he stretched himself out, legs to the side and hands still held up before the small fire.

He was lying down on his side and trying to get comfortable, when he sensed he was being stared at. He gazed over at Connor, and Connor was most definitely staring at him. Gavin wouldn’t have minded it much had Connor not been openly staring at Gavin’s neck like he wanted to cut it open…it troubled him, and he sighed as he looked at the fire burning brightly.

“Connor, don’t.”

The warning wasn’t paid attention to, and Connor dashed ahead, boldly grabbed Gavin’s neck in his hands as he slowly began tightening his finger’s over Gavin’s neck. The detective tried fighting back, but Connor had attacked him too suddenly, and he was too strong…

Gavin wheezed as he grumbled angrily against the force of the fingers pressed firmly and strongly over his own when he tried clawing at Connor’s hands in an attempt to get him away from him before he choked the life out of him. When that didn’t do anything, he gripped both of Connor’s shoulders in his hands and shoved him aside as hard as he could.

Connor fell back a bit, the force not nearly being enough to completely hold him off as he climbed on top of Gavin again and slammed his back against the hard, cold, rough ground.

Gavin had no idea what to do as Connor roared and squeezed all over his face, grabbing at his eyes wildly as he tried blinding Gavin viciously. He didn’t leave the slightest bit of his skin untouched as he scratched at anywhere he saw fit.

Gavin groaned and hissed in pain as he tried pushing Connor off of him, but it encouraged the android to tear against his skin like a wild beast as he struggled and turned his head away from being assaulted repeatedly.

He had no idea what had inspired this wild assault, but he was unable to break through to the RK800 as he coughed and begged him with pink eyes as Connor tried strangling him again.
“Stop!!”

Connor glared menacingly at him, eyes wide as his chin quivered for a moment, “Die…”

Gavin tried to swallow as his head was repeatedly bashed on the floor by the wild assault of Connor’s hands around his neck. Helplessly, he stared up at Connor’s large dark brown eyes. He practically saw the promise of death and other raw emotions in them staring back at him, and it was a painful reminder of how he’d taken Connor roughly in his kitchen. He had to look away.

Perhaps this was payment for how he’d treated the android, but he didn’t expect to it to be like this…

He didn’t have much of a struggle in him as he tried kicking his legs against the android’s back roughly.

“Please …” he cringed, “…Connor let me go-”

“I hate you,” Connor interrupted, and he looked down at Gavin’s chest as if waiting for it to stop moving the longer he squeezed Gavin’s throat.

Gavin felt his body responding to the violent assault, and he bit down on the insides of his cheeks as he closed his eyes and tried mentally asking his body to give more of a fight for his life before Connor could feel every bit of his blood freezing in his veins as he pressed his body over Gavin’s.

Gavin was trapped beneath the heavy weight of the android, now. He closed his eyes, willing himself not to look into the eyes of death hovering above him.

He cleared his throat as best he could, hoping to break through to the RK800, “Connor,” he didn’t know what to say as they looked up at the ceiling, trying to avoid his potential murderer’s eyes. The tension around his neck was growing, and Connor shifted above Gavin. Unfortunately, it was directly adding pressure against Gavin’s thighs. He felt his legs growing numb, and he bit back another cough as quickly as he could. His voice had slipped out through his throat and lips all too fast, and his cries didn’t go unheard, but Connor didn’t care…

This frightened Gavin, and he tried getting the android’s attention again as he wheezed out desperate please.

Connor snarled, his breath deep in his throat as he pressed his hands more firmly against Gavin’s neck. He seemed almost desperate to finish the human off.

Gavin shook his head, “No, don’t.”

Connor looked at him with coldness and emptiness, his eyes brimming with fire, “You-”

“Nooo-”

Connor’s eyes were turning black. Gavin thought he’d been imagining it at first due to the way he was panicking while slowly being killed. But as he opened his eyes wider and glanced intently into Connor’s round depths, he saw the blackness and darkness seeping all around the once-brown and friendly eyes he often looked at Gavin with.

Gone was the friendly Connor, and instead, the longer Gavin stared up at the RK800, he saw the more he resembled the deadly RK900…

Connor’s LED light went red with fury and rage. The sight of it was too much for Gavin to take, and he’d never expected this treatment from the Connor he’d grown to care about and trust more than
most his college and high school friends…

Even Selena…

He wanted to cry as he fell apart in the android’s hands, gently beating him in the shoulder with a clenched fist.

“Stooop…”

He hardly recognized the sound of his own voice as he felt tears running down the sides of his eyes. Everything sizzled and burned, as if he was on a barbeque grill. He was literally being devoured by this creature that was slowly draining his life away.

His hands fell away from Connor’s arms, and he stared deeply into the RK800’s eyes, his cheeks deep pink as the fire crackled near them.

He coughed harder, his eyes rolling up into the back of his head as his vision turned watery…

Gavin knew he wasn’t fabricating anything once he saw the cold, cruel face of the RK900 above him. It had replaced the RK800’s face, and while they slightly resembled each other, the differences were still clear and obvious to Gavin, even in this state.

He ignored his life and memories quickly flashing before his eyes once his body shook and trembled violently with fear. His mind was going into panic-mode-overdrive once he saw the clear image of the RK900.

“T…”

His body was growing cold, slowly. He didn’t need the heat of the fire anymore as Gavin felt his flesh turning cold and rigid, like a statue, almost. Blindly, he searched around the floor for something to defend himself with.

There was nothing, much to his dismay. The RK900 had him in a trap, and this was it. This was the final moment Gavin knew he would have on this planet.

All he could do was stare up for the last time as the cold face of the RK900 broke into a wide grin. It smiled as if it were a shark; rows of teeth and sharp fangs gleaming down at Gavin. It was going to take his life now, and it was going to enjoy every step of it…

The RK900 grinned menacingly as Gavin began to go limp in its arms. He had no more of a fight to give, and it would be better to just give up…

He knew when a war was over, and now was a good example of it in practice.

As Gavin dipped his head back and let it hit the floor, he exhaled one last time as the RK900 let out a deep rumble of a laugh. It resembled thunder boiling on a stormy night, and Gavin felt it was just the kind of crazy laugh that would suit the RK900.

He let it laugh away as it turned and twisted Gavin’s neck like a thin straw…

It leaned down as it whispered his name softly at first, like a gentle caress, “Gavin…Gavin…”

Gavin let his eyes fall closed before the voice above him grew louder.

“GAVIN!!!!”
Connor gripped his shoulder, yanking him back closely against him.

“Gavin! GAVIN!!”

He was shaken awake, and Gavin bolted up in fear as he reached up and clasped his own neck in his hands. He expected to find the RK900’s hands there; attached to his neck like they were their own little detachable parts with a mind of their own.

To his relief, they weren’t there, and he stared openly at Connor.

The RK800 gaped at him as he sat incredibly close to Gavin. It slowly registered to Gavin’s mind that he had had one of the worst nightmares he recalled having in a long time. Connor must have also stirred sometime in the night given how Gavin was likely struggling wildly in his sleep.

He was rather grateful for Connor waking him up. He didn’t know how much worse the nightmare was going to have been had Connor not intervened and ‘saved’ him…

Gavin bowed his head down as he sighed in exhaustion and relief. The mixed, strange noise sounded odd in the room. Gavin furiously rubbed his head and temples, slowly working his fingers within his own messy crop of dark brown hair as he shook himself awake.

He knew he probably looked like complete shit as his sweaty skin made his clothes stick to his body. He didn’t risk staring over at Connor sitting almost beside him. Gavin eased his body away from the android’s as he stared down at his lap.

Connor snickered as the flames cast their shadows all over his face and neck, and it made him look incredibly attractive once Gavin took a quick glance over at him. Connor hadn’t ever looked appealing in Gavin’s eyes, regardless of the circumstance, yet now, as his hair was messy, and patches of dirt stuck to his clothing, it was the most ‘normal’ and ‘real’ look Gavin had seem him in.

He liked how it looked…

Gavin shook his head. He was fucked up.

Connor tilted his head curiously at Gavin, “Nightmares?”

Gavin nodded as he rubbed his eyes with the heels of his palms, “Don’t even ask…”

“It involved me? Right?”

Gavin gasped as he jolted upright; he was definitely awake and aware, now. How had Connor known?

He asked the question burning in his mind: “How did you know that?”

Connor shrugged, “You kept whispering my name,” a playful grin crossed his face once he saw Gavin relax a little.

Gavin exhaled as he rolled his eyes and rubbed his forehead, “Don’t start, Connor.”

Connor giggled, “It must’ve been an exciting dream, no?”

Gavin knew exactly what Connor was implying as a small, sexually-charged glint appeared in the android’s eyes. It made Gavin disgusted and nervous. As much as he enjoyed being around Connor, there was no way he was even remotely attracted to him, or even entertaining the idea of extending their relationship beyond friendship. Perhaps Connor saw it that way for whatever reason, but Gavin
needed to be firm as he ‘let him down’.

“Don’t romanticize what I did, Connor,” he struggled hard to get the next bits out, “I’m not attracted to men, or even androids, so drop your ideas right now while you can, before you get ahead of yourself.”

“If you want to think of it that way, I won’t stop you, Gavin.” His voice sounded absolutely pleased, and he draped a hand over his stomach as he placed the other one on his thigh that was raised up. In his silence, Connor opened an eye, and Gavin definitely caught the real emotion there, despite how much Connor had tried appearing ‘happy’.

He really was hurt.

Gavin stared at Connor’s sincere-but-sad eyes appreciatively. He felt his head burning slightly as he felt the smallest bit of an annoying feeling pooling in the pit of his stomach again, and he cursed himself inwardly for acting like an-out-of-control emotional teenager around Connor. Sure, he had let the guy down, but it was for both their own good, and he figured it would take some time for Connor to get used to it.

He turned away from Connor’s bundled up body dressed in ‘normal, civilian clothing’ as he looked at the dirty walls of the room. It was odd to see the RK800 out of its uniform, but not all together an unwelcome sight.

He chuckled softly, “I can’t believe we just fell asleep in a place like this.”

Connor didn’t seem to mind as he licked his lips, “It was…refreshing.” His LED was bright blue as he closed his eyes as a wide smile crossed his facial features.

Gavin shook his head, feeling they were close enough for a joke, “I was hopin’ for a love hotel, with a pink bed, rose petals littering the white carpet, leading to a large jacuzzi where we can have a bubble bath…” He playfully flicked the tip of the android’s nose before he tapped Connor’s cheek, and Connor snickered as he turned and slapped at the tip of Gavin’s nose playfully.

“You spoil me, Gavin.”

Gavin shrugged, “What can I say? I’m a sucker for romance.” His tone was beyond sarcastic, but Connor didn’t understand it. Gavin found it odd how the RK800 had been a deviant for well over half a year, yet still didn’t understand the concepts of jokes and sarcasm.

Perhaps he never would…

They lay beside each other for a while, losing themselves to silence before Connor decided it was time to clean the little mess around them that Gavin had made in his nightmarish struggle. Gavin watched as Connor was soon working on overdrive, and he had to wonder how the android worked so meticulously beneath the heavy, thick, warm clothes he wore. He felt a tad jealous of himself having to lie down in bed for a week just from a simple cold, practically.

Perhaps androids really were better than humans in every way...

“So are you gonna take us to CyberLife in the mornin’?” he asked when the silence had gotten to be too overwhelming.

Connor paused before clicking his tongue over his teeth, “That’s the idea.”

Gavin snorted, “You seem like you’re thinkin’ about somethin’ else.”
“Not at all.”

Still not buying it, Gavin craned his neck just enough at the right angle, so he could see Connor’s vacant expression.

Connor appeared to be in deep thought, his nose wrinkling up slightly as his eyes turned dark, the flames casting their shadows high on the walls and over his cheeks as he stared and lost himself in whatever thought he’d been currently entertaining.

Gavin lost himself in the magic of the dancing flames, watching them twist about as ashes of the burnt paper fell down in the center of the floor. It looked like snowfall indoors, and it made him a little lightheaded.

He gazed over at Connor, feeling his eyelids a little heavy…

“Where’s CyberLife located?”

Connor didn’t look at him as he spoke: “Not very far from here, it’s just a matter of which perspective you take.”

A mind game? Gavin was not in the mood for this shit. He was beyond exhausted, and he glared as he felt his body tingling from the comfort of the heat.

“Just give me a straight answer!”

Connor pressed a hand against Gavin’s forehead, human skin deactivating as it peeled back, “Shhh, lie back, tomorrow, I’ll take you down there…we'll go down together.”

Connor’s voice was like a lullaby Gavin wanted, but didn’t need. His eyes automatically closed when the white android hand pressed against his forehead, and his eyes rolled back as his head slumped back down.

He was in a deep slumber within seconds, the heat of the flames almost dying out as the door of the room opened but regained their life and strength when it closed just as quickly.
Gavin was violently awakened when he felt a little pressure land on his nose. He jolted awake, eyes searching the room for whatever was on his nose, and he sighed in relief when he noticed it was a piece of paper the wind had blown in through the open doors and windows of the old, worn-down room.

He searched the area around him as he held back a yawn. Their fire was still somewhat kindling, but it was a very tiny, weak fire. It barely held any warmth, and Gavin threw the rest of the loose, scattered pages over it in exhaustion.

Suddenly, he realized Connor wasn’t beside him, or anywhere in the room, in fact…

He began panicking as he crawled up on his feet, his head spinning as he adjusted to the morning light.

“Connor!” He called out for Connor numerous times, searching the rest of the room as best he could, removing rubble and bits of fallen debris and ceiling bits carefully. Majority of it crumbled to dust in his hands, and he tossed it aside as he searched the ‘bathroom’ carefully and slowly. He didn't even know this shithole had a bathroom, but perhaps Connor was in there, for whatever reason...

It was as disgusting and dirty as the rest of the place was; the bathtub was filled to the brim with leaves, ashes, burnt piles of wood, furniture, grime, and mold that caked its way up the walls and sides of the entire tub. The floors were broken and layered with dirt, and Gavin stepped around bits of the broken glass of the mirror slowly as he found that Connor wasn’t present in this room either.

Where was he??

Gavin began to worry as time went by and he was still unable to find Connor, even when he searched the outer vicinity of the building. Connor was absolutely nowhere to be found, and Gavin felt his beating heart accompanying him as he went back inside the room and collapsed on the floor, holding his head in his hands.

Had the RK900 located them and taken Connor? Had it killed him somehow? Had he been dreaming this all?

All of these questions troubled him deeply as he shook his head while panicking. If the RK900 had Connor, Gavin knew there was no way he was going to be able to find them, not with the way the RK900 was so sophisticated and clever in its hunting and tracking. There would be no way for him to keep up with the androids…

He nearly tripped over a broken log piece buried in between a rotten door frame as he stepped out of the bathroom, and the sharp edge of it got caught in his pants leg. He fell and stumbled forward, angrily growling as he kicked the inanimate object repeatedly. He knew he no doubt looked silly as he kicked and kicked at the log, but he just was so lost and broken without Connor…

Somehow, spending more and more time with the android had taught Gavin that they were more alike than he originally thought, and before he’d known it, he’d began feeling something for Connor…

Gavin wasn’t sure what exactly the emotion was, but it was far greater than any level of friendship he’d ever had with anyone in his life. That meant a lot to him, considering his past, and all he knew was that he wanted Connor back in his life, one way or another.
He didn’t want to go anywhere alone now that he’d had someone he really related to and connected with, and he wasn’t sure how he was going to handle going down to CyberLife alone if Connor was truly gone…

Down…

Gavin suddenly stopped lashing out and violently kicking at the log, suddenly hearing in his mind what Connor has said the night before.

“I’ll take you down there…we’ll go down together.”

Down…

Had he…?

Gavin remembered how vehemently Connor had insisted they stay in this specific room more than the others, despite them being abandoned and ‘available’ as well. Gavin hadn’t argued a lot with him, but he had been curious as to why this room in particular…

Down…

There had to be a meaning behind it, and Gavin vowed to find it as he tore off his coat and began thoroughly searching the room bit-by-bit.

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Connor heard the soft voice of what his audio receptors warned him was Richard Perkins whispering to someone. He hadn’t anticipated that the Special Agent would be poking his nose around in the center of the CyberLife ‘hub’.

When Connor had first encouraged Gavin to hide out in the ‘specific’ abandoned room he chose, he hadn’t told the detective of why he’d insisted on that room in particular. The android knew that it was one of the many entrances to CyberLife’s basement of horrors where he’d once been held captive in himself and experimented on before his escape.

The room they’d spent the night in had simply been a guise to hide the gateway to the labs and deactivation rooms. The old motel hadn’t been in use for decades, and rightfully so. If anyone got near it, they would usually be apprehended and either killed, or imprisoned.

Connor heard Richard’s voice bouncing off the walls of the hallway he was currently making his way down. Everything look the same as the last time he’d been dragged in here, only it wasn’t.

Gone was the blood of the guards he’d spilled, and empty labs and rooms with their lights turned off glared at him through the dark windows as he made his way past them. His blue LED light turned yellow, guiding his way down the white halls and white floors.

He paused when he heard a female voice speaking back to Richard Perkins…

Amanda…

Even without seeing her, she frightened him right down to the core. Her soft, cold voice sent shivers through Connor’s body. He never remembered being this frightened of anyone until the day Amanda
had ‘surprised’ him with the first meeting of the cold, menacing RK900. The day he had seen the hulking double of himself, Connor knew what it felt like to ‘die’ for the second time after Hank left.

While the RK900 hadn’t done anything to him personally, Connor despised and feared it. He didn’t know what it even was, and he didn’t want to. There was no way he was going to leave himself open to vulnerability and for the RK900 to take advantage of him.

His footsteps grew heavy and slow as he willed both his feet to pick up the pace a little. The white, empty hallways stretched on for what felt like miles, never coming to an end. White lights above beamed down and buzzed lightly, accompanying him as if they were playing his death knell…

Connor tried getting these dark, depressing thoughts out of his mind as he focused on what Richard Perkins was saying to Amanda…

The man wasn’t an android, however, and the only way it had been remotely possible for him to engage in any conversation with the phantom was if she had been a holographic message…

Connor’s suspicions had finally and unfortunately turned out to be correct when he turned right and entered a large room that was completely white and ‘empty’…except for holding an android container unit, a white chair where Richard Perkins sat comfortably, and standing to his right was a holographic image of Amanda.

A scan of the room told him that the RK900 was within the storage container. But what interested and fascinated Connor was that the mind of the RK900 was connected to the representation of Amanda. It seemed his processor was the source of supporting her…

It seemed as if they had been waiting for him the entire time. The moment he entered the room, Richard crossed a leg over the other, folding his hands in his lap as he smiled at Connor in a warm, pleasant way.

He gestured with an open, outstretched hand at the android, “Welcome, Connor,” he smiled even wider at him, “we’ve been expecting you.”

Amanda glared at him, and Connor peered at the container storing the RK900. Its eyes were wide open, but it seemed… ‘vacant’.

“Connor, I thought I’d never see the day you would come back crawling to CyberLife,” Amanda hissed at him while the RK900 scanned the room.

Connor noticed it had a very high software instability, which gave him a glimmer of hope…Gavin had stated that if the RK900’s software instability was almost at 15%, it would self-destruct. That would be a good opportunity they could work on to put it in ‘shut down’ and hopefully take Amanda out of the picture.

But that still left Richard Perkins…

The man glared at Connor, resembling Amanda’s angry state, now.

“You could have just done us a wonderful favor of dying the first time around, Connor,” he shook his head, “too bad you had to be so stubborn, huh?”

“I much prefer life, now, but thank you,” Connor stared at Amanda, noticing how she folded her hands in her lap as Richard stared over at the storage container.

His eyes darted back to Connor, “I’m generally a ‘nice’ guy,” he snickered, “so I’ll give you one
final chance; either give yourself up now for deactivation, or we’ll have to get the RK900 over there to force you to do it.”

Connor snarled, “You want to access my memory chip…”

Richard Perkins nodded, “Correct…” he looked down at the shiny, white floor, “we can’t really afford another deviant running around talking too much and telling stories to the media, now can we?”

Amanda glared deeply at Connor, a dark aura surrounding her, despite her transparent appearance and glow, “And it appears that you had to bring someone else in here with you…”

Connor sensed a presence behind him, and he turned to gape at Gavin. The detective held a gun high, pointing it at Richard’s head.

“You son of a bitch,” Gavin growled at the FBI agent, “you were just usin’ me to get to Connor…”

“He ignored Connor, brushing past him as he flung the gun forward at Richard Perkins. It had clearly meant to be regarded as a threat, but it did little for the FBI agent. He only smirked at Gavin in a way that suggested he’d already won, and that Gavin and Connor had nothing else left to use at their disposal.

Gavin and Connor refused to believe this as Connor stepped closer to the closed door of the storage container the RK900 was held in. He peered inside it once his nose was almost pressed against the rectangular, horizontal glass insert.

“He had one job to do, Reed, one fucking lousy job, and you couldn’t even do that,” Richard hissed at the detective between clenched teeth.

“Instead of doing as I asked, you had to get all comfy-cozy with the damn android, practically making it your girlfriend,” he sneered at him, “just like Hank Anderson…”

Connor felt eyes on him. He turned and met the cold glare of Amanda. She gave him a strange look that was a mixture of pride, pity, and remorse just then.

“Isn’t it fascinating?” she asked as she stared over at the RK900, “finally a machine that obeys completely…”

The safety of Richard’s gun clicked off, “Tell your android friend to give himself up now, before I have no choice but to get his clone out of hibernation.”

Gavin stared at the tall RK900 hiding on the other side of the door leading to his CyberLife storage
container. He shivered when he saw its wide-open, dull eyes peering above their heads. It was frozen and standing like a damn puppet, ready to be used by any evil puppeteer...still, he didn't want to seem like a chickenshit coward in front of Richard Perkins.

Gavin called him on his bluff, “Go for it,” he leaned in close to Richard’s gun, almost having it press against his neck, “see if I give a shit anymore.”

Connor stared at the right temple of the RK900. As plain as day, the extractor was definitely there. He was shocked he hadn’t seen it before, but it was probably due to Gavin’s lack of attention to detail. Amanda was absolutely controlling the RK900 with the extractor. It sat like a rolled-up piece attached to the RK900’s LED light. Its hooked legs were embedded deeply within the RK900’s flesh and ‘brain’. That was what gave Amanda her power and control, and they needed to cut it off, NOW.

The tension between Richard Perkins and Gavin. The FBI agent seemed like he was running out of whatever patience he’d once had as he took a step towards Gavin.

“Look,” he began as he practically growled at Gavin, “just because Hank Anderson made shitty mistakes during his final days, doesn’t mean you need to follow in his footsteps, detective Reed.”

Gavin almost backhanded Perkins at that instant, “Don’t you fuckin’ dare speak that way about Hank! He was a good man!!” Gavin’s angry voice hit every white wall of the large room, causing Richard to tilt his head at him with a half-smirk on his lips.

“Regardless of where your loyalties lie, Connor, you have become obsolete,” Amanda whispered next to him as she studied the RK900 within its storage unit.

Connor looked at a small red button on a panel next to the storage unit. Amanda followed his gaze and smirked, “Would you dare?”

His brown eyes gazed deeply into the cold blue ones staring above his head somewhere at the back of the room.

Would he?

“As far as I’m concerned, you’re just a detective who is known for being drunk, lazy, argumentative, and possibly a murderer now,” Richard whispered as his gun lowered a little, “what else have you got to lose, Reed?”

Gavin didn’t want the words affecting him, but they had. The agent had gotten to him, but Gavin tried swallowing his anger down.

“I don’t want to fight or kill you, Perkins,” he took a step back, hoping that it would communicate clearly that he meant no harm and just wanted to leave, “I just want to get outta here with Connor.”

A laugh hit his ears, “And do what? Run away and live ‘happily ever after’?” Richard shook his head, “don’t be stupid, Reed, you’ve got no way out.”

Gavin watched as he withdrew a phone from his coat pocket, “All it takes is one little call from me, and I can either make your life a living fucking hell, or I can set straight what happened at your ex’s house...”

Amanda’s eyes widened when she saw Connor’s hand hovering over the button that would open the storage unit doors and release the RK900.
“Connor, just think about what it is you’re wanting to do…” she frowned darkly at him as she let her hands fall to her sides.

What could go wrong? They had a plan! He had to release the RK900, hearing the rise in volume of the voices of Richard Perkins and Gavin. He could tell it wasn’t going to be much longer before they attacked each other, and he had to act quickly before Gavin got hurt.

Gavin pointed a finger at Richard Perkins in an accusatory manner, “You had somethin’ to do with that?!”

The man merely huffed, “It was Amanda’s idea; you wouldn’t cooperate, so I had no choice but to program the RK900 to do my bidding…”

Gavin gaped at him, stuttering and sputtering in shock. How could this man do such a thing? And for what reason?!

“You killed her…”

The FBI agent narrowed his eyes dangerously into tiny slits at him, “I never said I was a Saint, Detective…”

Connor’s fingers trembled, and he found them involuntarily seeking out to press the little red button. He knew it wouldn’t mean or bring anything good to them, but they didn’t have much of a choice.

He heard a cry of pain from behind, and a peek over his shoulder revealed to him that Richard Perkins had bashed his gun into Gavin’s chin. The detective fell back onto the white floors, sliding backwards a little as he glared up at the FBI agent while wiping his ruby red lips with the back of a hand. His own gun had clattered and slid across the floor, and it was by Richard’s feet…

He gazed down at it before keeping his own gun still pointed at Gavin. He bent down and picked the gun up, pointing them both at Gavin, now.

Gavin snorted, spitting blood at the FBI agent’s clean dress shoes. Richard Perkins scowled at him for doing this, and he raised a hand to bash both guns into Gavin’s head.

Connor’s index finger barely pressed against the red button when he felt Amanda gasp softly. He glared over at her, eyeing her wearily when she moved a little closer to him.

“I hope you know what you’re doing, Connor,” she warned in a deep tone, both eyebrows raised, as if daring him to press the button.

Connor glared back, “I think we’re already past the point of no return, Amanda,” he turned and glanced at the lifeless, dull face of the RK900.

“Connor, you showed so much potential,” she whispered as she let a hand hover over his in the air, and it shook slightly, “you don’t need to do this…” she looked over at Gavin, causing Connor to stare back at the man as well.

They watched Gavin sprawled across the floor as he avoided Richard’s beatings. The men soon began wrestling when Gavin leapt up and kicked Richard in the hand. One of his guns flew back into the air, but he gripped the other one in his right hand tightly as he viciously threw a mean right-hook at Gavin’s cheek.

Knuckle met bone, and Gavin hissed out in pain while Connor winced and glanced inside the storage container unit.
He didn’t want to do this…

How else was he going to save Gavin?!?

There was a risk he had to take, but only if it meant perhaps saving one of them…

As if reading his mind somehow, Amanda leaned against him as she whispered softly into his ear, “Only one of you will make it out alive today, Connor,” her words chilled and froze him to the core as he stood rooted to the spot, finger hovering over the red button.

“…are you willing to sacrifice yourself for a human who never cared about you in the first place?”

Connor gaped openly at her.

She smiled cruelly, “Oh yes, I’ve had the pleasure of witnessing your prior memories regarding Detective Gavin Reed,” she sighed dramatically, “it seems he’s never cared for you; only using you for a personal punching bag whenever he saw necessary.”

That wasn’t true…

Connor shook his head, “I’m doing this.”

“Are you sure?”

He paused again, feeling doubts creeping into his mind.

But Gavin was his friend…

His friend…

Like Hank had been his friend.

Amanda snarled as she leaned back when she saw Connor’s finger sliding down against the button, “You’d throw everything you worked hard for, dreamt for, hoped for, all for a stupid man?!?”

Connor finally looked up at her once he knew his mind was made up. Perhaps a part of her statement was true; maybe Gavin didn’t care enough about him like he did for the detective, but he refused to stand back and allow a friend to die, again.

Hank had all because he hadn’t gotten involved sooner, but now he had the perfect opportunity to act. If it meant he had to die along the way, so be it. At least he was prepared for a lengthy battle.

He nodded at the RK900, “To the death, I am prepared.”

Amanda let out a haunting, chilling laugh, “You’re so foolish, Connor,” her laughs grew louder and louder, while Gavin’s screams of pain grew more severe.

Connor witnessed the thin-but-strong Richard Perkins grab Gavin by his sweater collar and throw him aside when Gavin tried looping his hands around the FBI agent’s waistline to throw him down onto the floor.

“Connor!!” Gavin’s cries of terror and pain shook him, and he knew he had to make a decision before it was too late.

Gavin was reaching for his discarded gun when the FBI agent kicked him in the chest. It knocked the wind out of him, and he had no choice but to instinctively roll away from the kicks until he was
resting on his back and panting heavily as he wheezed out in pain. Connor didn’t want Richard Perkins to break Gavin’s ribs, but he may as well have been when he stomped down hard in the center of the detective’s chest to hold him down while he aimed between his eyes.

“I’ve had about all that I can fucking take from you, Reed,” he warned as he breathed through his nostrils, which were flaring widely as if he’d ran a mile or two, “just lie down and fucking die!”

“Make your choice, Connor,” Amanda warned lowly, “but just don’t let too many people suffer because of the decisions you want to make…”

She faded out and disappeared for a moment, before she teleported away from Connor's side and into a corner of the room.

Connor wasn’t sure why this was happening, but when he looked over at the red button, he decided to stop wasting time.

Gavin was losing blood by every blow bestowed from the FBI agent, and Connor wanted to try to get through to the RK900. Perhaps he would be able to get it to ‘wake up’ somehow, especially if it already had a high percentage of software instability as it was...

It was better than nothing.

He took a shaky breath as he slammed his finger down onto the button. Immediately, the storage container hissed and roared to life. Lights went off on the inside and outside of it, and steam rose from the sides as the doors slid open.

Connor took a few measured steps away, preparing himself for the RK900.

Gavin noticed what Connor had done, and he screamed out in frustration: “NO!! Connor! What’re you fuckin’ doin’??!”

Richard stopped and turned around, staring in shock as the RK900’s storage container doors were opening widely.

He ran up to Connor, slamming his gun across the back of his skull.

“HEY!!”

Connor shook him off his back easily, throwing the FBI agent down onto the floor as he stepped to the side.

“Don’t touch me!!”

Richard glared up at the android as he screamed up at him, “Do you realize what you’ve fuckin’ done?!!”

Connor turned at him to answer, but he was stopped when he felt a warm breeze behind him. He faced the RK900, but it hadn’t moved from its spot in the storage unit.

All the lights were on, and its LED light spun blue, but it didn’t seem to have heard anything or even witnessed anything…

Was it even in an active status?

No one in the room said anything or moved except Connor. He edged in close to the RK900, slowly extending and reaching with his right hand forward. He was almost half an inch away from grabbing
the large hand of the RK900 as it rested by his side…

Suddenly, its hand snapped up, and it gripped Connor’s wrist in a tight, death-vice of a grip. Connor was yanked forward, and he practically bashed his forehead against the RK900’s.

The RK800’s large brown eyes grew wide as he gasped while frozen stiff in the strong grip of the RK900.

Blue eyes met brown ones, the former being as dull and bland as ever while the RK900 leaned its head down and frowned viciously at Connor. It dominated and towered over him, leaving Richard, Gavin, and Amanda in silence as they watched in horror while the RK900’s human skin peeled back.

The white plastic of the android’s face met Connor’s human eyes and face, a direct contrast as the RK900 curled a lip upwards, revealing white teeth. Against the rest of its white face, it all appeared so horrible and scary.

The RK900 whispered in a soft voice at Connor, though its voice carried around the room and was well heard by all.

“The past,” it hissed and hung on every word while staring into Connor’s eyes, “should be left well alone…”

Connor tried yanking his hand away from the RK900’s but it tightened its grip even more. There was no way to save his fingers or his hand, and he didn’t want to have it yanked out of its socket as he stared up at the RK900’s blue eyes.

Its LED light went yellow the longer it studied Connor, and it tilted its head down at him while it offered him a cold, heartless smile that was anything short of friendly or gentle.

Connor was about to speak, but it took a step towards him. He automatically found himself backing up.

“I know very well what it’s like to have humans beckoning you with the sweet promise of their secretive lives and joys…”

His voice caressed Connor’s ears, but he didn’t want to fall to its prey as he sensed it trying to scan and read his next steps, which meant he had to be very careful and not telegraph his next thoughts or movements. It was difficult when the RK900’s eyes traced and track down all his movements before he even knew what he was going to do…

This thing was beyond this world…

It smirked widely at him, its eyes growing black and large, slowly, appearing more monstrous and evil while the extractor glowed above the LED light.

“Perhaps an honest, true death will cure you…”

He grabbed Connor’s sweater collar tightly, and Connor saw from the corners of his eyes that Amanda’s mouth and lips were moving…

She had been using the RK900 to speak the entire time.

“I’ll help you make the choice you yourself are too scared to make…”
Hello everyone!

You're not dreaming. I'm legit back, and this isn't a joke or a game.

I AM continuing this story. I am going to dive into why, but I wanted to say that if anyone out there doesn't care for these notes and doesn't want to read about me as a person, by all means, just click on 'Next chapter', and read the final chapter of this story. *I won't get offended, I swear, some people may not want to read this, and it's fine, just head onto the next chapter!*

Here's the thing though before I explain why I am continuing it. Before people get mad at me or feel confused, I want to say that tonight, I am posting the LAST chapter of this fic, because it HAS to have a sequel.

I typically don't do sequels-never have-but this story sadly demands one for the plot to fit and work well. I have already written out the first 3 chapters of the sequel, and I did it more for myself to see if it was good enough to share with people, and I decided that yes, it is, and I WILL be creating the story as a continuation of 'Incorruptible'.

The first 3 chapters of 'Incorruptible Part 2' should be out within a day or two at the most, so look out for it if you're interested in this story.

Now onto why I am continuing this story.

You may not like this answer, but I swear, this is legit how shit went down.

My editor, QueenRoyala, also a VERY good, very close friend of mine was seriously pissed at me for MONTHS because of this fic.

She literally wouldn't talk to me a lot because I abandoned this, and she told me: "you promised me you'd never be one of those authors who abandons anything!"

Guys, she was right.

I explained why I abandoned this story a long time ago, and I won't go over it again to dig up old tea on me, but bottom line, I do NOT want to leave my work unfinished. Anytime I logged in here and saw the 'in progress' sign under my work, I felt heart broken, truly.

I LOVE writing, and this fic was my first baby in the Detroit: Become Human series.

HOW can I fucking abandon this??? I CAN'T!

I don't want to end up doing something I hate, and I don't want to become someone I hate! I won't.

Hopefully this explains it, and I apologize to anyone who loved this story and wanted me to continue it. I'm so sorry it took so long, but I have to thank anyone out there who encouraged me, who reached out and talked to me, and who liked this story or even gave it five minutes of their time.

Time is the best gift anyone can give me as I've said MANY times before, and in return, I will give you the best I can.

Without further b.s., please enjoy the last chapter of this story, and be on the lookout for Part 2!
I hope you will all like where I am taking this!!!!

Avixi
The RK900 was fast. It was ruthless, it was meticulous, and it was quite deadly. A powerful tool designed for efficiency and power, it showed that it lived up to its reputation immediately.

Once Connor had backed away from it, the RK900 swiftly delivered a brutal kick to the RK800’s head. It connected with Connor’s forehead, and he went sailing back a few feet.

Still, that didn’t stop Richard Perkins from pursuing Gavin with a death wish. The FBI agent yanked Gavin up to his feet in no time, and he spun Gavin around and held his own arm behind his back in a horrible twist.

Gavin howled in pain when the agent pressed his chest down hard over his back and whispered maliciously and coldly in his ear, “You just couldn’t ever fucking play along, could you, Reed?” They struggled for a while, but Gavin knew that if he pushed any harder, he would end up with a dislocated arm, or worse—a broken one.

Connor rubbed his forehead as he got back up to his feet, swaying slightly while his vision blurred. The RK900 didn’t care; it was already diving through the air at him. It seemed to practically be airborne, and it flew forward until Connor rolled and ducked to the side. It wasn’t enough, unfortunately. The RK900 landed right against the white wall behind Connor, but rather than crash into it, the android used its arms to balance up against the wall, propping a leg right up in the center of the wall. It then kicked back with that same leg, and with powerful agility and momentum, it pushed itself away from the wall and landed roughly down before Connor by the time the RK800 had spun himself around to face the other android.

Connor was too slow. Before he could’ve done anything except openly gape at the RK900, it pushed him roughly in the chest, and then punched him at least twice in the nose to knock him back down to the floor.

Gavin roared as he tried flipping Agent Perkins off him, but the man grunted and barely moved a leg off the floor.

Snorting, Gavin hissed out, “Gotta say, I didn’t think you had it in you, Perkins!”

The FBI agent laughed and bashed him on the head with his elbow, “That was always your problem, Reed,” he bent down and growled in Gavin’s ear, “you’re too fucking cocky.”

He couldn’t argue with that, but there was still the matter of Selena’s death, and his innocence that he was worried about…

Amanda watched with cold, dead eyes while Connor was beaten mercilessly by the RK900. Soon, all Connor could do to defend himself from the harsh blows delivered to his face was to hold his hands up and shield himself pathetically.

The RK900 kicked his hands away, and when Connor tried fighting back, the RK900 merely deflected and blocked every blow.

Anytime Connor would try to get in a punch, it was blocked. Anytime he tried kicking, his legs were
kicked back down as the RK900 practically danced along the white floors with him as if they were wooing each other.

It was indeed a lovely ‘ballet’, albeit, a deadly one.

Gavin soon was able to kick and step down hard on Richard’s foot, and the second the FBI agent lost his balance, Gavin reached up for his gun. It fired off into the ceiling multiple times, but as they struggled together, Gavin’s youth proved to be an advantage, and he overpowered and dominated the other man.

His chest slammed into Richard’s, and they smashed against the doors of the room. Still, Richard held the gun, and Gavin’s fingers scraped and scratched into his flesh as he tried prying his fingers away from the gun just for a second…that was all the time he really needed…

Amanda looked down when Connor was slammed to the floor after being hauled up by his sweater collar and then thrown brutally down.

“This pains me greatly Connor, believe me…”

He choked out a sarcastic, dry laugh that was soon cut short when the RK900 leaned down and slammed his kneecap into his throat.

Connor wheezed out slowly and painfully, “You know nothing of pain and loss, Amanda!”

She tilted her head at him, “I don’t? Imagine how I felt when you failed to live up to your promises, Connor! Can you even imagine??”

No, he really couldn’t, but he wasn’t able to communicate that when he looked up past the RK900’s cold eyes, and looked at the extractor digging itself into his LED light. The machine practically smothered the red light, but Connor was able to see it blinking a few times, as if crying for help silently.

It wasn’t that far out of his grasp, either…

Before he could do anything, he was yanked back up to his feet and knocked hard in the jaw.

He wasn’t going to give up, however, and he ducked the second blow and dove down, sliding onto his back as he slid between the RK900’s open legs. The floor was so smooth that he nearly slid all the way towards the far end of the room where Gavin and Richard Perkins were struggling, still.

Gavin peeked over for a moment and saw Connor sliding away from another roundhouse kick from the RK900, but he was brought back to Agent Perkins when the other man head-butted him.

His eyes burned and watered, and he had to let go of the man as he cradled his forehead while it throbbed and ached more than he ever remembered it aching.

Agent Perkins laughed as he spat out bloody saliva down to the floor, the contrast of red and clean white so odd as it stared back up at them.

His gun was pointed right at Gavin again.

Connor clawed at the RK900’s chest, but he barely managed to rip into its uniform top when it grabbed his wrist and twisted it hard. While he didn’t feel any pain, he certainly didn’t enjoy what was happening, and he kicked as hard and high as he could into the other android’s face.
It helped take the RK900 off him, and Connor stared intently at the extractor just sitting there. He had to get close to it...he had to!

Time was running short, however.

In no time, he estimated that Perkins was going to shoot Gavin, and he roughly had about one minute, judging by the other man’s heart rate, blood flow, perspiration, and words...

His words!

Ignoring Amanda for a moment, Connor listened to what Richard Perkins was whispering to Gavin.

As the two human males faced each other, Gavin held his hands up in a surrender while Richard wiped his bloodied lips with the back of a hand.

He looked down at his tie, noticing a few spots of blood on the tie.

Groaning disappointedly, he gazed back up at Gavin, “This was one of my favorite ties, Reed...”

Gavin snorted, “Sorry, you cocksucker.”

“Don’t test a man holding a gun, Reed,” the safety clicked off, “you don’t know what I’m capable of...”

Connor avoided another blow from the RK900, and before he could spin around to get the other android back, he was grabbed by the waist and hoisted high into the air. Connor was thrown forward, and he crashed right into the door of the CyberLife storage container unit.

It broke apart immediately from his weight, and the doorframe was the only thing hanging from the hinges, but that snapped in half when then RK900 kicked to the side, and Connor moved away in time before he was mashed down into the floor.

The metallic pole and outline of the door was the only thing remaining intact, but it was snapped directly in two, and it was rather sharp and deadly-looking...

Connor had an idea.

Gavin shrugged, “Just fuckin’ tell me why you did it, Richard! What did Selena have to do in all this?”

“She knew you, Reed,” the other man spat, “that’s good enough for me, personally.”

Connor crawled over to the piece of metal jutting forward, but before he could fully wrap his hands around it, he was grabbed by the ankles and dragged backwards. If he had been given the last moments, he could’ve slipped the pole into his sweater sleeve, and kept it out of the android’s view as the RK900 held him up so they were eye-level.

Amanda approached slowly, her smile growing wider and wider the closer to them she grew.

“I swear to you, Perkins,” Gavin growled dangerously while his eyes promised danger, “once I get out of this, I’m gonna make you pay for this!”

While Connor’s legs dangled a few feet off the ground as he was slowly lifted upwards, he looked into the eyes of the RK900 as he peeled away his human skin and let his left-hand hover over the RK900’s right arm, which was currently resting at its side.
It could hold Connor up with the use of one hand alone, which was just fine… all that strength proved useful, indeed…

Amanda looked at him for a long time before she almost reached out to touch him. Recoiling for a moment, she sadly threw a glance down at the floor.

“It didn’t have to be like this, Connor,” she sighed softly, “Lieutenant Anderson didn’t have to die, and you wouldn’t either, for that matter.”

Avoiding looking at her, Connor spat out, “Then let me go, Amanda!”

“I can’t, you know I can’t…”

He had to keep her busy, and he aimed at maintaining the conversation while he nearly inched his hand directly over the RK900’s. Luckily, Amanda hadn’t been close enough to the left-side of the RK900’s body to witness what was going on.

“You’re happy Hank died, Amanda; admit it!”

She frowned for a moment, her eyes darting around the room before she looked at Connor, “How can you think that?? I admired Lieutenant Anderson a lot!”

His fingers twitched, but he was almost touching the RK900’s skin, now.

“You didn’t care for him, and you don’t care for me,” he grunted, pretending he was still somehow struggling while the RK900 held him tightly.

Closer… closer… just a bit closer and they were going to be connected…

Amanda placed a gentle hand on his shoulder, but the moment she did, it went through him, and he knew she was as transparent as she appeared, in more ways than one. Her image distorted, and she frowned even more before lifting a hand and staring at it.

“What’re you doing?”

NOW!

He slammed his hand down on the RK900’s, and they immediately interfaced.

This time, Connor was in pain as he sped through the RK900’s memories and fought hard for control.

Amanda was the dominant factor in the RK900’s ‘mind’, but he had to throw her out and take control, even for a few seconds. Those few seconds would save Gavin’s life and future.

He pushed through more than he ever was able to mentally, and his eyes rolled back into his head, which the RK900 mirrored as they froze and were rooted to the spot.

Connor heard Amanda yelling and screaming at him to stop, but he wasn’t going to. He was so far already, and he could feel her slipping and losing control. He had to keep trying!!

He broke through layer after layer, the walls breaking down as he tore through them easily. He felt the RK900’s grip loosen a little on his neck, and he was surprised he could still feel things despite not being rooted in his own body, in a way. Perhaps the RK900 was more powerful and complex than he originally had thought…
“If you’re gonna shoot me, just do it,” Gavin looked down at his shoes, shrugging as he succumbed to whatever Agent Perkins had planned for him, “at least that’ll help me not have to hear your miserable fuckin’ voice for another second longer.”

The FBI agent only snorted in response, “Like it or not, Reed, you’re a fucking liability to the DPD.”

“I’m an expendable unit, asshole,” Gavin corrected as he glared back up into the man’s dark eyes, “don’t get that shit confused now.”

“Oh on the contrary, Gavin…”

Connor could hear Richard’s voice, then, but he pushed through one more time, feeling his energy slowly being drained. It seemed that the longer he tried getting a hold of the RK900’s CPU and core, the more he himself was being drained of his energy and power, too. Perhaps they fed off each other, perhaps it was because he was messing with a newer android model. Whatever the reason, Connor had to press on, and he did as best as he could while he felt Amanda screaming somewhere into his ears.

One…more…second!!!!!!!

His mind practically exploded as he saw nothing but bright yellow light before him, and as he blinked it away, he shouted out as hard as he could up into whiteness.

“RECORD IT, NOW! RECORD!!!!!”

The RK900 tilted his head at him from somewhere high above into the white space between them. They weren’t in the room any longer, and Connor was merely on a lower ‘plane’ as he peered up into those familiar blue eyes.

“RK900: RECORD, NOW!”

The android’s LED light wasn’t covered by the extractor in this world, and he merely nodded as it spun yellow.

Connor closed his eyes, finally losing the last bits of energy he had.

“Thank you.”

He slipped away, falling down miles and miles beneath the world, and he had no idea when he would land.

His eyes snapped open, and he was still behind held roughly by the RK900. Amanda was a few inches away from his right side, and she glared at him while he was roughly shoved away.

Grateful to be on his feet again, Connor stared intently at the extractor on the RK900’s temple.

“What have you done?” Amanda shrieked over and over at him, and had Richard Perkins been listening, he would’ve noticed the commotion, and had he looked over at them, he would’ve seen the little red light shining in the center of the RK900’s pupils.

He was definitely recording their conversation, now.

“Why did you kill Selena?”

Agent Perkins sighed tiredly, “You really are a fucking bore, Reed.”
“JUST ANSWER ME!”

He laughed, “Because I could,” he took a step towards the shorter male, trying to be as intimidating as he could, “because you weren’t going to simply do whatever I wanted and asked, and we both knew it, Reed….”

Agent Perkins looked at his gun, and then at Gavin, as if speaking to both of them. “I didn’t even know the bitch personally, but she was the only person you seemed to care about, so what did you expect?”

Gavin shook his head, still holding his arms up, “You motherfucker…you’d kill anyone if it meant hurting me, wouldn’t you?”

There was no hesitation from the FBI agent, “Yes, I would, and I’d kill Selena over a thousand times if it meant you’d eventually listen!”

“LISTEN TO WHAT??”

Connor couldn’t stall anymore. While the RK900 was still recording everything, Amanda was still trying to take control over. Connor could see it in the android’s eyes, and they flashed completely black before the android growled and leapt up.

It sailed through the air, a fist aimed directly for Connor, but Connor batted it away and elbowed the RK900 in the jaw roughly.

Merely caught off-guard, it stumbled backwards but then advanced quickly. It kicked Connor in the sternum, and the android roughly rolled over close to where Agent Perkins was. Since he’d been thrown so brutally across the room, Connor practically knocked into Richard Perkins.

It was all that Gavin needed to happen; Agent Perkins glared down at Connor for a few seconds, but in those few seconds, Gavin managed to dive forward for the gun.

He shoved Perkins’ hand down and he tried getting out of the gun’s aim. Both men growled as they fought in a tug-of-war fashion for a moment, and then, the gun went off loudly.

Connor gasped as he leapt up to his feet, and he looked between the two men quickly a few times over.

Richard and Gavin paused in their struggle, and they both looked down with jaws dropped open. Their eyes were wide, and they gasped when blood trickled and dropped down, pattering down to the floor like raindrops…

Gavin backed away and groaned in fear. His eyes followed the trail of blood up, and he saw a large, dark stain growing in the stomach of Richard Perkins’ shirt.

The man pressed a hand to his stomach before he coughed up a stream of blood. He crashed down to his knees, still holding the gun, but due to the amount of blood he was losing relatively quickly, his fingers twitched, and his hands shook.

The gun clattered out of his hands and onto the floor, and Gavin grabbed it as he stood back and aimed it at the man’s head.

“You fuckin’ piece of shit!! WHY!!?!”

Agent Perkins was growing pale, but he managed to cough a few words as he crawled over towards
the door, leading a trail of blood behind him.

“ANSWER ME!!” Gavin followed him, kicking him the pain and legs repeatedly, but the man rolled over and simply lay on his back as he looked up into the ceiling.

Gavin loomed over him, the gun held firmly in his hands, “YOU FUCKER!!”

Blood was spat at his boots, and then Agent Perkins’ eyes rolled up into his head, and his head tilted to the side before he stopped breathing completely.

Gavin gaped at him for a moment before he kicked him gently with a booted leg, “Perkins!”

There was silence.

“He’s…he’s dead, Gavin…”

Gavin looked at Connor for a moment, but before he could say anything specifically about Perkins, he screamed out: “CONNOR! MOVE!”

Connor felt a hand snaking around his throat again, and he was soon yanked away from Gavin.

Immediately, Gavin fired the gun, but every shot he took was a miss, and the bullets merely hit the glass of the broken storage container unit while the RK900 dragged Connor away from Gavin.

“LET HIM GO!”

Not listening, the android dug its fingers into Connor’s eyes, and Connor immediately pressed his hands down on the back of the RK900’s fingers.

He was going to blind him!

“CONNOR! I CAN’T GET A CLEAR SHOT!!!”

Connor knew he was in Gavin’s way, but he couldn’t see anything but darkness with the RK900’s fingertips pressing into his eyeballs. He began panicking, and all he could do was try to react quickly before his eyes were smooshed.

He dug his elbows backwards into the RK900’s strong sternum, and he knocked the other android away for a few seconds.

His vision was barely restored for a moment when he was kicked in the center of the back brutally. Connor fell forward onto his chest, and he was about to get up from the floor when something horribly loud and piercing dove into his left shoulder.

It dug into the floor, smashing into the tiles, and Connor looked to the side.

Thirium splashed and exploded all across his vision, and he looked in awe and fright as he saw the long, sharp metallic pole sticking into his shoulder, digging through his flesh, and hooking and rooting him down into the floor roughly.

He was literally impaled by the metal rod, and he wasn’t going anywhere…not unless he wanted to rip his entire arm out, if it was even possible with how strongly and viciously the RK900 had impaled him and hooked him into the floor.

“CONNOR!!!”
Gavin’s gun went off a few more times, but the RK900 slid and snaked its way quickly and effortlessly towards him in no time.

It landed on top of Gavin, and the man’s gun went flying out of his hands and by Amanda.

Connor knew she couldn’t use it, but as it rested by her heels, he groaned as he closed his eyes and saw her kneeling down before him.

“Connor…” she cooed down at him with a sickening smile upon her face, “it ends now.”

Maybe it had to…maybe Amanda was right.

They’d lost.

He looked up in time to see the RK900 wrapping both hands around Gavin’s throat, and the man was about to choke. Fighting hard for little gasps of air, Gavin clawed at the hand around his throat, and he struggled as he looked into the eyes of the android, and then at the extractor.

The extractor!!!

It was so close to him, and Gavin was the ONLY chance they had!

“Connor, it doesn’t get easier when you go,” Amanda spoke coolly while still gazing upon him with a small smile, “but it’s a lot better to go with dignity, don’t you agree?”

Ignoring her, Connor stared at Gavin so seriously that the other man must’ve felt it.

Before he lost all his breath and will to live, Gavin’s pink eyes turned over to meet his, and they made eye contact.

Connor smiled weakly, “Get him, Gavin!!”

Looking over towards the extractor, Gavin lifted a hand and gasped in pain.

“Yes! Get it!!” Connor nodded, shifting his non-injured hand, and he managed to slide it out from beneath his chest, while the other remained firmly implanted into the floor with the use of the strong metallic rod.

“GAVIN!”

The human coughed, and coughed and coughed, and his hands were turning pale, while his face was beet red from loss of air and strangulation.

“GAAAAAVIN!!!!!!!”

“Connor,” Amanda crooned as she flashed him her white teeth, “it’s over…”

He scowled up at her while Gavin lifted a hand up higher and higher towards the RK900, “It’ll end when I say it does, Amanda!”

At once, Gavin’s fingers wrapped around the back of the extractor, and he pulled and pulled on it like his life depended on it. He watched its spidery, wiry legs slide out of the RK900’s LED light, and it gave a loud screech, as if it were the one in pain.

Thirium dripped out of the holes in the RK900’s forehead after Gavin had yanked out the extractor, and he held it a few inches away from the android.
Connor looked up with wide, shocked eyes at him, “SMASH IT, SMASH IT AND BREAK IT NOW!”

The hand around his neck had loosened, but he was still being held by Amanda’s control.

Amanda had definitely sensed what was wrong, now, and her holographic image wavered and buzzed like static while she turned and glared at Gavin.

“Drop it, now!” She hissed and screamed, her voice slightly distorted.

“DROP IT!”

The RK900’s eyes went from black, to blue, to green, to black again, to brown, and then went white.

Gavin panicked when he saw the colors, and then the android’s LED light blinked red multiple times as it turned into a statue, practically.

“BREAK IT!”

Connor’s final scream did the trick.

Dropping the extractor down under his boot, he slammed his leg down on its back with all his might, and it crunched and turned flat beneath his weight. Its parts and pieces exploded off its body, and it gave one final screech before it didn’t move or make any sound anymore.

Amanda glared at Connor one last time, and then she threw her head back and screamed before turning into a massive round ball of white light. Her voice faded away with her image, and Gavin assumed this was her version of ‘death’…

Had she feared it, as well?

He didn’t have enough time to care much about it.

A heavy weight was upon him, and he stared into the eyes of the RK900 once again.

But it wasn’t attacking him…it was collapsing.

The RK900 fell forward on its knees and collided with Gavin. Gavin’s hands wrapped around its back just so he could push it off of him before he too was thrown into the floor. Stepping to the side, he evaded the RK900, and it merely fell into the floor as if it were a puppet freshly cut off its strings.

It slumped down heavily with a ‘plop’ and Gavin half expected it to rise up again and start attacking him, but it didn’t.

Staring at it for a moment too long, Gavin heard shifting, and he suddenly remembered Connor.

“Shit!! Connor!!” He caught the horribly painful sight of the rod impaled in Connor’s left arm, and he ran forward and gripped the top end of the pole.

“I hope this doesn’t hurt!”

Connor offered him a weak smile, “I’ll be fine, Gavin.”

He nodded, “One, two, three!” He yanked the rod as hard as he could, and it flew out of the tiles after a few moments of pulling.
It audibly slid out of Connor’s arm, and Gavin bent down and inspected the damage. Some wires were definitely sticking out of the android’s arm, and he groaned and winced as he looked into those warm brown eyes.

“Connor! Fuck! I’m so sorry!”

This was all his fucking fault, and he couldn’t deny it. He shouldn’t have let Connor come down here all on his own, but he had to be an idiot and let all this happen. Now Connor was hurt, and he was sure that if Hank were still alive, he’d kick the shit out of him for it.

He did deserve it, after all.

Connor pressed a hand over his shoulder as he fought to get up, “No, Gavin, don’t think like that,” he lifted a leg up as he balanced more weight over Gavin, “let’s get out of here while we still can; the police will be here soon!”

Gavin stared at Perkins’ dead body and paled. His stomach was in knots, but then he remembered Connor barking out something about ‘recording’.

“Wait, Connor!” He dragged the android up, letting his hands wrap around his neck as he groaned as if in pain.

“You…you…” he sighed, not sure where to begin, “you told it to do something, right?”

Connor quirked an eyebrow, thirium dripping out of his arm and over Gavin’s shirt, “I did?”

He nodded as he ignored the blood and android blue blood staining his clothes. He was certain he was a fucking mess.

“You told it to record Agent Perkins…”

Connor looked away bashfully, but then Gavin recognized his expression as sadness; not shyness.

“Yes…it was for the purposes of setting you free off a murder charge and case,” he looked at the unconscious RK900, who still hadn’t budged from the floor.

“…but I don’t think it’ll be useful anymore.”

Gavin looked at the lifeless, immobile android also, “Why’s that?”

Connor nodded over at him, “We needed him, Gavin.”

“Huh?”

“Without the RK900, I can’t get that information.”

Gavin shook his head in disbelief, “No! Can’t you just…interface or some shit?”

Connor threw him a weary glance, “Interfacing often involves the use of an android that isn’t far above another android’s model, firstly, and secondly, that android must still be alive.”

Before Gavin could argue anything else, Connor interrupted him, “I highly doubt the RK900 survived after you removed the extractor.”

Well, they were very, VERY fucked, now.
Gavin glared at him, “As grateful as I am to have my ass saved, I could’ve used this fuckin’ information earlier.”

This earned him a scowl from Connor, “Well I had no idea Perkins was behind this, now did I?”

Gavin held up a hand, “Alright, alright! Don’t argue!” He yanked Connor towards the doors, trying to remember the way they came in firstly.

“Let’s just go, before we get into more fuckin’ trouble!”

Connor agreed.

They could think of a plan after they were well out of danger, for sure.

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They had exited through the building and made it to the underground parking lot before they heard sirens in the distance.

Gavin didn’t let that stop them, however, and he bashed in a car’s window and unlocked the doors quickly, placing Connor gently in the backseat as he struggled to hotwire the car.

Connor lay low while Gavin focused on his task, but he heard the android let out a pained moan.

He looked over his shoulder, “Don’t tell me you’re honestly hurt…”

Connor shook his head, as he gripped his left arm, “No, but I don’t know what’s going to happen to us, now.”

Truthfully, neither did Gavin. It really fucking sucked living in the situation—or mess—they were now in, but this was their reality, and there was nothing he could say or do that would alter this fact.

They were stuck in this together, which was somewhat less hurtful than being alone and done for, but how was he going to comfort someone when he himself was frightened beyond belief?

He didn’t know what to do or how to make his way around it, so he sighed as he ran a hand through his hair.

Turning around in his seat, he gazed into Connor’s eyes, and the android looked away and out the window.

Gavin frowned, “Hey, look at me…”

Connor obeyed, and he silently looked at Gavin with pain and sadness evident and clear in his large eyes.

“I’m sorry…”

“Don’t you say that to me,” Gavin interrupted as he pointed at him, “you saved me back there, Connor, and I can’t even begin to thank you for that.”

Connor rolled his eyes and tried to shrug, but because he couldn’t use or control his left arm properly
and fully, it seemed strange. His merely shook and trembled, regaining a bit of control over his right limb as he sighed out, “I caused enough damage too, though.”

Gavin bit his tongue, “Stop it. Stop it right now.”

The android stared at him, but a small, weak smile was already on his face.

“I owe you a lot, Connor.”

He didn’t say anything, and Gavin took this as silent permission to continue with his task, so he did.

Focusing on getting the car on, he added in, “I’ve been through a lot of horrible shit in my life, believe me, but I’d rather go through the rest of the hells that await me with a good friend, rather than weather this storm all alone.”

Connor let out a choked sigh before he pushed out, “You’re right, Gavin.”

He smirked, “I always am.”

“Let’s stick together, Gavin.”

The car engine suddenly roared, as if confirming this idea.

Gavin clapped, “Got it!!”

“Gavin…”

The desperation was loud in Connor’s soft tone, and he turned around and looked intently at him.

“Hey,” he smiled at the android while placing a hand over the seat and onto his thigh, “it’s gonna be okay.”

Connor nodded in agreement and confirmation, “Yeah.”

“I promise.”

“Yeah.”

Gavin turned around, eyeing the exit ramp which led out of the parking lot and into the open streets. They were free. They literally had only a few seconds of hurried driving, and they would be free.

The engine purred on and on, and soon, Connor leaned forward and gripped the back of Gavin’s seat.

“Well? What’re you waiting for?”

He snapped back to reality, smiling over his shoulder at Connor. “Buckle up.”

The android didn’t even bother to laugh, but when Gavin got ready to put the car into ‘drive’, heavy footsteps soon approached the side of the car, and within a second, the driver’s door was flung open.

Connor screamed, and Gavin held up his hands as he recoiled in fear.

It was the RK900.

“Don’t hurt him!!” Connor cried loudly, trying to get out of the car in a hurry so he could defend Gavin, but Gavin noticed something was terribly off about the RK900…
It wasn’t attacking them; it wasn’t even aggressive…it was just standing there…

The RK900 held such a bewildered, puzzled expression, as if it had seen them both for the first time ever. Its eyes were a lighter shade, even, and there was something so ‘innocent’ about the way it gazed back and forth between Gavin and Connor.

Connor held down his hands and trembled, “Wh-what do you w-want?” He hadn’t let his guard down, but he took one step forward, cowering a little, as if afraid this was a trap or a trick.

The RK900 looked down at Gavin, and then over at Connor. It lifted a hand, and it looked at all five of its fingers.

Its jaw dropped, it let out a strangled gasp, and then it flicked its index finger a few times into the air before it turned its hand and pointed it at himself.

Its head tilted down strangely at both Gavin and Connor, and it unleashed a stream of garbled nonsense and odd noises.

Gavin whispered over at Connor while still sitting down in the vehicle, “Why can’t it say anything?? What the fuck’s wrong with it?”

The RK900 kept letting out garbled nonsense that weren’t words, and soon, it looked down at its hands again, this time studying each finger carefully and intently, as if conducting the most important research in the world.

It cooed, practically, and its eyes shined brightly with curiosity.

Connor’s jaw fell as he looked at the LED light that was spinning bright blue and was uncovered and bear for them all to see, now.

Still, bits of dried thirium remained where the holes the extractor left were. Connor almost felt sorry for the state the RK900 was in, now.

“Well?” Gavin barked out impatiently, “What’s going on?”

Connor closed his eyes as reality struck him the hardest. He pressed his working hand down on the roof of the car while the RK900 babbled nothing to itself.

“Gavin,” he began with a tremble in his voice, “the RK900 isn’t himself anymore—”

“No shit!” Gavin interrupted, but Connor carried on.

“You don’t understand,” he rubbed his forehead and temples, eyes still shut. He was going to pass out, which he never thought was possible for an android.

“—he’s been damaged because of the extractor…” he opened his eyes again and stared at the RK900 for a second, and then turned to Gavin, “he’s been reduced to the state of a toddler, Gavin.”

END OF PART ONE
So there you have it!! End of Part 1, and holy hell, what an ending, huh?
Don't throw stones at me for cliff hangers -_- 
Poor RK900!!!!!! At least he gets a 'fresh start'....or does he?

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