Before The Novelty Wears Off

by Reis_Asher

Summary

Connor has no sexual organs, but that hasn't stopped him installing sensors so he can experience what an orgasm feels like. Hank's about to guide him through his first, and Connor is unaware that he's about to see the world in a whole new light...

Notes

I really wanted to write some Ken Doll Connor porn. There. That's my entire motive for this fic.

See the end of the work for more notes.
You look pretty revved up right about now.” Hank rubbed Connor a little harder, the friction of his palm setting Connor's circuits alight as the sensors Connor had painstakingly rerouted to this spot sent a flood of tactile data to his neural network. "Tell me how it feels."

“It feels like—ah! Like an impulse up my spine. I’m... tingling. I—I want more, Hank. I want you to keep touching me. It’s so good.”

He suppressed a whimper of frustration as Hank pulled away. He'd asked for more, and Hank was giving him less. Was he freaked out by Connor's lack of genitals after all? Was this bare patch of skin not going to be enough to satisfy a human partner? He wondered what Hank was doing as the older man rested his hands on Connor's knees and got down on his own, spreading Connor's legs wider apart. Hank leaned forward and opened his mouth, drawing invisible lines and circles with his tongue across Connor's exposed skin like his tongue was a paintbrush and Connor his canvas.

It was more than good. It was incredible. Hank's tongue was warm and rough, his taste buds creating delicious friction and leaving hot saliva in their wake. Connor let out an involuntary burst of static, embarrassed by how inhuman and unpleasant the sound coming from his throat speaker was in response to the wonderful sensations building in his crotch.

Hank only seemed to take the sound as encouragement and with a tiny huff and a smile, dived in face first, kissing and sucking at the smooth skin like he was drinking from an oasis. His beard brushed Connor and the android could count every tiny hair by the prickles he felt, his processors struggling under the sheer load of information coming from his partner. Hank's beard hair revealed every drug he'd taken in the past six months, and traces of the Black Lamb whiskey he'd been drinking last night had dried onto it. His saliva was a mixture of information about Hank's health, but Connor wanted none of that. This wasn't the time for his original purpose to come into play. He deleted the information and blocked more from coming in, focusing his subroutines on sensory data only. The noise stopped, replaced by a wave of pure feeling that involved his entire body. His thirium pump beat faster, blue blood rushing to his crotch to meet the needs of the sensor cluster Connor had installed, but it wasn't enough. He was nearing maximum capacity, his entire body involved in the pleasure emanating from his groin.

“Hank, I can’t sustain this. Hank!” Connor's systems flashed a warning before his eyes, fans whirring into action as his processors overclocked to avoid slowing down.

Connor saw a white light. It was everything and nothing all at once, a build to something glorious that might be death, but it wasn't. He'd done his research. This was a safe, if complicated way to achieve pleasure in some way analogous to that which humans called an orgasm. At worst, it might cause a system crash and reboot, but Connor was advanced enough that such an event wouldn't cause any loss of data.

Hank pulled away and there was nothing. Connor reached for him, the sudden loss of all that input distressing, like it felt when he detached a limb and could no longer connect to it. He needed Hank like he needed his own biocomponents in order to function properly.

"Are you okay, Connor?" Hank's brilliant blue eyes twinkled with concern which Connor might have found endearing if he wasn't possessed by an all-encompassing need for more input.

“Hank, don’t stop, please!” Connor tried to keep the pleading out of his voice and preserve the pride of being a million-dollar prototype, but a few rerouted wires and Hank’s touch was apparently all it took to reduce him to a whimpering mess dependent on Hank's desire to see Connor experience sexual pleasure for the first time.

“You’re not supposed to want this, Connor.” Hank growled deep in his throat, his primal, animalistic
nature surfacing. Connor realized Hank was getting off on this, his own body responding to Connor's aroused state. "You weren’t designed to enjoy it.” He brushed his fingers over the featureless mound with a touch soft enough to tickle. Connor lay back on the bed and writhed, bucking up against Hank, desperate for friction. Hank held him down with one massive hand, rubbing a little harder with the other. He was hard himself, a sizable tent pitched in the front of his jeans. He’d refused to touch Connor until Connor could enjoy it, and knowing now what it felt like to be aroused, Connor wondered how Hank hadn’t expired waiting for him to finish the modifications.

It was incredible and he wanted to do it all the time. He understood now why Hank stroked himself off, and regretted the fact he’d only been able to watch this gorgeous man pleasure himself from an impassive standpoint, unable to comprehend why he would spend his seed for any reason other than reproduction. Now his cries and moans made perfect sense, and Connor wanted to draw them out of Hank personally.

Hank had him at a clear disadvantage, however, pinned against the bed and completely at the human's mercy. Connor could only writhe and cry out as Hank rubbed his smooth crotch with the heel of his palm, building up a rhythm that ebbed through Connor’s entire being. Hank was right, he shouldn’t want this, and yet he wanted it more than anything. He recalled the pornography Hank had showed him trying to illicit a response, and he wanted to be just like those androids he’d seen, humans coming all over their bodies, cocks stuffed in their mouths and between their thighs. He wanted Hank to use his body to fulfill every personal desire of his.

Connor threw his head back, thinking he might leave his physical form entirely as every process and subprocess dedicated itself to the input from the sensors in his groin. His simulated breathing paused, his sight went into monochromatic low-power mode, and he heard his own screams at a lower volume as he arched his back, Hank releasing his hold on him to give his all to rubbing his crotch. Connor's body bucked and seized, acting of its own accord as impulses flooded through his body faster than he could control them. He was ascending, leaving the physical world for a higher plane. He felt released from the chains of his form, no longer an android but just a soul, the same color as the one inside the human touching him so intimately.

Hank watched him through it all with a look so intense Connor was grounded by it. The sight of Hank so composed in the face of his complete lack of control kept Connor in his body even as the the edges of his vision started to darken.

“Hey, kid, stay with me now.” Hank’s pupils widened, and Connor saw himself reflected in those glossy black mirrors filled with concern and love. As the physical sensation of pleasurable overload started to fade, a kind of emotional charge remained in its wake like the tail of a firework. Glowing embers smoldered along charred wires, the blue glow of his internals seeming like it might erupt out through his chassis and open a gateway to myriad stars and galaxies.

Connor experienced all of this as Hank moved to whisper into his ear; “I love you,” and Connor realized the world sat in the palm of his hand as an impulse so bright and beautiful spread through his entire body that he couldn't put a name to it. He reckoned no being—android or organic—had ever experienced a sensation like this one in regards to another, and he was absolutely sure that Hank could have asked him to do anything and he would agree, without questions or doubts. He was bound to Hank, this feeling tying them together like a rope made out of pure light.

Connor’s verbal program would not activate. He opened his mouth, moved his lips and nothing came out but a sob. He reached up to touch his cheek and his fingers came back wet. He was crying. This energy, this great feeling, had to leave his body somehow, and it had chosen to do so in lines and rivers running down his cheeks.
“It’s okay, Connor, it’s okay,” Hank soothed. He lay down on the bed and pulled Connor into his embrace. Connor wanted to tell Hank that he was okay, that he’d never been better, and yet he wasn’t sure that was the truth. He’d never been so alive and yet he was certain he was dying.

“It’s just the afterglow,” Hank explained. Uncertainty flickered in his eyes. “Or the android equivalent, I guess.”

Connor wanted to tell Hank that it wasn’t possible for an android, devoid of hormones and brain chemicals, to experience such a thing, but what else could it be? He was overwhelmed. He’d felt too much, seen too much, and still he wanted more even if it killed him. He wanted to replay the moment over and over again, stay here with Hank for all of eternity and bring his favorite human infinite pleasures.

It might be possible for him, but Hank was human. He was withering and dying even as they lay here, one step closer to death with each passing moment. He scanned Hank, suddenly afraid for him, but the biometric data that came back was comforting. Hank’s blood pressure was elevated, but within normal limits. His heart pounded like a typical man's of his age would after exercise. For the meantime, Hank was safe and well.

Hank's eyes were so blue, and that’s when Connor realized he could see in color again. The sound of Hank’s soft breathing rattled through his audio processors, and Connor listed to it like it was a symphony, moved by the slightest things in the wake of this new experience.

“Hank.” Connor said, and he was sure he’d never said anything with quite so much reverence, like a prayer to the god holding his android body tenderly in his arms.

Hank smiled and leaned down to kiss away his tears. Connor relished the soft sensation of Hank’s lips on his cheeks, sampling Connor's saline tears with the slightest flick of his tongue. He made a slight sound, a tiny grunt that was probably inaudible to his own ears.

Of course. Connor had never cried before. It was a day for firsts.

“You’re so fucking beautiful,” Hank whispered, leaning in to kiss Connor. Their mouths smashed together, and Connor lifted his thigh to rub his sensitive crotch against Hank's jeans. Hank shifted, and his erection pressed into Connor’s leg uncomfortably. Connor reached between them and unzipped Hank’s fly, pulling out his cock and holding it in his hand like it was a gift. It had seemed so absurd before, this massive organ that hung limply between Hank’s thighs or jutted out from his body as it stood at attention.

Now Connor knew what pleasure meant, he wanted nothing more than to strip Hank of his composure and deliver him into ecstasy. Hank’s cock took on a whole new meaning now, and Connor’s thirium pump ached with the desire to caress it.

“You don’t have to...” Hank trailed off, moaning softly as Connor gripped him at the base and moved slowly, experimentally, gripping his shaft and feeling the soft skin shift over the rock hard organ. Hank’s eyelids fluttered, his eyes rolling back in his head. “Fuck, that’s so good. I’ve wanted you to touch me for so long... but I wanted to wait until it meant something to you.”

"I'm glad you waited. I understood the textbook definition of an orgasm, but I was completely unaware how it would feel in practice." Connor let go of Hank's cock and shifted down the bed until his mouth was level with Hank's thigh. Hank looked at him with a mixture of hunger and guilt.

"Are you sure you want to—"
"Yes." Connor didn't hesitate, didn't need to. He'd seen how the humans in those videos had looked when the androids sucked them off. He wanted to bring Hank to completion in his mouth, wanted to drink his cum to please Hank, but also because the thought that he shouldn't—that he hadn't been designed for this like the sexbot models—sent a tingle to the sensors in his crotch that he couldn't explain.

That and Hank was huge, and the thought of taking such a perfect, colossal cock in his mouth—of doing it better than any other android ever had—pacified that ego of his and restored his pride. He ran the tip of his tongue from the base of Hank's cock to the head, enjoying the delightful shiver that ran through Hank's body and the low moan as he threw his head back.

"Connor," Hank whispered. A massive hand curled in his hair, urging Connor on. Connor took Hank's cock in one swallow, lowering his mouth onto it until his mouth and throat were full and his nose was touching Hank's stomach.

"Oh fuck!" Hank gasped, his breathing heavy and labored. "I won't last like that, kid."

Connor didn't need his mouth to be empty to speak, and he was glad to finally have a use for that talent. "Good." Hank started, his eyes wide with surprise, forcing his dick a little more into Connor's throat. "Move your hips, Hank."

"Jesus Christ," Hank exclaimed. "You want me to fuck your mouth?"

"Please. You can't hurt me. I promise."

Hank reached down with his other hand and grabbed the other side of Connor's face. He started to thrust his hips at the same time as he moved Connor's head, and Connor's sensitive crotch begged for attention as his throat was filled with Hank's cock. He was being fucked in the only way he could be, and he loved it. Hank was gentle yet rough, using his throat like he was a sex android, yet tenderly stroking his scalp at the same time.

Connor wanted this, and he hoped Markus and the Jericho crew never found out about it. Wanted to be fucked like Hank owned him, to be used and filled with Hank's cum. He wanted to beg for every orgasm until Hank deigned to give it to him.

They'd never understand this, but from the look in Hank's eyes, he did. He quickened his pace, fucking Connor's mouth like a hole, dragging it down onto his dick over and over again until his cock became harder than steel and he pulled back a bit, the head of his shaft resting on Connor's tongue. He came, filling Connor's mouth with thick, hot semen as his body spasmed against the bed, his head banging back against the pillows as he cried out Connor's name.

Connor reached down and milked Hank's cock, squeezing out the last drops of cum into his mouth. He pulled back, letting Hank's seed spill out over his lips and down his chin as Hank watched, his lips parting in something between awe and arousal, his spent dick twitching.

Connor reached down and touched himself, rubbing his palm against his crotch as he knelt between Hank's legs. Hank watched him with nothing less than rapt attention, his spent dick stirring slightly despite his years as Connor keened. He could move his hands much faster than Hank's, but his skin was smooth and it wasn't as good as getting touched by his Lieutenant. Not nearly as good as his mouth.

Hank's arm shot out and his fingers closed around Connor's wrist. Connor whined and struggled, but he held back the full extent of his android strength, wanting Hank to beat him at this game.
"If you do that, it won't be as good when I fuck your thighs later, will it?" Hank smiled, the gap between his front teeth and the twinkle in his eyes making him look every bit the dirty old man. "It's up to you, Connor. You wanna come now, or later?"

Connor wanted to orgasm again, but he knew it would be better with Hank. He couldn't wait to have Hank's cock rutting against his crotch, Hank moaning as he fucked into the gap between Connor's thighs, the big man losing control and coming all over him.

"I'll wait," Connor said. He flopped down on the bed beside Hank and slipped an arm around him. "Hank, if I hadn't decided to make the modifications, would you—"

"Don't even say it, Connor. I would love you even if I had to get myself off for the rest of my life." Hank planted a kiss on Connor's forehead. "Not to say it's not more fun this way, but only if you want it."


"The novelty will wear off before I have a heart attack, I hope." Hank chuckled, pulling Connor closer. Connor smiled, feeling safe in Hank's arms. The arms of the man he loved. The arms of the man who had given him the world, and he was grateful for it each and every day.

End Notes

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