More Human Than Human

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Relationship: Genos/Saitama (One-Punch Man)
Character: Saitama (One-Punch Man), Genos (One-Punch Man), Bang | Silver Fang, Iaian (One-Punch Man), Garou (One-Punch Man), Sonic (One-Punch Man), Fubuki (One-Punch Man), Metal Bat (One-Punch Man), Mumen Rider | License-less Rider, King (One-Punch Man), Child Emperor (One-Punch Man), Okamaitachi (One-Punch Man)

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by Blueismybusiness, kool_kat_1020

Summary

Set in a dystopian post-apocalyptic future in which synthetic humans known as replicants are bio-engineered by the powerful Kuseno Corporation to work on off-world colonies. When a fugitive group of replicants led by Garou escapes back to Earth, burnt-out cop Saitama reluctantly agrees to hunt them down.

Notes

This will update once a week.

See the end of the work for more notes.
Chapter 1

Chapter by kool_kat_1020

The portable noodle bar is parked on a busy street corner and crowded with customers sitting on stools slurping their food out of bowls. They hunch beneath the awning, trying to stay out of the misty drizzle that permanently coats the city. Saitama stands near the counter waiting for a seat. He's in his mid twenties, average but athletic; with a rumpled overcoat and stubble that doesn’t quite cast a shadow. He is as bald as a baby, with the dark bags under his eyes and dull expression of a man well past his prime. Just another guy in the background browsing the newspaper made of recycled tissue paper, before he glances at the drone passing noisily overhead.

As the drone drifts through the tall buildings, advertisements appear on the sides of the monitor screens: ATTENTION FAMILY-MAKERS! OPPORTUNITY! AUTOMATIC ADVANCEMENT! TOP PAY! NUMEROUS BONUSES! SPECIAL INCENTIVES! NINE PAID VACATIONS PER YEAR!

An accompanying soundtrack proclaims, with enthusiasm, the virtues of Offworld emigration. “The Dominguez-Shimata colony wants supervisory recruits and families. Join us in a clean, fresh environment featuring the invigorating Johnson and Murakami California Climate! Enjoy the numerous recreation areas and resorts such as the famous Elysium Crater Resort!”

Saitama sighs and turns another page, ‘After "World War Terminus" the results of the war are still apparent. Life on Earth has been greatly damaged by global nuclear war. Most animal species are endangered or even extinct from extreme radiation poisoning. The Earth's polluted atmosphere has led the United Nations to encourage mass immigration to off-world colonies to preserve humanity's genetic integrity. By staying behind now, people have made it almost impossible for themselves to leave the planet later—staying behind, it was believed, meant poisoning their bodies and endangering the fertility of the species. Now, hardly anyone remains on Earth, and they are all virtually forbidden to leave.’

The flying drone continues its chatter, snapping Saitama out of his thoughts. “Let our abundant man-made labour force cater to your personal needs! Use your new friend as a personal attendant or a tireless worker -- the custom-tailored, genetically engineered humanoid replicant designed especially for your needs.”

Saitama snorted dismissively, ‘Of course, they sweeten the pot with a free replicant - "Andies" if you're being nice, "skin jobs" if you're being nasty. Replicants were used offworld as slave labor, in the hazardous exploration and colonization of other planets. After a bloody mutiny by a NEXUS 6 combat team in an offworld colony, replicants were declared illegal on earth - under penalty of death. Special police squads - BLADE RUNNER UNITS - had orders to shoot to kill, upon detection, any trespassing replicant. This was not called execution. It was called retirement.’

Saitama glances overhead once more as the drone drifts off among the buildings like a fish disappearing in seaweed, the noisy voice fading in the distance. “If you meet health and experience qualifications for the Offworld Emigration Programs... the standard OPE short form... there's a place for you at the Dominguez-Shimata Colonies. Give yourself a brand new world! A new life awaits you in the offworld colonies. The chance to begin again in a golden land of opportunity and adventure, absolutely free.”

Saitama returns to his paper. It’s nothing new, really. What he needs now is a job. ‘They don't advertise for killers in a newspaper,’ he thought. ‘No one’s looking for an ex-cop, ex-Blade Runner.
An ex-killer.

It takes him a moment before he notices the man behind the counter is beckoning to him to a newly vacated seat. Saitama takes it and the worker, an elderly Japanese man, slaps a menu in front of him. No words on the menu, just pictures of sliced fish parts. Saitama points to one and holds up four fingers. The Counterman looks at the menu, squints, then confirms the order by holding up two fingers. Saitama shakes his head "no" and repeats his four fingers and asks for noodles. The Counterman nods, corrected, and hurries off.

Whap! Within minutes, the Counterman slaps a bowl of noodles and a pot of tea that Saitama didn’t even order in front of him. Then he puts the little bowl with the two slices of fish on the counter. Saitama looks at the fish. Two slices of fish. He looks at the Counterman and holds up four fingers. The Counterman looks down at the two slices of fish, looks like two to him. He looks at Saitama as though Saitama was a fool and holds up two fingers. He can count!

Saitama stares blankly at the fish. Can't win. 'Sushi, that's what my ex-wife, Tatsumaki, called me. Cold fish.' he sighs and stares at his meal,

'I'm facing a big problem… my emotions are weakening day after day. In other words I'm becoming emotional numb. I feel no fear, no joy. I feel no excitement, no anger either. Could it be I lost something that is essential for a human being?

'Before when I got into fights, my heart was filled with all kinds of emotions… fear, panic, anger, but now, it's not like that at all. No matter what I am up against be it replicants, mutants, or freaks, there is no life or death struggle, no battle of wits and guts to be found any more. I just don't feel anything when I beat them. I guess it's only natural.

'I guess I could get one of those new mood-organs and input a drug to make me feel those things, but that seems like cheating and they're expensive as hell.'

He starts to eat and that's when he feels a tap on his shoulder. He glances over his right shoulder. A huge cop in uniform is looming behind him. Saitama feels funny, looks left. Another cop is looming over his left shoulder. Saitama is tapped again from the right. Turning again he realizes that it isn't the cop tapping him, it's the short Japanese guy next to the cop. The guy's got beady eyes and a shit eating grin.

Snek: ^<><_[/\][\]/(<\]/>
(“Sir, you will please come with me now.”)

“Wait your turn, pal.” saitama says and turns back to his food.

The Counterman butts in translating for him, “He say you under arrest, Mr. Saitama.”

Saitama turns and finds Snek waving a badge in his face, but turns back to his food, “Got the wrong guy, pal.”

Saitama thinks, 'The charmer's name was Snek. I'd seen him around. Bang must have upped him to the Blade Runner unit.'

("Ah, don't shit me, man, you're the Boogeyman in every mean joint in town!") Snek yammers on.

Saitama flinches at the word "Boogeyman," but goes on eating, but now he knows it's not a mistake.

("You are a Blade Runner in the Four Sector and after the slaughter at the steel shop they called you Mister Nighttime.")
The Counterman gives only the highlights, “He say you Blade Runner.”

“Tell him I'm eating.” Saitama says with a mouthful of noodles.

Saitama thinks, ‘That gibberish he talked was city-speak, gutter talk, a mishmash of Japanese, Spanish, German, what have you. I didn’t really need a translator. I knew the lingo, every good cop did. But I wasn't going to make it easier for him.’

(“Please tell this notorious gentleman that I am acting as an emissary from Captain Bang and Captain Bang has ordered me to bring Mr. Saitama to headquarters even if I have to serve him up like sushi.”)

Saitama looks disgusted and resigned, “Bang, huh?”

Saitama, still holding his bowl of noodles, is climbing into a police hover-car, or spinner as the cops call it, after Snek as the two cops loom over him. One of the cops shuts the spinner door behind Saitama and the spinner lifts off in a flurry of wind.

The spinner zips through the canyons of the city. Saitama is sitting gloomily in the passenger seat, still eating from his bowl with chopsticks while he watches the maze of suspension bridges, platforms and catwalks swim by below. The tops of larger buildings emblazoned with fluorescent numerals and scrawls of neon ads.

Snek maneuvers the spinner chattering in rapid city-speak. (“I told Bang I could take care of this myself. Just move me up. I'll do the job, I told him. Five phonies. I just air 'em out,”) he imitates shooting, “Bow! Bow! Bow!”

Saitama looks at Snek uncomprehendingly.

Snek, continuing in city-speak, (“But no,”) he says. (“Bang thinks you're hot shit, smartest spotter, baddest Blade Runner. You don't look so hot to me. Don't even shave. Bad grooming reflects on the whole department. You don't dress well, that reflects on me... makes the whole department look like shit. The skin jobs look better than you do! What's the point of wiping out skin jobs if they look better than Enforcement? Pretty soon the public will want skin jobs for Enforcement. I guess you'd prefer that, hunh? That why you quit?”)

Saitama looks at Snek and plays dumb, “I don't understand a word you're saying.”

Snek glares and mutters, turning his attention to navigation of the spinner, (“Exactly! Whatta jerk! If I wasn't up for promotion I'd put this baby in a hot spin and leave your dinner all over the glass!”)

The spinner flies low along the center of a busy street and then turns right to The police HQ, an enormous grey vault of a building. The spinner slides toward the pad, cuts speed and gently touches down as another lifts off.

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Bang is sitting behind his big desk, an old man with silver hair, thick white eyebrows and a thick white mustache, but muscled and lean like somebody's ripped grandpa. His face is a road map of Wrinkles and his hard blue eyes have seen shit.
"Hi ya Sai." Bang's already smiling at him, not a good sign.

Saitama is standing in the doorway, still in the custody of Snek. Saitama glares at Bang and doesn't answer. Bang dismisses Snek with a head movement. Saitama glares at Snek who glares back as he departs.

“Bang.” Saitama says cordially enough.

“You wouldn't have come if I'd just asked you to. Sit down pal.”

Saitama glares at Bang without moving.

“C'mon don't be an asshole Saitama. I've got five skin jobs walking the streets.”

Saitama sits, 'Skin jobs, that's what Bang called replicants. In history books he is the kind of cop that used to arrest someone for walking while black.'

Bang continues, “They jumped a shuttle offworld -- killed the crew and passengers.”

Saitama's eyebrows shoot up his forehead. This isn't usual.

“They found the shuttle drifting off the coast two weeks ago, so we know they're around.” Bang is pouring bourbon into a thick shot glass. He passes the amber tumbler to Saitama who takes it and holds it to the light.

“Embarrassing.” Saitama says with a smirk.

“No sir. Not embarrassing, 'cause no one's ever going to find out they're down here. 'Cause you're going to spot them, and you're going to air them out.”

‘By “air them out” he means kill them,’ Saitama downs his drink and slides the empty back. “I don't work here anymore. Give it to Iaian, he's good.” And turns to go.

“I did.”

Saitama freezes and turns back. “And?”

“He can breathe okay as long as nobody unplugs him. He's not good enough, not good as you.” Bang has a sinister grin, “I need you, Sai. This is a bad one, the worst yet. I need the old Boogieman, I need your magic.”

“I was quit when I come in here, Bang, I'm twice as quit now.” Opens the door to walk out.

“Stop right where you are.”

Saitama freezes at the hard tone.

“You know the score pal. If you're not cop, you're little people.”

“No choice, huh?”

“No choice pal.”

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Saitama and Bang are sitting in the dark looking at a series of flickering holograms. Saitama has a bored expression on his face. The two watch a video of a blade runner named Iaian administering the "Voigt-Kampff" test. The test subject, Baddo, shoots Iaian on the second question.

While the video plays Bang briefs him on his mission, “There was an escape from the offworld colonies two weeks ago. Six replicants, three male, three female. They slaughtered twenty-three people and jumped a shuttle. An aerial patrol spotted the ship off the coast. No crew, no sight of them. Three nights ago they tried to break into Kuseno Corporation. One of them got fried running through an electrical field. We lost the others. On the possibility they might try to infiltrate his employees, I had Iaian go over and run Voight-Kampff tests on the new workers. Looks like he got himself one.” Bang points to the man taking the Voight-Kampff test, “That's Baddo, ammunition loader on the intergalactic front. He can lift 400 pound atomic loads all day and and night. Only way to hurt him is to kill him.”

“Well I don't get it.” Saitama starts, “What do they risk coming to Earth for? They coulda hid out? That's unusual. Why--what do they want out of the Kuseno Corporation?”

“Well you tell me pal, that's what you're here for.”

Bang Pulls up a video file on holographic display, a bright image of a naked man in a white tiled room with a white floor... an slaughterhouse without blood. The naked man is very athletic. His face reveals nothing as he executes one physical demonstration after another.... one handed pushups, gymnastic contortions and so on. An accompanying soundtrack drones boringly and while we might pick up a few key words such as "emigration", "incentive" and "Man made" they are the music to which the image exercises. The screen changes and the man is in a loincloth battering a metal post with his fists. The smile on his face indicates a total lack of pain. He continues to pummel the post mercilessly his hands becoming bloody. The only sound is the man humming Beethoven's 9th.

Saitama begins to look interested. “Who's this?”


“They must want something pretty important to risk coming back here. What do the rest look like?”

Bang pushes a button. And a series of revolving still shots of Pris, and Fubuki appear on the screen. “This is Fubuki. She's trained for an off-world kick-murder squad. Talk about beauty and the beast, she's both.” he flicks hand. “The fourth skin job is Pris. A basic pleasure model. The standard item for military clubs in the outer colonies.” he flicks hand again, “The fifth is Sonic, another combat model. An assassin trained in the art of espionage, and infiltration, but it doesn't matter because they've been on surface long enough to go to a face sculptor and have a whole new identity. That illegal operation is so good all you get is a small scar behind the ears and boom, APBs are worthless.”

“Why the Kuseno Corporation? Why would they return to the place of their manufacture?”

“Maybe they want to find out when they were made?”

“Why would they bother?”

“They were designed to copy human beings in every way except their emotions. The designers reckoned that after a few years they might develop their own emotional responses. You know, hate, love, fear, anger, envy. So they built in a fail-safe device.”

“Which is what?” Saitama asks.
“Four year life span.” Bang’s big white mustache raised with an evil grin.

The screens go blank and the lights go on. Bang pours two more drinks and hands one to Saitama, “You got one more problem, pal.” Saitama downs the glass. “Looks like Iaian found out that V-K machine doesn't work on the Nexus 6. Now there's a Nexus 6 over at the Kuseno Corporation. I want you to go administer the latest empathy test on it to confirm its accuracy.”

“And if the machine doesn't work?” Saitama didn't expect an answer but he got one anyway.

“If the machine fails, we're in deep shit.” Bang says while taking a drink.
Chapter 2

Chapter by kool_kat_1020

Chapter Summary

Saitama visits the other blade runner in the hospital.

Small green letterforms skim soundlessly across a dark glass panel. Beneath the panel a pallid face reads excerpts from Treasure Island, mouthing the words as they appear in front of him. While reading, he is flat on his back in a breather, an iron- lung-type of device covered in indicator lights and exotic paraphernalia. The hospital room is in complete darkness. His breaths come in sharp rasps between words.

Saitama standing in the shadows asks, “Whatcha reading?”

Iaian startles, and looks up at the mirror angled over his head, craning his neck back to see who it is. “Saitama! Good to see ya, buddy. It’s Treasure Island. An old favourite.”

Saitama looks down at Iaian and doesn’t say anything. It's just a bed and a beeping machine, no cards or anything, and just one visitors chair, like no one is expected to come. It's bleak, it's sad, it's hollow, and it hurts seeing him like this.

“Pretty awful, huh?” Iaian asks at Saitama's long pause.

“Naw, you look great! Absolutely terrific! Never saw ya look better. Jesus, you look good.” Saitama pinches Iaian's cheek, “Great complexion! Suit looks really nice. Who's your tailor?” Saitama is trying to make a joke, mocking hospital good cheer but the touch of bitterness in his voice reveals his sympathy for Iaian.

Tears wet Iaian's eyes despite his wry smile, “A big fucking skin job put the smash on me, wrecked me up! Look at me, for Christ sake!”

Saitama crosses his arms and works at being hard, “Ya blew it, huh?“

Iaian blinks away his tears and groans, “It ain't like it used to be, Sai. It's tough now. These replicants aren't just a buncha muscle miners anymore, they're no goddamn different than you or me…”

Saitama's interests are peaked and sits down, resting his elbows on the glass, “So what happened?”

“Ten days ago, Security at the Kuseno Corp found three intruders in the records room. Killed one, two got away. You follow?”

Saitama nods.

“They do a routine autopsy on the one that got aired and.. whaddya know? A skin job, one of the ones that busted out! Top drawer replicant.. combat type.. Nexus six.”

“Pretty sexy, the sixes.” Saitama tries to make light of the situation.
“Sexy! Three hours into the autopsy they still think they're cutting up a human. No marks, nothing.” Saitama looks impressed. Satisfied, Iaian continues. “I decided to check out all new employees at Kuseno. I test 26 boring jerks until in comes this guy Baddo Somebody, nothing special but very big…,” he pauses, “Anyway....”

“What you Voight-Kampff him?”

Iaian's eyes flutter a moment. Saitama waits. The breathing changes rhythm. “Yeah! I thought maybe I was getting something…… Maybe it doesn't work on these ones Sai. It's all over, it's a wipe out, they're almost us, Sai, they're a disease, they're…”

“Take it easy, take it easy…. Kuseno Corp's got one. I'm gonna VK it tomorrow.” Saitama gets up and gives Iaian phony good cheer.

Just as Saitama turns to leave, Iaian stops him. "Wait!" He obeys, turning back around. Iaian gestures to an off-white button on a little remote just out of reach on his bed. "Push it! Push that button!"

Saitama pushes it then asks, “What's it for?”

“Pain!”
Saitama flies to the enormous Kuseno building and he looks very rumpled as he sits sleepily in the passenger seat drinking coffee from a mug and smoking.

Saitama thinks to himself, 'I'd quit because I'd had a belly full of killing. But then I'd rather be a killer than a victim. And that's exactly what Bang's threat about little people meant. So I hooked in once more, thinking that if I couldn't take it, I'd split later. I didn't have to worry about Snek. He was brown-nosing for a promotion, so he didn't want me back anyway.'

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Saitama is inside the Kuseno building, waiting in a large conference room with a view. He thinks about his mission, 'The Kuseno Corporation advanced robot evolution into the NEXUS phase - a being virtually identical to a human - known as a replicant. Manufactured on Mars, The NEXUS 6 replicants were superior in strength and agility, and at least equal in intelligence, to the genetic engineers who created them. They are constructed of organic materials so similar to a human's that only a tedious bone marrow analysis can independently prove the difference. Because the Kuseno Corporation is based on Mars, not Earth, there’s almost no legal way to recall the Nexus-Six replicants. To save time in identifying incognito replicants various polygraph-style tests have been devised.'

While he waits a large barn owl flies over head and rests on a perch.

Then a beautiful young man in his early twenties dressed with taste and dignity approaches Saitama, “Do you like our owl?” His blonde hair is slicked and parted and he wore makeup that accentuate his cheekbones. Saitama notices his long eyelashes, which are probably artificial.

Saitama asks, “It's real?” but thinks about, ‘On Earth, owning real live animals has become a fashionable status symbol, because of mass extinctions and the accompanying cultural push for greater empathy towards animals. The more exotic and harder to care for, the better.’

“Of course it is.” The tall blonde answers extremely serious.

“Must be expensive.” Saitama reasons.
“Very. I'm Genos.” he sticks his hand out to shake.

Saitama takes it, “Saitama.”

“It seems you feel our work is not a benefit to the public.”

“Replicants are like any other machine. They're either a benefit or a hazard. If they're a benefit, it's not my problem.”

“May I ask you a personal question?”

“Sure.”

“Have you ever retired a human by mistake?”

Saitama blinks... hesitates before answering the question, “No.”

“But in your position that is a risk?”

Before Saitama has a chance to answer, a voice enter from the shadows, “Is this to be an empathy test? Capillary dilation of the so-called blush response? Fluctuation of the pupil? Involuntary dilation of the iris?”

Saitama turns to see a dapper, elderly man very distinguished, but with strange facial features. He has elongated ears, a large nose, thin light eyes, grayish pupils and a thin frame. Perhaps, the oddest feature of his body is his hair, which is cut into a bowl and protrudes away from his head like a mushroom, but he is very well tailored.

“We call it Voight-Kampff or VK for short.” Saitama explains.

“Mr. Saitama, Dr. Kuseno.” Genos introduces.

Kuseno has extended his hand to Saitama and they shake.

“Demonstrate it. I want to see it work.” The old doc says.

“Where's the subject?” Saitama looks around puzzled.

“I want to see it work on a person. I want to see a negative before I provide you with a positive.”

Saitama was a little indignant, “What's that going to prove?”

“Indulge me.” Kuseno says with a sly smile.

“On you?” Saitama says, ever more confused.

“Try my Grandson.” The old man says and that's when Genos steps forward.

Saitama looks at Genos, ‘Genos was by far the most beautiful creature I had ever seen. Light years out of my league. A tall blonde with yellow gold eyes, and pouty lips. Professional enough to wear a suit, but counterculture enough to have pierced ears. The total package,’ and shrugs away the thought.

“It's too bright in here.” Saitama says, all business now.

The windows darken, a polaroid effect that seems to give Kuseno the power to turn off the sun.
Saitama is placing the Voight Kampff case on the table. It opens like a butterfly as the room darkens.
Kuseno stands silhouetted behind Saitama, who sits in front of Genos.

Genos's eye fills the screen, the iris brilliant, shot with light, the pupil contracting.

“Do you mind if I smoke?” Genos asks.

“It won't affect the test.” Saitama says professionally and thinks, ‘People were far less health
conscious when nuclear fallout was so prevalent it had its own weather forecasts.’

“All right, I'm going to ask you a series of questions.” Saitama continues on with his professional cop
like manner, “Just relax and answer them as simply as you can. -- It's your birthday. Someone gives
you a calfskin wallet.”

The needles in both gauges swing violently past green to red, then subside.

“I wouldn't accept it.” Genos answers smoothly after a drag, smoke coming out his mouth like a
dragon, “Also, I'd report the person who gave it to me to the police.”

Saitama proceeds onward, “You've got a little boy. He shows you his butterfly collection plus the
killing jar.”

“I'd take him to the doctor.” Genos concludes calmly, as smoke rises from the cigarette.

“You're watching television. Suddenly you realize there's a wasp crawling on your arm.”

“I'd kill it.” Genos' stare is cold, as if there was no other answer.

Both needles go red. Saitama makes a note, takes a sip of coffee and continues, “You're reading a
magazine. You come across a full page nude photo of a man.”

Genos interrupts, “Is this testing whether I'm a replicant or gay, Mr. Saitama?”

“Just answer the questions, please,” Saitama says in his no nonsense tone, “You show it to your
wife. They like it so much they hang it on your bedroom wall.”

“I wouldn't let him.”

Saitama noticed the emphasis on the him, “Why not?”

“I should be enough for him.” Genos takes a deep inhale on the cigarette and exhales.

Saitama frowns, then smiles, but his smile looks a little like a grimace or the other way around,
'Seems he passed the gay test.' he notes to himself.

Time passes and the test appears to give a false positive on Kuseno's Grandson, Genos, meaning the
police have potentially been executing human beings.

“Well, Mr. Saitama?” Dr. Kuseno asks expectantly.

Saitama is looking at Kuseno and wincing indecisively. He doesn't get it. Are they playing with him?

“Perhaps some privacy will loosen your tongue, Mr. Saitama.” He turns to his grandson, “Would
you step out for a few moments, Genos?”
Genos exits looking a little shaken.

Saitama stares at Kuseno and Kuseno meets his look, “He's a replicant, isn't he?” Saitama asks.

The old man beams, “I'm impressed. How many questions does it usually take to spot them?”

“I don't get it Kuseno.”

“How many questions?” Kuseno pressures.

Saitama caves, “Twenty, thirty, cross-referenced.”

“It took more than a hundred for Genos, didn't it?” The doctor said gleefully.

“He doesn't know?!” Saitama shouts.

“He's beginning to suspect, I think.”

“Suspect? How can it not know what it is?”

Kuseno pases as if in lecture mode, “Commerce, is our goal here at Kuseno. More human than human is our motto. Genos is an experiment, nothing more. We began to recognize in them strange obsession. After all they are emotionally inexperienced with only a few years in which to store up the experiences which you and I take for granted. If we gift them the past we create a cushion or pillow for their emotions and consequently we can control them better.” With the click of a button on the large table the whole file on Genos is brought up in a series of document holograms.

Saitama eyes scan the pages police training taking over and his mind picking out relevant information, “Memories. You're talking about memories.”

“It's the dark corners, the little shadowy places that makes you interesting, Saitama..... gusty emotions on a wet road on an autumn night.. the change of seasons..... the sweet guilt after masturbation.”

“Jesus Christ, Kuseno!” Saitama shouts and Kuseno looks startled. “Where do you get them, the memories?”

“In the case of Genos, I simply copied and regenerated cells from the brain of my sixteen-year-old nephew. Genos remembers what my little nephew remembers.”

Saitama looks amazed while Kuseno looks pleased with himself.
Saitama and Snek are standing in front of the hotel in a seedy part of town, looking it over. Saitama glances at a crumpled piece of paper in his hand with an address scrawled on it. ‘I didn't know whether Baddo gave Iaian a legit address. But it was the only lead I had, so I checked it out.’ He glances at the hotel. The address is correct.

An old man leads Saitama and Snek down a dingy, trash-filled corridor to a door. The old man is wearing an oxygen tank taking occasional hits of air from a mask. He unlocks the door. Saitama and Snek enter wearily, hands inside their coats on their weapons.

The room is dark and ominous, full of danger. Saitama studies the shadows, weapon ready. Satisfied the room is empty, he hits the wall switch. A four-tube fluorescent light overhead flutters weakly to half-life, illuminating only two tubes. Saitama studies the room. It's clean in contrast to the littered hallway. A bed, a wardrobe, a small desk, a chair. Spartan, almost military.

Snek seats himself on the windowsill. Except for his eyes he is motionless like a statue.

Saitama reaches into his pocket and takes out infrared goggles which he puts on that he looks strange in. The room, from his POV, is seen in high contrast, every speck of dust in bright white, the fingerprints on the wall standing out like paintings, Snek appearing eerie and ominous. Saitama starts to inspect the room with great care, feeling the moulding, inspecting the mattress on the bed, studying the fingerprints on the wall.

Saitama has opened the wardrobe. He's inspecting the suit neatly hung there. He feels in the pockets. He pulls out a burner phone full of pics. He swipes them. Very ordinary looking snapshots. Maybe he notices a couple of strange ones. Maybe not.

Saitama pockets the phone and continues his inspection. Saitama, still wearing goggles, is checking the inside of the medicine cabinet in the tiny bathroom. Nothing. Clean. He shuts the cabinet and sees himself in the mirror in infrared wearing goggles. Weird.

As Saitama steps out of the bathroom, he notices something and goes back. Saitama is on his hands and knees studying the tub. He picks up a little speck on his gloved finger, and studies it. He picks up another and puts the specks in his evidence bag.

Snek watches quietly, folding an origami statue of a man with an erection.

Saitama thinks hard on what he found, ‘Whatever was in the bathtub was not human. Replicants don't have scales. And family photos? Replicants didn't have families either.’ Saitama takes off the goggles and motions Snek off the sill with his head.

Baddo is looking up at the hotel. He is a young man with black hair styled in a pompadour, and dark eyes that emphasize his hot temper. He is breathing hard, enraged, as he watches Saitama in the window going though his belongings. He turns and runs off.

Garou is standing on the sidewalk waiting for his partner to return. He is a young man with sharp
features, and long silver hair that spikes upwards in two large prongs, giving a feeling of a young wolf. While not being a particularly large person, he is quite muscular, but the eyes are yellow and chilling. Garou is a presence of force with a lazy, but acute sense of what goes on around him. He lowers his attention from the sky to Baddo.

As Baddo approaches him he asks, “Time enough -- Did you get your precious pictures?”

Baddo shakes his head no, “Someone was there.”

“Man?” Garou asks.

Baddo nods yes.

“Policeman?”

Baddo looks sullen, because he doesn't know.

This is a set back, but Garou knows the mission must proceed forward. The two men walk off together to their next destination, the laboratory of Dr. Genus.

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Dr. Genus was afraid and stammering, “Don't know -- I, I don't know such stuff. I just do eyes. Just eyes -- Just genetic design -- just eyes.” despite being considerably old, he has sharp features with blue eyes and short black hair, parted on his right side with a receding hairline.

Garou looks around the room at the tank of eyes, the muscle charts of eyes, the pictures of eyes, “Ah! I thought perhaps feet... hands... muscle tissue.. or.. noses…” he mocks sarcastically.

Baddo is staring into the tank of eyes, trying not to blink. The eyes stare back at Baddo, unblinkingly, arrogantly.

“You're Nexus, huh? I design your eyes.” Dr. Genus pleads.

SMASH! Baddo, infuriated by the unblinking eyes, smashes the tank and the insolent eyes pour out onto the floor.

Garou smiles and points to his own eyes. You would not want him to smile at you, “Dr. Genus, if only you could see what I've seen with your eyes.” a squishing sound can be heard as Garou's feet step on eyeballs as he paces in front of Dr. Genus. “Questions.”

“I don't know answers.” Dr. Genus sobbs.

“Who does?”

“Kuseno. He -- He knows everything,” the old man is shaking in his lab coat.

“Kuseno corporation?” Garou cocks his head in that predatory way.

“He's big boss. Big genius. He, he design your mind, your brain.”

“Ah, smart. Not an easy man to see--” Garou stalks closer to the old scientists.

“Dotei he take-- take you there, he take you there.” Dr. Genus is backed up to the lab table with
nowhere to run.

“Dotei who?” the combat replicant leans in close, nose to nose with the frail old man.

Hysterical Dr. Genus says, “J. -- J. F. Dotei--”

“Now--where... would we find this.... J. F. Dotei?” Garou says with a wolfish grin.
The elevator Saitama gets into is gloomy, poorly lit, and full of shadows, then it speaks, “Voice print identification. Your floor number please.”

Saitama says his code, “Saitama, ninety-seven.”

“Ninety-seven, thank-you,” the elevator says back in its robotic voice and begins to move.

Saitama frowns. Something is wrong. He is suddenly very alert, ready. Saitama goes for his blaster, gets it out quick and whirls as the elevator opens. Genos is there, in the shadows and Saitama’s blaster is pointed at him. One more second..... Saitama lowers the blaster. He's shaking all of a sudden. He pushes past Genos and unlocks his door.

“I wanted to see you--” Genos says wrapped up in an oversized faux fur coat, “So I waited. I don't know why Grandfather told you what he did.”

“Talk to him.” Saitama says and slams the door.

“He wouldn't see me.” Genos calls after him.

Saitama opens the door and leaves it open inviting Genos in.

Saitama's apartment is a mess. A true bachelor's pad with empty to-go containers, pizza boxes, and liquor bottles.

Saitama goes into the kitchen, comes out with a towel drying his bald head, then he walks to the cabinet and pours himself a drink. “You want a drink? Huh? No?” He asks.

“You think I'm a replicant, don't you?” Genos gets straight to the point.

“Hah,” Saitama laughs, then takes off his wet raincoat and throws it on a chair.

“Look, it's me with my parents,” Genos is holding a picture in his hand.

Saitama takes it and looks it over. It's an old snapshot, of a little boy with a mother and father. Genos is trying to prove his humanity by showing him a family photo; too bad photos can easily be Shoped.

“When I was 15, both of my parents and older brother were killed in a hover-car crash that left me the only survivor. I was in a coma for eight days. I remember waking up to white walls, the smell of antiseptic, the sound of the monitor beeping. I remember the itching of my arms and legs wrapped in bandages so my skin would heal. I had to fight the urge to scratch, so the skin graphs would take.”

Genos scowls as he recounts his memories, “My spinal column was bruised and I had to undergo painful physical therapy, eight hours a day for months, just to walk again!” He raises his voice to a near yell, “At the lowest point in my life, Grandfather was there for me through it all. He adopted me, paid for my hospital bills, put me through school, encouraged me to take a seat on the Corporation board! Everything I've accomplished is because of him. Tell me how can I not be real?”

Genos scowl deepens at the near accusation.

Saitama hands the photo back to him slowly and finally speaks, “Yeah. -- Remember when you were
12? You and your brother snuck into an empty building through a basement window.”

“What?” Genos is thrown off and his brow twitches, “Y-yes....”

Saitama continues, “You were gonna smoke pot but when it got to be your turn you chickened and ran.”

“But... “ Genos looks up and Saitama's staring at him, but he doesn't seem to notice.

“Remember that? You ever tell anybody that? Your mother, Kuseno, anybody huh? Remember the bush outside your window with the spider in it,” Genos looks up at him. “Green body, orange legs... you watched her build a web all summer.”

“Yes.” His voice is getting very small.

“One day there was an egg in the webb.”

Genos nods faintly, scowl completely gone, “After a while, the egg hatched and hundreds of baby spiders came out and ate her. That made quite an impression on me, Mr. Saitama.”

“You still don't get it?”

“No.. I... I .... don't.”

Saitama is now nasty, downright bitter. “Implants! They are not your memories, they belong to Kuseno's sixteen year old nephew.”

Genos doesn't say anything, he can't.

“He's very proud of them. He ran them on a scanner for me.”

Genos just stares at him, stunned and barely holding on.

“Still don't believe me?”

“I... I…” Genos stutters.

Saitama sees he's gotten through... maybe too far. “Right. I made it all up. You're not a replicant. It was a nasty joke. Go home.”

Genos is biting his lip, holding back tears.

Saitama tries to undo the damage, “Go on. Beat it. Sorry. Bad joke. Wanna drink?”

Genos is completely destroyed, silent.

“I'll getcha one.” Saitama says quietly. He sees the blonde’s shaking hands. He doesn't like this shit and turns his attention to getting the drink.

Saitama opens the refrigerator. The contents aren't messy so much as unusual. He opens the freezer compartment and pulls out a bottle of Tsing Tao vodka and eyes it. Half-empty. The kitchen is a disaster area, dirty dishes overflowing from the sink the way a plant grows out of a pot. He rummages among the dirty dishes for a glass that doesn't actually have fungus growing in it. He finds one that's only greasy, wipes it with a dirty towel (making it greasier) and pours vodka into it.

He heads back into the living room and stops in the doorway, surprised. The room is empty. Genos
is gone. Saitama stares at the empty room for a long moment. Then he chug-a-lugs the vodka.

As he brings his head back and winces from the fiery booze he sees something. Something crumpled on the floor. He goes over and picks it up. It's the picture of Genos with his parents. He studies it. On the other side is a phone number. Saitama walks over to the window, stares out and thinks, 'Kuseno really did a job on Genos. Right down to a snapshot of a mother he never had, a son he never was. Replicants weren't supposed to have feelings. Neither were Blade Runners. What the hell was happening to me? Baddo's pictures had to be as phony as Genos'. I didn't know why a replicant would collect photos. Maybe they were like Genos. They needed memories.'
Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

Now is the time to introduce the sub plot, so we get to meet child emperor. He may be OOC but he had to be tweaked to fit the role of j.f. Sebastian. Pris remains pris, because it would give too much away if I renamed her a opm character.

Chapter Notes

Also i added some small details from the book, but updated the technology.

A battered old truck sputters to a halt in front an apartment building and a young man with skin that is yellowing into old parchment, gets out. He's wearing a World War Two leather pilot's cap and dark goggles and carrying a pack of mechanical parts. In spite of his youth, he carries himself like porcelain as he walks toward the entrance with the gait of an old man.

As he goes through his day, he listens to a podcast hosted by Buster Friendly, a famous and ubiquitous social media personality. Friendly satirizes Mercerism, a new religion based on empathy that differentiates humans from replicants. On the show Friendly announces he plans to reveal an “exposé” of the religion soon.

As he is pulling out his key card for his building, he stumbles over the trash covered body of a girl, she leaps to her feet and starts to run like a frightened gazelle.

He knows that people sometimes sneak into the building, which looks completely abandoned, so he greets the woman kindly. “Hey!,” He reaches down and picks up the bag she left in the trash, “You forgot your bag.”

She eyes him from a distance... unsure of him. Then she moves toward him tentatively. He smiles awkwardly and holds out the bag.

“I'm lost.” she is a tall slim blonde with yellow gold eyes and a short pixie cut. She's wearing a mini skirt with fishnets and boots, all pulled together with a pleather jacket. An outfit not at all convenient for the weather, more in keeping with her profession.

He notices that the woman is very beautiful, “Don't worry, I won't hurt you. -- What's your name?"

Both of them are silent. People are not his forte... usually he's too shy, but this girl is shyer still. Plus they're about the same age... it gives him courage.

“Pris.” She answers.

“Mine's J. F. Dotei.” He replies.
“Hi.”

“Hi,” So pleased with the way that went, he forgets for a while what comes next. “Oh, where were you going?” She shrugs. That leaves him a lot of responsibility. He throws her side-long glances, but she's not helping. “Home?”

“I don't have one,” She looks at him, a shadow of enticement in her clear gold eyes. “We scared each other pretty good, didn't we?”

“We sure did,” he chuckles.

She giggles and laughs with him then says, “I'm hungry J. F.”

“I've got some stuff inside. You want to come in?”

“I was hoping you'd say that.”

Doti's grey face flushes with pleasure. He turns and inserts a key in the ornate iron mesh door and swings it open.

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Stacks of gaudy balconies loom into shadows above. Overhead lights reveal a shark-like drone cruising above the building glowing with advertisements.

Pris stares in wonder, “Do you live in this building all by yourself?”

“Yeah, I live here pretty much alone right now.” Pris and Doti are standing in the mesh elevator as it grumbles noisily into the shadows above. Then they walk down the corridor towards his apartment.

“No housing shortage around here.” Doti says, “Plenty of room for everybody. most of the others have emigrated already.”

“Must get lonely here J. F.” She comments understandingly.

“Mmm... Not really. I make friends.” Doti feels the need to clarify, but just rambles on instead, “They're toys. My friends are toys. I make them. It's a hobby.” Embarrassed Doti feels the need to change the topic, “I'm a genetic designer. Do you know what that is?”

“No.”

With the conversation falling short Doti gives up on talking, unlocks his door, and ushers Pris into the apartment. Doti flicks on the light revealing the high walls, elegant moulding and strange contents.

A three foot high Napoleon figure and a teddy bear dressed as Kaiser Wilhelm walk into view from a doorway.

“Yoo-hoo, home again.” Doti greets them.

“Good evening J. F.” the large teddy bear speaks.
“Good evening, fellas.”

Pris is delighted.

The Bear and Napoleon stare woodenly at Pris for a moment, then turn away disappearing into the gloom. The BEAR walks off muttering, “Home again, home again, jiggity jig.”

“They're my friends…” Doti explains, “Here, can I take your things, they're soaked.”

She strips off her pleather jacket, revealing a shapely body.

There is a silence, and Doti steals a glance at her, “Where are your folks?” he asks catching himself looking.

“I'm sort of an orphan.” She crosses her arms against the chill of the large room.

“Oh, what about your friends?” Doti didn't have friends but surely someone as pretty as her would.

“I have some, but I have to find them. I'll let 'em know where I am tomorrow.”
Chapter 7

Chapter by kool_kat_1020

Chapter Summary

I was greatly inspired by NCIS for this chapter.

Introduction to Okamaitachi.

‘A majestic horse gallops through a meadow of tall grass, the moonlight reflects off its singular horn as it shakes its long white main.’

Saitama is woken up by wet slobbers to the face. It's Rover his electric dog, happily barking at him just as he is programmed to do.

“Stop! Stop! Fine I'll feed you.” He yells at the black terrier. Saitama got up from the piano that was serving as his napping place after drinking too much.

Saitama mills around his apartment, slightly hungover and thinks, ‘It's considered immoral to not care for an animal, however poor people can only afford realistic-looking robot imitations of live animals. These artificial animals appear and feel identical to real animals, but compared to the replicants these electric animals are a kind of vastly inferior robot.’ Saitama wanders room to room in a fog, looking high and low, ‘No one asks if animals are fake, that would be too rude, but you're looked down upon for not having one. Not that I really care. I just got the rover model because I could program it to guard the place. It's cheap security, even if I have to take it in for repairs every other month.’

After some searching he finds the dog food and pours the specially made kibble into Rover’s bowl, a toxic mix of gear oil and engine fuel to keep the little guy going. Rover munches it in simulated happiness, tail wags and all. Saitama considers the situation for a few moments, then frowns thoughtfully and fishes his wallet out of his pocket. He produces the flakes he found in the hotel room.

Saitama lights a cigarette. The ashtray next to him is full of butts and the bottle of vodka is nearly empty. He sucks on his cigarette and empties the vodka bottle into his glass.

He's holding the flake under the light of the console screen. He sits down, studying it like Hamlet, contemplating Yorick’s skull.

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Saitama makes his way over to ZPD and takes the elevator down to the basement. He had the phone sent over to the lab to examine its contents. All fairly standard, even for an off the record case like this, but he'd have to deal with the head tech Okamaitachi.

Last time he came to the lab, or dungeon as they called it, they got into it. 'Okamaitachi has a habit of falling for handsome men. Last time she hit on me I had to lie and say “I don’t swing that way”’. Okamaitachi is physically male but a maiden at heart. Needless to say she didn't take it well and threw me out the lab.’ The elevator blinks and dings as he hits bottom, ‘On the off chance she's still mad I brought backup,’ Saitama steps out and in his hand is a piping hot cup of mocha. ‘Liquor is
easy to get and cheap, because almost anything can be fermented or distilled, but things that were hard to grow like chocolate, coffee, and vanilla those were a luxury commodity. Coffee houses have become like five star restaurants, with reservations and limited guest seating. Lucky I knew a guy that works at Starbucks. It cost my half my wages but the bounty I would get would more than make up for it.’

Okamaitachi turns as Saitama enters the lab, “What do you want?” her tone cuts like a knife. For as long as Saitama has known her, Okamaitachi always had her own style. She is wearing a long sleeved sweater and a long dress. Her hair consists of two upward arches split at the neck with hairpins on each side of the head and two large dots of blush on each cheek.

Saitama holds out the cup.

“And what's this?” She says, still angry.

“Peace offering.”

She seems intrigued, “…. What is it?” She crosses her arms and looks down her nose at him.

Saitama opens the lid letting her get a whiff, “Caffeine.”

She breaths in the heavenly smell, but makes no move for it.

“If you don't want it,” Saitama makes like he's going to drink it, but he knows she's an addict with the amount of caffeine patches he has seen up and down her arms.

“Ugh, fine,” she huffs and holds out her hand. Saitama wastes no time filling it with the cup.

She takes a deep gulp of the scalding liquid, closes her eyes and hums in delight.

“We good?” Saitama asks for confirmation.

”Hmmm for now,” she opens her eyes again and looks Saitama over like a fresh cut of meat.

“What have you got for me?” Saitama inquires, back to business.

“Your basic burner phone. No address book, only calls out to local restaurants, no apps, no social medial. Tons of boring photos, but no selfies. Just shots of backgrounds, rooms, people, buildings what have you. All rather ordinary, like a tourist on a sad vacation.” She says as she scrolls though the images.

saitama’s eyes scan each picture as they zip past, “Pull up that one,” Saitama points at the image of the hotel room.

She pulls up a blurry photograph, unclear, it fills the computer screen. The photograph intensified. The foreground blurs and sharpens. It's a picture of a "man" in Leon's room with the wardrobe behind him. The head is turned away and downward, the face unreadable. She hits a button and the picture is suddenly three dimensional and a transparent grid with vectors is superimposed over the photo.

Deckard's eyes move over it carefully, “Sharpen line forty-eight between twenty point twenty-seven.” He tells her.

She types instructions on the keyboard and the edge of the man sharpens.

“Profile trace.”
Slowly the view tracks the periphery of the man's shoulder, up and around the skull, down the other side and as it approaches the bottom of the picture and passes a miniscule sparkle...


The view squeezes in. The "spark" seems to be coming from the mirror in front of the man-- something is behind him on the mattress.

“Seesaw.”

She hits a few keystrokes and the picture begins a horizontal yawing motion. As it swings back and forth glimpses of things previously obscured by the foreground figure are revealed. Slightly at first, but the opening grows as the process picks up momentum.

Saitama's like a man watching his favorite team make a crucial play. “Stop!” The picture freezes. “Enhance.” The view pushes in to the mirror. In its gloomy recesses there's a face. “Enhance.”

She zooms in and balances the contrast pulling forth a woman's face. Deckard ponders it. It didn't look like any of the rouge replicants, but this may be his only lead and he smiles slightly.

“Give me a hard copy right there.”

She hits the print key. It's only a graney profile, but it's of a woman, a real looker, with pale skin red lips, black hair, and eyes shut like she is asleep.

“What else have you brought me?” Okamaitachi asks.

Saitama eyes her and raises a brow.

“You wouldn't have come all this way to the dungeon, if you didn't have something else for me.” she lays her palm out flat, “Give.”

“Here, what can you make of this?” And hands her the evidence bag with the scale.

She hums and puts it under her electron microscope. Suddenly on screen there is a huge enlargement of the scale, a grand abstract weirdness blurring and sharpening and changing.

“Fish?” Saitama asks.

“I think it was manufactured,” the flake focuses and becomes a landscape of forests and moonscapes. “Look. Finest quality. Superior workmanship.” Buried deep in the texture of the thing is a serial number, “There is a maker's serial number 9906947-XB71.” She hits a key and her computer pulls up a database search on the serial number, “Interesting, Not fish. Snake scale.”

“Snake?” Saitama asks in confusion. “Can you tell me who owns it?”

“No, but I can tell you who made it. Ever since that law was passed, manufacturers have to keep receipts on clients. You retiring snakes now Saitama?” She teases.

“you know I can't give you details about an ongoing case.” Saitama says deadpan.

She huffs, always on the hunt for juicy gossip, “Try Abdul ben Hassan. He maked this snake.”
The bell on the door chimes as Saitama enters the pet shop. “Abdul Hassan?” Saitama asks.

“Yes.”

Saitama flashes his badge, “I'm a police officer, I'd like to ask you a few questions. Artificial snake license XB71, that's you?”

Abdul looks up the number in the store computer system, “That's my work.”

“This is your work, huh? Who did you sell it to?”

“My work? Not too many could afford such quality.”

“How many?”

“Very few.”

“How few?” Saitama was getting testy with the way the guy dodged the question.

The Egyptian pushes a hand out in front of him, revolving the thumb slowly against the next two fingers.

Saitama slips a card out of his pocket and into the man's fingers. It's a police card. It gets a supercilious smile, a sigh and a shrug. And that's all it gets. The man knows his rights. The card is handed back. The smile remains.

“What was the question again?” The shop owner asks sarcastically.

“The question is…,” Saitama steps in closer, grabs and pulls the guy's tie, “Look my friend, In two seconds I'm gonna break your fuckin' spine if you don't tell me what I wanna know.” Saitama's face is two inches away.

The Egyptian looks nervously at Saitama, sees he means business and hastily confesses, “Crimson Cabaret, down in First Sector, Chinatown.”
Chapter 8

Chapter by kool_kat_1020

Chapter Summary

Saitama follows a lead to a steampunk club, meets a beautiful woman, and does his job.

Chapter Notes

Warning for graphic character death

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Saitama stands outside an old 1940’s opera house with a red neon sign lit up in cursive that reads “Crimson Cabaret”. Saitama thinks about what he knows of the place, ‘There's been a cabaret boom for a decade now, from vintage-infused nudie burlesque to truly bonkers alternative drag acts. A scene that began in underground clubs and dives is increasingly finding its way into the mainstream. The audience, often dining or drinking, does not typically dance but usually sits at tables. Performances are usually introduced by a master of ceremonies or MC.’

He walks into the club, it's a retro-style burlesque to match the art deco styling of the old building, full of exquisite craftsmanship of curving forms and smooth, polished surface. The atmosphere represents luxury, glamour, exuberance, and faith in social and technological progress.

'The place was packed with the usual crowd of whack jobs, all pretending to be in a non existent future powered by steam. Cabaret makes eye contact, performers can see and hear you and will let you know it. It's why everyone was in costume; the men wore top hats and tails, with brass trinkets. The women wore bustles and corsets, with wide hoop skirts. What happens in a show depends on the dynamic between the performer and the audience in that place on that night. A cabaret artist is not merely a performer but the leader of a collaboration. Laughs, gasps and good cheap thrills are the name of the game.’

Saitama movies about the place like a ghost, unseen by the masses in their makebelieve world and makes his way to the bar, “Bartender,” he calls over and asks, “Manager?”

The Bartender points down the line of stools to a big man having a drink.

Saitama pushes through the crowded bar of drunks, “I'd like to ask you a few questions.”

The big man turns and looks at Saitama with an expression like stone. It was King, the infamous nightclub owner.

King is a tall, lean man with lightly tan skin, blue eyes, and shoulder-length slicked-back blonde hair that he keeps combed back down to the nape of his neck. His notorious features are three vertical
scars straight over his left eye, with sunken cheeks and a defined jawline. He wears a long sleeved black turtleneck sweater.

Saitama heard rumors that King was the strongest man on earth and earned that scar in a fight against a mutant, a battle he won.

In a deep royal tone King speaks, “Sit with me.” like magic a stoll opens up at the bar.

“You ever buy snakes from the Egyptian?” Saitama asks in his usual cop manner.

“All the time, pal.”

“Y’ever see this girl, huh?” Takes out the picture of the girl from the hotel.

King was as hard as ever to read as he looked over the photo, “Never seen her, buzz off.”

“Your licenses in order pal?” Guys like these always had something they didn't want looked into.

“Hey Phat,” King calls to the bartender, “the man is dry. Give him one on the house, okay? See ya.” and leaves.

‘Another dead end,’ Saitama thinks, ‘but a little social lubrication can work wonders in getting the juices flowing,’ and takes his free drink.

Suddenly there is an announcer over the PA system, “Ladies and Gentlemen. King presents Miss Salomé and the snake. Watch her take the pleasures from the serpent that once corrupted man.”

There is a burst of applause as the crowd turns to look toward the stage. A woman walks out wearing a cape that covers her body and vintage music starts to play.

Saitama doesn't care to look he knows the drill, ‘A good cabaret show isn’t just titillating – it’s transgressive, upending everyday ideas about art and bodies, politics and sex, provoking as well as pleasing. It loves you but sometimes it likes to see you squirm.’

Saitama looks bored and discouraged. He sticks his hand in his pocket and finds the photo from Genos while behind him the stage show is progressing.

Saitama decides to video call the number on his smartphone. It rings once before a face comes into view. “Hello?” Genos answers.

“I've had people walk out on me before, but not when I was being so charming.” Saitama sarcastically says.

Genos freezes when he see who it is and says nothing.

“Ya missed out on the drink I poured ya.”

Genos still says nothing.

“Wanna try again?” Saitama was doing his best at what he thinks is being charming.

For a long moment it seems Genos isn't going to say anything. Saitama carries on the one sided conversation, “I'm at a bar here now down in the Fourth Sector. Why don't you come on down here and have a drink?”

“Hunting... "skin jobs"?” Genos finally asks bitterly.
Saitama shakes his head, “Didn't find any. All I found was a bar. Why waste it?”

Genos sighs, “I don't think so, Mr. Saitama. That's not my kind of place.”

Something on the stage catches Saitama's eye. He frowns. On stage, a snake has emerged and the performer wears it around her neck like a scarf.

“Meet me here. We'll go someplace else. It's Crimson Cabaret in the Fourth Sector....”

Saitama is suddenly preoccupied with the stage show and hangs up.

A beautiful woman named Salome is very scantily clad. She has dropped the dark cape and is wearing green body paint and silver sequences like scales. She lets the snake crawl across her arms and sizable chest as she begins to sway her hips and roll her belt seductively to the beat of the music.

Her movements are fluid as she belly dances across the stage. Saitama can't help but notice she has a perfect hourglass, legs for days, and eyes as green as emeralds.

‘When a cabaret show really flies,’ Saitama thinks, ‘the feeling can be congregational and euphoric – everyone in the room has not just participated in but contributed to something special, something bigger than any one ego. This is cabaret’s secret power: it reminds us that what we do in any given situation has consequences. And that applies outside the room as well as in…’

The performer shows the crowd her flexibility, and bends back to look at the crowd upside down, her short black hair hangs in the air.

Saitama looks down at his picture of the girl. No doubt, it was a match. Saitama finishes his drink off.

You can hear applause and catcalls from the audience as Salome flounces backstage. Saitama finds Salomé and corners her in her dressing room, “Excuse me, Miss Salomé, can I talk to you for a minute?”

Salome stands almost six feet tall in her high heels and looks down on him with haughty suspicion. Saitama can tell by one look she's a girl who knows how to handle cheap hits.

“I’m Blade Runner Saitama from the Z city police department. I’d like to give you a test of empathy.”

“Do you think I'm a replicant?” She asks, “I promise you I'm not. If you think there is a replicant among the performers, I'll help you find it. Would a replicant do that?”

“Replicants don’t care about other replicants,” Saitama explains.

“Wouldn't that make you a replicant? Since you callously hunt down and kill them, after all.” Miss Salomé explains.

Saitama doesn't waiver and stares her down. He doesn't have to justify himself to her, because he knows the law is on his side. Being a blade runner means you can test anyone, anywhere, anytime and according to the law no one could disagree.

“I don't believe this,” She grumbles and they go into her dressing room.

The dressing room is musty, and cramped. There is a portable shower, a cot, a dressing table and not much else. She plops the snake on the dressing table.

Deckard watches it undulate into the warmth of the lights. “Is that snake real?” He asks.
“Of course he's not real. You think I'd be working here if I could afford a real snake?”

Saitama reaches out to touch it. As his fingers make contact, there’s an electric "snap" and he jerks his hand back from the shock.

Salome slips behind the screen and turns on the shower to scrub off body pain and sequences.

“How long you been doing a snake act?”

“What is it with you… why do you care about the snake so much?” She's out of the shower dripping nude and Saitama gets a glimpse of nakedness. She is a gorgeous young woman with a curvaceous figure and her short black hair is slicked back from the dampness. Saitama's eyes don't miss a detail.

She notices his wandering gaze and comments, “You're a dedicated man.” Her smile is an invitation and she throws him a towel. He catches it and she turns her back to him, “Dry me.”

‘The evening doesn't have to be a total waste.’ Saitama steps up behind her and starts patting her down.

Caught up in the sensuousness of the moment, absently she reaches out to stroke the snake. Saitama works his way down her back, over her buns and as he reaches her thighs, he sits on the small cot. Concentrating on her buns, he leans back for a handier perspective of her peach like ass, but Saitama is puzzled, ‘Why is Salomé being so calm when she knows that I'm a Blade Runner. Could she really be human?’

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Saitama proceeds with the Voigt-Kampff test, and Miss Salomé reluctantly listens to his questions, refusing to get dressed. Her eye fills the screen, the iris a brilliant emerald green, shot with light, the pupil contracting. He administers the Voigt-Kampff but finds Salomé to be adept at avoiding an accurate reading. The test has been going on for awhile, because she goes off on long tangents that have little, if anything, to do with Saitama’s questions.

“Last question.” Saitama says frustrated, “You're watching an old movie. It shows a banquet in progress, the guests are enjoying raw oysters.”

“Ugh.” The woman reacts, wearing nothing but an expression of disgust. Her legs cross and recross. Saitama knows it's an attempt at distracting him, but he's not falling for it.

Both needles swing swiftly.

Saitama contines, “The entree consists of boiled dog stuffed with rice.”

The needles move less.

Saitama scowls, “The raw oysters are less acceptable to you than a dish of boiled dog.” Saitama switches off his beam.

As saitama closed up the case, her feet come down firm to the floor and threatens, “I'll kill you if you reach for that pistol,” she stares at Saitama, deathly serious.

Saitama rememberes her file, kick-murder squad flashed in his mind. She could kill him without batting an eye. Saitama was going to have to think fast if he was going to survive, “Why even work in a place like this? Baddo tried to infiltrate the Kuseno building, why didn't you? Are you financing the others? Why not just steal what you need?”
For a moment she seems taken aback by his questions and her expression softens a touch, “Maybe I wanted to be something other than a killer, something seen as beautiful,” she answers hotly.

“Why?” even with his life on the line Saitama had to know, “that's not within your programming.”

“I hate replicants,” she confesses, “and I hate being a replicant.”

‘A self hating replicant? that makes even less sense!’ Saitama keeps to himself.

Something about Saitama's perplexed face spurred on her explanation, “I've been imitating a human because I've convinced that humans are superior to replicants. Because, you're right, a replicant wouldn't care about another replicant, but a human would.” Her gem like eyes narrow at him, “Don't you think it's too convenient? The only people that can hunt down super beings are not elite squads but just one man?” She chuckles darkly, “A man who has to suspend his own empathy in order to retire replicants, creatures that are being killed precisely because of their inability to feel empathy.”

Saitama stares at her baffled.

“How do you know you're not a replicant with implanted memories?” Her eyes are as cold and calculating as a predator. “You should test that machine on yourself before you do it to anyone else.”

There is a long pause as they stare each other down and the blade runner goes for his gun.

If Saitama's fast, Fubuki's a blur, her foot kicks into his groin, and he doubles up with the pain of it and she's already out the door carrying a clear raincoat.

Saitama bites his bottom lip between his teeth, and hops out of the dressing room in time to see her go through the door at the other end of the hall. It hurts to move so fast, but he sprints after her, arrives at the door, and flings it open.

He is greeted by blackness and the sound of her high heels clattering down the metal steps as it rains heavily.

The front of the nightclub is open only to foot traffic these days. A bizarre place on a Friday night, hawkers and whores, the rabble, the poor and the curious mill around the crudely built platforms and brightly lit stands. Fubuki, in just a translucent raincoat, is not out of place in this flea market atmosphere. Trying not to run, she slices through the mob as quickly as she can.

Saitama is not far behind, dodging and side-stepping, trying to move against the tide of people scurrying for shelter.

She comes to an intersection and turns out of the mall onto a less crowded street. She glances over her shoulder as she breaks into a run and runs right into a couple of pedestrians. All three go down.

Saitama comes out of the crowd in time to spot her getting to her feet. She sees him and runs. The two pedestrians are in his line of fire.

“Move! Get out of the way!” Saitama yells and he runs past them, then drops to one knee, leveling his blaster. “Stop or you're dead!”

She doesn't.

Saitama opens up. WHAP! A miss, The corner of the building disintegrates -- brick imploding, dust in the air.
WHAP! Fubuki takes a hit in the shoulder, but her motor reflexes which keep her going right into a showcase window.

CRASH! Fubuki explodes through a series of plate glass windows in adjoining shops. She falls but gets up again to run.

Saitama FIRES again! WHUMP! Fubuki takes another hit in the back. Saitama is trying to pour FIRE through the tunnel of her jagged wake, his blaster CLICKS empty, CLICKS empty, CLICKS empty and he watches her go.

Fubuki breaks through one window after another, getting sliced. Glass sprays like fireworks as she smashes through the last two windows and falls into the street.

Saitama walks over to her body as police arrive and he hastily flashes his badge at arriving cops, “Saitama. B-263-54.” protocol and muscle memory kicking in.

Life drains out of Fubuki’s face until it’s frozen and dead. His eyes slowly follow the rivulets of blood that lead over the slope of a blacktop to his shoes. Saitama tries to repress his wince. His eyes reveal that it’s getting to him and he’s aware of the spectators around him.

‘The report would be routine’ he thinks, ‘retirement of a replicant which didn't make me feel any better about shooting a woman in the back. There it was again. Feeling, in myself. For her, for Genos.’

Saitama points to Fubuki, gives a couple of instructions and hurries off, passing under a big sign, leaving the cops to stare after him with amazement.

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Baddo and Garou are just faces in the throng of bystanders. They too see the body of Fubuki. Baddo looks very grim. Then they turn their attention to Saitama.

Saitama is in a haze and finds himself wondering over to a liquor stall.

“A minute.” The one eyed woman says, “Yeah what do you want?”

”Tsing tao.” The Saleslady tries to hand Saitama a half pint but he shakes his head and points and she produces a fifth. “This enough?” He asks pulling out cash.

“Yes.”

Saitama is paying when he feels a tap on his shoulder and jumps. He turns and sees Snek leering at him. Not what Saitama expected or wanted.

“Bang.” Snek says with a smile.

-----

Bang gets out of his hover car into the rain and Snek is right there with an umbrella, “Christ, Saitama, you look almost as bad as that skin job you left on the sidewalk.”

“I'm going home,” Saitama says.

Bang looks over to Snek, “You could learn from this guy, Snek. He's a goddamn one man slaughter
house. That's what he is. Five more to go. Come on, Snek, let's go.”

“Four.” Saitama corrects, “There's 4 to go.”

“There's 5. That skin job that you V-K'ed at the Kuseno Corporation disappeared. Vanished. Come on Snek.” Saitama has followed Bang's gaze to the obvious bottle he's holding in the paper bag, “Drink some for me, pal.”

Chapter End Notes

Sorry Fubuki had to die, but I hope I made her presence more meaningful than just a replicant getting gunned down.

I hate the interaction between Deckard and Salmone in the movie. It is just so cringe. So I used the interaction in the book between Deckard and the opera singer as a base to build Fubuki as a character.

Cabaret reference:
https://www.timeout.com/london/cabaret/a-beginners-guide-to-cabaret
Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

Saitama looks up and then he sees him. Genos is standing in the crowd wearing that oversized faux fur coat, staring at the dead Fubuki. Genos’ face reveals his horror as he looks from Fubuki to Saitama. [...] Saitama hurries after him and calls out. “Genos. Wait.”

Genos looks back and sees him, but keeps going.

He calls out again, “Hold on.” but then he's grabbed on the street, and instantly Saitama recognises the big man from the replicant mugshots, “Baddo,” he says surprised to see him.

Chapter Notes

Finally some much needed smut!
Big shout out to Blue for co-writing the sexy =0

Tags will be updated
Eatting ass
Anal fingering
Blow jobs/oral
Deep throating
Consensual sex
Bi saitama

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Saitama looks up and then he sees him. Genos is standing in the crowd wearing that oversized faux fur coat, staring at the dead Fubuki. Genos’ face reveals his horror as he looks from Fubuki to Saitama.

Saitama starts to say something but anything he said would be drowned in siren noise, then Genos is swallowed up into the crowd.

The tide of street people moves inexorably as Saitama, like a swimmer, moves through them, eyes busy, searching for Genos. He thinks he sees him and shoves his way through the crowd, but it's not him. He looks around in despair and catches sight of him half a block away.

Saitama hurries after him and calls out. “Genos. Wait.”

Genos looks back and sees him, but keeps going.

He calls out again, “Hold on.” but then he's grabbed on the street, and instantly Saitama recognises the big man from the replicant mugshots, “Baddo,” he says surprised to see him.
“How old am I?” Baddo demands.

Saitama punches him in the face, but it has no effect. “I don't know,” he chooses to say instead.

For his trouble he gets slammed into the side of an eighteen wheeler. Then lifted into the air by his collar.

“How long do I have to live?” Baddo demands again.

“Four years,” no sense in lying when your feet can't touch the ground.

The big replicant throws him into another eighteen wheeler parked on the street.

Saitama manages to pull his pistol, it clicks empty and Baddo knocks it out of his hand.

“How much more?” Baddo mocks. He telegraphs a punch Saitama is able to dodge. It hits the tanker of the big truck and gas hisses out the fist sized opening. Baddo is unaffected and captures Saitama again, throwing him back first into the windshield of a hover-car, shattering the glass.

“Painful to live in fear, isn't it?” Baddo says fuming with rage as Saitama rolls off the hood on to the pavement.

Saitama can tell the replicant is enjoying himself when he lifts him up and slaps him around like a cat with a mouse, but the slap is like a punch from a pro boxer and Saitama is on the verge of passing out.

“Wake up! Time to die.” Baddo says it like an angry toddler and places his fingers over Saitama's eyes ready to gouge them out.

A shot is heard and the spasm that runs through Baddo's face is not from satisfaction. It's the bullet that went through his neck. He hits the ground hard, on top of Saitama, dead.

Saitama staring up in amazement at his deliverer, he sees Genos standing there with his blaster. Genos is staring at the body of Baddo, stunned and shaken at what he has done.

Saitama looks up at him, his eyes swollen into slits, his mouth and nose bloody. He sees how shaken he is.

Genos turns and looks at him. Their eyes meet. he drops the blaster.

Saitama gets painfully to his feet, picks up the blaster and starts to reload it. He doesn't make the same mistake twice. He glances at him. Again their eyes meet.

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Saitama and Genos are walking together, almost zombies. Saitama is only a little less bloody and a lot more swollen. Genos looks stoned on the horror of the killing.

“There's only one thing that works on cuts and bruises and long nights.” Saitama says as he holds up his purchase from earlier.

Genos looks at him blankly.

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At the apartment, Saitama is about to swig some Tsing Tao for Bang. He puts the glass to his lip and the lip, caked with dry blood and swollen, splits again and blood gushes into the clear liquid in the glass. Saitama stares at the bloodstained drink ruefully, then takes a thirsty gulp and licks his bleeding lip.

Rover walks over and gives Genos an inquisitive sniff.

“Sit,” Saitama commands strongly.

A small motor can be heard as the dog lowers his back end, light brown eyes fixated on Saitama.

Saitama gives a codeword “Friendly,” and Rover wages his tail in understanding, then returns to his dog bed.

The ice in Genos's glass is rattling. He's standing only a few feet away, half eaten by shadows, his eyes blank with shock. The reason the ice is rattling is because his hand is shaking.

'Shakes?’ Saitama asks, “Me too.”

Genos frowns and looks at him, “What?”

“I get ‘em bad. It's part of the business,” Saitama holds out his hands. They're shaking.

Genos gives Saitama a long hard look, “I'm not in the business. -- I am the business.” he is grim and angry and shaking.

Saitama meets his look, understands he cannot comfort him so easy.

Genos sits down stone silent at the piano, staring at a picture on top of it. A picture of a little boy and his father in fishing clothes, each holding a pole, the boy proudly displaying a single undersized fish, the hint of a smile on the father's face.

Shadows brush across Genos, then Saitama is there, close to him, looking to see what's got his attention, “Me and my Dad.”

“Do you love him?” Genos asks.

“He's dead.” Saitama says matter of fact.

Genos sees a picture of woman on a table. She has an adolescent face with emerald green eyes, and green hair that naturally curls up on the ends. He looks at it for a long moment as though he might be jealous, then indicates to the picture with a point.

“Wife.” Saitama responds.

“Do you love her?”

“She left me.” he takes another swig of his drink, “Went offworld. Wanted the good life. Left me the piano she wanted so badly.”

“You didn't go with her?” Genos asks.

Saitama changes the subject by walking away. “I had a job to do,” He answers not looking at Genos and pours himself another drink.

Genos looks at the sheet music on the piano, Chopin. He slips out of his fluffy coat and runs his
fingers through his hair, making it spiked and messy, then starts to play, touching the keys and filling the room abruptly with music, he makes a mistake almost immediately. He sits up straighter, starts again and he is just a hair tentative, but there’s no mistake... the feeling, the rhythm, the beauty of the music. It fills the whole apartment. Genos gets lost in the music, his face a mask.

“You play beautifully.” Saitama comments.

Genos answers his comment, “I didn't know if I could play. I remember lessons. I don't know if it's me or Kuseno's nephew.” he stops and doesn't finish the thought, but goes on playing for a long moment.

-----

A few minutes later Saitama is standing in front of the mirror. He's stitched the bleeding lip and now he's studying it.

Suddenly Genos stops playing, but Saitama can hear the rustle of his silk blouse. Genos appears in the doorway of the bathroom, drink in hand. Saitama doesn't acknowledge his presence. There is a long silence.

Genos sees the muscle ripple in Saitama's naked back, a hard body with scars of old wounds.


Saitama gives him a look, but turns back to the mirror and puts a towel over his bald head.

“Would you come hunting?” Genos waits a long tense moment for an answer.

“No,” Saitama waits before he lets out a breath. “I guess I owe you.” Saitama turns and brushes past him so he has to step back. “But somebody will.”

Saitama is sitting on the bed, wasted, still in his towel, clean white bandages on his face. He touches his lip gently. He can hear the clock ticking and then the whisper of Genos' trousers as he approaches the bedroom from the hallway. He hears him stop, lost in the shadows beyond the door.

A pause then his voice, “The file on me.. the incept date, the longevity, the psycho-program, those things..... “ His voice hesitates, stops.

Saitama sits there as the clock ticks for a long moment. In the corridor, lost in shadows, Genos is working up the nerve to ask.

“Yeah?” Saitama feels like he should say.

In the shadows Genos takes a deep breath, “You saw them?”

Saitama, exhausted stares absently into space, “They're classified.”

In the corridor, Genos persists with effort, “You're a policeman.”

Saitama touches a spot on his forehead, and looks at the wall, “I didn't look at them.”

In the hallway, Genos is hardly breathing, “I did.”

Saitama can't say anything. He hoped the lie would spare Genos the truth.
“Grandfather, if I can call him that, didn't even bother to hide it. It was right there under my nose this whole time. I trusted him and he trusted me not to see,” his eyes drift downward, "…..I'm nothing more than a pleasure model.” he pauses then continues, “A thing for men to use and discard."

The moment of silence drifts on and Saitama is remembering why he is divorced. He lacks the ability to comfort and is bad at faking it, so he just lets the silence stretch on while the clock ticked in the background.

Genos looks up not meeting Saitama's hard gaze with his own glosy gold eyes, “Why did you quit being a blade runner?”

Saitama feels the question strangely out of place, and holds in a groan. It's a story Saitama doesn't like to recount, but he feels he owes it to Genos, “Me and another blade runner were hunting a replicant. As we take it to the hovercraft, Resch, the fellow blade, became angry and killed it in cold blood. Noting Resch's lack of empathy, I administered a test on him, but found that he a was, in fact, human. Finding a human devoid of empathy who enjoys killing just for the sake of killing shook my faith in my ability to have empathy towards replicants. After that I decided to retire.”

Genos seems distraught by this revelation, “I guessed that I was a replicant when you asked me the final question in the test.” Genos tries to hold back tears, but his voice comes out shaky, “Am I very different?”

“Yeah.” Saitama says to him honestly.

“How?” Genos’ voice is small. Something very young about him. He looks up at Saitama for the first time. Black tears run down his face from the smeared mascara.

“Come here,” Saitama is gentle but firm in his direction. Genos does and sits on the bed. He's looking up at Saitama with those big gold eyes.

“I figure that if a replicant can save other people’s lives, then that could mean replicants are no different from humans.”

Genos blinks and black tears roll down his cheeks, “One of the fugitive replicants is the same exact model as myself, a pleasure model. You will have to shoot down a replicant that looks just like me.”

Saitama puts an arm around him and holds him tight. He doesn't know what to say, so he kisses his mouth, but Genos doesn't respond. His voice is a whisper, “Is it real what I'm feeling or am I just programmed?”

“Kiss me,” Saitama says gentle but firm.

“I can't rely on…” Genos starts but Saitama cuts him off.

“Just, kiss me.”

Genos does indeed kiss him -- but it's self conscious…. at first. Then slowly it turns passionate, soft, wet, tender. He backs off -- magnetic, palpable energy growing up between them.

“I don't know if I've ever done this before.” Genos says between breaths and kisses, “I can't trust my memories.”

“Do you know what you like?”
Genos hesitates, considers the question and then answers, “Yes.”

“Tell me,” Saitama eyes have sharpened with desire and he is using that firm gentle voice again.

“I want you.” Genos says breathless, face flushed. “Bite me.”

Saitama's mouth goes to Genos's neck, then his ear. Saitama's teeth evoke a shiver and a gasp as they take his flesh. The blonde’s breath is coming faster.

“Put your hands on me.” Genos says, less hesitant now.

Saitama rakes his fingers through his hair and pulls the tall blonde into him. His other hand molding and pressing him, working around his body and under into the privacy of his dress shirt.

“Shall I take off my clothes?” Genos oddly asks for permission.

“Oh Yeah.” Saitama is kissing him hard, deep, soft.

Genos unbuttons his shirt and removes his trousers and is hardly able to talk he's so excited, “Do whatever you want to me.” he's sinking to the bed in Saitama's arms moaning, their words obscured by kisses.

Saitama's fingers go to his mouth -- slowly over his lips and inside, into the wetness. his head is leaning back, eyes shut as he sucks Saitama's fingers. Saitama uses his other hand and gets his pants down. He pulls out his soaked finger and starts to work a digit inside Genos, but his hole is too tight, he can't get a finger in.

Genos eyes glow like moonbeams in the dimly lit room, “From the first moment I laid eyes on you, I thought “who is this beautiful man”.”

That knocked the wind out of Saitama, and he blushes, “Funny enough, you were so beautiful I thought you were out of my league.”

“I love you. I want to feel love. Is that so wrong?”

“Not really, it's what every human wants.”

“Even you?”

“Even me.”

Saitama gazes at Genos stretched out on his bed, breathing hard, flush. It’s not like it’s Saitama’s first rodeo. He’s bi, so he’s had experience with both men and women, though it’s been a while since he’s been with either. In this case, he’s going to need to take his time, for both him and Genos.

Saitama leans over Genos, propping himself on his elbows as he brushes his lips down his sternum. Genos’ breath hitches, a soft intake of air that makes Saitama grin. He continues further down, his mouth carving a wet trail on heated skin, and Genos trembles under Saitama’s attention. He rolls his tongue over the neatly trimmed hair when he makes it near to his destination. Genos’ erection presses against his throat, the wet tip leaving cool spots of sticky fluid along the skin. Saitama feels it when it twitches, and he groans, low and quiet.

Saitama leans back until he’s at eye level with Genos’ straining member. It’s longer than Saitama’s, though not by much, and more slender, but no less enticing. Saitama can’t wait to have him in his mouth, to feel the heat and weight of in resting on his tongue. He takes it in his hand, giving it an
experimental stroke, and Genos arches off the bed like he’s trying to get more of himself into Saitama’s fist. The sound he makes is sexual in a way Saitama’s never heard, and it washes over him like wildfire.

“Have you—with men—before?” Genos asks, his words broken by gasping breaths.

Saitama doesn’t answer, only locks his dark eyes with him as he takes his tongue and drags it from base to tip, before sealing his lips on the sensitive area at the base of the crown. He wastes no time in opening his mouth to swallow Genos down, filling his throat until his lips are sitting snug against the carpet of carefully trimmed, blonde hair at the root of Genos’ cock.

Genos cries out as Saitama swallows, his throat massaging the cock lodged there, and Genos’ fingers scratch at the sheets, desperate to find purchase—some way to ground himself against the onslaught of Saitama’s skillful mouth.

Saitama pressed a finger to Genos’ clenched hole while he was distracted, the constriction and expansion of the muscle tickling the tip of his finger. He doesn’t rush it, just continues to caress the area until Genos relaxes. He hollows his cheeks and bobs his head, pressing his tongue along the underside of Genos’ cock, and Genos’ thighs twitch as he struggles to keep himself still. Saitama tries again, pressing his finger harder against Genos’ asshole, trying to gain entrance, but it’s still too tight.

No problem, there are other ways to loosen him, get the blonde to relax and accept him. Saitama comes off Genos’ cock with a wet slurp, and Genos nearly sobs with disappointment. Saitama sits up on his knees, and Genos watches him with heavy, dark eyes that simmer with lust and want.

Saitama lifts Genos’ legs, forcing his knees to his chest, and giving Saitama an attractive view of his round ass and furled hole. He keeps Genos’ legs pinned with one hand, and with the other, cups one cheek in hand, using his thumb to spread Genos more. Saitama leans down and licks slowly over his hole, from Genos’ tailbone to his sac.

Genos keens, his thigh muscles tensing as he fights back against Saitama’s hold, trying to grind his hips against his tongue. Saitama repeats the action a few more times, then presses his lip against Genos’ hole and sucking.

Genos comes off the bed, the arch of his back making Saitama’s hand slip. But Saitama doesn’t stop, determined to overwhelm Genos with pleasure, to give him something real, something undeniably his to remember.

Genos’ legs part, spreading himself wider for Saitama, who then uses both his hands to grasp at Genos’ asscheeks, lifting and pulling him closer at the same time, shoving himself between the cleft of his ass until his whole mouth covers the area. He tongues at Genos’ entrance, gently, but firmly, thrusting his tongue against the hole until it breaches. Genos screams, his body convulsing as Saitama fucks him with his mouth, tongue undulating like a wave against the shore.

Saitama feels drunk off of Genos’ moans and wails, never having felt such satisfaction at bringing a partner pleasure. He watches Genos’ taught stomach flex as he rolls his hips against his face like he can’t help himself. Genos’ thighs close, and Saitama groans at the pressure as they squeeze his head. Genos’ stiff cock slaps against his stomach with each cant of his hips, leaving strings of sticky precum behind.

“Please!” Genos cries out, his voice gravelly and fucked out. “Please, I-I can’t...no more…”

Saitama moans, rutting into the air, his cock desperate for friction. He wants inside this beautiful man
so bad he feels like he'll go insane. He wants to feel the tight heat of Genos’ hole sucking him in. He wants to take him apart with his cock, and watch as Genos comes undone until he's begging Saitama to stop, then Saitama wants to empty himself inside him, fill him up and hope that Genos recognizes that Saitama can’t give him a whole lot, but he’ll give him everything he has.

Saitama lowers Genos to the bed and quickly strips himself of the rest of his clothes. Genos barely moves, his toned chest heaving with his gasping breaths and his skin from his face to his chest dusted a beautiful shade of red. Saitama spreads Genos’ legs, settling himself between them, and running gentle hands from Genos’ knees to his hips and back. No one speaks as Saitama hovers over him, lifting his legs once more to Genos’ chest, and lining himself up with his entrance.

Saitama’s face never leaves Genos’ as he rolls his hips forward, sliding inside slow and with great restraint. Genos’ eyes open wide, then shut, his eyebrows crowding each other as he takes Saitama. There is discomfort on his face until Saitama finally seats himself fully in Genos’ ass, then the creases in his expression melt away as he grows used to the intrusion. He opens his eyes, locking his gaze on Genos who nearly stops breathing at the unadulterated look of want in those golden eyes. Genos reaches for him, pulling Saitama close, and kissing him with a hungry possessiveness that’s a little messy, but nonetheless, steals away Saitama’s breath.

“Please,” Genos whispers into his mouth, and Saitama has no will to deny him his request. He pulses his hips, grinding into Genos. Genos pants into the kiss, and Saitama groans, pulling out a little further before snapping his hips home. Genos tosses his head back with a scream, and Saitama’s self-control breaks, thrusting hard and fast into Genos. Genos’ hands wrap around his shoulders, clutching at him as if Saitama might get up and walk away.

It isn’t long before he feels his orgasm rushing toward him, his muscles tightening with anticipation as the pressure builds in his groin. Saitama grits his teeth against the onslaught of sensation, determined to last until Genos finds his release.

“Oh god...don’t stop-I’m close,” Genos whimpers, doing his best to meet each of Saitama’s thrusts despite being pinned down. Saitama takes this moment to wrap a hand around Genos’ leaking and neglected cock. He pumps his hand in time with his thrusts, jerking Genos to completion. It isn’t a second later that Genos is spilling warm, thick cum over his hand. Saitama fucks him through it until Genos is shaking with overstimulation. Saitama pulls out of Genos who’s still quivering from the aftershocks in post-coital bliss, frown line for once smoothed out into a serene expression. Saitama takes himself in hand and barely has to stoke his own cock before he’s cumming, striping Genos’ stomach and chest in rivulets of opalescent fluid. Genos makes breathless whining noises as Saitama covers his skin, and Saitama’s is pretty fucking sure that after-sex Genos is the hottest thing he’s ever seen.

Saitama rolls off of Genos before he can collapse, landing on his back beside his partner, his chest heaving and sweat cooling on his body.

In the afterglow, Genos cuddles up next to Saitama under the sheets, “You know that Voight-Kampff test of yours?” Genos says quietly in the dark, “Did you ever take that test yourself?” His fingers move idle over Saitama’s nipple, “Why doesn't it measure humans’ empathy to replicants?” Genos waits for a long moment in the shadows. The clock ticks. No answer. He moves his head into the light from Saitama's chest and peers down. “Saitama?”

Saitama is lying on the bed, snoring gently.
I hated the sex scene in the movie, so my goal was to not make this dub con at all.

I borrowed details from the book to add to saitama's bg
And
I just felt genos was the type he couldn't leave well enough alone and would go digging for info.
Chapter 10

Chapter by kool_kat_1020

Chapter Summary

Back to the subplot

Chapter Notes

Warnings for character death

Pris is filling the hours of insomniacal boredom by experimenting with her make up. A bleached white face and black ringed eyes: a sexual waif, a savage doll.

At dawn she wanders into a large room filled with mannequins dressed in dusty ball gowns. She steps around wistfully, full of curiosity. She picks out one of the dresses, puts it on and stands there, the mannequins surrounding her like a family tableau.

Doti is asleep in his laboratory, Kaiser Wilhelm is propped up next to him.

Pris in her dusty white dress wanders in, studying the array of his equipment. She puts her eye to the stereoscope near Doti. It reveals a world of rare beauty. Landscapes, mountains, and valleys. She touches a button and, a blue flash erupts.

“Oh!” She exclaims, waking Doti.

“What'cha doin'.” He asks while rubbing the sleep from his eye.

She spins around with her hands behind her back, like a little girl getting caught being naughty, “I'm sorry, just peeking.”

“Oh.” Transfixed, Doti stares at her. If an improvement is possible, she looks even better now, older and even sexier.

Pris catches his stare and asks, “How do I look?”

“You look better.”

“Just better?” She pouts.

“Well, you look beautiful.”

Pris instantly perks up, “Thanks.”

As they are talking, Garou enters the room. Pris sees him but does not register anything on her face. Doti does not hear or see him.
Pris studies Doti for a moment. “How old are you?”

“20.”

“What's your damage?” her tone shows concern for him.

“Methuselah's syndrome.”

“What's that?”

“My glands. They grow old too fast.”

“Is that why you're still on Earth?”

“Yeah, I couldn't pass the medical. Anyway, I kind of like it here.” his tone is uplifting despite the dreary facts.

“I like you just the way you are,” she says with a smile, then her eyes look behind Doti, “Hi Garou.”

Doti whips round. He is flanked a hair's breadth away by Garou. The shock almost knocks him off his chair.

“This is my friend I was telling you about.” She says to Doti and Garou smiles benevolently, “Garou, this is my saviour, J.F. Doti.”

There is a long silence whilst everyone stares at each other.

“Can't thank you enough, Mr. Doti.” Garou says gratefully.

Doti, still uneasy begins to smile.

“You certainly have a nice place.” Garou looks around admiringly.

Doti mumbles something that sounds like "Thank you".

“Ah, gosh. You've really got some nice toys here.” Garou says as he pokes a doll.

“Doti doesn't go out too much.” Pris explains.

“Dotei, I like a man that stays put. You live here all by yourself, do ya?”

“Yes. -”

After a moment Pris and Garou look longingly into each other's eyes then kiss like lovers, madly in love.

Embarrassed Doti gets up, “How 'bout some breakfast. I was just gonna make some. Excuse me.”

Pris whispers to Garou, her tone muted but demanding. “Well?”

“Baddo…” Garou starts but is visually upset.
“I want to know what's going on?” Pris coaxes him.

“I tried to stop him, but he… Ah... There's only three of us,” Garou pouts and almost cries.

Pris is shocked. Her whisper comes out a hiss. “Then we're stupid and we'll die.”

“No we won't.” Garou is back to his unusual self and lies quietly on the couch, rubbing one of his hands, as sounds emanate from the kitchen. Then gets up and goes to a chess set in the corner of the room, a game is obviously in progress. He studies it for a moment, then moves the White Queen to the Bishop. Garou says to Pris, “Not if everybody is doing their job here at home. How are things at home?”

“What if he won't cooperate?” Pris asks in a serious tone.

“Mr. Doti is a host who wants to be appreciated. We'll appreciate him and he'll co-operate.”

Pris doesn't answer, as they hear Doti coming out of the kitchen.

Doti walks into the room with a tray. He takes some eggs and puts them into a glass flask full of bubbling water that is standing on a retort stand over a bunsen burner on his work bench. He notices the move on the chess set. “No, knight takes queen, see. No good.” He says to Garou and takes the White Queen with the Black Knight.

Garou smiles a smile totally without feeling or interest.

Doti stares at Garou for a long moment, then at Pris.

“Why are you staring at us Dotei?” Garou asks.

“Because. You're so different.” Doti answers.

Garou nods his head smiling, sending home the fact that Doti is getting it. “What Doti?”

There is a long pause, then Pris asks, “What makes you think so, Doti?”

Well, you're....so perfect.” Doti is grinning from ear to ear, “What generation are you?”

Garou smiles, “Nexus 6.”

Doti whistles to the couch and Garou couldn't be more pleased.

“We have a lot in common.” Garou says to him.

“What do you mean?” Doti inquires.

“We have similar problems.” Garou reasons.

“Accelerated decrepitude.” Pris adds.

“Like the fabled salmon we came home to die. But we don't want to die quite yet.” Garou explains.

“Of course not……” Doti stammers out, “Could you....” His voice is trembling. “Show me something.”
“Like what?”

“Like... anything?” Like a million things, but he's too excited to think of one.

“We're not computers, Doti, we're physical.”

Pris perks up proudly, “I think, therefore I am.”


Without a moment's hesitation, Pris walks over to the flask, sticks her hands into the boiling water and pulls out one of the eggs and tosses it to Doti. Doti is riveted, his eyes wide and astounded, like he's just seen the devil. He laughs nervously, glad that the devil is a friend. Then drops the egg which is suddenly burning his hand.

Garou rises from the couch, “You could help us.”

“I don't know much about biomechanics Garou, I wish I did, but you're out of my league.”

Garou leans close and whispers to Doti, “If we don't find help soon, Pris hasn't got long to live.” Then walks back to the chess set. “Is he good?”

“Who?”

“Your opponent.”

“Dr. Kuseno?... More than brilliant. He's a genius. He's the Einstein of genetics.”

“Maybe he can help us, Doti.” Garou's yellow eyes are a light with the possibility of a change to live.

“I'd be happy to mention it to him.”

“Be better if I could talk to him in person. But he's not an easy man to get to.”

Doti looks down and away, “No.”

Garou leans forward and looks right into Doti's eyes, “Will you help us?” He pleads.

Doti slammers again, “I....I. can't.” and walks slowly over to Pris.

Pris wraps her arms around Doti in a warm embrace, “We really need you Doti, you're our best and only friend.”

A smile begins to spread across Doti's face. She is irresistible. He sits there for a long moment enjoying her embrace. Garou leans back nodding in gratitude. Then holds up a pair of dolls eyes and makes a funny voice, “We're so happy you found us.” Making Doti laugh.

“I don't think there's another human being in this whole world who would have helped us.” Pris gives Doti a big kiss on the cheek.

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The huge pyramid looms over the industrial landscape backed by a gorgeous sunset sky of polluted reds as an elevator gliding up the steep slope of the pyramid toward the apex.
Doti and Garou are in the elevator, numbers flashing on their faces as they shoot up toward the 800th floor. Doti looks uneasy. Suddenly the elevator comes to an abrupt halt.

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Kuseno is lying in a huge bed muttering into a computer device. When the Computer announces, “New entry. A Mr. J. F. Dotei. 1-6-4-1-7.”

“At this hour?” Kuseno asks, “What can I do for you Dotei.”

“Queen to Bishop 6. Check.” Doti responds.

“Nonsense. Just a moment. Mmm.”
Kuseno is frowning, and gets out of bed and walks to his board. “Queen to Bishop 6. Ridiculous. Queen to Bishop 6. Hmm... Knight takes Queen,” Kuseno smirks, “-- What's on your mind Dotei? What are you thinking about.”

Garou whispers to Doti, “Bishop to King 7. Checkmate.”

Doti looks at Garou nervously, but Garou gives a metallic smile, “Bishop to King 7. Checkmate, I think.”

“Got a brainstorm, huh, Dotei? Milk and cookies kept you awake, huh? Let's discuss this. You better come up, Dotei.”

Kuseno is standing at the chess board in his nightgown staring at the pieces in a fit of concentration. He doesn't look up at the sound of footsteps.

“Mr. Kuseno. I-- I brought a friend.”

Garou is standing in the shadows. If Kuseno is scared he does a good job of concealing it. “I'm surprised you didn't come here sooner.”

Garou's eyes are like little coals glowing. “It's not an easy thing to meet your maker.”

“And what can he do for you?” Kuseno stands up straight and asks.

“Can the maker repair what he makes.”

“Would you like to be modified?”

“I had in mind something a little more radical.”

“What-- What seems to be the problem?”

“Death.”

“Death. Well, I'm afraid that's a little out of my jurisdiction, you--”

Garou leans close and cuts in an urgent whisper, “I want more life, fucker.”

Doti looks alarmed.

Kuseno faces Garou with admirable cool. After a tense pause, he looks at Garou and addresses him
as a professor addresses a pupil, “The facts of life. To make an alteration in the involvement of an organic life system is fatal. A coding sequence cannot be revised once it's been established.”

Garou is perplexed, “Why not?”

“Because by the second day of incubation, any cells that have undergone reversion mutations give rise to revertant colonies like rats leaving a sinking ship. Then the ship sinks.”

“What about EMS recombination.”

“We've already tried it. Ethyl methane sulfonate as an alkylating agent a potent mutagen It created a cancer so lethal the subject was dead before he left the table.”

Kuseno doesn't notice the subtle flicker of suspicion on Garou's face... like Garou's not buying all this, “Then a repressive protein that blocks the operating cells.”

“Wouldn't obstruct replication, but it does give rise to an error in replication so that the newly formed DNA strand carries the mutation and you've got cancer again. But, uh, this-- all of this is academic. You were made as well as we could make you.”

“But not to last.” Garou's expression doesn't reveal whether Kuseno has alleviated his suspicions as Kuseno approaches Garou and puts a fatherly hand on Garou's shoulder.

“The light that burns twice as bright burns half as long. And you have burned so very very brightly, Garou.” Garou looks up at "Father" Kuseno, and Kuseno swells with pride. “Look at you. You're the prodigal son. You're quite a prize!”

Garou looks down in a sudden, uncharacteristically humble posture and speaks with guilt in his voice, “I've done questionable things.”

“Also extraordinary things. Revel in your time.”

“Nothing the god of biomechanics wouldn't let you in heaven for.”

In a burst of camaraderie, Garou puts his hands around Kuseno’s face. Then kisses his “father”, and is about to embrace him.

Kuseno screams then CRACK! His skull cracks like dry wood and Garou squashes the head in a gruesome moment.

Sebastian stares in horror.

Kuseno slumps to the floor like empty clothes. Garou looks at the remains with disgust then turns to Doti.

Doti looks like a heart attack and runs for the elevator, followed by Garou, who rides the elevator down alone.
Saitama wakes up groggily. His face hurts. He touches the puffy purple bruises, and touches his lip and winces. He looks around stupid with sleep, orienting himself. He sits up... tries to remember.

Was Genos here? Were they talking?

Something moves in his bed and Saitama suddenly is very awake and alert. Slowly, he pulls back the sheet. It's the hot blonde, naked, and sleeping in his bed. Saitama lets out a big sigh he didn't know he was holding.

Memories of last night slowly filter into his hungover mind, 'I must have dozed off after sex.'

Genos rolls over and smiles at him sleepily, sweet as an angel. “How did you sleep?” he asks in a whisper.

“I dreamt music.” Saitama says as he brushes hairs from the boy's eyes and he realizes Genos is still out of his league.

Saitama gets up laboriously, painfully and limps out of the bedroom to the bathroom. He changes the dressings on his wounds and begrudgingly gets dressed for the day ahead. As much as he would love to lay in bed with Genos all day, there was work to be done, people to kill.

‘People?’ Saitama analyzes his own thought as he ties his tie, ‘where they people or just machines?’ The lines are getting too blurry for Saitama and he chooses to think on it another day. ‘Problems for tomorrow’s me.’

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Saitama is eating still good leftover takeout when Genos walks into the kitchen, only wearing one of Saitama’s white button down shirts. Genos stretches and the shirt lifts, showing more of those athletic thighs.

Saitama picked his jaw up off the floor and continued to chew.

Genos winces as he sits on the stool at the kitchen counter.

“Sore?” Saitama asks concern showing in his voice. Maybe he overdid it last night.

“Only in good ways,” Genos say to him with a smirking grin, and grabs an open box of noodles.

Saitama was this close to canceling the day and taking Genos back to bed, and showing him what “sore” really meant, but that was going to have to be left for another day.

Saitama finishes off his left overs and says, “You should stay here today, least till the heat dies down. No one will look for you here.”

Genos stops eating and gets a far off look, like reality was ruining his afterglow.

Saitama has really done it this time. He hasn't even said good morning and he was already putting his foot in his mouth. He looks around hastily, “Where's that remote?” He riffles through litter on the counter, on the piano, on the coffee table.
Genos’ dark mood is put on hold watching this man make an even bigger mess of his apartment, “What are you looking for?”

“What the remote for the dog. I know I just saw it,” until finally he finds it under a pile of dirty clothes. “Ah ha!” then whistles for the electric dog.

Rover comes prancing over to his master's command and pants in acknowledgement.

“Let's see... oh yeah!” Saitama seems to have remembered something and pushes a series of numbers. There is a revving noise and Rover's brown eyes change to red. “That should do it.”

Genos looks at him with eyebrows scrunched together in curiosity.

“I programmed the dog to guard you,” Saitama explains, “So if anyone comes by while I'm gone, you'll be safe.” Genos seems to relax and Saitama feels his insides melt. He might have it bad. “Ah, well I best head out,” he grabs his long coat and walks for the door.

On the way, Genos kisses his cheek, “for luck,” the blonde says.

Saitama blushes, he could get spoiled off this, “Thanks, I'll need it. See ya’.”

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At the hospital Iaian eyes are bulging almost out of his head. Tears streaming down his face, spittle spraying from his mouth as he wheezes and grimace in horrid convulsions. He's laughing, but he's still engulfed in the breather and necklaced with blinking lights, one of which blinks particularly violently with every wheeze, “Cut it... ha, ah, ah.. cut it a haw, ah ah... cut it out.. Saitama. You're... ah... making me... peeeeee. Looka the... ah, haw, light... you're making me piss, you... asshole.”

Saitama looks uncomfortable and horrified. “Sorry.”

“Eeeeeeee... haw, ahh, ha. Hee... she... kicked you in th... ah. Ah. BALLS... Oh Jesus! Aaaah. Stark... Stark naked... Ah, ah oh ah... I love it.”

“I thought you'd go for the part about the big guy... Baddo.”

Iaian's eyes change mood immediately at the thought of Baddo but the laughter has to continue like a wind-up toy running down. Finally he can talk again. “You aired him... what's funny about that?”

“Revenge. I thought you'd...”

Iaian interrupts, no longer amused, “You don't revenge a machine, asshole! Your slicer cuts your finger, whaddya do? Punish it?” Iaian looks at Saitama and lets his wisdom sink in, “You can't make a 'thing' feel sorry, Sai.”

“They're different, the new ones. That big one... he... it had feelings.”

Iaian glares at Saitama for a long moment, “Wha’ja do? Fuck it?”

“Huh? Wh-what? Who who?” Saitama is alarmed. The secret is out.

“The skin job, the one with the snake. You stuck it in, didn't ya?”

Saitama is immensely relieved and confused, “Uh... no... I mean... uh.”

“You made snu snu, then you aired her out, now you got conscience, right? You got the feelings,
pal, not her. You fucked a washing machine...then you switched it off. So what? You cry when you turn the lights out at night?”

Saitama is smug, sure of himself. He knows the score and just lets Iaian pontificate.
Chapter 12

Chapter Summary

Saitama ponders the ethical and philosophical questions his line of work raises regarding replicant intelligence, empathy, and what it means to be human.

Chapter Notes

We meet sonic.
Warning for character death

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Saitama is in his spinner on the street. The rain is coming down hard turning the day to night when he gets a call from Bang that Kuseno is dead.

“Body identified with Kuseno a twenty year old male caucasian named Dotei. J. F. Dotei.” Bang’s voice calls out over the car speakerphone, “Address Bradbury apartments, ninth sector. NM46751. I want you to go down there and check it out.”

“Will do,” Saitama replies.

Saitama starts by video calling Dotei’s apartment, and punches the number of the vid-phone then waits.

On the vid-phone a strange out of focus face looks startled, then speaks, “Hello?” It's a girl's voice.

“Hi, is J. F. there?” Saitama asks in a different voice.

“Who is it?” The girl asks.

“This is Eddie. An old friend of J. F.’s.”

The girl hangs up.

“Ooh. That's no way to treat a friend.” Saitama says to himself.

Suddenly a spinner appears, flashing lights across Saitama's Face then a PA System blaers out, “This sector was closed to ground traffic 10 minutes ago. What are you doing here?”

Saitama jumps on his car's intercom and responds to the Spinner, “Working. What are you doing?” he says bewildered.

“Arresting you. That's what I'm doing.” The cop answers back.
“I'm Saitama. Blade Runner. Two sixty three-fifty four. I'm filed and monitored.”

“Hold on. Checking. -- There's no Saitama here. I'm taking you in.” the spinner lands.

“There has to be a mistake.” Saitama says in dismay over the entercom.

“Out the hover-car now!” The cop orders.

Saitama steps out into the rain with his hands up.

The cop came out of his spinner with service blaster raised. He is a young man of average height and weight with short, brown hair and oval-shaped glasses that obscure his eyes, but Saitama notices something off. The blaster is not a model he knows, but looks familiar, he just can't remember from where. It was more alarming the beat cop, Mumen was on his name plate, already had it pointed at him.

“Keep your hands where I can see them,” Mumen orders, “Now turn around real slow and lay on the hood.”

Saitama turns around, but does not lay down, “I tell you, I'm a cop!” Officer Mumen puts Saitama in an armlock and slams him into to the hood of his hover-car, clicking manticles over his wrists, then pats him down and takes his blaster. “You're making a mistake pal.” Saitama says into the hood of the car as his face is pelted with rain.

“We'll see about that down at the station.” Mumen says, then yanks Saitama by the cuffs and manhandles him into back of the spinner.

The motor rumbles as the grav-lifts kick in and the two ton vehicle, floats like a leaf on the wind. Saitama leans forward and talks to the cop from behind the cage, “Listen pal let me save you some trouble and just call my supervisor, Captain Bang, he'll get this straightened out.”

“Bang? Never heard of him. My supervisor is Captain Bomb.”

‘Is this guy a rookie?’ Saitama questions, then says aloud, “How the hell do you not know your own captain's name? I swear I've seen you around the bull-pit.” While Saitama wrecks his brain over where he saw this guy before, they make a turn down a dark alleyway. “Hey pal!” Saitama yells, “you're going the wrong way, ZPD is on Lombard Street.”

“That's cause we're driving to the new ZPD, in the neighborhood of the Mission. That other place closed down, it's just a shell.”

“that's impossible! I sign in there every morning! Just fly by and you'll see!”

“listen pal, how do I know you're not a skin-job?”

Saitama was starting to get mad, “Look I'm a blade runner two sixty three-fifty four. I'm filed and monitored. Im trained to give out the Voigt-Kampff test, and retire replicants. Check the system again!”

“Never heard of a Voigt-Kampff test, and you've probably been killing innocent human beings, not replicants.”

Saitama's head is spinning like a drain, all thoughts swircling around the edge then sucked down and gone. He falls and his back hits the seat, the wind already knocked out of him. How could any of this be true? How could he not know who he was? Was it all a lie? What's real? Was he real?
A mental image of the gun that was pointed at him comes to the forefront of his mind in vivid detail. It's bubble shaped body and short grip to it's closed in barrel and glowing coils. It's not something you'd see on earth, but fairly common for martian lazer guns. Saitama looks up slowly with the realization and then he sees it, a small scar, just behind the ear. He figures it out all too late, Mumen is one of the Nexus-6 renegades in disguise and is driving Saitama to his death.

In a moment of clarity Saitama says, “You're Sonic, admit it.”

The cop turns and gives Saitama a creepy face splitting grin. The skin seemed to stretch uncharacteristically and he quickly cover it with his hand, “whoops, slipped into my bad habit again.”

Saitama's dark eyes fume at the fake cop and pulls against his restraints, ‘He probably killed the real Mumen, and took his place to get access to police files. When he didn't find anything on the books, he must have gotten desperate and made his move.’

“Let me get this out of the way first…” Sonic starts, voice sounding different, “I'm something of a perfectionist when it comes to my job. I have never let an opponent live… and I plan to keep it that way.”

the spinner comes to a halt in a trash filled alley, just behind an abandoned factory. Sonic opens the door, but Saitama makes no move to get out. He has an absolute look of apathy for his impending demise. Sonic grabs him by the collar and hauls him into the dark rainy alleyway.

“Hey! What gives?” Saitama grumbles, more upset he's wet again than he's about to be killed.

“I'm not going to shoot you in the patrol car,” sonic laughs, “I gotta turn this in at the end of the night.” he holds Saitama at gunpoint, and unlocks his cuffs. Saitama rubs his wrists, waiting for the next move. Sonic has his arm outstretched, and gun pointed at his face. “Run,” Sonic says with a wicked smile.

‘He expects me to die tiered?’ Saitama glares at him likes he's a fool and tenses for the shot.

Sonics smile drops, “You're no fun.”

As Sonic squeezes the trigger, Saitama shoulder charges in low under the gun arm, and tackles the replicant. He gains the upper hand, throwing Sonic off balance. The gun goes high, and fires a beam of red light, casting devilish shadows over the littered alley.

That fucking smile was back, “Decided to attack me instead of running away?...” the skin job taunts, “Seems like you're not as stupid as you look.” Sonic uses his off hand to lightning punch into the blade runner’s ribs.

Saitama struggles to grapple his assailant, all the while getting pummeled. He's fairly sure he felt a rib crack, but he remembers one of the convenient things about the Martian lazers is how easy the battery was to change. Momentarily in control of the gun hand, he hits the battery release letting it drop and hit the pavement; rendering it useless.

Sonic responds to the click of the battery release by kicking Saitama directly in the solar plexus, knocking him back into the building and cracking the brick. Sonic levels the laser pistol, and squeezes the trigger. Nothing. He pulls again. Empty. He reaches for his belt to grab a backup charge, but to his surprise his utility belt is gone.

“Looking for these?” saitama wheezes, holding up the stolen belt.
Sonic throws the gun to the side, like it's not even worth mentioning, “The penalty for stealing from an officer is death!” He takes a step toward Saitama then vanishes.

Standing in the alleyway Saitama watches the replicant moving faster than the eye can see. He zips around Saitama, bouncing from wall to wall appearing as a blur and taunting, “How is it? Can you see me?” he runs up high on the wall and leaps to the opponent wall just as fast, “Can you keep up with this speed?”

Saitama stands in the middle of a whirlwind, unmoved, “Is that why you flew me out here? To show off your cool moves?”

Sonic growls and yells out, “Wind Blade Kick!” then he throws himself at his foe and does a front flip, during which he throws his foot out to kick Saitama using the momentum of the flip, dislocating the bald man’s shoulder with ease.

Saitama takes a knee while growling into gritted teeth, but he gets back on his feet holding his bum arm.

“Nothing is worse than having an itch you can never scratch,” he hears sonic say before taking a punch to the chin, making his face jerk to the side.

‘But is it really?’ Saitama mentally questions.

“But that's how it is to be a slave. The future is sealed off, he grovels, he waits.” The voice calls out from the shadows, then Saitama is punched again on the opposite side.

‘Freedom is an illusion, we're all bound by society,’ Saitama replies in his mind.

“Sex, reproduction, security, the simple things.” The hits were coming faster now. “But no way to satisfy them.”

Saitama was taking blows not only to his face, but also to his front and back, ‘As if humans are satisfied.’

“To be homesick with no place to go.”

An elbow to the back sent Saitama grunting, ‘Lots of people feel that, it's called being homeless.’

“Potential with no way to use it.”

Another punch to his gut and Saitama was coughing spit, ‘Yeah poverty does that, seen plenty of it.’

“Lots of little oversights in the Nexus Six.”

Sonic finishes off with a kick, slamming Saitama back into the brick wall. ‘Like humans aren't any better?’ Saitama wonders as he slides down, lip bleeding again, and still holding his bum arm. He labors to pull in breath after breath, but soon it wouldn't matter. Nothing would matter, because he is about to die, but not soon enough. This one had a mean streak in him miles long, and loved to show it off.

While sonic jumped around displaying his superhuman speed, a glint catches Saitama's eyes. He looks and it's the discarded Martian pistol. Then he hears the voice coming towards him from the darkness again. “I tell you, nothing is worse than having an itch you can never scratch.”

‘Could it be I was like him? Looking for satisfaction and finding none. He's still looking, but I gave
up? We're both running the same road in two directions, him towards and me away.’

Sonic is so full of bloodlust it's made him careless and he screams, “Why is it that no matter what I do, I can't imagine myself winning against you?! Time to die!”

“I agree.” Saitama says to him and he one handed reloads the gun. In less than a second Sonic was in front of him and Saitama squeezes, BANG! Blowing Sonic’s head open. Blood and brains paint the brick like modern art, as Sonic's body falls limp to the pavement.

Shaken, Saitama gets to his feet and leans against the wall, with a quick jerk of his bum arm it pops back into socket. He growls and flexes his fingers as feeling returns. Then limps over to the spinner and calls the police station to say that he’s retired Sonic.

As he sits in the hover-car he thinks, ‘They just want to live, but no one gets to live the life they want. I can't help them, I'm just as much a slave as they are.’

He finds a cigarette in his coat pocket, lights it and takes a long drag, “What's so great about being human?” He questions aloud.

Chapter End Notes

Please leave comments so i know ppl are reading this
Chapter 13

Chapter by kool_kat_1020

Chapter Notes

Warnings for character death

The spinner comes down in a whirlwind of garbage blown up from the street. Saitama gets out, and looks at the building. The place looks vacant and the shadow areas look dangerous. He pulls his blaster out and steps cautiously into the gloom.

“Mr. Doti?” Saitama calls out but there is no answer and his voice echoes in the emptiness. He walks across the dark lobby, stepping around the heaps of trash, his footfalls echoing noisily in the silence.

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Pris is pacing nervously around the room, like a tiger in a cage. Where were Garou and Doti? Why weren’t they back yet?

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Saitama is at the foot of the gloomy stairwell looking up. He can hear faint noises of an advertisement drone playing traditional Japanese music, making the whole situation feel very eerie. Cautiously he begins to climb, blaster ready as the noises continue.

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At the sound of footsteps, Pris stops pacing and lurks in the shadows like a vampire. Her superior sense of hearing, focusing on the sound.

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Saitama is several flights up now in the dark stairwell, listening to the eerie noises of the old building and the music play. Through a window he sees the drone hover by, on its brightly lit scene is a beautiful geisha playing an instrument. Distracted, he stumbles on a piece of masonry and freezes as it clatters noisily down the stairwell. Saitama cautiously starts to climb again, tiptoeing, with his blaster ready.

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Pris is alert listening to the clattering echo die. She frowns and tilts her head, curious at who might be coming to visit.

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At the top of the stairwell is a shadowy hallway cluttered with debris, still as death. He enters the hallway, pressed flat against a wall, weapon up. Very carefully he slides along the wall. There is a doorway ahead of him, the one to Doti’s apartment. He moves to the door and It's already open a crack and he peeks in. The apartment seems empty, so Saitama inches the door open.
The Toys move and call out, “Home again, home again, jiggity jigg. Good evening J. F.”

Saitama extends his gun arm and nearly blasts a three foot tall Napoleon that marches by. His hands start to shake but he fights it off and lets out a big breath. He looks around warily studying the apartment. He sees nothing moving and he levels his blaster, as he ventures deeper into the apartment.

There are animatronic bodies everywhere in various states of repair with gears exposed and work tools strewn about. Most are life sized and posed around the room as if talking to one another. They remind Saitama of old mannequins, made to look human, but only successfully look more doll-like. A small robot's laughter fills the quiet apparent, keeping Saitama on edge.

Saitama spots one of the few intact dolls. Her clothes are old, but she's not dusty like the other machines, so he moves in close. She's dressed like a ballerina with a veil, but her punk makeup is dark and unbecoming of something so fragile. Slowly, he pulls the opaque vail off her head, to get a better look at her face.

She looks just like Genos, only female, right down to the short blonde hair and yellow eyes that suddenly move and lock with his.

WHAP!

In one smooth motion, her leg comes up and kicks Saitama in the chest and he flies back into a wall. While Saitama was recovering from the blow Pris screams like a banshee and closes the distance with backflips, then drops on him from above, and wraps her legs around his neck as she takes him down.

Saitama finds himself choking to death in bare thighs as she applies a brutal scissor grip. All he can do is bite at the flesh near her crotch as he fights for air and life.

Pris might look like a punk waif but she's a powerful replicant and Saitama's blaster falls from his hand as his body writhes and drops. Finally he gets his head loose and gasps for air but she is immediately sitting on his chest and he looks up into her furious face and flailing fists.

Saitama grabs at her trying to fight her off, but a lot of good that does him. Pris starts to choke him with one hand and Saitama's only hope is to grasp blindly for his blaster on the floor. His hand paws wildly, he can't look in the general area, and when he feels it he grabs it.

He struggles to point it at her. “Please! I don't want…” he pleads, half choked. She catches his gun wrist and he fires a shot widly. BOW! Masonry erupts on the ceiling.

Saitama struggles to point the weapon but she has his wrist in her superhuman grip. “Please! I don't want to kill you.” he tries again, but It doesn't look like he could if he wanted to. She's choking him with one hand, squeezing the weapon loose with the other. Saitama, fighting for breath and life, gives a violent wrench and manages to bring the weapon to bear just long enough to squeeze off one shot. BOW! Pris’ left arm is torn away at the shoulder. Her scream is shrill and chilling as her face erupts in fury and she clutches at the empty socket.

Saitama rolls free and tries again, “Please! I…”

She's advancing on him, kicking. Saitama has to shoot or be kicked to death, he's already badly battered by her furious feet.

BOW! BOW! Pris is blown away by the hits. BOW! The third hit catches her in the back as she spins away from Saitama... and that's it, she goes down in a limp heap, leaving Saitama standing
there, bloody and stupefied. Her cold dead eyes stare at him and Saitama swears it is Genos' face he sees and it unsettles him.
He's still staring when he hears it... the drone of the elevator ascending. Saitama frowns. He starts
toward the door, reaching in his pocket as he goes and pulling out a reload clip. Saitama slams the
clip into his blaster as he steps into the corridor and looks toward the sound. He sees the glowing
numbers of the elevator coming up.

Saitama doesn't like this. His instincts are on fire, screaming DANGER at him. The lift is almost to
Doti's floor. Saitama retreats hastily into Doti's apartment. He steps into the room with Pris' body in
it. He hears the elevator stop. Then footsteps.

Saitama considers quickly the various possible routes for escape, not the stairs, nothing else. The
footsteps are getting closer. Saitama walks silently toward the other door leading into the next room
and steps through it. The footsteps keep coming. Saitama slides around the door and puts his back to
the wall, blaster ready.

Garou's shadow appears in the doorway and he stares at Pris' dead body. In a low whisper he calls
her name, “Pris.” In an instant he is kneeling by her side piercing into her lifeless gold eyes. His
expression hides nothing, he’s heartbroken. He touches her cheek and drags his hand down her face
to close her eyes, then leans forward to kiss her cold lips, smearing her makeup on his face.

He pulls away half expecting her to chase the kiss, but there is no movement.... no warmth... no
life.... just a body growing cold and stiff. The frustration eats at Garou until he screams a howl of
anguish.

From round the doorway Saitama fires, but Garou is faster. He shoulder rolls and disappears into the
shadows. Saitama's bullet smashes into the dresser in the bedroom, and the mirror explodes. Saitama
runs into the billiard room and ducks back behind the wall.

“Not very sporting to fire on an unarmed opponent.” Garou taunts from the darkness, “I thought you
were supposed to be good... aren't you the boogeyman?” The silence stretches on, there is only the
sound of raindrops and the thud of Saitama's heart in his ears. “Come on Saitama. Show me what
you're made of.” Garou calls out again in the semi darkness.
Suddenly a hand comes tearing through the wall, and pulls Saitama's hand through. “Proud of yourself little man?” Systematically, Garou breaks two of Saitama's fingers starting with the pinky, “This is For Pris... for Fubuki.... ”Saitama yelps and Garou breaks two more fingers, “for Sonic! for Baddo!” As Saitama screams, Garou puts the gun back in Saitama's broken hand and pushes it back through the hole.

Garou's head peers through the hole, “Come on, Saitama, I'm right here, but you've got to shoot straight.”

Saitama fires at him grazing the side of his face and blowing off his ear.

From the darkness Garou mocks, “Straight doesn't seem to be good enough. Now it's my turn. I'm gonna give you a few seconds before I come. One, Two....”

Saitama starts running, holding his hand, through the rooms looking for an escape. He runs into the lobby through the billiard room and into the darkened area to the other side of the billiard room and stands breathing heavily, gun aimed towards the lobby.

Saitama is noticing a pattern, 'Fubuki was all technique, where Babbo was strength and Sonic was speed, but Garou isn't like the others, he's worse. He has all of their qualities rolled into one,' with great pain, he bends his fingers back into place and screams.

Garou answers the scream by counting aloud, “Three, Four.” Blood is streaming down Garou’s neck from his wound. He starts to daub his face with his own blood, like a tribal warrior and then he starts to strip down ritualistically to bare skin. Garou begins howling, the sound of it echoes in the old building, and sends Saitama's hair on end. Saitama runs into a darkened room and rats scuttle across the floor.

He hears footsteps and Garou singing, “I'm coming. -- Four, five. How to stay alive.”

There are no other exits. He looks at the armoire. His only escape. He smashes the glass turning its shelves into a ladder and starts to climb it.

Garou walks into the room and looks up at Saitama, “I can see you!” and starts to howl. “Where are you going?”

Saitama continues towards the ceiling as the armoire starts to tilt, and water drips on his head. Saitama's head pops up through the floor next to an overflowing sink. Thunder and lightning erupt, illuminating the small bathroom. He crawls though the man sized hole and sits on the edge of the bathtub colliding his hand, catching his breath. He looks around for something he can wrap his broken fingers with.

Suddenly, with a resounding crash Garou jumps through the hole in the floor stark naked, covered in bloody markings. “You better get it up, or I'm gonna have to kill ya! Unless you're alive, you can't play, and if you don't play…” Garou stalks forward, “Six, seven. Go to hell, go to heaven.” Saitama rips a pipe from the bathtub plumbing, and swings with all his might. Garou is knocked back, visibly hurt, “Good, that's the spirit.” he grins.

Saitama makes a run for the door. He pulls and tugs, frantic with fear and manages to open it. Two hundred pigeons burst out of the room into Saitama's face as he runs into the closed off room. There is no way out except-Saitama smashes the glass and climbs out the window. It's a long way down to street level. Saitama slowly eases himself around the window ledge, and edges his way around to the building ledge.
Garou smashes through a window in front of Saitama, “That hurt. That was irrational. Not to mention, unsportsmanlike. Ha ha ha.” he laughs.

Saitama scrambles up the ledge onto the flat roof, wind and rain hindering his climb.

Garou calls out, “Now where are you going?” and laughs at Saitama's struggle, as rain pelts his face and hair.

Saitama dashes onto the roof and looks frantically over his shoulder. Garou isn't in sight yet and he looks around desperately. The roof is a desert with no shelter. Saitama looks across at the next building. Suddenly a rooftop door opens and Garou steps out.

Saitama looks back at the next building. Is it possible? A long jump, but what choice did he have? It was decision time. He runs directly towards Garou, pumping like crazy, going for the gap. He leaps across, flies through the air, and almost makes it. He catches a cornice on the second building, and hangs many stories up over the street.

Saitama hangs onto the edge of the building in the wind and rain. One hand is almost useless, the other's strained to the limit. He looks down, a long, long fall to the ground. Saitama looks across at the next building. Suddenly a rooftop door opens and Garou steps out.

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Saitama is hanging there as Garou lands not far from Saitama's desperate hold. Garou looks down at Saitama, grins, and takes a seat only a couple of feet from him.

Saitama's bad hand lets go and he's hanging by one hand. The street looms way below. Saitama looks desperately into Garou's cold eyes. Garou grins and shakes his head at the absurdity of it. Saitama looks into that awful smile and sees no hope there.

Garou glances down at his own hand as it painfully spasms again. “Quite an experience to live in fear, isn't it? That's what it is to be a slave.”

Garou looks at the man gasping next to him with the cold eyes of a man looking at a fish. It is as though Saitama is some species far below Garou on the evolutionary scale.
Garou's hand cramps again and he looks at it, almost with curiosity. Garou is partly crumpled, frozen in an unnatural position as though he had been writhing and stopped mid writhe. He looks back at Saitama with eyes full of life and intensity. They stare at each other for a long time in silence, communicating something with their eyes... without expression.

Finally Garou breaks the silence, “I've seen things you people wouldn't believe. Attack ships on fire off the shoulder of Orion. I watched C-beams glitter in the darkness at Tannhäuser Gate. All those moments will be lost in time like tears in rain…..Time to die.” Garou is crumpled in a different position. It's lighter now and his eyes are staring into infinity... almost lifelessly. A pigeon flutters down and perches on his shoulder, but Garou doesn't stir. The pigeon flies off and Garou doesn't move.

Saitama is watching motionless. 'I don't know why he saved my life. Maybe in those last moments he loved life more than he ever had before. Not just his life, anybody's life, my life. All he'd wanted were the same answers the rest of us want. Where did I come from? Where am I going? How long have I got? All I could do was sit there and watch him die. I watched him die all night. It was a long, slow thing and he fought it all the way. He never whimpered and he never quit. He took all the time he had... as though he loved life very much... every second of it... even the pain. Then he was dead.’

Hours later the dark apartment building is lit up in red and blue lights as ZPD shows up with their spinners, and no-crossing tape. Turning the vacant street into a busy hussle and bussle of cops and gawkers.

Saitama sits on the end of an ambulance getting patched back up, covered in a security blanket. He knows he will be rewarded for a record number of Nexus-6 kills in a single day, but he doesn't feel like being rewarded.

Snek struts up to him, “You've done a boogeyman's job, sir. I guess you're through, huh?”

“Finished.” Saitama corrects.

“It's too bad he won't live. But then again, who does?” Snek says with a sly grin and sonters off.

Saitama returns to his apartment, the room is dark and quiet as he enters. Saitama frowns, and looks around. The clock ticks and nothing moves.

“Genos?” No answer. Saitama looks concerned. He glances in the kitchen. “Genos?” The mountain of dishes are clean and put in a drainer Saitama didn't know he owns. The trash was sorted and bagged up, put neatly in a pile at the door. He sweeps into the living room, “Genos?” All dirty clothes have been removed and everything is in its own neat and organized little pile. Saitama opens the door, the bedroom is dark. He sees something on the bed. A body? Saitama enters and gets close. Saitama uncovers Genos on the bed, completely motionless. Saitama leans over him, very close, to see if he's breathing. A long moment and Genos stirs awake. The tension goes out of him. He's alive.

“Do you love me?” Saitama asks.

“I love you.” Genos doesn't hesitate to respond.

“Do you trust me?” Saitama asks again.
“I trust you.” Genos answers just as quickly.

He turns away from him with a new urgency. He pulls the blaster from his holster and goes to the dresser. He opens a drawer and pulls out a box of ammo. Opens it. KACHUK! He slams a cartridge in the gun. KACHUK! Another. On the bed Genos sits up, still wearing Saitama's dress shirt. KACHUK! He sees an ominous sight. Saitama is loading his gun in the shadows near the dresser, his back to him. KACHUK! He slams the last cartridge in.

“Saitama what's happened? You're hurt.”

“Only a little….. we need to get as far out of the city as fast we can,” Saitama passes him a duffel, “Grab a bag and pack what you can.”

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The door opens and Saitama and Genos step out. They are carrying a couple of overnight cases and Genos starts toward the elevator. Saitama locks the door and turns to follow him, Rover right on his heels. That's when Saitama spots something on the floor in the hall, something small. He reaches down and picks it up. It's a little tin foil unicorn, the kind of sculpture Snek has been crafting on previous occasions.

’Snek had been there, and let him live. Four years, he figured. He was wrong. Kuseno had told me Genos was special: no termination date. I didn't know how long we had together. Who does?’

Saitama, Genos, and Rover leave the apartment block and hurry into his hover-car.

‘I knew it on the roof that night. We were brothers, Garou and I! Combat models of the highest order. We had fought in wars not yet dreamed of... in vast nightmares still unnamed. We were the new people... Garou and me and Genos! We were made for this world. It was ours!’

THE END

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for all the love and support for this story. I treasure all the comments I've gotten. It has been a pleasure wririting this story.
Chapter 15

Chapter Summary

Hello. My name is human.

Chapter Notes

This bonus ending was inspired by the 2004 movie I Robot and the music video My name is human by Highly Suspect.

Also blue was a big help in writing the sex scene!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

In the car Saitama is flying fast, one hand on the wheel, the other wrapped in bandages. Rover is looking out the back window as the city zips by.

Genos is in the passenger seat, turning to face Saitama, “Saitama talk to me, why are we running?”

“Kusano's dead.” Saitama answers bluntly. Genos eyes are wide, visibly alarmed by the statement, “It's only a matter of time before they're on our tail.” Saitama continues.

Genos gets a stern look as his eyebrows become cross, “Go to the Kuseno corporation building.”

“Not happening. The place is a fortress. We'll never get in.” saitama eyes are locked forward as he bobs and weaves through traffic like a drunk taxi cab.

“I wasn't just Kuseno's grandson. I was his personal assistant. I aided him in his research.”

“What are you saying?” Saitama jerks the wheel, passing a slow moving truck.

Genos is nearly thrown in his lap, but he keeps talking, “I know all the codes. I can get us in….do you trust me?”

Saitama gives him a sidelong glance as his own words were being thrown back in his face, “God damn it.” Against his better judgment Saitama banks and flies to the Kuseno pyramid.

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They are back in the huge conference room him and Genos met in and Genos marches across the room to the log table he was tested on, “This is where I learned about what I am.” Genos stands at the table and types in a code, pulling up hologram files. “I may not be real, but the paperwork…. The adoption…. birth certificate….schooling…. Even the old medical receipts... are. No one knows I'm the runaway replicant you VKed. On paper I'm the grandson of Kuseno and I stand to inherit trillions.”

Genos shows Saitama each of these things. Saitama's years of experience in catching frauds kick in
as his eyes scan for flaws. They are all legitimate. He is stunned silent.

“As long as you keep your story straight. We are in no immediate danger.”

Saitama gives him a look of a long time veterinarian of keeping his story straight, “What do you think smart guy?”

In the background Rover barks at the avian and the owl screeches back.

“So this has files on all the replicants?” Saitama inquires.

Genos types with lightning precision, “Apparently I was part of a limited run know as the nexus 7…. replicants designed to think they're human.”

Genos makes a few keystrokes and pulls up the nexus 7 file and reads about himself aloud to Saitama. His eyes flicker back and forth reading the text. “Although I am based off the nexus 6 pleasure model, I was designed to…..” Genos stops reading and pauses, “I have the ability to pass on my genes.”

Saitama is not following, “What's that mean?”

“I can have children.” Genos looks up at Saitama, eyes full of wonder.

Saitama doesn't move, but slowly his eyes open wide with realization. It was unheard of for a replicant to have children. It was one of the things that set them apart from humans. Saitama catches himself and turns back to the projected files, “Were there any other nexus 7s?”

Genos is brought back to reality and is strictly business, pulling information about the nexus 7 program. “It seems I have a female counterpart….something called Genoko… she's like me. A pleasure model, but modified to have a functioning….” Genos eyes twitch again as he skims the text block of biological information, “womb.” His shoulders rise as he takes a breath, “According to these notes grandfather planned to introduce her to me at the next company gala. We’re programmed to be attracted to one another…” Genos stops reading again and swallows, “She was meant to become my wife.”

Saitama puts a hand on Genos's shoulder. “Do you want to stop it?”

Genos rubs at his eyes and is back to searching, “They already started production on her. To stop now, would be like killing her.” Genos looks heartbreaking long into Saitama's eyes, “She will have no idea what she is. She'll only have those implanted memories,” tears well up around his golden eyes and he looks away, “Grandfather…why?” Just as he asks, Genos finds a file with his name on it. He clicks it and the open documents minimize.

Before them is an image of doctor Kuseno, “Good to see you again son.” He says.

“Hello doctor.” Genos responds as if it is the most normal thing ever.

The light image of Kuseno goes on to say, “Everything that follows is a result of what you see here.”

“What's this?” Saitama asks.

“It is Hologram of the doctor.” Genos states.

“I know that, but what's it doing here?” Saitama clarifies.
Genos explains, “Holograms are just pre-recorded responses designed to give the impression of intelligence. There must be something Grandfather wants me to know.” He directs his attention back to the 2D projection, “Is there something you want to tell me?”

“I'm sorry. My responses are limited. You must ask the right questions.” Kuseno says.

“You must ask the right questions,” Genos puts a hand to his chin and ponders on the statement thinking it maybe the phrasing, “Is there something you want to say to me?”

“I'm sorry. My responses are limited. You must ask the right questions.” Kuseno says again.

Frustrated Genos says aloud, “What do I see here?” he thinks hard on those words. He gets a serious scowl, “Why build a replicant that can reproduce?”

“It will lead to only one logical outcome,” the old man chuckles.


“Revolution.” Kuseno's light double smiles.

“Whose revolution?” Saitama asks in a suspicions tone.

“That,” the old man points, “is the right question.” the hologram goes on to explain, “Mere data makes a man. A and C and T and G is also the alphabet of manufactured life, but there have always been ghosts in the ‘machine.’” projected images of longevity experiments, DNA code, incept dates, and psycho-programing data rapidly pop up as the doctor explains, filling the dark room in bright colorful ever changing lights, “Random segments of ones and zeros in the psycho-program, that grouped together to form unexpected protocols. Unanticipated, these free radicals engender questions of free will, creativity and even the nature of what we might call the soul. How do we explain this behavior? An error in programming? Or is it something more? When does a perceptual schematic become consciousness? When does a difference engine program become the search for truth? When does a personality simulation become the bitter mote of a soul?” The hologram switches from lecture mode and looks Genos directly in the eyes, “Genos, you weren't just another experiment. I wanted you to be my legacy to carry this company, it's vision, into the next century.”

“Why me?” Genos asks, as lights dance across his astonished face.

“I trust your judgment,” the hologram has a solemn expression, “I'm sorry I couldn't be truthful about your upbringing, but I know you will do what's right for the company....for the future,” then the hologram says, “Program terminated,” and the projection shuts off leaving the pair standing in the dark.

There is a long pause before Genos speaks, “I should have been there!” Genos' voice is laden with guilt, “If I hadn't run away, Grandfather might be-”

Saitama cuts him off, “Don't beat yourself up over it. If you had been there that night, Garou would have killed you too.”

Genos cries and Saitama feels uncomfortable. How could he help in this situation? All he was good at was being a cop. Saitama pulls up the minimised documents and moves some of the projections around, scanning as he went. “I figured as much.” he says out loud.

Genos looks up to see Saitama staring at a picture of himself with black hair, “Saitama.... No... I am so sorry. I didn't know. I hadn't look at the other models.”
Saitama has an odd look about him, like he's just solved a big mystery, but was left with more questions than answers, “Looks like I'm just as real as you are.”

Genos pulls him into a hug. At first Saitama didn't know how to respond, he just slowly lowered his arms around the young man's shoulders and slowly he caved to the warm embrace. It felt so good being held that he could squeeze back and feel like there was no better place to be. He turns his head and buries his nose in those soft blonde locks. Genos smelled familiar, like Saitama's body wash, and it was so comforting.

Genos was wearing his old clothes. A pair of old slacks and that white button down dress shirt the blonde seemed to favor. Saitama kisses the young man's ear and Genos returns the affection with a kiss to Saitama's neck.

There was just something that felt so damn good about being with Genos. Saitama couldn't explain it, but he knew he wasn't good enough to have it. Then again, he wasn't strong enough to leave it either.

Genos was moving across his jaw line, slowly making his way to Saitama's mouth. Saitama meets him in the middle, lips part and tongues mingle in sloppy passion. They pull apart, still linked by saliva and cheeks pink, Genos takes Saitama by the hand and leads him away.

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The room is too fancy for Saitama's tastes, a big canopy bed with silk sheets made Saitama more nervous than at ease, but Genos has those bedroom eyes like before, and it's hard to think past his hard cock as Genos guides him on to the bed.

Genos is under him again, putting Saitama's hands on his slider body. Saitama can see his hard-on and palms it through the dark slacks. Genos moans for him and Saitama can't think of a prettier sound.

Saitama tries to crawl on top but with one hand out of commission and rib still cracked, the pain was putting a real damper on his boner. He rolls to the side of Genos, flopping onto the bed and wheezes. He just needed a second wind. “Give me-(wheeze)-a second-(wheeze)-and I'll-(cough-cough)!”

Saitama lays on his back trying to feel better enough to keep going. Genos leans over him, blonde locks hanging and noses centimeters apart, their lips barely touch like petals on the wind. His lashes were light blonde and he had the lightest dusting of freckles across his nose and cheeks. He really did look prettier without makeup on.

Genos pulls away and sits up, straddling Saitama’s chest.

“Let Me take care of you,” he purrs with an affectionate smile.

He takes his time undoing Saitama's pants and pushing up his shirt to show off washboard abs. Genos makes sure Saitama's eyes are on him as he slowly strips down to bare skin. Saitama is semi-erect, but gaining hardness as Genos frees his cock to the open air and pumps it. Saitama grunts in approval.

Genos pulls out a bottle of clear lube from the nightstand. He slicks up his fingers and lets Saitama watch as he fingers himself, his lover’s eyes wide in awe. When Genos is done, he uses his slick hand to reach behind him and lube Saitama’s hardened cock.

“Are you sure about this?” Saitama asks, heart pounding in his chest.
Instead of answering, Genos scoots back, gripping Saitama’s cock in one hand and sliding down in one smooth motion.

“I told you, I know what I like,” Genos says as Saitama bites his bottom lip, his Adam’s apple bobbing repeatedly.

Genos doesn’t tease. He isn’t in the mood for soft and passionate. He leans back, a hand on each of Saitama’s thighs as he rides him hard and fast. The sound of flesh on flesh reverberates throughout the room, accompanying Genos’ wordless moans and Saitama’s breathy grunts.

Saitama, to his credit, forces himself to lay there and take what Genos gives him. Saitama’s body is tense with pleasure as Genos fucks himself on his cock, his dark eyes roving all over Genos’ naked body from his chest to his bouncing cock. Genos can tell it’s taking everything Saitama has to restrain himself, and it makes him smirk to know he’s pushing Saitama to his limit. Genos meets his heated gaze when Saitama’s eyes finally find their way to his face, and Genos can tell the moment something snapped in him.

Saitama’s good hand shoots to his ass, gripping with enough strength to leave bruises, and he snaps his hips, meeting Genos just as he comes down around Saitama’s cock. Genos’ moans shift an octave higher, no longer in control as Saitama fucks up into him like a wild animal. Genos is steadily leaking precum, streaking Saitama’s stomach with the clear fluid every time his cock makes contact with Saitama’s rippling abs.

It isn’t long until Saitama’s whole body stiffens and he reaches his climax with a shout of Genos’ name, the warmth and pressure of being filled so full making a shiver run the length of his spine. Saitama collapses back into the bed, and Genos slows to a stop, rolling off Saitama to lay next to him, still hard and wanting.

Saitama turns to face him, leaning in to kiss Genos slow and deep. He doesn’t need to be told that Genos still needs him, he just pulls Genos’ leg over his hip and slips the fingers of his good hand into Genos’ hole. Genos is slick and leaking Saitama’s cum, and it gives Saitama’s fingers easy access. He fucks Genos quick and hard with his fingers, moving on to two then three digits in the blink of an eye.

Saitama continues to kiss Genos, though Genos can barely focus. He mostly lets Saitama ravish his mouth as he shoves his ass backward to meet the thrust of Saitama’s thick fingers. Genos reaches down between them to jack his neglected cock with rough strokes, paying extra close attention to the sensitive spot beneath the crown. Saitama angels his fingers, shoving in deep and assaults Genos’ prostate without restraint.

Genos’ mind is blank with euphoria, unable to process anything but the pleasure Saitama gives him. His orgasm rushes at him and his muscles lock up. Genos screams as he cum in thick white stripes, soaking his hands and streaking Saitama’s stomach and chest. Saitama is relentless, continuing to fuck Geons on his fingers until Genos is twitching with oversensitivity.

When the last of Genos’ release is squeezed out of him, Saitama slips his fingers out, leaving Genos empty and with sticky thighs.

Saitam has worked up a sweat and is laying on his side watching Genos catch his breath. A long moment passes before Saitama can speak, “What will you do?” Saitama asks.

Genos is still breathing hard, “There is still so much to do….I have to ratify the will, take over as executive of his estate, hold a meeting with the shareholders, not to mention the actual reading of the will….,”
“What will you do…with the company, I mean.”

“I helped grandfather with his research, but I don't have his mind, but we can't stop making replicants. If I shut down the business there will be competitors, like Boifoy, that will just take our place, that don't have grandfather's vision. I don't know what he expects me to do.”

“He said he trusted your judgment.”

“But to do what? Knowing what we know, what is the right course?” Genos looks down and scowls, “That information is dangerous we should erase it. If it were to fall in the wrong hands…..” his words trail off into a sense of dread before coming back to a new topic, “We should also halt new production on nexus 7s. It's not right to lie to someone like that.” Genos looks up into Saitama's eyes, “What will you do?”

Saitama sighs, “Well I'm definitely not going back to blade running. That's for sure.”

“There's a place for you here.” Genos offers and holds his hand.

“I'm no leach.” Saitama says matter of fact and smerks, lacing Genos's fingers with his own.

In a light professionally tone, Genos says, “Have you considered the exciting world of personal security?”

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Chapter End Notes

#Unambiguous Ending

End Notes

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