Blue Fingers
by Reis_Asher

Summary

It's summer, and Hank brings home the bonsai for more TLC.

Connor decides to use the opportunity to bring up the concept of wireplay.

Notes

imuya77 requested the wireplay mentioned in Green Fingers, so then I had to write it. It's not necessary to read that first though.

Connor has a vagina but I'm pretty vague about it, his parts are referred to as his hole and his dick.

See the end of the work for more notes.

High summer had come to Detroit. Scorching temperatures meant Hank wandered around the house in nothing but boxers, and Connor was consistently tormented by a different sort of heat.

"It's too hot for that, Connor." Hank shook Connor's hand off his ass as he headed to the fridge, grabbing a cold beer. "I feel like a swamp beast. I just got out of the shower and I wanna get right
"You know I don't care about that," Connor replied. "Hank, we haven't had intercourse in three days, two hours, and thirty-four minutes."

Hank smirked, shaking his head. "You're gonna be the death of me. I can't keep up with your android stamina, kid. I'm fifty-three years old, gimme a break once in a while."

So Connor did. He kept his touches platonic, scaled back his fantasies, and concentrated on a rather difficult murder case that was stubbornly refusing to give him any leads.

Until the night Hank brought home the bonsai tree again. It was ten degrees cooler than the previous day, and Hank seemed a little more lively than the listless man who'd been lazing on the couch in the nude every day after work.

"I said we'd have to trim the roots in summer. Well, summer's here, and he needs a little more TLC." Hank set the tiny tree on the table, and Connor's eyes lit up. He caressed the tiny leaves, marveling at this delicate, miniature tree that Hank had managed to keep alive through the maelstrom of his life. Hank grabbed some tools and a bigger pot he'd bought, setting them down on the kitchen table.

"So, you've gotta separate the roots and the soil from the pot like this." Hank gently extracted the tree from the pot. He won't stay small unless the roots are trimmed." He grasped Connor's hands and wrapped them around the base of the root system. "Hold that still for me. Yeah. Like that." Hank gently clipped at the roots, stroking them with tender care and Connor's wires twisted in his stomach.

He'd been experimenting lately, using his sexual break with Hank to explore his own body, and he'd found stimulating his wires and sensors directly had some interesting results.

Results he wanted to share with Hank, but he didn't know how. He was fairly certain that Hank was going to turn his nose up the second he mentioned fumbling around inside him, but how was it any different than this? Hank squeezed and clipped another root and he longed for those fingers inside him, manipulating his sexual systems like a puppet until he was coming involuntarily, spraying his lubricant all over the bathroom like he had in a test session.

He could do it himself, but it wasn't the same. He wanted the danger and the unpredictability of Hank inside him, those thick fingers brushing against sensitive systems with care and setting him off by accident.

"You look like you wanna say somethin', Connor. What's wrong?" Hank transplanted the trimmed bonsai into its new pot, packing soil down into the empty space as he looked at Connor. "I know when you've got something on your mind. Out with it."

"Watching you touch this plant makes me imagine what it might feel like to have your hands inside me. Manipulating my wires and sensors directly."

Hank paused, soil falling from his fingers onto the table. "Is that even safe? I don't wanna go rooting around inside your precious systems. What if I damage somethin'? There's only one of you now. We can't go running to CyberLife for repairs because you got too adventurous. They're outta business."

"I know. It's safe. I've tried it." Connor blushed.

Hank regarded him with a skeptical look. "You really want my big hands mauling you in there?" He tapped Connor's chest for emphasis.

"You're so gentle when you prune that bonsai, Hank. I want to feel you inside me. I want you to control me directly, make me orgasm on command."
"Connor, that's a lotta trust you're placin' in me. What if something goes wrong? I wouldn't know what to do."

"I'll be right here with you. I'll let you know what's safe. Please, Hank."

"Let me pack this stuff away and we'll give it a try, I guess," Hank said. He stood up and went to wash his hands. He sighed as he dried them. "Let's go." He led the way to the bedroom, but Connor grabbed his arm and shook his head no.

"The garage would be more appropriate," Connor explained. "This could get messy."

"You're makin' me nervous," Hank replied, but he followed Connor out to the garage anyway. It was cool inside. Connor slipped out of his clothes and lay on the workbench naked. He retracted the skin over his stomach and opened the panel there. He grasped Hank's hand and pressed it inside him.

"Feel around in there. There should be a bunch of wires—yes, right there…" Connor gasped, spreading his legs. His little dick was erect, yearning for touch.

"This feels weird," Hank said, but his fingers found sensors inside him that Connor hadn't even discovered yet. A brush of his calloused hand made Connor buck on the workbench, screaming in ecstasy. "Are you okay?"

"Do it again!" Connor pleaded. Hank brushed his fingers over the sensor and Connor writhed. His scans revealed Hank was getting hard, and he'd visibly relaxed. His whole hand was buried inside Connor, tugging and pulling and caressing. He found a sensor Connor seemed particularly receptive to having touched and kept brushing it, stroking it like it was Connor's dick itself.

"Hank!" Connor screamed. He came like he'd never come before, jets of lubricant squirting from his hole as Hank's eyes widened.

"Holy shit," Hank whispered. He withdrew his hand and looked down in horror at his blue-stained fingers. "Connor, you said this was safe. You're bleeding."

"It's normal. Nothing to be worried about," Connor explained.

"Nothing to be worried about my ass! You've got internal bleeding!"

"Do you trust me, Hank?" Connor asked.

"Of course I do."

"Then you know I wouldn't put my life at risk for this." Connor grasped Hank's hand and licked the blood off. "Fuck me, Hank. Touch that sensor while you do it. I want to feel everything."

Hank's eyes darkened with desire. "Are you sure?"

"I'm sure." Connor opened his legs wide, grateful when Hank pushed inside him. It was so good to be full of Hank, to be joined together with this wonderful human he loved so much.

Hank reached inside him and gently tugged, and Connor experienced a weird discombobulation, like he was fucking and being fucked simultaneously. Hank's beautiful blue eyes bored into him, checking on his safety, but Connor had lost the power of speech as Hank manipulated him from the inside while fucking him like he was a sex puppet, a doll to be impaled on his dick.

Hank brushed against something else, and Connor gasped as he looked down to see his entire chassis
below the waist had become completely transparent. He could see Hank's dick inside him, how deep he was penetrating. From the look on Hank's face, he was quite aroused by the sight himself, his mouth falling open as he sped up his thrusts and followed the shape of his dick with his eyes.

"Oh god, Connor, you're so tight, fuck, just look at me inside you, I'm gonna fill that gorgeous hole up with my cum—" Hank came, and Connor watched creamy white semen release inside him as Hank groaned like a wild animal. He clutched the wires inside Connor with such force that Connor was afraid he'd tear them out, but he seemed to let go as soon as he realized what he was doing. His hand brushed against something else and a sensation rushed down Connor's spine straight to his dick, an impulse unlike anything he'd ever felt before.

Connor left his body. He came so hard that it was more than his circuits could handle, and a cascading error sent him spiraling into shutdown. The last thing he felt was a mixture of Hank's semen and his own lubricant dribbling down his inner thigh. Hank managed one final thrust into him before Connor was consumed by a wave of pleasure so bright he was sure he'd touched the Sun.

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"Jesus Christ, you scared the shit outta me!" Connor woke to find himself clutched in Hank's arms. Hank immediately buried his face in Connor's chest, and Connor knew he was hiding the tears welling up in his eyes. "We're never doin' that again."

"I'm okay," Connor explained.

"You shut down, Connor! I thought you were—I thought—" Hank seized him tightly, planting kisses on his face, his neck, hands fumbling through his hair.

"I rebooted. I sustained an error due to the intensity of my orgasm and it caused my critical systems to crash. No permanent harm has been sustained." Connor squeezed Hank's arm, touched by Hank's care and concern. "I'm all right, Hank."

Hank sighed, tension leaving his body. "I think we should stick to plain old vanilla sex for a while. Though the clear thing was pretty fuckin' hot."

Connor smiled. "I apologize that it was more intense than I anticipated. However, I do not regret the experience."

"Neither do I," Hank admitted. "Just don't scare me half to death next time, okay?"

"I thought there wasn't going to be a next time?" Connor asked. He smirked, knowing he'd won this fight. The allure of forbidden pleasures was too much to resist, and they both knew it.

End Notes

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