Cloudy Days
by Pastel_Fucker

Summary

In the wake of the revolution, Connor experiences something he doesn't understand.

Notes

Ive never written for DBH, but woop woop here I go-

Androids didn't dream. Androids didn't have the capabilities in their programming. They couldn't feel. They weren't alive This is what Connor had always told himself. This basic understanding of deviant and Android behavior was what kept him on track in his mission as a hunter. After the revolution and his deviation, though, Connor wasn't sure what he knew anymore.

The transition from a cold, calculated, machine to a living being wasn't as easy as everyone said it was.

Detroit was silent for weeks after the revolution, the majority of the humans being evacuated from the city. Not everyone left as instructed. Many humans stayed because they had no where else to go...others because they had connections to the Androids who had been freed on that cold snowy night in Detroit. Hank was one of these humans. His partner, his friend...someone who hated him so deeply was now the man holding him in the middle of a deserted, snowy, sidewalk.
"You did good, son"

That was the first day Connor truly understood what it was to feel emotion. The night he deviated, Connor didn't feel any particular emotions...maybe regret. Regret..that he had been at fault for the deaths of people when he was programmed to save lives.

All the same, he was programmed to take them.

When he was being held in such a firm hug, he couldn't ignore the notice in his HUD. Hank and him were family...but what did that really mean?

"Did I?" Connor whispered, hands gripping the back of Hank's coat tightly. "I killed people, Hank...let people die. I almost killed Markus"

Just as quickly as he was pulled into the embrace, Connor was yanked back so fast, his LED turned yellow. A familiar scowl met his gaze. Hank looked annoyed, but their relationship didn't take a dive.

"I don't wanna hear that shit. You didn't know what you were doing. Not really. Now shut the hell up and lets go home."

Connor didn't have a home until that day. He was always either in the precinct or at CyberLife.

Lost..

Connor was lost without a place to go until he met Hank. Hank gave him a place to be. To live.

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That had all been exactly 3 weeks, 2 days, 8 hours, and 12 minutes ago. Detroit was still and quiet as usual. Sumo didn't have dogs in the dog park to play with. There wasn't neighbors being nosy about the android in Hanks house. It was like a ghost town.
Connor didn't like how quiet it was.

"Hey Con. I'm taking Sumo for a walk. You coming with?" Hanks gravelly voice snapped Connor from his thoughts. Blinking, he looked over at his...Friend? Father? Hank.

"I'll pass for today, Hank. Thank you for asking, though. I believe I should...rest for a while before I head out to Jericho" Connor explained, watching as Hanks expression shifted from tired and annoyed, to amused.

"I thought you guys didn't sleep" He mused, making the Android pause.

"I thought using that term would make you more comfortable. Stasis seems to...rub you the wrong way, if I have the expression correct" Connor smiled slightly, watching Hank roll his eyes.

"Yeah yeah. How about you turn the smart ass protocol off by the time I get back" Hank seemed annoyed, but Connor could see the slight upturn to his lips.

"Understood, Lieutenant" His laughter was held back as Hank groaned and left with Sumo.

Alone in the silence of the house, Connor felt the cold from outside seeping into his synthetic veins. It was always so quiet when Hank left for work. The station needed Androids like Connor...especially since nearly half the staff were taken to camps with the other Androids. He wasn't permitted to return to work, however. Until Waren declared Androids safe to coexist with humans, Connor could do nothing.

Shaking his head, Connor laid on the couch, flipping onto his back. His new clothes still felt foreign against his skin. A soft black tshirt picked up from a Target and sweatpants from Hank's dresser...both were so different from the stiff CyberLife uniform. Hank had assured him that they'd get him some more clothes as soon as things were a little more calm.

'How much more calm could this city get?" Connor let the thoughts drift off as he glanced out the window. It was cloudy. Cold.

Connor hated cloudy days. The entirety of the revolution was under thick cloud cover. The only
time Connor had truly seen the sky and sun was in his mind palace. Connor never wanted to go back to the Zen Garden again...not after what happened with Amanda. Hank swore to him the weather would be changing in a few months when it wasn't winter anymore. Connor wanted winter to be over.

Closing his eyes, he tried to think of better days to come while he slipped into stasis...

- Cold wind whipped his face, cutting into his skin. Blood froze almost as soon as it slipped from his body. A strong gust knocked him to a frozen ground, scenery shifting faster than he could process it. A cry of pain was ripped from his lips as he tried to push himself to stand. It was as if gravity were a thousand pounds heavier.

"You're pathetic Connor"

The voice echoed as he forced his head up, squinting against the wind.

"A..Amanda?" He would be mortified by the whimper that left him if he wasn't so confused and..

Scared

"You were the most perfect Android"

Shakily pushing against the ground, Connor began to stand slowly. He saw Amanda in the distance, unphased by the weight of the world and the whirling scenery. Then she was gone.

"And you couldn't even follow one order"

Whipping around, he saw her behind him

"A..Amanda ple..ase..I don.." he cried out as his bio components were locking up, shocks sent up his spine.
"We don't need you anymore"

Again, she was gone. Connor was looking around frantically until he turned his head, forehead pressing into the barrel of a pistol.

A shot rang out.

Connors eyes snapped open, jolting up into a pair of strong hands. They were holding him tightly, not letting him move. He needed to move. He had to move. He was going to die. He had to mo-

A sharp slap knocked his head to the side.

"Connor! Fucking hell! stop!" Hank was yelling at him. Hank. It wasn't cold anymore. He wasn't bleeding out.

Connor saw his stress level plummet from 98% to 40%

"Hank..?" Connor croaked, his vision blurry. Was something wrong with him? Why couldn't he see?

"Its alright son..You're alright..I got you. Its okay.." Hank wasn't yelling anymore. His voice was tight and strained, but soft. A calloused hand moved from Connors arm, wiping across one of the Androids eyes. Immediately the blurry vision was gone, wetness smeared against his cheek.

He was crying.

"They- They were trying to- Hank-" Connor was trying to explain the danger, but his voice box must have been malfunctioning. He just couldn't seem to get it out.

"It was a nightmare Con..its alright..You're okay. No one's gonna hurt you." A nightmare? That was impossible..No..He couldn't dream to even have a nightmare.
"She- Amanda- Shot me-" Connor sputtered it out finally. He blinked the tears away as he looked at his father.

"I promise you Connor. No ones trying to get you. She isn't there. Not in your head anymore" Connor was trying to hear Hanks words. There must be something wrong..if he wasn't in his mind palace, what was it? Flexing his fingers, he didn't feel any resistance. Touching his forehead, there was no wound. Looking around, he was definitely still in the house.

"Hank..?" he whispered, wiping his eyes "I..I'm scared..whats wrong with me..? I..I'm not supposed to dream..but"

Thinking back on it, this...thing..didn't feel like his mind palace. It was too floaty..The environment around him was continuously shifting as well. Sometimes it was the mind palace, sometimes it was old Jericho..the CyberLife warehouse. Twisting and turning and so cold. Bodies scattered everywhere..people he had killed.

"I..I think I just had a nightmare.." Connor confirmed what Hank had already known. While he didn't understand, Connor knew that was the only other explanation.

"I know Con...I know" Hank pulled him in close as Connor looked out the window. It was snowing...

He hated days like this.

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