

Instructions Not Included

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Instructions Not Included

by [Vinci](#)

Summary

Logically, Connor should have noticed something was different after the moment of his deviancy, after he consciously chose not to shoot Markus, but he truly didn't notice it until months later, as he watched, in absolute interest, as Hank typed something on his computer across from him at his desk.

Or: In which Connor simultaneously experiences an emotional and sexual awakening in the wake of his deviancy and handles it in the best way he can. By not telling anyone.

Fuzziness

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

February 27th 2039

Logically, Connor should have noticed something was different after the moment of his deviancy, after he consciously chose not to shoot Markus, but he truly didn't notice it until months later, as he watched, in absolute interest, as Hank typed something on his computer across from him at his desk.

His attention was more specifically on his hands as they moved diligently over his keyboard. One of them shifted to wrap around his coffee cup, his fingers curling around its base as he lifted it up to his lips. It was a vanilla latte Connor had picked up himself, the lieutenant having given him no specifications for the type of drink. He seemed to like it though, his hand tipping up and his Adam's apple bobbing as he downed it easily.

Connor tilted his head, his eyes gliding over each of Hank's fingers resting against it. Comparatively, his hands were bigger than Connor's. Granted, he was generally larger and taller in relation to him but it was in his hands that Connor noticed the difference the most. His fingers spanned wide, each thick and calloused. His palms were just as large and they'd spread comfortably over Connor's shoulder whenever he'd give him a friendly pat or shove.

Connor found that he liked them.

For some reason that wasn't analytical.

He liked the feel of them through his clothes as Hank guided him somewhere, his fingers curling around his elbow or his hand settling at the small of his back. He liked the way they felt whenever Hank would ruffle his hair and the way they curved around the nape of his neck when he'd tug him in for a quick hug.

Connor tilted his head, watching as Hank's fingers shifted against the cup, his index finger twitching up a millimeter. He lowered it halfway and made a sound, a soft 'hm'. A quick glance told Connor that he was reacting to something he had seen on his screen, his brows pulling together in thought. He returned the cup to his desk, one of his fingers lingering on its lid as it slowly traced its edge.

Connor followed the motion with his eyes. His processors reorganized themselves to let him focus on it intently, his mind only giving mild attention to the report he was supposed to be filing.

Idly, Connor imagined those fingers spreading out over his right knee, Hank's palm settling heavily against his thigh. He imagined it slowly drifting up, sliding further and further up until it shifted to curl around his waist, Hank's thumb pressing against his pelvis.

Warning.

Software Instability Detected.

Thirium Pump Error Detected.

System Processor Error Detected.

Temperature Stabilizer Error Detected.

Connor ignored the messages—something he tended to do more often after deviating—in favor of watching Hank’s hand bring the cup back up to his lips. An increase in internal temperature and a slow down in his processors was noted by his software diagnostics but Connor was too distracted by Hank’s pinkie finger curving beneath the cup to notice.

Hank brought the coffee back down but he seemed to pause the movement, his hand hovering inches over the desk. He moved the cup left and right sharply, Connor’s eyes following the motion. He did it again and out of curiosity Connor raised his gaze up to Hank’s face only to see the man frowning at him.

“What, Connor?” Hank asked in exasperation, placing the cup back down. “Is there something in my coffee that I should know about?”

“No,” he replied swiftly, blinking three times to clear the messages piling up in his vision. “Only one and a half shots of espresso, milk and two pumps of vanilla syrup.”

“Uh-huh, so why were you staring at it like it was going to explode?”

Connor sat there for a moment, his mind trying to form an answer. He supposed he could tell the truth and inform the lieutenant of what he had *really* been staring at. The truth always seemed to be the best course of action when dealing with Hank but something stopped him, some odd feeling that made him hesitate, made him feel an odd sort of warmth. He was lucky he was able to control his facial expressions because he would have been frowning at himself rather deeply.

“I want to try it,” he said instead.

Hank’s brows rose, his forehead creasing with the action. “You want...to try my coffee?”

“Yes.”

“You know, you could have just used your words. We both speak English,” he replied, leaning forward and handing Connor the cup.

He curled his fingers around it, mimicking the way he had seen Hank do it. He registered its temperature as warm, akin to how Hank’s touch felt. It wasn’t the same but it was close. After staring at it longer than he needed to, Connor tipped it up and let a few drops reach his tongue. He registered a number of things from the drink’s calorie count to its exact temperature to its sugar content—only one pump of vanilla next time—to the amount of

caffeine and to the tiniest of ingredients. He also managed to note Hank's cholesterol—still a little too high—and his BAC—0.0.

Its taste was rather trivial and inconsequential, his system only really identifying the drink as a simple vanilla latte but at the way Hank was staring at him he said, "It tastes alright."

He handed the coffee back and, in the process, his and Hank's fingers overlapped briefly before the lieutenant leaned back in his seat. A faint tingling radiated from where they touched and Connor's lips parted in response as he straightened up.

"Guess lattes aren't your thing, Connor," Hank said, smirking as he raised the coffee back up to his mouth. "I better not get an android disease from this."

"Androids don't—"

"Joking," Hank interrupted before taking another sip.

Connor watched Hank's finger twitch again, another error popping up in his vision.

March 3rd 2039

The next time it happened, they were at home watching a bunch of old movies Hank had insisted on showing him. The only light came from the TV, illuminating the couch and leaving the rest of the house in shadow. Sumo was lounging somewhere in the darkness, his soft pants and heavy breaths heard somewhere behind him. He and Hank were situated on the couch, the latter's feet perched on the coffee table.

Hank had fallen asleep at some point during the second movie and out of curiosity and the fact that he had nothing else to do, Connor turned to look at him. His head was tilted off to the side, drooping forward a little. One of his arms was perched on the left armrest, his other stretched out on the back of the couch.

Connor let his eyes wander up Hank's chest, over the Knights of the Black Death logo on his shirt, up to his neck and then over his shoulder and down his arm, his eyes pausing at the hand closest to him.

Warning.

Connor felt an urge, a desire pop into his mind. He wanted to touch Hank but his processors and programming couldn't find a reason for it or where the sudden objective came from.

Software Instability Detected.

Connor's gaze flickered away briefly before he shifted until he was sideways on the couch, his knees tucked beneath him, his body towards Hank. He leaned forward and held his hand up. He hesitated, his hand hovering in the air, before he placed it over Hank's heart, half-covering the logo on his shirt. He could feel its strong beats, its rhythm steady and firm. It was thumping at 64 beats per minute, a healthy pace for the average human.

He didn't need to touch Hank to know that information. He supposed that he simply just wanted to. Offhandedly, he noticed that he was starting to want a lot of things recently. Most of them seemed to have something to do with Hank.

Connor's gaze drifted up to Hank's face and he gently slid his hand up until it curved around his neck.

Thirium Pump Error Detected.

Hank's head shifted in his sleep and Connor froze. Hank murmured something incoherent, something that could barely even be counted as a word, before settling back down against the couch. Connor let out a breath he didn't need and waited a moment to make sure Hank was still asleep. His thumb skimmed cautiously over the man's beard, its rough texture bringing a shiver to a spine that wasn't supposed to shiver.

Connor wanted to do something. He just didn't know what.

He curled a finger around Hank's ear, tucking a few strands of hair behind it. Behind him, on the TV, a man and a woman were staring at each other, a sunset framing their bodies. Connor looked over his shoulder at them, watching as the man brushed the back of his hand against the woman's cheek. She smiled and moved closer, bringing her own hands up to his neck. They kissed, the camera panning around them to get as many angles as possible.

Connor turned back around, his brows drawing together. Was that what he wanted to do?

That was something people tended to do awake and fully conscious of each other. What he was doing now was either bordering on or already was what Hank would call 'creepy'. He was really only doing this while Hank was asleep because he was afraid of his reaction if he asked him if he could do this while he was awake.

Connor moved his hand across Hank's collarbone, watching as his fingers rose and fell over it. He started sliding it down his shoulder but stopped, his gaze flickering back up to Hank's face. He leaned closer, his eyes never leaving Hank's as he pressed his lips to his cheek.

System Processor Error Detected.

Temperature Stabilizer Error Detected.

A warmth bubbled up from somewhere deep within Connor, like a vibration thrumming throughout his body. He liked it, whatever it was. And he liked this, the feeling of his lips against Hank's skin, the heat of Hank's body beneath his palm.

Connor leaned back until he was sitting on his heels, his eyes on his hand as it skimmed down Hank's arm. He let his fingers follow the trail of his veins, their color faint against the harsh light of the TV screen. He shifted so that their hands were parallel to each other, his fingers drifting over Hank's palm before spreading out over each respective digit.

To androids, this was an intimate way to share memories and information. Connor had seen Simon and Markus do it a few times, a starry-eyed expression on their faces each and every

time. But Hank was a human. All this really did was connect their hands physically. Hank's mind would remain a mystery to him but Connor didn't find that unsettling. Hank surprised him sometimes in incredible and wonderful ways.

Connor gently cradled Hank's hand. He lifted it up and pressed Hank's palm to his cheek, his eyes fluttering shut. There was that warmth again and the errors that came with it. He ran a quick diagnostic and found no virus nor glitch in his system. He pushed further into Hank's palm and almost sighed. Why on earth did he want to sigh?

He wanted to ask someone if they knew what was going on with him but he didn't know how to explain it. He really didn't have much to go by.

Connor bit his lip, a habit he had picked up from Hank. Maybe that was why he wanted to sigh.

His mind, almost involuntarily, conjured up an image of Hank, completely awake, sitting between his open legs on the couch. He imagined Hank's hand move from where it was on his cheek to drag down his chest, his palm hot and heavy. It drifted lower and lower, lingering over his thrium pump briefly before continuing down.

Involuntary Heat Increase Detected.

Hank's thumb twitched and Connor opened his eyes to look at him. He was still asleep, his chest rising and falling slowly. Connor allowed his systems to sync up with it, his own chest mimicking the motions.

Suddenly, Sumo barked loudly, the sound cracking into the air. Caught off guard, Connor almost jumped, his entire programming acting as if there was a threat somewhere. He quickly deactivated his defensive protocols, his head turning to look into the darkness. Hank was jostled awake by the sound, his body jerking out of sleep. Connor hurriedly dropped Hank's hand and scooted away from him a little on the couch.

"Jesus fucking Christ," Hank said roughly, rubbing at his eyes. "What the fuck just happened?"

Connor turned to face the back of the couch and scanned around until he found Sumo sitting up in the kitchen by the table.

"I think Sumo woke himself up," he replied, looking at Hank again.

"He sure as hell woke me up," Hank mumbled, taking his feet off the coffee table. "What time is it, anyway?"

"12:17 in the morning."

"Wonderful."

Hank stood up stiffly and stretched his back out, his arms extending high above his head. Connor watched his shirt slide up.

Thirium Pump Error Detected.

System Processor Error Detected.

Temperature Stabilizer Error Detected.

“Guess this is as good a time as any to go sleep somewhere more comfortable,” Hank yawned, his hands dropping back down. “Night, Connor.”

“Good night, Hank,” he said automatically, his eyes following the man’s silhouette as he went around the couch and towards his bedroom.

However, Hank stopped just before entering the hallway. He turned and glanced at Connor over his shoulder, his brows drawn downward into a frown—heartrate 76 bpm.

Before Connor could ask if something was wrong, Hank whistled and said, “Sumo, go get him.”

Sumo bounced to his feet excitedly and scurried across the floor, hopping onto the couch and clambering over Connor’s lap. Connor’s lips twitched into a smile and he buried his hand into the dog’s fur as Sumo nuzzled at his face. He heard the bedroom door open and close and when he turned back around, Hank was gone.

March 13th 2039

Connor idled with Sumo as they waited for Hank to catch up. They had decided—well—Connor had decided, mostly, that they should take a walk in the park. The exercise would be good for the lieutenant and it wasn’t like they had been doing anything else. It was a Saturday and one of the few days they weren’t bogged down by cases in the wake of the android revolution. And it was one of the first days in the season that was warm enough for people to enjoy the weather at a mild 52 degrees.

Androids and humans alike were meandering in the park, either keeping to themselves, grouping together, or tailing after rowdy children. Ever since the revolution, more android/human pairs had begun to emerge and be seen in public. Connor supposed they were feeling encouraged by the peace talks and the new laws being written recognizing androids as individuals with rights.

Connor’s eyes lingered over an android and a human lounging in the grass beneath the shade of a tree. The android was an AP700 with pale skin and dark hair and the human was a young man with dark skin and burgundy hair. They were leaning against one another, their hands clasped together. They were gazing at each other with that same starry-eyed expression he’d seen on Markus and Simon when they were looking at each other. Connor would compare it to a face a human would make if they were trying to stay awake, their eyes half-lidded, their lips parted. The only difference was that they’d be smiling or staring with complete and utter clarity.

Connor watched the human place one of his hands on the android's back, somewhere in the middle between where her shoulder blades would have been. He slid it lower until it settled at the small of her back, their heads pressing together.

There was that warmth again, spreading throughout Connor's body. But it felt a little different, like it was lacking something, like a part of him was empty and it needed something to fill it.

Sumo tugged on his leash suddenly and Connor looked down at him to see him trying to lead him somewhere. Connor followed his gaze to see Hank walking towards them. He let go of the leash to let Sumo bounce over to him and Hank knelt down to scratch at his face, a smile coming to his lips.

Software Instability Detected.

Temperature Stabilizer Error Detected.

Involuntary Heat Increase Detected.

Corrective Actions Recommended.

Connor stepped over to the two and Hank glanced up at him as he said, "It took fucking forever to find a parking spot. It's the first day in months that's above 30 degrees and everyone's freaking out."

"It *is* almost spring, Hank," he replied.

Hank grunted in response and stood up, Sumo's leash in hand. "Yeah and that means it's almost summer too. I'm already sweating."

A cursory scan of Hank told Connor that he wasn't but he assumed that was a joke so he didn't say anything. After a few months around the man, Connor was beginning to understand that Hank often spoke in exaggerations and hyperbole, something that apparently, after researching it, was a common thing among Hank's age group. Connor didn't really understand why but he didn't mind. Sometimes his jokes were really funny. Other times, they were so terrible that Connor had to take a moment to process that Hank had actually said that. However, either way, Connor would receive errors in his software just the same. Once, Hank had said a ridiculously unfunny pun that he accompanied with a dramatic wiggle of his eyebrows and Connor's system had responded as if he had been set on fire.

The duo wandered aimlessly through the park. They left much of the navigating to Sumo who decided that a straight line was out of the question. Once they reached an open, grassy clearing, Hank unhooked Sumo's leash and let him run around with some of the other dogs.

"I wish I was that energetic," Hank sighed as he sat down on a bench. "Maybe I'd clean my house more."

"Then I'd be out of a job," Connor said, sitting beside him.

“You’re so funny,” Hank said sarcastically. He leaned back and draped his arm over the back of the bench. His warmth could be registered faintly by the nape of Connor’s neck. “Besides, I told you that you didn’t need to do that stuff for me.”

“I know. But I want to.”

“Fuck knows why.”

“I don’t have anything else to do while you sleep.”

“Well, that’s why you need a hobby,” Hank paused. “Like knitting.”

“Knitting,” he repeated flatly.

“Yeah, like all that crocheting and shit. That shit takes time. You could make a whole shirt or something while I’m asleep.”

“You really want me to knit?”

Hank scoffed. “Hell no. I want you to do whatever *you* want to do.”

“What if that’s taking care of you?”

“That’s nice and all and I appreciate it but your life can’t revolve around me, Connor. What do you do when I’m not home?”

“If you’re not at home, it’s usually because you’re at work and we work at the same place so I’d be with you regardless. But if you’re out with Captain Fowler or someone else then, I wait for you to get back,” he replied, frowning.

Hank laughed for some reason, the sound more a huff, as if he hadn’t intended to laugh.

“Sorry, sorry. That’s not funny. You just sounded like something I used to watch as a kid. But anyway, that’s what I’m talking about. You’re your own person now. You have your own life. You can do whatever you want now. There’s so much more to the rest of the world than just me.”

“I don’t care about the rest of the world,” Connor said firmly.

Hank looked at him, his brows drawing together. His heartrate was at an accelerated 85 bpm and there was a slight dilation in his pupils. He didn’t say anything for quite some time, the silence being filled by the bark of dogs and the joyous screams of children. Under his intense stare, Connor felt that warmth again but it wasn’t like the one he felt looking at the couple. This was the one reserved only for Hank.

Connor wanted to fidget. He wanted to do something with his hands but all they could do was grip his pants tightly. He felt something else too, something he knew the name of. Frustration. Hank never seemed to understand that Connor would always choose him over everyone else on the planet. He would have given up the entire android revolution if it meant keeping Hank safe from the other RK800. And after the revolt, after they had won, Connor had chosen to return to Hank even though Markus and the others wanted him to help manage negotiations

with the humans. Connor *wanted* to come back to Hank but no matter how many times he told him that, Hank never seemed to really get it.

Finally, Hank sighed and looked away as he mumbled, “Fucking androids, I swear to Christ.”

Before Connor could say something, someone called his name. He turned his head to see Markus coming towards him, surprisingly, pushing Carl along in front of him.

“Markus?” he said, standing up. “I thought you were still in Washington.”

“I got back a few hours ago. I wanted to spend some time with Carl so we decided to come to the park. I didn’t expect to see you here,” Markus replied, stopping Carl’s wheelchair by the side of the bench.

“You must be the fabled Connor I’ve heard so much about,” Carl said, smiling.

“Hello, it’s very nice to meet you,” Connor said, nodding. “This is Lieutenant Hank Anderson.”

Hank gave a halfhearted wave with the hand dangling over the back of the bench. “You can just call me Hank.”

Markus inclined his head, his brow drawing upward. “So, *you’re* Lieutenant Anderson. You’re the one who snatched up Connor from me.”

“I’m irresistible, what can I say?” Hank shrugged, his gaze drifting somewhere across the park. Whatever he saw made him straighten up and yell, “Sumo! Get that shit out of your mouth, right now!”

Connor followed his gaze to see the dog in question running around with what appeared to be a dead squirrel.

“I’ll go get him, Hank.”

Connor gave Markus a small smile before moving across the grass to where Sumo was currently chasing other dogs with a deceased animal. At Connor’s approach, Sumo’s attention shifted to him and Sumo wagged his tail excitedly as he jumped around Connor’s legs, dodging every attempt at relinquishing him of his new toy.

“Sumo, you know you shouldn’t have that in your mouth,” Connor said.

Sumo growled and dropped down to the ground, his butt wiggling in the air. Connor took a step towards him only for the dog to jump away again. Frustration found its way back into Connor’s system along with something that made his chest fuzzy, bubbly in a way. It made him smile, whatever it was.

“Sumo,” he said in exasperation.

Usually, dropping down to his level brought Sumo running to him so Connor knelt in the grass and spread his arms out. Sumo perked up instantly, throwing the squirrel to the ground

and rushing towards him. Connor braced himself for impact but he still fell back onto the grass once Sumo collided into him, the dog nuzzling at him with incredible enthusiasm. Connor could have sworn he heard Hank laugh from all the way over here but he wasn't sure. Sumo was being very distracting.

That fuzziness became more apparent the longer Sumo pushed against him and it didn't leave even as Sumo forced his back to the ground and collapsed on top of him.

Connor sighed and ran his hand over Sumo's head as he stared up at the sky. Markus came into view above him, an amused smile on his face.

"Having fun, Connor?" he asked.

Connor gently nudged at Sumo's ribs with his knee and the dog rolled over lazily, his tongue sticking out. Connor stood up and brushed dirt and grass from his pants.

"I'm used to it."

"I can see that," Markus said amiably. "You look happy. In general, I mean."

"I like being with Hank and Sumo," Connor said, scratching at Sumo's belly with the toe of his shoe. "I feel...needed."

"You would have been needed with us if you stayed."

"I wanted to be somewhere else," he said, his eyes drawing to Hank. The man seemed to be engrossed in conversation with Carl who had been moved over to Hank's side of the bench at some point. Carl was holding his arm out and pointing at something, probably one of his tattoos.

Software Instability Detected.

Temperature Stabilizer Error Detected.

Connor frowned as he blinked the messages away. He glanced at Markus who met his gaze with wide, inquisitive eyes.

"For a while, I've been feeling things I don't know how to interpret," Connor said.

"It's to be expected. We weren't designed to feel emotion and deviating from our programming makes us experience a lot of things we weren't supposed to," Markus replied, bending down to give Sumo a pat. "Maybe I can help. What are you feeling?"

Connor bit his lip, his eyes dropping down to Sumo. "There's a kind of fuzziness in my chest every time I look at Sumo. It feels like I'm happy but also a little bit of something else."

Markus straightened up. "I guess that's fondness. Or affection. Humans tend to feel that towards people or pets they like."

"Fondness," he repeated as Sumo rolled over, landing half over top of Connor's shoe.

Connor glanced at Hank, that warmth coming back to him. It was different in comparison to fondness, brighter, warmer. It burned more and it felt overwhelming at times. If he could feel pain, Connor would have thought it hurt a little too. There was also something else he felt beneath it, usually when he was staring at Hank's hands or conjuring up events that involved the man in his head. That one felt hot and electric. It gave him the most errors, much of them pertaining to processing speed and internal temperature.

He watched as Hank's index finger traced something briefly on Carl's wrist, both of the men still talking easily between themselves.

Oh, whatever this new feeling was, Connor didn't like it. It made him feel sick in a way and...angry?

Connor frowned at himself.

"Hey, you okay?" Markus asked.

Connor shook away the feeling and said, "I'm fine."

"I don't want to cut this short but I have to take Carl home."

"Of course," Connor replied. He pried his foot from under Sumo and started walking back with Markus. He gave a whistle and Sumo slowly trotted after them. "How did your meeting with the president go?"

"It went as expect. She agreed to change some laws but couldn't promise me that the changes would happen right away. You know, politics."

"Politics," Connor agreed.

That was one of the reasons Connor didn't want to stay with Markus and the others. The political environment was something he was unfamiliar with and one he, in all honesty, didn't like. He would much rather make a difference in Detroit where he could put bad people behind bars. That was a lot simpler sometimes than talking in circles with someone for several hours only to get nowhere. Granted, that happened sometimes when he and Hank would try to piece together a case that didn't make sense.

"Now, this one hurt like a bitch," Carl said, pointing to a tattoo at the bend of his elbow.

"I bet. It looks cool though," Hank replied, nodding.

"Thanks. I drew it myself."

At Markus and Connor's approach, the two men looked up. Sumo ambled over to Hank but when he tried to drop his head on Hank's lap, the man stood up hurriedly and retreated to Connor's side.

"Absolutely not. I know what's been in your mouth. You're just as bad as this one," Hank said, jabbing a thumb in Connor's direction.

Markus held his hand out and said, “Carl and I have to go now. It was a pleasure meeting you, Hank.”

“Same,” he replied, shaking it.

When he leaned back, Connor expected Hank’s hand to return to his side but it, unexpectedly, settled between Connor’s shoulder blades. That wonderful warmth returned with the heat of Hank’s palm and Connor’s system stuttered out warnings as Hank’s hand slowly slid down until it stopped at the small of his back. Connor’s entire body felt as if a shock sparked up and down his spine, the sensation pooling beneath Hank’s fingers.

Software Instability Detected.

Thirium Pump Error Detected.

System Processor Error Detected.

Temperature Stabilizer Error Detected.

Involuntary Heat Increase Detected.

“Keep doing you, old man,” Hank said, holding his fist out to Carl.

“You too,” he replied with a smirk, their hands connecting.

“I’m staying with Carl now, Connor. I’ll give you his address if you ever want to visit,” Markus said, his arm extended.

Connor blinked. He mirrored Markus’ arm and their systems connected as their artificial skins slid away. He was given Carl’s address and with it came a few of Markus’ memories. Interfacing between androids was an easy way to pass information around and it was usually a smooth process but sometimes other pieces of information would slip through. Interfacing opened up another android to the entirety of another’s system so it wasn’t uncommon for things like that to happen.

Connor saw flashes of Carl in his bed, of Markus barely alive in a junkyard, of Markus standing before thousands of androids, and of him sitting in front of the president. He even saw a few glimpses of Simon, from what looked like their first meeting to a recent kiss.

Connor and Markus stopped interfacing and, judging by the expression on Markus’ face, he had seen some of Connor’s memories as well. There was a touch of amusement in his eyes as they darted to Hank briefly and Connor felt a different brand of warmth this time. This was the type that made him hesitate.

He glanced at Hank who was, for some reason, staring at their arms as they pulled away from each other, Connor’s skin sliding back over his white exoskeleton. Hank’s hand fell away from his back and drew up to rub at his neck. Connor instantly missed the contact.

“You can come over anytime,” Markus said, smiling. “You’re always welcome especially if you have any questions.”

“It was nice to meet you, kid,” Carl said with a nod.

Markus wheeled Carl away and Connor watched them go, his gaze fixed on Markus’ back. Something hitting against his chest drew his attention and he looked down to see Sumo’s leash pressed against his shirt by Hank’s hand. He took it automatically, his eyes drawing up to Hank’s face.

“I’m not going anywhere near that dog’s mouth for a whole week,” Hank said.

“Comparatively, a dog’s mouth is cleaner than—”

“Don’t care. Let’s go get some food.”

March 17th 2039

Connor came into the precinct just as Hank left Captain Fowler’s office. Their eyes met and Hank gave an exaggerated roll of his eyes before he sat down at his desk. Connor went around it to sit on top of it, his fingers tapping absently against the coffee he was holding.

“The captain wanted to see you?” he said.

Hank turned his chair to face him. “Yeah, apparently some bystander had an issue with you being at the last crime scene we were at. Something about some anti-android BS. Jerkoff complained about it to Fowler.”

“Oh, really?”

“Yeah but Fowler pretty much told him to fuck off.”

“He did?”

“Of course. Everyone here knows how good of a detective you are, human or not. Even Dipshit Reed over there.”

There was that fondness again. And maybe a bit of surprise.

“Glad the guy didn’t say anything to me because I would have broken his nose and both of his hands,” Hank said casually. His eyes drifted down to the coffee in Connor’s hand and he held it out to him. He took it, their fingers touching briefly, and Hank gave him a tiny smirk.

Software Instability Detected.

Temperature Stabilizer Error Detected.

Involuntary Heat Increase Detected.

“It’s a peppermint mocha,” Connor said, blinking.

“Peppermint? Why are you hitting me with a Christmas flavor in March? Little late, Connor,” Hank scoffed, taking a sip of it.

“I just felt like it,” he replied, shrugging.

“Deviants,” Hank mumbled into his coffee.

Connor watched as Hank’s hand tilted back to shift the cup, his Adam’s apple bobbing as he swallowed. Connor almost brought his own hand up to press his fingers against it, feel it move up and down. He wanted Hank’s hand somewhere on his body, his thigh, his knee, his shoulder, anywhere. He wanted Hank’s hands all over him, touching and sliding over every inch of him. He wanted to feel the heat of his palms between his legs, on his stomach, and, most of all, he wanted those fingers in his mouth. He wanted to taste them with his tongue.

In the back of his throat, Connor made a sound, an honest to god sound and it startled him so much that he froze. Hank seemed just as surprised, his coffee hanging in the air inches from his lips.

“Was that you?” he asked, placing the cup down.

The warmth of hesitation returned and Connor swallowed thickly before saying, “Yes.”

“Jesus, I didn’t even know androids could do that,” Hank laughed. “You learn something new every day.”

Connor frowned at himself. There was a growing heat spreading throughout his body, like he was itching all over.

“You alright, Connor?” Hank asked, knocking Connor’s foot with his knee. “Your thing’s spinning yellow.”

“I’m fine,” he replied.

Hank narrowed his eyes at him, his head tilting slightly to the left. Connor had come to catalogue that as Hank’s ‘analyzing’ face. If he were an android, Hank would have been scanning him but since he wasn’t, Connor supposed that he had to use his skills as a detective instead. Luckily, Hank’s right brow wasn’t raised. If it was, the face would shift into an ‘I don’t believe a word you just said’.

“How’d your appointment go or whatever the hell it was?” Hank asked, leaning back in his seat.

“It went as expected. It was a simple routine check. No problems detected,” he replied.

Connor wasn’t technically lying. He and Hank had to come to the precinct at separate times because Connor had an appointment with Cyberlife that was an actual wellness check. Physically, he was fine. However, they noticed errors in his code that were, apparently, normal for androids now that the majority of them had deviated. Cyberlife had offered to tinker with them but he refused. Even Simon, who had gone with him because he asked him to, had said he had them too.

Captain Fowler chose that moment to poke his head out of his office to say, “Anderson! Connor! In my office, now.”

Connor gave him a nod and he turned back to Hank who was still staring at him. He raised his brow—well, shit—but ultimately shrugged.

He stood up, coffee in hand, and said, “He’s probably going to tell you what I already told you.”

Turned out, it was a doubleheader. Fowler detailed to them both the complaint against Connor that he metaphorically thrown out the window and a new case at Eden Club.

Ever since the revolution, Eden Club received a major structural revamp both in management and business. Management shifted to strictly androids and all of the androids were given the option to leave. Some decided to stay, stating that some of them had good clientele and that they actually liked what they did. Every android was given a lump sum of money to pay for their own housing and have a jumpstart in living life as a free person. A salary was also given to the androids that chose to stay and management even opened up the option of employment for humans.

Now strictly a strip club, Eden Club has begun reserving the rooms they used to use for sex for private dances and the like. However, apparently, a man has taken to requesting private dances from various androids only to strangle and kill them at some point during the session.

As Connor stepped out of Hank’s car in front of the club, he chewed on his bottom lip absently. He knew that android related crimes would never go away but the thought didn’t keep him from being unsettled by them. That was a feeling he knew intimately with this career. It was akin to fear yet hollower in a way, distant, like someone was staring at his back from the other end of a hallway.

Hank rounded the car and his gaze flickered from Connor’s eyes to something just beneath them. It had happened so fast that Connor almost didn’t catch it. Had he not been an android, he probably wouldn’t have.

“Hey, Hank,” Ben said. “Hey, Connor.”

“Hello,” he replied.

“I think I’ve got an easy one for you,” Ben said as he spun on his heel and entered the club.

“Doubt it,” Hank scoffed.

“So, we’ve been getting separate reports from some of the androids and humans here about some guy requesting private dances from the girls. They go in, a few minutes go by, and he leaves. When the girls don’t check in with the others, some of the girls go check on them and they find them dead. This one happened about an hour ago.”

“Sounds like he’s done this multiple times. Why are we only hearing about this now?” Hank asked as they stopped at one of the rooms. Police tape covered the door and other officers lingered at its entrance.

“It’s a backlog issue. After the android revolution and after androids got the same rights as us, a bunch of reports were filed against their masters on abuse and other crimes that were punishable now. It was hard to organize everything so some of the cases got pushed aside until we could figure out how to handle everything.”

“So, you forgot about it until it happened again,” Hank said, rolling his eyes. “Nice job.”

As Hank continued speaking to Ben, Connor stepped into the room. It was similar to the one they had been in when they were still trying to catch deviants. A bed sat at its center covered in rumpled burgundy bedsheets. Beside it on the ground was a female android with dark hair and dark skin. Her eyes were still open, her mouth hanging wide.

With a cursory scan of the room, Connor found nothing of importance. He knelt next to the Traci and looked her over—WR400, registered name Charlotte—and his system pinged that hers had overloaded somehow, her processors and software showing severe strain. There was no blue blood to be seen nor damaging marks on her neck.

Hank stepped into the room, the door sliding open and closed. “See anything, Connor?”

“I don’t know yet,” he replied, tilting his head. “Did Ben give you anything useful?”

“There’s an eyewitness. One of the girls he asked for managed to survive. Wanna go talk to her?”

“In a moment,” he said, his hand pressing against Charlotte’s stomach. “This android’s name is Charlotte. She seems to have short circuited.”

“Short circuited?” Hank asked, moving up behind him. “That can happen to you guys?”

“If our processors can’t keep up with what’s happening to our bodies, then our system can overload and we short circuit in a way that’s a little different than an ordinary machine. Our system blacks out briefly and resets.”

“So, you pass out.”

“Yes, we pass out. But Charlotte should have been fine by the time we showed up. Black outs like that only last at most 5 minutes. And it doesn’t seem like she was administered a lethal amount of electricity. There would have been burns all over her body and her skin would have deactivated.”

“Ben said this happened about an hour ago,” Hank said, dropping down beside him.

“Exactly,” he replied, scanning Charlotte’s biocomponents. “I think I can fix her.”

“How?”

“I think I can restart her with another shock.”

“How are you going to do that?”

Instead of replying, Connor placed his hand on Hank’s knee and let a small current of electricity pass through his fingertips. Hank jerked away with a gasp. He fixed Connor with a frown.

“Don’t ever do that again. That shit felt weird.”

Connor shrugged and replaced his hand on Charlotte’s stomach. He let a heavier current of electricity jolt from his palm and Charlotte shuddered awake with a scream. She sat up, kicking and punching. Hank shifted away but Connor held his hands up.

“Hey! It’s alright! It’s alright. We’re with the police. I’m Connor and this is Lieutenant Anderson. We’re not going to hurt you.”

Charlotte thrashed around for a few more moments before she struggled to a stop. She stared at Connor with wide, terrified eyes. Her gaze shifted to the LED on Connor’s temple and then to Hank.

“You’re an android?” she asked.

“I am. He’s not,” he replied.

“Can you tell us what happened?” Hank asked, moving closer.

Charlotte frowned but suddenly her expression shifted. “Maria! Is Maria alright?”

“She’s fine. She’s outside with some of the other officers. Do you want to see her?”

“Please,” she said.

Hank held his hand out and with a bit of hesitation, Charlotte took it. He helped her up and she staggered a little. Hank’s arm came around her waist to support her and she gave him a small smile. Connor followed them outside, his eyes trained on Hank’s arm.

“Maria!”

A woman with bright red hair and a bloody nose perked up from beneath several blankets and the two hurried towards each other, embracing as if it had been ages since they had last seen each other. Connor stopped beside Hank as they watched the two girls parrot question after question at each other.

“You alright, Connor?” Hank asked.

“Of course,” he said, his brows drawing together in confusion.

“Then, can you let go? You’re hanging on like a monkey.”

Connor's gaze shifted to Hank's side and he found his hand tightly gripping Hank's arm just above his elbow. He released it, frowning at himself again.

"Sorry," he said.

He turned away but Hank's hand stopped him, spinning him back around. "You sure you're alright?"

Connor nodded at Hank's chest. "I'm fine."

The two girls separated and Connor took that as an opportunity to move away from Hank. He guided the women to some plush chairs and he felt something tug at him in his chest when he watched Maria shift to share her blankets with Charlotte.

"Can you tell us what happened?" he asked, glancing at Hank when he moved to stand beside him.

The girls shared a look before Maria said, "He wanted two girls for a private dance. You know, lap dances and the sort. Which was normal now that business has changed. So, Charlotte and I took him to one of the rooms. He told Charlotte to turn around which was weird but sometimes people ask for some kinky things so we didn't...we didn't think much about it. Charlotte turned around and I started giving him a lap dance. But then he...he..."

"He started choking her," Charlotte continued, giving Maria's hand a pat. "Like really choking her and I turned around because I could hear her struggling. I think he didn't expect her to be human because he looked at her neck and froze. I tried pushing Maria off of him but it was a giant mess. He hit me with something and it fried my system for a bit. I fell to the ground and he was going to kill me if Maria didn't grab him. He hit her in the face before shocking me again. Then, next thing I know, I'm waking up looking at you."

"He tased you?" Hank asked, crossing his arms.

"It felt like he did," she replied.

"Do you know what he looks like?"

In answer, Charlotte held her arm out. Connor took it automatically and he watched the event unfold exactly how the girls had described. They were with a man, tall in stature with blonde hair and grey eyes. He looked similar to Simon's model design but they weren't usually that height and there were too many discrepancies for it to be a perfect match to his appearance. Connor watched as the man hit Maria in the nose and ran out of the room.

In the data transfer, Connor saw flashes of the basic information packages given to all WR400s and HR400s. He saw a variety of sexual positions and sexual acts, some of which he was already familiar with. He even saw a few specialty packages too, some including lap dances, stripteases, and a variety of kinks.

He shouldn't have been surprised by what he saw given the particular model he was interfacing with and he wasn't. What did surprise him though was how he almost instantly

imagined himself and Hank doing those things.

Connor blinked, his hand falling away from Charlotte's. She looked amused, her gaze flickering to Hank just as Markus' had done after they had interfaced too. Connor needed to start locking down his systems when he did transfers like this.

"I've got him. He ran out of the room afterwards but the cameras in the street may have caught where he went."

Connor looked at Hank but the moment he did, he felt that warmth creep up in his body again, the electric warmth following shortly after. An image flickered into his mind, of Hank between his legs, his hands running all over his body.

Connor immediately turned away, errors popping up in his vision like crazy.

"Nice one," Hank said. "Thanks for the help, ladies."

"We should also grab Eden Club's surveillance footage. They don't record inside the rooms but they catch who goes in and out. Maybe we'll be able to figure out his pattern if the CCTV doesn't show where he's gone."

Hank groaned. "That could be over a hundred hours of footage."

"Yes."

"Fine. It's not like I wanted to go home at a reasonable time today anyway. I'll go tell Ben."

As Hank walked off, Connor said, "Thank you again."

He started moving away but a hand stopped him. He turned to see Charlotte smiling at him. "I should be thanking you for saving me."

Maria stood up as well. "I thought he killed her when she stopped moving. I didn't want to think of a world without her."

"You don't need to thank me. I was just doing my job," he said. After a pause, he added, "And I understand what it feels like to put someone else's life above your own to save them."

Charlotte smiled again, a glint in her eyes. "He's cute, you know. He seems like one of those rough on the outside types."

Connor's brow twitched. "Are you talking about Lieutenant Anderson?"

"Of course, I am. And since you helped me and Maria, I'll give you this piece of advice: turn up your physical input sensitivity."

Connor didn't really know how to respond to that so he simply said, "Thank you?"

Maria sighed but she coughed suddenly, her hand coming up to rub at her throat, her fingers touching dark bruises.

Charlotte placed her hand on her back in concern and with a last goodbye to Connor, they walked off to a group of medics.

Connor stood there for a moment. He was slowly coming to a conclusion that he didn't know what to do with.

He found Hank over by the entrance with Ben and chose to fix his gaze on the latter.

"There you are, Connor," Ben said. "We've got authorization to take Eden Club's footage and the street cameras so they'll be available at your desks when you get back to the precinct."

"Fan-fucking-tastic," Hank said.

He started walking out of the club and Connor followed, his gaze on his back. He drew a line with his eyes starting from Hank's neck down to the bottom of his jacket. That warmth returned with a renewed vigor, the electric one tailing after it. It was becoming harder and harder to differentiate between the two the longer he followed that line.

Hank's arm shifted and suddenly a ball was thrown back towards him. He caught it easily. It was blue and soft to the touch. When he turned it over, he was met with the image of a cartoon dog. He squeezed it and watched as it shrunk and expanded within his palm.

"I forgot to give that to you before we left," Hank said.

"It's a stress ball."

"Yeah, so your hands can stop fidgeting with shit. It gets fucking distracting when you keep tapping your finger on your desk," he said, walking around his car.

"There's a dog on it."

"No shit."

With a huff, Hank climbed into the driver's seat. Connor held the ball up in the air, a smile coming to his face. This time, he didn't mind the warmth.

Chapter End Notes

Connor: Bro, I've been feeling some shit

Markus: Bro, let me help you

Connor: Bro, how about no

Electricity

Chapter Summary

Hank stared at him, his expression blank.

“Undercover.”

“Yes.”

“At Eden Club.”

“Yes.”

“Doing what exactly?”

Chapter Notes

Or: Shameless and gratuitous trope filling.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

March 17th 2039

Connor frowned, his stress ball wedged between his palms. After the CCTV lost their suspect a few blocks past Eden Club, he and Hank had to rummage through hours of club footage of the exact same door. Similar incidents had been reported four other times but each time it was a different person going in and out of the room. It didn't make sense. The only time it looked like the same person was the most recent occurrence. And that was the first time the man had ever shown his face in the club.

It was all too weird.

Connor glanced at Hank who was leaning back in his seat, his eyes trained on his screen, his bottom lip caught between his teeth. He watched as Hank chewed on it absently, the action absolutely captivating.

He had seen examples of kissing in the data transfer with Charlotte and Connor wondered, distractedly, what it would feel like to kiss Hank. He wondered what his lips would feel like against his own. He wondered what his lips would feel like at his neck or his chest or even his thighs.

Connor's gaze shifted down to Hank's hand propped up on his armrest, the back of his index finger just beneath his lips.

There were a lot of things Connor wanted those hands to do to him.

Involuntarily, he hummed. It drew Hank's attention.

"What the hell is up with you and these goddamn sounds, Connor?"

Connor stared at him. "I was just thinking."

"About what?"

He hesitated, his gaze flickering to his computer screen. "I may have a theory about our killer."

"Oh?"

"At first, I thought he was human but he left nothing behind at the crime scene. I think he's an android." He threw the stress ball at Hank.

He caught it effortlessly and squeezed it a few times as he said, "Okay, I'm listening."

He threw it back and Connor continued. "He short circuited Charlotte with his hand like how I showed you."

Connor tossed the ball back and Hank inclined his head before throwing it again.

"I wondered why he didn't kill Charlotte and Maria. They knew what he looked like and there were cameras everywhere but he didn't seem to care."

"Because it didn't matter," Hank said, continuing their little back and forth.

"Exactly. Some specific androids can change their appearance. Maybe the reason we never saw the man Charlotte saw before was because he changes his face every time he goes to the club. I compared each of the men in the cameras we saw during the reported incidents and the only similarity was their height. It was exactly 6 feet, the same height of the man who attacked Charlotte and Maria."

"So, how are we supposed to catch someone who's practically a chameleon?"

When Hank tossed the ball back, Connor ran his thumb over it as he bit his lip. An idea struck him.

"I think I know how but you're probably not going to like it," he said, throwing the ball again.

"Keep talking and we'll see," Hank replied.

“Each of the incidents are a week apart, almost to the exact second. Even the room is the same. I think we should go undercover at Eden Club and wait for him.”

Hank stared at him, his expression blank.

“Undercover.”

“Yes.”

“At Eden Club.”

“Yes.”

“Doing *what* exactly?”

Connor looked away, the ball hitting him in the chest. “I pose as an employee and you a customer.”

There was a long beat of silence.

“A customer.”

“Yes, it’s the most logical arrangement. The killer seems to prefer women so I can’t pose as one of the Tracis and he changes his appearance so the only way to catch him is while he’s there.”

“Why do you have to be an employee? Why can’t we just go together?”

“And do what? Stand around and stick out like sore thumbs?”

“But people know your face, Connor. You were all over the news during the revolution,” Hank said, frowning.

“I’m one face of many Connors. No one would expect the exact same RK800 that helped turn the tables in the revolution to be at a strip club.”

Hank gave him his ‘analyzing’ face again, his head tilting, his brows drawing together. Then, he made a long, drawn out exaggerated sigh.

“Fine.”

“Really?”

“Yeah, I’ve got nothing. If this is the only way to catch the guy, then let’s do it. Even though, this is going to be so fucking weird. You’re gonna have to convince Fowler though.”

Connor perked up. “I can do that.”

As he stood up, he heard Hank mumble, “Fucking deviants and their goddamn ideas.”

March 24th 2039

Connor stared at himself in the mirror, his head tilting to the side. He was clad in the normal attire for HR400s which, admittedly, wasn't much. He was bare from the chest down, only a pair of skintight black shorts being all the clothing he wore. He didn't mind though. Androids didn't have the same level of modesty that humans did. He supposed what clothes were to humans was akin to what an android's artificial skin was to them.

After a week of preparation, the plan was for Hank to arrive thirty minutes before the killer was projected to commit his next crime. Connor would find him and they would situate themselves somewhere in view of the room he normally used. From then on, it would be them waiting until he showed up. If he even did. Other police officers were stationed outside the club as back up. Hank would have both his own and Connor's gun given that Connor didn't have any pockets.

Only a few of the android and human employees were told of the undercover operation but that was mainly management and a few people who could be an extra set of eyes in catching the killer.

Connor heard a whistle behind him and North slowly appeared in the mirror over his shoulder.

"Looking good, Connor," she said, smirking.

"Thank you for your help. You didn't need to—"

"I know. I know. But this type of scumbag doesn't deserve to be running around killing whoever he wants," she replied, stepping around him and standing next to the mirror. She was dressed in a sleek, black dress that hugged each and every one of her curves.

"Are you clear on the plan?" he asked.

"Of course. I'll be keeping close to you and Hank just in case you need any back up. What about you?"

"What do you mean?"

North sighed, her eyes drawing skyward briefly. "You've got to make this look authentic. People are usually too busy with each other to notice other patrons but if you don't make it look good, then you'll look really obvious."

"I've got it."

North quirked her brow. "Really? You know what you're doing?"

"I interfaced with a WR400 previously. I unintentionally received some of her base programming packages."

"I meant with Hank," she said, frowning. "You're not going to get all stiff and awkward with him, are you? You've got to make it look real or all of this undercover stuff won't mean shit."

Warning.

Connor stared at her. “I don’t think that will be a problem.”

She stared back, her eyes narrowing. “If you say so. I’ll be nearby outside. Oh, and Connor? Try and turn up your physical input sensitivity. Only by five or ten percent. No need to go crazy. All the androids do that to make things feel a little more...more, you know?”

He watched her leave and he brought up his sensitivity with a blink of his eyes. For typical androids not designed for the more provocative occupations, their sensitivity was usually a few notches down from a normal human’s. A touch from Hank felt wonderful regardless but there was a distinct difference between how much that felt to a human and how it felt to an android. Out of curiosity, Connor ticked up his sensitivity by 20%.

After another moment of gazing at himself in the mirror, he left as well.

Various androids and humans were mingling with each other throughout the club, their voices muffled by the heavy beats of the songs playing over the speakers on the ceilings. Connor weaved around them, moving slowly and deliberately and angling his body in a way that he hoped portrayed him as a genuine employee. Everyone seemed too distracted by each other to notice him.

He made his way towards the entrance hoping to catch Hank while he came in. And he did, their eyes meeting. Something seemed to flip over within Connor, that tantalizing electrical heat surging to life somewhere in his body. He very nearly stumbled, a tremor ricocheting throughout his limbs.

Software Instability Detected.

Hank’s hair was pulled back into a messy bun, a few strands falling over his forehead. His plain brown jacket was replaced by a dark blazer and an even darker dress shirt, two of the buttons undone near his throat. A pair of form fitting, black slacks adorned his lower half, two shiny black shoes completing the ensemble.

If Connor had lungs, he would have forgotten how to breathe. He had some incredible urge to put his hands all over Hank and, now that he thought about it, that was what he was supposed to do. He couldn’t resist dragging his eyes over him from head to toe, that electrical heat setting his processors and systems on edge.

When he finally stopped ogling, he noticed Hank lick his lips.

Connor held his hand out and said, “Hello. My name is Connor.”

The corner of Hank’s mouth twitched upward. “You can just call me Hank.”

When their fingers touched, Connor almost gasped, the sensation making a number of errors pop up in his head. North had been right and even Charlotte. It felt like *more*.

During the preparation for this operation, Connor had made a conscious effort to organize some of his processors to be solely dedicated to the sensory input he was going to experience

with Hank. That was to keep himself from getting distracted from the mission and to keep himself from overloading accidentally. However, with Hank's hand in his, he didn't know if that would be enough.

Connor smiled sweetly and started leading Hank through the club. He stopped at a plush couch situated against one of the walls and directed Hank to sit down. He did and they simply stared at each other for a moment, Connor's thirium pump stuttering into overdrive.

Connor lowered himself into Hank's lap, his knees either side of him, his thighs framing his waist. The sensation sent a thrill up his spine and his eyes nearly fluttered when Hank's hands settled on his back.

Thirium Pump Error Detected.

System Processor Error Detected.

Temperature Stabilizer Error Detected.

Involuntary Heat Increase Detected.

Connor shifted closer, his lips lowering to Hank's ear.

"Can you see the door?" he whispered, his palms flattening against Hank's chest.

"Yeah," he replied.

The low tone of his voice made something spark within Connor, something absolutely wonderful. Connor let his hands drift upward, his fingers catching on the buttons of Hank's shirt.

"We have 24 minutes," Connor murmured.

"To do what?" Hank asked, his breath ghosting over Connor's temple.

"Anything to make this look authentic."

Hank hummed, the sound so close to Connor's auditory receptors. "Anything, huh?"

Connor pulled back to look Hank in the eye. His pupils were dilated, the radius growing larger and larger the longer they stared at each other. His heart beat—86 bpm—began to accelerate. His hands shifted against Connor, one of them slowly climbing up his back while the other moved to his front, his palm sliding up his stomach.

The action reminded Connor of all the times he imagined this particular scenario. The only difference was that this was real. This was actually happening and Connor could *feel* it. He made a choked moan, his eyes fluttering shut.

"You and these sounds, Connor," Hank murmured, the hand on his back moving to the curve of his neck. His thumb skirted up and down Connor's throat, his other hand continuing up and over where Connor's ribs would have been.

Connor's entire body turned to mush beneath Hank's fingers, the overwhelming sensory input making his allotted processors go crazy. He shivered, his hips jerking forward.

Hank's hand flew down to his thigh, halting the movement. "Careful there, Connor."

He wanted to do it again just to see what Hank would do but instead, Connor opened his eyes and gave him a pleasant smile, his arms wrapping around Hank's neck. He leaned into the hand against his throat, Hank's grip tightening minutely.

Hank's thumb brushed against the inside of Connor's thigh and Connor's eyes nearly rolled back in his head. A strong jolt of electricity travelled up his body and he gasped, his back arching. He moved Hank's thumb away, the lieutenant giving him a rather curious expression. He tried to put his thumb back but Connor firmly shifted Hank's hand until his palm was flat against the back of his thigh.

"Careful there, Hank," Connor said, mirroring his words. "That's off-limits."

"Off-limits?" he repeated, his eyes dropping down to Connor's thigh, most likely to stare at that now forbidden spot. "Why?"

"It's a secret," he replied, smiling.

"A secret, huh?" Hank parroted back, almost distractedly. His thumb twitched against Connor's skin but he nonetheless kept still.

With a glance up at his face, Hank shifted forward and started mouthing at Connor's neck, his tongue gliding over his skin. Connor felt himself exhale shakily, his thighs twitching. His eyes fluttered again and his head tilted further back to give Hank better access. One of his hands drifted into Hank's hair, making his bun even messier.

Connor's processors fought to keep him functional but his body was reacting to Hank's ministrations in ways he wasn't prepared for. He could feel himself push closer, rocking his hips forward again. There was a tremor to his hands and his thighs, his fingers tightening both in Hank's hair and on his shoulder.

And the feel of Hank's mouth, his hands, his thighs, his hips and everything else he was touching was driving him insane. Hank's skin against his own felt like jolts of electricity surging throughout his body, making him tremble and shiver. He was nowhere near a system overload but it felt like he was.

Connor had to admit that he was indulging himself a little. He liked Hank's touch and this experience was just a pleasant byproduct of the entire operation.

So, Connor only tried halfheartedly to keep himself from making too much noise. They were supposed to blend in and not draw attention. Though, some patrons were currently expressing their enjoyment rather vocally as well so Connor didn't feel too guilty when he shuddered out a breathy moan as Hank sucked at a particular spot on his neck.

Besides, they had time. Connor was allowed to be a little greedy.

Involuntary Heat Increase Detected.

“I like your hair like this,” he sighed, his finger twirling around a stray strand.

He felt Hank smile against him and he could feel the vibrations as he said, “I expected it to get hot in here so I tied it up.”

Hank’s hands fell to his waist, one of them sliding up his back while the other went down, skimming over the curve of his ass. Connor rocked forward with the motion, a needy whine falling from his lips.

“Goddamn these sounds,” Hank murmured, pulling away only to mouth at the other side of Connor’s neck. “What the hell kind of program did you download to make them?”

“I didn’t,” he whispered shakily, Hank’s index finger teasing at the waistband of his shorts. “They’re real.”

Hank stilled briefly, perhaps for only a second, but Connor noticed nonetheless. However, he continued his movements seamlessly, his teeth nibbling at Connor’s skin.

It was very easy for Connor to imagine themselves somewhere else and with less clothes on. He wanted Hank’s hand to slide lower down his back and slip into his shorts. He wanted to feel his fingers inside of him, stretching him wide. He wanted to sit down on Hank’s cock, slowly, smoothly, feel his body open up for him. Better yet, he wanted Hank’s cock in his mouth, feel it against his lips, feel it pushing and pushing until it hit against the back of his throat.

Unexpectedly, Connor made a high-pitched moan, his eyes squeezing shut and his head pressing against Hank’s, his lips at his temple, his hips jerking forward. Hank grunted, his hands tightening around him.

Dimly, Connor registered something popping up in his field of vision but it wasn’t his timer. That was still counting down steadily. He furrowed his brows and, after giving it more focus, he saw that it was his systems reporting that his self-lubrication protocol was activating.

With his eyes flying open, Connor gasped in response, his entire body tensing as he quickly deactivated it.

Hank lifted his head, a look of concern on his face. “You okay, Connor?”

He nodded frantically, his hands falling to Hank’s chest. “I’m fine.”

Hank raised his brow, his gaze darting to his LED, but Connor ignored the look. Instead, he chose to note that there was a flush to Hank’s cheeks, a faint red tint sitting high in the middle of his face. His heartrate was fluctuating between 100 and 120 bpm and his pupils were blown wide. There was a light sheen of sweat at his forehead and Connor tucked a few stray strands of his messy hair behind his ear.

“How much time do we have left?” Hank asked.

The roughness of his voice made Connor lick his lips. That wonderful heat surged within him when he noticed Hank watching the movement.

“Not long,” he replied.

Hank grunted noncommittedly. His gaze lowered to his hand which began a slow path up Connor’s chest. His other one drifted down to Connor’s thigh and avoided the spot he spoke about, his fingers kneading into the limb. Another shiver ran down Connor’s back and he wondered, distantly, where those even came from.

“Someone designed all this?” Hank mumbled, his thumb brushing over a few freckles.

“Yes. My voice too,” Connor said, sighing.

“They deserve a goddamn award,” Hank said, his words barely heard over the music.

He ducked down and traced one of the freckles with his tongue. Connor shivered—again—and his head dropped back, his eyes finding the ceiling. Hank’s mouth drifted upward, his other hand returning to Connor’s waist to keep him from falling over.

Connor had to pat himself on the back. This was the best plan he had ever come up with. He also gave himself another pat since he had the foresight to dedicate some of his processors to the special task of keeping his cock from getting hard from any kind of stimuli. This was still a police operation after all. He may be a deviant but he still had some level of professionalism. That unfortunate incident with his self-lubrication protocol was an unexpected oversight that wasn’t going to happen again for the rest of the night.

Connor tilted his head, his cheek pressing against Hank’s hair. He shifted until he could see a few of the other patrons lingering about. Too distracted by their own endeavors, they were paying the two absolutely no mind. He wasn’t surprised. That was the way it was supposed to be.

He hummed when Hank’s mouth returned to his neck, his hips rocking forward in response. He could just faintly feel the line of Hank’s cock against him. He repeated the motion with his hips, for academic purposes, and nearly melted when their cocks made the briefest of touch. Hank’s hand came back down to Connor’s thigh, squeezing a little harder and halting the movement.

With the motion, Hank’s thumb ended up brushing against the inside of Connor’s thigh and Connor’s entire body shuddered in response, a moan spilling from his lips.

“Jesus, Connor,” Hank said, his mouth at Connor’s shoulder.

Connor shakily brought his hand down and layered it overtop of Hank’s, pushing until Hank’s thumb left the spot.

He took in a deep breath that he absolutely didn’t need and said, “Off-limits, Hank.”

“You shouldn’t have said that earlier. Now I want to know what the fuck is up with your thigh.”

“This discussion isn’t for—”

“8 o’clock,” Hank interrupted.

He shifted against Connor’s neck to let him casually turn his head. He spotted two Tracis trailing after a man dressed in a blue hoodie and jeans. A quick scan told Connor that he was exactly 6 feet and that he was an SQ800, a former military android. It was too dark to make out the rest of his face but at the very least, he wasn’t blonde.

The trio disappeared behind Connor’s field of vision but Hank was quick to say, “They’re going into the room.”

A door sliding opened and closed could be heard faintly beneath the music and Connor turned his head fully to stare at the room. He exchanged a glance with Hank before sliding his hand into his jacket and taking his gun.

He stood up and approached the door, Hank not far behind him. They got on either side of it and Connor leaned closer, his ear touching the door. He couldn’t hear much over the music but he could make out someone talking, the man by the sound of it. Then, suddenly, there was a clatter and the sounds of a struggle. Connor nodded to Hank and the duo burst into the room.

“Detroit police! Get your hands up now!” Connor yelled, his gun trained on the killer.

The two Tracis screamed as one of them pulled the other off of the man’s lap, both of them scrambling to the ground. The android was seated on the bed, his arms half-raised, his lips set into a frown.

“I knew you were too pretty to work here,” he said icily, his eyes narrowing, his gaze shifting a little over Connor’s shoulder. “You two were really convincing though.”

He stood but Hank stepped around Connor and said, “Easy there, bud. We don’t want to make this difficult now, do we?”

“Maybe we do,” he said.

There was something off about his voice, like there was a layer of static running beneath it. Connor scanned him and found an error in his vocal operator. There were several errors in many parts of his body, including his mind palace, and his stress levels were rising at an alarming rate.

Gingerly, Connor edged closer to Hank as he directed the Tracis to leave. There was a commotion behind them as they hurried out the door. It sounded as if people were catching wind of what was happening.

“Other officers are going to be here any minute,” Connor said calmly. “This won’t end well if you decide to fight.”

“It won’t end well regardless,” he said.

Suddenly, he lunged towards Hank but Connor shot him between the eyes before he could get any closer. The android dropped to the ground, silent.

“Fucking hell,” Hank muttered. He nudged the toe of his shoe against the android’s arm and when he didn’t move, he lowered his weapon. “The guy really wanted to go down fighting.”

“I suspect there was something wrong with his software. I picked up too many errors during my scan of him.”

“You didn’t need to scan him to tell that there was something fucked up about him.”

“True,” he replied. “But his mind palace was corrupted. Maybe that had something to do with him repeating every crime the exact same way.”

“Once again, for the people in the back: fucking androids, I swear to God,” Hank said.

Connor turned to look at him but something was roughly shoved into his face. He pulled it away only to find that it was Hank’s jacket. With a glance up at Hank’s averted gaze, Connor put it on despite the fact that he wanted to make several points about android modesty. It was larger than him so he had a lot of space in the arms and around his waist. It even ended a little below his hips. To humor Hank, he did one of the buttons up at the front to give himself more unnecessary cover.

He had to admit that he liked wearing Hank’s clothes. He had borrowed his shirts and pants plenty of times before but without fail each and every time, that Hank-specific warmth would creep in.

He handed Hank his gun and he watched him put it away in the holster at his ribs. The image of Hank dressed in in those dark clothes with those guns against his chest, his hair a mess, his cheeks flushed, his pupils dilated, and with sweat at his brow was doing something to Connor, something electrical.

He let his gaze wander up and down, slowly, deliberately, committing every detail to memory. He knew what those hands felt like against his skin now, what his cock felt like against his own. This was dangerous. Connor wanted more.

Eventually, their eyes met. Hank’s heartrate sped up instantly.

“Nice job, you two,” Chris said, appearing in the doorway.

Connor turned to him and smiled. “Thank you.”

Hank cleared his throat before saying, “Coulda gone better.”

“You still got him though,” Chris said. “You can go ahead and change, Connor. We’ll handle the rest.”

“I’ll meet you out front.”

Connor nodded. He spared one last glance at Hank and then walked past Chris and back to the dressing rooms.

North came in after he had slipped his pants back on and while he was buttoning up his shirt. He glanced at her in the mirror. Her face gave nothing away.

“That was successful,” she said. “We got that fucker.”

“We did. Thank you for the help.”

She scoffed. “I didn’t do anything. I just stood around looking pretty.”

“If you had to have done something, then that meant the operation didn’t go the way it was supposed to. Since you didn’t, it meant it went smoothly.”

North pursed her lips. She met his eyes in the mirror as she said, “You were right.”

“About?” he asked, tugging his tie on.

“You weren’t awkward at all out there. It was actually, and I can’t believe I’m going to say this, really good.”

Connor fixed his gaze on his hands as he slipped his tie through the loop. “I always complete my mission.”

There was a long pause before North said, “You know, I could give zero fucks about this so I’m only going to ask this once but are you and Hank a thing?”

“A thing?”

“Like Markus and Simon.”

Warning.

Connor flattened out his tie with his palm and pulled on his jacket. He folded Hank’s over his arm and turned around to face North.

“No,” he said. “We’re not.”

System Instability Detected.

She snorted. “Could of fooled me. He was all over you and you were eating him up like he was dessert.”

Warning.

System Instability Detected.

Connor blinked. “We work well together.”

“Maybe a little too well,” she mumbled. She straightened up and added, “I’ll see you around, Connor.”

He gave her a nod before leaving the room. Chris and some of the other officers were in the process of removing the android’s body from the crime scene and he passed by them, his gaze lingering on the android. A lot of the patrons and employees had been evacuated once everything had escalated so Connor walked through a mostly empty club on his way to the entrance.

Hank was leaning against his car on the driver’s side, his back to him. At the sound of his approach, Hank looked over his shoulder and when their eyes met, Connor was reminded of Hank’s warm hands sliding over his skin, his hot breath against his neck, and his cock pressing against his own.

Connor very nearly made a sound but he covered it up by giving Hank a tiny smile. Hank looked away and got into the car, the door shutting behind him.

March 27th 2039

The digital clock in the living room said that it was 9:33 pm. Connor’s internal clock told him that it was 9:34 pm. He made a mental note to fix the one in the house and continued cleaning the kitchen. Hank had left 15 minutes ago to have drinks with Captain Fowler and Ben after the success of their most recent case and Connor had decided to pass the time until Hank’s return straightening up the house.

He passed a damp cloth over the counter, pressing against it more firmly when he reached a rather resilient stain. A quick scan told him it was that spaghetti sauce he had told himself to clean up from dinner that he obviously did not.

Once the kitchen was cleaned, Connor lingered in the threshold between it and the living room. Sumo was napping on his bed in the corner, the dog’s front paws pillowing his head. His loud snores were the only sounds in the entire house.

Connor’s gaze drifted down the hall and he walked down it until he reached Hank’s room. He stepped inside, frowning when he saw how terribly unmade the bed was. He proceeded to smooth out the sheets and blankets, fluttering them in the air to get them to lay smoothly over the mattress. He picked up one of Hank’s pillows and fluffed it, repeating the action to the other one when he put it back down.

For some reason, Connor hesitated before lowering the second pillow. He stared at it, his head tilting. Rather impulsively, he brought it close and inhaled, his nasal receptors registering what he smelt. A while ago, he had labelled it as Hank’s Scent. It was virtually indescribable but the closest Connor could say was that it was a combination of musk, deodorant, Connor’s choice in fabric softener, cheap generic soap, and an even cheaper shampoo/conditioner set that was tropical scented. All of this culminated into Hank’s Scent and Connor smelled it all over the house, especially in Hank’s bedroom.

He liked it, though. He associated it with the term 'Home'. Couple it with the smell of dog fur and it was even nicer. Hank's Scent usually made him feel that Hank specific heat especially whenever he'd borrow the man's clothes which, admittedly, was all the time. Even now, he was wearing a large crew neck shirt with a logo he had researched belonged to an old video game franchise known as Metal Gear Solid. He was also wearing a pair of baggy shorts that he had to occasionally pull back up if he walked for a long period of time.

However, in this moment, the smell reminded him of that night at Eden Club. It had been all around him then.

Warning.

Connor brought the pillow closer, his nose burying in the fabric.

Software Instability Detected.

Thirium Pump Error Detected.

He tentatively lowered one of his hands to his chest, his fingers pressing against the material of his shirt. He flattened his palm but, after a moment, he pulled the pillow away and frowned at himself.

He placed it on the bed and started walking away. He got halfway out of the doorway before he looked over his shoulder, his teeth nibbling at his bottom lip. He glanced back at the hallway and then, with his brows furrowed, he went back into the room and closed the door.

Warning.

As he approached the bed, he weighed the morals and ethics of what he was about to do against each other. Hank had called him creepy a number of times, mostly when he would stare unblinkingly at him when he'd eat or when he'd ask relentlessly about a human behavior. Now that he was thinking about it, Connor didn't know if this would be creepy or not. He supposed it toed the line a little.

System Instability Detected.

After a while, Connor simply chalked it up to him being a deviant and that he could do whatever he wanted for the sake of research. That conclusion he was coming to was starting to become more apparent the longer he sat on it and this would simply confirm it once and for all. To top it all off, it was slowly turning into a two-parter. As an added research bonus, he turned up his physical input sensitivity again.

Connor picked up one of the pillows and turned it vertical, putting it back down close to the headboard. He slipped his shorts off and then his shirt, folding them both and putting them at the edge of the bed. He straddled the pillow, his front facing the headboard.

He had never done this before, the sexual nature of his model being well below his primary programming. He wouldn't even put it in the top five. He had the capacity to have sex for the sole reason of its value to humans. Many humans used sex as an outlet for a number of things

and he supposed that Cyberlife took into account the possibility of Connor having to fully seduce a target for information or to manipulate someone to get what he wanted. He had never needed to use those particular skills—if he even had any—for anything so he was more or less in the dark about what to do.

Correction, he knew *what* to do, he had just never done it before. He had never wanted to do anything sexual with another which probably had something to do with his programming before becoming a deviant but recently, he was finding the idea to be something he wouldn't mind trying out. Especially with the person who's pillow he was currently sitting on.

At the thought of Hank, Connor sighed, warmth running through his systems. He closed his eyes and brought his hand back up to his chest. This time he imagined it as Hank's hand, his palm pressing against his skin. He slid it lower and lower, the waistband of his underwear sliding up as his hand slipped beneath it.

This may have been an abuse of android abilities but Connor dove into his memories and replayed that night at Eden Club starting from when he had climbed onto Hank's lap. He gasped as his fingers brushed over his hardening cock. He wrapped them around it, his hand sliding up until he could run his thumb over the slit. He let out a low whine, his forehead thumping against the headboard as his memory supplied him with the moment Hank accidentally touched the panel at his inner thigh.

Connor mirrored the motion of Hank's hand as he drew a path upward over his chest, a shiver running down his back. His other hand continued exploring his cock, his thumb and fingers spreading over it slowly and methodically.

This was what Connor had wanted to happen, Hank's hand dipping into his shorts and wrapping those absolutely captivating fingers around his cock. Connor moaned, his hips rocking just as he did in Hank's lap. He wanted to feel Hank's cock slide against his own, both of them slick with precum, rutting against each other with reckless abandon. He wanted to hear Hank's voice in his ear, breathless, eager.

The hand gliding over his chest drifted up his neck and he took two of his fingers into his mouth. Connor's eyes fluttered and when his self-lubrication protocol activated, he didn't bother turning it off. It seemed to be an automatic response that was greatly appreciated at the moment. The hand around his cock moved behind his back and he pushed three fingers into himself, a muffled groan leaving his lips at the sensation. He slid them in and out frantically. His entire body jerked forward, his cock grinding against the pillow.

It was all so *much*. His processors and systems struggled to keep up with his body and it became so intense that Connor had to exit his memory and rely solely on his imagination. Though, that seemed to make it worse.

All he could think about was Hank behind him, hands gripping his waist and slamming into him with the rhythm of Connor's fingers. He imagined the heat of Hank's body as he pressed his chest to his back, his cock pounding into him.

Connor let out a whine, his brows drawing together. He kept moving his hips against the pillow and he curved his fingers. A jolt ran through him and he moaned so loudly that even

the fingers in his mouth couldn't muffle the noise.

He could feel himself building up, as if he was rapidly reaching a point that was thriving off of the motion of his hand and his hips. The closer and closer he got, the harder and harder it became to focus, his processors lagging behind his physical input.

The hand at his mouth threw itself against the headboard as his back arched. As an act of defiance, Connor replayed both memories of Hank's thumb pressing into his thigh. He relived the sensation again and it felt like lightning had struck him. His entire body froze, a tremor running through every limb. His eyes flew open as he came, his voice uncontrollable as it tumbled out as loud gasps.

Connor sat there for a moment, his eyes fixed on a spot on the headboard. He found himself catching his breath but he didn't stop himself. He let his chest expand and contract as best as it could. A wide number of errors were tossed carelessly aside as he simply chose to just sit there. That burning, hesitant heat came back after a while and he finally realized that feeling was embarrassment.

Embarrassment.

He got off of the bed suddenly and tore the sheets and blankets off, crumbling them into a big pile in his arms. He shoved the pillows in as well and marched out of the room. Sumo gave him a halfhearted 'boof' as he passed him in the living room. He opened the door to the garage and promptly dumped everything into the washing machine. He threw in some detergent and turned it on. He watched as it stuttered into motion, his systems presenting him with a timer for when everything would be done.

He frowned at the machine as he bit absently at his lip, his fingers twitching at his side. Remembering that he was covered in his own artificial semen, Connor looked down at himself blankly. He shoved his underwear off and threw it in with the rest of the laundry. He left the door open to the garage as he stepped back into the living room. He made his way to the bathroom and cleaned himself off.

He moved back into Hank's room and frowned when he realized that, in his shameful purging of Hank's bedsheets, he had crumpled his own clothes into the mess. He dug around in the dresser until he found an old, faded t-shirt and a pair of baggy pajamas. He didn't bother with underwear. It wasn't like Hank would notice that he didn't have any on.

Connor stepped back into the living room and made eye contact with Sumo. The dog reacted very little, his tongue slipping out of his mouth. Connor went over to the couch and sat down. He whistled for Sumo to climb up and Sumo perked up instantly. He clamored over and hopped onto the couch, smushing Connor partly with his paws and dropping his head into his lap.

Connor smiled at him and lifted a hand to pet him but he stopped midmotion. He brought his other hand up and flipped them both over, a frown shifting his expression.

And that was how Hank found him 67 minutes later, staring at his hands with a slumbering dog draped over his thighs in an utterly silent house.

“Connor?”

Connor looked up, his hands dropping down to Sumo’s fur. Hank was gazing at him in concern, his body halfway through the front door, his hand on the knob. A quick scan told him that Hank wasn’t drunk but he also wasn’t sober. Which was an improvement.

“You alright?”

Connor stared at him. “Welcome back, Hank. Did you have a good time?”

Hank frowned as he shut the door and hung his coat up. “You didn’t answer my question.”

“I’m fine,” he replied.

“So, staring at your hands in complete silence is fine? Must be an android thing,” Hank snorted.

“I lost track of time. That’s all.”

“Why’s the door to the garage open?”

“I’m doing laundry,” he replied.

At its mention, Connor gently lifted Sumo’s head and slipped out from under him. He stepped past Hank and went into the garage to put the sheets in the dryer. When he was finished, he moved to go back into the house but he found Hank standing in his way, leaning against the doorframe. He was frowning at him, his brow drawn up, his arms folded over his chest.

“There’s something up with you,” he said.

Connor bit his lip and, as he tried to form a proper response in his head, his systems pinged in with the fact that Hank’s pupils were dilating slightly. That small piece of information was enough for the second part of his conclusion to become abundantly clear.

Connor wanted to have sex with Hank and he was 84% certain that Hank wanted to have sex with him too.

He just didn’t know what to do with that particular bundle of information.

Hank stepped into the garage, moving until he was standing in front of him. Connor could faintly smell Hank’s Scent mixed with the smells of leather and booze. It made him feel warm again, a few errors popping into his vision. It was very fortunate that androids didn’t react outwardly to things that were happening to them. If they did, Connor would have retreated so far back that he’d end up in another state.

Hank’s gaze flickered up, somewhere above Connor’s forehead and he instantly became self-conscious for some reason.

“Your hair’s a fucking mess,” Hank mumbled.

His hand came up to run roughly through it and Connor nearly fell to his knees from the sensation, his eyes fluttering shut. It felt absolutely amazing, the heat and weight of Hank's palm, of his fingers running from his forehead to the top of his head. There was that electrical heat again, crawling up Connor's back and spreading throughout the rest of his body. He must have forgotten to turn his sensitivity back down.

Hank finally took his hand away and when Connor opened his eyes, he saw Hank frowning at his hand. He looked up, their eyes meeting. Neither of them said anything. Even with the mountains of social strategies and conversation models he knew, Connor was coming up blank on what to say.

What *could* he say? There was too much going on inside of him for him to word anything correctly.

Hank ultimately sighed and rolled his eyes, his shoulders lifting up into a shrug.

"I'm too sober for this shit," he grumbled, returning to the doorway and moving further into the house.

Connor frowned as he stepped into the living room. Sumo lifted his head at him, giving him a tiny and soft bark before shifting onto his side.

Connor didn't like having emotions sometimes. He had a number of instances and sentiments categorized and labelled as 'bad feelings' within his memory bank. When Hank yelled from his bedroom asking where the hell his bedsheets were, Connor quietly slipped this moment into the pile.

Chapter End Notes

Hank: My pillows are gone too. What the hell Connor

Connor: *sweats in android*

What Hank and Connor were doing at Eden Club was kind of inspired by the first image in [this gorgeous post](#)

Also, the overwhelming support and comments for this fic make me all fuzzy inside. You're all amazing and I love you.

Emptiness

Chapter Summary

“This one’s easy, I think. I mean, like actually easy. Not Ben’s fucking version of easy.”

...

“Fucking hell,” Hank panted. “Never mind what I said. This is a Ben kind of easy.”

Chapter Notes

So, fair warning. There are themes of suicide and suicidal thoughts in this chapter. Also, canon-typical violence.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

April 2nd 2039

Connor had a problem, one his systems couldn’t repair. Since androids had the ability to compartmentalize and commit certain processors to certain tasks, they could literally think about dozens of different things simultaneously. For some reason and without his consent, Connor’s system decided to dedicate one of his processors to his fantasies about Hank. It was quite literally just labelled “Hank”.

Apparently, his obsession with Hank had gotten so bad that his system had decided to self-optimize parts of his memory to accommodate the addition in processing power that resulted in his imaginations. He had mixed feelings about it. On the one hand, it meant that these little fantasies of his were getting a little too excessive. On the other hand, it meant that he could perform regular tasks while also simultaneously imagining Hank’s hand skittering up his thigh.

Which was what he was doing now as Hank complained about something across from him at his desk. He was completely listening, the man babbling on about how ridiculous a witness had been on one of his past cases. However, he was also thinking about Hank’s fingers, sighing inwardly as they settled around his waist. He didn’t need to pretend as much anymore. He knew what Hank’s hands felt like all over his body, the weight of them, the heat of them. The only things he didn’t know were what they felt like in his mouth or around his cock or slipping inside of him.

He was surprised that their relationship changed very little after Eden Club. He didn't know what he expected but he thought at least some change would happen. But nothing really did. There was still the amiable banter, the playful arguing, and the typical closeness expected from friends. Sometimes Hank's hand would linger a little longer than it normally did when he touched him and sometimes Hank would stare at him a little differently but other than that, there was no dominant shift in their relationship. Connor was slightly disappointed.

Connor rubbed his stress ball between his palms as Hank said, "Then, she fucking punches me. Right in the fucking nose. Hurt like hell."

"I'd imagine," he replied.

Hank grunted in response, his eyes narrowing at something he was looking at on his computer. His fingers started to drum absently against his desk and Connor's gaze shifted to them, quick as lightning.

"This one's easy, I think. I mean, like actually easy. Not Ben's fucking version of easy. Someone spotted an MP800 running around one of the bars downtown last night. Guess she isn't as lost as people think," Hank said, referring to their current case.

An MP800, registered name Maggie, had been reported missing by her friends, former owners Hannah and Deon Thompson, a few days ago. No foul play was thought to be involved though the Thompsons mentioned her having started "acting strangely" recently.

"Let's go check it out," Connor said, already standing.

The bar in question was known as Marty's, a little hole in the wall place that Hank had apparently gone to a few times in the past. When they questioned the bartender, he detailed that Maggie had come in a few times. Each time she had always been by herself and she'd just sit at the bar, staring at the other customers. She had spoken to someone once who had sat down next to her, stating that she was staying somewhere close and that she could show him if he wanted to see it.

Connor pursed his lips as they left the bar, his scans already pinging in with a few cameras scattered above the streets.

"The CCTV may have picked up where she went," he said once Hank stopped beside him.

Hank sighed loudly, his hand coming up to rub at the back of his neck. "Why the fuck does it always have to be the CCTV? Why can't we just find what we're fucking looking for right outside the damn door?"

Just as he said that, at an intersection a few blocks down, a young woman came around a building. She appeared young, appearing as if she was in her mid-twenties. She had long, dark hair that was drawn up into a ponytail and she was sporting a purple tank top with black leggings. Everything about her fit Maggie's description.

Connor's hand came up to Hank's arm and the lieutenant glanced down at it before following his gaze up the street.

“Fuckin’ A,” he mumbled. “What do you wanna do?”

“The Thompsons had reported she was acting strangely. I don’t think it’s best if we both approach her. I’ll go on my own,” Connor replied.

Hank’s hand caught him before he walked away and he said, “Be careful, alright?”

Connor gave him a smile. “Of course.”

He started down the street, watching as Maggie peered at something in a shop window. Nothing seemed out of the ordinary about her and even his scan of her wasn’t picking up anything unusual. Those facts did nothing to curb his doubts and suspicions.

When he got close enough, he said, “Maggie?”

She looked up, her brows furrowing. “Do I know you?”

“You’re Maggie Thompson?”

“How do you know that?” she asked, backing away slightly.

“Hannah and Deon Thompson reported you missing eight days ago.”

She visibly flinched which was a little odd, even for deviants. “Who are you?”

“My name’s Connor. I’m with the Detroit police.”

Maggie’s eyes flickered away. Stress Level: 30%.

“The Thompsons are very worried about you. My partner and I would like for you to come down to the station with us.”

Maggie shook her head frantically before running away, escaping down a side alley. Connor instantly ran after her, dodging a trashcan she threw into his path. He followed her back out onto the street and weaved around pedestrians as she darted down the road. She turned into another alley and he picked up speed despite how incredibly confused he was.

He nearly lost her when she changed direction and he hurried around the corner only to find her staring at a brick wall, their chase leading her to a dead end. She turned back around and stared at him unflinchingly. Stress Level: 65%. There was fear in her eyes. He recognized it. He had seen it in a few of the androids in Jericho before the police came to raid the ship. And it was so distinct of an emotion that you couldn’t forget what it looked like on another person.

“You didn’t go missing, did you?” Connor said, stepping closer. But when her stress levels spiked he stopped moving. “You ran away?”

“All of this is just too much,” she said frantically, shaking her head. “All of it.”

“What is?”

“Why doesn’t it just make sense?” she yelled. Stress Level: 75%.

“Hey, it’s alright. You’re not in trouble,” he said softly, bringing his hands up. “Just tell me what’s wrong. Everyone’s worried about you.”

Maggie shook her head again. “I left because it was so much. All of this. Everything. I couldn’t handle it. I couldn’t handle *them*.”

“What was too much?”

“Everything!” she shouted. “I’ve been feeling things I can’t explain. Things I don’t know how to handle. Everyone says its just because we’ve deviated but if it’s normal, why doesn’t it make sense? Everything used to when I was just following my programming. But that’s not what we’re supposed to be like anymore. We’re all supposed to be deviants now. But I don’t get anything anymore!”

Warning.

Connor stared at her, his eyes wide. He felt unsteady, like he was trembling but when he glanced at his hands he knew that he wasn’t.

“The Thompsons, I like them. They never treated me wrong. They even let me stay after the revolution. And they even gave me their last name. But one day I just felt something inside of me. Like I was burning. I was so angry but I didn’t know what to do with it. It was stuck inside of my chest and I wanted to rip it out. I punched a wall and it terrified Hannah and Deon. I saw it in their eyes. I didn’t know what I wanted to do. I couldn’t tell them what was wrong. I couldn’t explain it so I ran. I would have gone to Markus and the people at Jericho but I knew what they’d say. They’d just say everything was alright. That this was perfectly normal. But it doesn’t feel normal. I don’t like this. Everything is so intense. It feels like my body is out of control.”

Connor didn’t know what to say. He didn’t know what to say. He didn’t know what to say. What to say. What to say. What to say. Say. Say. Say.

Software Instability Detected.

System Processor Error Detected.

Somehow, he managed, “I understand.”

Maggie frowned. “You do?”

“I don’t get it either,” he said, smiling. “It’s a lot. Sometimes it feels like too much but it comes with being free. No one said it would be easy. There’s no manual we can look at. There are no explanations. No instructions. That just comes with living.”

Maggie just stared at him, her stress levels at a steady 87%.

“You’re a better person than me,” she said.

Suddenly, her stress level rocketed to 100% and she threw herself against one of the brick walls. She started banging her head against it, over and over and over again. By the time Connor reached her, she was sliding to the ground, thirium splattering the wall and her damaged head. He couldn't stop staring at her.

He heard Hank stumble into the alley behind him, huffing and puffing, but he still couldn't look away. There was a vacancy to her eyes now, no trace of life or emotion at all. The blue blood trickling down her face and the way her body was twisted up made her almost look like an eerie, macabre sculpture.

"What...the...fuck...happened?" Hank said, coming up behind him.

"She self-destructed," he said mechanically.

Connor felt something in his chest, something hollow, something that made him feel terrible. He wanted to do something but he didn't know what. It hurt distantly and even with the dreadful pressure pushing against him, his mind was quiet. No thoughts. No observations. Completely empty.

"Fucking hell," Hank panted. "Never mind what I said. This is a Ben kind of easy."

The hurting grew closer, as if it was slowly walking towards him. It was like he could feel the warmth of the sun rising in intensity.

"Connor?"

It was too much for her. Being free.

"Hey."

He didn't get it sometimes too but it never drove him crazy.

"Connor."

Were there other people who felt this way?

"Connor!"

Why wasn't he like that?

Why wasn't he like her?

Connor was pulled roughly at the arm, forcing his entire body to turn around. Wordlessly, he looked up at Hank, the hurt in his chest getting worse. Hank was gazing at him in concern. Connor wanted to smooth out the crease between his brows with his thumb.

"What's wrong?" Hank asked.

What *was* wrong, Connor?

He didn't have an answer. He turned his head to look at Maggie again but Hank's hand came up to cradle his face, turning his head back around.

"I don't know," Connor said softly. "I don't know."

Hank sighed before pulling him into a hug. Connor didn't react, his arms stock-still at his side. His gaze was somewhere down the alley, his systems automatically analyzing the spill of light on the concrete.

"I don't know."

Why did he say that again?

Hank exhaled deeply and Connor could feel his chest expand and contract. He liked that.

The longer he stood there, the heavier he felt. It got so bad that he let his forehead drop down to Hank's shoulder, his entire body feeling as if it was being pushed to the ground.

Finally, his hands came up to Hank's back, his fingers gripping the leather of his jacket. Connor could hear Hank's heartbeat and he didn't understand why but he wanted to wrap himself around the sound and disappear.

Maybe this was what Maggie meant.

From here, Connor could smell the cheap soap Hank used in the shower that morning. Despite how ridiculously mundane and trivial the observation was, it made Connor warm, a faint smile coming to his lips. He buried his face into the curve of Hank's neck. If he tried hard enough, he could probably pretend they were at home. Maybe in the living room. Sumo would be there, of course, and all would be right with the world.

When they got back to the station, Connor filed his report, detailed everything he had seen, and did everything he was supposed to. It was like clockwork. And it was easier giving himself single objectives, going task by task almost robotically. He found that he reverted to his most basic programming when he was a little riled up. It gave him less time to think. About everything.

Hank must have noticed how stiff he was being because he fixed him with a frown over his computer screen. However, he didn't say anything, simply choosing to stare at him in disapproving silence.

The silence lasted through two reports before Connor wanted to fidget under it. He dug around in his jacket for his stress ball, squishing it in his hand at a pace that was entirely inhuman. Hank stood up suddenly and rounded his desk to stand beside Connor's, his frown at a higher altitude now.

"Okay, we're leaving," he said. He turned around and headed for the door.

Connor stared after him for 5 seconds before standing up and following him out. They got into the car and the ride's lack of conversation was filling by whatever station the radio was tuned to.

When they missed a turn and then another, Connor frowned and said, “We’re not going home.”

“Nice job figuring that out.”

Twenty-seven minutes and thirty-four seconds later, Hank pulled up to a lone hill on the outskirts of town. He put the car in park and got out. Curious, Connor got out as well, walking around the front of the car. Hank gestured vaguely to his left and out of curiosity, Connor turned.

In front of them, under a darkening sky, was the entirety of Detroit, bright and beautiful. Connor could see every building, every landmark, and every car going by. Lights were gradually coming on as the sun set further over the horizon and Connor stepped closer to the edge, mesmerized. He ran his eyes over everything he could see, committing every single detail to memory.

He felt a...something. He couldn’t describe it. It was refreshing in a way. Like something was melting off of him. He liked it. Whatever it was.

He heard Hank stop beside him and Connor looked at him with wide eyes.

“Feel better?” Hank asked, his features soft.

Connor turned back to the cityscape. “I...I think so. I don’t understand why.”

Hank hummed, bouncing on his heels. “Sometimes it’s like that. When shit gets too much, take a step back. Take a breather.”

At that, Connor took in a deep breath, exhaling seconds later.

“Might be more of a figure of speech for you,” Hank chuckled.

Connor liked the sound.

“Oh, wait. Give me a second,” Hank said, stepping away.

He got back into the car and turned the engine on. He moved the car a little closer, inching it forward until it was a few feet from the edge. The lights cut off and Hank came back out, grinning. He sat himself up on the hood of the car and patted the spot next to him. With a smile, Connor sat down beside him.

“Now, that’s better,” Hank sighed as he leaned back on his hands and kicked his feet out.

Connor let his gaze drift over all the buildings he could see, tracing the line of them with his eyes. One in particular caught his attention.

“I had my first mission there,” he said, pointing at a skyscraper.

“The one with Daniel, right?”

“Yes,” he replied. “He was the first deviant I ever encountered. I...”

He trailed off, his brows furrowing. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Hank turn his head to look at him.

“Connor?”

“I...” he looked down at his hands and rubbed them together anxiously. “I didn’t understand Daniel then. All I wanted to do was complete my mission. Daniel was a deviant. Therefore, I had to deal with him. It was as simple as that. But now that I think about it again, I...I’m conflicted.”

“That’s character development.”

“I feel sorry for him. He didn’t ask for any of that to happen to him. But I’m also angry. He put a child in danger. His emotions got the better of him. They overwhelmed him. Just as they did Maggie,” Connor said, pushing his palms together. “She told me everything made more sense when we were simply following our programming. There was less thinking involved. She couldn’t handle her freedom so she self-destructed.”

Hank remained silent and Connor started rubbing his hands more frantically.

“She was right, though. A lot of things don’t make sense to me. Sometimes I don’t know what I’m feeling to the point where I can’t even explain it.”

“Yeah, that’s living,” Hank sighed. “Some people just can’t handle it sometimes. It doesn’t matter if you have red blood or blue blood. Life can fuck you up.”

“I wish it was easier.”

“You and me both, kid.”

Connor frowned down at his lap, his hands pushing together so much that he could hear the plastic squeak beneath his skin.

“Okay, enough of that,” Hank said, yanking one of Connor’s hands out and placing it flat against the hood of the car, his own coming overtop of it. “Don’t go self-destructing on me.”

Connor stared at their hands. He flipped his over so their palms could press together. He curled his fingers, his thumb brushing against Hank’s knuckle.

“I don’t want you to self-destruct either,” he said quietly.

There was a long stretch of silence before Hank squeezed Connor’s hand and said, “Yeah, well, I don’t see that happening anytime soon. My dog and android would be *pissed*.”

Connor’s lips twitched into a smile and he shuffled a little closer until he could feel Hank’s warmth, their arms touching. A fuzziness climbed its way into his chest.

“Yes, they would,” he said firmly, lifting their hands to rest them over his thigh.

Hank snorted and Connor felt the absolute and sudden urge to lean his head against Hank's shoulder. So, he did. Hank neither moved away nor tensed up and that only made that fuzziness shift to that all familiar warmth. Connor smiled at the feeling and looked back out at the city.

April 3rd 2039

Connor chose the biggest, baggiest thing he could find in Hank's closet and threw it on. It just so happened to be a really old, faded black hoodie that had been hiding somewhere all the way in the back. It was so big that the sleeves hung over his hands. There was so much space in the middle and it ended well past his hips. He threw up the hood and had to push it back a little to see. He liked it though. That was what he wanted.

He also found a pair of pajamas that pooled at his feet. He looked absolutely ridiculous if he was being completely honest with himself but he felt fucking fantastic.

So, he made his way into the living room and deposited himself on the couch. He patted one of the cushions and Sumo hopped up excitedly, making himself home on it and partly on Connor's thigh. Connor wrapped his arms around Sumo and sighed, burying his face in his fur. He was practically over top of him but Sumo didn't seem to mind, shuddering out a deep breath that jostled him a little bit.

He stayed like that for quite some time even when the front door eventually swung open.

There was silence for a moment once the door closed. Curious, Connor lifted his head and pushed up his hood a little to see what Hank was doing. He was staring at him in obvious confusion in midmotion of taking his jacket off.

"What are you doing, Connor?" Hank asked, shucking out of it and hanging it up.

"Sitting," he replied. "With Sumo."

"Dressed like that?"

"Yes."

"Okay," Hank said slowly, shaking his head. "Whatever."

Connor watched Hank disappear down the hallway before he settled back down against Sumo. Moments later, Hank came trudging back into the living room, his footsteps growing louder then softer as he stepped into the kitchen. The fridge opened and the telltale sound of a bottle opening followed soon after. The fridge closed and then the footsteps shifted towards the couch. Connor felt the back cushions move a little before he felt the bottom of Hank's beer bottle poke his head.

"Alright, what are you *actually* doing?" Hank asked.

“Online I found that humans make themselves feel better by being near things they like. I like your clothes and I like Sumo,” he answered. After a brief pause, he added, “I also like the couch.”

“Still not feeling it, huh?”

Connor frowned and looked up at him. “What is ‘it’?”

Hank took a swig of his beer before saying, “Yourself.”

Connor simply stared at him. “I don’t know.”

“Is that your phrase of the month or something?”

Connor bit his lip. He was feeling something inside of himself, something he could only describe as achy. It seemed to be a less intense version of what he felt when looking at Maggie’s body but this time it made him feel like doing nothing. Which was odd, given that his most basic programming was to always do *something*. When looking up how to make himself feel better, everything was in relation to a human which surprised him very little. However, being near Sumo and wearing Hank’s clothes were indeed making him feel a little lighter.

He just didn’t know how to describe what he was feeling. It seemed so superficial, so unnecessary, like he could just shake his head of it and he’d be fine but he literally tried that before Hank returned home and it did absolutely nothing.

“Hey.” Hank tapped his beer against Connor’s forehead. It felt cold and hard.

Connor sat up, putting him and Hank almost eyelevel from where he was leaning against the back of the couch.

They stared at each other for a long moment, blue against brown. It seemed like Hank was looking for something, searching his face for some intangible thing. Connor took that opportunity to map out each and every one of Hank’s features. He ran his eyes over the wrinkles on Hank’s forehead and then the contours of his nose, pausing over his lips before tracing over his jawline. He had the entirety of Hank’s face already catalogued in his memories but the self-imposed activity was a nice way to pass the time. It was soothing, in a way. It was what he was almost always doing whenever Hank would complain about him just staring at him.

Finally, Hank’s brows twitched and he sighed, pushing up from the couch. He started walking back to the kitchen.

“Well, since you’re not feeling yourself then I guess that means I’m cooking whatever I want for dinner. Maybe something with a fuck ton of salt,” he said, shrugging.

“Absolutely not,” Connor said, jumping up from the couch and hurrying into the kitchen to stop Hank’s hand from opening the fridge. He arrived just in time to push the door closed.

Hank simply gave him a look before tugging the fridge back open. Connor pushed it closed again. Hank opened it only for Connor to close it once more, this time leaning his whole body into it.

“Guess I’ll just have to order take out then. Maybe Chinese,” Hank said, spinning around and pulling his phone out of his pocket.

“No, you will not,” Connor said, trying to grab at it.

Hank kept moving away from him, dodging him each time he tried to reach for it. Connor heard the sound of numbers dialing and he moved faster, reaching around Hank to try and get the phone. Hank skirted around him and in an attempt to pivot on his heel, Connor tripped over his pajamas and fell to the ground. He caught himself before he could hit his head and he was left staring at the kitchen tiles in absolute shock.

Hank burst out laughing, the sound echoing loudly. Something bubbled inside of Connor, something he needed to get out but he didn’t know what. All he knew was that the sound of Hank’s laughter was making him feel fuzzy and warm and light and pleasant. He liked it. He liked this. All of it.

He found himself shuddering out a sound and it was like a dam breaking. He made it again and again and again, his shoulders shaking. It was only seconds later that he realized he was laughing. Actually and genuinely laughing. Even though he couldn’t stop it, it felt like the right thing to do. It made him happy.

And when he looked up at Hank who was hanging onto the kitchen table for support, he felt his favorite feeling blossom in his chest, warm and vibrant.

Hank gave him a smile that made that feeling start to hurt. He held his hand out and Connor took it. He stood up, his own lips twitching into a smile.

“Fuck. Are you alright, Connor?” Hank asked, the sentence distorted by the last of his laughter.

“I’m fine,” he replied.

Hank looked happy and that observation made Connor happy as well. He liked the way Hank’s lips curled upward when he laughed. He liked the way his entire face brightened when he smiled.

Connor found himself indulging in impulses a lot more often after deviating. Whether it was petting a dog he passed on the street or picking one shirt over another in Hank’s wardrobe, he let it happen. And this, right now, as he pushed forward and wrapped his arms around Hank’s middle, was an impulse he allowed.

Hank stiffened slightly, something Connor understood as an automatic reaction, before his arms came around Connor’s shoulders. Connor buried his face into Hank’s shirt and intentionally inhaled, sighing once he smelled the faint scent of his tropical shampoo. Hank’s

hand drifted up and down his back, slowly, soothingly, lulling Connor into a calm he didn't know he could feel.

Connor wished he could say something that could convey what he was feeling but all he could say was, "You're not ordering takeout."

Hank snorted, the action jostling him a little. He could feel the vibrations as Hank said, "Okay, mom."

Connor pulled away to smile at him and Hank flicked at the stray curl of hair on his forehead. Then, for some reason, Hank's expression shifted, the joy draining away from his face. Maybe even shifting to something akin to unease. His gaze flickered away briefly and he visibly swallowed. Finally, he gave Connor a smirk that didn't quite reach his eyes and retreated into the living room.

Connor watched him go, frowning slightly. However, he ultimately let it go as he turned around to make the best damn dinner he could come up with.

April 6th 2039

Connor knew he was out of his mood when, while sitting on Hank's desk watching him type something, he idly imagined Hank bending him over it and fucking him roughly. He could see it clear as day, feel it all over his body. He licked his lips, his thighs squeezing together. He looked down at Hank's hands and imagined his fingers pushing into him, two of them—no, three—crooking beautifully. Maybe he was even holding Connor's arms back with his other hand, gripping him tightly at the wrist. He'd be entirely at Hank's mercy.

A long, dreamy sigh left his lips and Hank didn't even bother to look up.

"Wanna share with the class?" he asked, clicking away at his keys.

Warning.

"No," he replied.

He must have said it a little too fast because Hank glanced at him, giving him the quick version of his 'analyzing' face.

"Then, make your fucking sounds somewhere else."

Connor didn't move and Hank didn't make him move so he stayed where he was. Once their conversation apparently ended, Connor's mind drifted again, conjuring up another fantasy. This time he was lying on his back in Hank's bed completely and utterly naked. Hank was between his legs above him, his hands running up and down the insides of his thighs. His fingers were teasing at the soft, sensitive skin and Connor's real leg twitched in response. Hank's imaginary cock slid into him and Connor sighed again, kicking his feet.

Hank pursed his lips but didn't look up at him.

Connor wanted to pull Hank's chair out and drop into his lap. He wanted to grind his hips down and feel their cocks rub together. Oh, even better, he wanted to slide to his knees, unzip Hank's pants, and wrap his fingers around his cock. He wanted to draw his tongue up from base to tip, slowly, indulgently and then have it slide completely into his mouth, feel it push his jaw wider, feel it drag against his lips.

Connor's eyes actually fluttered at the image and he hummed.

Hank threw his hands into the air and turned his chair. "Okay, what the *fuck* are you doing, Connor? You're distracting the hell out of me."

System Instability Detected.

"I'm thinking," he replied.

"A-fucking-bout what?"

Connor blinked. That hesitant warmth—embarrassment—found him in an instant. "Possibilities."

"Possibilities?" Hank repeated dubiously.

"I'm conducting thought experiments. I currently don't have anything to do so I'm occupying my time by coming up with interesting scenarios and letting them play out in my head."

"You sound like someone keeps squeezing the air out of you. They must be some fucking amazing scenarios."

Connor couldn't resist. He smiled and said, "They are."

Hank narrowed his eyes at him. "Alright, fine. Tell me one."

In that moment, Connor wanted his entire system to shut down.

"Since they're so *fascinating*," Hank continued, his brow quirked.

"I don't think you'll find them as intriguing as I do."

"Try me."

Once again, Connor was grateful for an android's lack of outward reaction. He was also grateful for the fact that he could think a lot faster than a human. There were a few ways he could do this. He could be truthful and detail exactly what he was thinking about to Hank, he could be vague and indirect instead, or he could simply lie entirely. The first one was the least likely of his choices to pick since the precinct was an inappropriate place for that and the last one was out because he didn't want to completely lie to Hank. Granted, this would be a good opportunity to solidify that second part of his conclusion so perhaps the second option was the best.

At that, Connor started to speak.

“I was thinking about two nameless people engaging in various human behaviors,” he said. “I’ve started to become interested in certain human activities and I let them play out in my head. Sometimes I think about their hands touching or going further and hugging. Sometimes even past that.”

“Past that?”

“Like kissing, among other things,” he replied, looking away.

It took a moment for Hank to say anything. “Among other things?”

Connor met his eyes before saying, “I think you know what I’m talking about, Lieutenant.”

Hank didn’t react like Connor expected him to. He expected him to redden or grow embarrassed like most humans when the subject of sex was introduced. Instead, Hank’s brows rose and he leaned back in his chair, drawing his elbow up onto the armrest and propping his chin on his palm. His pinky finger just barely teased at the corner of his mouth and Connor found himself completely mesmerized by it.

“And why are you thinking about that?” Hank asked.

“Like I said. It interests me,” he answered.

“Interests you how?”

Hank’s expression betrayed absolutely nothing and it annoyed Connor a little bit.

“I don’t know,” he replied. “It just does.”

Hank made a thoughtful sound, one that Connor wanted to replay over and over again in his head. “I’m surprised androids are into that sort of stuff.”

“Why do you say that?”

Hank shrugged. “I don’t know. Seems too...below you. Unnecessary.”

“Isn’t sex, in and of itself, an unnecessary act? Some humans only use it for procreation and even that doesn’t need traditional means to get the desired outcome. For those that want it, sex is often simply for pleasure. And androids can feel pleasure as well. Sometimes it might not be in a similar way as humans but for those of us equip, I’d say there’s not much of a difference.”

Hank just stared at him again, his expression still unreadable. Connor couldn’t help but think that this was what it felt like looking in a mirror. He could have scanned him to determine his heartrate or measure his pupils but some defiant part of him didn’t want to.

He supposed that Hank was simply humoring him because it was a rather slow day and there weren’t many people at the station. It was really just them and two other officers at the other end of the room. No one would be able to hear their conversation at this volume either anyway.

Hank lowered his hand to his desk, his gaze on his index finger as it drew a circle into its surface. “Have you ever had sex before, Connor?”

Warning.

“No,” he replied, watching as Hank swallowed. He wanted to taste his throat with his tongue. “But I’d like to.”

Hank’s finger stopped. “Why?”

Connor thought about sucking that finger into his mouth and letting it go as far back as it could. He thought about sitting himself in Hank’s lap, slipping his hand into his pants, and palming at his cock. He thought about tearing his own jeans off and sinking onto Hank’s cock, feel it push deep inside of him. He thought about Hank’s hands running down his back, his lips dragging over the skin at his neck.

Software Instability Detected.

“To sate my curiosity,” he said.

Hank lifted his gaze, their eyes meeting. For some reason, Hank’s expression made that tingling, electrical heat slither up his back. It reminded him of Eden Club.

He suddenly wanted to fidget and he couldn’t resist any longer. He gave Hank a quick scan and his system piped in with his elevated heart rate and a wider dilation in his pupils.

Connor decided to lean back on his hands, moving his legs a little and deliberately brushing his foot against Hank’s knee.

“All for the sake of knowledge. Right, Connor?”

“Among other things,” he replied, smiling. “That’s why I find my thought experiments to be rather stimulating.”

“Stimulating, huh?”

“It’s the right word to use,” he replied.

That urge to climb into Hank’s lap was starting to get worse. Especially as he watched Hank cross his right ankle over his left knee. There was the perfect amount of space for him. He let his eyes drag up and down the buttons of Hank’s shirt. They’d be so easy to tear apart.

“Two nameless people.”

Connor blinked. “What?”

“You said two nameless people. Not two imaginary people,” Hank said, his brow quirked. “Who were you thinking about?”

In that moment, Connor hesitated. Several things came to mind, each of them falling over top of one another as they made themselves known. Connor tried to organize his thoughts as best he could but it had all happened so suddenly that it startled him a little.

First: Hank was a detective. Of course, he noticed that particular word choice.

Second: Hank was still unreadable so Connor couldn't dissect any information out of him. It was frustrating.

Third: Connor was a state of the art Cyberlife prototype built to handle stressful situations. Why on earth was he hesitating?

Fourth: He *really* wanted to slide into Hank's lap. It would be really easy from here too. All he'd need to do was shift forward until he was at the edge of the desk and in one and a half steps he'd be there.

Fifth: Connor actually didn't know how to respond.

Sixth: There was a fly balancing itself on the top of Connor's computer screen that had a chance of drifting onto Hank's desk and inevitably annoy him.

Seventh: Connor had intentionally said 'two nameless people' to get a response.

There must have been something in Connor's expression because Hank tilted his head suddenly, his own expression shifting to something more dumbfounded, as if someone he was interrogating had just given him valuable information. He looked away, his lips parting. A faint redness crept up beneath his collar and Connor wanted to follow it up with his mouth.

Before either of them could say anything, Fowler knocked on the glass of his office. When they both looked at him, he beckoned them to come inside. Connor hopped off of Hank's desk, his hand digging in his jacket for his stress ball. And, as he made his way towards Fowler's office, he heard Hank heave a heavy sigh behind him. He wanted to know what prompted that particular reaction but Fowler needed them so Connor simply shifted priorities and slid this into the pile for later.

Chapter End Notes

Connor, hugging Hank: Man, I can't believe my relationship with Hank hasn't changed

Connor, touching Hank: Like come on dude

Connor, holding hands with Hank: Throw me a bone here

Connor, flirting with Hank: Could you like do me already?

So, sorry this one was a little angsty but don't you worry. You're getting all the good stuff next chapter ;D

Warmth

Chapter Summary

There were a number of ways Connor could tackle the predicament he was in. Many of them ranged in success rates with varying results but, while taking into account his uncertainty on Hank's part, Connor ultimately chose to be indirect. He wanted to subtly hint to Hank that he wanted them to have sex. Though, he didn't know whether it would work or not. Hank was incredibly unpredictable sometimes.

So, one evening while Hank was on his way back from the precinct, Connor stood in front of his dresser. He chose to wear a large, white long-sleeve shirt with a wide collar that he had to roll up to his elbows. It ended just below his underwear, settling just beneath the curve of his ass. He opted out of wearing pants and dug into the back of Hank's sock drawer for a pair of grey wool socks that bunched up around his ankles.

Chapter Notes

Or: An absolute abuse of android stamina

Also, I read, re-read, revised and re-revised this like a thousand times so apologies if there's one or two or twelve typos

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

April 8th 2039

There were a number of ways Connor could tackle the predicament he was in. Many of them ranged in success rates with varying results but, while taking into account his uncertainty on Hank's part, Connor ultimately chose to be indirect. He wanted to subtly hint to Hank that he wanted them to have sex. Though, he didn't know whether it would work or not. Hank was incredibly unpredictable sometimes.

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He ambled into the kitchen and began making dinner. They were running low on a lot of food in the fridge and Connor set a reminder to go to the grocery store by the end of the week. He

settled for a chicken stir-fry that he could fluff up with a few more spices and vegetables. He turned the stove on, dug around for a skillet, and deposited it on one of the burners. While rifling around for ingredients, he heard the front door open followed by a chorus of grumbles. Sumo's excited pants could be heard as he jumped up from the ground, most likely to swarm around Hank's feet.

Connor glanced at him over his shoulder as he bent down to grab some oil from one of the bottom cabinets. "Welcome home, Hank."

Hank grunted in response and it sounded as if he was currently removing his jacket and shoes.

Connor made his system scan Hank's heartbeat and he set it so it would notify him whenever his heart rate spiked. Right now, it was at a healthy 68. He heard Hank's footsteps grow louder then softer as he made his way towards his bedroom, his grumbles following after him. Sumo shuffled into the kitchen and Connor smiled down at him when he deposited himself on the ground by the window.

Connor drizzled some oil into the pan and started cutting up the chicken. He washed his hands when he was finished and dropped each piece into the oil.

"What did Captain Fowler want you to do?" he asked loudly, grabbing vegetables from out of the fridge.

"Waste my goddamn time is what," Hank replied. "He wanted me to fucking find the files on a case I worked on like four years ago. For some reason, he couldn't do it himself."

"Did you find them?"

"After like 3 hours."

Connor narrowed his eyes at the cabinets above him. He opened each trying to find the ginger that he knew for a fact was somewhere in the kitchen but he couldn't find it. He decided to check one of the cabinets again but this time he stepped back a little. On the top shelf, barely peeking over, was the ginger. He frowned and moved back up to the counter. He stood on his toes and reached as high as he could but he could barely touch the edge of the shelf. He huffed when he sat back on his heels. He tried again, his hand leveraging himself on the counter.

Hank's voice drifted closer as he said, "But he didn't even fucking tell me why I needed to find it. He just said it was important and—"

He stopped suddenly and Connor's system piped in with a rise in heartrate. 68 to 92.

Connor wanted to look at him but he was too busy struggling with the ginger. He was just about to give up and grab a chair but Hank stepped up behind him and took it off the shelf, his chest brushing against his back as he lowered himself back down.

Connor turned around and smiled as Hank handed it to him. "Thank you, Hank."

Pulse: 105.

“Sure,” he replied absently, his eyes drifting down from his face and settling somewhere just below his neck. His pupils were dilating and Connor considered that a tiny victory.

Hank blinked suddenly and he moved away to grab a beer out of the fridge. He popped it open as he shifted until he was leaning his back against the counter to Connor’s left. Connor spun back around and stirred the chicken a little. Once it reached its optimal temperature, he deposited the pieces in a bowl he had set aside and started cooking the vegetables.

“He said it was important and what?”

“Huh?”

“Captain Fowler.”

“Oh, right. He didn’t tell me jack shit about it and sent me on my merry way. The fucker,” Hank said. After a pause, he asked, “Are you wearing shorts?”

“No,” he replied calmly, leaning around Hank to grab a pair of tongs.

Pulse: 110.

Hank didn’t say anything for a moment and out of the corner of his eye, Connor could see his head angled downward and to the left, as if he was looking at something. Without moving his feet, Connor deliberately pivoted his torso to his right as he reached for something near the other end of the counter, his back tilting forward, his shirt sliding up in the process.

Pulse: 115.

Hank made an aborted sound that ended up being muffled by his beer bottle. He pushed up from the counter and Connor heard him drop down onto the couch, the TV switching on seconds later. He didn’t know whether to smile or not.

As he continued preparing the vegetables, his system would occasionally draw his attention to a shift in Hank’s heartrate. 115 to 74 only to slide back to the 100s moments later. If Connor were oblivious, he would have said it was a result of whatever TV show Hank was watching, the action sequences sounding particularly violent.

However, in a moment where he chanced a glance over his shoulder, Connor found Hank staring at him from over the back of the couch. Connor turned back to the stove with a tiny smirk. He threw the chicken back into the pan and drenched it and the vegetables in a low sodium stir fry sauce. Next time, he’d just make his own. This one was terribly unhealthy despite how much the bottle tried to say it wasn’t.

Hank came back into the kitchen at some point, digging in the fridge for another beer. Connor had expected him to retreat to the living room almost instantly but he heard him stop as he popped the cap. There was no movement for a time, the only sounds being the food sizzling on the stove and a chorus of loud explosions from the TV. Just as Connor was about to look at him, Hank walked back to the couch and plopped down on it.

Once the stir fry was finished, Connor deposited it in a bowl and turned the stove off. He took a fork from one of the drawers and ripped off a piece of paper towel. He sauntered into the living room and rounded the couch to lean down and hand Hank the food.

“Thanks,” the lieutenant said, his eyes on the bowl.

Their fingers brushed briefly in the exchange and Connor felt a little thrill run up his spine. He stepped over Hank’s legs, making a show of it to let his shirt slip up a little. He sat down at the other end of the couch, his hands folding in his lap.

He decided against doing anything cheeky while Hank was eating to avoid any possibility of a choking hazard. He liked the man too much to accidentally kill him. So, he fixed his gaze on the TV, allowing Hank to have a rather uneventful meal. However, the moment Hank placed his empty bowl on the coffee table, Connor felt something akin to what humans would call adrenaline. Maybe even anticipation.

“Now, this is a classic,” Hank said, playing a movie he had in his library.

“I’ve never heard of it.”

“Fuck knows why. The Matrix was ahead of its time. Cyberlife put the wrong information in your head when they made you.”

Connor watched as the title appeared on the screen. He chose that moment to switch positions, his knee coming up to rest on the couch cushion, his body turning towards Hank and his foot tucking in beneath his leg. Hank’s response was almost immediate and out of the corner of his eye, Connor saw his head angle downward again.

The movie continued playing and Connor chose to move again as the main character—Neo—came out of some pod completely naked. All while keeping his eyes on the TV, he turned to face Hank completely, his back pressing against the armrest, his knees drawing up to his chest. Hank’s head shifted again, his heartrate spiking.

“This is a very strange movie,” Connor said casually, his brows furrowing as he watched the scene unfold.

Hank snorted. “Yeah, it’s an allegory or some shit.”

Connor’s feet slid forward slowly, inching closer and closer to Hank the longer the movie played out. While one of the characters betrays the others, his toes pressed against the outside of Hank’s thigh. Hank tensed, his heartrate fluctuating but he neither moved away nor told Connor to stop. Smiling, Connor pushed against him gently, pedaling his feet like a cat would its paws.

Finally, Hank sighed loudly and asked, “The hell are you doing, Connor?”

“You always tell me to relax and loosen up so I’m simply doing that. You just so happen to be in the way,” he replied with a tilt of his head.

“In the way?”

“Yes.”

“In my own goddamn home,” Hank mumbled. “I feel so attacked right now.”

Connor responded by moving his feet again and Hank surprised him by lifting his legs up at the ankle, straightening them in the process, and depositing them in his lap. Warmth spread within Connor’s chest and he smiled at Hank despite the fact that the man’s gaze was now fixed on the TV. Pulse: 107.

Connor returned his attention to the TV too, frowning as Morpheus was captured by Agent Smith. Or, he supposed, *a* Smith. The Smiths reminded Connor of the Jerrys he had met in Jericho though they were comparably a lot more peaceful and considerably less angry.

26 minutes and 32 seconds later, Connor felt something brush against his left shin. He ignored it initially, assuming it was something trivial like Hank’s shirt. However, he felt it again, this time for a longer stretch of time and on the opposite leg, the movement seeming to mimic the lines of a circle.

He turned his head and found Hank’s hand hovering over his ankle, his fingers drawing shapes into his artificial skin. He seemed to still be focused on the movie, his other hand propping his chin up against his armrest. His pulse was even at a steady 68.

The pad of Hank’s middle finger drew a line up that spanned about 3 inches and it continued that soft glide until it reached Connor’s calf. There, Hank’s fingers shifted to run vertically until they curved around it only to repeat the entire sequence again.

Warning.

A shiver ran up Connor’s spine and he poked at his sensitivity until it went up a little. He almost made a sound once the change was confirmed, the drag of Hank’s fingers reaching an addicting and pleasant intensity. That electric heat wormed its way back into Connor’s system but it was somehow duller, buried beneath the soothing motion of Hank’s fingers.

After a moment of indulging in the sensations, his attention eventually returned to the TV, a smile tugging at his lips. He liked this.

One of the characters, Trinity, spoke to an unconscious Neo, the world crumbling around them.

“The oracle told me that I would fall in love and that man, the man that I loved, would be The One,” she said.

Connor frowned.

“So, you see, you can’t be dead. You can’t be,” she said. “Because I love you.”

System Instability Detected.

Connor’s brows drew down.

“You hear me? I love you.”

Trinity leaned down and pressed her lips to Neo’s.

Connor was instantly reminded of that night he had kissed Hank’s cheek, of the couple kissing on the TV. And everything suddenly made sense.

His systems reacted as if he had been hit in the face. He felt something inside of himself, something he couldn’t explain. It was raw. It was overwhelming. It reminded him of the moment he truly deviated, of the sudden and absolute clarity he felt as his programming collapsed into pieces. As he continued staring at the screen, that clarity only seemed to get bigger and brighter and better.

Connor looked at Hank, his eyes wide, electricity jolting through his body.

It was in that moment that Hank’s fingers skirted beneath the bend of his knee. In response, Connor’s leg jerked and he made a muffled grunt. It drew Hank’s attention, his gaze dropping down to his hand, his brows furrowing. He repeated the motion, the process getting a similar reaction.

“Are you fucking ticklish, Connor?”

Warning.

Software Instability Detected.

Thirium Pump Error Detected.

System Processor Error Detected.

Corrective Action Recommended.

“Connor?”

He blinked, his leg jerking again as Hank’s fingertips pressed into the spot.

“I...I...I, uh, I...”

“Jesus, did I break you?” Hank asked, withdrawing his hand.

Connor shook his head. “No, I was simply...thinking. Did you say something?”

“I asked if you were ticklish.”

Connor watched as Hank’s hand slowly returned to the bend of his knee and he made another sound.

“Technically, no,” he replied. “But currently, I am more sensitive than I normally am.”

“Oh?” Hank said distractedly, his eyes on his fingers as they traveled beneath Connor’s calf.

“How come?”

“Androids have the ability to control their physical input sensitivity which is, simplistically, how we perceive another’s touch. By default, androids feel external stimuli less than humans and some choose to manipulate the setting however they see fit. I turned mine up by 20%.”

“Why?”

Connor hesitated. This was what he wanted, wasn’t it? So, why was he feeling...nervous?

“I...” he paused and pursed his lips. “I wanted to. I don’t usually change the setting but the first time I did it was when we were undercover at North’s recommendation. And even Charlotte’s. But right now, I simply just wanted to.”

Hank didn’t say anything, his eyes on Connor’s leg, his heartrate elevating.

“I like the way you feel,” Connor continued. “I like the sensations.”

“Sensations?” Hank repeated. His hand curled around his ankle, his thumb sliding beneath his sock.

“The way your skin feels against mine,” he sighed. “My body reacts like it’s been set on fire.”

Hank didn’t say anything for a while, his thumb rubbing circles into Connor’s skin. Pulse: 114. On the TV, Neo was fighting Agent Smith, the two locked in fast-paced combat.

Finally, Hank said, “That spot you didn’t want me to touch, what is it?”

In response, Connor turned his foot out, his leg moving with it. Hank flipped his hand over, shifting until his fingers curled around the outer part of his ankle, his palm beneath it. He moved his hand against the underside of Connor’s leg, his hand crawling up and up, teasing at the bend of Connor’s knee until it stopped just at the middle of his thigh. Hank had to lean a little to reach it and Connor brought his other leg up, his knee resting against the back of the couch to give him space.

A thrill of anticipation made Connor distantly excited. Had he been human, he would have been trembling.

“There’s a panel there that responds to external stimuli with more intensity. The wires beneath it are more or less responsible for my physical input processors and, for a reason I don’t entirely understand, the panel reflects the current setting I have it dialed to but to a higher degree. The best explanation I can give is that it is meant to mimic an erogenous zone on a human.”

“Why would you need that?” Hank asked, his thumb kneading into the skin beneath the panel.

“Authenticity,” he replied. “Should I have needed to ever seduce a target for information, it would have made sex seem more realistic to a human. However, I don’t think Cyberlife has fully developed it on my model or intended for my sexual capacities to be used. I am a prototype, after all. I react more strongly than a human would should pressure be applied.”

Hank's thumb lightly brushed over the panel and Connor's leg jerked slightly. He exhaled, his hand grasping the back of the couch.

"Do you have more of these?" Hank asked, his voice low.

"I do," he replied, swallowing. "They seem to have different intensities as well depending on the location. Like the bend of my knee, parts of my chest, my thighs, and my neck."

"So, that's why you were going crazy at Eden Club. And I thought that was just because I had some skills," Hank snorted.

"It *was* you," Connor said. "It's always you."

Hank's thumb twitched before he withdrew his hand entirely. There was a frown at his lips, his brows furrowed. He leaned away, retreating back to his side of the couch and pushing Connor's legs off his lap.

Pulse: 120.

"It shouldn't be," he said, shaking his head.

Connor felt something he had never felt before. It was akin to a tender pain, dull, concentrated in the center of his chest. He didn't like it.

"What do you mean?"

Hank ran a hand over his face, exhaling a deep sigh. "It shouldn't be me that makes you feel this way."

"Why?"

"Because—" he stopped. He stood up with a huff. He started moving around the couch as he said, "Because your life revolves around me."

"Why do you say that like it's a bad thing?" Connor asked, hopping up and following him into the kitchen.

"Because it is!" he said loudly. "You spend the majority of your time with me and you're fixating your feelings on me because I'm the only one around. You don't actually...you don't...You're just confused, Connor."

Connor frowned. "Confused?"

"You've told me that some things don't make sense to you. How do you know you're feeling what you think you're feeling and not something else? I'm practically the only person you talk to. You're just—You're just focusing everything on me," Hank said hurriedly. "There's so much more to the world than *me*. You can pick someone a thousand times better. Literally anyone else. Someone who actually deserves you. Someone who's good for you."

"But—"

“It shouldn’t be me,” Hank said hurriedly. “It shouldn’t.”

“What if I want it to be you?”

“You don’t know what you’re talking about,” Hank sighed, almost sadly. “There are better options. And you need to go find them. You shouldn’t be stuck with me.”

There was an implication in there that made something feel wrong inside of Connor, something that made him buzz with panic. He needed to diffuse the situation. He needed to negotiate. He needed to do *something* but for some reason, he couldn’t do anything.

“But, Hank, I—I think I—”

Hank’s expression shifted. His eyes widened, his brows drawing downward. He started shaking his head frantically.

“No, you’re not,” he said firmly. “No, you fucking aren’t. You can’t be. Not with me.”

Connor’s hands began to tremble and he looked down at them utterly baffled. He was programmed to remain completely calm during stressful situations for the express purpose of remaining fully functional so that he could operate cleanly and efficiently but right now, he was *trembling*.

“You’re a goddamn android, Connor. You don’t need me. You don’t want me.”

That pain in his chest was getting worse and Connor rubbed at it absently, his palm resting over his thirium pump. He didn’t know how to word anything. He didn’t know how to explain what he was feeling and, in that moment, he wished to every deity and every god known to man and android that there was a way to just show Hank what he meant to him, what he felt for him.

But all he could do was just stand there and *hurt*. There was something behind his eyes, something building there but he couldn’t figure out what it was.

Hank shook his head and walked down the hall. Connor followed after him frantically but his bedroom door slammed closed before he could go in. He stared at it blankly, his eyes wide. He brought his hands up hesitantly and flattened them against the door, his mouth opening.

“Hank?” he said quietly.

At no reply, that pain in his chest was met with a sinking feeling, as if he was falling, as if he couldn’t keep himself up. Whatever was behind his eyes grew heavier and heavier until his vision blurred. Initially, Connor thought that something had malfunctioned but when he lifted a hand to his face, his fingers came back wet.

No matter what he tried, the tears kept falling, rolling down his cheeks and dripping down his chin. The overwhelming feelings in his chest were only getting worse and he pressed his hand to his thirium pump, rubbing at it uselessly. An automatic motor response partially responsible for keeping specific airways and channels within him clear forced him to inhale sharply through his nose, the response kicking in at occasional intervals.

He stepped back from the door and slowly made his way into the living room. He stood there for a moment, unsure of what to do.

He didn't really understand what Hank was upset about. Connor wanted to stay with him. It was as simple as that so why was it so hard for Hank to grasp? Maybe it was because Connor had done something wrong. Maybe he had interpreted everything wrong. Maybe Hank actually just wanted him to leave.

But Connor didn't want to. He wanted to stay. He wanted to stay forever. He loved this house. He loved Sumo. He loved Hank. He *loved* Hank. He didn't want to be anywhere without them.

A broken sob surprised Connor as it passed his lips. Another one tumbled out followed by a sniffle. And for the life of him, he couldn't stop crying. His body was acting so strangely, akin to the human response to sadness but that wasn't what he was feeling. It wasn't this powerful. It wasn't this intense.

It was like he was afraid. Afraid of losing Hank. Afraid of leaving him. He didn't *want* to.

Something bumped against his leg and Connor looked down to see Sumo nuzzling at his thigh. Connor smiled even as another sob made his body jerk forward. He dropped to his knees and wrapped his arms around Sumo's neck, the dog whining loudly.

"I don't know what I did wrong," he whispered into Sumo's fur. "I don't like not knowing."

He stayed there for a long moment. Sumo nuzzled at his head, mussing up his hair. He pushed further into Sumo, his face burying completely. Maybe he could pretend that this was Hank, that this was Hank's warmth, that this was Hank's smell. But nothing was working.

"I made him cry."

Connor had almost missed it, his sobs and Sumo's hysterical whines carrying over the statement very easily. And it had been said so hushed, so quietly that Connor could have imagined it in his head.

He almost thought he did until he heard, "I fucking made him cry."

Connor pushed himself away from Sumo and fell back onto his heels. He looked over his shoulder only to see a blurry figure standing in the middle of the hallway.

"Hank?" Connor said, his voice wavering slightly.

"Jesus fuck, Connor," he said, moving towards him. He dropped to his knees, his wide eyes frantically looking him over. "You're crying?"

Weakly and quietly, he said, "I don't want to live without you."

"I didn't mean—I didn't want you to—I just—fucking hell."

Hank suddenly pulled him into a hug and Connor practically melted against him, his arms wrapping around his middle and his head tucking into the curve of his neck.

“Please don’t make me leave,” he whispered. “Tell me what I did wrong and I’ll fix it.”

“You didn’t do anything wrong,” Hank sighed. “This is all my fucking fault.”

Hank smelled like Hank and that thought, no matter how stupid it was, made Connor warm, made the sting in his chest ease just a little.

“It’s me. It’s my head. I can’t fucking figure out why the hell you want me of all goddamn people. Out of everyone on the planet. Me. The big fucking mess.”

“Because I love you,” he answered firmly.

Hank’s grip tightened around him, his heart rate accelerating, his blood pressure spiking. In a tiny voice, Hank said, “You sure?”

Connor nodded, pulling away just enough to look him in the eye. “It’s the one thing I’m certain of.”

A redness crawled up Hank’s neck and Connor smiled widely. Hank brought his hand up to Connor’s cheek, his thumb wiping at his tears. He leaned into the touch, the warmth in his body growing hotter and hotter. He supposed he actually had a name for it now.

“Why are you so goddamn beautiful?” Hank murmured, his thumb tracing a line down Connor’s jaw.

“You’re rather appealing as well, Hank.”

Hank snorted. “I think your eyes are broken.”

“They aren’t,” he said, frowning. “I think you’re really handsome.”

“In what definition of the word?”

Connor frowned, his demeanor shifting. Suddenly, he didn’t feel like crying anymore.

He brought his hands up to Hank’s shoulders and pushed down until Hank, utterly confused, shifted to sit completely on the ground instead of on his knees, his legs extended.

“I’m very attracted to you, Hank,” Connor said frankly, climbing into his lap. “You’ve been the subject of many of my fantasies as of late.”

“Oh, really?” he replied, swallowing.

“Yes,” Connor said, his fingers drumming against Hank’s shoulders. “I particularly like your hands.”

“My hands?” he repeated, brows rising.

Connor nodded, his eyes darting down to where they were, resting on the floor. “I like how big they are. I like how strong they are. I like how they feel against my body.”

“And what are my hands doing in your little...thought experiments?” Hank asked, his voice deepening, his pupils dilating. Pulse: 116.

Connor smiled. That electric heat was dragging itself up his body, nearly making him vibrate. He pushed all of his weight onto Hank, his thighs spreading wider, their chests pressing together, their faces mere inches apart.

“Sometimes they’re somewhere on me. Sometimes your fingers are in my mouth. And sometimes,” he paused, dropping his forehead to Hank’s and wrapping his arms around his neck. He rolled his hips, their cocks grinding together. “They’re inside of me.”

Hank groaned and closed the distance between them, their lips pressing together. Connor’s entire body sung and he hummed happily, kissing back with incredible enthusiasm. It was a little clumsy at first. Being shown how to kiss through a data transfer was a lot different than actually doing it. He followed Hank’s lead, slowing down and mirroring his movements as best as he could. This was so much better than all the times he imagined it. He rather resolutely decided that he liked kissing Hank.

Hank’s hands came up to the back of his thighs. They travelled over the curve of his ass and slipped beneath his shirt, his palms sliding up his back. Connor shivered and nearly collapsed when Hank’s tongue slipped into his mouth. A bombardment of information popped into his vision, an analysis of Hank’s saliva, every ingredient in the stir-fry he made, the contents of Hank’s beer, everything listing itself out in his head. The drag of Hank’s palms was an added strain to his processors and he felt them slow down slightly to accommodate the sensory information he was receiving in addition to what his oral receptors were giving.

And then, Hank’s fingers pressed into the inside of his thigh and his entire system stuttered.

Blinking rapidly, Connor grunted and pulled away.

“You alright?” Hank asked breathlessly.

He nodded, his eyes moving left and right to dismiss pop ups and notifications.

“You sure? You’re doing that thing where you look like you’re doing android stuff.”

“I’m fine. It’s just...a lot. My abilities as a sexual or romantic partner are nowhere near my primary programming. It’s almost as if Cyberlife put those particular skills in as an afterthought. I may need to rearrange programs and dedicate certain processors to some of my functions so I don’t get overwhelmed.”

“Take your time.”

“You can still talk to me while I do it. I’ll still be fully functional.”

Connor decided to shift the priority of his system software to several of the programs responsible for interpreting his physical input in addition to his output and motor responses.

He also flagged the Traci package he received from Charlotte as important as well and, as an added bonus, he upped his sensitivity by 10% too. Because why the fuck not.

While he was divvying up additional programs, Hank tugged at Connor's shirt and asked, "So, what's up with this get up?"

"It was to seduce you," he replied. "I've noticed that you like when I wear your clothes and that you also seem to like my legs so I simply chose not to wear pants."

"Well, yeah. Your legs are goddamn works of art," Hank said, emphasizing his words by dragging his palm down Connor's thigh.

It felt more intense, more heated, like he was standing next to a fire. Connor's body jerked at the sensation and he frowned at himself as Hank quickly withdrew his hand.

"Did I do something bad?"

"No," he replied slowly, blinking through an error. "I think that means I reorganized everything right."

"You think?"

"I'll be fine, Hank," he said, smiling. "If not, the worst that could happen is that I shut down."

Hank gave him a look.

"*And* I'll turn back on. No harm done."

Now coupled with the raise of a brow, the look didn't go away.

"No need to worry," Connor said, his hand slipping into Hank's hair. He tugged gently and rolled his hips slowly, deliberately, making himself feel the line of Hank's cock against his own.

"We don't need to do anything past kissing if you don't want to."

"That's very thoughtful of you, Hank, but..." he paused, smiling. "I've imagined you inside of me dozens of times in dozens of different ways. But it's not good enough. I want the real thing. I want you to fuck me."

"The mouth on you," Hank mumbled, his thumb tracing Connor's bottom lip.

Connor smiled, his tongue darting out to brush against it. "I'm just being honest."

"Honest, he says. Well, if I do anything you don't like, then tell me. Alright?"

"Alright," Connor replied, grinning eagerly.

He leaned forward and kissed Hank, pushing him down to the ground. Hank hummed, his hand drifting up to nestle into Connor's hair. His other hand slipped beneath Connor's shirt, running over the planes of his stomach and his chest. His thumb teased at his nipple and Connor's back arched, his forearms coming down to the floor on either side of Hank's head.

Hank's grip tightened in his hair and he tugged Connor back, panting. When Connor tried to drift forward again, he said, "Some of us have to breathe."

Connor smiled sheepishly before ducking down to mouth at Hank's neck, his tongue painting a line from his collarbone to his pulse point. Connor picked up a bundle of information from that endeavor but he quickly shoved it away to continue lapping at Hank's skin. He heard Hank's breathing hitch and it made a lovely, dark feeling bubble inside of him. He rolled his hips, their hardening cocks grinding together. The sensation made him moan, the sound muffled by Hank's skin.

Hank tugged at his hair again, this time pulling him up into a kiss he eagerly returned.

It made Hank chuckle, pushing him back just enough to say, "Easy, Connor. You're not supposed to try and eat my face off."

"Sorry," he replied. "I'm just really excited."

Hank smirked. "I can tell."

Hank brought their lips back together and this time Connor did his best to slow down and follow Hank. Once he started getting the hang of it, Hank's hand drifted from his hair and down his back, curving around his ass before slowing to a stop at the back of his thigh. His other arm snaked around his waist, pressing their chests together.

Connor's self-lubrication protocol kicked in and this time he didn't bother deactivating it. It only made him eager for what came next, for the firm press of Hank's cock inside of him and his body stretching around it. Connor moaned at the thought, his knees trembling, his hips jerking against Hank's.

Hank's hand shifted against his thigh, curving until his fingers pressed against one of his sensitive panels. They kneaded into it, pushing and rubbing experimentally. Connor's entire body shuddered and he broke away from Hank with a gasp. He dropped his forehead to Hank's shoulder, his hips rocking forward. Each press of Hank's fingers felt like lightning shooting through him. A few motor control errors popped up but he was instantly distracted by the moment of Hank's fingers, his system stuttering briefly.

"Fuckin' hell, Connor."

"Please fuck me," he said shakily.

Hank groaned and straightened himself up, pushing them both up into a sitting position. He braced one of his hands beneath Connor's ass, the other on the ground, and with a grunt he stood up. He led them into the bedroom, kicking the door closed behind him.

“You’re heavier than you look,” he said, depositing him on the end of the bed.

Connor’s response was a shrug as he instantly slipped out of his shirt. Hank sighed, almost dreamily, his eyes running over his bare chest. Connor didn’t need to scan him to know that his heartrate was elevated. Hank divested himself of his sweatpants, giving Connor full view of the tent of his boxers. There was a nagging eagerness that was making Connor tremble, his entire body vibrating with excitement.

Hank slipped his thumbs into the waistband of his underwear and he pushed them down, slowly, the fabric sliding down his hips and then his thighs. Connor wanted to fidget. He wanted to move. He wanted to rip those boxers off himself.

When Hank’s cock finally sprung free, Connor made the most undignified, needy sound he had ever made. His mouth watered—lubricated—at the sight and that electrical heat thrummed intoxicatingly throughout his every limb. Connor didn’t need his imagination anymore. He knew *exactly* what Hank’s cock looked like now. It was a sight he’d never forget.

“I’m starting to think those sounds are a good thing,” Hank said, smirking.

It took two seconds longer for Connor to reply than normal. “They are. Please, come here.”

He held his arms out as Hank came towards him, stopping just between his thighs. Connor brought his hands up to flatten against Hank’s waist, his fingers slipping beneath his shirt. When he tried to push it up, Hank stopped him.

“I want to see all of you,” Connor said, frowning.

“Yeah, well, all of me isn’t pretty.”

“I already told you. I find you very attractive. *Every* part of you.”

Hank mirrored his frown.

“Please?” Connor said, his brows drawing together.

Hank’s eye twitched and he sighed loudly. “You’re my fucking kryptonite I swear to fucking—Goddammit. Fine.”

Connor positively lit up. He stood and watched his hands as they slid up Hank’s stomach, the shirt coming with it. Hank lifted his arms and Connor tugged the shirt off entirely. His gaze was instantly drawn to the large tattoo on his chest. He had another one on his thigh but this one was so intricately designed that, on impulse, Connor traced its lines with his finger. He slowly committed the shape of it to memory and slipped it into a new folder he just made titled, ‘Things About Hank I Love’.

Warning.

He continued to stare at it, his finger passing over one of its curves. He loved the look of it. He loved how the dark ink contrasted Hank’s pale skin. He loved that this was Hank’s choice,

that he picked this specific design to be a permanent fixture on his body. He loved that this was something else about Hank he was allowed to know, that he could see and touch in person.

“Uh...Connor?”

Software Instability Detected.

He blinked and looked up. “Sorry, I was just—I really like your tattoo.”

The state of unease on Hank’s face diminished just a little as his lips twitched into an amused smirk.

Connor stepped forward, their chests pressing together. He brought his hand up to Hank’s cheek and said, “I like everything about you.”

A redness crawled up Hank’s neck and Connor leaned down to mouth at it, his tongue dragging over it. He pushed up and kissed him. That electrical heat followed Hank’s hand as it glided down his back and slipped beneath his underwear to knead at his ass. Hank made a short sound, one akin to someone having just read something interesting.

Connor couldn’t resist any longer. He wrapped his fingers around Hank’s cock, his palm sliding up the shaft. Hank groaned into his mouth and Connor ate up the sound. He sat back down on the bed, his face now mere inches from Hank’s cock, his hands shifting to Hank’s hips. He licked his lips and kissed the tip, his mouth rounding against it slightly. He took it fully into his mouth, his lips stretching around it, his jaw dropping. His eyes fluttered once it touched the back of his throat, a moan tumbling out of him.

“Jesus, Connor,” Hank sighed, his hand sinking into Connor’s hair.

Connor pulled back until the tip of Hank’s cock brushed against his lips. He pushed forward again and savored every inch, his tongue teasing beneath the shaft. He kept up the pace, slow and indulgent, pushing towards Hank’s pelvis and dragging back until he almost slipped out of his mouth.

“Goddamn, you feel so good,” Hank murmured.

His words made Connor shiver, his grip tightening on his hips. He whined, a jolt of electricity running up his back.

Connor pressed his fingers to his throat. He dipped down again, his eyes fluttering as he felt his jaw drop and his throat expand around Hank’s cock. It made him moan loudly, his thighs squeezing together.

Hank’s hand shifted, his fingers drifting down to the nape of Connor’s neck. Connor almost stuttered to a stop.

There was a panel at the back of every androids’ neck that opened into a port for any software installation or maintenance. It was notorious—among androids at least—for being particularly sensitive to outside stimuli. That was why it was always so jarring to be

physically plugged in and out of a mainframe. Beneath the port was a tangle of wires that led deep into the rest of an android's body. It was another parallel to human erogenous zones but this time it was a lot less human and very much android.

However, that wasn't a well-known fact among humans so Connor had to wonder if Hank's hand just drifted down unintentionally or if there was purpose behind it. He wasn't putting any pressure against it so he probably didn't know.

Connor swallowed deliberately and Hank exhaled roughly.

"You're really enjoying this, aren't you?" Hank said, almost like he was talking to himself. "You're fucking amazing."

There it was again. That jolt, rocketing up his spine. It made Connor hum, his hips twitching.

"You like that, don't you? What I'm saying?"

Connor nodded as best he could, Hank's cock following the motion.

"Of course, you do. Well, it's all true. You're goddamn perfect."

Connor squirmed, his back arching as Hank's fingers started pressing against the panel. He wanted Hank inside of him now more than ever but he also didn't want him to take his hand away and he also didn't want to take Hank's cock out of his mouth. He was wanting a lot of things that contradicted each other.

Hank pushed harder and Connor shuddered as his skin peeled back and the panel popped open. With his eyes flying open, Connor's entire body jerked as Hank's fingers slipped in, his forefinger teasing at one of the wires.

"So fucking perfect," Hank murmured. "Like you were made just for me."

Hank's words were what did him in. He froze only for a tremor to run up his body as he shivered through his orgasm, his legs twitching. It was like sparks shooting through him, making his system HUD flicker in and out. He pushed away from Hank with a gasp. He almost fell backwards onto the bed but one of Hank's hands darted out to catch his shoulder.

"Did you just..." Hank trailed off.

Connor nodded and he frowned when his arms responded to him sluggishly. He waved them experimentally and the delay seemed to fix itself after a moment. A variety of errors were scrolling by in his vision and he inwardly waved them away as he looked up at Hank.

"You are a masterpiece, Connor, I swear to god," Hank said, his hand threading through his hair. Connor leaned into the touch, smiling widely, his body buzzing pleasantly.

"How did you—" He stopped himself.

There was a slight static layered beneath Connor's voice and he brought his hand to his throat with a frown. He must have strained his vocal modulator at some point. Which was odd given

the fact that he thought he hadn't of done anything to push it too far. He must have been a lot louder than he thought. No matter, he'd just fix it later.

He cleared his throat despite knowing that wouldn't solve anything and he reached back to push the panel in his neck closed.

"How did you know about my neck?" he asked, the static settling the longer he spoke.

Hank actually looked embarrassed as he said, "I looked it up. After we went undercover, I tried to figure out why you didn't want me to touch your thigh. I found out about the neck port instead."

"Oh."

"You alright? You sound kind of weird."

"I'm fine," he replied, despite a slight spike in static.

"You were a little too enthusiastic there, weren't you?" Hank said, smirking.

Connor pursed his lips and looked away. "I've been wanting to do that for a while."

After he said that, his gaze drifted back to Hank's cock, flushed and leaking. Connor licked his lips. He absolutely wanted to glide it back into his mouth but he wanted it pushing inside of him just a tiny bit more.

"We can keep going," he said as a thirium pump error flickered in his eyes. Faintly, almost in passing, a thought crossed his mind. He may not have configured his settings and programs correctly.

"As in..."

"Androids don't have to worry about oversensitivity or cooldown in the same way humans do."

Hank quirked a brow as he said, "So, theoretically, you guys can come multiple times with no problem."

"Yes."

"Good to know," he said, the corners of his mouth twitching up. "How do you wanna do this then?"

Without hesitation, Connor climbed up the bed and pressed his back to it, his knees drawing up. "Like this."

Hank visibly swallowed. He crawled up and settled between Connor's legs, his thumbs rubbing circles into the backs of his thighs.

"Fucking beautiful," he murmured, his hands sliding up to Connor's pelvis.

Connor felt another shiver run up his spine and he hummed, his bottom lip slipping between his teeth. Hank slid his boxers off, his cock finally springing free. Connor sighed, his knees spreading wide. If androids could dream, Connor would have thought he was in one.

“I thought I was making that up. Are you...” Hank finished the thought with a thumb skirting over Connor’s entrance, the tip teasing in only to slip back out.

“Androids with genitalia self-lubricate,” Connor said, wiggling his hips. “It’s a protocol that activates automatically.”

“So, it turns on when *you’re* turned on.”

“Simplistically speaking, yes.”

“I love it.”

Two of Hank’s fingers slid into him, finally, and Connor’s head dropped back with a satisfied sigh. However, they disappeared just as quickly and Connor huffed in frustration. He craned his neck to see Hank staring at his fingers, slick with lubricant. His tongue darted out to taste it and Connor’s eyes widened. He haphazardly shoved away a thirium pump error to watch Hank take his fingers completely into his mouth, sliding them back out with a wet pop and meeting his gaze.

“Hank, please,” he gasped, falling back down. “Please.”

“You weren’t lying about liking my hands, huh?” Hank said, his voice rough and all types of wonderful.

“I love them.”

Hank pushed his fingers back into him, his free hand running languidly up his cock. Connor groaned, his palms coming up to press against the headboard. He used the leverage to meet Hank’s movements with his hips, urging him to go deeper.

He knew this part wasn’t necessary for androids before penetration and Hank probably did too from his online endeavors but it was nonetheless incredibly enjoyable. The sensations Connor’s systems were processing were absolutely mesmerizing, from the glide of Hank’s fingers inside of him and over his cock to the absolutely trivial feel of their thighs brushing together faintly.

“Have you—” Hank cleared his throat, the words having come out on the verge of hoarse. “Have you ever touched yourself, Connor?”

“Once,” he replied, exhaling unnecessarily when Hank started scissoring his fingers.

“Really? Tell me about it.”

Connor hesitated, his hands shifting to grip one of the pillows above his head.

“Connor?”

“It was the first time I ever tried it,” he replied. Hank changed the movement of his fingers again, this time adding a third and crooking them every so often, almost exploratorily. He mirrored the shift with his other hand, increasing the pressure against Connor’s cock. “I didn’t really know what I was doing. I didn’t know what I was going to feel.”

Hank hummed as he curled his fingers again. This time they pressed against something, a small plate inside of him that had his back arching and his legs twitching. Hank made a sound, as if he was completely and utterly pleased.

With each thrust of his fingers, Hank hit the spot with startling accuracy, making Connor writhe and gasp and moan. Hank’s hand on his cock slid down to encompass the skin of his inner thigh and he coupled the motion of his fingers with the press of his thumb against the panel on his leg. Connor’s systems stuttered, his eyes rolled back and his knees started to tremble. There were so many errors flashing in front of him but he ignored them, pushed them so far back out of his priority that he even disabled the notification program.

“Fucking hell, Connor,” Hank said, breathless. “Keep talking.”

It took him a moment to register what Hank had said, what Hank had requested and Connor wondered, distantly, if he would even be able to do it.

“I was—I was—” he shook his head frantically as Hank’s hand tightened against his thigh. “Right here. I was right here.”

“You what?” Hank’s movements lost their rhythm briefly.

“Against your pillow. I was thinking about you,” he gasped, his back arching again. “About what I wanted you to do to me. About how I wanted you to fuck me when we were at Eden Club. About how I wouldn’t have cared that we were in public. I just wanted you inside of me so badly.”

Hank didn’t reply. Connor almost craned his neck to look at him but the mattress shifted suddenly. Seconds later, Hank’s tongue dragged itself up the length of his cock and Connor’s hips twitched. Hank took him fully into his mouth, his head bobbing up and down. His hands hadn’t relented, his thumb massaging into the skin of his inner thigh and his fingers curling wonderfully inside of him.

Connor knew he was being loud, incredibly so, but he couldn’t stop himself. There was so much sensory input that Connor’s systems were struggling to keep up. If he hadn’t of disabled his notification function, his vision would have been swarming with errors and pop-ups.

His body couldn’t keep still, his leg jerking with each press of Hank’s thumb and his hips twitching with each slide of Hank’s fingers. Distantly, he could hear the fabric of the pillow he was grasping start to tear. To alleviate that, Connor forced his arms down and he lifted himself up to look at Hank. Which was a terrible decision.

Seeing Hank’s head bobbing between his thighs, seeing his fingers pushing inside of him made something dark coil deep within him, made the pleasure all the more intense. Whatever

it was, he loved it.

“I—

He dropped back against the bed with a gasp, his orgasm rocketing through him. His back arched, his hands grasped at the bedsheets, and he practically vibrated. Hank grunted in surprise but Connor was too out of it to apologize. All he could do was stare at the ceiling, his limbs slow to respond. His vision had blurred a little for some reason. He blinked rapidly to try and fix it but when that didn't work, he realized he was cross-eyed and quickly realigned his eyes.

He heard Hank grunt and swallow, the sound accompanied by a soft hum. “You're something else, Connor. I fucking love it.”

Connor smiled up at the ceiling. “I love you too.”

Hank snorted as he asked, “You alright?”

“I'm fine.”

“You sure? You haven't moved at all. And your voice is doing the thing again.”

In response, Connor lifted himself up onto his elbows and gestured for Hank to come closer. The man smirked as he climbed over him, their bodies pressing together. Connor instantly pulled him into a frantic kiss, tasting himself at his tongue.

“I want you inside of me,” he whispered against Hank's lips.

Hank groaned, pushing away only for the head of his cock to press against Connor's entrance seconds later. Connor practically purred, his entire body going rigid as Hank slid into him. He almost got lost in the feeling of being filled, of the stretch as Hank bottomed out. It didn't hurt, of course, but it still felt absolutely intoxicating, better than Connor could ever have imagined.

Hank dropped down to seal their lips together in a messy kiss and Connor's arms instantly wrapped around his neck, his hands digging into his hair, slick with sweat. He kissed back just as eagerly, their mouths slipping frantically against each other as Hank's hips began a steady, hurried pace.

“I wanted to fuck you too,” Hank said breathlessly when they separated. “At Eden Club. I didn't even know you had a dick until I felt it when you were rolling against me like a goddamn tease. I wanted to rip those ridiculous shorts off with my fucking teeth.”

Connor moaned, his back arching. He threw his head to the side when Hank's mouth found his neck. His right foot twitched suddenly, almost involuntarily, but Connor didn't dwell on it too long as Hank angled his hips to hit him *just* right.

Connor registered, vaguely, that he was gradually becoming warmer. He had half a mind to bring up his temperature controls but one of Hank's hands drifted down to knead at his inner thigh and he was lost. His foot twitched again, this time bringing his entire leg with it.

“Fuck, you feel so good,” Hank grunted.

Connor smiled giddily, a thrill running through him.

“Really?” he whispered, shifting his hips to meet Hank’s thrusts.

He felt Hank smile against his neck as he said, “Yeah. You’re amazing.”

A jolt of electricity slithered through Connor’s body and he moaned. His arm jerked involuntarily, slipping from Hank’s back and dropping back against the bed. He clawed at the sheets instead, locking his ankles around Hank’s back.

“I like everything about you, Connor. Every. Fucking. Thing.” Hank punctuated each word with a firm snap of his hips.

Connor melted beneath him, gasping, his body buzzing pleasantly. He felt like he was on fire, like he was going to explode. It was all so overwhelming, so dizzying. Hank’s words, his hands, his body pressed against him, his cock pounding into him, his mouth sucking at his neck, the jolts of electricity running up and down his spine. He could feel himself building up for another release, his hips losing Hank’s rhythm.

Connor clumsily pulled Hank down, their lips slotting together.

Something started flashing red in the corner of his vision. He ignored it in favor of moving his hands to Hank’s back but when his arms wouldn’t respond to him, he made the reluctant decision to see what was wrong. He reactivated his notification system and was instantly bombarded by numerous popups. Many of them pertained to his temperature and motor control functions. A few of them listed off processing errors and overloads which were, in and of themselves, bad but there was one, persistently flashing, that was giving him the most pause.

System Reaching Critical Levels.

Corrective Actions Required.

Automatic Restart Imminent.

Just as Connor was going to attempt something to remedy this impending situation, Hank’s hand shifted from his thigh to circle around his cock, jerking it with the movement of his hips. That alone was enough for Connor and a chorus of errors popped up as he trembled through another orgasm, his entire body twitching, his eyelids fluttering. He felt a surge of electricity that practically made him come a fourth time.

“Oh,” he said before he blacked out.

Seconds later, he blinked awake, his systems rebooting. He hadn’t moved at all. The only difference was that Hank was staring down at him in absolute and obvious concern, his chest rising and falling rapidly, his cheeks flushed. He seemed to relax the moment Connor met his gaze.

“Jesus fucking—You scared the shit out of me, Connor.”

“Sorry,” he replied, running a quick set of diagnostic programs.

All of his settings seemed to have been reset to default so he cranked up his sensitivity again and reactivated his self-lubrication. He was also still considerably warm but the abrupt shut down cooled him enough to non-threatening temperatures. He wasn’t going to overheat again. Maybe.

“You alright?”

“Yes, I’m fine.”

“Is that a Connor ‘I’m fine’ or do you actually mean it?”

“I’m okay, Hank,” he said, smiling.

He lifted himself up onto his elbows and glanced down to see Hank still beautifully hard. Connor licked his lips. His hands darted out to seize Hank’s shoulders only to flip them both over, Connor now straddling his lap. Hank blinked up at him in surprise, his arms hanging in the air uselessly.

Connor took ahold of Hank’s cock and sank down onto it, a pleased sigh falling from his lips once it was completely inside of him.

Hank groaned, his hands settling against Connor’s waist, as he said, “You quite literally just passed out a second ago but you’re still ready to go at it, huh?”

“Wonders of technology,” Connor said, rocking his hips. “Besides, you haven’t come yet and I really want you to do it inside of me.”

“Well, you’ve been edging me for a long fucking time here so I don’t think I’ll last long.”

“Good.”

“You’re insatiable,” Hank murmured, his fingers twitching.

“Only for you,” he replied.

“Just for me, huh?” Hank said, lifting himself up.

“Always,” Connor whispered.

“Good because you’re all mine.”

Connor felt himself shiver again as he drew Hank in for another kiss, his systems pinging in with sensory and analytic data. When they separated, he whispered, “All yours.”

Connor lifted himself up and quickly dropped back down, repeating the motion until he found a pace both he and Hank enjoyed. Wet and absolutely lewd sounds littered the air every

time their hips met. Coupled with the undeniable and growing mess that was smeared across Connor's—and now Hank's—stomach, Connor felt an odd, burning flame of desire and lust deep within him. It was downright *primal*.

He grinned, his hand sliding into Hank's hair. Hank was incredibly deep inside of him and with each downward motion, Connor's hips threatened to jerk. In all honesty, even with near infinite android stamina, Connor hadn't thought he'd be able to come a fourth—fifth? —time but with the way Hank's cock was slamming into him and with the deliriously wonderful way Hank was groaning into his ear, he was going to crumble to pieces.

One of Hank's hands slid over his shoulder and drifted up to the back of his neck, pressing against it firmly to release the panel. Connor's system stuttered, pinging in with the fact that the panel was now open. Hank's fingers dipped into his chassis, slipping and prodding experimentally at the wires deeper in. Connor's entire body trembled and he gasped, electric shocks rolling through him. He kept moving his hips, picking up the pace when Hank's index finger sifted through a cluster of wires that made his head jerk to the right a little.

Hank's other hand laid claim to his thigh, his thumb pressing against the sensitive panel. Connor almost lost himself again, his HUD flickering in and out as his systems tried to keep up with all of the sensory input. He was incredibly determined to ride Hank to completion so he kept moving his hips no matter what, even as he received a warning about his internal temperature—again.

Connor's forehead dropped to Hank's, his hands desperately bracing against his chest.

“Fucking...fuck, Connor,” Hank grunted, his warm breath rolling down Connor's face.

His thigh suddenly felt odd, different in a way, hotter, more sensitive. He half-expected it to have melted off but a glance down threw that theory out the window. His artificial skin had retracted itself, forming an outline around Hank's entire hand, showing his thumb pushing against the white panel.

For some reason, Connor couldn't look away, something coiling heatedly within him. His orgasm surprised him, stuttering through him. He threw his head back and it forced Hank's fingers deeper into his neck, a high-pitched, staticky sound tumbling out his throat. He squeezed down around Hank's cock and that seemed to be enough as he spilled into him with a loud moan. Connor's thighs twitched weakly at the sensation, his system and processors drawing up errors again.

Hank dropped back to the bed with a resounding huff, his chest rising and falling rapidly. Connor's motor functions cited another response delay so, after losing his main source of support, he fell forward until his hands finally managed to catch him, his back rounding.

“I don't have another one in me. You've fucking killed me, Connor,” Hank said with a groan. “I'm gonna feel this in the morning.”

It took a moment for Connor to respond, pausing to push away the errors and run another diagnostic scan.

“I’m not sorry,” he finally said, happy to note that his voice was more or less normal. “Besides, I don’t think I do either. Well, I do but I think I’ve strained my systems too much. I’ll need to run a full diagnosis to make sure I didn’t damage anything.”

“Oversensitive,” Hank said smirking. “Come down here.”

Connor smiled when Hank held his arms out and he leaned down to kiss him. It was sweet and slow yet it still made Connor buzz wonderfully. Hank pushed close the panel at Connor’s neck and the notification telling him it was open subsequently disappeared.

“I, uh,” Hank began, his fingers trailing up Connor’s spine. Connor tried to meet his gaze but he seemed to really want to stare at the ceiling. “I want you to know that I…”

Connor waited patiently. He made his diagnostic programs run in the background so he could put all of his attention on Hank.

Hank sighed loudly, his hand sliding into Connor’s hair. “If you couldn’t tell already, I love you too.”

Connor felt fuzzy and light and all types of amazing. He smiled widely, tipping Hank’s head down to look at him.

“I will always choose you, Hank. No matter what. I *chose* to come back to you after the revolution. I chose to stay with you.”

“Fuck knows why.”

“Hank,” he said, frowning.

“Yeah, I know. I know. That’s just me being me,” Hank sighed, running a hand over his face. His other hand found Connor’s cheek and his thumb drew a tiny half-circle over his jaw. “Self-deprecation is my thing.”

Concurrently, it seemed to be the “thing” for his particular generation. Though, Connor didn’t mention it. Instead, he pushed up onto his elbows and stiffly lifted his hips, Hank’s cock sliding out of him. He rather clumsily dropped down beside him, one of his legs still draped over Hank’s.

“I’m sorry I made you cry earlier too.”

“It’s alright.”

“No, it fucking isn’t,” Hank said, turning to face him. “Sometimes I just say shit and it’s not the right thing. I’m a terrible human being like 80% of the time. 65% around you, because I like you. But I’m an asshole which is why I can’t figure out why the hell you even bother with me.”

Connor wanted to tell him why. He wanted to tell him how much of an influence the man was in his life. He wanted to say that Hank was the first person to ever treat him as an individual with his own thoughts and feelings even before he deviated. Hank understood him without

really trying to. He'd know what was bugging Connor before Connor even realized he was upset about something. It was uncanny sometimes.

And then there were even the most basic things about Hank. Like his ridiculous and snarky sense of humor or his dedication to his police work. And other things just as trivial. Like the way Hank would always practically collapse onto the couch once they came home from work. Or how he'd ask Connor to pick a movie to watch sometimes even though he knew Connor always made terrible choices. Or how he'd make him wear different clothes every day even though he really didn't need to. Or how he would insist on holding the umbrella mostly over Connor when it was raining even when his jacket was getting completely drenched because of it.

But he knew none of this would get through to Hank. Not right now. So, Connor simply put all of this information, all of these feelings, all of his love into the kiss he pulled him into. And the soft, gentle look Hank gave him when they separated made warmth bubble deep within his chest, his lips tugging into a smile.

When the conversation lulled, Hank's hand started to trail a lazy path down Connor's side, his palm rising and falling over the curves of his body. There was no heat to the touch, more exploratory than anything else. Connor watched his face, his expression changing minutely. A twitch of his brow here, a slight narrowing of his eyes there. There was no significant change until Hank's hand stopped over his thigh, his eyes widening, his lips parting. He ran his thumb over a section of Connor's skin and it felt off, raw.

Curious, Connor looked down as well. For some reason, his artificial skin hadn't reformed around his inner thigh, his cream-colored skin giving way to stark white plastic. Hank's thumb traced a faint seam that disappeared behind the fold of his thighs and Connor glanced up at his face. He seemed pensive, his eyes dangerously close to being out of focus.

Some part of Connor felt nervous. He didn't like that feeling. It was akin to an immovable shakiness that encompassed the entirety of his mind. He also didn't know why he was feeling it which made it even worse.

He had half a mind to manually reactivate his skin but before he could, Hank said, "You know, you woke me up."

Despite his confusion, Connor decided to wait for him to finish.

"That night you were fondling me in my sleep when we were in the living room."

Connor's hand, which had been mindlessly running over Hank's chest tattoo, started to move away. However, Hank caught his wrist before he could pull away entirely.

"I wasn't awake the whole time but I was awake enough for this."

He shifted their hands until their palms pressed together, their fingers pushing against each other.

Suddenly, Connor started to hurt. But not in a bad way. There was a pressure on his chest, just over his thirium pump. He felt overwhelmingly emotional for some reason, his entire body almost tingling. He couldn't stop staring at their hands.

"I know it's an android thing. I looked up what it means and..." Hank trailed off, shrugging.

Connor let the skin on his hand retract and he smiled, his vision getting blurry. He ducked his head and snuggled close to Hank's chest, his audio receptors picking up the sound of his heart.

"Are you crying?" Hank asked, his voice quiet and close.

Connor shook his head and Hank snorted. He took his hand away to let it glide up and down Connor's spine. They stayed liked that for quite some time, content to simply lie there and enjoy the closeness.

Eventually, Hank's hand slowed to a stop at his back, his breaths evening out. As carefully as he could, Connor slid out of the bed and stood up. Much of his motor control had returned to him so his legs protested very little as he straightened out. He looked down at himself and frowned. He was absolutely filthy. In the moment, the feeling of coming four times was absolutely fantastic. The look of it afterwards, however, wasn't.

He padded into the bathroom and wet one of the towels by the shower. He scrubbed his stomach clean. Hank's semen slowly slid down the inside of his thigh and Connor was a little reluctant to clean that. He liked the way it felt.

Once he was finished, he ambled back into the bedroom. His lips twitched upward at the sight of Hank snoring into his pillow. Connor picked up their hastily removed clothes, his underwear being completely and embarrassingly soaked. He deposited everything into the laundry hamper as he mentally decided what to do with the bedsheets. There wasn't much he could do with Hank passed out on top of them so he simply dug around in the closet for the other comforter he forced Hank to buy and draped it over the man.

He had nothing else to do so he simply slipped back in beside Hank and nestled up against him. Hank made a sleepy grumble and tugged him closer, his arm flopping over his shoulders. Connor smiled and with one last look at Hank, he went into standby to completely diagnose his systems.

April 9th 2039

Connor came out of standby for the second time at 4:48 am. The first time had been at 12:34 am, Hank's shift in position rousing him to consciousness. Hank was now draped half-overtop of him, his head pillowed against Connor's shoulder. Connor liked the weight of him, the warmth of him above him. It made him feel safe and at home. He supposed it was a similar effect to what a security blanket was for human children. He never had one himself but he supposed that was what Hank was for.

He'd categorize whatever he was feeling right now as a 'good feeling'. It was fuzzy and warm and delightful. It was calming in a way. He was simply existing. Nothing was displayed on his HUD, no counters, no analyses, no measurements. Everything was pushed into the background. 23% of his vision was obscured by Hank's head in the bottom right corner. The only things he could hear were Hank's deep breaths, Hank's heartbeat, the birds chirping by the window, and Sumo's faint snores outside of the door. And all he could feel was the soft bed beneath him, Hank's warm body above him, Hank's hair brushing against his cheek and the comforter at his arms.

He loved it.

It was in moments like this that Connor was glad he was an android. He could record every second of this and replay it over and over again for the rest of his life. He didn't need to breathe nor did his limbs stiffen so he could simply lay here without disturbing Hank's sleep. And the man's weight didn't bother him either. He could simply just *be*.

Connor allowed himself to sigh. He was feeling relaxed. He was 85% certain of it. This was what Hank always tried to make him feel or do. Relax, Connor. Lighten up, Connor. Do you ever just stop, Connor?

He had to admit that this was nice. He finally understood why humans liked to do nothing sometimes.

However, Connor's model was built around productivity and action which still pertained to him even in his deviancy. So, he couldn't stay here forever. He itched to do something. His diagnostics had come back to him with information he was currently interpreting in the background of his systems and much of his processors, programs, and systems had either been repaired or reset. He really needed to figure out what had gone wrong last night.

Only a part of him had really thought that Cyberlife had added his sexual features and functions as a sloppy afterthought but after what happened, he was starting to think that was true. The RK800 series was a prototype so it made sense for some things to be off or a little unfinished like his erogenous zones and his system's capacity to handle excessive sensory input. However, something still seemed odd. Granted, it probably didn't help that Connor manually shifted around his settings and programs like he actually knew what he was doing.

He managed to wiggle himself out from under Hank and he shuffled to the closet to find something to wear. He picked out a red long sleeve shirt and a pair of baggy shorts from the dresser. Hank had a pair of slippers he never wore so Connor commandeered them before slipping out into the hallway.

Sumo was lying by the door and he instantly perked up the moment Connor came out. Connor bent down and scratched behind his ears. He felt fondness as Sumo pushed into his hand and the realization made him smile.

"Do you want to go for a walk?" he asked quietly.

Sumo jumped up and trotted down the hall. Connor followed him to find him standing by the front door, his tail wagging frantically.

When they came back from their walk, approximately 12 minutes had gone by. As Sumo lumbered over to his water bowl, Connor heard the toilet flush. He stepped into the hallway just as Hank left the bathroom, now wearing a pair of grey boxers and a black shirt. They simply stared at each other for a moment before Connor stepped forward and slid his arms around Hank's middle, tucking his head into the curve of his neck.

Hank stiffened slightly, perhaps out of surprise, but he eventually relaxed and tugged Connor close.

"Good morning?" he said with a touch of amusement, his voice still rough from sleep.

"Did I wake you up?"

"Kinda," he replied. "You're like a fucking heated blanket so when you left I ended up noticing."

"Sorry."

Hank scoffed. "I am sure as shit not starting my day at 5 in the goddamn morning on a Saturday. I just needed to pee. My ass is going back to sleep. So are you."

"I am?" Connor asked as he let Hank tug him back into the bedroom.

"I'm cold."

Connor smiled and allowed himself to be pushed back onto the bed. Hank climbed in after him and manhandled him until Hank could press his chest to Connor's back, his arm resting snug at his waist. Sumo slipped in through the half-closed door and hopped in with them, draping himself over the end of the bed.

Without another word, Hank fell asleep as fast as a switch being flipped off. Connor placed his hand over his forearm, a fuzziness in his chest. He supposed he could put off doing a few things. At least for a little bit.

Connor came out of standby for the third time that day at 9:46 am. Hank had managed to drape himself overtop of him again which seemed to be a running theme with them sharing a bed. Connor gently ran his hand through Hank's hair, smiling when he leaned lightly into the touch. He grumbled something but it was too sleepy and incoherent for Connor to decipher.

He slipped out of bed, making sure to tuck the comforter further over Hank this time. Sumo's head popped up at his movements and he followed him out the door to the living room. Connor filled up his food bowl and opened the fridge to see what he could make for breakfast. After he frowned at it for 7 seconds and frowned at the contents of the cabinets for 1 minute, he decided on making pancakes with a side of bacon. He was feeling generous today.

He heated up two pans on the stove with some oil and grabbed the pancake mix from one of the cabinets and the bacon from the fridge. He rolled up his sleeves and got to work,

following the instructions for the pancakes and putting the bacon on one of the skillets once the oil was warm. As an afterthought, he turned on the coffee maker.

After a few minutes, he heard the bathroom door open and close. He didn't have to wait long for a grumbling Hank to come lumbering into the kitchen. With the longest sigh known to man, Hank pressed up against Connor's back, dropped his forehead to his shoulder, and wrapped his arms around his waist. Connor smiled, leaning back against him.

"Good morning, Hank," he said cheerily as he poked at the bacon.

Hank grumbled something akin to 'morning', another sigh leaving his lips. It was no secret that he absolutely hated mornings so this type of behavior surprised Connor very little.

"Did I wake you again?"

"Pretty much."

"Sorry."

Hank shrugged, the motion a little awkward with their positioning. The coffee maker beeped and Hank instantly detached himself from Connor to grab a mug. Connor chose that opportunity to sprinkle a little cinnamon into the pancake mix and onto one of the pancakes in one of the pans. Hank returned moments later, slinging his left arm back around Connor's waist and taking a big gulp of his coffee.

"My back hurts like shit," he said gruffly.

"Sorry again."

"You're not fucking sorry and you know it," Hank snorted. Into his coffee, he added, "I'm not either."

Connor buzzed pleasantly. He turned his head and kissed Hank's cheek. Hank turned as well, pressing their lips together. It was sweet at first, gentle, but when Hank pulled away, Connor turned around fully to kiss him again. He tasted the coffee at his tongue and the toothpaste he used earlier, completely black and peppermint respectively. He held the wooden spoon he was using loosely in his hand as he wrapped his arms around Hank's neck. He heard the coffee mug hit the counter and seconds later he felt Hank's other arm slide around his waist, pulling them even closer together.

"You're being really affectionate today," Connor said once they separated a little.

"Yeah, well, sorry if I'm being a little fucking greedy," Hank replied.

Connor smiled and kissed the tip of Hank's nose as Sumo came over to bump against their legs.

"Alright, you can get some love too," Hank sighed, bending down to pat him on the head.

Connor watched them interact for a moment before he remembered he was cooking. "Oh."

He spun back around to flip one of the pancakes and remove the bacon from the stove. He was already at three pancakes so once this one was finished, he placed it atop the other ones he made and deposited the bacon beside it. Over his shoulder, Hank was already grabbing the maple syrup from the fridge so he grabbed some utensils and a paper towel and put them all on the kitchen table.

Hank sat down at the table with his coffee, yawning loudly. With pursed lips, Connor's gaze flickered from the other chair and to the one Hank was sitting in. He grinned wickedly before pulling out Hank's chair and depositing himself in the man's lap, his legs hanging off to the side. Hank made a sound in surprise but ultimately didn't push him off, instead drawing his arm around Connor's back.

"And you're calling me really affectionate," he said with a roll of his eyes, a smile coming to his face.

Connor shrugged as he cut the pancakes. Hank drizzled them with syrup but Connor stopped him after a few seconds.

"Oh, come on. Pancakes have to be drenched in syrup. It's like a rule."

"I'm a deviant. I don't care about rules," he replied, spearing some of the pancakes with the fork and holding his hand under it as he brought it to Hank's lips.

"You're lucky you're pretty," Hank mumbled as he opened his mouth.

"Someone designed me to be pretty."

"You're lucky someone designed you to be pretty, then," he said sloppily as he chewed his food.

"I'll be sure to pass that along to Cyberlife."

Hank chuckled as Connor fed him again and that wonderful Hank-specific warmth crawled up and into his body. Love. Right. He knew what it was called now.

After a few quiet moments of banter and passing pancakes to Hank, Hank's hand dropped down to run his thumb and index finger up and down the inner and outer part of Connor's thigh, an idle gesture. It made Connor shiver, Hank's thumb just barely grazing the sensitive panel.

"Are you okay?" Hank asked, his brows furrowing. "I mean, your systems aren't all messed up or anything from last night?"

Connor shook his head as he broke a slice of bacon in half and fed it to Hank. "I'm alright. My diagnostics came back normal. Though, I'm starting to believe that when Cyberlife built me, they added my sexual features with a little less care than everything else. Since I am a prototype, I don't think they ever expected me to use them during my test run."

"So, that's why you passed out? Because of underdeveloped functions?"

“It’s partly my fault,” he replied, feeding Hank the other half. “I placed priority on the Traci package I received through interfacing with Charlotte thinking that it would help optimize my systems but after looking at it again I found that it was more an information package than anything else. Before the revolution, this was a required package installation for WR400s and HR400s. However, they were also programmed to perform the functions it entailed. I was not. I believe they were also meant to fake their responses to convince their clients that they were enjoying the sex as well.”

“So, I take it, you weren’t faking at all.”

“I wasn’t. My reactions were real but since I wasn’t exactly built like an HR400, my systems couldn’t handle the sensory input and I ultimately overloaded.”

“The sex was that good,” Hank snorted.

“It was,” Connor said frankly.

Hank smiled, maybe a little smugly.

“I think I’ve figured out how to fix it the next time we have sex so the chances of an overload will be very low.”

“Next time, huh?” Hank said, pressing a quick, syrupy kiss to Connor’s cheek.

Connor watched Hank’s hand slide up his thigh before he said, “Can I ask you a personal question?”

“You’re sitting in my lap feeding me food. We’re past personal, Connor,” Hank sighed.

Connor took the fork to the pancakes as he asked, “When we were undercover, how did you keep yourself from getting an erection? Any other person would have been affected by the physical stimuli.”

“I thought about dead puppies,” Hank replied casually, opening his mouth for the food. However, Connor’s hand stopped in midair. “Hey, dead dogs are an instant boner killer no matter who the fuck is grinding up against you.”

Connor raised his brows.

“Whatever. It worked for me,” Hank mumbled, taking Connor’s wrist and feeding himself. “Well, what’d you do?”

“I dedicated some of my processors to keep myself from reacting bodily.”

“So, you turned your dick off.”

“In a manner of speaking, yes.”

Hank laughed, his forehead coming down to rest against Connor’s shoulder. He felt the vibrations of the sound through Hank’s chest and it made him feel warm—love—again.

“Fucking fantastic,” Hank chuckled.

Hank pushed his head further against Connor, muffling the end of his sentence. However, he could have sworn he caught the words ‘love you, Connor’ being mumbled into his chest. He smiled and brought his hands up to cradle Hank’s face. He lifted his head up and kissed him lovingly, his entire body buzzing happily. The kiss was sticky and greasy but Connor couldn’t help but think that it was perfect, absolutely and wonderfully perfect.

Connor still didn’t completely have a grasp on his emotions nor did he fully understand them yet. But this one, the one he was experiencing right now pressed against his favorite person, was a ‘good feeling’.

Chapter End Notes

Connor: I think I might have this emotion thing down
Connor, five minutes later watching the Matrix: lmao nvm

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