

Diamonds are not for Everyone

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Diamonds are not for Everyone

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Summary

They had thrown themselves into a whirlwind romance, the perfect fairytale of star-crossed lovers. Now that they are trying to build a life together, their clashing personalities and all the ugly history they never spoke of are catching up to Connor and Gavin. It's going to be hard work to build this life together but fortunately, they are both incredibly stubborn.

A relationship in five bad mornings and one good morning that reminds them why it's worth the struggle.

Notes

I said I would write something fluffy for them. This is still not the fluffy fic I promised - sorry! In my defense, I actually wrote chapter one as a one-shot months ago but it took me months of alternating between ignoring it and rewriting it time and again until I finally felt happy to post it. So now here we are with a 5+1 fic of the fight to make a relationship work after getting together.

morning after a fight - Connor

Chapter Summary

On the worst days, Connor doubts everything, even if Gavin has ever loved him at all.

Chapter Notes

This chapter was originally written as a one-shot to the prompt "ignoring all the warning signs." It was a very different fic at the time.

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

Connor didn't even have the excuse to say he hadn't been warned. Everybody had told him to be careful, starting with Hank and not ending with his Jericho friends; even Gavin's friends had warned him.

Even Gavin had, in a roundabout way.

You can't change people, they have to change themselves, he'd told Connor more than once, scoffing with derision and brushing away his wounded indignation about whatever latest cruelty against androids had been discovered.

The warning signs had been there, everyone had seen it – Connor had just closed his eyes to them.

In hindsight, he could pinpoint it had started with Gavin's change of heart coming too fast and too easy. That alone should have made him suspicious of his own good fortune. All the other officers with anti-android sentiments struggled far longer to accept his presence. It took time to unlearn a lifetime's bigotry, longer yet to swallow your pride and admit you were wrong. Gavin Reed of all people should have struggled hardest to swallow his pride – but then again, if Connor really thought back, he had never admitted to being wrong at all, had he? He should have known it couldn't be that easy, that he wouldn't be so lucky. Until Gavin, he had never gained anything in his short life without great sacrifice.

Connor, though, Connor had been blind. No, not blind. Caught up in the heady rush of being in love for the first time in his life, he had been overly confident and optimistic both.

Connor had been programmed to integrate well, from the timbre of his voice to the shape of his face he had been built to best deal with exactly the kind of human hostility Gavin displayed. He had quickly won Hank over. Gavin had been a statistical error for failing to be

swayed. In his mind, him coming around hadn't been suspicious at all since it had simply been the world restoring itself to its natural order.

They had rapidly gone from enemies to lovers, never even stopping to figure out how to tolerate another, let alone working through their history before making new history. Gavin had that kind of forceful energy you couldn't help getting caught up in, and Connor had been all too happy to let the one with relationship experience set the pace... all too happy to let himself get caught up in Gavin's passion and the fanciful notion of a whirlwind romance between star-crossed lovers.

It had all struck him as very romantic at first: The friction between their very different tempers, the explosive fights and the passionate reconciliations, the way in which Gavin would lash out at the rest of the world and make Connor feel special for being the exception. They had moved at a dizzying pace and well, there's no denying that it had made Connor happy.

Gavin still made him happy, he mused as he scanned the human still asleep next to him, reassuring himself yet again that he was healthy and well – the only kind of reassurance he would be getting from Gavin on this matter, since he always claimed to be fine even when he was bleeding all over the precinct floor. That was the problem. If he didn't make him happy it wouldn't hurt so much to have doubts that they could make it.

He edged closer and combed his fingers through his mussed hair, traced his fingertips over his face until he smoothed away the frown Gavin wore even in sleep these days.

They hadn't had peace for long before life started getting to them.

He was always stressed these days, the new responsibilities after his promotion to Sergeant weighed heavily on him. He never permitted himself a break, either; if Connor had thought recognition would permit him to relax, he had been wrong. Climbing higher in the ranks had fanned his ruthless ambition and workaholic tendencies to new heights; he had his eyes on quickly making Lieutenant, then Captain. Maybe he would, he had the skill and his relationship with Connor had made up for a personnel file rife with complaints about his anti-android sentiments. In his more uncharitable moments, Connor would wonder aloud if this had played into Gavin's willingness to go public.

They threw a lot of uncharitable accusations at another these days and for the most part, Connor tried not to let it get to him, tried not to let himself doubt Gavin or himself or *them* too much. It just... hurt - to doubt in so many different ways both big and small whether what they had was real or if they had merely... What? Walked the most convenient path? Nothing about them was convenient.

"Hey. What are you blinking yellow about?" There were fingers brushing against his LED and Connor leaned into the touch before he could stop himself.

He refused to meet Gavin's eyes. "Nothing."

Gavin clicked his tongue scornfully. "Don't do that, doll. You're a shitty liar."

Connor did look at him now, if only to glare. The morning light was dim but it would be enough for Gavin to see it. “Don’t call me that, Gavin! You know I don’t like it.”

He reared back visibly, frown returning. “Woah. Still bitchy. So much for my theory that you just needed a good fuck.” The frown melted into a smirk and he shifted onto his side, body language turning inviting, but in that provocative way of his that always made Connor feel like he was being mocked. He knew it was one of Gavin’s many ways to hide his insecurities but that didn’t make it any less hurtful to deal with. “Want to give it another try?”

Connor ruthlessly dismissed the emotional stress warnings that popped up in his HUD. “No. Not particularly.” He rolled onto his side, his back to Gavin, and stared at the wall.

Avoidance was childish. It wasn’t like he could avoid Gavin, they lived and worked together. He just really, really wished he could. Most of all, he wished he could avoid himself.

“Bitchy.” It was softer this time, teasing. Fingers again, trailing along his spine now, then dry lips pressing a kiss against the back of his neck right where one of his maintenance hatches was hidden underneath his synthetic skin. “Connor. I don’t know what’s gotten you so worked up but if you don’t tell me I can’t fix it.” He chuckled bitterly. “Only one of us got a supercomputer for a brain, remember? I can’t preconstruct this shit. I just gotta keep fucking up until I get it right.”

Connor activated his breathing imitation feature. The slow, rhythmic function of it never failed to calm him when he didn’t have access to his coin. “Preconstruction works better with crime scenes than with human interactions anyway,” he said, not without a hint of bitterness.

Gavin snorted. “Not quite that perfect, are you?”

Connor’s fingers tightened on his pillow. “What would you do if you had been given reason to doubt that you had assessed a situation correctly?”

Behind him, Gavin stilled. “Check the facts.”

Connor frowned at the wall.

Had he done that? What were the facts, anyway? Gavin could be callous and dismissive and his volatile temper was difficult to handle, but he hadn’t hurt Connor again after their fight in the evidence room. They hadn’t properly talked about what had happened, hadn’t sought to truly forgive and reconcile, preferring to move on. It had been Connor’s decision as much as Gavin’s. He hadn’t wanted to remember the machine he had been, had been scared that recalling his confrontations with Gavin would force him to confront everything and make his tentative new life unravel.

Maybe Gavin had profited from his avoidance, maybe he hadn’t. Maybe Connor had profited from Gavin’s avoidance, too. None of this said he didn’t love Connor. Maybe he hadn’t loved him right away as unconditionally as Connor had loved him, maybe he’d still had reservations. Calling it love when they were driven by lust was one of the most basic manipulation tactics humans employed, they even deluded themselves with it. Whatever may have been, whatever their problems now, Connor being an android wasn’t one of them

anymore, he was certain of that much. It didn't mean Gavin didn't love him now, or that it had been some great malicious masterplan.

Nobody had ever warned Connor of a masterplan, just that Gavin would hurt him, that he was selfish, that he could be cruel – things Connor had known already and factored into his calculations when he decided the pros outweighed the cons.

So they had thrown themselves recklessly into this relationship, naively even, but it hadn't been a *bad* decision. Connor didn't regret it, daily uphill battle that it was.

Was it really fair to question their life together now that they should be basking in their victory against all odds? Then again, was it really fair that he had been driven to this point where he questioned everything, on the darkest days even whether Gavin had ever loved him at all?

His hands curled into fists around the pillow he was clutching. No, it wasn't fair. But life wasn't fair. Nobody had ever promised him that life would be fair, either. It was disappointing but it wasn't surprising.

"Babe, can we have the existential crisis after breakfast?" Lips against his neck again, then teeth. At first a nibble, then he bit down hard.

Connor's systems informed him of his skin melting away and then Gavin's tongue was laving his bare frame. He slid back his skin farther, leaving his neck and throat exposed, baring seams and maintenance ports. He shivered when fingers followed the path of Gavin's tongue, whimpered at the gentle click of a hatch being teased open. He didn't dismiss the notifications this time but basked in them.

They could have this. He could have this. Connor permitted the tension to bleed out of him under Gavin's hands and lips, he let himself lean into him. He had stayed last night after their fight, he had stayed even during a night full of dark thoughts and snowballing doubts. He had stayed because even with everything else, he had wanted to be at Gavin's side when he woke up. That had to be meaningful, hadn't it?

"Relax," Gavin whispered against the back of his neck. "I don't know what got your wires crossed but let me take care of you, alright?" Gavin snaked an arm around his waist and pulled him close until Connor's back was pressed against his front. "Trust me."

Connor closed his eyes. Did he? In most ways, yes. In some, he merely wanted to. He sighed, "Always," and wished it wouldn't feel so wistful.

Chapter End Notes

Chapter 2 is written and I'm working on chapter 3, expect chapter 2 to be polished and posted by the weekend?

morning after a fight - Gavin

Chapter Summary

Witnessing a morning after a fight (or not-fight, in this case) from Gavin's perspective, we learn a little more about what fuels his behavior, which Connor finds so hurtful.

Chapter Notes

Thank you for the comments on chapter 1! I had hoped to keep up the weekly updates but the next update might be late. Family duties over the holidays have kept me from getting started on Chapter 3 so far. I'll try to squeeze in some writing time this week, though.

They had a morning routine.

When they had started, Gavin had never thought they would last long enough to develop any routines at all but now they had all these little routines and habits and unspoken arrangements – among them, a morning routine.

Short of Gavin having a restless night, Connor would be awake first. The perks of having an alarm clock in his brain and no actual need for sleep, though he spent most nights at Gavin's side.

When Gavin woke up to a cold, empty bed, that would be his warning the night had been bad and the day would be worse. Sometimes it was because of a fight they'd had, sometimes because Connor had struggled with demons that preceded Gavin being anything but a pest in his life. Either way, it was a sign the day would be difficult for both of them.

On normal days, he would be stirred awake when Connor got out of bed. On good mornings, this ended with him pulling Connor back into bed or a shared shower after which they truly were in need of a shower. On regular mornings, Connor would get ready first while Gavin hit the proverbial snooze button on his boyfriend and pleaded "just five more minutes." Connor got started on breakfast while Gavin was in the bathroom and then they would have breakfast – that was, Gavin would have breakfast while Connor kept him company – before leaving for work together. Nothing exciting about it except how unexciting it was. After the events of the past year, they had both decided excitement was overrated.

There were the other mornings when one or both of them got called to a crime scene before the sun had even risen and Gavin would drag himself from bed bleary-eyed and cursing up a

storm between yawns, while Connor's movements were sluggish and imprecise since most of his processors were still busy with his nightly defrag. These were Gavin's favorite mornings, simply because these mornings had always been a him thing only, a matter of apologizing to a partner rudely woken from sleep so he could leave and deal with the city's dirty underbelly. These days, they usually left together, even if only one of them had been called.

On this morning, Gavin awoke to an empty bed.

He squeezed his eyes shut and rubbed them with his fists and sank back into the pillows, cursing under his breath. He didn't even feel like catching five more minutes of sleep.

Just... fuck this day. It had barely even started but fuck it.

He took his shower and got dressed before seeking out Connor, in no hurry to face the morning and the haunted look he knew would be waiting in Connor's eyes.

Gavin found him standing at the kitchen counter in his fancy fitted kitchen with family-sized microwave, Wi-Fi-capable oven, and XXL fridge, none of which he had ever used unless Anderson or Gavin were over, until Gavin moved in for good. Sometimes, Gavin's mind was still boggled by the skill of the real estate agent who had talked an android into paying extra for an apartment with amenities he would never need. Other times, he wondered if Connor had made his choice out of hope.

Connor was cradling a cup of coffee between his hands and standing so perfectly still that he would have thought him in standby mode if he hadn't come to expect this.

"Please do not power off or unplug your machine. Installing update 15 of 208." He leaned against the counter next to Connor, plucking the cup of coffee from his hands and making a disgusted noise when he took a sip and found it cold.

Connor came to life in front of him, but he didn't laugh, didn't even crack a smile.

Gavin fought against the urge to roll his eyes. Connor had never appreciated his android jokes all that much, but he used to find them at least a little bit funny. Or so Gavin liked to think. Or at the very least, he used to respect that Gavin had his own coping mechanisms to deal with things that freaked him out, such as walking into the kitchen to a boyfriend-shaped zombie statue.

Connor's LED blipped yellow before going back to blue. "Good morning, Gavin."

"Huh," he just said as he poured cold coffee down the drain and got himself another cup. "You been up long?"

"Two hours, seven minutes and..."

"For fuck's sake, Connor!"

He didn't have to turn around to Connor while he poured himself a bowl of cereals, he knew he would be giving him a dirty look. "Stop being such a fucking robot."

“I can *not*, in fact, ‘stop being a robot,’” Connor said, and the asshole was making himself sound extra machine like just for him, *Gavin knew it*, “as I am in fact an android, a robot designed to imitate a human.”

“No shit, Roomba boy,” Gavin muttered and now refused to face him out of sheer spite.

“I have been thinking.”

“Yeah. I figured as much.” Gavin did finally turn around, mostly so Connor could appreciate his eye roll. “I know you’re not *actually* installing updates.” He bit into his sandwich, mulling over that. There was no Cyberlife left to provide updates and Connor was finicky with his systems, he didn’t much like to experiment with third-party software.

For someone who stuck all kinds of shit into his mouth, Connor was extremely picky what he let near his code.

Under his breath, he muttered about Connor being a passive-aggressive shithead. He kept eating his sandwich, but grumpily.

Connor used to be fun in the mornings. More fucking, less fighting. There was still fucking, enough that Gavin couldn’t complain, but he had sure gotten pissy about it. Hell, that used to be fun, too. Connor unsheathing his claws used to get him horny in 0.5 seconds, now it mostly just made him want to pour his morning coffee over his head. Hell if he could figure out if that was another way in which they were screwed or just the rose-tinted glasses coming off.

Connor crossed his arms. “You’re deflecting.”

Gavin chewed a little more angrily. “So what if I am?”

It was going to be one of these mornings, he just knew it would be.

They hadn’t even fought last night, not really. It had just been one of *these* evenings which usually preceded *these* mornings. It had started out well and then it suddenly wasn’t going well and in hindsight, Gavin couldn’t even tell where or when or how he had fucked up, just that he had. These nights when he couldn’t reach Connor, when he seemed too lost in himself, in his memories, in all his machine hang-ups, and Gavin... well, Gavin who had his fair share of own hang-ups dealt with it like he always dealt with feeling useless: badly.

One of these days they would have to take drastic measures and actually talk about their fuck-ups, but it sure wasn’t going to happen on a Monday morning right before leaving for work.

What a shitty start to the week.

“Gavin...” Connor had a way of saying his name that was all disapproval. It never failed to make his hackles rise.

“Connor,” he echoed mockingly.

Fuck. He was tired and it was too damn early for this shit.

“I don’t want to fight.” Connor looked pinched and uncomfortable but also very robotic. It was what he retreated into when he didn’t want to deal with all these messy emotions. He did his whole little android from Cyberlife shtick while Gavin became snappish and puffed himself up in aggression.

It was a terrible combination. He knew it, Connor knew it, all their friends and colleagues had witnessed it. They still hadn’t figured out yet how to stop themselves from... being themselves, really. The worst part of themselves, anyway.

“Bit too late for that, isn’t it?” Gavin grumbled as he mulishly went back to his breakfast.

Probably better to keep his mouth shut. If he was silent he wouldn’t say things he was going to regret once his annoyance had faded.

“Fuck, I hate it when you’re pissy first thing in the morning,” he found himself muttering not two minutes in, never mind his vow of silence.

He hated silence. No, not even. He didn’t hate being silent with Connor, they had good silences. He just hated these passive-aggressive silences when Connor was studying him like a specimen under a microscope and making his skin crawl with it and the quiet gave Gavin’s thoughts all the time in the world to go into a downward spiral. Nothing good ever came out of these silences.

“You’re not exactly a joy to be around either, Detective,” Connor sniped and Gavin winced because ouch, titles, really?

“Low blow, RK800,” Gavin sniped right back because nobody had ever accused him of maturity.

If Connor were one of these Hollywood robots with laser eyes, Gavin was pretty sure he would have been fried to medium rare perfection.

But Connor didn’t have laser eyes, just angry little puppy eyes, and so Gavin smirked and toasted him with his coffee cup.

Connor’s glaring intensified.

Against his will, Gavin felt a smile starting to twitch at his lips. He pressed his lips together to hide it. Shit, but ruffling Connor’s feathers was *fun*. He didn’t get to have fun with it often anymore these days, with all their quarrels being deep and meaningful angst-ridden shit, but he used to love pushing Connor’s buttons just for the sake of pushing his buttons – and though Connor would never admit it in a hundred years, Gavin knew he was no better.

He loved Connor for his sweetness, but he’d fallen in love with him for his bitchiness.

Connor stalked towards him, plucked his half-full second cup of coffee from his hands and placed it in the sink. “You’re going to be late for work, Gavin.”

Gavin growled at him, but one glance at the screen of Connor's fancy fridge told him he was right. "Wrong, dipshit, *we* are going to be late. We're carpooling, remember?"

"That is where you are mistaken." Already on the way to the door, Connor shot him a haughty look over his shoulder. "*I* can hack the time clock."

This time, Gavin didn't even try to hide his amused snort. He let his eyes linger on Connor's ass all the way to the car. There was a special spring to his step when he was buzzing with smug satisfaction.

They would really have to talk about last night and all these other tense silences but right now they had to go to work for and for the next eight hours, it would be good enough that even after a bad evening, a bad night and a bad morning all in a row, Connor could still make him laugh.

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