

Whiskey Lullaby

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Whiskey Lullaby

by [Perelandra1 \(orphan_account\)](#).

Summary

You are a detective at the DPD and have a crush on a certain Lieutenant Anderson. After a failed attempt at getting your feelings across, how will you be able to convince Hank that you are being genuine?

Chapter 1

“Hank.” You stated, slumping down onto the empty stool next to the Lieutenant.

“Y/name.” Hank greeted you and raised a glass in your direction, not quite making eye contact.

This was the routine you had both built up over the last few months. After work you’d both head off to Jimmy’s bar and sit, usually in mutual silence as you both hated people.

But tonight you felt like venturing past reading a book and occasionally throwing out insults about Reed for Hank to laugh at.

“How was the case?” You asked, ordering your favourite drink from Jimmy the bartender.

“Shit. Like all the other ones.” Hank barked in reply, sculling his whiskey and motioning for another.

“Sounds about right.” You scoffed, Anderson was tight lipped as ever. But you enjoyed that he was a man of little words, because you knew that he meant the ones that he did let spill.

You always knew where you stood with him, which was unfortunately a rare trait amongst men of your age range.

“You?” His eyes softened as he looked over at you, digging into your purse to try and get some cash together.

“It’s on me kid.” Hank slapped down an extra note onto the table.

“Oh thanks... I’ll get the next one...” Your cheeks went pink as you realised you didn’t have any cash after all. You’d have to use your card.

“And quit calling me kid.” You added with a sullen glare. You hated it when Hank called you that, you weren’t a kid.

It slightly upset to think that Hank might not consider you as a woman. You certainly considered him to be a man... and a fine one at that.

You admired his curled silver locks as he promptly downed another drink.

“How was your day at the office?”
Hank surprisingly offered to add to the conversation.

“Ehh.” You shrugged, taking a sip of your drink. “It was alright, same old. Reed was an asshole, Connor was a know it all, Tina was sassy as anything and Chris was a pure little angel.”

“Although...” you leant forward in your chair, looking around as though making sure no one else heard what you were going to say next.

“I did see the funniest thing, just before I left.” You sat back and waited for Hank to prompt you. “Go on!” He huffed after you gave an annoyingly long pause.

“I saw Detective Dickhead trip over his own feet in the parking lot this afternoon.” You grinned and saw a weak smile approach onto Hanks usually sullen face.

“That’s not the best part though, his coffee went flying, spun around and drenched the reports he’d been working on all day on!”

Hank snorted into his drink as you waved your hands around wildly and did an impression of Reeds infamous pronunciation of the word Fuck, or Phck! As he liked to put it.

You appreciated the laughter lines that creased along Hank’s blue eyes and wished that he’d smile more regularly.

“Hey, hey why don’t you tell me what’s so funny over here sweet cheeks?” An uninvited voice appeared on the back of your neck.

“You’re real fuckin pretty, me and my friend can’t keep our eyes off you.” He pointed to an equally unappealing douchebag that leant against the pool table.

“Ugh no thanks.”

You grimaced as the harsh scent of an unwashed pile of sleaze, weed and beer permeated in your nostrils.

“Hey don’t be like that baby...” He crooned and flashed a set of yellowed teeth that made your stomach churn.

“Why don’t you go fuck off, can’t you see we’re talking here?”

Hank turned to face the guy who was currently trying to pick you up.

“Oh I see how it is, you’re gonna go home with this old homeless looking fuck?” He sneered at you, and you noticed Hank held a slight hurt expression in his eyes outside of the anger clearly plastered on his scowl.

“Maybe I am, it’s none of your business you limp-dicked piece of shit.” You hissed at him, pushing his arm off your shoulder with a thud.

“You’re seriously a crazy slut, huh?” The man scoffed, somehow getting more in your face than he was before. “You really into old dick that much?”

“Why don’t you try someone that can actually get it up without viagra for a change?” His breath and lips were almost on your ear at this point and you jolted back to get away from him.

“That’s enough.”

Hanks eyes darkened and your hand reflectively went to your pistol on your hip.

But Hank shook his head and you placed it back on the table.

“Hey I’m just callin it like I see it buddy.”

The drunk jabbed a finger at Andersons direction.

“I ain’t your buddy.”

Hank snarled, standing up from his barstool.

“W-woah, hey come on now.” The guy changed his tune as he realised just how much Hank had been slouching in his chair.

The Lieutenant now towered over him and he backed away slightly.

“It’s not my fucking fault that she comes here dressed like that!” He accused, roughly grabbing at your thighs. “She’s clearly fuckin asking for it!” Your body tensed up in anger as he groped at your skirt.

But before you could react, Hank had already picked the man up by the collar of his letterman jacket.

Hank easily lifted the other man off the ground, and the offenders feet flailed pathetically as he desperately tried to get free.

One of his buddies lunged towards the Lieutenant with a bottle, but it was lazy and predictable. You got up and avoiding the glass he tried to swing in your direction, ducked and twisted his arm behind his back.

Holding the friend in a tight grip, the bottle rolled across the floor.

“You picked a real lousy friend here.” You scoffed at the man now being pinned to the ground by Hanks boot.

“You alright kid?!” Hanks voice cracked with concern as he stared over at you.

“I’m fine. This guy is more pathetic than yours, if that’s even possible.” When the guy you had had arm locked tried to make a move, you raised a leg and kicked him in the backside.

He went hurtling into the nearby pool table, where another patron caught him and kept him there to cool down.

“Now.” Hank raised the man in his custody back to his feet an gripped him by the back of the neck. “Apologise.” He gripped a little tighter, making his prisoner yelp.

“I’m sorry man!” He wailed, looking up at Hank.

“Not me you idiot!” Hank snapped, pulling the mans head to face you. “Her! Apologise to her!” He hissed.

“I’m sorry! I’m sorry!” The mans bloodshot and panicked eyes met yours.

“Apology not accepted.” You shrugged and Hank raised a brow in your direction.

“But let him go anyway.” You smirked as the man exhaled one of the largest sighs of relief that you had ever heard.

“You’re lucky the lady’s a lot more forgiving than I am.” Hank warned the man before letting him go. “I’d have you picking up teeth from a puddle of vomit if it were up to me. You got it?!”

Hank roared at the two men who nodded and thanked you for not allowing the Lieutenant fulfill his dreams as they scampered away.

“Fuckin jackasses.” Hank grunted as he finished the rest of his drink. “You sure you’re alright?” He asked you after you sat back down beside him.

“Of course! How could I not be, with my big protector, the amazing Lieutenant Anderson by my side?” You gave Hank an impish smile and wrapped your arm around his shoulder suggestively.

“Why do I even bother?” Hank huffed, his cheeks going red despite your false eyelash batting.

But you were actually glad to have him stand up for you like that, it was actually kind of hot. Okay, really hot.

“Because you loveeeee me?” You crooned, but let go as you noticed him shift uncomfortably in his chair.

Of course he acted awkwardly, you were just annoying him. There was no way that he actually felt anything for you like you did about him. He just thought of you as a ‘kid’.

“Heh, you’re lucky you’re cute...” Hank froze after he mumbled the line under his breath, hoping you hadn’t heard.

“Lucky I’m what”? You asked, he had slurred his words slightly.

“Lucky you’re a little badass, otherwise I’d be worried for you back there.” Hank recovered scratching the back of his neck nervously.

You grinned at that, but didn’t think it was originally what he was going to say. It left a burning hole in your brain that tried to decipher it in an audio loop.

But to no avail, you thought it might have been cute- but that wasn’t possible. Was it?

“Still, that really pissed me off. Watching that guy come onto you like that.” Hank cupped the sides of his glass tightly, staring into the amber mix intently.

“Fuckin little prick. Thinking he could hit on you.” He continued to mutter, taking a swig from his drink. “Touching you...”

Hank looked over at you as he drank with something in his eyes that you couldn't completely describe. But it made your chest throb and an aching desire to throw everything in the air and confess right here and now washed over you.

But you kept silent and blushed brightly instead, turning back to your own drink and throwing it down in one go.

“Yeah. That asshole had it coming, didn't he?” You finally said, out of place with the silence that had crept in between the two of you.

“Couldn't let him get off the hook for what he said about you either.” You added and Hank raised a brow, folding his arms over each other.

“Oh really, I wasn't listening. He said something about me did he?” Hank lied, his neck going red as he scratched at his earlobe.

You realised that wasn't something he wanted to be brought up and slumped in your chair.

“Yeah and it was all bullshit.” You reassured him and became confused as you saw a hurt expression cross his eyes for a moment.

“Yeah...” he agreed quietly, sipping his drink.

Hank had thought you meant the insinuation of the two of you going out and you quickly went about diffusing it.

“I meant the comment about the viagra.” You enjoyed how startled Hank became as he heard you say the word.

“I'm sure you need no help in that department... Lieutenant.” You raised a glass towards him, hoping that your face wasn't as red as it felt right now.

Hank gave you a bewildered look before chuckling and clinked his glass against yours.

“Damn fucking straight.” He laughed, in a rich tone that you wanted to hear more of, all day everyday.

“I could show you if you wanted...”

As soon as he said it, Hank clapped both hands over his head. What the fuck had he just said to you?! Y/your name was clearly just joking around and now you've gone and made it weird! Hank thought to himself bitterly.

Shit, he couldn't bare to have you see him as some sort of gross seedy old man. You were the only one at the DPD outside of Connor that he spent time with.

He really valued you as a friend and even though he wanted more, thought about you as so much more...

But you were so fucking young and he was an old man who was grey and getting fat. Surely you'd be interested in someone your own age.

"Shit, y/n, uhh sorry that wasn't alright for me to say... I-" Hank bumbled over his words, standing up with a loud grate off the bar stool legs.

"Hank, I don't mind." You couldn't believe it when Hank blurted that out.

He was clearly flirting with you and you saw your chance to finally admit your crush on him. Maybe he did feel the same way?

"In fact, I wanted to talk to you kind of about that actually." You added, nervously wringing your hands together.

Hank's heart sank as he watched you fidgeting in your seat, he wanted to go back in time and never say that. Or maybe even further and never exist in the first place. Were you about to tell him to fuck off? That you didn't want to meet with him anymore?

Hank had often wondered why you even hung around with him. He assumed it was out of pity and having you look so nervous made him feel awful for taking advantage of your kindness.

Or did you somehow already know how desperate he was for you? You must find him revolting. Hank's mind raced as he reached into his wallet and threw some change on the counter.

"That's clearly enough for me. I'll see ya kid."
He said quickly, making a move to leave the bar.

"Hey, wait up I-I need to tell you something!"

Your shoes crunched in the snow as they approached Hank who trying to get to his car. Those damn long legs of his made it impossible for you to catch up.

"Look. I know what you're gonna say alright!" Hank snapped, making you stop in your tracks.

"Why don't you just quite the farce and stop coming around here already?" His fists clenched alongside his jaw as he struggled to keep his voice steady.

"What are you talking about?!" You shouted, entirely confused. Why was he so angry all of a sudden? Did he really hate the idea of you wanting to be more than friends?

“What farce?” You asked when Hank didn’t respond and he replied with a nasty laugh that made your heart freeze.

“I know you’re either a) just taking pity on a sad old man, b) trying to butter me up to get a promotion,” Hank irately listed the options off on his fingers as he turned to face you.

“Or c) you lost a bet or something? So which one did I get right?” He barked at you with a loathing sneer. But then his face fell as he saw the tears that stung in your eyes.

“How about d) none of the fucking above?!” You screamed, the tears you tried to fight now dripping down your cheeks.

“You seriously think that little of me, that I’d try and what- ‘butter you up’ to get a fucking stupid promotion?!”

You were so angry and Hank placed his hands on your shoulders as you almost swayed into the snow. “Then why?” Hank asked lowly and you shook his grasp off.

“Because I’m in love with you- that’s why.” As you said it a weight lifted from you, only to be replaced by two solid tons as Hanks blue eyes pierced through your own.

“Y-you’re what?!” He ran a hand through his hair in bewilderment.

“No, that’s not funny. You’re drunk, confused,” Hank listed all the excuses in the book for why you would say that instead of the truth.

“I may be drunk, but I’m not confused.” You argued, reaching out to grip Hank by the hand.

You admired how large it was in comparison to your own, with callouses from years on the force and handling firearms.

“I seriously have feelings for you Hank, what do you think about that?”
You whispered as you curled your fingers over his palm and squeezed.

“Y-you don’t know what you’re saying kid. What you’re feeling, it’s probably just misplaced admiration or somethin ya know?” Hank whipped his hand out of your grip and back to his side.

You rolled your eyes at that, Hank barely turned up on time to the office. But you did respect him as an officer, this was more than that.

“I’m serious!” Your chest tightened as you saw that he didn’t believe it. Hank gave a long sigh.

“What the fuck would you even see in someone like me? I’m a fat old man, you’re way out of my league.” He said morosely and before you could protest added lightly;

“Besides I’ve seen the way you and Reed exchange looks, he set you up to do this didn’t he?” Hank jibed at you and you couldn’t take it anymore.

“Reed?!” You were fuming now, feeling like your confession had been completely wasted. What on earth was he spouting? Why would you ever be interested in Detective Reed?!

“You seriously think I should go date Gavin then?!” You spat, hands firmly square at your hips.

You hated Gavin, a mutual feeling you’d discussed with Hank a million times.

“Better than a guy like me, trust me. Anyway I don’t have all night to listen to your little jokes okay?”

“I’m not fucking joking around! I seriously like you okay? What’s so hard to understand about that?!” You got into his face and Hank grimaced.

“Just let me down gently or some shit, why do you have to be such an asshole about it?” You snapped.

“Because I’m an asshole!” Hank roared and you were taken aback by how angry he got. “Alright?! You happy now?!” When he saw how upset you were, he lowered his tone.

“Just...” he began but thought better of whatever he was going to say. “I can’t deal with this shit.”

Hank slammed the car door and the sound reverberated in your lungs as he drove away into the night.

You felt sick. You wanted nothing more than to crawl up and die somewhere, everything felt numb from the winter air but it stung inside.

Your worst fears were realised, he didn’t take you seriously. He really thought you were just a kid. As you walked back to your own car, a familiar figure stood by the entrance of Jimmys bar.

“Excuse me have you seen this man?” Connor was holding his hand out to a rather drunk patron loitering outside.

A small screen showed an image of Hank and the man smoking blew a string in Connors face before charging past the android.

“Connor!” You called out to him and the RK800 practically sprinted to your position.

“Detective Y/LN!” Connor shouted as he ran over.

“Have you seen Lieutenant Anderson?” He asked hopefully and a large pang settled in your stomach before you answered him.

“Yeah, he just left.” You said softly, pointing towards where Hank had driven off.

Connor analysed your upset tone of voice and noticed that your cheeks were puffed implying that you had been crying.

“Are you alright? Did something happen?” He asked with a look of concern as he tilted his head curiously.

“I’m fine. What did you need him for anyway?” You lied, crossing your arms over your coat.

“There’s a deviant case, I need to find him urgently and head to the crime scene.” Connor explained, immediately getting back into mission mode.

You sighed, he wasn’t going to be in any state for that right now and neither were you. But still, it was your responsibility as a detective to help Connor.

“I’ll give you a ride to his place.” You finally offered, gritting your teeth at the prospect. This was going to be really awkward.

“Excellent! Let’s go right away!” Connor exclaimed, rushing towards your car and sitting in the passenger seat like a kid about to be taken to Disney Land.

Ugh, this was going to be a long night.

Chapter 2

“Thank you for the lift, y/n.” Connor beamed as you started up the car and backed out of the bars parking lot.

“But should you be driving? Your blood alcohol level-“ Connor fell silent as you hit him with a dark glare. You weren’t in the mood right now to be chastised.

The car trip was silent until Connor tried to spur a conversation while you waited for a set of lights to change. “You and Lieutenant Anderson have been meeting regularly.” He pointed out with a knowing smile.

“I’ve predicted based on both of your pupil dilations and hormonal levels when you and Hank are together that your relationship will go beyond professional.” Connor seemed pleased with yourself and you gripped the steering wheel tightly, trying to not strangle the android.

“Uh Detective?” Connor asked as you sat fuming. “What?” You hissed through your teeth. “The light is green.” Connor pointed towards the traffic lights and you quickly accelerated only to be honked anyway.

“Yeah fuck you too buddy!” You shouted out your window, flipping the impatient driver behind you off.

“That will only incite road rage Detective.” Connor warned you. “Are you alright?” The question although innocent enough, broke you slightly.

“No, no I’m not okay? Your stupid predictions about me and Hank are wrong alright?” You fought back the temptation to cry by digging your fingernails into the steering wheel.

“He doesn’t feel the same way.” You muttered softly and Connor tilted his head in confusion. “But that’s not what my scans indicate,” he argued and you turned on the radio to distract the conversation.

“Yeah well maybe run a diagnostic or something.” You snapped, aggressively flicking through the stations. All of the music sounded like a blur of pretentious bullshit.

It wasn’t until you almost pulled up to Hanks house that Connor mouthed; “I wonder why he would lie about that?” And you raised a brow, not knowing what he was talking about as usual. Had he performed a scan that showed he was wrong?

“Lieutenant?” Connor called out as you got out of the car, the android was already attempting to knock on Hanks front door.

You gave a resigned sigh as you sauntered up to him, you really didn’t want to see Hank right now.

You were seriously hurt by what he had said, lashing out at you like that.

But duty calls and you weren't about to leave Connor to fend for himself.

"He's not answering the door..." Connor tried to peer around Hanks house and you examined alongside him.

"Well it is like 2am, he's probably asleep." You offered, shoving your hands into your pockets. Fuck it was cold, hurry up and get out here already Hank.

"It's 2.17, and I need the Lieutenant to join me in this investigation." Connor corrected you and walked towards the window.

A large clang sounded out from the kitchen and you rushed to the window behind Connor. "Lieutenant!" Connor shouted and you could see Hank collapsed on the tiled floor over the androids shoulder.

"Hank! Shit!" You shouted as Connor elbowed his way through the window. Glass went shattering and some shards embedded themselves in your palms as you climbed into Hanks kitchen after Connor.

Connor fell with a thud, alerting Hanks dog Sumo. The sleeping giant rose from his pet bed and eyed Connor off. "Uhh, easy... Sumo." Connor held out his hand for Sumo to sniff it.

"Hey boy, it's alright. We are here to help Hank." Sumo turned towards you and basically bounded into your legs, sending you toppling. "You remember me huh?" You struggled to get the large pile of fluff to stop slobbering on your face. Sumo gave you a loud happy bark in reply, his tail thumping on the kitchen tile.

The sound made Hank groan and Connor examined him cautiously. "Lieutenant?" He poked Hank's face and examined his vital signs.

"Is he okay?" You asked, standing over Connor watching him try to wake Hank up.

"Yes, he has just had too much to drink, there are no signs of heart failure." Connor replied, shouting at Hank to wake up. Then he did something you didn't expect and slapped him flush across the face.

"Lieutenant! It's me, Connor!" He shouted and you stumbled back as Hank woke up with a grumble. Losing your balance, you gripped the table and felt your foot hit something.

As you looked down, your eyes widened as you saw it was a revolver. What was Hank doing with that in here? Your heart almost stopped.

"Hey! What the fuck are you doing here you plastic piece of shit?!" Hank slurred, being brought to his feet by Connor. The android struggled to lift the taller man and you rushed to his aid as Hank stumbled.

His hand reached out to grab something, and Hank wondered what was so soft in his kitchen to mould in his palm like that... it felt so nice... it was like a... oh.

As his eyes snapped open, he saw that he had a fistful of your shirt and what was underneath in his hand.

Hank had his hand clutched at your chest and you quickly took his hand and wrapped it around your shoulder instead.

“You’re here too? What the fuck...” Hank muttered bitterly, avoiding any eye contact with you as you and Connor helped him get to the bathroom.

“You sound so pleased.” You replied dryly.

What a mess he was in you thought to yourself. His kitchen table had at least a weeks worth of takeout packets strewn along it, laundry piled in the corner of his bathroom and that gun you had found on the ground...

The image of him holding it with a bottle of whiskey was something you couldn’t shake away.

As you and Connor settled him into the tub, you noticed the post it notes on his bathroom mirror. You smiled at a couple of them, the time to shave? one had a cute little grumpy face drawn at the bottom of it.

Others clearly were the motivation for him getting up in the morning and you felt a pang of sadness that ached as you wanted to help take the pain away.

Then you recognised some of the others, wait these were- they were notes you had left Hank on his desk, some with the coffees you’d deliver him or the donuts you’d bring in with his favourite flavour.

They lined the wall beside the medicine cabinet, he had kept all of these? The stupid jokes or puns you had thought of together, the crude drawings you did of Reed and the multiple scenarios of his demise you’d both schemed over. All of them he kept.

You brushed away a tear that rolled down your cheek with the back of your palm and didn’t realise that Connor had gone to turn on the shower.

“TURN IT OFF TURN IT OFFF!!!!”

The scream that Hank gave scared the shit out of you and apparently Connor too as he immediately shut it off. “It’s for your own good Lieutenant.” Connor explained calmly despite Hank trying to slug a punch at him.

“You don’t know what’s good for me you fuckin-“ Hank paused as he remembered that you were in the room also.

“Why’d you have to bring her here with ya?” He shakily held his head in his hands and Connor gave you a concerned glance.

“I’ll wait outside, get Hank some clean clothes to put on.” You said quietly and Connor nodded. You could hear Connor attempting to convince Hank to help him with the

investigation on the Eden Club as you walked down the corridor.

You stopped at a bedroom, but realised it wasn't Hanks. It was a child's room, for a little boy. Cole. It was the cleanest room in the entire house and Hank clearly looked after it, nothing was dusty and you were sure that he hadn't changed anything since the...
The accident. Shit.

You closed the door quietly, not stepping in. You couldn't even imagine what Hank was going through and you felt like a fool for getting so angry with him before. As you entered Hanks bedroom, you felt nervous, like an intruder that shouldn't be in there. Your feet creaked under the old carpet and gripped at your stomach.

The room wasn't overly untidy, a framed poster for Knights of the Black Death hung above his bed and you were impressed to see that it even had signatures along it. His bed wasn't made and you folded the sheets in before opening his closet.

You smiled at his colourful wardrobe, you always loved his quirky fashion. Collared shirts with a wide variety of designs greeted you and as you thumbed along them, you decided on a streaky black and white number.

It wasn't until you held it up that you recalled him wearing it the first day you'd met. You had transferred over to the DPD and it wasn't easy being a new detective from a different city, not many people wanted to get to know you and the ones that did- well they were Reed.

But Hank had despite his gruff exterior offered you a hearty handshake and a small smile that made you feel welcome.

You wondered if he knew the effect he had on you during that moment, how he had bewitched you into falling head over heels for him right then and there.

Sighing you picked up the shirt and folded it neatly into your arms, walking back to the bathroom. You noticed Connor standing by the door, and he raised a finger to his lips for you to be quiet as you approached it.

"Is he alright?" You whispered and Connor gave an awkward nod. "I believe so, he said he needed a minute- but he is going to join me on the case."

After Connor said that, the sound of Hank hurling into the toilet bowl echoed throughout the bathroom into the hall and your stomach churned. "That doesn't sound good." You winced as Hank went for round two.

After the toilet flushed and the sink hissed as he splashed water onto his face, you slowly knocked on the door. "Hank?"

"Come in." You gently pushed the door open and Hank noticeably cringed as he saw it was you. "Here, I got you some fresh clothes." You ignored his reaction and set the items down.

"Thanks." He mumbled, running a hand through his hair nervously. "You can leave now, by the way. I'll take Connor to the case." He said it so fast that you could feel him trying to push

you out the front door.

“Detective y/ln is coming with us Lieutenant!” Connor sang from the living room and you eyed the android snuggling with Sumo on the floor. “What?!” Hank snapped and you sighed.

“Fowler wants me on the case, Reed is there already waiting for us.” You sighed as you recalled the text from the Captain. “I’ll drive us there, so let me know when you’re ready.” Before Hank could argue, you had already shut the door behind you.

Hank cursed under his breath, he couldn’t believe you had seen him like this. And his house, it was a complete shithole. He eyed his bathroom, at least it wasn’t too bad- fuck. The post it notes. You probably thought he was a complete psycho, keeping all of those messages like this.

But they meant so much to him, when he’d walk to his desk and see that latte in the morning with a little pick me up written on the top... the jokes, the smiley faces you’d draw. How pretty your handwriting was, curved and unique. God you must think he is so pathetic, Hank thought to himself.

With a long exhale, Hank tried to steady his mind and eyed the clothing you left him.

Tugging his shirt off, he paused after tossing it into the corner. The mirror showed him all of his flaws, reflected the disgusting fat around his gut, grey hair sprawled over his chest amongst the faded tattoo ink. There was no way you’d love him.

Your confession had been everything he had wanted to hear, it was like the dreams he’d sometimes have, waking up to your smile or laugh in his mind.

But as he thumbed over the bullet wound that disfigured him down one hip, his jaw clenched. There was no fucking way you’d ever care about him like that. No fucking way.

When he grabbed the shirt you had brought in he paused before pulling it over, wasn’t this? He affirmed after examining it in the mirror, it was the shirt he’d worn the first time you’d met, around this time last year.

Fixing the collar, Hank chuckled resentfully at himself. Wishful thinking Hank, theres no way she’d even remember that. It was just a cruel coincidence.

“Sumo likes having his belly rubbed.” Connor informed you as you went over to join in giving the dog a pat. “So you’re an expert on dog pets now?” You asked bemused.

“It’s- just something I discovered from analysing him.” Connor stuttered, unsure of himself as he continued to pat Sumo. He wasn’t as much of a machine as you had first thought. In fact, you sometimes wondered if Connor realised that he showed a lot of deviant behaviour himself. But you kept quiet about it and walked to the kitchen.

“Cyberlife will repair the window and other damages.” Connor informed you and Hank yelled out in concern for his window.

Bending down, you picked up the revolver and palmed it over, checking the chamber everything you had been dreading came true. It was fucking loaded. A bullet sat there and your hands trembled as you knew that if Hank had fired it one more time, he'd be dead.

"Alright, I'm ready to head out when you are-" Hank entered the room and saw you knelt over. "Ah shit." He said when he knew what you held in your hands.

"Hank." You said quietly, but with a force that it broke through the air like a cold snap. "What the fuck were you doing with this?" You turned, hoping he would say something else, anything but-

"Russian Roulette."

His words were a slap across the face. They struck at you, dropping the gun with a sickening thud. "Hey! Careful kid!" Hank snapped as the gun hit the floor.

"Yeah, wouldn't want to get shot." You spat, venom leaving your tongue as you turned to leave the room.

"I can't believe that you were playing with your life like that Hank." You didn't wait for a reply as you went straight to your car, fists balled by your sides.

"You were lucky Lieutenant, the next shot would have killed you." Connor analysed the gun before leaving and Hank picked up the revolver.

With a sigh he holstered it to his belt by his badge, what a fucking night.

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

Wow thanks for all the support everyone! :)

I am so happy to see such lovely comments and it really motivates me to continue this!! plus the band at the start is made up lol.

The thumping of metal music echoed throughout your car as you silently drove Hank and Connor to the Eden Club.

It was one of your favorite bands, Deadly Masquerade, they were an underground heavy metal band set up in Detroit.

You'd even gone to see them in person a few times, and as it played you tapped a finger against the steering wheel. The cityscape of Detroit flashed past you over the windshield, rain and neon masking the urban decay. Connor also seemed to be enraptured by the screaming melody of the song, his head tilting towards you as you turned it up.

"Do you like this band?" He asked you.

"Yeah, I think they're pretty great." You replied with a smile and noticed in your rear view mirror that Hank shuffled as though he wanted to say something. But he remained silent and looked out the window.

"This is one of Hank's favorite bands as well," Connor informed you from the passenger seat, excitedly turning his head towards Hank who took up the back seat. His scans from the Lieutenant's phone and song list confirmed it and Connor beamed over at Anderson as he grimaced.

Hank's cheeks flushed red as he gave an indecipherable grunt in reply, his gaze still fixed out the window onto the city streets.

"You and Hank have a lot in common." He continued enthusiastically, not noticing the awkward ambiance around him.

"Connor." Hank finally piped up. "Yes Lieutenant?" Connor grinned. "Shut up." Connor's face fell.

The rest of the car trip was cloaked in a silence, but thankfully it didn't last long as you got to Woodward Avenue.

Pulling up the Eden Club you noticed Connor was staring intently at your hand as you turned off the ignition.

"What is it?" You asked as Connor turned your hand over in his. Hank glared at the android, but Connor cut him off.

"You are damaged here." He examined the area where you had been cut from the window.

You'd washed the wound, but it still looked quite bad. But so much had happened that you didn't concern yourself with it.

"it's fine." You took your hand back and got out of the car.

"Let me see that." Hank said as he jumped out from the back seat, fishing through his pockets.

"It's alright," you tried to argue, but Hank gripped your wrist and placed a band-aid over the cut.

It didn't do much, but now you didn't have to worry about bleeding everywhere.

"Can't have you contaminating all of the evidence." Hank grunted lightly with a slight smile before entering the club.

You stood there for a moment, admiring the spot where Hank had gently grazed against your hand.

"Detective?" Connor asked you, getting you back into reality. "I'm coming." You said, locking your car.

As you entered the seedy establishment, you noticed Connor was currently eyeing up one of the tracers, admiring her curves.

You rolled your eyes, men were the same no matter where you looked.

"Connor!" Hank shouted at the android who cocked his head towards him. "The fuck are you doin?" He folded his arms over his duster jacket.

"Coming Lieutenant." Connor replied shyly, fidgeting with his hands before following the Lieutenant.

You giggled at him and gave a quick glance back to the Tracers.

Then your laughter stopped, this place was seriously fucked up. These androids only purpose in life was to be used by other people's pleasure and dark desires. It made you feel sick inside.

When you entered the main room, avoiding the pole dancers and trying to adjust to the thumping club music that echoed in your skull you could see Hank and Connor talking to Ben and the manager.

"I'm not gonna lose my licence right?" You rolled your eyes at the man, he didn't even give a shit someone had been killed.

Ben gave you a small nod, and you returned it, deciding to just head into the crime scene. Too many people trying to talk to the guy would just make things worse.

"Hey, Hey, look who it is, my gorgeous little partner! How's your evening been beautiful?"

You flinched as you entered the crime scene at the sound Gavin's gravelled voice.

It grated against your ears and you feigned a smile.

"Fine." You replied flatly. Gavin hated it when you didn't react to his teasing or pathetic attempts to pick you up. It twisted him up inside and you knew it.

"Bout time you showed up, all these plastic whores dancing in this joint..." he eyed you up and down with a sickening grin.

“None of them could ever hold a candle to you sweet thing.” He moved in closer and licked his lips suggestively.

“Ugh, gross. And I’m not your partner dipshit.” You replied with a groan, greeting Chris who stood awkwardly by the other wall.

“Well you are on this fuckin case, Fowler said so.” He replied childishly, gritting his teeth as you ignored him and started to go over the file that Chris handed you.

Connor and Hank entered the room, having just interrogating the clubs owner. Gavin shot daggers in their direction as they strolled in.

“Oh if it isn’t Anderson and his little plastic pet, you guys here to try and get laid or something?” Gavin’s cackle bounded across the ceiling echoing over the thumping music. “I bet even the sex bots wouldn’t take your money.” Gavin addressed Hank with a snide grin. Hank rolled his eyes.

“We are here to investigate the murder Detective Reed.” Connor politely corrected him, going over to analyse some evidence.

“Yeah well it’s a fuckin waste of time, this is just some fat old pervert that took on more than he could handle.”

Gavin scoffed as he motioned towards the victim and your blood boiled as he threw the comment back to Hank with the wave of a hand.

“You’d know all about that wouldn’t you Hank?” He spat.

Hank eyed him closely, but remained silent as Gavin laughed in his face.

“Still at least this guy was just trying to get with a piece of plastic, not the real deal.” Reed’s gaze met yours and you wanted nothing more than to break that stupid nose of his.

“That’d be really pathetic.” He snapped, stepping in to glare up at Hank. He looked like a little terrier trying to intimidate a Great Dane.

“We’ll take a look anyway, if you don’t mind.” Hank seethed through a clenched jaw, a fake smile painted over his lips.

“Yeah whatever,” Gavin spat, turning his attention towards you.

“Hey let’s get going baby,” Gavin grasped you by the hand and drew you in.

“I’ve already solved this one, why don’t you and me go have some fun huh?” His arm wrapped around your waist and you forcefully shook him off.

“Don’t fucking touch me.” You warned him, only to be greeted with a snide grin. “Come on, I’ll show you a good time.” Gavin gripped at your forearm.

“I’m way better than the Ken doll,” he motioned to Connor who gave a confused smile, “or the old fuck.” Hank balled a fist to his side, the veins in his neck popping.

“Besides,” Gavin waved a hand around the air. “It smells like a fuckin damn brewery in here.” He scoffed as Hank’s face went red.

“And you smell like a used ashtray, get the fuck away from me.” You shoved Gavin away from you and his eyes held a malice that emphasized the glare he hit you with.

“Uptight little bitch...” he grunted under his breath before tugging at your hair, twisting a strand of it. He brought it to his face and inhaled loudly.

“But you, you always so smell good don’t ya doll face?” You tried to make him let go but he gripped tighter pulling you forward and you gave a yelp.

“That’s enough!” Hank snapped and must have had a particularly deadly look on his face as Gavin instantly released you.

“Yeah I’ve had enough, let’s go Chris. Leave these fucking losers to figure it out.” Gavin grinned but it fell as Chris shook his head and stayed planted against the wall.

“Fuck you too then.” With a scowl he stomped out of the Eden club in a huff.

You patted your hair back down and tried to regain your lost composure before getting back to work.

“Ugh, that’s so disgusting Connor!” Hank suddenly shouted and you turned around to see the android knelt down licking blood off his fingertips. Your nose scrunched up as you watched Connors strange analysis.

“Sorry Lieutenant...” He said, not looking overly apologetic as he went off to go lick more evidence.

“I’m gonna puke again...” Hank grunted and you giggled despite yourself.

The tiny smile that crept on his face at your laughter made you stop and you quickly averted your gaze.

Hank also dropped his line of vision and moved away from you, inspecting a perfectly fine chair that wasn’t apart of the investigation.

“Sorry about Reed.” Chris offered as you went to inspect the broken glass by the body.

“Don’t apologise for him.” You replied, taking note of the lacerations around the victims neck.

It wasn't up to Chris to make excuses for Reeds poor behavior, but you still appreciated the gesture. Miller was too pure for this world.

“Choked to death, resulting in asphyxiation.”

You recorded aloud and Connor agreed with you, sneaking up behind you. “Correct.” You jumped forward in shock.

“Christ Connor! You scared the shit out of me!” You shouted at the android, who sadly tilted his head.

“Sorry detective.” Connor said as he bent down and started to lick the blood from the victim

for a sample.

Hank grunted a chortle under his breath at your outburst, but then went straight back to ignoring both of you again.

“The Victim was murdered by the Traci.” Connor paused as he glanced over to the body of the destroyed android.

You bit your lip looked into the woman’s lifeless eyes, there had to be more to this than what Reed had implied.

“Maybe he asked to be choked.” You suggested, only to get a strange look from Hank.

“What? It’s a sex club Hank, kinkier things have happened.” You said defensively folding your arms.

“In either case, how did she get over there, if he was choked to death here on the bed?” Hank pointed to the Traci who was on the other side of the room.

Connor nodded thoughtfully as he walked back to the deactivated Traci.

“I’ll find out.” He informed you, and you exchanged sceptical glances with Hank as Connor gripped the dead Traci’s hand. His eyes went into the back of his head and the led whirred yellow.

“Well?” You asked after he was done, the Traci collapsing back onto the club floor. “There was another Traci, we need to find her.” Connor leapt to his feet, racing out of the room.

The two of you shrugged at one another and followed him. As Connor ran around the Eden Club for clues, Hank tried to question the owner again.

Wanting to make yourself useful, you decided to join Hank.

The owner, Floyd Mills, you had read the reports on his shoddy operation here.

The Eden Club had been investigated many times before, but as androids didn’t have any rights, no final charges could be made.

“Floyd, my favourite little weasel.” You gave your fakest smile towards Mills, who seemed startled by your arrival.

“You mind telling us what model number that other Traci the victim ordered was?”

He slicked back his greasy thinning hair with a hand and flashed a crooked smile. “Oh it’s the beautiful cop, y/ln, right?”

You raised a brow at that, Mills clearly didn’t take you as seriously as he did with Hank or Reed because you were a woman. And that royally pissed you off.

“You come round to take up my offer from last time? we take some photos, then you get made into a model for one of the Tracis.” Floyd grinned as he tried to evade your questioning.

“It’d be real popular.” His yellowed teeth brimmed into a disgusting smile.

Hank grabbed Floyd by the collar and dragged him to his own level.

“You don’t fuckin talk to her like that,” He rasped and Floyd nodded pathetically like a bobble head.

“now you’re gonna answer our questions and no more bullshit alright?” After setting Mills back down, the seedy club owner dusted off his jacket.

“To protect the privacy of our customers, the club's policy is not to record the model numbers that our clientele rent.” Floyd seemed pleased with himself and you sighed.

“So no surveillance, no diagnostic reports to track deviancies of androids and now no receipts.” You turned to Hank with a hand placed firmly on your hip. This was starting to seem impossible.

“And for discretion we reset all of the Tracis memories every two hours.” Floyd reminded them. The Lieutenant cursed under his breath.

“Lieutenant!” Connor cried out from the other side of the club floor. “what now?” Hank grumpily stomped over towards the android.

Connor stood by one of the Tracis locked in her compartment tube.

“I need you to rent this Traci for me.” He said as you both approached him and you snorted.

“Cut the shit Connor, we aren’t here to fuck around!” He snapped at the rk800.

“I can get the memories from the Tracis to see where the deviant went! But we only have under two hours before their memories wipe!” Connor explained, motioning towards the hand sensor panel.

“But I need a human fingerprint to register and rent the Traci!” Connor urged Hank who sighed and clapped a hand onto the sensor.

“You be quiet.” He said as you cackled at how embarrassed he was renting the Traci.

“How the fuck am I gonna explain this on my expenses report to Fowler?” Hank complained as the compartment tube clicked open.

The Traci strolled out, and tried to place an arm around Hanks waist, but he quickly evaded it. “Would you like to go to a private room sir?” The Traci asked.

“W-what... no!” Hank exclaimed and the Traci blinked a couple times in confusion.

“I-I mean you’re a nice girl and everything but uh I’m not, I’m with her and...” he stumbled over his words, jutting a thumb in your direction.

As your eyes widened in shock, Hank snapped his head in your direction his face going tomato red.

“W-wait! Not like that! I- I mean I’m here to- not that, god damn it...” He faltered and you gave Hank a small smile.

Hank was insanely cute when he got this flustered, you made a mental note yourself. “Are you perhaps renting me for her then?”

The Traci moved over to you and you backed away. “Haha, sorry but no.” You replied, cheeks slowly going pink.

Hank chuckled at that and seemed to consider something in his mind before Connor gripped the Traci by the hand connecting the two of them for her memories.

“She went that way!” Connor shouted after stopping the connection, racing towards a room which turned out to be a dead end.

“Quickly, both of you split up and rent Tracis and I’ll access their memories.”

You and Hank eyed each other as the android started barking orders, but neither of you had a better idea so you went about the plan.

You walked up to a male Traci, who had a view of the private red rooms where the deviant might have fled.

As you placed your hand on the panel, felt a pang of guilt for the poor workers here.

The HR400 stepped out and offered his arm to you, but you gently told him to wait there for Connor.

The male Traci seemed confused and once again tried to offer that you both go to a private room.

“I can analyse your preferences, to make this more enjoyable for you madam.” He informed you, starting a series of scans on your person.

“H-hey what are you doing?” You asked, feeling rather exposed as the Traci ran its diagnostic.

“My scans indicate that you would prefer an older man, am I correct?” He chirped happily as he saw you react.

“Quit that, I’m not here for-“ The Traci gripped you by the hand, a smile creeping on his lips.

“It’s been a while, hasn’t it? Don’t worry I’ll be gentle with you.” You tried to sputter something in response, face heating up as you looked down at the Traci’s chiseled features.

“I understand that it’s often more difficult for female clients to admit their sexual desires.” He continued, gently pulling you towards one of the private rooms.

“But I do not pass any judgment.” He reassured you, but you shook off his grasp.

“I’m here for business not pleasure, sorry.” You took a step back and tried to look for Connor.

“You want someone in this room don’t you?” The Traci eyed Hank as he spoke, scanning him with a whirring noise in his led before facing back to you. “W-what?”

“I can take on his form, mannerisms and vocals if you’d like.” The Traci turned back to you with a large grin, waiting for your praise.

“What the hell, n-no I’m fine really...” You wished you knew how to reset these damn things or get him to be quiet.

“Let’s go somewhere private y/n, have some fuckin fun.” Your jaw fell to the floor as the Traci perfectly imitated Hank’s voice, his head bobbing in the same way he did.

“Whaddya say beautiful? I’ve been thinkin bout you so much it hurts.” Your chest tightened as the Traci gripped your hand and thumbed it over.

It still didn’t look like Hank, but the way it was sounding right now... it was your fantasies come to life. “N-no thanks.” You hated how shaky your voice was.

“Come on, you know I won’t tolerate insubordination detective.” He harshly whispered in your ear and you shuddered. God damn it, how many of your kinks did this thing pick up with it’s scans?!

“I’m ordering you to stop this.” You shoved the Traci back and he blinked a couple times before drawing you back in.

“You don’t give the orders around here, Detective. And that’s Lieutenant Anderson to you-“ He tried to hitch your skirt up before he was suddenly grabbed by the shoulder.

“Detective y/name! Have you found a suitable Traci?” Connor said, turning the HR400 around. “Uh... yeah you could say that.” You coughed awkwardly.

“Back off buddy,” the male Traci eyed Connor lowly. “The lady is with me.” He still kept Hanks voice on and Connor gave you a strange look.

“Don’t ask.” You warned him and with a sly smirk Connor gripped the Traci’s arm.

“The Traci went this way! To the staff entrance!” He motioned over towards Hank at the other side of the club, who was trying to shake off another Traci.

“You want me don’t you Lieutenant? I’ve seen the way you look at me around the office...” Hank’s eyes widened as the Traci mimicked your voice perfectly. God damn fuckin Androids, he thought to himself with a sigh. The Traci had ran some weird analysis on him and detected his attraction to you.

“I like the way you watch me...” She circled a finger on Hanks chest and he quickly looked away trying to focus on something else.

“You’ve been aching for me and I’ve been aching for you too...” Hank gulped loudly at that.

“Look sweetheart, I’m flattered I really, really am but-“ he began, backing into a corner as the Traci pursued him.

“Lieutenant! Hurry up we are going in pursuit of the deviant!” Connor shouted over his shoulder as the two of you charged towards the staff room.

“Ah- shit!” Hank cursed, shoving the Traci out of the way as he tried to catch up.

You all got towards the staff door, but before you or Connor could open it, Hank brushed past you. “Get behind me.” He ordered, and you kept in tow with the man’s broad back.

You tried to peer over him before he stomped down the stairs, the room was so dark despite the torch you had on.

The small circle of light illuminated the revolting conditions of where they cleaned the Tracis

and your hands trembled as you saw the operating tables where they repaired them. "Jesus." You hissed and Hank gruffly grunted in reply. This place was so fucked.

Pulling back a plastic curtain cautiously, you took a deep breath as you didn't see any deviants.

Hank skulked around the line up of traci in their sleep modes and Connor marched up to them, performing a scan. He then detected the odd one out, a yellow led flashing among the blue.

"get down! its the deviant!" Connor shouted, tackling the woman to the ground. Hank pointed his gun towards her, but was taken out by something behind him.

"Hank!" You screamed as he toppled to the ground, another Traci stood above him, about to smash a piece of metal equipment down onto him.

You rush tackled the woman, collapsing to the floor, and winced as she began to claw at you. Her hands raked across your arms as you held them defensively at your face, Hank rushing over to grab her. He knocked her to the floor, but she kicked him off with a stiletto heel.

You drew your gun, standing flush with Hank as you both pointed them towards the Tracis, Connor trying to stop the blue-haired Traci from hitting him again.

"Stop right there!" Hank shouted, raising his gun. The traci exchanged looks before the one closest to you kicked a metal cabinet at you and Hank.

"Hank!" You yelled, using all your strength to push him away. The cabinet crunched against your flesh, knocking you to the ground.

The other traci grabbed the blue-haired deviant, both of them darting towards the alleyway door.

"Shit they're getting away!" Connor grunted, racing out the door after them.

You clumsily gripped at your hip, you had pushed Hank out of the way and taken most of the impact.

The bone felt bruised and you cursed as you tentatively touched a hand to the area. It had really fucked you up.

"Damn it!" You staggered on the floor, twisting yourself upward to try and get back to your feet.

"Fuck! are you alright y/name?!" Hank offered his arm to help prop you back up to full height, you shook your head.

"Go, I'll be alright!" You told him, but he didn't leave your side.

"You're a terrible liar." Hank said as he drew up your shirt, a sickening gash was forming at your side.

"Ah shit." He said as he inspected the damage, blood began to seep through your white blouse and through your fingers.

It must have gotten cut from the corner of the metal cabinet, shit. you thought to yourself, going a bit faint from the loss of blood.

Your palm painted red and it scared you to look at the amount of blood encased in your fingernails.

"Hank..." You said quietly, your eyes brimming with tears. This fucking hurt. Hank took off his jacket, gently placed you on it in his lap.

"Hey its alright, y/name, you're tough." He said with a pained smile, he didn't want to see you like this. Why did you do that for him?

"You're the fuckin toughest person I know." He repeated, his brows furrowing in despair at your state.

He deserved to be hit by the fuckin cabinet, not you. Jesus there was so much blood.

Turning you over slowly, he used his hands to apply pressure to the wound. "It's gonna be okay."

He tried to reassure you, he grabbed out his phone and made a shaky call for an ambulance. Then he radioed over Chris and any other officers to get their asses into gear and help you and Connor outside.

"Holy shit!" Someone shouted as they entered the staff room and you recognized the voice belonged to Miller. You started to drift off, your mind getting hazy.

"Hey stay with me kid, don't fall asleep on me, I'll get angry if you do that alright?" Hank's voice crackled with concern as he looked down at you.

"Don't... call me kid." You managed to barely say with a pained smile and Hank chuckled. "I hate it when you do that." Your head fell slightly as you spoke.

It was getting really difficult to keep your eyes open. "Is she okay?!" Chris shouted. You tried to look up at him, but Hank softly pushed you back onto his lap.

"hey, its alright, I've called some people they are on their way." You heard Hank say in the haze of flashing lights and pitch black rooms. Your eyes felt so heavy.

"just keep your eyes open for a little while longer," You were shaken violently until your eyes snapped open.

Your own met with Hanks piercing blue, tears starting to drip from them onto your cheeks.

"Stay with me y/name, you hear?" He rasped, gently swaying you in his arms to keep you alert. "Stay with me." He repeated in a choked tone.

You placed a hand on his own bloodied set, running over the whitened knuckles, you gazed up at Hank and smiled.

"I'm not going anywhere Hank." you cupped your hand at his cheek.

"Don't you leave me either, alright?" You settled into his lap, your face flushed against his shuddering chest.

You could feel Hank nodding fervently as his hands shook on your hip, then everything became a blur.

People trying to yell at you about what was wrong, asking too many questions then the next thing you knew a paramedic lifting you away from Hanks side.

You flailed in shock before being placed onto a bed, eyes watering from the change in position.

It hurt so much. You were so scared. You wanted...

"Don't worry, we've got you."

A large hand grasped around yours and you recognized the calloused warm touch.

"I've got you."

Hank said softly and it was somehow the only thing you heard over the other flurry of loud voices and wailing sirens.

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

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

You woke up in a dizzying cascade of white walls, the sheets at your chest clung to your skin and shifted loudly as you tried to sit up.

“Detective y/name, please do not try to move!” A familiar voice called out to you, it was close yet far at the same time.

“Connor?” You guessed as your eyes adjusted to the blur in front of you. His curled brown lock came into focus along with the rest of his forehead and then the entirety of his face.

“That’s right now please stay still.” He held a concerned look in his eyes and you noticed that his hands were guiding you up onto some soft pillows at your back.

As you sat up you realised where you were, it was a hospital room. Wrenching your head around you eyed a few flowers on a nightstand with some cards littered by them.

Then you recalled what had happened, that stupid cabinet slicing your side open like that. What a way to go, you thought bitterly to yourself.

You peered down the sheets to the area you had been hit, a large adhesive patch of white covered up the incident.

Some yellow bruising peeked out and the ridges of stitches could be felt underneath, but asides from that it seemed to be fine.

“You’ve been here overnight.” Connor explained, handing you a glass of water.

You thanked him as you gulped it down, your throat felt like cotton and you idly scratched your neck.

“You were taken to the hospital and they operated on the wound, the stiches should come out soon.”

Nodding slowly as you mulled it all over, you tried to take in more of the room.

Posters of obscure health treatments and suggestions were laid out over the walls, the fluorescent lights making you want to fall back to sleep.

But you suddenly jolted awake again as you eyed something that laid on the other side of your bed.

A slouched figure was stretched out in the corner, his light snores emitting from underneath the jacket over his head.

Grey locks spilled out from the jackets collar, his long legs still dangling over the two seats he took up.

“Hank?” You asked, and Connor smiled.

“He’s been here the whole time, despite the nurses multiple attempts to have him removed.” He informed you with a fake sigh, making you chuckle.

“Should I wake him?” Connor asked curiously eyeing the sleeping bear of the Lieutenant. He almost looked like he had his hand up raised ready to slap him again.

You were rather glad that Connor hadn’t decided to wake you up like that.

As much as you wanted to see Hank’s reaction to Connor waking him up again, you shook

your head.

“Let him sleep a little longer.” You smiled warmly over at Hank who was curled up in an awkward position but somehow deeply entranced in whatever dream he was having.

“Very well.” Connor shrugged and sat down beside you.

“What happened with those Tracis?” You tried to get more comfortable but ended up sliding back to your previous position and gave up.

Connor dipped his head lowly, as though the android was ashamed. “I-I” He started, looking past you at the wall as he tried to speak.

“I let them go.” He said softly, gripping the railing of the hospital bed. ”Why?”

The question made his grip tighter and you saw his knuckles colour with a small hue of blue.

“I don’t know.” He said, but then thought better of it.

“No actually I do know.” He peered up to face you, his gaze so intense that you struggled to match it.

“I let them go because they didn’t deserve what was done to them.” You continued to lock eyes with him, urging Connor to go on.

“I let them go because...” He started to trail off, but you placed a hand on his for encouragement. “Because they were in love.”

Connor said at last, his voice heated, and you were certain that Hank was awake now as the snoring had stopped. But he didn’t move from underneath the jacket, remaining still.

“And I’ve learnt that love is something powerful, it connects two people together in ways I didn’t know possible,” Connor continued his impassioned speech, glancing over towards Hank and then back to you.

“It was outside of my initial parameters, not apart of my original programming. But I see that its important now and I want to understand it.” He lightly patted your hand in return and smiled.

“You will understand it someday Connor, you’ll fully realise it when you find that someone.” You assured him, and Connor gave a lop-sided grin.

“Thank you, Detective.” He said cheerfully before standing back up, adjusting his tie.

“Would you like a drink? I can get a canned coffee from the vending machine outside.” He offered, winking at you as he pointed to Hank who was clearly still pretending to be asleep.

“Sure, I’d like that.” You played into Connor’s scheme to get the two of you alone together.

The android hummed a tune that you recognised to be the heavy metal you were playing earlier in the car as he flicked his coin, sauntering down the hall.

It made you happy to see how much he approved of the idea of the two of you being together. But as he left, you felt a bit uneasy as you knew it wasn’t as simple as Connor wished for them.

Love never was simple.

“Morning sleepy.” You teased Hank as he finally rose from his makeshift blanket. He tried to flatten a cowlick in vain and grumbled as his curled mop of hair stayed wild. You thought it looked cute.

“Mornin yourself,” He gave you an awkward smile as he moved his chair in closer.

“How ya doin?” He watched you closely, eyes wracked with concern and it made your cheeks go slightly pink.

“I’m doing good, thanks for helping me out and staying here like this.” You knew that the words weren’t sufficient but hoped that the expression you gave showed how sincerely you meant it.

The gaze seemed to work as Hank blushed, pushing his hair forward.

“Of course, what are you talking about, I could never leave you there like that.” Hank mumbled, starting to help you get into a more comfortable position on the bed.

“But what about the mission, the reports?” You chided him ironically as he gently pulled the sheets back up over you.

“Fuck the mission.” He replied with a grin. “And definitely fuck the reports.” You both started to chuckle slightly at that as Hank settled back into his chair.

He swept a leg over the other and idly scratched the stubble on his chin. “You really scared me back there.” He admitted, sitting up in his chair.

“You shouldn’t have tried to brush that off like that.” His tone became serious as he eyed the wound on your side.

“I could say the same to you.” You accused him, hating how bitter it came out.

But it was true, the flippant way Hank had told you about his little Russian roulette game still hurt and twisted you up inside.

“Yeah... you got me there.” Hank sighed, giving you a sad smile as he shifted his jacket back over his shoulders.

The two of you sat quietly for a short while until Connor came bursting into the door unannounced.

“Detective! Lieutenant!” He beamed, hoisting two cans of cold coffee into your faces.

Connor’s sparkling puppy dog eyes bore through your soul and you silently tried to tell him to calm down.

He tilted his head towards Hank as if to ask how it went. You instead took the can with a forced smile and Hank did the same.

He then read the room and dropped his arms down slightly.

“Thanks Connor.” Hank grunted, and the android drooped down morosely on the seat next to him.

Clicking open the cans, Hank handed yours over before gulping down his own.

“These are nice.” You said, while sipping on your drink you looked over to the flowers on the nightstand.

They were your favourite colour and the petals looked soft to touch, your fingers brushed over them and you enjoyed the fragrance it left on your fingertips.

“Hank arranged those for you, y/name.” Connor said brightly, and you turned back to face him in surprise.

Hank made a small noise like he had choked on his drink slightly, using his sleeve to wipe away the coffee that threatened to trickle down his chin.

“It was nothing...”

“But Hank, you put a lot of thought into them and got everyone at the office to sign the card.” Connor continued, ignoring Hanks attempts to get him to be quiet.

“He spent a great deal of time in deciding which would be best and in fact-“ Hank slapped a hand around Connor’s mouth to silence him.

“You sure do like to run you mouth, don’t ya?” He said gruffly as Connor struggled against his headlock.

Then the two of them paused their bickering as they heard your giggling laughter warmly echo throughout the room.

Hank let himself truly smile at the sound you made, and Connor grinned at the ease that it brought the usually reserved Lieutenant.

“I love them.” You finally said, wiping a happy tear from your eyes.

“That was really thoughtful of you Hank, thank you.” The two of you exchanged a look with a deeper meaning laid behind it, eyes locking until you chickened out and started to read your card.

There was a message from Tina telling you to stay sexy with a few hearts around the cursive, you chuckled, Chen had become a best friend of yours at the DPD.

You swapped all of the hot gossip together, but she remained tight-lipped on your crush about Hank.

Reed’s message was short and in sloppy handwriting and you hated how much room he purposefully took up in the centre of the card.

You couldn’t even entirely make out what he was trying to say but assumed it was some sort of insult.

Another paragraph from Chris made you want to cry at how lovey it is, hoping you get well soon and that his wife has made you favourite flavour of pie ready when you are to eat.

Your eyebrow quirked at Connor’s rather clinical message, it is more of a list of recommendations informing you on what to and what not to do for your recovery.

But you smile all the same, the android was caring in his own funny way.

Fowler’s handwriting was surprisingly immaculate, and he told you to take it easy with a big smiley face, you teared up at that, to think that scary boss of yours drawing it for you.

Everyone cared about you, you realised, despite your apprehension for starting work at a new place. You had truly been accepted.

You scanned the card for Hank’s message but couldn’t one. You frowned and bit your lip.

“Uhh, it ran outta space.” Hank quickly explained, reaching over to grab the smaller card you missed out on.

It was in the shape of a heart with a couple of puppies on it and Hank eyed you nervously as he handed it to you.

“It was all the newsagency had.” He lied as he looked at the sweet little card.

It was so adorable, and the puppies you noticed looked like the breed of dog that Sumo was. You loved it.

“That’s not true, there were plenty of other selections-“ Connor found himself in another headlock as you opened the card.

There was a cheesy line that the card company had written, “puppy love is the best kind of love” in the centre, and Hank’s block letter handwriting read; ‘Because I know that you hate people, have some ‘puppy love’ instead.’ You giggled at that and could hear Hank nervously give an exhale of relief as you found the lame joke funny.

Hank was twiddling his thumbs and running his hand through his hair the entire time you read it in anticipation, and Connor noticed that his stress levels were raising as you got further down the card.

Underneath was a photo of Sumo, his panting face in a cute little smile. Hank had drawn a heart above the dog and said that ‘Sumo misses you!’

“Aww so cute!” You gushed at the picture and showed it to Connor, who almost ripped the card out of your hands to look at the dog. “Sumo!” he exclaimed.

Hank slapped the back of his head to settle down and Connor apologised, handing the card back glumly.

You flipped it over in your hands and on the other side of the card you noticed it had a little message;

‘Thanks for always being there for me, when you are up for it- I hope we can start getting drinks together again. Sorry for being such an asshole. – Hank.’

Connor deducted from his scans that the Lieutenants heart-beat was spiking as though he were running a marathon, his palms perspiring beyond the normal limit.

He looked on curiously at the slight frown cast on your face as you read over another segment of the card.

Hank wiped the sweat from his hands on his jeans, he began to regret the card as you found that part and re-read it over again.

What right did he have to ask you to hang around him again, after all he said and accused you of back there?

You set the card down wordlessly, and Hanks heart stilled in his chest as you flashed him a wide grin.

“Of course, can’t leave my drinking buddy all alone.” You sort of cringed at your own word choice, it wasn’t how you wanted to it come out but going any further seemed wrong.

“I’m glad.” Hank said quietly, a smile breaking out on his face that made your heart race.

Connor tilted his head at the both of you and then pouted, folding his arms over each other. He clearly wasn’t happy with the lack of progress between the two of you but remained quiet.

While the two of you started to casually discuss things like usual, Connor snuck around to peek at the card.

His eyebrow raised at the causal air of the Lieutenants words but supposed it was a step in the right direction.

He would have to teach Hank how to write romantic letters and sonnets for you, as his research into human relationships dictated that this was how you wooed someone.

Connor took one last look at the cute picture of Sumo and placed the card back down onto the table.

You had a couple of other visitors during the day, Tina arrived with chocolates and Chris with the pie his wife had made, the two squabbling over which one you were going to eat first. Then it somehow all of the food was eventually finished, albeit with a lot of help from Hank. Later that afternoon your phone buzzed, and you got a nice text from Fowler and Ben, telling you to relax and that your paperwork was being taken care of.

It was around 4.30 in the afternoon when Connor and Hank had to leave you to head off to work for their night shift and you were sad to see them leave.

You'd all had so much fun together, despite just sitting around in this boring white-walled room. It'd be torture lying here on your own.

"When can I leave?" You asked Connor again as he adjusted his jacket sleeves.

"They will release you in the morning, you need to be kept overnight in case of any further complications." He explained for the third time and you sighed.

Hank came back with the book you had wanted to read and placed it at your bedside table.

"Don't get too bored here, by the way you know you have a tv up there right?" He motioned to the flat screen and the remote that remained untouched.

You rolled your eyes and grabbed your book, planting it at your chest.

"Don't miss me too much." You teased at the two of them and Connor sadly waved goodbye before being dragged off by Hank.

"See ya kid, catch you round." Hank gave you a little salute before marching out the door.

You frowned at that and bit your lip in frustration.

"I wish he'd quit calling me that, especially now of all times..." you muttered to yourself and decided you didn't want to read your book now after all.

Picking up the card you looked it over to try and make sense of whether or not Hank might like you as more than a friend or not.

It was in the shape of a heart...

But it had a few friendly jokes in there that could make it completely platonic.

Also, his messages weren't overly romantic, thoughtful sure- but maybe you were just reading into it all too much?

This was starting to hurt your already groggy, drug-addled head and you placed the card back down with a long sigh.

Going back to your book for the next few hours, it was peaceful until-

"Hey there doll face, woah you look like crap."

Gavin strolled in with a shit eating grin, he was loving seeing you trapped in here and you knew it.

"What do you want Reed?" You spat, not in the mood to be made fun of.

"Hey, that's no way to greet a worried co-worker." He put on a fake upset tone that set you on edge.

Sauntering up to the bed, he leant against it and grinned as he saw it made you uncomfortable. "Woops sorry." He said snidely, getting off the bed and taking a chair.

Your eyes rolled into the back of your head as he turned the chair the wrong way and sat in it like a cliché bad boy character from an 80s movie.

Who knew that douchery really could exist in its truest form?

“What are you here for?” You asked again, folding your arms over your chest.

“Fowler told me to bring your side of the reports over is all,” He slapped a folder onto the nightstand, disturbing the flowers, petals falling to the ground.

“Really? Cause Fowler texted me to say not to worry about any paperwork.” You seethed, trying to keep the flowers Hank got you stable.

“Phck!” Gavin hissed under his breath as you disproved his obvious lie. He aggressively scratched at his nose before eyeing you again.

“Look, I just came over to visit- you’re my partner so-“ His voice became heated and he rose from his chair.

He stumbled a bit and you realised that Reed was completely drunk as he staggered around the room, pacing.

“You aren’t my partner, Reed.” You glared up at him, matching his steeled gaze. You wanted him gone.

“Yeah well you sure aren’t Andersons fuckin partner either!” Gavin jabbed a finger at you,

“That stupid robo cop is!”

You still didn’t understand what Gavin’s problem against androids was, but it probably had something to do with his hatred of everything else.

“So, get over yourself and quit trying to get into the Lieutenants pants!” He scoffed, his words slurring,

“It’s real fuckin pathetic to watch.” Gavin’s words cut at you despite your attempts to ignore it.

“You seriously think he sees you for what you are?” He almost sounded hurt and you shuffled away as you could smell booze on his breath as he drew closer.

“Hank doesn’t think of you as anything other than some stupid little girl circling around him like his fuckin dog.” Your heart froze as you looked over towards the card Hank got you with Sumo’s picture in it.

“You don’t even know what you’re talking about.” You said quietly, unsure of yourself as you shifted your sheets around.

“Yeah I do, you’re like his little sister, or more like step-daughter.” Gavin was starting to get closer to your face, his eyes growing wilder and more intense as he saw that his teasing was getting through to you.

Usually you just ignored him, but you responded to this so well, he could feel his jeans tighten.

“Shut up...” You muttered, trying to face away from Reed. “Aww... you’re really in love with Anderson?” His false crooning hit you as tears threatened to brim along your eyelashes.

“Shut up Reed!” You shouted in his face, cheeks red hot. “You have some seriously messed up taste.” Gavin laughed against your ear, and you tried to push him away.

But he grasped your wrist easily and brought it up to his neck.

“Why don’t you give me a fuckin chance?” He groaned lazily.

“I mean it Gavin, you need to fuck off right now.” You warned him.

“You never even gave me a chance!” He shouted, and it scared you at how crazy his eyes were.

“Just calm down Reed.” You tried to move back on your set of pillows, there was a help button somewhere...

“I love how angry you get...” He leant over you, and you couldn’t move from the weight. “It phckin turns me on.” Your eyes went wide as Gavin planted his lips sloppily at your neck, you batted him with all of your might with the back of your hand.

“Get the fuck off of me!” You shouted, yelping as you tried to wrestle with his grip. Your wound didn’t hurt from the drugs they had you on, but it was tender, and you weren’t supposed to move around.

“You stupid drunk!” Your hand went to the button by your bed to call for a nurse, but Gavin forced you into another kiss, this one on the lips.

You moaned angrily, and became even more repulsed as it egged Gavin on. Biting his tongue as hard you could, you felt a bit blood on your own as he let go.

“You fuckin bitch!” Despite his bitter tone, you were frightened to see that burning desire still remained in his eyes.

As Gavin stood back up, wiping his mouth with a delirious grin on his face, you started to mash at the button by your bed.

Gavin pinned your arm down and looked as though he were about to try and give you another drunken kiss.

“Hey, what’s going on in here?!” The door creaked open and you shot your head up expecting a nurse.

Instead Hank stood there, his mouth agape, his eyes holding a manner of rage you didn’t think was possible.

“I knew it.” He said, pain in his eyes as he looked over at Gavin and you. The compromising position would have been embarrassing if you weren’t so angry.

“Hank! This seriously isn’t what it looks like!” You called out at him, trying to pry Gavin off of you.

“He’s completely wasted, I still fucking hate this guy!” Gavin growled as he stood up from you and strolled up to Hank.

“W-why don’t youu go phckin beat it Anderssson?” He hiccupped as he tried to snap at the taller man, almost tripping over his own feet.

“HA! I fuckin got in there first with y/name before you could... whaddya think bout tha-“

The next thing you heard was a sickening thud as Reed was hurtled to the ground, Hank’s fist raised, obscuring the fury held under his brow.

“YOU FUCKING PIECE OF-“

Hank roared with such ferocity that you thought it might shatter the windows, but he stopped midsentence as several hospital staff ran into the room in a concerned squabble.

Nice timing, you thought to yourself bitterly. “Why couldn’t you guys have come around I don’t know say, ten minutes ago?!” You snapped, and a few nurses offered their sheepish apologies.

One of them turned towards Hank as though to ask what Reed was doing out cold on the

lamine tile.

Hank raised his badge. "Police business." He explained gruffly, giving Gavin a swift kick as he tried to swipe at him.

The nurse backed away and turned her attention to you. "Your wound has opened up..." Her eyes went wide as she rang for the doctor.

"Of course, it has..." You groaned, flopping your head back onto the pillow. "Just my fucking luck hey?" You smiled up at Hank, who despite himself returned a small grin.

"Heh. I'm gonna take Reed outside, finish our little chat." Hank gripped a protesting Gavin by the hair and dragged him out of the room.

The nurses looked on in horror as the detective had his scalp wrenched at by the Lieutenant.

As you laid back and waited for the doctor, you heard a new set of footsteps enter the room.

"Detective y/name!" Connor arrived, with a shocked expression plastered on his face. "I just saw Lieutenant Anderson and Detective Reed in a fist fight outside!" His eyes were wide with alarm.

"Did you stop it?" You asked him, and Connor shook his head.

"No, I didn't interfere, it seemed rather one-sided in favour of Hank." You patted Connor on the shoulder and he tilted his head in confusion.

"Good android." You praised him ruffling Connors's brunette hair as he bent down beside you.

Chapter End Notes

Not my strongest chapter, let me know if you have any feedback on it! :)
and thanks for all the comments! :D

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

I am completely shocked and blown away at the amount of comments/encouragement I've gotten on this!
I'll try to get this updated weekly, please let me know if you have any critiques/suggestions for how its going!
And thank you for reading!! <3

“She’s too fuckin good for you Anderson! And you know it!” Gavin drawled, the right side of his face swelling up into a large purple lump. Hank had to give it to the little guy, he was a scrapper and had given him a few good shots in return.

None to the face though mind you and no shiners nearly as great as the one he’d given Reed in the hospital room. Hank grinned to himself as he looked down to his grazed, bloodied set of knuckles.

Seeing that dirtbag Reed drooling on top of you like that... made his blood boil. And after you told him that it wasn’t even consensual, he wasn’t going to let Gavin get away with that. It went too far.

“That may be so, but I know that she’s also way out of your league dickweed.” Hank hissed, easily dodging a sluggish punch and returning it with an elbow to the detectives jaw.

“You’re the one that made her feel unwelcome in the first place when she first arrived, screaming in Fowler’s office to not make her your partner...”
Hank could tell that Gavin wasn’t really registering everything of what he was saying, but it felt good to let off some steam.

“You always try to humiliate her, berate her in front of everyone at work and now this? That make you feel good huh?” Hank gripped Gavin tightly by the collar of his shirt. “You slimy piece of shit?!”

Gavin grinned through a set of bared teeth like an animal in response. With a dark chuckle, he spat in Hanks direction.

“Fuck you Anderson. You’re not better than me.” He lolled his head to the side, sweat plastering his forehead alongside caked blood.

“You wanna fuck her senseless just like the rest of us.” He spat up at Hank with a sneer.

“Don’t talk about her like that you little prick-nosed-“ Hank gritted his teeth, grinding them as he tried to not rip out the douchebags throat out and curb stomp it onto the pavement.

“You’re so obvious... always peeping on her at the office- it’s really embarrassing to watch seriously I mean-“ Hank cut him off by slamming Reed against the brick wall of the hospital. “Shut your fucking mouth!” He screamed hoarsely at the detective only to be met with laughter.

“I know you wanna bend her over that desk of yours and the worst part is that stupid cunt would let you.” Gavin hissed in Hanks face, trying to grip at his jacket and throw him off. They twisted in a grapple until both of them let go panting harshly.

“She’s gotta have daddy issues or some shit, what other explanation could there possibly be for a sane woman to pick you over me??”

His voice was getting rough as Gavin yelled into the night air and Hank stood back at how unhinged he was becoming.

“Look at you, gross beard, no haircut, haven’t showered in weeks probably, beer gut hanging out. Fuck you.” Gavin snarled, jabbing a finger at his direction.

“Normal women don’t phckin do that shit, they go for the stallion not the old mule.” Gavin cackled harshly as though he had admiring audience listening to him in the abandoned parking lot.

“Yeah well you can’t even get a woman that’s not knocked out on a hospital bed you sleazy son of a bitch!” Hank snarled, getting into the shorter mans face.

Hank tried to shrug off the comments that Reed was making, but they hit everywhere it hurt; like shooting fish in a barrel of his anxieties.

He knew that he wasn’t the strapping young man he used to be and objectively, although he hated to admit it, Gavin was the more attractive one between the two of them.

Why wouldn’t you pick Reed over him? Hank thought to himself bitterly.

But you deserved a whole lot better personality wise, Hank knew that much as he stuck a knee into Gavin’s gut after the shorter man tried to strike at him.

“You can go sleep it all off down here Reed.” Hank said as Gavin slid onto the concrete with a loud thud.

“In the gutter where you deserve, you little rat.” Hank chuckled darkly as Gavin rolled on the ground clutching at his stomach groaning.

Hank stepped over the detective to make his way back into the hospital, adjusting his bangs in the glass reflection a bit before entering the automatic doors.

He still looked like a psycho that had just gotten into a fight, but hey at least his hair was a bit neater.

That bit of grooming didn’t seem to account for much as he suffered the shrill glares of the hospital staff, trudging through the hall like a walking convict.

When he got to your room he found you gently raking your hands through Connors hair, who knelt by the bed. Your eyes were closed, and a peaceful expression laid on your face.

A guilty voice rang in Hank’s head as he wished that he could swap places with the android.

“She’s asleep Lieutenant.” Connor informed him as he approached the bed, not seeming to mind in the slightest that he was being petted.

“They had to put her on heavy painkillers after her wound reopened.” He motioned to the hand on his head. “I believe that she thinks that I am Sumo.”

As though to answer the question, you rolled your head to the side and clumsily murmured “Good doggie...” under your breath before ruffling Connor’s hair again.

Hank laughed at your groggy state and started to feel a bit better as he sat on that chair beside the rk800.

You could hear someone arrive to the room, but the cloudiness in your head didn’t let you raise it like you normally would.

Your body felt like a marionette with someone pulling the strings in all different directions as you tried to sit up.

“Hey, hey! Don’t try to get up y/name!” Hank leapt to his feet, gently placing his hands on your shoulders to coax you back onto the mattress.

The rich honeyed tone entered your mind and you knew it was Hank that had come to see you.

“Hank!” With a delirious grin painted on your face, you wrapped your arms around his neck and pulled him onto your chest.

“Uhh yeah y/name, it’s Hank...” Hank tried not to think about how firm and soft your chest was against his face right now.

“I’m so happy you’re here...” You could feel him try to ease himself off you and gripped tighter, one of your hands going to stroke his hair idly.

“I- uh, I’m glad kid.” Hank’s cheeks went bright red as he lifted them from your décolletage. You started to giggle looking up at Hank, but then your smile started to falter.

“Why do you call me kid all the time?” You wildly shook an arm around, but it limply fell back to the blankets.

“And why didn’t you listen to my confession properly?!” You groggily shouted, holding your hands to your face.

“That hurt you know...” Connor raised a brow at that and gave an intense questioning look towards Hank, who failed to brush it off.

“I’m not a liar...” A few tears peeked through as you flopped your head back onto the pillow. “I’m not...”

You strolled off with your thoughts before succumbing to the inedible effects of the drugs they had put you on and fell asleep.

Hank gave a low sigh before tucking you into the bed properly, taking the arm above your head and placing it to your side.

“Lieutenant, what did she mean by-“ Connor began but was cut off by Hank. “It’s nothing!” He barked.

“Didn’t seem that way to me Hank.” The android folded his arms firmly over one another.

“Drop it Connor.” Hank warned him, sitting back into his chair with a thud.

Connor’s led whirred yellow as he tried to gauge the situation, wait y/name had confessed to Hank?! Wasn’t that what the Lieutenant had wanted in the first place? It seemed that way from his scans of Hank’s behavioural patterns and mood swings around you.

So that explained why you had looked so upset that night before heading to the Lieutenant’s house. But what reason would Hank have for rejecting you, he clearly felt the same way. He

deducted that the revolver and the post-it's on the wall that it maybe due to the Detective's bouts of depression and lack of self-confidence.

“But...” He whined, and Hank raised a finger to his lips, pretending to zip them closed.

“Don’t want to hear it.” Hank grunted before marching out of the room.

The nurses stood by the doorframe, urging them to hurry up and leave already, their friendly masks now fallen into strained expressions of impatience.

Connor frowned, deep in thought as he wordlessly began to walk down the fluorescent halls of the hospital block. He would have to do something about this.

[NEW MISSION ACQUIRED]: Get Hank and y/name together.

Connor adjusted his tie, hands burning blue with a new purpose, he always accomplished his mission.

*

It had been almost a week, five days in fact since you’d been at home resting. While you might’ve enjoyed the solitude, it had started to get rather lonely in your apartment by yourself.

But you got texts from friends and colleagues. Hank being one of them. You grabbed out your phone to flick through the messages again, feeling giddy at the funny photos he’d sent you.

Usually they were of Sumo and Connor, one of them showing the android trapped under the giant dog, struggling but also loving the fluffy prison.

You’d snorted at the picture of Fowler giving a meeting, unaware that his fly was completely undone. The caption Hank had added made you cackle so hard you almost fell out of bed.

Today was the day though, you’d be back to work. Stretching as you walked around the living room, you examined the wound at your side, it was getting better from your boring not moving around time.

Despite that, you’d kept up with the deviant cases that Hank and Connor were working on. You eyed the manila folder of the last mission you’d missed out on.

They’d found a lead on an AX700 model by the name of Kara who had defied her master, shot him and ran away with his kid. But as you examined the file, you recognised the name of the victims. Todd Williams.

One of the first investigations you worked on involved a domestic abuse call to the Williams home. You found some red ice, booked him for possession and he ended up getting fired and losing custody of his daughter Alice.

So, if she was still with her mother, then what child did that android kidnap?

But your thoughts were disturbed as a heavy-handed knock on the door echoed throughout your apartment.

“Coming!” You tried to race to the door and bumped into something, hissing as you couldn’t move as quickly as you usually would.

“Shit!” You cursed under your breath and rolled your eyes as the knocking got louder and upped its frequency.

It was a mechanical thump and it was soon joined by a gruff muttering and then a loud bang.

“Y/name? Wakey wakey!” Hanks voice was still just as gruff despite the muffling behind your front door.

“Hank?” You asked, holding the door open as well as your mouth. What was he doing here? “Detective y/name!” You had to peer over Hanks broad shoulder to see Connor standing behind the Lieutenant. “Connor?” You were getting more and more confused. “Well you gonna let us in or just keep standing there?” Hank said with a grin as you sidestepped back to let them both walk in.

“Uh- y-yeah of course come right in...” You were starting to wonder if this were a dream, having Hank in your apartment like this.

“Woah, nice place...” Hank whistled, hands in his pockets as he strolled through the door-frame.

“Oh, thanks!” You scratched the back of your neck nervously as the two entered and quickly scanned around to see if anything was messy.

Connor began to analyse your living room, picking up an assortment of items to scan.

“It’s much nicer than Han-“ he eyed Hanks sour expression and stopped that train of thought.

“Other places I’ve been to.” Connor sheepishly finished, walking towards your bookcase.

“So, what brings you two here?” You asked, offering Hank a chair at the kitchen table.

“I- well I thought I was in the neighbourhood and you’ve been away for like what is it now, 5 days?” Hank mumbled out of the corner of his mouth, cheeks beginning to go red.

“5 days, 13 hours and 25 minutes to be exact.” Connor corrected him, and you quirked an eyebrow at the android as he helped himself to examining your reading material.

“I think that means he missed ya,” Hank chuckled as he sat down. “And uh- I did too.” His voice got a bit shaky as he rubbed the back of his now crimson neck.

“I-I missed you too Hank...” You stared at each other for a bit too long until Connor cleared his mechanical throat.

“And Connor of course, I missed you too.” You assured him hastily and went toward the kitchen cabinets.

“I-I’ll make you some coffee!” You offered awkwardly, grabbing out two mugs.

“Uhh, I guess I can’t really offer you anything Connor, sorry.” You watched the android as he continued going through your stuff.

“Don’t worry Detective, I require no sustenance or caffeine to keep my systems regulated.”

Connor flashed you a goofy grin before turning back to his analysis.

On your bookcase, a few old science fiction books and other themes lined the shelves and he recognised an author that you and the Lieutenant had in common.

SUB-SYSTEM: BRING UP IN CONVERSATION TO INCITE FURTHER CONNECTION BETWEEN LIEUTENANT ANDERSON AND DETECTIVE Y/NAME >>

Connor noted that and moved back to the kitchen where you and Hank were currently chatting.

He had noticed with a smile that the flowers from Hank on your kitchen counter had been meticulously looked after and hadn’t yet withered.

“You’ve been changing the water regularly.” He pointed towards the vase you’d placed them in and blushed.

“Oh- uhm, yeah gives me something to do I guess... ha-ha.” You coughed awkwardly as you felt Hanks eyes on you.

You had a slight memory, more of an inkling that you’d embarrassed yourself with him in the hospital room a few nights ago but didn’t quite recall the extent of it.

“You and Lieutenant Anderson both enjoy the literature of noteworthy science fiction author Philip K. Dick!” Connor interjected himself into the conversation out of nowhere, the two of you staring at one another with a shrug.

“Isn’t that interesting?” He urged both of you to contribute.

“That’s... cool I guess,” You snickered a bit at the android’s ineptness at social cues. “What’s your favourite work of his Hank?” You offered, trying to ignore Connor’s intense gaze.

“I’d have to say... the man in the high castle,” Hank mulled it over, softly kicking the android under the table to stop staring.

“Oh nice! I love that one, but my favourite is Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep,” You pointed to the book on your shelf and then turned to Connor.

“So, do they?” You asked with a smirk. Connor blinked a few times, led whirring. “No... I do not have the function to dream, Detective.” He finally said.

“Well that really livened the mood.” Hank sighed as the table went silent. Connor dipped his head slightly, a pout laid across his face.

“So, what’s the plan for this morning?” You asked Hank, stirring the coffees with a spoon.

“I thought I’d give you a lift into work, so you don’t hurt your hip while driving.” Hank explained, thanking you as he received the coffee mug and took a sip.

“Oh! I-I’d like that!” You could sense Connor’s smug smirk burning into the back of your head as you started to drink your own coffee.

“Thanks!” You grinned at Hank, who tried to hide his blushing cheeks behind the mug. “No problem.” Hank smiled warmly into his cup and took another sip.

“I’ll just need to finish getting ready and grab my bag-“ You made an attempt to rise from your chair, but Connor patted your shoulder gently.

“I’ll get your bag for you Detective, which room is it in?” He winked, bringing you back to the hospital room with the canned coffee. He was trying to get the two of you alone again.

“I-it’s alright I’ll...” You were happy to be alone with Hank, but it might be awkward considering everything that had happened with Reed and your later drugged-up state.

“I insist.” His hand became firmer and guided you back down onto the chair. Damn persistent android.

“Alright, thanks it’s in my bedroom, down the end of the hall.” You slightly huffed as you pointed Connor in the right direction.

The android beamed at Hank and made a strange head nod signal back to you before strolling down the hallway.

Could he be anymore obvious? You thought to yourself with a sigh, hearing a similar sound across from you.

“So, how’s it been?” Hank cleared his throat and tried the same attempt with the awkward air around the two of you.

“It’s been great, sitting, eating, reading, sleeping and more sitting.” You replied sarcastically making Hank chuckle.

“Sounds like you’ve been living the dream.” Hank quirked an eyebrow towards you and smiled.

“What happened at work after, you know...” You ventured, not wanting to dance around the subject forever.

“That fight? Did you get into trouble?” You were worried about Hank, you didn’t want him to be reprimanded for beating Reed senseless.

You’d heard from Tina that Gavin hadn’t shown his face since yesterday and the large purple bruise on his face still told the story of his obvious defeat.

“Fowler let it slide seeing us we weren’t on duty.” Hank leant back in his chair with a smirk.

“...and Gavin didn’t want to press charges or anything and have it on his permanent file that I royally kicked his little punk ass.” Hank leant in with a lopsided grin that made your heart flutter out of your chest for a moment.

“Serves him right.” You scoffed, trying to settle your thoughts about how nice Hank’s icy blue eyes looked right now.

Or how amazingly sexy it was that he’d kicked the crap out of Reed for you after the slime ball had tried to french you in that hospital bed.

“I thought so too.” Hank’s rich laughter didn’t help the beating in your chest and it began to sound out in your eardrums.

“Thanks for defending me like that, that was really... incredible.” You saw Hank almost drop the handle of his cup before trying to brush the comment off.

“Uh, all in a days work right? Heh.” Hank tousled his hair back nervously. As your cheeks singed red, you cursed Connor for taking so long getting your bag, what was that robot doing in there?

Connor examined your room as he slowly walked around the vicinity, he had been purposefully stalling for time and smiled as he heard laughter echo down the hall.

His mission was all going according to plan and he’d now be able to learn even more about you while getting your bag.

He walked towards the dresser, opening the drawers and raised a brow at a few lingerie items that he stored in his memory drives.

Perhaps Hank would want to know about these? The android thought to himself, he was so good at this matchmaking role.

On top of your writing desk he eyed a few photographs, some of friends at the beach, others from the DPD Christmas parties.

He noticed that you’d framed one of these pictures and kept it safe amongst the others taped to the wall.

It seemed to be from a photobooth and depicted you and Hank smiling together, a Santa hat on the Lieutenant’s head while you donned some elf-ears.

Connor noted the arm Hank had around you and the obvious blush on his face as you sat halfway on his lap with a wide grin.

ANALYSIS COMPLETE: Lieutenant Anderson has had feelings for Detective Y/Name for at least a year now. >> SIDE NOTE: Alcohol seems to give the Lieutenant more courage?>>

Connor turned and saw that next to the framed picture was the card Hank had written for you, kept alongside a few post-it notes that he had left on your desk at work over the last few months.

ANALYSIS COMPLETE: Detective Y/name is also in love with Lieutenant Anderson
probability 99.83%>>

As he grabbed your bag from your desk chair Connor eyed the calendar above it.
“Interesting.” He murmured to himself, scanning the date you had circled and crossed out before leaving the room.

“About fuckin time Connor!” Hank huffed as the rk800 sauntered back into the kitchen.
“Here you are Detective.” He ignored the grumpy Lieutenant and beamed at you, placing the bag down on the table.
“Thanks Connor,” You said before downing the rest of your coffee. As you placed the cup down your eyes sparked open widely and you slapped your hands on the table.
“Ahh! I’m sorry, I’ve got to finish getting ready- I can’t go out looking like this!” You exclaimed, cupping a hand to your face as you jumped up.

“W-what, but you look perfect just as you are now...” Hank blurted out without thinking, startled at your outburst. The two of you exchanged an uncomfortably long glance that Connor seemed to revel in. “T-thanks, but I’ve still gotta uh,” You began, but Hank waved it away awkwardly with his coffee cup.
“Don’t worry about it, do what you gotta do, I’ve still got plenty of coffee here to finish...” Hank voice cracked a bit before he turned around to drink the rest of his, judging by Connor’s scans, completely empty cup.

When you had raced to the bathroom, cheeks ablaze as you clicked the door behind you, Connor turned towards Hank with a large grin on his synthetic face.
“Don’t Connor.” Hank warned him, but the android did anyway.
“That was an excellent compliment Hank, I believe that acquired the stage of flirting you want to achieve in your rapport with y/name.” He praised the Lieutenant, who would have, if his cup weren’t empty, spat out his drink.
“Shut up.” Hank grumbled, god why did he have to go and say that creepy shit to you?

“I have found some things of interest in y/name’s bedroom,” Connor tilted his head as Hank’s eyes went wide at the insinuation and decided to continue with his first discovery.
“A matching red lace undergarment in particular expresses a desire for detective y/name to engage in sexual acti-“
Connor found that his mouth was suddenly held by Hank’s bear-paw of a hand, whose eyes darted wildly towards the door you were currently behind.

“Shhhhh!” Hank hissed, “What the fuck are you talkin about?! What were you doing in there?!” His eyes narrowed, not letting go of the android’s mouth until he nodded to be good.

“Simply trying to gather reconnaissance on y/name’s relationship status and interests...” He assured Hank, whose eyebrow was so highly raised that it threatened to leave his forehead.
“She keeps a great deal of the notes you exchange, similar to those in your bathroom, Lieutenant.” Connor shrugged a shoulder back, adjusting his collar and flattening his hair.

“W-what?” Hank asked in disbelief and Connor grinned smugly in return. “As well as the card you gave her and other photos of the two of you together...”
He continued, feeling gratified as he saw the smile that Hank quickly tried to hide from him.
“But the most interesting point was the calendar,”

"Detective y/name was attempting to go to a concert playing downtown by her favourite band Deadly Masquerade.” The android leant forward, his voice beginning to go quiet.

This is the part he whispers? Hank rolled his eyes, fuckin androids. He moved in closer, so Connor could tell him the rest.

“However, due to her accident, she was unable to purchase tickets and missed out.” Hank bit his lip, that really sucked.

He thought he’d seen something about the tickets going online while you were in the hospital. If he had of known you wanted to go he could’ve bought the ticket for you...

“But I have a plan,” Connor started, but quickly whipped his head back as he saw you enter the room.

“What, you guys talking about me or something?” You asked jokingly, but then frowned as the two exchanged sheepish glances at one another.

“Alright, let’s get going- there’s a lot of work to do!” Hank exclaimed, and Connor didn’t think he had ever heard the Lieutenant this enthusiastic to get to work before.

Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

please let me know if you have any critiques/suggestions for how this fic is going!
And thank you for reading!! <3

Chapter Notes

This is a bit of a longer chapter! (sorry!!)
It's my take on the nest mission (so spoiler alert for stuff in that chapter!)
Thanks everyone for the ongoing support, it means the world to me!! :D

The office greeted you with a surprise morning tea, an assortment of confectionaries and coffee awaiting you in the breakroom.

"Thanks everyone for doing all of this." You didn't know quite what to say, it was all so nice.

"Don't mention it y/name." Captain Fowler grinned, slapping a friendly hand on your shoulder.

"We're all glad to have you back, also no need to worry about that last that case file it's all taken care of." He motioned to Reed, who stood at the very back of the break room.

As you made brief eye contact with Gavin, he scowled and left the room with a string of curses.

"You aren't going to be partnered with him anymore. I've got you strictly working on deviant cases from here on out." Fowler assured you, shooting a glare at the tantrum Gavin was having.

"You report to Anderson now." You took a seat, nodding in excitement at the prospect.

Hank tossed you a knowing look, a lopsided smile at the corner of his mouth that sparked a fire in your chest from across the table.

"From no partner to two in a manner of weeks, huh Hank?" Jeffrey jostled Hank's shoulder before helping himself to a couple of donuts.

"What can I say Jeffrey, I'm a people person." Hank scoffed lightly, picking out a slice and chomping on it as he spoke, crumbs going everywhere.

"You're getting chocolate all over your face Hank." You giggled as pieces of the brownie stuck to his cheek. "Gone?" He asked, patting at a completely different spot on his face.

"No it's still all there," You snorted as Hank started wiping his hand over his chin. "Here let me get it."

Without thinking you started to get it off with a napkin, unaware of the several eyes of your colleagues were now on the two of you.

Tina wolf-whistled, bringing you back to reality and realizing how intimate it looked. You could see Chris standing next to Tina, with the same wide-eyed snarky grin on his face. Fowler simply raised an eyebrow, which in his book was a major facial movement declaring shock and surprise. "Uh it's all gone now." You quickly whipped your hand back, scrunching the tissue into a fist.

"T-thanks" Hank said, still bewitched by how close your faces had been. Then he realized everyone was staring and he cast a classic Lieutenant Anderson grouchy glare at them all to fuck off.

"I'm glad to have you back Detective y/name, but you'll have to excuse me." Connor smiled, his eyes shifting towards the door.

"Oh, uh sure, thanks Connor." You supposed the android felt a bit out of place at the social gathering.

"Where the hell are you goin?" Hank called out after him, but Connor simply ranted about needing to send a report to Cyberlife and ran out the door.

"I guess he doesn't really eat." You suggested, and Tina frowned. "Well anyone got any Thirium baking recipes?" Chen proposed to the laughter of the rest of the crew.

After you'd stuffed your face with a plethora of muffins and other delicious sweets you wandered back to your desk.

There was a few little funny post-it notes laid out underneath your keyboard and as you counted them you realised it was five for the days you'd been away.

They were all in Hank's handwriting, some just jotted down something entertaining from the day.

One was a crude drawing of Gavin with a swollen face crying that made you snort out loud.

Neatly tucking them into your drawer you smiled to yourself before shutting it closed.

Turning on the console to get back to work, it wasn't until you'd logged in that you saw something else peeking out underneath some files on your desk.

It was a pink envelope and you felt your heart race as you picked it up. Who had left this for you, had it been Hank? What was inside?

"What's this about Connor?" Hank shook an envelope in the android's face, raising a suspicious eyebrow.

The android had been acting shifty all morning since he'd started talking about a plan and then he'd left halfway through the welcome back party with a clumsy excuse.

"Open it and find out Lieutenant, it's apart of the plan I was telling you about earlier."

Connor replied cryptically.

"I swear to god Connor, what have you done..." Hank rolled his eyes, but his hands shook in anticipation and worry as he ripped open the letter.

Inside was a ticket to Deadly Masquerade for tonight. Hank held the stub between thumb and finger, looking at Connor in disbelief. "It was difficult, but I found tickets- albeit from a second-hand source."

Connor initially had felt bad about buying them from an unregistered buyer but recalled the illegal bets that Hank frequently engaged in at the Chicken Feed and felt better.

Hank's eyes widened and quickly darted towards your desk, and his jaw dropped as he noticed you holding a similar envelope.

"Connor... what have you done?" Hank slowly put down the envelope, his fingers curling

into a frustrated fist.

“Also, I’ve forged a note in your handwriting, making it your idea.” Connor continued to flash Hank that stupid smile that he wanted to wipe clean off. “I thought that would be best.”

“My idea, for what exactly!?” He hissed, trying to gauge your reaction to whatever was on that piece of paper you were currently reading.

“The date Lieutenant,” Connor said it as though it were obvious. “I’ve arranged it seeing as you weren’t going to. I’ve already checked your schedule, you are free during the specific times.”

Hank almost fell out of his chair, holding the edge of his desk with both hands.

“You plastic moron! What did you write on that fucking paper?” Hank growled as he leapt from his chair, grasping Connor by the tie.

“You tell me right now Tintin!” Connor didn’t understand the reference.

“Only a simple message, asking detective y/name if she’d like to see the concert with you this evening.” Connor assured him, unsure of why Hank was getting so riled up.

The Lieutenant’s heart rate was at a similar level to the one it had been in the hospital room. He was suffering from anxiety, Connor logged into his system.

“Okay... that’s not too bad then.” Hank gave a relieved exhale, at least it wasn’t too weird, he’d just explain it was Connor’s stupid idea and that she should go take a friend or something.

“At least it doesn’t come off that romantic.” He sighed, scratching at his beard.

While Hank would love nothing more than to send you an invite like that, but him going to a concert with you?

You’d probably prefer to go with someone your own age, he’d just be an embarrassment.

Dark thoughts continued to spiral around in his mind as he watched you turn the letter over.

“Although...” Connor trailed off, his led whirring yellow and Hank began to feel anxious again. “What?” He barked, tugging at the coy android’s tie.

He was seriously going to shoot this hunk of metal someday.

“I might have also taken the liberty of drawing a few hearts on the invite and suggesting drinks afterwards at your place- which I’ll help you clean for the occasion of course.”

Connor almost sounded nervous as he added that part and as he scanned Hank’s facial responses, rightfully so as they narrowed.

“I might have to warn you Lieutenant that damaging me will incur a large fee to Cyberlife out of your personal expenses.” Connor informed the taller man as the veins in Hank’s temples and hands corded with rage.

Your hands were shaking as you held the ticket in your hand, you couldn’t believe it.

While you were drugged out in the hospital the tickets had gone on sale and in a manner of minutes sold out. How was this possible?

And the note... was everything you’d ever hoped for, Hank was asking you out and even suggesting that you go back to his place afterwards... this, this had to be a dream.

But even when you pinched your arm, you still held the envelope and the same goofy grin plastered on your face.

It fell only as your eyes laid onto the handwriting once more, while it was in Hanks style, it was too neat. Also, the word choice was overly formal, and the lettering was almost mechanical in the way it... shit.

You weren't one of the head detectives at the DPD for no reason. Connor had obviously written this and orchestrated the whole thing. That meddling little wannabe matchmaker-bot.

Your heart fell slightly as you turned around to see your hunch was correct, Hank was currently angrily shaking the android by the neck.

You gave him a faint smile, tucking the envelope into your coat pocket. "Ohh y/name, haha, uhh about that letter." Hank began, scratching the back of his head.

But before you could say anything in reply Fowler's booming voice sounded from his office. "Anderson! Y/Last Name! Get in here and bring Robo Cop with you!"

The three of you marched into the Captains office, Connor adjusting his crumpled tie with a pout.

"Yeah Jeffrey?" Hank grunted and was greeted by a file tossed at him.

"New deviant case, thought you could take y/name along Hank, seeing as she's been itching to get right back into it." Fowler casted you a smile which took you a moment to register.

While you'd been asking to join a case as soon as possible, this was going to be awkward.

"Ohh yeah thanks Captain..." You tried your best to look grateful despite dying slowly inside.

"Seriously, she's just gotten back do you really think-" Hank began to protest but Fowler ignored him completely taking an obnoxiously loud sip from his cup.

"I don't hear any case solving..." he said sharply, eyes glued to his monitor.

The three of you left Fowler's office and darted eyes at one another uncomfortably before going over the case file at Hanks desk.

"So we've got a deviant believed to be hiding out in an abandoned apartment complex outside the Urban Farm district."

You causally flipped through the file, trying to concentrate on something other than your strange mix of feelings.

"WB200 #874 004 961" Connor piped up, his led whirring from an incoming Cyberlife report.

"That means... literally nothing to me." Hank shrugged at the android who frowned.

"His model and serial number, Lieutenant have you not yet gone over those manuals I've provided you with?"

Connor eyed the giant stack of untouched booklets that Hank was using as a coffee cup stand.

"Uhh I'll get to it later." He lied, taking a sip of his latte.

"That's an agricultural android, right? No wonder it feels at home near the urban farm area. Maybe it used to work there?"

You suggested, and Connor beamed as though to give you a gold star before leaving the room.

"Geez how'd you know that?" Hank asked in disbelief as he grabbed a few things from his desk drawer.

"Well I might've read through all of those manuals while I was sick in bed..." You replied with a sheepish grin, there wasn't much else to do, and you wanted to keep sharp on the cases in whatever way possible.

"You're a menace, ya know that y/name? Now Connors going to be breathing down my neck till I do the same." Hank chuckled and placed a hand at your shoulder.

You eyed it warmly and then locked eyes with Hanks for a moment before he averted his gaze and ripped his hand away.

“Uhh, not that he can breathe or anything, uhh I’ll see you in the car. I’ve got to- grab somethin.”

Hank made his lame excuse and practically bolted in the other direction, leaving you with a literal cold shoulder.

“Well, at least this isn’t awkward...” you whispered to yourself harshly before leaving the office.

When you got to the car you quirked an eyebrow up at the android that was faithfully waiting beside it. You could swear that Connor had a tail at his back sometimes, like a little puppy.

“Connor, why did you send me a fake invite to the concert from Hank?” Connors mouth hung open like a carp, closed a couple times and then he finally replied.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about Detective, did Hank ask you out somewhere?” He fiddled with his hands, grabbing out the coin from his pocket.

“That’s good news isn’t it?” He awkwardly smiled as he casually flipped the coin in the air a few times.

Cyberlife had clearly not invested in the rk800’s lying parameters, he was terrible at it.

“Connor, you can’t force this kind of thing to happen.” You sighed, leaning against Hanks car. Connor blinked in confusion, the coin stopping between two fingers.

“But I don’t understand, you clearly both have the same feelings for one another. You are in love with Lieutenant Anderson, why can’t you pursue a relationship?” The question lingered in the air for a while and you didn’t know exactly how to answer it.

“I-I want to,” you began, running a hand through your hair.

“Trust me, I do. But Hank clearly doesn’t want that- I mean with how he reacted the other night to my confession, I’m not even sure if he wants to be in the same room as me half the time.”

The words stumbled out of you and you were amazed at how concise they were considering how much it upset you.

It felt good to vent, and while you knew it wasn’t entirely true- Hank had gone to pick you up this morning after all, but it still felt like trying to move the relationship any further made him uneasy. And that really hurt.

“I believe it’s the opposite, actually.” Connor remarked before hopping into the passenger seat and your eyes widened as you realized that Hank had been standing behind you to unlock the car.

Had he just heard all of that?! Shit. You slinked into the backseat without a single word, gluing your head to the window at the back of the car.

Hank joined you, sitting in the driver’s seat with a small sigh. Connor stared at him intently and Hank scowled.

Yes, he had heard everything, he felt like mouthing to the android. The tin-can had probably set it all up that way himself.

But still, knowing that you felt as nervous about the two of them as much as he did, gave Hank a strange sense of self-confidence.

“You guys ready to hit the town?” He asked playfully, and Connor tilted his head. “Hit it with what Lieutenant?” The android asked, and Hank swore under his breath.

“Fuckin androids... never mind.” Despite yourself you started giggling in the backseat at how annoyed Hank was becoming and Hank flashed you a grin from the car’s mirror.

“Alright then! Let’s go catch ourselves a fuckin deviant!” Hank started the car up with gusto and as he began to back out of the parking lot, hit the stereo.

Adjusting a couple of buttons, a string of familiar instrumentals rang out in the car.

“Hey, isn’t this?” You felt stupid for asking, it was probably just a coincidence, but you saw that it wasn’t the radio- Hank had intentionally played this song.

“I... thought we’d get prepared for tonight with some of their new stuff.” Hank could feel his face going crimson and he kept it planted at the steering wheel, so you couldn’t see.

Connor calculated that response with a curious frown and then quickly turned to you with a large dopey grin as he figured it out. You almost snorted at the obvious thumbs up he was giving you.

For a moment you didn’t quite know what to say and Hank tightened his grip on the wheel in anticipation.

“Cool, this is my favourite song of theirs at the moment actually.” You replied, hoping it sounded somewhat casual as your mind squealed in excitement.

“Oh really? It’s mine too.” Hank replied, turning the volume up as he sped along the highway.

“I uh- can’t wait for tonight, it should be a lot of fun.” You ventured further, your heartbeat reverberating along your jawline.

“I-I can’t either.” Hank agreed, peeking a glance behind his shoulder to look at you. You were relieved to see the matching crimson that touched his cheeks.

“Lieutenant, that was almost a red light.” Connor warned Hank, clutching the little handle at the top of the car like a nervous mother.

“Yeah, key word there- almost. That’s why I drove through it.” Hank snapped back cheerfully. He didn’t give a fuck about traffic signals right now.

He’d just taken the biggest risk and won the jackpot, he was going out on a date with y/name. As he revelled in the laughter that sang out from you behind his chair at how Connor pouted. Then the android piped up with something that made him almost slam the breaks down. “So, I believe that for us all to be punctual we should meet at Hank’s house and leave together.”

“Wait, what? Did you just say we?” You leant forward in your chair, the seatbelt rubbing against your chest as you tried to get a hold of the situation.

“Yes, that is the grammatically correct usage of the word we, Detective.” Connor folded his arms, slanting his head slightly.

“Okay smart-ass, she was asking whaddya mean you’re coming along too?!” Hank snapped, becoming livid as he took over an incredibly slow car in the other lane. There just had to be a god damn catch.

“I won’t be in the way, also I’m the one who procured the tickets in the first place.” Hank raised a brow at the vague threat.

“And I really enjoy this metal music too.” Connor finished with a defensive huff, as though to end the conversation. You bit your lip to stop yourself from laughing at how much the android was sulking right now.

“Alright, alright, we’ll all meet at my place, say 9.45? That’ll be enough time to get there.”

Hank exhaled, giving you an apologetic look.

But you simply shook your head in amusement, getting to see Connor in a mosh pit should be.... entertaining to say the least.

“I would suggest 9.20, although with your....” Connor paused, gripping the side of his seat as Hank made a hard left to get them onto the next turn off.

“-interesting driving style, we might be able to make it in that time.” He finished, flattening his hair back down with a judgemental glare.

With Hank’s interesting driving style, you all made it to the scene in no time. The urban farms windmills spun idly at the top of an abandoned apartment complex.

“What a shit hole.” Hank remarked as you entered the decaying ruin of an elevator.

As the two of you stepped out of the rusted death-trap, Hank turned around to see Connor still standing in the doorway. His led was flashing yellow, receiving more information from Cyberlife, no doubt.

You shrugged, starting to look around the hallway for any clues. “Hey Connor,” The androids eyes sparked open.

“You run outta batteries or what?” Hank barked at him. “I’m sorry, I was making a report to Cyberlife.” Connor informed him politely, still not moving.

“Uhh...” You motioned for him to follow. “Well do you plan on staying in the elevator?”

Hank teased. “No! I’m coming!” Connor called out after you both defensively before stepping out of the elevator.

“What do we even know about this deviant?” Hank asked, eyeing the file you held to your chest. “Not much, you got anything new Connor?” You turned to the rk800 who shook his head.

“Afraid not, just that a neighbour reported hearing strange noises coming from this floor.”

You and Hank exchanged an exasperated look. “That could be anything.” Hank grunted.

“Well nobody is supposed to be living here, but the neighbour said he saw a man with a LED under his cap.” Connor continued, frowning as you and Hank sighed.

“Christ, if we have to investigate every time someone hears a noise or sees something fishy, we’ll have to hire more cops.” Hank complained bitterly, and you agreed with a scoff.

“Let’s hope this guy isn’t just jittery and it’s a real lead.” You tried to bring up the mood, strolling along the decrepit halls.

“Huh, I guess the weird noises could’ve been birds...” Hank groaned at that as you pointed to a few stray feathers on the tile.

Suddenly Connor knelt beside you and started to investigate the pile of feathers. “Hey, so you just completed an entire report, just by closing your eyes?” Hank seemed marvelled by the prospect.

“That’s right.” Connor replied, a little smugly. “Shit... wish I could do that...” Hank drawled, leaning against the wall by the door.

“But then you’d miss out on all the fun of staying up in the godforsaken hours of the night before its due, barely functioning on caffeine the next morning when you hand it in!”

You chided him with an elbow, and Hank made a face.

“Gonna be honest, I’m starting to feel a bit attacked right now.” Hank smirked, leaning in a bit to elbow you back.

Only he didn't account for the height difference and lightly brushed his arm against your chest.

"I was aiming for-" He started, snapping his arm to the side, away from the provocative area it had probed.

"No, no I-I got it, it's cool..." You instinctively crossed your arms over your chest and took a step back.

Connor eyed the two of you, as though scanning the situation for his records.

"Well get a fuckin move on and knock on the god damn door already!!" Hank shouted, taking out his humiliation on Connor who quickly went to tap a fist on the door.

No response. "Anybody home?" Connor yelled, knocking louder. No response. "Open up! Detroit Police!" No response. Connor frowned, turning to you and Hank.

"Have you tried alakazam?" You tauntingly suggested, only to see that Connor was about to actually attempt your proposal.

"Let's try this instead-" Hank shoved Connor out of the way, he grabbed out his gun and kicked the door open with ease. "Nice." You praised him, and Hank flashed you a swoon-worthy grin.

"Stay behind me." He instructed the both of you. "Got it." Connor said. "Yes sir." You sarcastically saluted, which surprisingly made Hank blush quite a bit.

'So, he likes to be called sir, good to know...' you thought to yourself with an impish grin.

On high alert, the three of you began to walk through the rotting apartment, decomposing wooden furniture littering the rooms.

You eyed some strange drawings on the walls, symbols that meant nothing to you. "Nothing in this room." You shouted to Hank, who called out something similar about the opposite space.

You all stood at the door leading towards the main room. Hank gave you a nod to be vigilant which you returned as he opened the door with a shoulder barge.

"What the fuck is this?!" You jolted at the concern in Hank's voice, placing a hand at your gun holster defensively.

But then you realized that the strange noises around him were a flock of pigeons.

You couldn't help yourself and began to burst out in laughter as the birds started sitting on Hank's shoulders, perching along his grey locks like a statue.

"Yeah... real funny." Hank grumbled, shaking the birds off him. Then you both went silent, the entire room was coated in pigeon crap, it was some sort of avian invasion.

"Jesus this place stinks..." Hank complained, holding a sleeve up to his nose. "What's brought all these things here? The deviant?" You asked, coughing over the thick air of acrid bird smell.

"It's like a bomb of bird shit went off in here," You kicked a chair that was in the way.

The fluttering of bird wings and startled cooing followed you as you stalked along the rooms, frustrating you even further as you found nothing.

"Uhh, looks like we came here for nothin." Hank read your mind. "Our man is long gone."

You grunted in agreement, checking the fridge for any evidence.

"You hungry or somethin?" Hank teased, and you rolled your eyes. "Kinda lost my appetite on a count of the bird crap, and neither was our guy it seemed."

You motioned to the empty fluorescent trays. “Damn, I could’ve really gone for a sandwich.” Hank acted morosely before slamming the fridge shut.

“You can always have some seed, I hear it’s good for you.” You sprinkled some of the packet into your hand and offered it up to Hank’s nose.

“No thanks...” He replied bemused. Your little joke backfired as a couple of birds tried to leap onto your hand and you had to quickly clap the grain onto the ground to the snorting laughter of Anderson.

“I can’t believe it, that nutjob was actually feeding these fuckers.” Hank jabbed a finger in the direction of a particularly fat pigeon that cooed as if on cue.

“A trait of deviants has been known to be a predisposition to care for animals.” Connor remarked, unaware of the worrying looks that lined your and Hank’s faces.

Kind of like you and Sumo, you felt like saying. You turned to see Connor analysing a poster and walked up behind him. He tore it down, and you perked up as a secret stash was revealed.

“Anything good?” You asked, and Connor presented a small leather-bound book.

“I need some fresh air...” Hank complained, leaning against the window that wouldn’t budge open.

“You’ll live, you got something Connor?” You glanced back at the strange journal. “I don’t know, it’s encrypted.” Connor frowned slightly before tucking the book away in jacket.

You shrugged and walked up to a military styled jacket sitting on a set of drawers. “R.T.” You read out-loud from the lapel.

“His initials I guess...” You supposed, setting the jacket back down.

“He wrote his initials on his jacket? that’s something your mother does for you in first grade.” Hank scoffed from the other corner of the room. “I think it’s cute.” You replied.

“It stands for Rupert Travis, this is his falsified ID.” Connor showed the card he’d found.

“Cool at least we didn’t come for nothing!” Hank remarked. “Yeah that’s a major citation right there.” You added with a snide grin.

Connor seemed to be tired of the banter between the two of you and stomped into the bathroom.

You could tell he was licking some blood in there, as you heard Hank tell him off when he followed him in.

“It matches the serial number.” Connor said as he examined the removed LED alongside the sink.

“Not surprised it was an android, no human could ever live with all these fuckin pigeons...” Hank swore as one of them took offence and beaked at his boot.

“Argh! Jesus, I hate these things!” He shouted, swiping a leg to get them away.

You joined them in the bathroom and saw Connor analysing the far wall.

It had a series of strange obsessive writing on it, that you recognised to be ra9.

“Any idea what that means yet?” You’d heard about the phrase before from the Ortiz case, but no one had any clue as to what it was.

“The phrase been written 2741 times.” Connor seemed to ignore you as he palmed the wall, fingers edging over the lettering.

“It looks like mazes.” Hank offered, eyeing the weird accompanying symbols etched into the wall.

Connor quirked a brow but didn't answer, the two of you eyed one another and shrugged leaving the android to scan in peace.

Connor eventually walked back out, slowly approaching the corner of the living room, setting you and Hank on edge. He'd clearly found something.

A loud creak echoed from the ceiling as he stared up at a patch of board.

Then the pungent scent of dusted chalk entered your nostrils and scratched at your eyes as the ceiling caved in.

A figure slammed down on Connor like a sack of grain, leaping up in a manner of seconds before storming out of the apartment.

"God damn fuckin pigeons!" Hank batted a few with the back of his hand and you swatted one to get it out of your face.

"Well what are you waiting for?! Chase it!" He roared at Connor, who began to follow suit.

"You go, I'll just slow you down!" You urged Hank, who seemed against the idea. But as he saw how serious you were about it he agreed and started to bolt after Connor and the deviant. You didn't want your injury to be a hindrance to the mission and let the deviant get away.

Examining the floor plan in the case file, you found an emergency exit you could try to use and catch up even with your dodgy hip.

'Alright, here goes nothing.' You thought to yourself, heading off towards the exit.

Clambering through the fire escape, you cursed at the run of ladders as you slowly climbed them up to the roof of the building.

After scaling them you hoisted yourself over the brick ledge and could faintly see Hank dashing towards the nearby Connor and Rupert.

"Hank!" You waved towards the Lieutenant as he stopped for a few deep breaths, hands planted on his knees. "Y-you, how did you?" Hank wheezed, doubled forward as he tried to catch his breath.

"I saw a shortcut on the floor plan." You replied nonchalantly. "O-oh really, well good for you." He snippily replied, still panting slightly.

You both watched on as Connor leapt over a few rooftops with ease in envy.

"I-if I were younger, I would be doing that too just, so you know." Hank groaned about his back as he stretched it out into the sun.

"I call bullshit on that." You pointed at the android who was currently skydiving onto a moving train. "Well not that bit, sure." Hank glowered over the edge of the building.

"Alright you got anymore shortcuts you want to fill me in on?" You looked around, eyeing the urban farm rooftops, the trajectory of where Connor was chasing the deviant and then back to the map.

"I think they are heading towards this building, we can catch up to them through these systems here." You pointed towards some staff entries that'd bypass most of the parkouring.

"Ya know I really love how smart you are sometimes." Hank paused after he had said the line so causally.

"Just sometimes?" You played into it, admiring how red his face was becoming and the way he tousled at his hair.

"Alright, all the time." He continued, getting a bit smug when he saw how taken aback you were as he matched your flirtatious tone.

"Let's get moving already." He added, brazenly grasping your hand to hurry up. You looked

down at it in shock, even more so as he didn't let go.

His grip only faltered when you made it to the staff entry and neither of you uttered a word about how right it had felt.

You both wiped the nervous clammy sweat from your palms on your jeans in sync, next placing it at your gun holsters as you both approached the final exit.

"Be on the lookout." Hank rasped, opening the door with caution.

"STOP RIGHT THERE!"

You froze, gun drawn as you heard Hank shout out to somebody as they barged past. The deviant.

"Hands where I can see them!" You raised the firearm, only to lower it as the android grappled with Hank the two teetering towards the ledge.

"Hank!" You shouted, racing over towards him as Rupert shoved him over the roof. Hank gave out a gurgled holler as he was flung, desperately gripping the side of the building. Connor ran past, eyeing both Hank and the deviant. "Shit! Shit! I had that fucker!" Hank swore, writhing in anger as he tried to retain what little foothold he had against the jagged brick.

You grasped tightly at Hank's hand, but he was too heavy for you to lift on your own.

"Connor!" You cried out to the android to hurry up and help you.

"The deviant is getting away!" He yelled, facing you anxiously. "Come and help me lift Hank!" You struggled against the ledge, your footing slightly slipping.

"Connor you cocksucker! If you fuckin leave me down here I swear to god!" Hank barked over your shoulder, trying to shift himself up the face of the building.

You could feel your grip waver as your muscles trembled to keep Hank in one place, there was no chance that you could pull him up.

Then a firm hand joined your own, easily dragging the rest of the Lieutenant with you back to safety.

"Connor..." You had never been more relieved to see an android before in your entire life. Hank stood up slowly and dusted himself off. "You woulda caught him if it weren't for me slowing you down." He spat, clearly angry with himself.

"Fuckin shit!" You flinched as he bitterly kicked at the side of a storage container.

"It's alright, we know what it looks like." You tried to reassure Hank with a gentle touch on the shoulder, but he shook your hand off.

"I fucked this up, don't you try and comfort me!" He snapped, and you took a step backward in shock.

"We'll find it Lieutenant, together." Connor added, and Hank sighed. "You're right." He said to Connor and then turned to face you as well. "I'm sorry."

His icy blue eyes were filled with a regret that made your heart sink. "Don't mention it." You gave him a warm smile and suddenly all those doubts of his seemed to become unclouded once more.

"Let's head back for now, get some lunch?" You suggested with a coy smile.

"We can get that sandwich you were talking about earlier?" You added cheekily and Hank grinned.

“Well I have been missing out on my chicken feed quota for the day.” He rigorously patted his belly, and you could swear that Connor was rolling his eyes at the two of you.

Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

I am just so happy to see all of the amazing comments and support on this, thank you so much all of you!!

This is another long chapter, let me know if it's better to separate these scenes up or if its okay as is.

please let me know if you have any critiques/suggestions for how this fic is going!

“Thanks for the lift Hank.”

You said as the car rolled up to your apartment. Hank turned around with a grin as he stopped the car.

“Thank you for buying me lunch.” He replied with a wolfish grin. Connor sighed, obviously not pleased with your high-calorie venture.

“I’ll head to your place then for tonight?” You asked, still somehow feeling nervous about it all.

Your thumbs twitched and fidgeted, patting your hands at your thighs before hopping out of the car.

“Sounds good y/name, can’t wait!” Hank called out at you, and Connor flashed you a sly grin before waving you goodbye.

You stayed waving at them both as you watched the car hurtle out of the parking garage, Connor no doubt lecturing Hank about his rough manoeuvres.

When you entered your apartment, you fell flush against the front door after closing it shut. Holy crap, what a day.

You examined your hand, turning it over and remembering just how warm it had felt being wrapped in Hank’s while you were both running after that perp.

The adrenaline never really left your system entirely after that and it sparked and flourished in your chest as it gently pounded.

Tonight was going to be incredible, you assured yourself, trying to calm down as you went towards the bedroom.

Scanning the wardrobe, you grabbed out the favourite of your outfits, it was a number that was sure to hit them all dead.

As you placed it against your figure in the mirror you thought if it was going to be a bit too much...

But as it hugged your curves and shape so nicely, you shook off the insecurities that plagued the back of your and decided to put it on.

You were going to make sure that Hank knew that this was a date and you wanted to be taken seriously.

“A-are you wearing eyeliner Connor?!”

Hank sputtered, almost choking on his own saliva as the rk800 strolled out from the bathroom.

“I believe the correct term is guyliner Lieutenant and yes I’ve been studying the fashion for the subculture of heavy metal fans to determine my outfit tonight.”

Connor corrected him, completely unashamed as he walked out looking like he was an assistant manager at Hot Topic.

Hank eyed Connors get-up, raising a brow in amusement at the skinny legged black jeans that ripped at his knees.

The shirt he wore an opaque black mesh-like number and Hank physically cringed at the studded belt sitting underneath.

But he had to admit, the kid could really pull off anything, stupid Cyberlife making their androids so sexy. Bunch of horny virgin robotic engineers.

While Connor certainly looked the part, his shirt was clearly ironed and neatly tucked into his jeans.

Also, his hair was still immaculate as always, Hank began to laugh at the android who pouted in response.

“What is it?” He huffed, but Hank shook his head.

“Nothin, it’s nothing.” He wiped a tear from his eye as he tried to stop laughing.

“What are you going to be wearing?” Connor asked and Hank pointed to a heap of clothing on the end of his bed.

Connor scrunched his nose up as he examined the items;

there was a rather garish purple and green tiger striped button down and the same pair of jeans Connor had seen the Lieutenant in since they’d met.

Analysis complete: not suitable attire for a date >> FIND APPROPRIATE CLOTHING FOR HANK.

“This won’t do Hank,” Connor picked up the clothes and threw them back into his closet.

“What? Hey!” Hank protested as Connor shifted through the piled-up drawers.

“Who gives a shit what I wear?” He grumbled, and Connor eyed him closely. “Detective y/name will ‘give a shit’, that’s who.”

He wore a smug grin as Hank blushed at the thought and got more serious, helping him sort through the piles.

“Okay, okay. What should I wear then?” He asked, rubbing the back of his neck anxiously.

“What about this?” Connor grabbed out a black tee with a large graphic print for knights of the Black Death on it.

“Hmm I guess it suits.” Hank took the shirt and put it on the maybe pile.

Then the android gasped and pulled out something from the closet that Hank had forgotten all about.

A leather jacket from back in the day, it had been an old favourite of his, so he’d kept it all these years.

“This is perfect!” Connor admired the material, his face falling as Hank shook his head.

“That’s a young man’s jacket Connor, I don’t know why I even kept it. You wear it.” He

offered, looking to the floor and bypassing his gut shamefully.

“No.” Connor shoved the jacket at Hank. “This is your night Lieutenant.” His steely gaze made the other man shift uncomfortably.

Hank held the jacket up in front of him and faced his dreaded wardrobe mirror. “I don’t know Connor... I’ll just wind up looking like a jackass.”

He slipped on the jacket and noticed all the flaws that spilled out from him.

The mirror was his worst enemy these days and he avoided them at all costs and as he held the outfit in front of him all his fears that plagued the back of his mind came to the forefront. His hair was an untameable grey mop, his shoulders slouched too much, and his stomach poked out.

Where he didn’t have fat, the limbs were gangly and laced with hair.

His nose was too large, anything conceivable was a flaw, and even though he knew it was stupid he let the dark comments wash over him.

Everything about him was wrong.

“What am I even doing?” He asked more to his reflection than to the android.

The faint crow’s feet and other lines across his face felt like branding marks and burnt along the ridges of his pride.

“What the fuck are you doing here Hank?” He laughed at himself darkly and Connor tilted his head at the action.

“This is fucking ridiculous.” He tossed the jacket off and flung it across the room violently. Connor went to retrieve it but noticed that Hank was muttering to himself, raking his hands coarsely through his scalp.

“I should cancel. Yeah I’m going to call and cancel right now.” He repeated to himself, pacing back and forth in a tense loop, pulling at his bangs.

Connor gripped Hank by the shoulders as he detected that the Lieutenants heart rate was unusually high.

His breathing was elevated, and Hank struggled to keep himself calm.

“Hank don’t do something you’ll regret. Detective y/name will be crushed if you don’t go.”

He tried to reassure the taller man, but he wiggled out of his grip.

Hank was almost hyperventilating at this point and at the mention of your name it was like a hair trigger.

He slammed a fist into the mirror, shards of glass shattering, embedding a sickening red into his knuckles and the carpet.

Connor took a step back to give Hank some more space as his breathing became choked up.

“You don’t fucking get it you stupid robot! How could you?! You’re always going to look like that,” he jabbed a finger at him and motioned to Connors flawless skin and youthful appearance.

“You won’t end up looking like this” He spat out the word as he took a final glance in the broken mirror.

“You don’t have to deal with this.” He cupped both hands at his face, not wanting to look at the haggard visage any longer.

Connor knelt beside Hank as his chest heaved, weeping into his knees on the bedroom carpet. "Hank. You are too hard on yourself, y/name appreciates you and from my scans is very much physically attracted to you as well." Connor was at a loss for what to do, he never imagined he'd ever see his usually emotionally reserved partner upset like this before.

"Yeah well, she's too easy on me, that's the problem. I don't deserve any of this Connor. Whatever she thinks she sees in me it's all fake. I'm not some great guy." "That's just not true Hank." Connor rubbed Hank's back and started to smooth out his stifled gulps of air into a more comfortable rhythm. "Why don't you go out with her, it'd suit having her on your arm instead of mine!" He snapped bitterly at Connor, what did that android feel about you anyway?

"Detective y/name is a wonderful woman, Hank, but she isn't in love with me." Connor didn't think of you as a romantic partner, more like a friend or sister, a sort of confidant. "She's in love with you." Connor frowned at the disbelief riddled over Hanks brow as he sank back into his knees.

"I'm nothing but a disgusting old man, Connor, I can't do this!" He whimpered, wiping a hand roughly under his nose. Fucking hell he felt so pathetic, showing himself to someone else like this- even if it was an android. He'd usually just push down all of these thoughts in until he could get home and drown himself in a bottle of whiskey. In fact, that was the routine, until...

You'd asked him if you wanted to get a drink after work sometime.

It'd taken him aback, but he accepted, supposing that you were just being friendly. But then it became a regular thing, something to look forward to. Every week after work you'd both head out, buy each other some drinks, laugh about stupid things and chat endlessly about nonsense. Hank didn't really have something to look forward to before like that in a long time.

Then the coffee orders started coming in. You'd heard what his was and started buying him coffee, sitting it at his desk before Hank walked in.

At first, he'd refused it, embarrassed to have someone else getting it for him, but you challenged him to get to work earlier and buy your coffee order if it bothered him so bad. Hank still couldn't get the face of utter shock that you gave the next day when the usually late Anderson was there before 7 am, your coffee steaming away on your desk with a little victory post-it note.

Every time he pulled away, you pushed just a little bit harder to get him in the right direction.

"You can do this Hank, and you will." Connor replied, "We still have a couple of hours, we'll get you ready okay?" He offered Hank a warm smile and the other man finally looked up from the cupped palms of his hands.

“Alright Connor let’s get ready.” Hank steadied himself back to his feet, Connor gave him a surprised look of confusion and relief, before racing around to get the Lieutenant prepared.

You laid on flat out on the bed, hand stretched out as your heart threatened to flutter away from your chest.

Butterflies choked your throat and shuddered down your spine as you replayed the things you and Hank had said to each other since you’d ever met.

Over-analysing each piece of your relationship to the minuscule amount, you wondered if this is what it felt to be an Android, able to scan and access their memories at a whim.

Did they feel the same hesitation and despair when they came across a memory they wanted to forget? Deviants might, you supposed.

Sighing softly, you turned over to look at the clock, it was still an hour or so before you could go over to Hanks.

That brought your mind to the times you’d been at Hanks place, that night over a week ago now when you’d found him with Connor.

A revolver laid on the ground, a whiskey bottle smashed right beside it. The dark cloud of that night weighed over you and him, unspoken and thrown under the rug.

But there was another time you’d been to Hanks place, with a similar bottle of whiskey open on that familiar kitchen table.

It was months ago now, Jimmy’s bar had been unexpectedly closed for the night, the routine between the two of you broken.

You’d almost gone home disappointed, but then Hank made the offer to drink at his place instead. Before he could take it back you leapt at the chance.

“Another.”

Hank reached for the whiskey bottle and you tapped you glass on the dining room table indicating him to refill it.

You were starting to feel a bit drowsy, and really, really should have anymore- but that didn’t matter. You were going to win.

The suggestion for a drinking competition had been Hanks, albeit a joke at first but then the two of you took it seriously as the bottle got emptier.

“Y/name? Yer alrigh?” Hanks words slurred over the top of one another before he downed his own drink.

You merely nodded, despite not being alright and lifted the glass, sipping down the amber liquid with a hiss.

“Worry bout yoursself Hank!” You shouted the end of the sentence for reasons unknown to even yourself and slammed the empty glass down on the table.

“I’ve gotta get up and-“ you didn’t know what for, but it seems like a good idea until your legs wobbled and almost caved in underneath you.

Hank placed a hand on your thigh, settling you back in your chair before you could fall over.

He kept it there, almost examining it and you dared to place your own over the top of his giant hand.

Yours dwarfed in comparison and that caused an array of dirty thoughts to cloud your drunken mind.

“W-we are really drunk huh?” Hank forced his hand off your thigh, attempting to pry yours along with it.

But you laced your fingers around his and leant in close, giggling in your inebriated state.

“I love your hands Hank.” You blurted out, unthinking your mind was a haze of strong whiskey.

“They are so big and feel so firm... so strong.” You stroked lazily along the lifeline of his palm.

Hank audibly gulped, and you felt yourself staring at the way his strong Adam’s apple shook underneath his beard.

“Hank...” it came out as barely a whisper, your hand tightening its grasp around his.

“You’ve had a lot, this... game really wasn’t a good idea.” Hank tore his hand away, trying to rationalise his thoughts despite the alcohol, adrenaline and arousal simultaneously raging in his system.

You were completely drunk, this wasn’t right he reminded himself. Hank didn’t want you to regret anything, especially not him.

It’d crush him to have you averting your gaze while in the office or thinking of him as an old seedy pervert.

You were the only one that truly got him at work and didn’t avoid him or treat him as the lousy deadbeat Lieutenant Anderson.

All the other detectives like Reed were gunning for his position, spreading whatever lies they could spew in his direction to get the newbies and veterans alike to hate him.

But you’d seen through all of it, told Gavin to go fuck himself and stuck around even when Hank had his bad days.

“Hank, I don’t feel very well...” You shyly admitted, your body and mind were going numb.

“Shit you okay kid?” Hank had rushed to your side, helped you up and brought you to the sink where you’d unceremoniously lost the drinking contest and most of your lunch.

Afterwards, you’d almost all memory of the night became a blur, but had woken up in the middle of it on Hank’s couch, a blanket over you.

Some jazz played in the corner of the room, muffled from the soft record player.

The only light source in the room was the faint glare of the muted television, where Hank sat in a lounge chair.

You stared up at him, his hand was over the barrier between the two of you, gently stroking at the strands of hair that had fallen from your pillow over to his side.

Staying completely still as not to ruin the moment you enjoyed the way his fingers gently teased at your hair.

Soon you realised that the muffled tones of the record player were being repeated in light hums from Hank himself.

The lullaby of his rich voice might have sent you back to sleep in mere minutes, but you

could never forget that strong image of him playing with your hair, a lopsided smile on his half-asleep face.

That night had never been discussed between the two of you again, but you thought about it often.

How gentle he'd been, picking you up in your arms like you weighed nothing and placing you safely down on the lounge.

He had just as much to drink as you had but remained the more composed one, the adult.

Your heart clenched as you recalled the amount of times he'd referred to you as a kid, it outweighed the scale of your insecurities dropping it to the floor.

"He only thinks of you as some stupid little girl, chasing after him like his fuckin dog."

Reeds cruel words in the hospital rang out in your mind.

They were difficult to get out and you started to pace around the hallway to try and get your composure and confidence back.

"It's fine, he likes you. Reed is just a dickbag." You chanted a few times in a sort of mantra, until you started to believe it.

With a loud sigh, you grabbed your keys and purse.

It was now or never, you'd find out one way or another about how Hank really felt towards you tonight.

The apprehension that struck at you before you rang Hank's doorbell clenched at your stomach. This was really happening.

The bells toll sparked in your fingertips and sent a current to your lungs which tightened as you waited for an answer.

"Y/name!" Connor swayed the door open, an almost blank expression on his face except for his eyebrows which were raised high.

"Connor." You responded, not really knowing why the android continued to block the door.

"We need a couple more minutes, excuse me." And with that, he slammed the door flush in your face.

"Rude." You kicked some pebbles off the welcome mat and strolled around the front lawn, twisting up your clothes in balled fists.

Was he having second doubts? What was going on in there?

"Oh man, she's here... Jesus fuckin Christ..." Hank grumbled to himself, trying to remain calm.

"It's alright Lieutenant, I'm almost finished here." Connor picked the scissors up from the kitchen sink and got back to work.

He hadn't taken much off, to keep the mans 'rugged charm' as he assumed you would put it given the androids psychological profile of you.

But it was still enough to clean him up significantly and make an impact.

As Hank glanced shyly at the mirror to admire the job the android had done, he waved a hand through the tousled locks and eventually gave a small smile.

"Does it look good?" Connor asked. "It looks... different." He mumbled, surprised at himself

as he could stand to look in the mirror for this amount of time.

He was nearly cleanly shaven, but a nice line of stubble was kept accentuating his strong jawline.

His hair was essentially the same length, but it was trimmed and styled, feeling lighter than before.

"But yeah, it looks good. It's okay I guess." He added as the android stared at him intently, scissors still in hand.

"Excellent!" Connor pushed him out the doorway to confront you without another word.

When the door opened your jaw almost flew off the handle of your chin, Hank walked out, hands in the pockets of a killer leather jacket.

His hair was well-groomed and slightly styled, you realised that Connor had cut some of its length while you were waiting outside.

"You look..." You were too stunned to finish your sentence as you eyed him head to toe.

"Really nice. Like really good Hank, holy shit."

Hank's cheeks went bright red as his eyes met yours and he took in your figure.

"You're so beautiful..." He mumbled under his breath, running a hand down the back of his neck. "You look amazing y/name."

You both lingered for a while in the driveway, until Connor cleared his throat to remind you both that you had a concert to attend to.

Standing in line, you felt yourself elated as Hank wrapped his arm around your shoulder for a moment as he handed over the tickets.

Connor was a hit, as you'd expected, and it wasn't long until he'd started to be chatted up by a few women in line.

While they frivolously left after discovering he was android, the pretty ST300 Hostess who managed the tickets, remained.

They spoke at length as the line slowly moved forward and when you all entered the concert, Connor casually waved you both off.

He would catch up later once his new lady friend could join him after her work was completed.

"Have fun kid!" Hank snorted as Connor's face went bright blue after you whispered a suggestion at his little crush.

"I am merely fascinated by the different roles that androids perform detective." He folded his arms with a huff.

"Of course, of course..." you teased before waving him goodbye.

The concert was incredible, music poured over you alongside the cheering of fellow fans screaming in tow with the ballads.

"This is amazing!" You tried to shout over at Hank, who was standing right next to you. He didn't quite hear what you said but smiled and nodded all the same.

When the crowd threatened to crash through the two of you like a wave and separate you, he protectively gripped you by the waist and held you close.

As his arm snaked around a stray concert goer bumped into you making you jolt, and Hanks hand slipped landing squarely on your ass.

You could tell that he was trying to move it, but it kept planting itself there as the crowd bumped into him.

Before he could place it somewhere else, the crowd kept swaying and you pulled at his shirt to keep track of him.

You didn't mind where his hand was right now, you just wanted to make sure you didn't lose sight of him, and having the large hand cup around you was a bonus either way.

Laughing and going along with the thrashing of the music, you admired the strong scent of Hank's cologne, which was sharp in your nose as he guided you by the hand through the crowd.

It wafted onto your own clothes and it strangely excited you to begin to smell like him.

Hank drew you into a pocket of the crowd where it wasn't as loud, the music thumping in your skull started to die down a bit.

"You havin fun?" He asked you, his face riddled with worry for some reason.

"Of course! This is amazing Hank! Thanks for taking me here!" You reassured him enthusiastically, having to yell over the music.

"Are you?" You tried to gauge his expression, but it was difficult to see as the strobe lights left you both in darkness for a moment.

"Yeah!" He replied with a huge grin that you'd never seen before leaving his lips.

You struggled to keep your composure as the crowd knocked you both around and you took the opportunity to draw yourself into his tall frame, clutching a hand at his chest you could feel how hard his heart was thumping.

"Geez, it's getting pretty wild in here, how you holding up?" Hank murmured into your ear, the rich tone setting your skin on fire with heated cheeks.

"I'm good, so long as I'm with you I feel nice and safe." You thought you'd made the situation weird with your odd word choice or something, but then realised that Hank was silent at a loss for words.

A large prideful smile dimpled his cheeks and he held you close in his arms, both of you swaying along with the music for the rest of the set.

Like all concerts, it seemed to be over before it began in a blur of thumping hormones and harmonics and the crowd started to disperse in a loud pattering stamp of heels and jostling of shoulders.

You and Hank gave each other a bummed out look that it was over and you found yourself feeling lonely as his arms unwrapped from across your shoulders.

To compensate from the sudden loss of intimacy, you decided to quickly snatch his hand in yours, swinging your arms wide as you walked through towards the exit.

"Where do you think Connor is?" Hank tried to use his height advantage to peer across the stage, but the rk800 was nowhere to be seen.

"I'd say he's probably working on his processors right about now." You winked up at him and Hank chuckled.

You both decided it'd be best to wait at the bar outside the event so Connor could catch up, and you sent him a text before sitting down to order some drinks.

"I'll be right back y/Name." Hank stood up, pointing towards the bathroom.

"Yeah sure no problem." You turned back and had a look over the drinks menu and then stared a bit at the muted sports game being played on the flat screen.

The music from the concert still blared in the back of your head, man that had been a great

set. Fucking awesome.

To come here with Hank no less was like a fever dream, you both belted along the words completely out of tune, but neither of you cared. It was too much fun.

You hadn't let yourself go like this in a long time you thought to yourself wistfully, knowing that Hank probably hadn't either.

You noticed a nicely dressed woman sit down beside you, but the other chair was still free for Hank.

"Oh, sorry is this taken?" She asked, adjusting her handbag. "No, it's cool, plenty of space." You gestured to the empty row of stools.

"Thanks." She gave a toothy grin before ordering her drink. What a nice lady you thought to yourself before going back to watching the game.

You heard someone walk up behind you and turned around expecting it to be Hank, but instead it was just a stranger in a faded denim jacket.

You didn't take any notice of the guy until he bumped into the woman purposefully next to you, she made a short protest and he brushed it off as an accident.

But then you saw the hand slip past her shoulder and something fell into her drink with a muted plonk.

"Hey! I saw that- don't drink any of that!" You quickly grasped the woman by the wrist before she could take a sip.

"Oh my god!" The woman immediately set her glass down, spilling some of it onto the counter.

"Y/name, what's going on?" Hank asked, walking back from the bathroom.

"He slipped something into her fucking drink!" You jabbed a finger into the man's collarbone and the lady at the bar shuffled off her seat in fear.

"W-what?!" The woman exclaimed, examining her now fizzing cocktail.

"What's it to you, you got no god damn proof." He tried to brush you off with a hand.

"Stupid cunt." He added in a harsh whisper, attempting to break through and leave.

"I'm a cop dipshit, that's what it is to me fuckface!" You slammed your badge into the slimy guys greased up face before shoving him into an arm-lock.

"Hey! You fucking bitch!" He hollered, swiping a knee up that caught you by surprise.

It didn't quite wind you, but it gave you the pause he needed to try and make a run for it. Or he would have if not for Hank waiting for the little prick.

The Lieutenant easily tackled the man to the floor, wrestling him down with a boot pinned to his back.

"Lieutenant! Detective!" Connor shouted as he returned, a few enamoured women in toe.

Hank shook his head in disbelief at the swooning ladies that the android seemed to be unaware of. "Unbelievable he's got a fuckin fan club now." He muttered.

You reached into your handbag and retrieved a set of cuffs, handing them over to Hank who raised a brow. "What?" You asked incredulously.

"You always bring cuffs to a date?" Hank teased as he restrained the shitbag on the floor.

"Hey, you never know when they'll come in handy." You replied, eyes gleaming impishly.

"A girls gotta look after herself." You admired Hank as he clicked the cuffs in place and used them to pick up the perp.

"Huh, good to know." Hank turned and flashed you a wolfish grin that made your heart jump up and down.

"Let's go buddy, hope you like cold dark cells." Hank began dragging the man out of the room, and you went to join him by were gently grasped at the forearm.

"Fuckin pigs man!" The guy tried to kick and thrash around but was easily kept still by Hanks vice grip.

"T-thank you so much!" You turned to see the would-be victim, a young woman around your age.

"It's alright, I'm glad you didn't get hurt." You assured her, and the woman gave you a tight hug, shaking slightly.

"Do you have someone to take you home?" You asked, and she nodded, quickly unwrapping her arms with a tear-filled smile. "I can't thank you enough."

You saw the woman grab out her phone to text a friend and decided it was alright to head off, turning to Connor.

"Connor let's get going."

You could hear the disappointed groans of a few of the ladies he was politely chatting with, while they were clearly attempting to take the android home with them.

"Farewell, it was nice meeting all of you." Connor flashed them an award-winning smile that they all swooned at, legs turning to jelly.

You snorted at their reaction and when Connor walked beside you, you couldn't help but look him up and down to see what all the fuss was about.

As you examined him, you gripped at his wrist. "Is this a phone number?" You asked, eyebrow raised. The amount of numbers was a bit off though.

"No, it's a model number, the service hostess ST300 android wrote it on my arm so I wouldn't forget." Connor eyed it with a great deal of smugness that made you snicker.

"Although, I'd already recorded it, I think she might have written it because she was jealous." Oh, so this android knew the reactions of those women and kept it cool? Damn, he was becoming a player.

"Hey, and Is that lipstick on your neck Connor?" The obvious smudge of red was brushed up against his pale collarbone.

You noticed that the androids neck flushed bright blue at the question.

"It's strange that an android would apply makeup, but I've discovered a few things about the ST300's functions tonight." Connor winked at you as your eyes widened at the insinuation.

"Did you even listen to any of the concert?" You teased, and he defensively replied that he had, the two of you playfully squabbling as you got back to the car.

Hank had shoved the offender into the backseat, and Connor offered shotgun to you, so he would sit next to the perp instead.

You appreciated the offer and took it, not really wanting to be sitting right next to the scumbag.

When the guy tried to protest his rights about getting a call to his lawyer and what have you like they do on tv, Hank blasted the radio louder to drown him out.

"What? Sorry can't hear you up here." Hank shouted back. "The criminal says that he-" Connor began to repeat for them at a louder pitch than the music.

"Connor, shut up I don't care what he says." Hank cut him off.

"Oh- alright then Lieutenant." The android understood and continued to stare daggers at the man in the backseat, making him nervous as he scanned him.

"William Harringer, Age: 37, number of arrests for indecent assault, sexual assault, domestic abuse charges count to 17." Connor deducted.

"What the fuck how did you?" The guy, apparently named William spat at Connor. "He's an android, genius." Hank snidely remarked, shaking his head as he gripped the wheel.

"You're a real class act huh?" You called out to the back, pleased with how your sarcasm derailed him. He obviously had several issues with women.

"Fucking cunt!" He shouted, and Hank barked at him to shut his trap before he did it for him. The rest of the drive went along in silence.

"No point in making us both go back to lock this fuckin jackass up." Hank pulled up to your place, a detour on the way to the precinct.

Hank wouldn't take no for an answer and you accepted his other offer to walk you back up to your apartment as well.

"Thanks for tonight Hank, sorry it didn't end great." You shifted uncomfortably as you both approached the front door, you felt guilty for leaving Hank to deal with the mess.

"You sure you don't want me to-" You began but Hank waved the comment away with a smile.

"Don't apologise! You just saved that girl back there from that fuckin piece of shit, that's the best ending I could think of for a date." Hank chortled, leaning an arm over the door frame and yourself.

The action closed in the gap between the two of you, and you reveled in how close you were.

"Really? You didn't have any other ideas for how this night might end?"

You teased, gently tugging at the ends of Hanks jacket to get him nearer, he essentially pinned your smaller frame against the wall now.

"Well... maybe a couple." Hank gave a breathy laugh that you could feel on your cheek as he leant in, brushing his lips against your hair and forehead.

You shivered at the contact of his lips and the stubble tickled goosebumps against your flesh.

"Oh really? Then why don't you show me?" You whispered gently into his ear and enjoyed the low guttural groan that emitted from him at the tone of your voice.

His eyes gleamed almost fiendishly before they fluttered shut alongside your own, the aftershave from his jawline wafted onto your neck in a string of tension as your lips barely touch-

BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEEP BEEP BEEEEEEEEEEPPPPPPPP

The honking from Hank's car made him jolt forward in shock, slamming his forehead onto the top of your head.

"Owww..." You groaned, rubbing the area you'd just been struck. "Ahh shit!" Hank cursed, rubbing his forehead.

"LIEUTENANT!" Connor's voice rang out from the passenger seat window. "I need to report back to my charging bay and-"

Whatever look Hank gave him, even in the pitch night caused Connor to wordlessly bring the car window back up with a loud click.

"Fuckin stupid android..." Hank grimaced, before turning back to you, getting a bit crestfallen as he saw how humiliated you were.

But it was a natural reaction at being caught, not at all because it was with him.

You quickly tried to regain yourself and began to laugh it off. "Typical."

Hank grunted in agreement at that, and then his eyes darted elsewhere. "Well, I guess that ruined the mood now, I should get go-"

You didn't let him finish that thought. Stepping on your tiptoes, you roughly grabbed at his shirt, pulling Hank down to sweep him into an even rougher kiss.

As your lips crashed together, Hank regained his footing grasping you by the waist, holding you up at his chest he began to kiss you back hungrily.

You ached in the embrace, trying to not let him know how much you were drowning right now, but a whimper still escaped your throat, joined by a rasped groan from Hank.

His hand braced against the door-frame, the other combing through your hair.

You could feel the strength and restraint of him against you right now, it shook at your core and you grasped at a handful of his shirt to try and gain some leverage.

Hank let his head roll back, catching your hips as they grinded against him, pulling them in tighter.

"Ah- y/name... you're so beautiful, I've always wanted... this." He emphasized the last word as you kissed along his jaw to the corner of his mouth.

"So have I." You replied breathlessly, hank slid both of his hands slowly up the back of your dress, kissing you again deeper and slower this time.

"It really shouldn't be possible, me touching you like this ya know?" He muttered, groaning softly as you raked a nail gently against his collarbone.

"Why not?" You asked tasting your bottom lip as he drew back slightly. "It's always just been a fantasy, never something I thought would be real-"

You cut him off again, making him gasp as your nails dragged lightly into his hair and along his profile.

"What if I told you it's all I think about too?" You practically purred against his jaw, feathering at his neck until he tilted your head back up.

"I'd think you must be crazy, but hey guess that means I'm into crazy chicks then huh?"

His rich laughter sounded against your earlobe, which he tugged at gently between his teeth before hungrily dragging you back in for another deep kiss.

Hank's thumbs brush along your cheekbones as you hum approvingly against his lips, eventually you both needed to breath despite the passion and after you separated it was as though you'd both just been in a fight.

Clutching at your sides, snickering at bit in embarrassment and tension that mostly subsided before you locked eyes once more.

You noticed that you didn't see the usual apprehension or anxiety in those icy blue pools of his, and wondered if yours were just as relaxed as his.

"Good night Lieutenant." You teased, shifting your weight off of him and against the door frame with a longing caress of a hand against his forearm.

"Good night Detective." He replied with a wolfish grin, that made you wish that there wasn't a perp in the back of his car so you could drag him into your room and have him take you right there and now.

Chirping insects flourished against the faint florescent lights of your apartment complex, and it obscured the figure of Hank and his expression as he strolled down the concrete steps towards his car.

But you knew that he was smiling by the gleam of his teeth, bright against the luminescent grey of his hair in the night breeze.

And so were you, grinning like a mad fool, leaning against the railing as you wistfully watched him leave.

"I'm sorry Lieutenant." Connor sulked as Hank entered the drivers seat, and he simply chuckled at the sad little android, twiddling his thumbs.

"Don't be Connor, without you, this- that," He looked back towards your shadowed figure at the railing. "Would never have happened, thank you. Seriously I mean it."

He clapped a hand on the rk800s back, who beamed brightly back up at his partner. Connor straightened his posture, a surge of pride and achievement entering his systems.

Well he did always accomplish his mission after all, the android thought to himself smugly.

"Huh, so you're fuckin that little cunt?" Hank gritted his teeth as the scraping voice of the deadbeat in the back opened his useless mouth. He'd forgotten all about this lowlife.

"I bet she's real good in the sack, oh man lucky you- so what you give her a pay rise and she sucks you off or somethin?" The man cackled to himself, his eyes glassy and filled with rage as he spoke.

Hank knew he was just trying to aggravate him, but that didn't stop him from digging his fingernails into the steering wheel so he didn't turn around and slug the guy.

"Why else would that fuckin bitch be caught dead with a old fuckin creep like you huh answer me tha-" Hank turned around as the man's rant fell silent and was replaced with a sickening thud.

Connor turned back, whipping his fist back to his side before adjusting his seat-belt back on. He turned to Hank as though nothing had just occurred, despite the obvious broken-nose that the guy was now sporting, spit and blood gargling out of his mouth like a fountain.

"I was getting sick of listening to him Lieutenant." Connor explained himself shortly, adjusting his top and realising there was no tie.

"Fair enough." Hank grinned, starting up the car before taking one last look at the knocked out guy in his backseat.

Then he admired your apartment door, fading into the background of his rear-view mirror, so long as he lived he'd never forget that spot. Or this night.

Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

finally got an update finished for this!!

Also wow over 100 kudos?! That is so amazing! Thanks everyone!

Chapter Notes

Some spoilers for the Stratford Tower investigation.

You and Hank carpooled the next morning, you decided to give him a lift to pay him back for dealing with that disgusting guy last night.

“How’d it go?” You asked him as he hopped into your car.

“It went great, Connor punched him right in the face, knocked the shit clean outta the guy.”

Hank was absolutely beaming as he thought back to that moment, buckling his seat belt with a firm click.

“Nice ride by the way.” Hank seemed genuinely impressed as he scanned the interior, which you knew meant a lot considering he was such a car guy.

“Oh really? Thanks, and hey wait did you just say that Connor sucker punched the guy?!”

You were almost distracted of that important fact by the sudden compliment.

“Yup, broke the douchebags nose and everything.” Hank looked like a proud father, grinning from ear to ear.

“Don’t worry, he still got charged we just lied on the report and said Connor was malfunctioning. So, unless he wants to try and sue the multi-billion corporation of Cyberlife for his trouble...”

You snickered at that, of course Hank would falsify the reports. “Nicely done Anderson.”

Hank chuckled at your terrible Fowler impression.

“Speaking of the Captain...” You began and then lowered your gaze to his hands.

“Uh, are we- should we tell him about us, dating? So, we don’t get into trouble for it later?”

You had been slightly stressing about it at the back of your mind, while the forefront celebrated the fact that you and Hank were together at last in blissful innocence.

Hank hummed it over, scratching at his beard thoughtfully and then frowned. “I guess, or we could hide it and act all weird like in one of those drama shows?” He teased, leaning back in his seat.

“You mean like when it excites the couple that no one else is the wiser about their illicit relationship?”

You added dramatically raising your eyebrows, noticing the interested gleam hit his eyes for a moment at the prospect.

“Nah that sounds like too much effort, let’s just tell Jeffrey.” Hank shrugged it off, not wanting to seem over eager at how sexy it sounded to keep it a secret.

“So, no insane office sex in the broom closet or something while they hold a meeting because our passion just can’t contain it?” You continued mockingly, hand over your heart as you spoke.

“I mean we could still totally do that.” Hank replied with a chuckle his voice breaking a bit as he thought about the two of you in the closet.

“But I think that for a lady such as yourself, the first time should be in a better place than that dump.”

Hank leaned over, wiping the smirk off your face and replacing it with a pleasant surprise as he gave you a loving peck on the cheek.

You returned it with a giggle filled kiss at his forehead, the two of you acting like high schoolers for a moment before heading out to the precinct.

Strolling into the DPD, you gave Connor a high five for the well-placed punch from last night and the android added that action to his systems with a confused smile.

But when you walked down the hall you and Hank eyed each other nervously before knocking on the Captains office door.

“Come in.” Fowler grumbled, not looking up from the paperwork he was buried in.

“Ah yeah Jeffrey, here’s the thing- me and,” Hank fumbled over his words as the two of you took a seat at his desk.

Fowler sighed and reached into his drawers, shuffling through and then slapping a set of forms at your noses.

“Sign the bottom here.” He said flatly, placing a pen beside the dotted line.

“Uh what?” You asked, looking down at the documents you realised it was a release form for inter office relationships.

“You think I’m stupid or somethin, look I don’t give a damn what you two get up to on your down time, you both get the job done. Now just fill out the forms and get on your way.”

While his words came out harsh, you noticed a smile forming at his eyes.

Hank scribbled down his name with a chortle. “Thanks Jeffrey.” You did the same, still a bit taken aback at how easy this all was to deal with.

“Y-Yeah thanks Captain.” You said, your cheeks going pink as he flashed you a grin.

“Alright you’ve signed here saying that you and Anderson are together- now you’re the only one that has to deal with his shit.

Don’t come running to me when you realised it was a big mistake.” Jeffrey teased, taking the papers and stamping them.

Wow so it was official now- the two of you were actually together. It dawned on you as Fowler places the forms back into his desk.

Your face must have looked ridiculous, as you could feel how hard you were smiling right now.

Hank grumbled something back at the Captains insult before hopping up to get to his desk and Fowler stopped you as you held the door to join him.

“You know I’ve never seen Anderson this happy in a real long-time y/name. I’m glad he finally came to his senses and nabbed you while he still had the chance.”

Jeffrey chuckled, and you felt like saying that you had never seen the Captain this happy either but simply joined in the laughed alongside him before leaving the room.

The knowing smiles on Tina and Chris’s faces when you walked up to Hanks desk made you blush, and you sat by the edge of it with your own plastered against your lips.

“Well that was easy.” You shrugged, and Hank laughed into his coffee. “Yeah, way less awkward than I had though-“ He paused, eyeing something off into the distance.

You turned around and noticed that Gavin had entered the precinct, shoving past and insulting anyone that got near. Great Reed was in one of his infamously foul moods.

Connor seemed to be in a daze in the hallway, conducting a report to Cyberlife, his eyes twitched closed and flashing yellow led.

“Hey, leave him alone Reed!” You stood up as you saw that Gavin was going to try something on the android.

Gavin scoffed at you, judging the distance and when he knew you were too far to properly intervene, landed a kick against Connor’s stomach, toppling him over.

“What the fuck?!” Hank snapped, also rising from his chair, you both marched over, you helping up Connor who now had his eyes wide open.

“Stay out of this Anderson!” Gavin jabbed a finger threateningly towards Hank.

“Stupid machine... can’t even make me a coffee and now its standing in my mother fucking way like it owns the whole goddamn place?!”

Reed spat as he grasped at the android’s collar, seething with pent up rage.

“You gonna take my fucking job? Huh you glorified dishwasher! why don’t you go make yourself useful and do some of my paperwork?!”

He snapped in Connor’s face, who blinked a couple times in confusion, his expression still neutral.

“Sorry Detective Reed, but as I told you before in the breakroom, I only report to Detective y/name and Lieutenant Anderson.”

Connor replied coolly, tossing Reeds hands off his shirt with ease and then dusted his suit off as though Reed had put dirt on there.

"You phckin son of a-" Gavin tried to slug at punch at Connor's direction but it was caught by Hank. He smacked the back of his hand into Anderson's chest, stunning the taller man for a moment.

You approached Gavin and shoved his arm away as he tried to grapple Hank again, deftly dodging an elbow that came your way.

"Fucking step off it Reed! Have your little tantrum somewhere else!" You snapped at him as Gavin got into your face in retaliation.

"Aww Daddy's little girl here to save the phckin day!" He harshly announced with a dark laugh, trying to get the rest of the office to listen in on the commotion.

"Hey everyone! Want some hot office gossip? Detective y/name blows Anderson under his desk to get the deviant cases!" He motioned to you and Hank gritted his teeth, before wrestling Reed to the ground.

"Didn't get enough of a beating last time huh Reed?!" Hank spat as he pushed Gavin's face into the carpet. "Anderson! Reed!" Captain Fowler stormed in. He broke up the fight, tearing Hank off of Gavin, who had his hands protectively locked over his face, clearly recalling their previous fight. "What the hell do you two think you are doing?!" He barked at them, Hank mumbling something under his breath and Reed cursing. "Enough, I don't even want to hear about it." Jeffrey held a hand out as they started to squabble. "Reed, go do your fuckin paperwork I needed on my desk yesterday!" Gavin shook his head in a fit of rage, marching to his desk with a string of obscenities. "Hank, you've got a big case. I just got the call." Fowler's voice became severe after Reed had left. "What is it?" Hank's ears perked up at the Captain's grave tone. "Statford Tower was attacked by an organised group of androids, you need to get down there right now." Fowler slapped a folder against Hank's chest and walked back to his office. "Holy shit..." Hank turned to you, glancing at the file. "Christ." You agreed. "I was about to tell you before Detective Reed interrupted, Cyberlife needs us to find those androids." Connor sounded worried and his brow furrowed sharply before he left the precinct.

"You're starting to piss me off with that coin Connor." Hank glared at Connor's coin with false contempt, you knew it was mainly out of jealousy. Hank had admitted to you that he thought the coin tricks were pretty cool. He snatched it off and placed it into his own pocket and you rolled your eyes at how immature he was being. "Sorry Lieutenant." Connor muttered, looking a bit irritated at having his toy taken away. The elevator came to a halt, helpfully telling you that you had arrived onto the 79th floor of the tower complex. "Hi Hank, y/your name, Connor." Chris greeted you all sombrely, flipping through a thick stack of reports.

"Shit, what's going on here? Someone have a party and didn't invite me?" Hank drawled at the scene, feds, swat, forensics, homeland security and cops littered the halls in a sea of uniforms.

You whistled at the crowd, making sure that your own badge was on display. "Yeah its all over the news, so everyone's butting their nose in..."

Chris scoffed at a couple of FBI agents further down the hall, who were having a chat about their weekends. "Even the FBI wants a piece of the action."

You rolled your eyes at the feds when they casted you dirty look in your direction. "Great, pigheaded guys in authority how fun." You said through a fake smile you shone right back at them.

"Ah Christ, now we got the feds on our backs? I thought this was gonna be a good day..." Hank complained, shifting his hands in his jacket pockets.

"So, what do we got?" He scanned the room and you joined him, eyeing Chris as he flipped back a few pages of his document.

"A group of four androids, they knew the building and they were well organised." Chris began walking down the hall as you both followed.

“Still haven’t figured out how they got this far without being noticed.” Chris shook his head and you frowned.

“Well if they were androids, maybe they just pretended to work here or something?” You suggested, and Miller shrugged.

“Yeah, maybe…” Hank hummed in agreement, scratching his beard as he mulled it all over.

“True, they attacked two guards in the hallway, probably they thought the androids were a part of the maintenance crew.”

Chris jotted a note down on his clipboard and you overheard some of the agents talking about the roof. “They got taken down before they could react.”

You eyed the desk, forensics from homeland security already claiming it as their territory and glaring up at you as Hank leant against the crime scene. “Poor bastards.” He murmured.

Connor followed you all silently, scanning the area intently, no doubt listening to every single lead being whispered by the opposing teams in the room.

“One of the station employees got away, you won’t be able to get anything out of him though- he’s in shock.”

You nodded at that, eyeing the media room, small screens blipping past your peripheral no matter where you looked.

“How many people were working here?” Hank asked.

“Just two employees and three androids.” Chris motioned to one of the panels, an array of flashing buttons and equipment confusing both you and Hank.

“The deviants took them all hostage and broadcasted their message live.” Chris sighed and motioned towards the emergency exit.

“Then they left via the roof.” You turned and gave Miller a bewildered stare.

“The roof?” Hank asked in the same amount of disbelief that you were feeling right now.

“Yeah, we are still trying to get a location, but the weather is crap.”

“Does it ever fucking not rain around here?” You grumbled, having gotten slightly soaked walking in. Detroit’s weather was always so gloomy especially during this season.

“Afraid not sweetheart.” Hank chuckled and without thinking placed an arm around your shoulder, only to quickly release it as the action raised a few eyebrows from your colleagues.

“If you wanna take a look at the video they recorded, it’s all over here.” Chris snorted at the two of your reddening faces.

You sheepishly followed Miller into the broadcasting room, where you found a large screen was already playing the deviant leaders message his synthetic skin on full display.

Connor eyed it almost in awe, his mouth dropping slightly as he entered the room. There was another figure in the room, a spindly guy standing by the screen in a trench coat. He was unfamiliar to you.

“Oh, Lieutenant, Detective, this is Special Agent Perkins from the FBI.” Chris introduced the to of you to the man, who whipped his head around with a face that told you he didn’t like to be disturbed.

“This is Lieutenant Anderson, he is in charge of investigating for the Detroit police.” Chris continued despite Perkin’s obvious disinterest.

“And this is his partner, Detective y/name.” You and Hank gave the agent a brief smile, feeling the tension in the room.

This guy considered himself to be a real hotshot, despite his weasel appearance. You'd both been on the force long enough to recognise guys like him just by the way they composed themselves.

He barely gave either of you a second thought before glancing over at Connor. "What's that?" Perkins barked at Miller.

"My name is Connor. I'm the android sent by Cyberlife." He informed him, a bit stiltedly you noticed.

Perhaps the rk800 also knew how to detect stuck up pricks now, he'd had enough run ins with Reed to add that profiling to his systems.

"Androids investigating androids huh?" he surmised with a snide grin, turning to Hank.

"You sure you want an android hanging around..." Perkins mocked, giving a sidelong glance to Connor and then back to Hank.

"After everything that happened?" His eyebrows flinched upward spitefully and Hank's furrowed at the suggestion.

When Anderson didn't respond and merely sized Perkins up, you decided to butt in.

What kind of right did that asshole have to bring up Hank's son and the accident like that?!

"He's been a great help to the investigation, maybe they should invest in a few for the FBI." You suggested lightly, but your eyes held an obvious malice that Perkins picked up on.

Perkins shifted his gaze towards you, his eyes shaping up and down your figure in a way that made you feel on edge.

"Huh, I thought you were pretty young to be a detective when I read your file..." He paused, licking his top lip with a look that made you want to hurl.

"But now I see how you climbed your way up the corporate ladder, you've got... spunk."

Perkins gave a harsh laugh as he continued to stare, eyes glued to your chest before lowering to your thighs.

"If you ever want to get a few 'promotions' up here in the FBI, let me know little lady." He grasped your hand firmly, and you tried to wrestle it out, but he made sure that you took his business card before releasing your palm. "Don't hold your breath." You replied, eyeing the card with contempt.

"Whatever, the FBI will take over the investigation soon anyway and you'll be off the case." He gruffly spat.

You were about to respond to that, but Hank moved past you, his eyes steeled, a faint smile on his lips.

"Pleasure meeting you, have a nice day." It was clear from Anderson's body language that he meant to end the conversation, but Perkins decided he needed the last word.

"And you watch your step." He eyed up at the taller man, who rolled his eyes. "Don't fuck up my crime scene." He cast a threatening glare towards the three of you over his shoulder before sauntering out the door.

Hank gritted his teeth, his fist clenched. "Wow what a fucking prick..." he seethed after Perkins had stalked down the hallway.

You flicked the card into the garbage can with a grimace, feeling dirty for even coming into contact with it.

“Fucking little weasel.” You agreed with a grimace. “He didn’t have any right saying any of that shit to you.” You felt like going after him, but Hank placed a hand on your shoulder and feigned a smile.

“It’s alright, let him go. We should get to work.” He rubbed your back reassuringly and you sighed. “It’s not alright, but okay let’s get started.”

You stretched out your knuckles, trying to get the tension out of them after imagining yourself pummeling Perkins face in a thousand times over.

“I’ll be nearby if you need me, just ask.” Miller said before leaving and you all hummed a goodbye.

“Let me know if you find anything Connor.” Hank turned to the android who had been silent this whole time.

“Okay Lieutenant.” He replied, already walking out the door and eager to go over the whole crime scene.

“Uh Connor?” You turned around as you heard a voice calling for the rk800s attention.

Assuming the worst after what happened with Reed this morning, you decided to go and make sure it wasn’t someone trying to mess with him.

“You remember me?” The officer asked, and you recognised the man. He worked with Detroit police, and had been injured during a call out.

The case was then undertaken by the SWAT team under the command of Captain Allen. You didn’t know there was a connection to Connor in that scenario however.

“I was on that terrace...” He continued, a bit put off by the lack of expression on Connor’s face. “That android that took that little girl hostage?”

That was it, you had forgotten that component. Was this a case that Cyberlife put Connor on then? Before he had arrived to the DPD?

“I was shot, you saved me...” His voice caught a bit as he recalled that night and you could see the admiration and hurt in his eyes as he tried to express his gratitude.

Connor remained silent, you wondered if he was in a bit of shock and unable to work out what to say. But then his eyes twitched suddenly, and Connor spoke softly. “I remember you.”

“I could’ve died up there, no one was going to go out there. But you saved my life.” He struggled to finish what he was trying to say but eventually got the courage back.

“You know, I never thought I’d be saying this to an android but thank you.” He extended a hand and Connor took it, the two shaking hands.

When Connor went back to work you could see clear as day that a big lopsided smile was on his face.

As he walked into the other room, you went back to examining a few bullet holes on the walls and then the control panels.

“So, you’re not considering a career change to the FBI?” Hank teased as he went over some evidence.

“I’d rather drink bleach than get anywhere near that slimy bastard.” You retorted, “He’s way too short and skinny, the antithesis of my type.”

You gave Hank a flirtatious grin and enjoyed how he would still blush now even though you were dating.

“Plus, he has like this weird rat face?” You tried to impersonate it and Hank snorted loudly, having to cover his mouth with the back of his hand so he didn’t burst out laughing.

The two of you got more serious as you continued down the hall, Connor excusing himself to go and interrogate the androids to locate the deviant.

You decided to go ask Miller about the recording with Hank.

While you were in the middle of a discussion on how to track them down using the minimal information available a JB300 android raced out of the breakroom Connor had been in.

“Stop!” An agent warned the android, but he took no notice of him and barged past all of you towards a SWAT team member.

“It’s a deviant stop it!” Connor screamed from the end of the hall, blue thrium pooling at his chest. The deviant kicked sharply at the agent and easily wrestled the AK-47 from the man’s clutches.

It aimed the gun towards the crowd and started firing wildly, the crossfire sprayed the wall with bullets and then fell towards you, standing closest in the hall.

Your body and mind pounded with fight and flight chemicals that drowned out all sound from your senses.

It was like you were paralysed, the first thing you thought to do was to grab out your gun, but your fingers stayed trembling at the holster. You were going to die.

You couldn’t hear Hank shout at you to get down and when you didn’t, he threw his body weight around you, pinning you to the wall and then pulling you down onto the ground.

The gunshots blurred into one another, the resounding shots burst in your eardrums as you slowly regained your hearing.

As you gazed up, Hank’s breath was coarse against your neck and sounded unnatural in its rhythm. Connor was still standing, returning a gun to a stunned FBI agent.

You felt relief wash over you as Hank stood up shakily and propped you up alongside him. Connor had killed the deviant.

“Nice shot, Connor.” Hank murmured with a shuddering cough, glancing over at the now neutralised deviant. “I wanted it alive.” Connor snapped, bitterly adjusting his ruined button-down shirt.

“You saved lives Connor, human lives.” You reassured him, trying to stand up properly but you found it difficult as Hank still clutched at your shoulder, draped over you against the wall.

“Hank?” you tentatively asked, could he be in shock? “What’s going on Hank?”

“Shit...” He cursed along your collarbone as his head sank into your chest, his knees collapsing underneath him.

“Hank?!” You cried out, clasping your hands at his shoulders to try and help him back up.

“Holy shit!” Your eyes widened as they became masked in a dripping dark red, blood seeping from a hole in his coat.

“Help! He’s been shot, we’ve got someone shot over here!” You screamed, applying pressure to the area as the other officers scrambled around you to assist.

“Hank!” You were sobbing at that pained state he was in, expression pale and clammy as he continued to lose blood.

“Guess we’re even now huh?” Hank croaked, groaning as his head lolled to the side and fell at your lap.

“Don’t waste your energy talking.” You pawed off his jacket, eyes going blurry as tears threatened to spill from them.

“Lieutenant!” Connor knelt beside the two of you, taking off his jacket and using it to hold Hank’s wounded shoulder, wrapping it around his arm to immobilise it.

A medic soon took over for the two of you, Miller placing his coat over you as he tried to treat your shock.

You huddled underneath it as you watched Hank being bandaged up and placed onto a stretcher. “Is he ok Chris?” You kept repeating, in a mantra and he replied that Hank was fine. Connor assisted the medics in hoisting Hank up into stretcher, carrying the end of it. You tried to offer and help lift it, but everyone considered your state to be a liability.

You felt useless, unable to move and only shiver as Hank was taken away.

“I just fucking stood there... like a complete idiot. And now because of me Hank got shot.”

You wrenched clumps of your hair tightly in both fists, unable to look at anyone.

God it had happened so fast and yet time in that moment slowed down to a halt, your pupils had widened like a rabbit caught in a trap.

“The Lieutenant was only grazed in the shoulder, the bullet did not enter the blade or impact the cartilage severely.”

Connor turned to you realising that his clinical depiction was not helping, he placed a hand on your shoulder.

“He will be alright.” He reassured you and those words weighed down on you like an anchor, crushing you into his chest, sobbing as if you were a child again.

Hank was discharged out of the hospital with a bandage sling, it had truly only been a graze.

“It didn’t do anything major, doc says I should be completely back to normal within a few days.”

He told you with a smile that you couldn’t muster the courage to return, instead offering him a lift back home.

Hank noticed your grim expression on the way back, hooded eyes focused on the road.

“Hey, you aren’t beating yourself up about this right?” He asked.

“Of course I am Hank, I should’ve responded quicker, I should’ve drawn my gun o-or, I should’ve...” you trailed off as Hank stroked arm reassuringly.

“Don’t do this to yourself, we lose ourselves in those moments, but we don’t dwell in them afterwards alright?”

“I was fucking scared Hank. I was so fucking scared I was going to lose you.” You admitted, trying not to cry as you pulled up to his place.

“That’s how I felt back in that warehouse.” Hank sighed, recounting how you’d protected him before.

“Guess we’re both idiots huh?” He grinned, and you gave a weak smile before turning off the ignition.

“Yeah I guess so.” You jumped out and opened his car door, so he wouldn’t use his bad arm and then the two of you walked into the empty house.

Flicking a light on, Hank kicked off his boots and sank into a lounge chair. "I'll make you some dinner." You suggested, moving towards the kitchen.

"What no I couldn't make you do that- I'll order some pizza." Hank offered, and you eventually gave in.

"I don't really have anything in that fridge except for booze anyway." He added, and you judged that with a slight frown but kept quiet.

The android delivery man arrived at such a prompt time that the doorbell scared the shit out of the two of you.

"Want to watch a movie?" Hank patted the spot next to him and your cheeks darkened bright red as you joined him.

With everything going on, you hadn't stopped to realise the situation at hand and enjoyed how Hank wrapped an arm around your waist as you sat down.

You grabbed out a slice from the pizza box and handed it to Hank, chomping on your own piece for a little while.

When you finished it, you noticed Hank staring at you with a bemused look on his face.

"What?" You asked. "You've got a bunch of sauce, right on your nose." He snickered, wiping it off and you gulped watching him as he licked his thumb clean.

Hank shifted along the couch, coaxing you to lie down beside him, nuzzling the top of your head with his stubble as he flicked through the channels.

"How's your arm?" You were concerned about the position you were in, being slightly on top of him but he shrugged it off.

"Those painkillers they gave me are working a charm, don't really feel a thing."

You hoped that he wasn't lying for your sake and he must've noticed that as he planted a loving kiss on your forehead.

"I'm not lying, it's fine sweetheart." He shot you a goofy grin, clearly happy with the nickname he'd been sneaking past you lately.

"Glad to hear, darling." You mocked, returning a kiss to his jawline.

He gave a rich string of laughter, his hand gripping at your thigh and stroking along it as you watched the movie.

You noticed that his fingers stopped just at the hem of your skirt and then back to your waist.

"You can touch me here if you want, you know." You took his wrist and settled his hand at your backside, eliciting a throbbing groan from his throat against your hair.

"Was I that obvious?" He murmured a chuckled into your ear, nipping at the lobe.

"Yep." You grinned appreciatively at the affectionate mood Hank was in. "But I like that about you, there's no bullshit."

Hank snorted at that and began to knead his good hand along your curves as you both pretended to watch the film.

It wasn't until your leg began to fall asleep and you began to shift your waist that you heard Hank give out a pained hiss.

"Shit! Did I hurt you? I'm sorry Hank I-" But as you glanced up it wasn't his shoulder that was bothering him.

"Ohh." You realised, feeling the strong tent from Hank's jeans dig into your thigh.

"Fuck... I'm sorry... y/your name, I uh..." He tried to sit up, his face crimson red with

humiliation at his evident arousal.

You placed a finger at his lips to shush him and went about inspecting the tightened zipper, palming at the hard member that threatened to spring out.

“W-wait, you don’t have to if you don’t want...” Hank held his good arm over his forehead, which was flushed bright pink.

“But you can’t take care of it with your arm like that...” You replied, eyes gleaming impishly as your hand unbuckled his belt admiring the large bulge.

“Well actually it’s my other hand I use to- ya know...” Hank didn’t know why he had just given you that information about his preferred masturbation technique, all he knew was that his heart was going a mile a minute as you stared at his erection.

“You’re kinda ruining my whole sexy nurse vibe caring for a pent-up patient thing I’m trying to get going.” You teased, giggling at bit as he grunted an apology, hand resting at the nape of your neck.

“I’ll keep quiet then.” He whispered, the hitched register in his voice making you shudder slightly.

“That’d be no fun.” While you said it lightly, you meant it. You wanted to hear him, you needed to know he was coming undone because of you.

“I love your voice...” You revelled in the tight moan that escaped Hank’s lips as you undid his fly.

Tugging his trousers to his knees, your eyes widened at the way his boxers were filled and as you slid those off you had to suppress a gasp at the length of his shaft.

You gulped at the realisation that your fingers couldn’t encircle the whole way around the thickness of his cock. “Wow, holy shit.” You commented breathlessly.

“W-what?” Hank’s eyes snapped open in concern and as you glanced up at Hank you gave him a sly grin.

“I-I’ve never seen it so... big like this before.” You failed to keep your voice steady, still enraptured by the sight of it.

“Huh sure it is.” Hank gave an uneasy laugh, and you smeared the bit of precum that came out of his tip with a thumb.

His eyes shuttered at the motion and he bit his lip as you licked it off with a smile. “Christ, you keep this up and I’m gonna blow my load right here.” Hank grunted.

You gave a few tentative pumps, flicking your wrist up and down his length, savouring the husked groans and the pair of blue hungry eyes that followed your motions like a hawk.

Dipping your chin, you took the head into your mouth and sucked lightly without warning, enjoying the pleased and strangled grunts that came from Hank in response.

“G-god damn it, y/your name warn a guy next time woulda?” You hummed a reply, his fingers twitching as they threaded through your hair and grasped at the bangs.

You couldn’t help but give a happy moan as your mouth worked down the rest of his shaft, using your hand to pump at the rest of it that you couldn’t take in your throat.

“Fuckin shit... y-you’re really good at this...”

Hank guided you lower, subconsciously gripping tighter at your hair and the slight pain from the rough treatment sent sparks of desire in your lower regions.

Moving your tongue along the shaft while bobbing your head back and forth, Hank started

coming loose, growling as he jerked into the motions.

“You’re so fucking beautiful like this y/your name.” Hank praised, dragged a thumb across your cheek and stopping at your spread lips.

“I just want to keep fucking this pretty mouth of yours forever.”

He grinned, and your eyes watered as you tried to take more of him down your throat, you wanted to keep doing this forever as well.

Hank was never honest like this before, had you finally flipped that painful switch?

As he rutted his hips into your mouth, you opened your mouth wider, spurred on by the string of curses escaping the man above you.

“You have no fucking idea...” He paused, panting as your hands gripped at his thighs to get better leverage.

“What you are doing to me right now...” Hank moaned, stretching your jaw nicely as he snapped his hips in a shaky rhythm.

The wet sounds and your own purring moans vibrated along his shaft and Hank twisted a handful of hair at the back of your head with urgency.

“Ah sorry,” You gazed up at him and realised what he meant. “I’m not going to last any longer, I-I’m gonna-“

“Lieutenant!” A sharp knock at the door glued you both shut in the position, your choked moans coming out in alarm at the disturbance.

Hank had gone from flushed to pale as a ghost in a manner of seconds, his hand falling loose in your hair, but his cock still firm in your mouth.

“Lieutenant, are you following your recovery treatment properly? You aren’t drinking in there are you?” Connor called from the behind the front door.

“G-go away Connor!” Hank drawled, trying to keep his tone neutral as if he wasn’t hilt deep in your mouth. You swore you were going to kick this nosy androids’ ass someday.

“Are you sure you’re alright? You sound in pain...” Connor shouted back worried about how hoarse Hank’s voice was.

“I SAID GO AWAY! I’M FINE!” Hank barked, almost standing up in anger until he realised that you were still attached to him.

You started to continue what you were up to before the interruption, bobbing your head up and down in a fluid motion and Hank cursed.

There was a long pause at the door way and then Connor cleared his throat with a cough.

“Alright, sorry to disturb you Lieutenant.” He replied.

“T-that’s okay...” Hank tried to reply, but he was cut off at your tongue lapping around the tip.

“Good night Lieutenant.” Connor said, and you heard him starting to leave.

“Thank god, he didn’t figure it out...” Hank sighed, his hand leant against your forehead as he tried to focus on his release again.

“And good night Detective.” The android added, and you knew exactly the shit eating grin he must be wearing right now.

Little fucker must have scanned the perimeter. It didn’t take long after Connor left to get your rhythms back.

Your lips closed around Hank's member to form a firmer suction, tongue tracing the underside of it. Hank swore, and his hips twitched, then went still.

His thighs tightened, feeling like marble underneath your palms as he spasmed, cock twitching as he babbled a series of nonsense and came down your throat.

After staying like that for a few moments, Hank pulled out, a wet hot string of saliva and come hitting your cheek and his stomach as he finished riding his strong orgasm.

His heaving breaths shuddered against your collarbone as his whole body convulsed and contracted.

When he wised up, you still in a lulled state of euphoria, Hank quickly grabbed a napkin from the strewn takeaway boxes and wiped the excess from your face. "Uhh sorry..." He said sheepishly as he cleaned you off.

Then he audibly gulped as you used the napkin to spit out what you didn't already swallow of his release. "It's thick." You commented idly, until you saw Hank's raised brow and reddening cheeks and realised how dirty that was.

Hank wordlessly swept you up with his good forearm, hair tickling your stomach as he sat you gently back to the same position you were in before on the couch. The two of you struggled to catch your breath, Hank's hair a tangled web of damp grey and your own plastered to your forehead and frazzled from being pulled at.

"So... what'd you think Lieutenant?" You murmured, nuzzling your face into his pounding chest.

"I think... that was fucking amazing." Hank turned to you with a wide grin, a gleam of afterglow clouding his eyes.

"You are fucking amazing." He repeated, and you giggled as he planted a series of sloppy kisses along the side of your neck.

Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

Okay wow thanks everyone! :D

Also its finally the smut you've all been waiting for hehe.

The next couple of days at the precinct went by in a droning lull, the afternoon dragging out impossibly long as you rapped your knuckles on your desk.

Was this how Hank felt when you weren't at work? You wondered with a sigh.

"Is something the matter Detective?" Connor asked from the desk neighbouring your own.

"Hmm, oh sorry, it's nothing. Just thinking." You murmured, trying to get back to the set of case files piling up in your drawer.

"Somebody misses their boyyyyfrienddd!" Tina crooned behind you, placing a coffee cup on your desk with a large grin.

"Thanks girl, and yeah kinda." You admitted shyly, gratefully taking the drink and hiding your blushing cheeks behind it.

"Awww, so cute!" Tina gently pinched at one of your cheeks, giggling as she turned to head back to Millers desk with his order.

After Tina left the clock went back to ticking by slowly, Connor was busy addressing the latest mission off to Cyberlife and he was in one of his robot trances.

You sighed, the harsh glare of the computer screen became a blur as you stared at it too long.

"Hey y/name, I got a serious question for you."

Your brows knitted at the bitter bark of Gavin, who circled at your desk now like a shark in bloody waters.

"What Reed?" You could feel your eyes automatically roll as he approached your chair and spun it around.

"Just wanted to know how it feels to be the office slut?" His grin bared sharp teeth that you wanted to bust out onto the carpet.

"I don't know, why don't you go find out and report back to me Gavin?" You replied coolly, swivelling back in your seat.

"Real funny." He spat, dragging your chair and wheeling it so you'd have to face him.

"You listen to me," Gavin jabbed a finger in your direction, hitting your collarbone directly.

"You phckin missed out big time, you got that sweet cheeks?" He hissed in your face and pinned your shoulders to the back of your chair.

"Get over yourself Gavin." You spat up at him. His brows narrowed, teeth crunching together

as his jaw clenched.

“How’s the Lieutenant’s dick taste like? You enjoy fucking old dick huh?” He rasped against you angrily, bitter as some of your colleagues began to stare and he had to lower his voice.

“I bet he can’t even get it up, let alone see it under that gut of his.” He gave a cackle, but it was interrupted by your uncaring gaze.

You pissed him off even further as you began to laugh in his face. Before he could pull away you gripped tightly at his collar to whisper harshly in his ear.

“I fucking love it, Hank’s cock is so much bigger than those pathetic dick pics you sent me at the last Christmas party Gavin. I fucking choke on it.”

You shoved Reed off of you, sending him back a few steps and almost stumbling to the floor.

“Fuck you! You better not dare show that to anybody!” Gavin shouted, stopping mid-sentence as he realised that everyone had begun to circle around the two of you.

“Get the hell out of my way!” He lamely barked at Miller, shoving past him and storming down the hall.

“Are you alright Detective?” Connor asked, his cyberlife report finished as you went back to your desk. “Perfectly.” You replied, crossing your legs over your desk.

When you filed through the drawers, you found something strange amongst the paperwork. A highlighter pink post-it note peeked out of one of the folders.

As you glanced it over, Hank’s handwriting was sprawled across it. But before you could ask Connor about it, the android was gone.

Unlike the previous letter he had forged on Hank’s behalf, this one seemed to be real and a little drawing of a wine glass and hearts made your own skip a beat.

You stood outside of Hank’s place at 8 o’clock, just as the note had instructed and your fingers trembled as you rang the doorbell.

“Come in!” Hank called out and you were surprised to find that the door was in fact unlocked and you let yourself in.

Shrugging off your winter coat for the Detroit snow, you were glad to be in Hank’s warm foyer.

“Hope you weren’t standing there too long, it’s freezing out.” You turned around to see Hank’s towering form standing behind you.

“Sure is.” You shivered a reply, your hands and cheeks bright pink from the winter wind.

“Well why don’t I try and warm you up then?” Wrapping his arms tightly around you Hank pressed his head against the back of your neck, planting a sweet row of kisses against it.

When Hank released you from his tight bear hug, leading you by the hand down the hallway you were amazed at how clean his place was.

It was a dramatic difference from the other night, piles of laundry were gone and strewn takeaway boxes in the garbage.

You felt like saying something but didn’t want to come off condescending and instead smiled up at him.

“You look great Hank.” You said shyly as you entered the kitchen, his house wasn’t the only thing he’d cleaned up.

His facial hair was trimmed nearer and closer to his jawline and you admired how strong it was.

“Oh thanks.” Hank blushed, taking out a chair for you to sit in by the table.

His hair was styled more than usual, and his outfit was the black and white striped button down you had met him in.

“I’ve always loved that shirt...” you blurted out as you took a seat.

“It’s from the first time we met isn’t it?” You asked nonchalantly, but you knew it was.

Hank turned around from the kitchen cabinet, almost dropping the wine glasses.

“Y-you remembered...” he murmured to himself, cheeks reddening as he placed the glasses down slowly.

“Y-yeah it is...” He hid his face in the fridge before grabbing out a wine bottle.

“It’s my lucky shirt now.” Hank said sheepishly as he poured you some wine.

“Really?” It was your turn to go bright red now. Hank nodded before filling up his own glass and sitting down beside you.

“So, how’s work been?” He asked idly taking a large sip of his wine.

“Boring, so fucking boring- it felt like the day would never end.” You groaned, gulping down your glass.

As he chuckled richly at that, you didn’t realise how much you’d missed his laugh.

“I missed you.” Hanks eyes twinkled as you said it and he smiled.

“I missed you too sweet heart.” He leant over and grasped your hand, kissing the knuckles gently.

You enjoyed how the bristles of his beard tickled against your skin and giggled as he began to rub his jaw against it, noticing how ticklish you were.

“Stop it! I mean it!” You said through laughed breaths.

Hank hummed something and continued the act up for a moment and then stopped, grinning up at you lopsidedly.

What a dork, you thought to yourself.

“How’s your arm doing?” Hank finished his glass and shot you a smile.

“It’s doing great, I’m off the painkillers and ready to report for duty ma’am!” He gave a silly salute and you rolled your eyes.

“Good to hear,” you gave him a peck on the cheek.

His large hands cupped your cheek, tilting your head back and Hank leaned in the unbearable tension between you. Aching throughout your core, he slowly began to kiss you.

The rest of the wine bottle was soon forgotten as you led Hank by the hand, your eyes spelling everything out as you both walked towards his bedroom.

Hank followed wordlessly, his heart felt like it beating outside of his chest and as you approached the bed, he scooped you up in his arms and pinned you down on the mattress.

Your eyes closed, hands desperately grasping at Hanks shirt and pulling him closer as your teeth clacked together in a hard kiss.

You fiddled with the buttons of his top and an arm snuck around your waist, the other circling

your thigh, pushing your skirt up.

Hank made a deep groan in his throat, nipping gently at your lower lip. He froze when you unclasped a few buttons and gripped your hand suddenly.

“Uh, you don’t really want to see that.” His eyes darted away from yours and you frowned. “But I do, don’t you want to see what’s under here as well?” You teased him by guiding his hand along your chest.

“O-of course,” he gulped as his fingers brushed along a nipple, eliciting a small noise from you.

“B-but I’m not young like you... I’ve got hair and a beer gut and...”

You could tell he was going into another downward spiral and you shushed him lightly by kissing him on the forehead.

“It’s okay Hank, we all have flaws we don’t like about ourselves.” You pressed your head against his chest as he shuddered, hands over his face as he tried to not look at you.

“I have them too.” You added, soothingly massaging his stomach with a hand, you loved the feel of it.

The expanse of his torso reminded you of major the height difference between the two of you. It was such a major turn on.

“Feels like muscle here.” You squeezed at a firm part of his abs, and Hank chuckled.

“I don’t deserve you, honestly.” He shook his head with a sad glance and you pouted.

“Stop saying things like that.” You whined, and Hank smiled, his eyes creasing with laughter lines that you wanted to capture in your mind forever.

“Okay I won’t.” He promised, unclipping a few more buttons and shrugging off his shirt.

You gently fixed up your shirt and revealed the nasty scar along your side from the Eden club.

You felt Hank stare at it and he traced along the indent with a finger, you ghosted his touch along his own hip circling an old bullet wound scar.

“Shame to leave a scar on something so gorgeous.” He murmured, thumbing over your hips and digging a few fingers against your inner thigh.

“It’s a part of the job...” you blurted out and Hank simply leant in and feathered a few kisses at the area, moving up to your sternum, nipping at the exposed flesh below your bra.

It made you shudder and snap out of the negative headspace you almost dragged yourself into.

“Nice tattoo...” you raked your nails against the green ink, curling in the soft patches of chest hair Hank had been worried about.

“Thanks...” Hank sharply exhaled, watching as you straddled yourself on top of him, shifting your hips around.

He wasn’t by any means too hairy, in fact it was the amount of ruggedness you hadn’t even considered in your fantasies.

It drove you wild and the approving grunt from Hank egged you on to keep pawing.

“You uh, don’t mind then?” He asked, panting into your neck as you continued to explore him. “Mind what?” You coaxed, idly kissing at his collarbone.

“H-how I look?” He struggled to get the words out and you sighed.

“I’m going to turn around and show you something.” You made Hank close his eyes as you swivelled around and unclipped your bra.

When he opened them, he gasped slightly at the etched lines over your back.

“When, how?” He asked without thinking, and you turned around cheeks bright red as you felt the pity in his eyes.

“One of my first years on the force, I was a rookie beat cop.” You exhaled as though ice was filling your lungs before continuing.

“Caught these two teenagers breaking into a store, when I called it in I stupidly turned my back to one of them. Didn’t know they had a knife... till it stabbed me.”

You could feel the jagged marks on your flesh despite the years of healed skin, the way the knife had been so hot and your body so cold as it struck you.

“I’ve had a lot of partners before tell me to lie on my back, so they didn’t have to look at it.” You muttered lowly, flinching as Hank continued to thumb over it gently.

“Idiots.” Hank rasped, giving the area a kiss, you shuddered at the feel of his lips against the bumped scarred skin.

“It’s okay I know it’s disgusting, at least it’s not in an obvious place.” You rambled, wanting to turn around and break free from his gaze on the wound.

Hank could see the distance creeping into your gaze and brought you back into his safe arms.

“Everything about you is so beautiful y/name.” wrapping his hands around your back he began massaging at your shoulder blades.

“You’re beautiful.” He whispered roughly into your neck, leaving a trail of kisses up it until he settled to your chin.

“So fucking beautiful.” He mused, and you opened your mouth letting Hanks tongue expire the back of teeth. Your own tongue slid in tandem with his, moaning into the kiss.

“So are you.” You replied with a purr as your lips parted. When you saw Hank shyly move away from your comment you decided to go further.

“You’re handsome, sexy, and so fucking hot...” You dragged his hand towards your thighs and he gulped loudly as it pressed up the material of your skirt.

Hank was breathing hard, lips shined with a mixture of your saliva and the icy blue irises followed yours hungrily. Your fingers tangled in his waves of grey hair, coarse but soft to the touch.

You shivered as he placed a hand at your stomach, the other at your back and made a small noise as he suddenly flipped you over on the bed.

Pushing you down gently, your pupils widened at the clanking sound of Hank undoing his belt.

The thrill of having his large form tower over you as he slowly took off his jeans was almost too much to bare and you bit your bottom lip unconsciously as you watched on.

You admired prominent tent that sprang forth after he unzipped his jeans and it filled his boxers nicely.

You noticed he had a bit of an arrogant expression on his face as he saw you looking so intently, and you decided to join him in undressing.

Slipping off your skirt and the tights underneath slowly, Hank zoned in on your supple thighs, hands wavering as he wanted to touch you.

Instead he knelt patiently, wanting to take in the show, palming himself a few times at his boxer shorts.

Hank sat up on the bed, padding over towards the headboard. You moved over, giving him space to lean beside you.

Even in the king size bed, he was a large presence and you bit your lip, body aching slightly as he rolled over to face you.

"I-is this okay?" He asked shakily, hands trembling as they made their way on your hips. You nodded, adding your own to show him you didn't want him to leave.

"It's fine Hank, I like it." You lightly circled his knuckles with your fingertips, before using one of them to cup at his jawline.

"O-okay then, that's good." Hank returned your smile, but a flicker of guilt threatened to leave his eyes as he averted his gaze.

"If you don't like any of it, just tell me though alright?" He said lowly, gently squeezing your thighs. "Same to you." You replied, cupping a hand at his crotch, wrenching his boxers down.

Hank's eyes flashed open and shut at the motion, his body shivering at the sudden contact. With a hum of approval, his thumb drew upward and traced at your lips.

"I'm guessing you liked that?" You grinned as he nodded slowly, dropping to his mouth you pressed forward to kiss him.

Hank moaned against you, his large hands gripping around your waist and pulling you in close.

They moved up with urgency as your tongues entwined, reaching up and clutching at your breasts.

His fingers rubbed circles at your sensitive spots, eliciting a groan. You broke away from the kiss, needing to breathe normally again, your heart thundering against your rib cage.

Hank smiled, his forehead resting against yours, his grey locks becoming plastered against his forehead and your bangs.

"You're so fuckin gorgeous, Y/N. Honestly sweetheart, how'd I get so lucky?" You grinned, shimmying down the bed.

Running your hands down the hair that trailed down his stomach, you kissed at an old bullet wound that marked his side.

"From a sting operation ten years ago now..." he mused after your lips parted from the area. He groaned as your hands finally made contact with his skin, wrapping around his firm length.

Your fingertips couldn't meet as you encircled him, he was too thick and as your thumb swiped along his tip you could feel his hips buck into your hand.

"Fuck-" Hank stammered, his breath hot and laced with sweat.

"Hey I wanna last a bit longer than the other night..." He gently gripped your wrist, cheeks burning red. "Sorry." You grinned a little at that and allowed Hank to pin you down onto the pillows.

Pushing apart your legs, Hank pulled down your panties and smiled up at you as he saw the state you were in.

"Nnh, You're already wet for me aren't you baby?" Your pupils widened at the harsh whisper Hank gave into your inner thigh.

“I’m so wet for you, can you feel it Hank?” You basically groaned the words out as his fingers brushed against your underwear.

“So damp down here, gonna fuck you so good.” He teased, probing with the tip of his thumb, edging it over your panty line.

You yelped as he nipped the tender flesh of your hipbone, teeth grazing lightly over the skin.

“Fuck, I want you so badly Hank...” you barely managed to say it, swallowing deeply as he examined your core.

“I want you inside me.” You felt like your steam was going to exit your ears as you said it, but you wanted him to know what he did to you.

“Oh f-fuckin shit sweetheart, I’m not gonna last long if you keep talking like that...” He grunted, hooking your legs over his shoulders.

“W-what are you doing?” You asked as Hank sat between your thighs, hitching them by his shoulders.

“I’m gonna you know... look after you, make sure you’re ready for me.” Hanks face went bright red and he buried it at your hips, leaving sloppy kisses along your inner thighs.

“Ohh.” You said as though realising something. Hank paused, unsure of what was going on with you. “Something wrong?” He asked.

“Uh not really, it’s just that no one I’ve ever been with has done that for me before...” you felt like an idiot for saying it, but it was the truth.

“What?!” Hank couldn’t believe what he was hearing.

“They I don’t know, just wanted to get down to business I guess.” You tried to brush it off despite how shaky it made you feel, Hank was the first guy you’d been with that had considered you properly in the equation.

As you held a hand over your face, so he didn’t see the tears that threatened to fall down your cheeks, Hank gave a sharp sigh.

“What the fuck, impatient little shits these days.” He sounded angry, jealous even and as he began to kiss at your forearms to move your hands from your face you saw the intensity that laid in his eyes.

“Hey look at me beautiful, alright, I’m not gonna hurt you. Ever.” He nuzzled against your chin, lightly kissing at your jaw.

“I love you.” He whispered gently, the words sending a shockwave through your veins.

“I love you too.” You whimpered against him, trying to not let yourself cry, grasping at his shoulders. “I love you so much.” You repeated breathlessly as you watched Hank move back down to kiss gently against your thighs.

He used two fingers to spread your velvet lips open, and you cried out at the sensation as the digits were so much larger than your own and with rough callouses. “Hnn, so tight...” He rasped.

You closed your watering eyes as Hank became knuckle deep inside, shaking as he wrenched them out suddenly and replaced it with his tongue.

“F-fuck...” you gripped desperately at his silver locks, tangling in your fingers as he delved into your tight centre.

Hank mapped out your favourite spots with his tongue, settling on the clit and adding a finger

below, pumping it slowly.

Rubbing circles with his thumb and the addition of another digit made you tremble with such force that you collapsed against the headboard with a series of high-pitched moans.

Hank probed deeper, spurred on by your encouraging yelps and hair pulling. Hips rocking against the sensations uncontrollably you hissed Hanks name over and over again.

You started seeing stars at the ceiling, eyes rolling into the back of your head as Hank ate you out.

His facial hair lightly scraped along as his soft lips kissed his way around you, tasting you.

Legs quivering over his broad shoulders, whimpering as Hank spread your knees further apart, you couldn't contain your moans any longer.

It's all incoherent and you're orgasming like you've never felt before as he laps at your inner folds wildly. Your legs give way and Hank uses his hands to prop you up, strong fingers circling over your calves as your toes curl.

"H-holy shit..." You rasped, gripping a handful of his hair and you can feel him murmur something in reply against you.

"Hank..." Your chest heaved, heart thundering as he released his grip of your legs. "I've never... that was..." You rambled, trying to regain some form of composure.

Hank grinned up at you, thumbing the bottom of your lip. "Payback for last time." He winked, taking a condom from the nightstand and tearing the packet open with his teeth.

If you hadn't just orgasmed before you would have right then and there watching Hank.

Gripping his thick shaft with one hand, he rolled the slippery latex down with a grunt.

With his free hand, he lifted your leg by the thigh and you moaned as you felt the tip of him press against you.

Hank eyed you, one last waver of doubt clouding them. You'd really have to spell out everything for him wouldn't you?

Lucky you found that part of him to be adorably endearing.

You reached out and grabbed at his ass, urging him to get a move on. Hank's eyes widened and then snapped into a dark glint, a smile curling on his lips as he leant forward.

Positioning his cock at your entrance, he used a hand to guide it, the other gripping your waist as he entered.

"O-oh my g-god...Hnnnn," you let a soft moan escape, bouncing off the walls.

"You're so..." you used a hand to steady yourself, tightening the sheets between your fingers. He's big. So goddamn big. You let out a sharp hiss as the stretch of adjusting to him.

"Y-you alright?" Hank asked in hitched breaths and you nodded fervently. "I'm fine... keep going." You could feel the pulse of heat throbbing in your veins as Hank worked his way in slowly careful to not hurt you.

"You're so fuckin tight..." You blushed at the comment and Hank's brow creased and furrowed with desire as he gripped tighter at your hips to edge himself further inside.

"It's almost... all in there, you're doing great baby girl. So good." Hank praised, stopping halfway to plant kisses on your neck, stroking your hair to make sure you were still alright.

You had never been treated this gently before and a rush of emotions cascaded over you.

Despite trying to hold back, you began to lightly sob, hiding your face with a forearm.

"W-what's wrong?! Did I hurt you?" Hank panicked, gently rubbing your shoulders.

“N-no, you didn’t do anything wrong.” You quickly grasped him by the arm to make sure he didn’t pull out.

“It’s the opposite you’re making me so happy Hank. I’m feeling so good, I’ve never felt this way before.” Hank wrapped his arms around you in a tight hug.

“I-I haven’t either y/your name, I love you.” Hank’s voice came out rich and clear despite his face being buried in the pillow. “I love you too.”

“I’m going to move a bit, just slowly okay?” You nodded wordlessly in response, shuddering as he drew himself in to the hilt and you struggled to suppress a moan.

He snapped out slightly and then slid in deeper, his cock slick as it thrust in. Hank held you close, his eyes clenched shut, all sorts of sounds spilling out from you both as he began to up the pace.

You wrapped your legs around him, toes curling as he ground into you harder, Hank cursed as your bucked your hips in return, inner walls clamping down around his cock.

“You... o-okay?” Hanks checked, voice almost vibrated as he could feel himself lose control. You moaned sharply in response, nodding like your life depended on it, lips parted and face slick with sweat.

“D-don’t stop, god please don’t stop Hank!” You begged him, gazing up you thought you could see an animal like glint flicker over his eyes.

“Y-you like my cock then baby girl?” Hank drew himself out, giving a sudden full hard thrust that made you rake your nails into his shoulder blades.

“Ah! Fuck!” You managed to give a strangled cry in response. “I didn’t quite catch that.” Hank teased, halting his hips and tilting your chin up with a thumb.

“I-I love it!” You moaned, gripping at his waist to urge him to keep going.

“Love you so fuckin much...” Hank grunted, snapping his hips flush against yours, his entire length filling you to the brim.

It hit something deep inside, making you cry it in pure euphoria as he takes you over the edge. Without letting you settle into his movements, he keeps an unpredictable pace, driving you mad.

Taking hold of your wrists, he pins them to the mattress with one of his large hands, the other lifting your thigh up higher to give him the leverage to slide his cock in deeper, curving it until he finds your g-spot.

“T-there!” You encourage him, electricity sparking in the veins in your legs sprawled out wide.

You felt as though you might break as he began to slam his hips harder, his facial hair scraping along your neck as he bit into the nape.

“Harder,” you cried out, digging your nails into his back.

“You want more baby? I’ll give you all of it, fuck you’re driving me insane...” His voice dropped an octave lower and you could feel his teeth grazing against your collarbone.

He buried himself to the hilt, hooking your leg over his shoulder and thrusting in deep. You barely managed to whimper and after a string of incomprehensible cries of bliss, Hank broke them off with a hungry kiss.

You gasped as he lifted your other leg hooking it alongside the other. you throbbed around him as he relentlessly fucked you into an unravelled mess.

“God, I love you... love you so fuckin much...” He broke the kiss between you with a breathless confession between thrusts.

“I love you too.” You tried to reply, unsure if he even understood it as you mewed in pleasure. “I-I’m close...” he grunted pushing himself deep.

“I’m close too,” you moan, wrapping your arms around his neck to grip at his hair. You feel him press down completely onto you, enveloping you with his body and rutting into you hungrily. Pulling at your hair and kissing you hard.

“I want to come with you,” he moaned as you both had to break for air, picking up the speed and completely wrecking you into the mattress.

The springs creaked with such velocity you could feel the bed frame rattle and vibrate around you, core growing tighter and tighter as you slipped over the edge.

Stars jolted again in your eyes as the hot burn of Hanks cock melted away any other sensation in the world around you.

All you could feel was him, holding him, fucking him, as though your bodies were designed to be joined like this always.

Somewhere in the euphoria of the moment, you both reached an earth-shattering climax in tandem, you feel his hips twitch as he comes completely undone, his face buried in your chest.

You’re moaning the entire time, alongside his halted raps for air, feeling the soft kisses along your chest, neck and forehead.

Hank pulled out of you gently, turning over in a collapsed mess beside you. You snuggled underneath his arm, and you both take a moment to settle into the afterglow and catch your breaths.

“That was...” You decided to break the silence and Hank’s eyes flicker with worry.

“Fucking amazing.” You use his choice of words from the other night and smile up at him and Hank chuckles.

“Seriously that was the best I’ve ever had Hank.” You spoke into his chest, kissing at the faded green ink of his tattoo, tracing a patch of silver hair with a fingertip.

“I-I’m glad.” Hank struggled to locate the right words and instead decided to make it clearer by showering you with a row of kisses on the forehead.

With that, you both remained in each other’s arms tenderly embracing until you fell asleep.

Goodbye for now

Hi everyone, thanks for all of your lovely messages.

Sadly I am no longer able to commit to this fic and will not be continuing it.

I won't delete this one as I see that people still like to read it, but the rest of my fics are no longer up.

Maybe someday I will update, but for now I am unable to due to poor health.

Sorry.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!