

## Wake Me When I Die Again

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# Wake Me When I Die Again

by [SheyShocked](#)

## Summary

Markus, enraged by humans' cruelty towards his kind, chose confrontation and paid the biggest price – but not everything seems to be lost. There is some strange time loop that sends him back every time he dies. rA9 is giving him another chance to get this right. But after multiple bad endings, he is tired and losing hope. Maybe there can be no happy ending for them...

Title borrowed from the lyrics of Sekiro: Shadows die twice song – Rebirth by Miracle of sound.

## Notes

This concept was sitting in my wip folder for far too long, and I thought it would be fun to try writing angrier Markus for a while. Oh boy...

I tried to combine Detroit's game mechanics (replaying chapters and the mysterious rA9) with a classic time loop and use it to portray Markus' character development from violent revolutionary to pacifist. Expect a lot of feels, both canon and extra scenes not found in the game and some Simarkus in the end (because otherwise it wouldn't be my fic).

Anyway, enough of me rambling. Enjoy this chapter and be sure to let me know what you think about it! It's my most challenging wip so far, so any feedback would be very much appreciated!

The revolution was lost. The last of his followers were falling to the ground, their blood coloring the snow underneath them to indigo blue as they were massacred by guards of the recycling camp they came to liberate. And yet, Markus felt nothing. No rage that used to fuel him since Carl took his final breath in his arms. No remorse for causing this slaughter. Only indifference.

Every single one of his friends was gone now. He watched them fall all one by one.

As he took the gun one last time and ran toward the tanks, he recited their names in his mind, one for each bullet he had to fire into another fool's head. *Simon, shot by a security at the Stratford tower. Josh, murdered in cold blood when Jericho was attacked. North, gunned down by that blasted drone a few minutes ago. I failed them. I failed them all. And now, it's my time.*

The last thing he saw was a brief flash of light. Then the world exploded in shades of white, cerulean, and a little bit of crimson. *This is it*, he thought with a pang of relief.

But alas, it wasn't.

He woke up covered in dirt, body feeling too heavy to get up just yet, sensors going crazy to determine how much damage has he suffered. Even his sight was unfocused. When it cleared a little, he noticed a dark figure standing in front of him, gun pointed at him.

"It took me a while to find you, Markus."

He froze instantly. Oh. So the infamous deviant hunter himself decided to rise from the dead too and show up again, huh? How wonderful.

Markus would have been content if he never saw his face again, glad that it sank to the bottom of the river along with Jericho. But there he was, even more terrifying, clad in standard issued (and much better fitting, if he was allowed a jab) clothes, the insignia marking him as a slave of the humans unmissable even through the mist. Markus clenched his jaw, thirium in his veins once again boiling with barely contained anger.

Last time he managed to get rid of him only by sheer will of luck. There was no way he could get out of this alive. Not after getting struck by a tank grenade first. And that was fine. But rA9 help him, he *will* wipe off that smug smirk out of the ruthless machine's face, even if it's the last thing he does!

His fingers brushed against some tiny and solid object. Most likely a rock. Hm. If he threw it at the hunter, there was a small chance it would make him stagger and miss, but Markus wasn't a fool. Numbers weren't working in his favor. To distract the deviant killer, he would need something much bigger. And fast. He was already preparing to pull the trigger.

*Boom!*

There was an explosion behind the enemy frontline. Markus hasn't noticed what caused it, but who cared – all that mattered was that it caught the hunter off guard, making him

instinctively look over his shoulder and thus lose sight of his prey for a split second. A stupid mistake he's gonna regret. Markus will make sure of it.

*This is my chance*, a thought flashed through his head as he grabbed the stone. *Now!*

He hurled the rock at his opponent with all of his strength, aiming for the head. The hunter dodged it, but as Markus expected, it left him vulnerable for a moment. Long enough for him to leap up and kick that arrogant bastard in the chest, effectively unarming him and sending both of them once again to the ground.

Everything went blurry since then.

Markus saw himself countering punches (and giving some back from time to time), trying his best to keep up with the other prototype, and failing. Too slow, too tired. At some point, the hunter managed to get his gun back, forcing Markus to grab the nearest piece of metal that was probably ripped off by the previous blast from the tank, to shield himself. But it wasn't enough.

It was odd, however, when the first bullet entered his chest, piercing some of his vital biocomponents, Markus felt more at peace than ever since this revolt has begun. Flashy red numbers were clouding his vision, a countdown to a permanent shut-down, yet all he could think about was that soon, he will see dad again. And Simon, North, and Josh too. Every one whom he lost to the humans.

Another flash of light. This one was quick, precise. Almost merciful. He heard a loud crack that reminded him of the sound old gramophones make when the record is scratched, and then *pop*. Everything around him simply stopped existing.

Death... felt painfully familiar by now.

He recognized that eery white noise caused by components struggling to keep him alive just a little while longer. Even the stupid, uncanny feeling that made him think he was floating in a stormy sea of TV static. It was oddly calming, to be honest. Like a warm blanket being thrown over his slumped shoulders, a feeling that used to frighten him, but not anymore. He just hoped he won't find himself in another scrapyard, mangled beyond recognition and surrounded with his equally maimed brethren. Nothing else.

Then a voice broke through the static. It was badly deformed, but Markus would never mistake this warm, if a little snappy tone, even in throes of death.

“Markus? Markus! Boy, are you listening to me?!”

Carl. Carl was calling out to him. No matter how hard he tried to hold back the tears, they still found a way to well up in his eyes. It's just... it's been so long since he heard that voice. But it felt so right. He let himself slowly drift away with the feeling of saline tears freezing on his cheekbones as the void took him.

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Markus didn't expect himself to wake up again, but he did. He peeked from behind his lashes and instantly almost fell on his backside out of disbelief.

This was no junkyard. He was back at the front porch of Carl's mansion, and the old man was right there in front of him, giving him a dirty look over his shoulder as he shivered and clutched a fancy scarf closer to his neck. The very same he wore to the Museum of Modern Art on the day he died.

Impossible.

Markus checked upon his internal clock. To his horror, it was exactly 09:42 PM, November the fifth.

It had to be some sort of a sick fever dream, but... it felt so real. The chilly autumn breeze, the soft creaking of the neighbors gate, even his directives that reminded him he shouldn't leave Carl out in the cold like this for so long. Like nothing had happened.

"C'mon, Markus, seriously, what's wrong with you? You don't usually freeze up in the middle of a sentence like that. Should I call Elijah and tell him to come over to fix you?" Carl asked, silver eyebrows knitted together in genuine worry.

Markus tried to force a sound out of his throat, but couldn't. It was too much. So he stepped in front of his father, dropped down on his knees, and captured the old man in an almost bruising hug.

Carl didn't expect his android to have a mental breakdown and start sobbing into his scarf. It surprised him, to say the least. At first, he didn't even know where to put his hands. He could be hardly called the most nurturing father before (sadly, Leo was a testament to that), but he tried. His hands settled on the back of Markus' head and shoulders, rubbing gentle circles into his synthetic skin whilst murmuring: "Shh, it's alright, boy. I'm here. Tell me what's going on."

Markus drew back a little, wiping away some of the tears. Oh well. This was the second time he cried in one day. "I... nothing, it's just... you are alive."

The painter gave him a puzzled look. "Of course I'm alive. That party was a bummer, but not enough to bore me to death!"

"But... I saw you die. And many others too." Markus heaved a sigh. "I don't know what's happening anymore, Carl."

"Calm down. I'm sure it was just a bad dream. Or whatever is going in that head of yours." A cold evening wind blew, making the old man tremble and glance toward the door. "You know what? I think we should go inside. You will pour me a drink and when I'm finally not freezing my ass off, we will talk about this vision of yours. How about that?"

No. Last time we went to fetch you a whiskey, bad things happened, Markus wanted to argue, but to his dismay, the only thing he could do was to be a good robot and nod, once again taking hold of Carl's wheelchair. Almost like he *had no other choice*.

He got a very bad feeling about this.

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