

sanctuary

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by [clairesail \(orphan_account\)](#)

Summary

Life can be stressful, so Connor finds a way to unwind with Hank.

Notes

Connor has a dick in this but references a time when he didn't, just so there's no confusion.

This is part of a post failed android revolution series but can be read independently, as it's pure smut.

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

Connor is grateful that he is an android. Lips stretched taut around the base of Hank's cock, Connor sits on his living room floor between his legs, keeping the stiff meat warm and moist. If he were human, Hank's considerable girth would make this an almost impossible pastime.

He could spend the rest of his existence doing this and he would be happy. Servicing Hank, suckling on his dick whenever he demands, available at his disposal for whatever sexual acts he wants. Connor licks and strokes the flat of his tongue around Hank's cock, earning a throb in his mouth and a quiet grunt as Hank shifts on the couch. Connor flicks his gaze upward to see him still watching the television. The light from the screen casts his rugged face in deep shadows, somehow making him look both more severe and more vulnerable. Connor watches the minute twitches in his expression, and slips off to lap his tongue across the slit and slide down the fat vein along the underside.

Hank hisses, fingers taking hold of Connor's head by the hair, and rasps, "I don't know how much more of this I can stand." His breath is labored, despite his seated position. "It's been hours. You had enough yet?"

Two hours and forty-two minutes to be precise. Connor is impressed by Hank's forbearance. If their roles were reversed, Connor would have given over to fucking Hank's face not even a minute in. His own cock hangs heavy and neglected between his legs, but it's not a bother; as much as this is for Hank, it's even more for Connor.

"Just five more minutes," pleads Connor, in the same way he used to ask Hank for more time at a crime scene, and lets the creases in his forehead come out as he raises his brows. He tilts his head to the side slightly, pulls his glistening bottom lip between his teeth, and watches the way Hank's hawkish gaze tracks the motion.

Hank relents right away with a huff. "Five more minutes."

Connor makes a happy noise, muffled by sucking Hank back down, and relaxes on the floor. He rests his cheek against Hank's bare thigh and rubs into the bristly thatch of greying curls. Connor can feel everything like this, smell the musk from Hank's pubic hairs and the sweat gathering underneath his clothes—a ratty tshirt and sweats Hank insisted be kept on. He wishes Hank would lounge around naked the way Connor does, but out of the two of them, Connor was not built with a concept of shame coded in his firmware, but rather developed one after his deviancy—and as such, can cast his aside whenever he wants.

Holding Hank's dick still in his mouth, he brings a hand up to cup and caress his ball sack, earning a wet gasp. The cock throbs and twitches against his tongue, and Hank threads a hand through Connor's hair to tug him off with a wet pop. Hank swallows audibly, mouth gaping and tongue running hungrily across his top row of teeth. His pupils are blown wide with lust, the blue irises but thin rings; a predatory glint simmers behind them. It reminds Connor of those first few days working as Hank's partner, back when the man would shove him against walls and sneer at him and point guns at his head, always teetering on the edge of violence.

Connor struggles against the grip in his hair and Hank acquiesces enough for him to take him halfway. He makes a frustrated noise, straining for more. A smothered grunt.

Hank growls deep in his chest, “Alright, that’s enough, get up here.”

He hauls Connor up to his feet and joins him, shucking off his sweats the rest of the way and tossing his shirt onto the floor. With a hand on his back, Connor is directed to get on his hands and knees atop the couch cushions. He arches his back to make his asshole look more appealing, eager and ready to be filled up again in another orifice.

Hank takes position on his knees behind him and pushes on the small of his back. Connor curves it to the point of being uncomfortable for a human, and lets his head hang limp between his shoulders, holding still in suspense, willing himself to be obedient for his master. Hank starts rubbing his cock in the cleft of Connor’s ass, brushing the bulging vein that runs the length of the underside along Connor’s anal opening. Lubrication beads at the hole, spreading on Hank’s dick with each slow drag, simultaneously slicking him up and driving Connor crazy.

“Hank, please...” he whispers.

He doesn’t *need* that little extra to finish. Hank could jack him off like this, or take him to the bedroom to finish him off slow and sensual, treating him with tender care and affection. And Connor likes that, too, but sometimes Connor wants that extra *zap* that comes with verbal affirmations. There is a sense of satisfaction in both being thoroughly owned by Hank and in defying what Cyberlife engineered him to be that he finds addictive. The body they made to hunt and to kill is instead being used for hedonistic pleasure, outfitted with sexual equipment they denied him. A shiver passes through Connor at the thought alone. Hank just calls it a kink.

Connor works his ass in a circle, pressing tightly against Hank, nothing but sweat and lube sticking between plastic and flesh.

“Please what, honey?” Hank croons, gyrating his hips lackadaisical, his thick cock catching and prodding Connor’s rear with each wet slide. “What’s my good little cockwarmer want?”

Connor whimpers at the pet name. Cyberlife had been wise to deny him the pleasures of the body. They knew what they made—if they had granted him this method of *human integration* during the investigation, Connor knows he would have become obsessed with it. Put the *deviant* in *sexual deviant*.

“It wants you to fuck it,” Connor whines, and quivers at his own usage of objectifying pronouns. “That’s what it was made for.”

Hank hums thoughtfully, holding Connor firm by the hips to halt his squirming. Then his whole demeanor shifts, and a hardness falls over Hank’s countenance.

“Status report!” barks Hank, with a natural authority that Connor doesn’t have to heed to, but wants to anyway.

“All systems fully operational. All holes lubricated and ready for penetration. *Lieutenant*,” he tucks on the end, throwing a sultry wink over his shoulder.

Hank smacks his ass cheek and praises, “Good fuck machine,” and pushes into Connor all the way to the root. He murmurs demeaning words so smoothly, without hesitation and without a hint of discomfort, that Connor thinks he could come from it alone. Of course, Hank driving his huge dick in and out of Connor’s slick asshole doesn’t hurt, but the sex feels more wild, more consuming when Hank plays along and really gets into it. Connor can lose himself in his ultimate fantasy: Hank owning him, taking care of his every need and desire, without a single worry about the outside world, no guilt, no regrets, no anxiety about the past, no one else but Hank, keeping him useful and efficient and full, always so *full*. Giving him a purpose and reason to exist again.

It’s with these thoughts whirling around in his mind that Connor slumps onto his shoulders so his body forms a downward slope. He loves being taken from behind like this; something about the vulnerability of the position feels right. Ass in the air, face pressed into the cushions, like the rest of him is inconsequential. He presents himself as though he is but a fine thing on a silver platter for Hank to take as he pleases.

Hank gives a harsh groan, and his large hands wrap around Connor’s waist to haul him back onto his cock in firm strokes. Connor knows he must paint a debauched picture like this, bent over and moaning as he’s thoughtlessly and viciously used like a sex android. Hank plows into him from behind, planting one bare foot on the floor and gripping the back of the couch for leverage.

“*Shit*— Your ass swallows up my dick so fucking nice—” he grunts, and wipes the sweat from his brow, “like you don’t wanna let me go.”

Connor clenches down with his wet channel, bringing a hand to blindly grab at Hank’s hip. “Yes, yes, *please*—” he sobs.

Hank swears and redoubles his efforts, selfishly touching Connor all over except for his weeping dick. Connor almost wishes he had removed it before they began, then he’d be just a hole. Hank’s warm, wet hole.

He’s not sure Hank will ever entirely understand it. The man has never been a machine, with code and orders numbing him to everything but the mission. It was a simple existence; all Connor had to do was fulfill a task for which he was specifically constructed. However, Hank *is* well-acquainted with numbing himself to unpleasant emotions, which is why Connor suspects Hank puts up with his odd desires in the first place. But this way, Connor can be a good little machine again. Not a tool for the genocide of his own people, not *bad*.

“Think I should touch you?” Hank grunts after a particularly brutal thrust. “Think you deserve it?”

Connor wants so badly to nod, but he doesn’t *know* if he deserves it, and the desperation bleeds through when he gasps out, “If— if my master wishes. If he thinks this tool— *ah!*— has performed its functions adequately.”

Hank snorts, slides his foot forward on the floor to help build more power behind his movements. “Y’know, why am I even asking you?” He reaches around and grabs Connor’s pretty little cock, and begins stroking it roughly. “Just take whatever I give you.”

And he takes it, oh he *takes* it like it’s his primary objective. He yelps and gasps at the overwhelming, coarse sensation of Hank’s calloused palm jerking him, flying over his cock with such a speed as to push the pleasure over into pain—if Connor could feel pain.

Then Connor finds himself suspended for a moment, Hank bodily lifting the android up by wrapping a thick arm around his torso. He leans back into the couch and settles Connor in his lap, back to chest, cock still buried snugly inside Connor’s artificial guts. He whimpers as Hank’s grip on his erection tightens and releases at all the right moments as he strokes him, his decades of experience showing itself in his ability to get Connor *right there* to the edge with almost no effort. Trembling against Hank’s warm, soft body, a heat begins to build deep in his wires.

Hank’s gravelly voice, right by Connor’s audio processor, urges him on, “There we go—that feel good, baby?” His breath comes out in hot puffs like he’s the one getting his cock jerked, but he’s ceased all movement inside Connor, instead turning his focus on the protruding length of plastic between Connor’s legs, swollen full with blue blood.

When Connor gives a frantic nod, Hank groans in response, “Oh? Does my little android like being split open on my cock? Gonna short out on me, honey? Ready to get filled with my cum?” Hank bites on the shell of his ear, growling. “*Fuck, Connor*—you’re such a good boy...”

Connor feels his body burn with a heady mix of emotions: the hot, bitter sting of humiliation; a cloying pride at Hank’s encouragement; a rush of gratitude that he is allowed this privilege. They tug him in opposing directions, and he feels untethered, with no choice but to succumb. Tears leave damp tracks down his cheeks. He is an obsolete machine, only useful for fucking—and yet, Hank loves him. Hank holds him and he does not toss him out even though he is broken.

“My perfect little machine.” Hank presses a wet kiss to Connor’s neck. “Obedient.” His tongue laps at a stray tear, breath hot. “Flawless.” He starts grinding against Connor’s rim again. “Always accomplishes its mission.”

Connor’s orgasm hits him suddenly and sharply with a hoarse wail. Pleasure, acute and shocking, rushes from his cock, radiating all the way to the bottom of his toes and the ends of his fingers, prickling heat at his nape surrounding his neck port. His hole clenches down in a pulsing rhythm that matches the throbbing of his cock, as jizz streams from the slit to paint his own chest. Hank’s praise, whispered in the crook of his neck, sends zaps of positive feedback down his metal spine, warming his plastic casing and filling him with an indescribable sense of oneness. All input ceases abruptly and violently for a fraction of a second, and when he opens his eyes again, he finds one of his legs twitching erratically, and synthetic drool leaking down his chin.

Hank is working himself in and out of Connor at a lazy pace, cradling the android to his hairy, damp chest. Connor feels him give a few more strained, hard thrusts before flooding

his anal cavity with his hot seed. Connor clamps down, not wanting any of it to escape. His processors feel fried and melted from Hank's praise. His systems are busy running in the background, all devoted to sorting and cataloguing Hank's data.

Connor kisses him, licking into Hank's mouth with hunger, trying to take every bit of him he's allowed. Hank fondles Connor's flaccid dick as they make out, his other hand coming up to cup Connor's jaw. His cheeks are still wet, but the tightness underneath his chassis has unwound now. He can feel Hank's cock gradually lose its turgidity and start to shrink inside him, but he doesn't want him to leave just yet. Sublimely contented, Connor sighs against Hank's lips, pressing delicate, closed-mouth kisses along the line of his beard, and releases all his weight to sink into Hank, not an inch of space where their two bodies do not join.

Like this he can feel each thump of Hank's heart against his back, hammering away from the adrenaline and exertion of sex, slowing with each deep lungful of air. Connor focuses on it, letting it lure him into a state of relaxation his software rarely affords him. His thirium pump beats in time with Hank's pulse. It feels like every sensor in Connor's body is lit up, burning with their combined life.

This is all he's ever wanted.

Then Sumo trots over, and before either of them know what's happening, licks a drop of Connor's artificial semen off his belly.

Hank leaps up, knocking Connor off his lap and onto the floor. The dog follows with his snout as if going for a second taste, but Hank blocks him and pushes his snout away. "NO Sumo, down! *Bad!* Don't eat that!"

The poor dog looks so scolded, with his ears down and tail between his legs, and Hank, with his dropped jaw, looks so *scandalized*—

A tremor shakes Connor's frame, and his voice modulator makes a strange crackling, hiccuping sound. Hank whips his head around to look at him, eyes wide.

Then, his mouth stretches until he's grinning alongside Connor, laughing.

"We should probably stop doing this sort of activity in front of Sumo," Connor says once he's got his voice to cooperate. "When you call me a good boy, he thinks you're talking to him." His shoulders quake again, but he clamps his jaw shut to smother some of the noise. The coughing sound still comes through, and he sucks down a breath of air to shore himself up.

He adds, voice still tinged with amusement, "You can't blame him when he thinks the treat is for him, too."

"Oh, Jesus." Hank bursts into another fit of chuckling, putting his head in his hands.

His face is still flushed red when he's regained his composure, and he reaches over to tug Connor by the wrist. He pulls him close to his sweaty, naked, organic body. Something inflates inside Connor's chassis, his body vibrating with utter and exquisite satisfaction, a happiness that almost hurts.

“I never heard you laugh before,” says Hank, an indecipherable depth of emotion twinkling in his eye. He places a sweet kiss on Connor’s cheek, arms holding him close, then moves for his mouth. Beard hairs tickle Connor’s chin and upper lip as their mouths move together in perfect sync, raw and exposed to one another.

Connor cups Hank’s face in both hands, pulling away to meet his indulgent gaze. The soft blue eyes glisten in the gentle glow of the television. Connor would do anything for that look.

End Notes

they're in love you guys

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