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picking them up in the trash. You felt your hand gently brush your wings, and you watched to see Cara beside you. They're very soft. Almost like a fuzzy blanket, she chuckled. On her compliment your face heats up a bit as you haven't been used to people saying such kind things about your wings. Th-Thank you, darling. I'm sorry I left a mess in the house. I don't think my period of molting was going so soon. It is ok. She tore out the pen, holding it in her hands and feeling the tip of it. Even if it looked ugly in your eyes, you can say it in her. It was as beautiful as your new feathers would be. North... Do you rather stay here and listen to me mope about my feathers than go with others? Besides, it's not like Marcus will disappear all day. It's just going to have a couple of boring conversations with people. You smiled a little, though, and took note of her dull tone in the last statement. It was clear that she wanted to see less talk and more action when it came to rebuilding Detroit and giving androids the rights they fought so hard. With a mild laugh you moved the other wing to her hand, gently brushing her skin with the tip of one of your feathers. Hey, stop it, she whined, slightly pushing away the wing as she began to blush in blue. But it just gave you even more encouragement to tickle her hand again. Oh, you're going to have a lot of fun with that. Chloe I'm still amazed that it wasn't something Elijah created. Chloe noticed how she felt your wings, your fingertips gently gliding across the freedom as they fell on the bed. Yes.. You have to be pretty stunned there are creatures other than humans, androids and animals out there, right? It's certainly intriguing. She then ripped out the pen, examining it for a few minutes before she looked up and smiled at you. Would it be nice if I kept some of them in a vase? Those? You're turning your eyebrow. But look at them. They're all boring and dirty and- They look great in my eyes, she gently cut you off, leaning forward to kiss your cheek. Just like any other part of you, y/n alexisthedevislsox asked: So if you only have Connor for enquiries, and if I can have two stories... Can I have 15.33 and if you want also 9 with Marcus? If I can't, or if you don't want to, it's perfectly normal (yes! you can request a request as many times as you wish!) 9. You mean too much to me. 15. Shouldn't you be with him? 33. Don't cry. After he administered the medicine to bedridden Carl, he insisted that you check on Marcus because he was worried about his well-being. Such a request was strange, considering that the artist was the one who will soon be knocking on the door of Death, but you still complied and went to look for an android. It doesn't take you too long to find it as you've seen the curtains in the art studio drawn back. When you walked in the door, of course he was standing there. He looked at the picture he had made so long ago, still on the easel, but his gaze seemed gloomy. Marcus? When he blinked a few times, he looked at you. Hey.. I thought you were taking care of Carl for tonight. Didn't you have to be with him? And.. Frankly. Me too. I mean I've known it for a while, but... He slowly nodded and looked back at the picture, but you could see his hands the ball in his tight fists as he bowed his head a little. Before you could say anything else, he suddenly collapsed on his knees, putting his hands over his eyes as wobbly breaths ran away from him, his chest heaving. Marcus! You ammusthlyte, rushing to your knees beside him, putting your hand on your back. Just breathe. I am here.. Moments later, Marcus lowered his arms before his gaze met yours. And then you could see that he was crying. He never cried, so that's definitely what bothers you. Hey.. Don't cry.. You cleaned his cheek, shrugging off the tears that stained his artificial skin. It's going to be all right... I am.. I'm sorry, he put his hand on yours, which is a sign that he craved your comforting touch. I thought... I could keep it together. But-it's okay to be afraid, Marcus, you cut it off gently. I know Carl means peace to you. He's your father, the one who you to discover the true me, but he will be at peace knowing what you have achieved. And he will always be with you.. Remember that. Nodding in understanding, he closed his eyes for a while, remembering every word you had just spoken to him. He then opened them, only to blink in surprise as you kissed him on the cheek. Your face warmed up as you came off, though you looked at it with sincerity. I don't want to see you go through this on your own. You mean too much to me. It's ok to lean on others when you need to, and it's definitely okay to cry. She's not weak, this is what makes you even more alive. I am.. understand, Marcus finally spoke before he hugged you, bringing you into a tender embrace. Thank you for taking so much care of me. This is, that means a lot. Welcome, Marcus. You smiled when you brought back the tender embrace. I'll always be there for you. Anonymous asked: OK! Can I ask Lil for a story where the reader as a teenager is basically, and when Marcus and Android are marching the reader is just slowly moving in front of Marcus so he doesn't get hurt because no one will shoot a human child. Marcus is certainly confused and ask what they are doing, but they just say they are doing it for their friend who has been deactivated. The human reader just helps with the march and showing other people and Android that they can easily work together I know what I mean? You watched from the side, your heart hurtling as you watched androids marching down the street and chanting. Every second that passed, more and more joined the ranks of Marcus, starting with the fact that he touched their hands, and then just telepathically converting them. It was certainly an incredible feat. Only with a simple view he was able to unite his people in the march for freedom and equality. Of course, you supported their cause. Heck, you even smuggled tools, spare parts, and blue blood packets to them from time to time. Having two parents who worked in a CyberLife warehouse had their perks. You also helped fix Simon when he got injured back in Stratford Tower.Then you decided to start casually walking on the pavement, spectating in March. As much as you wanted to join them. You knew it was their time to shine. It was their moment. But even when riot police began to form a barricade at the end of the street, they continued to march further, as if they were not even there. Marcus stopped only when the guards sent their weapons, and the chief ordered them to disperse, as it was an illegal gathering. Illegally collecting mine, you thought angrily. If there were people and there wouldn't be just a couple of police officers monitoring the protest. Knowing the RK200 wouldn't back down on anything, you knew that everything would get ugly real gun all down without hesitation. You had to do something to show them that the case of androids was the right thing to do and just... and that humanity can work with them..... From the corner of his eye Marcus noticed you slowly walking towards him. He frowned a little, though his expression soon turned into a shock as you stood between him and the police. A what...? (Y/n). He whispered. What are you doing here?! Standing up for you guys, you told him, glancing over his shoulder to smile at him. I know as a person, I have no right to be here. But I'm doing it for all of you... and for a friend who disconnected some time ago. They would like to be a part of this march. they would like to stand up for you, Marcus, so I'm here to fulfill their wish. The four leaders looked at you, stunned for a few moments. But Simon just shook his head slowly. I'm sure they're proud of you for it for their sake... and we can't thank you enough to be on our side. But you have to go now... o-or they're going to-They won't shoot the baby, Simon. Not with them as witnesses. You gestured in front of a group of journalists who had gathered and the helicopter that was flying above. Stand up! We can't shoot an unarmed civilian! Some of them exchanged glances. Even behind their shields, you were able to say that they were confused and powerless. If they had shot you, an innocent civilian who was simply exercising his rights, the reputation of the entire police force would have been tarnished. You looked back at Marcus, giving him a tiny smile and a nod. He nodded as well, gratefully shimmering in his eyes as he mouth thanked you before you and he resumed the march, going side by side. This time there were no chants or raised fists. Only silence, courage and determination. The police had no choice but to retreat, as the whole world, even the president himself, now watched this one human teenager.... yandere android x reader tumblr. android 17 x reader tumblr. human connor x android reader tumblr. connor x android reader tumblr. dbh connor x android reader tumblr

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