

## Amor Ex Machina

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# Amor Ex Machina

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## Summary

*"A man should not love a machine as he would another man," J says, afterwards, on a summer-evening that is, in Daisuke's expert opinion, far too lovely to be spoilt by a preachy android.*

## Notes

FWIW, based solely on the manga

"A man should not love a machine as he would another man," J says, afterwards, on a summer-evening that is, in Daisuke's expert opinion, far too lovely to be spoilt by a preachy android.

"Fine. Let me know if you find another person who always knows exactly where I am and what I'm feeling. Then I can make him my new partner and you can go rust in the trashcan." Daisuke snorts. "Aren't you a bit late with the preaching?"

"I am not programmed to be able to distinguish between different types of human affection," J says. "Until you kissed me, therefore, I had no need to remind you of what is proper and what is not."

Daisuke reluctantly forces himself to consider this, to think about the possibility that J is less than his partner, less than human. He decides he doesn't like it much, and that it's all nonsense anyway.

He knows androids aren't supposed to be capable of feeling, of having emotions. That's part of the reason why they're illegal in Jewde after all - you can't hold an android accountable for its actions, but you *can* program it to kill, and to not reveal the person who sent it.

J is an exception to that law. J has been partnered with a sixteen-year-old rookie (who's twenty-one now, and no longer a rookie although some might see him thus) with big dreams and ideals, and a past that should make him distrustful of androids, according to the persons who drew up the psychological profile of one Daisuke Aurora. Whomever made J has made no effort to enable him to display fake emotions; Daisuke has never seen J's face other than expressionless.

He never knows what J is thinking or feeling - but J does know such things about him, more often than not. Daisuke reflects that maybe, that should have unsettled him. Maybe he should be a little afraid of an android knowing him so very well.

Then again, worrying has never been Daisuke's strong point.

"So, partner." Daisuke rises fluidly, grinning, daring the world to try and bring him down. "What would you say if I told you I wanted to kiss you again?"

"I would say it is likely my programming has been corrupted," J replies calmly.

Daisuke might be bad at worrying, but he's quite good at figuring out J's occasionally cryptic comments by now. He knows an invitation when he hears one.

He thinks J knows that about him, too.

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