

Charms

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Charms

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Summary

Daisuke tries to turn on the charm, but J is a little better at it.

Originally written for springkink on LiveJournal for the prompt: Heat Guy J, Daisuke + J: buddy-cops - "Obviously, I'm the cool one."

There were two girls Daisuke had never seen before looking in the window of Kinsey's dress shop.

"Shall we survey the situation, J?" he asked.

Something moved in J's eyes. "I'm sure you mean the reports about the break-ins, and not those young ladies," he said.

"Did Antonia suddenly program you for sarcasm?" Daisuke asked him.

"A man's gift for humor is—"

"Is some kind of aphorism you just made up. OK, got it." Daisuke laughed.

As he approached the two women, he gave a flashing smile to the first. She was voluptuous and blonde, and wore a flowing white dress.

"Hello," he said. "My name is Daisuke Aurora."

"I'm Laurel, and this is my friend Tara." The blonde gestured to her companion, a thin woman with red hair who wore a green dress. Daisuke really was here about the break-ins, since the suspect was wanted for much worse crimes as well, but he couldn't help evaluating them a bit. The redhead was the most impressive but the charms of both the ladies were very evident close up.

"I don't suppose you've heard any reports of a thin dark-haired man lurking in this area observing the stores?"

"No, I'm afraid not, said Laurel, pursing her lips. "We're new to this part of Jewde. Is he dangerous?"

"Not to you ladies. We're just police officers conducting an investigation," he reassured them.

"I'm not certain these young ladies are going to be able to help, since they're new to the area," said J in his deep rumbling voice. "I hope you're settling in well?"

"Is this your partner?" asked Tara, giving J a look Daisuke didn't quite understand.

"Oh, yes," he answered. "This is J. We've been partners for a few years now. Obviously, I'm the cool one."

She stepped forward, the green dress riding up on her thighs as she walked, and approached J. "I don't know what's so obvious about that... So, J, does that initial stand for something?"

"J doesn't stand for anything," Daisuke said in a slightly clipped voice.

“Oh, I’m sure I can stand for anything you like... “ said J in a tone Daisuke had never heard before. What was up with that?

Laurel winked. “Tara’s always had a thing for older men,” she said in a stage whisper.

“J’s age would surprise you,” said Daisuke a bit loudly. He couldn’t tell ordinary civilians that J was less than three years old, or that he was a cyborg.

“Is he older than he looks? Well, either way, I’m not surprised he’s got Tara’s attention.”

Daisuke, on the other hand, was a little beyond surprised. And why exactly was J smiling that way at the girl? She was fingering his collar and saying something about the cloth of his coat.

“I’m glad a woman with such a fine fashion sense approves of my clothing,” J was saying, eyeing the green dress. How much charm had he been programmed for, after all? Then Laurel herself got into the act, picking up the edge of J’s scarf and saying something about the knitting.

“How long have you been on the force for, J?” she asked. “You must have some interesting stories. Maybe we can all have a few drinks and hear about it.”

“Yes,” said Tara. “I imagine you’re familiar with everything here in Jewde.”

“We are not going to have any drinks,” said Daisuke a bit loudly.

“Oh, do you have to go?” asked Tara. “We can entertain your partner without you, I’m sure.” She winked at Lauren as Daisuke looked at his watch dramatically and glared at J.

“I’m afraid we’ll both have to be leaving now, ladies,” said J apologetically. He lifted Lauren’s hand and bowed over it slightly, as Daisuke fumed inwardly. The women waved and laughed as they walked away.

“What were you doing back there?” Daisuke asked him. “It was almost like they were flirting with you.”

“Do you really think so?” J asked in a tone that struck Daisuke as overly naïve. “I’m sure I had no idea.”

Now he was really going to have to ask Antonia to adjust the cyborg’s sense of humor. Why did he even need one in the first place?

“I was only practicing appropriate social skills,” J added.

“Leering is an appropriate social skill?” asked Daisuke.

When they entered the office, J approached Kyoko. “Yes, yes, she’s a lovely angel,” Daisuke said before he could even start. “I think Antonia needs to see you, J.”

When J left, Kyoko gave Daisuke an odd look. “What was that all about?”

“Women were giving J funny looks today,” Daisuke said. “It was disgusting. He’s supposed to be there to look like my buddy, not to—“

“J is your buddy. But it sounds like he was your competition today,” laughed Kyoko.

“He’s not even human! I mean, sure, we’re friends, if you can be friends with a cyborg. But if a woman were to, well—“

“Were to what?” asked Kyoko.

“You know!”

“No, what?”

“A woman couldn’t date J! It would be like sleeping with a machine!”

“With a machine built like a handsome muscular man, programmed to be kind and attentive to your every need? Yeah, that’s pretty disgusting,” said Kyoko.

“What’s with all the sarcasm today?” asked Daisuke. “I don’t understand women!”

“Well, it’s like J was saying me to yesterday,” Kyoko began. “A woman is like—“

“Like a proverb,” sighed Daisuke as he turned and went out the door. At this rate J would charm every female in the city and Daisuke would end up asking him for pointers. Women were strange, and cyborgs were even stranger.

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