**My very first and perhaps my last attempt at writing something voluntarily, lol. I have too much spare time. I know the TSCC fanfiction world isn’t very active but whatever.**

**\*Insert disclaimer mumbo jumo bere\***

: : : Thursday, 6PM

It's quiet in and around the Connor's residence. There's the occasional chirping of birds outside, but other than that there's no sound to be heard.

John is sitting at the kitchen table, his mathematics book in front of him and a pen in his right hand. Though John generally didn't like homework, he was convinced it's a good distraction from his daily troubles. But John never was very good with numbers and today was not an exception.

*"Ms. Brandt never said I wasn't allowed to use a calculator."*, John thought to himself.

And so he grabbed one from a nearby drawer and with a small smile he quickly calculated the answers he needed to finish his homework.

"John, you should do your homework without a calculator," a voice from behind John said, startling him and he dropped his calculator in the process.

"Jesus Cameron, don't creep up on me like that.", John said slightly irritated.

"I wasn't creeping up on you John, I was already in this room for 3 minutes and 16 seconds", Cameron stated without any emotion in her voice at all.

"If you say so," John sighed. "And what do you mean I should do my homework without a calculator? Since when is using a calculator not allowed in this house?", John asked with a slightly raised voice.

"Since Ms. Brandt said so John. You won't learn anything if you use a calculator", came Cameron's answer. She slightly tilted her head, something John secretly liked about her. *"So cute"*, he thought to himself.

Cameron asked, "Were you not paying attention during class today?"

John shook his head. "Not really, I just suck at maths and the teacher isn't making the subject particularily interesting either.". "Must've fallen asleep or something, it happens."

Meanwhile Cameron had taken a seat next to John and observed his homework.

"I can help you with your homework if you'd like.", she offered innocently.

A small smile crept up on John's face. "Sure", he shrugged and moved his homework so that Cameron could take a better look at it.

"Questions 9 and 12 are wrong, the correct answers are 9203 and 127.5, respectively," Cameron said after a moment. "Are you sure?," John asked confused. "I used the calculator, calculators don't make mistakes."

"No they don't," Cameron said. "But you did, you mistyped a few numbers."

"Well that sucks," John said sheepishly. "But the sums I did without a calculator are correct, so there's that."

"Yes, those are correct. We should continue now John, Sarah's about to start making dinner she'd like for you to be done with your homework by the time she's finished."

John nodded. "Alright let's get started then. Wouldn't want to miss out on mom's cooking abilities now do we?", he said, grinning. A tiny smile appeared on Cameron's face.

"Maybe we should order dinner instead," Cameron whispered slightly, still smiling.

As if on queue Sarah walked in, looking suspiciously at both John and Cameron.

Seeing they were doing homework she decided not to comment on the fact they were sitting together closer to each other than usual.

"We're ordering dinner tonight, I'm not in the mood to make dinner now," she announced.

"Why's that mom?", John asked with a bit too much happiness in his voice.

"Because you and Derek always complain about it. I want to just sit on my ass this evening and have someone make a pizza for me", Sarah explained, a hint of annoyance in her voice at John not minding at all they were ordering dinner tonight.

"You call Domino's and order a big Pizza Salami for the two of us," Sarah ordered Cameron, much to John's annoyance at both ordering Cameron to do something and not including her for dinner. Seeing as Sarah was already grumpy he decided to stay quiet.

John spoke up. "What about Derek?", he asked.

"I haven't seen or heard from Derek for the last two days and I don't expect him to stop by now for dinner today either," she said annoyed. John nodded.

"I'm going out, I need some fresh air now. I've been upstairs all day recounting our ammo and cleaning the rifles. I'll be back in 20 minutes, call me if the pizza arrives and I'm not home yet," Sarah said as she took her jacked and walked out the front door, shutting it with more force than necessary.

John and Cameron looked at each other. "What's up with her?", John wondered aloud.

"I detected elevated stress levels in her voice, but I don't know exactly why," Cameron said.

John said nothing. *"Maybe it's best not to find out,"* he thought.

He sighed. "Let's get this homework over with Cam, there are only 5 more questions I have to do." Cameron nodded.

: : : 6:30PM

15 minutes later Sarah came back home and went straight for the kitchen to check up on John.

"Are you finished with your homework? I don't see a pizza anywhere so it could be arriving at any moment now," she asked, seeing John and Cameron have cleared the table where he was doing his homework.

"We just finished doing John's homework, and I ordered a Pizza Salami like you asked," Cameron said before John could answer.

"Good. Speaking of pizza, I think I just heard a scooter . Must be our pizza guy."

Sarah checked the front window and indeed there was a small figure with a scooter grabbing the pizza box Cameron had ordered. She walked to the front door, produced a 20$ bill from her pocket and took the pizza from the small man.

"Keep the change," Sarah said as the took the pizza and shut the door before the man could respond.

"John turn on the TV, I want to watch this new series they're airing now. Cameron, grab dinner plates and a knife for the pizza," Sarah once more ordered as the cleared the coffee table and carelessly dropped the box containing the pizza on the table.

"What's this new series called mom? I didn't know you watched TV at all," John asked curiously.

"You don't know alot of things about me John, me watching TV now no longer amongst these things," Sarah said with a small smirk.

"To answer your question, I believe it's called The Expanse. It's about Earth and Mars being on the brink of war from what I've read on the internet. I think it's interesting."

John chuckled slightly. "We'll find out soon enough mom."

Cameron then came back from the kitchen with a knife in one hand and Kleenex tissue paper in the other. "What's with the tissue paper Cameron?", John asked slightly confused.

"To clean your hands after we're finished," Cameron stated matter-of-factly. *"Did she just roll her eyes?"*, he thought to himself. He was getting distracted by something else though as the smell of the pizza attacked his nostrils.

"Smells great," he said as Cameron started cutting the pizza into pieces and Sarah waited for her to finish.

: : :

As they were eating their piece of pizza and watching TV John couldn't help but look at Cameron who was sitting stoicly in her chair staring at nothing in particular.

"Cameron?", John spoke up to gain her attention.

"Yes John", she asked, her voice betraying her blank face for John as he noticed a trace of sadness in her voice.

"Would you like a piece of my pizza?", John asked hesitantly, expecting her answer to be no since she didn't need to eat unlike humans do.

"I don't need to eat anything John. You know this.", Cameron answered, her brow furrowing slightly in confusion. *"Called it",* John thought.

"I know you don't *need* to eat anything Cameron, I'm asking if you *want* to eat a piece of pizza.", John said while looking at Cameron intently. Sarah meanwhile was too focused on watching TV to notice the conversation going on between John and the machine.

Cameron thought for a moment. She didn't know why John would offer her his food but came to the conlusion it's an act of friendlyness. John noticed a smile coming from her face as she came to said conlusion. John smiled at the fact she was smiling too.

"I'll take that as a yes then.", he conceded and gave a piece of his pizza to Cameron.

"Thank you John," was all she could say as she first looked at her pizza and then to John, her smile growing bigger.

"No problem."

Blushing slightly he quickly refocused on eating his pizza, not noticing Cameron was still staring at him.

: : : 8PM

After John, Sarah and Cameron had finished dinner Cameron had started an 1-hour patrol while Sarah continued watching TV leaving John with the task of doing the dishes.

After John was finished he went upstairs to his room to listen to some music and relax a bit.

*"She smiled and accepted the pizza. If only mom saw that."*, he thought and chuckled to himself. *"She would probably see it as another way to blend in, but I saw what I saw. That smile was genuine, no doubt. I knew she can feel things. Not to an extent like humans can, but it's there."*

A door closing downstairs pulled John away from his thoughts. *"Cameron's back from patrol",* he concluded.

Downstairs Cameron walked into the living room and saw Sarah still watching TV, watching the weather forecast. John however was nowhere to be seen.

"The perimeter is secure," Cameron announced. Sarah didn't respond.

"Where's John?", Cameron then asked. Sarah looked up from the TV and stared at Cameron with suspiciously.

"Why do you want to know?"

"I need to check up on him. He's lacking proper sleep lately", Cameron said, her voice devoid of any emotion.

"John's always lacking proper sleep Cameron, as do I", Sarah answered irritated.

"He's upstairs, now get out of my sight." she said and with that Cameron left the room.

*"Always trying to find a way to bother me"*, Sarah thought to herself and continued watching TV.

Upstairs Cameron knocked on John's door. No answer. She knocked more loudly and this she heard a voice coming from the bedroom.

"Who knocking?", John asked, pausing his music.

"It's me," Cameron responded. She paused for a moment. "May I come in?", Cameron then asked.

"Sure," John answered and Cameron walked into the room.

"I've finished my patrol. There are no threats," she said while looking at John.

John nodded. "That's good.".

There was an awkward silence which made John feel uncomfortable.

John patted the edge of his bed and cleared his throat. "Please sit down Cameron. I can't think properly when you just stand in my room like a statue."

He moved up a bit so that Cameron had more space to sit together on his bed.

John stared at the ceiling while Cameron looked at him.

He eventually looked at Cameron. "This is nice," he said with a lowered voice.

Cameron tilted her head in confusion which in return made John smile. "I don't understand, John."

John's smile grew bigger. "I mean just sitting here, not having to worry about anything for the time being, all nice and quiet."

"And you're here too, you're good company in my opinion.". John's face turned a bit red at his own words.

Cameron looked straight into John's eyes. "You like my presence?" she asked with that sweet innocent tone that nearly made his heart melt.

"I guess. You're a good listener, and you're my friend, perhaps the only true friend I ever had," John said, his voice trembling a little bit. It didn't go unnoticed by Cameron.

Inside she felt something warm as she heard these words from John. She couldn't fathom what this feeling was or what it meant, but nevertheless she liked it. "Thank you", she spoke with such a low voice John could barely understand it. Cameron paused for a moment to think. Did she have any friends back in the future?

Besides Future John, that is. Most resistance fighters only accepted, *tolerated* her presence and rank at the bunker she stayed at. Those who didn't either avoided her as much as possible or insulted her when they deemed fit.

Cameron never liked any of the people she had met in the future except for Future John.

He explained things to her when she didn't understand something. He helped Cameron with tasks she could've handled on her own easily. Future John did things no one else did or would do for her. But Future John isn't here now. She felt sad at the thought of it. Cameron liked Future John.

John saw Cameron's face turn into a frown as she recalled her memories from the future.

"Cameron, are you alright?", he asked with concern. Cameron's face jerked, abandoning her thoughts and looked straight at John.

"You're my only true friend as well.", she concluded.

John was still a bit concerned. "What about Future John? Were you thinking about him?"

Cameron nodded. "Yes. He was my friend. But he's not here now."

John truly felt bad for her. He couldn't imagine what it would be like to abandon the world as he knew it and leave his only friend behind with it. "Sorry for reminding you," he sighed.

Cameron looked at the floor, then at John. "It's not your fault."

Cameron heard Sarah turn off the TV and lights downstairs.

"Sarah is coming upstairs John. I should leave, she wouldn't like it if she found us like this. Besides, you need to rest."

John let out a long sigh in disappointment. "I guess you're right."

Cameron got up from his bed and made her way to the door.

She paused at the door and looked at John. "John?"

"Yeah?"

"Thank you for the pizza," she said with a coy smile.

With that she left his room quickly and quiet enough for Sarah not to hear and John somewhat stunned.

John chuckled to himself as he turned off the lights in his room.

*"Anytime Cam."*

**For whoever may have read this piece please leave a review.**