

# Protect Me...

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*All Smith wanted was protection. He surrounded himself with his copies, and they would protect him. Always with him, never to be alone. But in the end, when he died, no one protected him. No one ever would again.*

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## 1 - Protect Me...

Protect Me

“Protect me.” He says.

They did. They did all they could do. All that was in their grasp. All that was in his grasp. And together they had failed.

Protect him.

That is all they thought. All they were given to think. All they lived for. That was their purpose. But they couldn't even do that.

They knew all his existence he had not been alone. He had the others. The other men in suits. Never alone, connected by earpieces. They knew he had not known loneliness. Even when he was the only one to feel, truly he was not fully alone. They shared his memories. They saw the battles. And they saw the other men in suits.

They remembered his battles, his murders. The people he killed. The blood they shed. The screams they yelled. They remembered how he loved it, and how he smirked when making one of them die.

He liked killing. He liked being stronger than them. Because if he knew he was stronger, then he knew he wouldn't fall because of them. They surrounded him, but he knew he would survive.

And being an Agent that is all he did. They knew how he felt, and how he longed for it, how much he craved for it. How much he believed in purpose.

Yet some seemed to wonder, if he was an Agent, his purpose was to kill, but what is his purpose now? Yet none questioned him.

Some still wondered if he missed being an Agent. Some thoughts were dismissed, as being an Agent he was surrounded by humans, but now he was surrounded by the one person he could trust, himself.

But still purpose it what he said was needed to live. Yet he seemed to no longer have a purpose. Does that mean he was not alive? Is that why he tried to kill Mr. Anderson? Mr. Anderson is said to have taken everything, and they share his hatred for him.

Mr. Anderson is the one that did this to him. Mr. Anderson was the one that exiled him to be alone. Mr. Anderson is what created them.

And as they searched his memories he had given them, they remembered what the result was of Mr. Anderson. They see him, lying on the floor, staring at a wall covered in his blood. His suit was wrinkled, and his sunglasses broken in front of him, lying in seven different pieces. He would stare at them, and

the wall, still never moving, still processing what had happened to him, still waiting for someone to come for him.

But no one ever came, no one ever cared.

The best Agent of the Mainframe, had failed, and was useless. The other men in suits never came, no one came. And the phone in room 303 never rang for him.

They see that he couldn't move, and his earpiece lay on the floor in his hand. His hand twitches, as he tried to move it, and tried to connect himself back to the others. But he cannot, and his blue eyes widen as thoughts come into his head. Thoughts he never wants to know again. He cannot speak, as he tries to scream. Only small moans are made. He heaves for air.

He is weak, broken.

Mr. Anderson did this to him. Mr. Anderson lived after he had emptied his gun, after he had said his goodbyes. Mr. Anderson went inside him, and tore him. He weakened him, and his code was reassembling, and adapting to living without anyone else.

They, like him, don't know how long he stayed there, days seem like minutes, and his back faces the window. He cannot see the sun rise, or fall. And because of what he is, he does not feel the warmth, or the cold of the Matrix day. All he, and they feel is the pain.

They close their eyes, and tilt their heads as they study this memory.

No one ever came for him. No one ever did, and when he finally was able to stand. Still no one came. When he put the earpiece on, he heard nothing, and no one contacted him. When he was able to walk, he searched for them, and never found them. The other men in suits left him.

There was no one.

When he was able to run, he ran. He ran away from the humans, ran away from their stares and smell. He could not handle it alone.

Then he was able to hide. He would run, and huddle up somewhere in the dark, where he was sure no one would find him.

He was alone.

Emotions filled his head. The lost of the others, and the feeling of rejection. Fear, and anger. Why would no one come? Then he realizes that he cannot have anyone come. And that fear, becomes hatred. Hatred for his own kind, his own programs. Hatred for his own home, the Matrix. And hatred to the man that did this to him. The hatred grew. But the fear was still there.

He was alone for months.

That is what they protect him from.

And then he made the first of them. He threw away his life as an Agent, as an Exile. He would make all pay for leaving him. He made a copy.

“Protect me.” Is what he said to the first.

And protect me to all the rest.

And as he looked around him, as they ran to other hiding places, he would say, ‘Protect me.’ And when they first met the upgraded men in suits, he said ‘Protect me.’ When he planned, and found more power, all he said to them was, ‘Protect me.’ When they first saw the man from his memories, their first encounter with Mr. Anderson, he said ‘Protect me.’ And in the rain, the final battle, as they watch, he sends a copy to fight, and says ‘Protect me.’

They protect him from being alone. From feeling alone. They protect him from dying from himself. They surround him, never allowing him to be alone. Always they stand with him, knowing to protect. Always they stare at him, and study him.

Always they hold him, and block the rest of the world.

The days and nights they spent together with him. Holding him, protecting him. The nights and days they spent making more of him, making him more powerful to protect him. The days and nights they’d spend together, looking at his memories, knowing they were him, but not truly. They had not been through these things, and they were just copies meant to protect.

Protect him. That is what rang through their heads.

And they did as one accompanied him to give away the one thing left from being a man in a suit. When they gave away not theirs, but his earpiece, and watched Mr. Anderson fly away.

They continued when they met Mr. Anderson. They surrounded Mr. Anderson with him, and said what they needed to say. They protected him, and fought for him. And when the command was given, ‘More. . .’ More came to him, and fought for him, and protected him. Even if they lost, as Mr. Anderson ran away into the Matrix sky, they had succeeded in protecting him.

They followed him to join him in the backdoors, and awaited Mr. Anderson. They even fought with themselves to try and protect him, and try to kill Mr. Anderson. They attempted making Morpheus join in their protection of him. And when Mr. Anderson flew off into the door, it was not him who said, ‘Kill them.’ But two copies that were serving their purpose, that were protecting him.

Even the copy in the Real World gave up his comfort in protecting him. In the Real World he was surrounded by them, and experiencing their smells. But if he could protect him, and kill Mr. Anderson there, it would have been worth it.

When he walked up the stairs to the Oracle’s they protected him. They walked with him, and made sure he was safe. And as he turned the Oracle into himself, that copy stood up, knowing it had to protect him. And it laughed, because it knew it would succeed. It took off its shades and looked into the future,

assuring they would protect him.

“Protect me.” He says.

Again and again they fulfilled their purpose. And in the night, they would stand beside him, and speak his name for him, so he would not forget. They would echo Mr. Anderson’s name, and say he will die. They made him remember who he was, and what he needed to do. He didn’t want to forget, and they protected him from that. They echoed among themselves.

“Goodbye, Mr. Anderson.” They would say most often.

And they would feel satisfied as they would stare at him, and he would smile evilly.

They would battle with him, almost training him. Making him stronger, and they would do battle among themselves, making sure they were strong enough.

They would hold him, and protect him from the cold that he could not feel. Touch his face, and make him close his eyes. Allow him to feel them, assure him he would never be alone again. Hold him, and protect him, touch him, and assure him.

Protect him was all they thought.

They would even stare at each other, they would have their own thoughts, but all came down to protecting him.

That was their life. He had created them. He was the original. The one that went through the memories they were given. The one that was the best Agent. The one that had killed so many, and done so much.

But they, they were only copies. Made to protect, and live to protect. Never showing emotion in their faces, showing him they would not be like him, and they would not die. They were only pieces of him. They had only lived for months, and only learned what he allowed. But they were only copies. And that was enough for them.

They were only codes, transformed into his codes. Something he hated, transferred into something he needed. He needed to have them. And when he would cry at night, they would hold him and protect him. When emotions were too much, and he would cry, they were there. When confusion was too much, and he would ask why, they would try to answer. When anger came, and he would thrash aimlessly, perhaps seeing Mr. Anderson, they would allow him to strike them, giving in to the pain, and his mercy. Many gave their lives, having been lost by Mr. Anderson, or by his own hands.

But it never mattered, they would always stay with him, and never leave him. They protected him, and straightened his suit. They would replace his shades, whenever he broke them, and look at him, with his own blue eyes. They would tell him they would protect him, and how they would. They told him stories of his past, and gave him updates from the Real World. They reminded him what he looked like, and what he did.

Sometimes he would forget those things. His code was still unbalanced from Mr. Anderson, and it would

always stay imbalanced. He only knew he needed them, and he would tell them that one thing again and again.

“Protect me.”

He said that, because he knew he could not.

But eventually, no matter how much they tried, neither could they. That was inevitable.

And when the time came, it was not the original Smith that was sent to battle Mr. Anderson, but the copy made from the code of the Oracle. This copy was the strongest being made from the Oracle, and like all the others, he would protect him.

“Protect me.” Was all he said to the copies that night.

And they gathered around him, some standing in the rain, some in the buildings they had taken from the humans. Like him, they did not feel the rain, and they stood there. They waited, and waited, and waited. All looked to his victory, and wondered how they would protect him after all this was over.

Then green lightning struck the Matrix sky. Some even dared to look up, and see the flash of code, for they had never seen such a thing in their lives. Some even wondered in the Matrix was crying.

But such thoughts were broken by his voice repeated what he had always said.

“Protect me.”

And they looked back down to him, and they nodded through their dark edged shades.

Then they waited. And waited, and waited.

Always waiting for the arrival of Mr. Anderson, waiting for his end, and their beginning. They had no doubt, because he had no doubt. They never thought that they were actually waiting for their deaths, but neither did he.

Then he came, the man that they all hated, but never actually knew. Only he did, and he told them to hate him, so they did. So as the man in the cloak, whose name was Neo, who they were told to call, Mr. Anderson, came they showed his hatred for him. They showed the only emotion they were given to experience. They were able to express themselves for the first time. They showed hatred. They looked at Mr. Anderson, and shook their heads, they frowned, and scowled at him. But in the end, that was all his hatred.

They returned to their emotionless faces, and watched the battle, that he had waited for. They stood straight, and stared, just as they should. They saw the warriors battle. And waited, always waited.

“Protect me.” He whispered as he too watched, and the others turned their head to him.

And they stood unfazed at the vibration of power from the two warriors' fist meeting ran through the city,

stopping the rain, and breaking the windows. They knew how much the battle meant to him, but they simply did not understand. They were only to protect.

Though they were copies of him, they were not him. They had not experienced the things that he had, they were simpler, and that was enough for them. They were copies, and copies are not like the original. They had his strength, his voice, his suit, his sunglasses, and even his blue eyes. They were him, but not.

And in the final battle, where not two, but all will fall, they did not understand that there was a possibility they would lose. Only he thought that, and that is why he repeated under his breath, over and over, again.

“Protect me, protect me, protect me, protect me, protect me, protect me, protect me. . .”

There, they found them selves walking closer to him, and protecting even better.

Then they watched the two fall from the sky, and saw the destruction of a crater left in the concrete. They stood silent as they walked closer to see the end.

They watched as the copy asked for him, and asked why, expressing his emotion. It was not that copy's words, but his. But all were puzzled as Mr. Anderson's response was so simple.

“Because I choose to.”

But they did not choose.

And when Mr. Anderson stood alone, any of them, the copy rose, and yelled what they had.

Finally, when they saw Mr. Anderson lye there, almost dead. They watched as he rose up, and they all grew fear. He gasped, and they grabbed him, protected him. Mr. Anderson should have died, they all knew that. But there he stood. They all felt fear.

“Get away from me!” He said, but they all wanted to say.

But Mr. Anderson would not. Instead, he gave his life. And they all came closer, and watched Mr. Anderson become one of them, and would protect like them. And their faces loss emotion, as Mr. Anderson was no more.

And he sighed, and they loosened their hold on him. And the once Mr. Anderson, now wanted to protect.

And that copy tried, as he felt something inside him. As he felt something tear at his code, he tried to contain it, not let it spread to the others, not let it spread to him. He twitched as he was losing this battle.

And soon all their blue eyes began to glow behind their sunglasses. And they all felt something tearing at them. And only he knew it was Mr. Anderson.

Then there was pain.

And for brief moments, they wondered what would happen when they died. Would they go away? The so called heaven? But they were only copies, and do copies go anywhere?

And in the growing white light, they heard him.

“Protect me! Protect me! Please!” He yelled.

And they did so, forgetting any thoughts of the pain or death. They grabbed him, and held him, trying to protect him. But they all disappeared in the light right in front of him. All who held him, left him in the light. Their codes blending into nothing with the Matrix.

And he was left alone.

They had left him, even when they said they wouldn't. He was alone again, and again.

And for a few moments, Agent Smith stood in that city all alone. Not even a Virus for him to watch. He spoke those words.

“Protect me.”

But no one heard, no one came, no one cared. And no one was even there. He was alone. And his voice, which he once spoke with many, in a choir, was now alone, and solo. What was loud scream of his voice, was now a gentle whisper, and no one could hear him.

Agent Smith was what he never wanted to be, alone, weak, and emotional like a virus.

And as he fell to his knees, weak from the battle, he could feel it. His power was leaving him, just as everything else did. Smith fell to the wet concrete, and the rain began to stop. He shivered from pain, and fear.

He was alone.

“Protect me, please. . .”

He cried out one last time, hoping someone would come. But no one ever did.

Agent Smith closed his blue eyes, and went away all alone.

Rather Agent Smith lived in the end or not. Either way, he could never have what he once did. He would be alone. If he lived, he would live alone.

If he died there, that night, just like everything did, he died alone.

And no one was going to come.

No one would protect him.