

platonic ideals

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platonic ideals

by [4wholecats](#)

Summary

His grip is sweaty on the hilt of his benefactor- his hammer, anvil, and sword.

Notes

tried to inflect a little bit of royce's speech pattern on this fic only to realize that that's how i write anyways. well.

prompt: i dreamed you were alive

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

She moves like lightning, or perhaps a dream. Even now, in this world so upheaval by *change*, the songstress remains as steadfast and determined as ever- or perhaps, not as ever. She's gotten better- better than him now as she darts between containers of corpses like they're seats in her audience.

And they are, in some twisted sort of way.

Royce sprints from one line of coffins to another, keeping an eye out for a flash of red hair.

There-

She's faster than him too, her strikes pinging off his body like tennis balls fired from a cannon. Breach() rips through his pant leg and sock, burning like a rug against his flesh, but no blood is drawn. It's not a physical attack, after all. This is not the world of the Real.

Royce doesn't understand why she's fighting so hard. Everything she knows and loves is Here. She could stay with the man from the theater, her adoring patrons, everyone. Who else is there to miss?

The city is gone now. Who is left for you?

Asher speaks in his ear with a cat's purr, and it's a miracle it doesn't distract him from dashing away from Red as she levels her Transistor with his neck, letting it crash into the jar of numbers and fluids preserving what's left of one L. Platt.

Cloudbank is not gone. Cloudbank exists on the axis of being a city that will *never* be gone- it's more of an ideal than a place- more of a plan than an execution. With tools in hand, Cloudbank could return in the blink of an eye, better and taller and more Euclidan than ever.

His grip is sweaty on the hilt of his benefactor- his hammer, anvil, and sword. He strikes at where he knows Red to be, rejoicing in the quiet hiss of pain that follows as his attacks ricochet off the environment and into her chest.

Or, you could stay here . With us. It's not so bad- the country is as nice as they say.

Grant's voice is gruff and commanding, even while swallowed by the echoes of death. A voice not belonging to a man who had taken *the easy way* out. Cowards- geniuses, but cowards, the lot of them. He'd stayed until the end, because as long as there is the Transistor, there is hope.

Hope for what?

He ignores them. His answer is obvious.

He's an architect, he'll build something worth hoping for.

Time grinds to a halt around him, and sound buzzes like insects as his neck as Red steps around the corner, her hair and clothes ablaze. If he could breathe in this moment, he'd laugh-

a Superuser. How quaint.

Her next move is anything but. She hits him with the force of a lightning strike, and as time resumes, he blinks furiously, trying to rid himself of the *stain* creeping along the edge of his vision- a stain black, white, and red all over- its mouths speaking in tandem as *something* collides with his legs-

Luna ...

The process nips at his heels, its teeth a burgeoning iron force upon his tendons. It's almost enough to truly draw his attention, but it's not the dog that makes him turn, but the voice that comes after-

It's over, Sybil sighs. Let us Help() you.

He doesn't get the chance to refute her as Red catches up with him again, the solid weight of the blunt force in her hands colliding with his head like a closing door. He drops the transistor as he falls to his knees, and around him, the silent audience fades into a sprawling field of gold.

It's not so bad , one of them mutters, looming over him like a great white shadow. *It all had to come down eventually* .

But it shouldn't have. Not yet.

Royce flops over onto his back as the sky above them all morphs and churns- lights and sounds becoming muted and then startlingly loud as Red returns to the empty city, stepping over the corpse of the man that Royce no longer is. It's a solemn, hopeless place without them- the four of them with the world in the palms of their hands- there. The terminals are dead. The signs are dead. The buildings are stagnant and still- obelisks never again to be moved by a practiced hand.

Red builds a bridge. Sybil revels in this for a moment, until the other woman sits upon the ground, bringing the Transistor to her chest with a heavy sigh.

Royce fumbles for a cigarette pack he knows he's long lost.

"We're not gonna get away with this, are we?"

End Notes

god transistor fucks so hard. i wanna play it again i miss my sword boyfriend

comments appreciated!

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