

Change

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Summary

Sybil takes a breath, steps closer, and puts on what Royce assumes is an attempt at a smile. "Grant," she says, "What. Are those."

"They're... orthopaedic sandals?"

"And you're wearing them," she hisses, "with socks."

"Sybil," Royce starts, slowly, "what is that?"

She beams and drops the gigantic bag she's carrying in the center of the room. "Outfits!"

"...Outfits."

"I had them made, obviously. God, you wouldn't *believe* the things you find ready-made in the shops. Absolutely atrocious, poor fit... This is much better. I know a guy in Fashion, best craftsmanship in the city, I'm sure you'll be pleased."

He looks at the others for clarification, but they seem as confused as he is. She can't possibly mean...

From the back of the room, Grant speaks up. "Sybil, those aren't for us, are they?"

There is no way...

"Why, of course they are! Tailored for you! I just thought this would look more... *harmonious*... than your usual looks!"

"Sybil, really, I'm offended," Asher says, voice flat.

She frowns. "Oh, no, Asher, you're alright, considering. I mean, the cat hair all over your sweater isn't exactly refined, but at least you can match pieces... but well, I mean, just... Just look!" She gestures helplessly in Grant's direction. "It's a disaster!"

Royce winces. Well...

Bewildered, Grant looks down at himself. "What's wrong with this?"

Sybil takes a breath, steps closer, and puts on what Royce assumes is an attempt at a smile. "Grant," she says, "What. Are those."

"They're... orthopaedic sandals?"

"And you're wearing them," she hisses, "with *socks*."

"So? I'm in the privacy of my own home, and I'll wear whatever I want."

She yells in frustration and turns to Asher, who looks vaguely amused. "Asher! Do something! He's your husband!"

"Yes," he deadpans, "And I love him unconditionally, orthopaedic sandals and all."

"Fine!" she snaps, looking positively murderous. "Enjoy your atrocious mismatched outfits!"

Royce watches her stomp out of the room and slam the door; when he hears her footsteps receding he releases a breath he hadn't known he'd been holding. At least she'd skipped him over...

"Hey," says Asher, "I think this thing's for you."

Royce looks over to see him rummaging through the bag Sybil's left behind. From what he can see it's all a heap of red and white fabric in varying shades. Asher squints at a few items then hands them over, and Royce grabs them reluctantly.

There's some pants, a shirt, a jacket, and they're... nice, actually. Very nice. The jacket has a pleasant weight to it, just how he likes it, but without the scratchy coarseness of the tweed or denim he usually has to settle for. In fact it's incredibly soft to the touch, the weave and seams so fine they're nearly invisible. Suddenly, to his surprise, he's itching to try them on.

"Jesus, how big is this thing? Here, Grant, this must be yours."

He looks up to see the others have also found their respective articles of clothing; Asher, red scarf draped around his shoulders, is holding a large blazer out to Grant, who's buttoning up a cream-colored vest. Apparently Sybil's got what she was after.

Royce sighs. It's not like he's complaining, though, not with these clothes. He excuses himself to the washroom to go put them on, fumbles a bit with the tie before noticing the the circular badge on his sleeve. Is that... the transistor? And an eye, red like the process... It's a logo. She designed them a logo. The corners of his mouth quirk up. It's not half bad. He turns to the mirror, then, smooths over the lapels of his jacket and looks himself over. This isn't half bad either. Not bad at all. The structure is perfect, Sybil must've skimmed their files for measurements and preferences, must've known his sensitivity to weaves and textures and fit, because he never wants to take this jacket off, and even the breast pocket is tailored especially, lined with some kind of protective fabric so he can put his pens in it without staining the jacket like he always does.

Royce walks out and the other two, now fully changed as well, go quiet. Grant's eyebrows shoot up.

"Royce. You look good."

"You too," he says, and means it: Sybil and her tailor friend really can work wonders.

As if on cue, Sybil bursts into the room, clad in a red and white getup of her own, and lets out a shriek. "I knew it!" she yells, bouncing up and down. "I knew curiosity would get the better of you!"

"Yes," says Asher, a quizzical expression on his face, "and now we match...?"

"I just thought we should have something special. For us. We're the Camerata. We're not just anybody."

She's right, after all, thinks Royce. "Thank you, Sybil. It's really quite nice."

She beams at him. "You think so? Oh, I'm so glad. Asher, how do you like yours? None of that fabric should pick up cat hair, by the way."

"It's great," he says, grinning, "all of it."

"And Grant, how are those shoes?"

"Very comfortable. Stylish, too."

Sybil's smile turns devilish. "Better than the sandals?"

Grant laughs. "Definitely."

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