

Fragments

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Characters:	Asher Kendrell , Grant Kendrell , Royce Bracket
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Fragments

by [dotpng](#)

Summary

“Please,” he says, with a smile, “call me Asher.”

Notes

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

He speaks softly, softer than Grant would expect from reading his articles, bright and animated as they are. His voice is barely audible over the din in the coffee shop, and when he asks Grant, the barest twitch of a smile on his lips, if he'd rather have this conversation back at his apartment, he says yes.

~

The new message icon pops onto the screen with a cheerful chirp, but the contents give Grant pause.

Hello, you might recognize me as the culture-and-current-events editor for the OVC. This isn't about either, however.

I had some questions about Cloudbank's history, its hidden facets, so to speak, and I had a feeling someone like yourself might be able to answer them. I was hoping we could have a chat sometime this week, if that's agreeable to you.

I await your response and thank you for your time.

"What's that?" says Royce, glancing over his shoulder. "A journalist? What does he want?"

Grant frowns. "I'm not sure. It could be a risk."

"Hm. Yes," hums Royce, "but. It could be something else."

~

When they shake hands, Grant is almost afraid he'll crush those delicate bones. He's elegant, small, like a cat, and Grant is acutely aware of his own largeness, feeling awkward, clumsy in comparison. But then, anyone would.

~

"Well," says Grant. "How can I help you?"

He's met with the same heavy stare. "You've been working for Cloudbank for years, now. Longer than anyone. You must know things." He steps closer. Their faces are level, like this, and Grant can feel his gaze, unwavering. "How it works, where it comes from. You know these things, yes?"

Grant shifts in his seat. "That's not really public information."

"Oh, don't worry." He smiles. "This is a personal inquiry. I can keep a secret."

"Still, I can't just--"

"Can't you?"

~

Grant sits awkwardly on the low sofa, knees bent up to make up for his height. The apartment is small, tidy. It fits the owner. He stands at the window with his back to him, silent, stroking a cat with an equally refined demeanor.

Outside, the sky glows red; a colour for change.

~

“It’s a pleasure to meet you, Mr.-”

“Please,” he says, with a smile, “call me Asher.”

End Notes

Still taking requests and prompts at honestfutures.tumblr.com!

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