

## Ghosts

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| Relationships:   | <a href="#">Asher Kendrell/Grant Kendrell</a> , <a href="#">wave tennegan/asher kendrell</a>                                                                  |
| Characters:      | <a href="#">Asher Kendrell</a> , <a href="#">Grant Kendrell</a> , <a href="#">Wave Tennegan</a> , <a href="#">Sybil Reisz</a> , <a href="#">Royce Bracket</a> |
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## Summary

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In retrospect, Grant knew he should've expected something like this. After all, murder shouldn't be that easy, but it wasn't until they met up to talk, one day, that anyone noticed.

They were sitting around the table in his living room after dinner, Sybil had brought wine and chocolate cake, and although the Transistor was glowing dimly from its place against the sofa, Grant was telling some wild story about his early days in the Admin offices and everyone was too caught up to care. He was on the verge of a twist when Sybil held up a hand to silence him.

"Sybil, what-"

"Shh," she said quietly, motioning with her chin towards the other end of the couch. "Asher? Asher, are you alright?"

Grant looked over, and- Asher certainly didn't look alright. In fact, he didn't seem to have heard them at all. His face was grey, and he was staring right at the Transistor. "Asher, love, what's wrong? You look like you've seen a ghost." Grant touched his shoulder and Asher started.

"Did you hear it?" he asked. "Grant, tell me you can hear that. Anyone?"

By now they were all looking from him to the Transistor, concerned and more than a little confused. It didn't look any different.

"Hear what?"

"The Transistor. It's- talking."

Now he was really worried. "What?"

"Wait," Sybil said, shushing him again. "Now that you mention it..."

"What, you hear it talking too? Really?"

She frowned at his skeptical look. "Yes! Only it's very faint- until Asher scared us all I thought it must just be my imagination, or someone talking outside," She paused. "It's strange though... I don't hear one voice so much as several. And.. they seem familiar."

Royce muttered. "So. That's a thing." Grant looked over to see him scribbling in his notebook. "Royce, can you explain this?"

"Hm. Well. Not really but it's obvious what's happening isn't it? No? Well.... I suppose I should've known about this...very logical really. Traces retain skills and qualities.... why not more? Why not voices?" He trailed off while crossing out part of his notes, then piped up again. "Bit macabre, though."

Sybil sat straight up, eyes wide. “The Traces! Oh, silly me! I must’ve known at least half of them from parties and such... Let’s see... Definitely Farrah. And Darzi, too. Oh, I can’t believe I didn’t recognize them!” She turned to Asher excitedly. “So who do you hear?” She frowned. “And.... why do you look so spooked?”

Royce spoke up. “I’ve never heard anything from it... So. I suspect its strength depends... on how close you were to the individual. Which would mean that for Asher...”

Grant grimaced. Wave Tennegan.

Apparently Sybil caught on immediately, and her hands flew over her mouth. “Oh! Oh, shit. Oh fuck. I’m so sorry.”

Royce raised his eyebrows. “Well. Probably better ways to bump into your ex,” he muttered. “Royce.”

Asher motioned him to stop. “Leave it, Grant, it’s fine. You too, Sybil. It’s just the shock, is all... Haven’t heard his voice in a while. Since we were both at OVC, I think.”

“That’s right.. you weren’t there when we got his Trace, were you?” Sybil said, gently. “It was only Grant and Royce and I.”

He looked tired. “Yeah. I didn’t think I’d be able to stand it... That was cowardly of me.” He laughed once, humorlessly. “Facing him here... Guess this is just what I deserve.”

Grant hesitated. “What... what does he say? If that’s alright to ask, of course.”

Asher cleared his throat. “He says... whatever we’re doing.... it better be worth it.”

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