

Ghost of Me

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Ghost of Me

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Summary

She hasn't let go yet, has she?

Notes

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

Red dashes, crashes, and above all she runs to narrowly avoid death at the hands of the Process once again. Her face is set in a firm mask of determination to see this through, to find the Camerata, discover why the hell they had tried to kill her, why they really had killed him, why her voice was gone, and if Cloudbank could be restored at all.

And staring up at the sky of the strange world within the Transistor, all Boxer can do is watch her and shout encouragement and reassurances. He's so glad she can't see him at times like these, when she avoids death by an inch every ten seconds spent fighting against white and red monsters that can be twice her size. His fists clench tighter and tighter as he tries to avoid shouting in panic over every minor injury that Red simply shrugs off as she keeps fighting. Finally, finally she slams into the last of the creatures and wipes it temporarily out of existence, and continues on her way while he murmurs a quiet congratulations.

It's not long before he notices the terminal, still functioning, letting out tiny pinging noises every once in a while to indicate it wants to get someone's attention.

"Terminal's still up." He says it offhandedly, not really sure if she'll pay attention this time since the last few have only given up information that brought up further questions. But she makes a beeline towards it and he can't help but smile at the warm feeling filling his chest because even in this reduced state she still listens when he speaks, still takes notice of what he points out. (She still loves him as much as he loves her, right? She hasn't let go yet.)

The terminal starts up with the usual fanfare and at the sight of the Junction Jan's order form he speaks once more, this time out of concern for Red. "Must be starving." She smiles and gives a small nod and a hum of acknowledgement, finger trailing down the list of options. "Sea Monster's really the only choice here." That gets a silent little laugh that makes whatever passes for his heart in here skip a beat because even in this horrible, awful situation her wondrous sense of humour is still intact, her smile still the loveliest thing he has ever seen.

She chooses it, his favourite little guilty pleasure food, incredibly unhealthy but ohhh so delicious, and he punches the warm, hazy air above his head. "Yes!" She smiles again, lifting the Transistor into her arms for something like a hug and his grin is huge because yeah, she really does still love him even like this.

"Just have to get back to your place before it gets cold." Red turns away from the Terminal, still smiling, and then the Weeds spring out of the ground. Suddenly there it is again, that determined, angry mask as Red pushes onward, and Boxer is back to worrying because around every corner more and more Process are waiting to tear him and Red apart again.

End Notes

Transistor Week Day 2
Pleasures/Boxer

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