

Sleepyhead

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Sleepyhead

by [iclashwitheverything](#)

Summary

This fic is fueled by the many, many, many discussions I have had with my dear friend Muffinworry about how much better things may have gone if this love triangle had turned into a poly relationship rather than Sybil's jealousy getting the better of her, and contains some of the headcanons we've come up with, most notably about the sleeping habits of these three. Because everything's better with polyamory.

Notes

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

The alarm went off and Sybil felt the warm body beside her stir with an irate grumble that could loosely be translated as “turn it off.” Her eyes flew open in as much panic as her still half-asleep mind could create because waking up the person sleeping next to her early could only lead to terrors best left unimagined let alone made reality.

With a groan of her own at the early hour her schedule for today demanded, Sybil rolled over and pawed at the source of the hellish noise until it stopped before levering herself into an upright position and getting out of the lovely, warm, soft bed. She could hear the sounds of someone in the kitchen, making breakfast and, *good gods above was that whistling? Ugh. Morning people.* The smell of coffee lead her to the kitchen where a large mug was already sitting in her usual spot, waiting for her. She picked it up in both hands and sipped it gratefully.

“Your horrifying habit of waking with the sun has some uses for the rest of us, thank goodness.” Her voice was still slightly scratchy with sleep, and when a plate of pancakes was set in front of her all she did was stare at it blearily.

“I saw your schedule for today, you’re going to need every bit of energy you can get. Over a dozen meetings in as many hours Sybil? Really? Were you even planning to eat at all today?”

“I would have had time to eat some energy bars or something...”

“Boxer settled across the table from her, his own plate of food and a cup of tea in his hands. “You know that’s not nearly enough. You’ll come home horribly cranky and Red and I will have to deal with an exhausted, grumpy you. Normal you can be enough of a trial sometimes.” He grinned as she rolled her eyes and huffed, amused in spite of herself.

“Did you make some for Red too? You know it will be cold before she wakes up.”

“The rest are for me. I’ll make something for her when she drags herself out here just before noon. I swear the two of you would sleep all day if you could most days.”

“You’ve known that for years now. Sleep is nice, you’re just weird.”

“You say that like this whole arrangement isn’t a bit strange.”

“It was the best option and you know it. That’s why we decided to try sharing Red three years ago, since you and I are both too stubborn when it comes to her.” Sybil jabbed in his direction with her fork, a grin threatening at the corners of her mouth. Three years ago next month, three years since she had agreed to share Red with him and about two years since the two of them had shifted from grudging acceptance to friendship to something beginning to approach what they felt for Red.

“You won’t hear me complaining, I’m happy I don’t have to fight you anymore. I know you’ve heard this before but you’re terrifying, Sybil.”

“Thank you.”

They lapsed into companionable silence as she finished eating and he went back for the last of the pancakes. Sybil put her dishes away and headed off to finish getting ready for her (incredibly, stupidly busy, what was she thinking when she did this,) day, taking great care not to make too much noise and risk rousing Red before she was ready. Boxer may think she was frightening but an irritated Red was an absolute terror to behold when coupled with a lack of sleep.

Boxer stopped her with a hug and a quick kiss to the top of her head as she went for the door, and Sybil took a quick, private moment to marvel at how much things had changed between her and the man she had for so long thought of as just a rival and enemy. She walked out the door with a wave over her shoulder and paused to take in the view of the beautiful City that had been the backdrop for her life so far, including the massive upturn it had taken in the past few years. She smiled and once again found that she didn’t mind mornings so much anymore when they were accompanied by such good fortunes.

End Notes

Transistor Week day 5
City/Sybil

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