

Wither

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Wither

by [iclashwitheverything](#)

Summary

What if 98% wasnt enough?

Notes

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

Chapter 1: Break

When Sybil sees them standing there her heart lodges itself in her throat. Her body realizes what's about to happen long before her mind catches up and she lunges forward with everything she has to try and stop them but she is far, far too slow. What happens next seems to take both eons and moments to occur.

Grant throws the Transistor at Red.

Boxer steps in its path to protect her.

The two most important people in Sybil's life vanish before her eyes as her long time colleagues and friends betray her by defying the one stipulation she had made.

Sybil screams in inarticulate fury and heartbroken sorrow as she collides with Asher. Her hands wrap around his throat for only a second until Grant is there to pull her off. She struggles as mightily as she can but the sudden hollowness in her chest overcomes her. She goes limp in his arms as sobs rip through her body. They don't pay her any more attention, too concerned with the whereabouts of the Transistor to bother dealing with her right now.

They can't control the Process without the Transistor.

They can't enact the plan without the Transistor.

They need to find it. They need to know what just happened.

They leave her there at the Empty Set, kneeling in the place her beloved had vanished.

Oh. They can't control the Process.

Sybil watches dully as the tiny white creatures begin crawling out of the recesses of the building, fully aware that this was happening all over the city. That's fine. There's no point in a city if Red and Boxer are gone. Let the Process do whatever they do, she can't find it in herself to care.

Let the city burn down or whatever is about to happen. It doesn't matter, not to Sybil. Not now that her best friends are traitors and her lovers are dead or integrated or whatever just happened. Sybil is okay with sitting here and waiting for whatever is coming now.

As the Process gets to work on the Empty Set and on Sybil herself, she instead chooses to fill her mind with thoughts of the past. She remembers Red, she remembers Boxer, and the process begins wiping away as much of Sybil Reisz as they can.

It hurts, at first. She takes notice of the horrific burning sensation as if from a distance, everything muffled and dulled as though she were under water. The pain, which may have lasted seconds or hours she isn't sure, is replaced by a buzzing numbness that slowly spreads

all throughout her body. But one part of her remains sharp, mind too focused on what truly matters to allow such trivial things as the forces that shape reality to intrude.

They can only strip away so much. Sybil's love and Sybil's will are far too strong for the Process to take away quickly.

She will wait. She will wait wait wait wait wait wait for them. Or the end. Whichever comes first.

98% Processed.

Red Boxer Red Box_r R_d B_x_r R_d.....

".....Hello again Sybil."

Chapter 2: Tell

Chapter Summary

Not even the Process can fully overcome the force that is Sybil Reisz in love.

Chapter Notes

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

"....You are here you are here I knew I knew I knew you would...." She can see Red. She can see Red but where is he where is Boxer she heard heard heard him she knows she did.

"Red Red Red where is he?" The parts that are only Sybil wince at the horrible, glitching, grating voice that scrapes it's way from her processed form, but she is too occupied with fighting down the will of the Process to try and correct how she sounds.

She can worry about clarity once she wrestles down and shackles the parts of her that demand that she attack Red to reclaim the Transistor. The safety of her loved ones is what matters most after all, this is one fight Sybil will not lose.

Red stares at Sybil's horribly warped form and helplessly lifts the Transistor higher, holding it in front as though in reply to Sybil's question. She let's out a small choked sound. She doesn't speak why isn't she speaking why why why..?

"Red what what what what wh-" 2% Sybil braces herself mentally and grinds the stuttering repetition to a halt "-at is happening? Please say something."

Red looks as though she's about to cry, face all screwed up as she continues to stare with that helpless expression before another voice floats out between them. The Transistor lights up in time with the words. Oh. Oh no.

"She can't Syb. They stole her voice just like they stole my body. Why were they here, why the hell did your friends attack us?" Boxer sounds angry even through the electronic filter of the Transistor. Furious even.

"....I told I told I told them never. Never you not you but they did it anyway. You were too good a target, too much influence over the people. Red, Boxer please I I I I wanted to keep you safe I didn't know." Sybil pulls herself up and unfurls her arms towards them both, mind already wrapped around the notion that her beloved Boxer is somehow able to talk as a trace, the important thing being that he can talk at all.

She doesn't recall being taller than Red, she looks down. Oh, she doesn't have legs anymore, she's floating, okay. Four arms too... What the hell had the Process turned her into? Never mind, it hardly matters now with the world crumbling around them.

"They never should have been there. But Red Red Red has too much influence over the City. A target worth my wrath. I should have told you about it sooner. I'm sorry sorry sorry sorry sor....." she forces her voice to stop, feeling herself get stuck in a loop again.

Red is closer now, much too close for comfort really since Sybil doesn't trust her control yet with the Process so present inside her. She floats backwards to maintain a distance and tries to ignore the flash of hurt in Red's eyes.

"So you know why they were there? Did you know they were?" The Transistor flares an angry red around the edges, Boxer's voice shaking with fury.

"NO." Sybil says, voice harsh, grating, more mechanical for her outrage. "I had no idea they would be be be be there."

The Process writhes in her mind, clawing at her self control for any moment of weakness, but she clamps down on it hard and forces herself to the surface entirely. The force of her love and her will keeping the murderous intent at bay. She will not hurt Red.

"This place is too open for this conversation. Follow me, there's somewhere near here that is safe safe safe. I know I don't deserve it but please trust me." Sybil folds her new form into itself as best she can, trying to seem smaller. She finds she cannot cry anymore and that discovery breaks something deep inside her. "I will never hurt you."

They follow her. She leads them a short way beyond the Empty Set to where she knows a doorway will be waiting. Along the way they run into the Process, a small horde standing ready to wipe them out.

Sybil quickly grows used to using her parasol as a lance, running her foes through with every charge. Red darts across the battlefield with the Transistor in hand, leaving destruction in her wake at every ()turn. They fall into fighting side by side so easily.

Sybil hates it. It feels all wrong.

She lets them into the Backdoor, her private sanctum. The place Royce built for her back when they were still figuring out how to use the Transistor to reshape their reality around them. Sybil stares up at the twisted tree for a moment before turning away, banishing the lingering fond memories from her mind. She finds it easier to think clearly in here, the will of the Process muted as though draped in thick velvet. That may be food for thought later, if there is a later anyway.

Luna takes to Red quickly as Red takes a bit to kick around the beach ball for her. Sybil wonders if whatever is left of her face can still smile at the sight.

"Sit down. I'll tell you what I can." Sybil hovers beside the beach chair as Red settles herself, the Transistor propped against the arm of the chair to allow Boxer to listen as well. She goes to take a deep breath to brace herself, only to be stopped by no longer possessing lungs. It's disconcerting, not being able to breathe. She takes a moment and finds her heart no longer

beating as well, the lack of living response her body gives her almost makes her want to laugh for want of not being able to do much else to emote.

Sybil tells them everything. About the Process, the Transistor, everything she remembers from Royce rambling on into the wee hours of the morning as the four of them sat in his lab. She tells them all about the Camerata, their goals, their history, what they did. What she has done.

No more secrets. They can judge her as they please once she has finished.

Chapter End Notes

I've always found it easier to write from Sybil's perspective. Red always seems to carry a type of anger in her that I'm not familiar with and Boxer is even harder for me to really get into the head of.

Idk it could just be the intense love I have for Sybil.

The next chapter is titled Stay. I think there'll be five chapters to this?

End Notes

Tfw ur brain drops this in your lap at 12:30 at night and you have to wake up really early but you KNOW this wont let you sleep.

Also hi I'm not dead and I'm still in love Transistor. The fic title and chapter titles all are named after songs from Son Lux's album At War With Walls & Mazes

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