

Brush()

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/11875893) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/11875893>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Fandom:	Transistor (Video Game)
Relationship:	Friendship :-)
Characters:	Royce Bracket , Sybil Reisz , Red (mentioned) , Sybil pining for Red mentioned
Additional Tags:	Friendship , idk what to... tag this as , Camerata Hair Brushing Bonding Time , Sybil only knows how to release stress by torturing the mess of a hairdo on Royce's head
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2017-08-22 Words: 1,046 Chapters: 1/1

Brush()

by [misthallery](#)

Summary

Royce is a simple man. He knows he likes his work, and he knows he does it well. Uninvited guests, however, are not quite something he can claim to like.

But when it's a friend, perhaps he can make a few exceptions.

(Written for a bud on twitter)

Notes

pwease no shippy

The situation was... *not* ideal. Royce stared at the giant monitor in front of him, coffee in hand as the gentle light flickered off his skin. The image in front of him was pristine, but not the one he exactly wanted to be seeing. Sybil, his longtime friend and cohort, was waiting outside his door, ringing the doorbell. Perhaps if he waited long enough, she'd think he wasn't home? Well, no, that wouldn't work. He never left his studio.

Continuing to sip his coffee he winced as he saw her input a code into a hidden slot on the wall. He forgot that he had given all of the Camerata a failsafe to his lab. A precautionary measure, Grant had assured him. But it didn't seem like anything was the matter, no, Sybil just looked as though she wanted to come over to chat. And chatting was not his forte.

"I... didn't realize you'd be stopping by, today, Sybil..." Royce decided to speak into his intercom (why did he have the damned thing? He lived alone), "You're a far way from town." Sybil simply waved her hand in dismissal, leaning her umbrella on the wall as Royce caught a hint of mischief in her eye. "Is it so wrong to want to visit a dear friend?" she replied, walking down the hallway to Royce's main office.

"Well, no, no, not when you put it--" he began, but was interrupted by the sound of the door opening behind him. Taking his hand off the intercom, he simply finished, "...like that." After a beat he realized it might be rude to keep sitting, so he stood to full height, his hands awkwardly stuffed in his pockets. While Sybil was nearly a foot shorter than him, she still commanded the room. She always did. Nodding stiffly, he took his gaze to the clutch she brought with her. "What's inside?" he asked, "Seems as though you didn't stop by for tea, not to chit chat."

That dash of mischief flashed on her face again, an expression he didn't always get to see. It always must have been there, to be sure, bubbling under the surface. But Sybil, Sybil was much too careful to let it show. Something was exciting her, through. Or maybe troubling her. His eyebrows furrowed as she clutched the bag to her chest.

"Royce, darling, wouldn't you agree that the world is full of firsts?" she nearly sang, unzipping her bag yet not letting him see. Royce reached to fiddle with a cigarette he soon realized wasn't there, and instead rubbed his neck. "I suppose you could put it that way, if you wanted to. Could put it any way, really," he murmured, still unsure as to why she was here. Her smile reached its peak as she pulled the object out of her bag-- a dark and seemingly new hairbrush.

Now, he was really confused. Before he could formulate a question, Sybil beat him to the punch. "Sit," she simply commanded, in a tone that Royce couldn't help but comply with. People claimed that Grant was a master of persuasion, but Sybil could make a dog meow. Spinning him around in the chair, Royce looked at their reflection in the now darkened monitor.

"Is this really... necessary?" he all but winced, trying to crane his neck to look at the woman behind him.

“Yes,” she replied with a laugh, “Do you know how long Asher and I have wanted at this mop?”

Normally, he’d argue. Or rather, at least for a little bit longer. But something about her tone of voice seemed... clipped. Raw, almost, considering how guarded she normally was. Now, Royce never claimed to be a master of social interaction. But it seemed to him if his friend was feeling down, he should simply let her brush his hair, if that was what she *really* wanted. With a sigh he shrugged, letting his shoulders limp as he gave her free reign.

He caught her smile through the monitor, and he mirrored it for a second before yelping in pain. Sybil certainly was a lot stronger than she looked. She brushed through his hair with a frenzy, obliterating any knots and making them feel ashamed for existing in the first place.

“Have you...” she began, interrupting herself with a small grunt as she detangled a particularly stubborn patch, “Have you ever even seen a hairbrush?” Royce tried to shrug again, but Sybil had an iron grip on his shoulder as she kept him in place.

They sat there in silence for a little while, the only sound between them her invigorated brushing followed by his winces. After waiting what felt like hours, Sybil finally made a noise of success, sounding very pleased with herself. Taking a step back, she tapped her chin as she said, “See? Much better, you look halfway presentable now!”

Royce took a moment to look up at his reflection, and his eyes widened at what he saw. Whatever he was expecting, it wasn’t... *that*. What could only be described as a giant poof of hair greeted him, framing his face in a way unholy. As much as he tried, he couldn’t contain his laughter. It was an action so scarce it was almost foreign to him. Putting a hand over his mouth, he chuckled at his reflection.

At first Sybil pouted, upset to see her hard work laughed at. But soon she couldn’t resist the temptation to join, her giggles turning into a full fledged laugh. A genuine laugh at that one, not the one she reserved for parties. Not the one she was forced to use when Red, *her* Red introduced her to a stranger just moments ago.

The two of them shared the scene for a few beats before both silencing. “Are you, uh... Can I go wash it now?” Royce asked, sounding quite alike a child asking permission despite being seven years her senior. Sybil simply rolled her eyes, patting his shoulder before taking her leave. Ducking back through the doorway she called, “And don’t forget, Mr. Bracket, you *are* attending that party on Friday!”

Running his hands through his recently dominated hair, he rubbed his eyes and sighed. She was going to be the death of him.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!