

help ()

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/29000199) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/29000199>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Transistor (Video Game)
Relationships:	Asher Kendrell/Grant Kendrell , Royce Bracket & Sybil Reisz
Characters:	Asher Kendrell , Grant Kendrell , Royce Bracket , Sybil Reisz , Subject The Boxer , Asher Kendrell's Cat , a new cat!
Additional Tags:	implied/referenced pet loss , asher kendrell's cat is a service animal , autistic asher kendrell , Moving On , The Country (Transistor) - Freeform , Post-Canon Fix-It , Dissociation , mentions of ferrah yon dale and lillian platt , sybil and royce are super close but that's not the point of the fic , Angst with a Happy Ending , Implied/Referenced Suicide , if you know what happens... yeah. , just assume all of my fics aren't beta read. , Mentally Ill Character(s)
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2021-01-26 Words: 1,011 Chapters: 1/1

help ()

by [outbreakperfected](#)

Summary

Asher doesn't talk, when the Camerata reforms in the Country. He can hardly look Grant in the eye when the other holds him close, practically wails into him. He feels disconnected, still in the confines of the study he died in. He left something there, someone. The thought made him shudder and grow even more distant.

Notes

this is literally just a fic about asher losing his cat after the events of the game and navigating life without the stability for a bit.

warnings for this one include implied pet loss, coping with sensory overload, and detailed descriptions of dissociation. stay safe, as always.

not beta read, we die like mr. nobody

Asher doesn't talk, when the Camerata reforms in the Country. He can hardly look Grant in the eye when the other holds him close, practically wails into him. He feels disconnected, still in the confines of the study he died in. He left something there, someone. The thought made him shudder and grow even more distant.

Royce, surprisingly, notices the change in tolerance first, at how Asher flinched at the chime of the mugs as he pulled one out of the cabinet. Then, he makes a comment, which makes Grant and Sybil start to realise it, too. How he was hesitant to touch more than his own outfit and the comforters on his and Grant's shared bed. How he tried, and usually failed, to avoid longer, louder conversation. How he struggled to take in what was in front of him.

Grant knew exactly what the problem was. Asher assumed he had told the other two, as they soon after handled interaction much differently. Sybil, in her endless generosity, offered her earbuds to him, while he was hiding in his shared bedroom, scribbling words into whatever notebooks he could find. (Sometimes Lillian would stop by and drop a few off, never stating it was for him, but it wasn't a needed statement. The Country was strange, like that, always uncannily having whatever was needed that couldn't be found in the countryside.) Royce stopped their occasional debates, trading them for knowing looks and small waves.

Grant... he took him on walks. Quiet, patient ones, ones Asher set the pace to. They were slow, with moments that Asher just... stopped, with Grant always looking to him with a worried expression, asked what was wrong, if they needed to go back home.

Asher learned that there was a creek nearby, one just small enough to wade in comfortably, if they made plans. Sometimes it was full of fish, Asher gathered, because Grant brought a few home with the biggest smile any of the others had seen in the longest time. There were, presumably, prey animals too, because Sybil got invited to dinner where Ferrah had decided to stay, and came back asking if they had any *hunting gear too, that "someone would make better use of it than us."*

It rained, once, and Asher wasn't the only one to notice. Sybil, with an almost childish bliss, took advantage of the event and invited everyone else to join her. Royce was the only one who stayed inside, but that wasn't out of the ordinary. He preferred the sound to the feeling.

Asher found the sound and smell grounding. He nearly jumped when he felt Grant put an arm around him, heard the quiet laugh that left him when he watched Sybil dance.

"You don't seem keen on joining her." Grant spoke, quietly, as to not overwhelm his husband.

Asher shook his head. He was afraid the lump in his throat would give away his feelings if he spoke, even though Grant could read the man like a book. He felt his hand being tugged, ever so gently, and when he realised that it was Grant insisting they stand in the lukewarm drizzle, he obliged.

Grant was a good dancer, even with his age, though Asher was the one that taught him more than slow dancing. This time, though, Grant held Asher close, holding the other's head to his chest, arm around his waist, more cuddling than dance. The gentle, firm hold, the confidence in how Grant held Asher, it made the latter start to fray at the seams. For the first time since the night it all fell apart, Asher let himself cry.

Grant didn't let go, after that. He told Sybil everything was okay, let his husband cry into his chest. Even when the two fell asleep, he was the one holding Asher close, despite how much the two would complain of the body heat in the morning.

~~~~

They did complain, but it was hardly anything notable. Nothing was *truly* uncomfortable, physically, in the Country (unless, well, there were factors like sensory processing that someone brought from the outside in). What made the two get up and go downstairs, however, was a knock at the door.

*"I'll get it." Asher muttered, under Grant's tired groans.*

Asher, with a shirt he stole from Grant and lounge pants, stumbled to the front door and seeing the unlikely face of a very tired Mr. Nobody, holding... *oh...*

*"This little guy came to us last night, during the rain? Thought you'd appreciate her more." His voice is kind, gentle, despite everything...*

Mr. Nobody holds a... well, a kitten, in his arms, from what Asher can tell. a mix of black, gold, and white, with wispy fur and bright emerald eyes. A contrast to... No, Asher wouldn't get emotional over him right now. He hears the kitten let out a long meow, sees her wiggle in Nobody's arms. He lets the kitten go, gently sets her on the ground to explore. The kitten goes right to Asher, inspects him, and presses against him.

*"Seems happy enough. I'll... ehm... leave you all alone, for now." Nobody stammers out, waves, then closes the door behind him.*

Asher is left in shock, looking down at the friendly kitten left quite literally at the Camerata's doorstep, as Grant finally comes to see what they were awoken by. When he comes down the stairs, he watches Asher gently pick up the kitten, with the same awareness he did with

Midnight, and let the kitten rub her face against Asher's. The weight that swallowed the man whole seemed to melt with that.

The Country tends to give people what they need when it wouldn't usually be found in an overgrown, abandoned countryside. The Country decided to give Asher a companion, again.

The cat's name became Sol, and while not privy to learning new things like Asher's previous companion, was willing to try. Asher was patient- he knew he wouldn't get back what he once had, but he was given a lifeline. He wouldn't give it up.

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