

Recall the Processing

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Summary

Sybil thinks about her last few minutes of humanity and the instance prior.

She didn't think at all about staying behind.

The set was now empty, any trace of the hundreds of people that had been there were gone.

Sybil stepped onto the stage, turning around to face the empty seats. Red had been standing on this exact spot before flashing out of existence. Before she and *that man* disappeared before anyone could react.

“Nononono” Sybil could hear Royce murmur under his breath, each repetition of the word slightly louder than the last. Giving him a look she saw him fisting a hand through his own hair, incredulously watching as the Transistor impaled someone other than their original target and flash away from the scene.

Her eyes flickered to the balcony where the four of them had previously been. Best seats in the house. She recommended it. They had a good view. The perfect angle. Away from other people. The Transistor had a perfect and direct hit from there. Before everything fell apart.

“Where did he come from?” Asher had demanded, a hand rushing up to cover his own mouth in shock. He'd look over to his husband, looking for some type of explanation as if they had planned to change targets without notifying him. Unfortunately, that hadn't been the case.

Sybil brings her gaze to the seats that were knocked over in the left aisle. That was where it had attacked first. The Process they called it. They had spawned out of nowhere, worsening the panic that had already wrecked the whole amphitheater.

Grant had a steel grip on the edge of the balcony, seeing the singer and her mysterious protector vanish. He looked over to Royce, seeing the younger man looking just as surprised as he felt. Looking over at Asher, he felt guilt when he was unable to do or say anything reassuring.

She feels a sting on her arm, jolting her from her thoughts. Sybil hissed and swung her parasol, surprised when she felt it hit something. It was one of the smaller bots. What was its name again? It jumps to its feet once more and zaps at her again and Sybil brings up her parasol and slams it down on the small thing. It shattered almost immediately. But there were more.

*“Where the **hell** did it go?” Grant asked, looking around for answers as the rising concerns of Red's audience got louder.*

“She was supposed to be alone, wasn't she? No one close enough to reach her from back stage?” Royce directed his question to Sybil. Never overreact, he'd always say. Always have a plan. Be prepared. Was he prepared for this? Sybil couldn't read him. She wonders if he could read her.

She doesn't know where they had all come from, ambushing her and rushing to her from backstage. A sea of white and red, crawling at her and trying to zap at her. Some of them rush by her like she wasn't there, aiming for the walls and she watches with defeat as the color and patterns start getting erased as easy as paper and pencil. She could leave. She could avoid this. Hide she has places where she could hide. But she doesn't dare to. Not when Red could come back.

"Look!" Asher would point, leaning over the balcony to be a better witness to the disaster below. The Process had started to spawn among the audience, already getting to work in deconstructing. Several people went down. Everyone else had the right idea and started to get the hell out of there.

Sybil hadn't answered Royce and the two of them kept each other under scrutiny for too long of a second. He turned to leave, answering Grant too confidently about finding a solution.

"Going back to my lab. I'll find something."

There would be no reasoning with him. Grant looks dismayed, but he snaps out of it as he just managed to not get zapped. Asher pulled Grant towards him, attempting to keep him out of harm's way.

Sybil tried to fight them off with her parasol, skin covered in little burned and aches from their ongoing zaps. It doesn't take long until she was overrun with them, getting knocked down and trampled by them. She cries out, shrieks, bringing her arms up and covering her face. They're sharp legs scratch at her and the Process surrounds her as they start their zapping.

More of the Process had started to spawn, rushing off to the many levels and through the exits of the theater. "We need to go. We can't do anything if we're here." Asher would say, tugging along Grant's hand before looking right at her. "We'll head over to the towers. They can't reach us. Even if they do, they won't be able to get in."

He must have expected her to follow when he fled.

But she stayed behind.

She's in complete agony, curled up and screaming as they kept trampling over her and overwhelming her with their beams and strikes and leaving her in tears. It felt like electricity shooting all through her body and she shook with no control, clinging to her parasol with whatever strength she could muster.

She didn't want to go out without a fight. Without seeing Red. It was all she could think about. *I did this for you I saved your life I told them you were going to be alone.* Sybil convulses, eyes clenched shut. *Red Red Red Red this was all for you where did you go Red*

Her skin was scorched; black and completely numb.

She wants to see her so badly she *wanted to tell you I did this for you*

Sybil lurches against the floor, feeling every single part of her be rewritten or unwritten. Regret and denial and sorrow built up in her

it was suddenly the only thing she could understand.

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