

After Credits

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/15293169) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/15293169>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	F/M
Fandom:	Transistor (Video Game)
Relationship:	Red/Subject The Boxer
Characters:	Red (Transistor) , Subject The Boxer , Royce Bracket
Additional Tags:	Fluff , Feels , subject/the boxer is named auden , i just wanted closure guys , this game broke my damn heart , i cried so many times , we stan one (1) , straight ship in this house , (really only a mention of royce he's not actually there)
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2018-07-15 Words: 991 Chapters: 1/1

After Credits

by [proto_typ3](#)

Summary

Her dress was impeccable, surrounding her in a molten gold as her hair was a perfect red halo. Any dirt or blood had been cleaned, leaving her as perfect as she was the night of her last performance, save for a changed look in her eyes, deeper, sorrowful.

Notes

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

“Hi.” Any other word caught and choked him. She was so beautiful.

“Hey.” Red’s voice was soft, almost strained from muteness. Her dress was impeccable, surrounding her in a molten gold as her hair was a perfect red halo. Any dirt or blood had been cleaned, leaving her as perfect as she was the night of her last performance, save for a changed look in her eyes, deeper, sorrowful.

Her hands reached up to cup his face, rubbing his stubble with a thumb, tears in both of their eyes. Auden was the first to crack, crashing over her like a wave, sobbing into her shoulder. Red was soon to follow, hands clawing into the back of his jacket, wrapping herself in his touch like an old blanket. He let out choked apologies and praises as his walls fell. She could barely comfort him, as she was just as broken, if not more. She watched him die at the hands of the Camarada, she was forced to fight for her life and everyone else's before she was the last one. Auden was sucked into it and turned into a weapon. Slowly drawn into a haze, right up until she died at her own hand. His hand and her will, there was no city to rebuild if she was alone. Now they were together, drowning in each other's tears, collapsed in the middle of the beautiful golden field of the Country.

“Red, Red, I love you so much.” His words were a choir. “So, so much, I'm so sorry. For everything.”

“We... it's not our fault, don't say sorry-” She tried to stop him.

“I lost myself, I almost lost you, I died, we killed, we...” Tears fell from his eyes again. “So many people died, Red... the Process...”

“It won't kill any more. Not any more.” She soothed quietly. His form shook with half sobs trying to compose himself. “I'm here, I'm here...”

“I'm here...” He repeated after her, wanting the words to settle and hold. It felt like a dream, though every cold detail was heartbreaking. Everything that lead up to this only seemed to be hitting him now, for some reason. It was only just dawning on him that he was literally a weapon for what seemed like an eternity, only able to keep himself sane off her distant picture in the sky and her soft humming. It didn't matter to him now, he could finally feel her again, talk and hear a response, *her* response. They sat there for what could've been hours, making up for weeks of loneliness and grief there in eachothers arms.

“I love you.” Red mumbled against his neck. He let out half a chuckle and a snuffle.

“You're going to make me cry again.” He pulled away, only a few inches, placing a hand on the side of her face. She leaned into it, smiling like a ray of sun through the clouds.

“I love you.” She repeated, closing her eyes and placing her hand over his.

“I'm so sorry it came to this.” He said with a sad smile.

“You know-” Her voice cracked in an unexpected sob. “- *damn well* I wasn't going to live the rest of my *goddamn life* without you.” She rubbed her face against his hand, smearing the

tears across her cheek.

“Oh, Red...” He let her fall into his arms again, feeling her nails dig into his back and sides as if she was holding him down, making sure no one would take him again, making sure he was *real*. “Ow, ow-” She lessened her grip immediately, nuzzling into his neck apologetically. He caressed her small form with clouded eyes, exhausted. “So... what do we do now?” His voice fell flat.

“Whatever you want.” She shrugged.

“I want to sleep.” He yawned on cue.

“Let’s go find a spot, then.” She stood, helping pull Auden up, who promptly leaned into her. She wrapped an arm around his waist, as he settled across her shoulders, turning towards the run down barnhouse a couple hundred feet off.

“Can we even sleep in that place?” Auden questioned.

“No one’s here to stop us.” Red grinned.

“Huh.” He made an odd face. “Where would the others be then? The Camarada. As much as I don't want to see them...”

“Maybe they’re still in the Transistor?”

“Then why would *we* be let go?”

“I don't know, Auden, probably no one knows.” She sighed. His heart fluttered at the sound of his own name. It seemed like it'd been so long since he heard it, especially from her lips. “Royce might've known, but Royce was a bitch.” She said matter of factly. Auden chuckled. “You know he was!”

“I know! I know, I just... missed this.” He sighed happily, lacing their fingers together. “I missed you.”

“I missed you too.” She smiled.

The walk to the barn was quiet and comfortable. Red and Auden walked hand in hand, close and loving. Auden was slowly falling asleep on his feet, yawning every now and then. Red wondered if he slept at all while he was part of the Transistor. The adrenaline of the hours before now was slowly fading, leaving Red as exhausted as she's ever felt, barely being able to open the door to the barn. Together, as sleepy as they were, they managed to get to the upper level and pull together enough of a bed to suffice. It was mostly old fabric and hay in a loose pile on the ground, but they could make an actual bed later. Red latched onto him, tracing his form with her hands and refusing to let go, though Auden didn't complain, only weakly returning her touch as sleep took him within the minute. His subtle breath lulled her to sleep at his side, peaceful. For the first time in what must've been months, even before that fateful night that started this, she felt at peace.

End Notes

high key wanna write a crack fic of all the peeps (the camerada etc since everyones fucking DEAD) living in the barn and shenanigans and feels and fluff....
hmu/comment if you'd b interested yall

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