

Same Old Blues

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Same Old Blues

by [runicmagitek](#)

Summary

It's his birthday and his favorite weather is pouring down and his favorite redhead is singing.

Notes

for an anonymous request on tumblr for the prompt - *Birthday - spending their first birthday together*

Another rehearsal, another job to do. The concert was two weeks away—her first one since that *altercation*, as everyone called it, broke out—and yet she shined like it never happened. How could anyone hate her? How could anyone jab fingers in her direction and put blame on her? A gem like that was one that needed to be cherished, not harmed. Anyone who thought differently wasn't a true fan of Red. Or so he thought.

But it was because of those ill-tempered folk that he had a job to begin with. Hire some no name guy off the streets to make sure the big name star was out of trouble. Easy. Security would jump up for the concert, but until then, he had his eye on Red. Or more like he kept an eye on all exits and entrances to make sure no one who wasn't welcomed snuck in. No use in watching her while she rehearsed.

Yet he did it anyway.

Catching himself, he chuckled and walked off. He occupied his time with memorizing the theater's catwalks before slipping out onto the roof. Even there, Red's voice vibrated through the building's structure. As her song thrummed through his body, Cloudbank lit up like a kaleidoscope thrown into darkness. Rain sprinkled down and the lights rippled with each rain drop. He smiled, back against the wall as he sought haven beneath the lip of the doorway—his favorite kind of weather. And on his birthday, no less. Couldn't get better than that.

Well... maybe it could. His mind wandered back to the beauty dressed in sapphire. Always smiling, always glowing with passion. She was a busy one with a booked agenda daily. That kept him busy in turn and his wallet full, but as the days passed on, he looked forward to seeing *her* and not just another check to cash.

He breathed out a half-hearted chuckle. *The hell are you doing? Thinking about her, of all people. That's like... a million levels out of your league. She doesn't look at you like that. Not a bit. Just some bodyguard doing his job.*

With each reminder to calm down, his heart skipped a beat. Once the rehearsal wrapped up, he planned on heading out, maybe hitting up a pub to watch a game if it was still on and celebrate with a few locals over a drink. Nothing special, but it warmed his heart. Now all that filled his mind was walking down the untouched streets of Cloudbank with a certain songstress by his side.

But muddy puddles would stain her dress and the rain would mar her hair and none of it was worth fretting over when it was all but a dream, anyways.

He sighed heavily and tilted his head back. *What have I gotten myself into?*

The door opened behind him and he flailed to maintain balance. A small gasp came from inside. Once he spun around, his eyes widened—what was Red, of all people, doing before him?

He hoped the heat on his face wasn't blush. "H-hi."

To his surprise, she cracked a smile, albeit a mischief one. “Hey.”

“Is, uh... I was just checking the area out.” He chuckled nervously, jerking a thumb over his shoulder. “You know, make sure no one sneaks up on the roof.”

Red raised her eyebrows and swayed back and forth. “I’d be surprised if someone went out of their way for a tactical maneuver like that.”

“Y-yeah, but better safe than sorry.” He tried to keep his eyes on hers, though flicked them over her form out of habit. Still in her rehearsal gown with her arms behind her back. “Are you wrapping up now?”

She shook her head, loose ringlets of crimson tossing about. “Just breaking. I hadn’t seen you in a while.”

“You saw me when we got here.”

Tilting her head, Red shot him a look. “I mean I didn’t see you while I was singing.”

You... what? “Were you... looking for me or...?”

“You’re always walking around and sometimes I see you watching.” He froze, but she smiled. “You look happy. And when I didn’t see you, I was worried... you *weren’t* happy.”

Why would she ever think that? How could he possibly be distressed in her presence? But he swallowed hard and licked his dry lips, trying to ignore the notion of how close they stood together beneath the one dry patch amidst the rain.

“I’m well,” he finally got out. “Quite well, actually.”

“You sure?”

“Yeah.” And he didn’t need to force the smile he wore.

She mirrored it in kind. “That’s good to hear. I... had something for you.”

“For me?”

With a nod, Red brought her hands before him, revealing a single, lit cupcake in her palms. The flame flickered in the occasional breeze and illuminated Red’s vivid eyes. Entranced by her gaze, all he could do was stare as she sang happy birthday to him. He held onto each word passing by her lips like a victim to a siren song. At any moment, he expected to jolt out of bed in a cold sweat. It never happened. The flame danced and Red sang.

Extending the cupcake to him, Red purred, “Make a wish.”

His eyes continued to lock onto hers, not wanting the moment to pass. Inhaling deeply, he closed his eyes. *I wish we could sit out here, my jacket over you to keep you dry and warm, and watch the world go by.* And he blew out the candle in a single puff.

Red grinned and giggled, removing the candle to then hand the cupcake over to him. He took it almost too earnestly, only to pause before he took a massive bite. “You... how did you know it was my birthday?”

Anyone with spare time to kill could look up another person’s date of birth within the terminals, but that was beyond his control. He was nowhere to be found in every search. Mr. Nobody, as he would joke with his friends, but there was indeed truth in those words.

So when Red gave off a shrug with a sly smirk, he held his breath. “I have my ways,” she said.

Maybe she got a hold of Preston, but that would have meant that she went out of her way to track down his usual haunts. He tried not to dwell on it, instead nodding and biting into the cupcake with a delectable moan. The triple chocolate cupcake vanished with a few mouthfuls. All the while, Red watched.

“Why did you do this?” he asked, licked his lips and fingers.

“Why did you take up this job?”

He blinked. *For money? For people to take me seriously?* When he settled on the truth, his voice dropped to almost a whisper. “Because I wanted to.”

And thus Red smiled softly, her eyes glowing. “Because *I* wanted to.”

He swore his heart stopped.

“To be honest,” Red continued, “if I had it my way, I would have gotten you flat bread, but my coordinator advised against it.” She threw her hands up and rolled her eyes. “It’s not what people do for birthdays or something like that. Cake’s fine and all, but I’d rather eat a whole box of flatbread than a sheet cake.”

Now he tried not to scream with joy. “Wait... like Junction Jan’s flatbread?”

“Of course! Who else?”

There was no possible way to bite back the grin dominating his face. “You know, next time, I will *not* complain if you show up with a flatbread box in hand.”

“Really?”

“Really.”

She parted those smiling lips of hers, but a voice boomed through the door, carrying Red’s name through it. A stage manager demanded her presence and thus sucked the life from her eyes.

“Guess I should be going,” Red said.

“Yeah.”

Neither of them moved.

“Thank you,” he ended up saying. “This... meant a lot to me.”

She tucked locks of hair behind her ear. He wished he could have done it for her. “Of course.”

He opened the door for her and as she slowly stepped back inside, a light hand fell upon his shoulder.

“Happy birthday,” Red murmured.

He swore she winked, but by the time he second guessed it all, she was gone. And he returned to his task as bodyguard, though when she broke out into song again, he was there in the balconies watching.

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