

## Where It Suits Me

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# Where It Suits Me

by [runicmagitek](#)

## Summary

“You... don’t have to do this, if you don’t want to.”

“What else am I supposed to do with my life? It’s in my selections. I’m... meant for this.”

“Are you, though?”

Before returning to the spotlight, Red finds comfort in the only one who makes her smile.

## Notes

General prompt # 23 - “Hey, look at me. Focus on me alright?”

Beloved Dee! The one and only! Sharing this little fandom and ship with you has been nothing short of awesome over the years we've known each other. Thank you for reigniting all my hardcore Transistor feels and for being an incredible friend, as well. I hope you keep finding the time to write and share your phenomenal stories about equally phenomenal ladies - you've been such an inspiration! Thank you again and enjoy!

Lights flashed in rapid succession. People shouted, begging for her attention, to say a word about the upcoming show, to offer anything worthy of an OVC headline. Red simply smiled, averted her gaze, and rushed into the building. Even from the Empty Set's private rear entrance, photographers and reporters flooded the tight alleyway.

What was she to expect, though? It was the first performance after her abrupt hiatus.

After *that* fiasco of a show.

She massaged her temples. Now wasn't the time to succumb to silence and stress. Her fans amassed before the stage and awaited her return.

*The show must go on*, Red reminded herself.

Despite her absence, she navigated backstage like her own apartment. Stagehands swerved through the darkness to perfect the night's spectacle. Red nodded to each one who paused and gasped at her presence, as if a goddess walked amongst them.

*I'm not different from you all, though*, she mused upon reaching her dressing room. *I was a faceless stranger in the crowd, once.*

She missed those days. Oh, how she longed to plop down at Junction Jan's and bask in flatbread without worrying if someone would recognize her, let alone ask for her autograph or a photo or anything to showcase that they interacted with *the* Red. Not that she disliked her fans. Quite the opposite. She just... wished it wasn't exhausting. In every sense of the word.

*I only wish for their happiness*, she thought, frowning as she slipped into the golden gown and fluffed the high, feathered collar. *I know it's impossible to please everyone, but if people leave tonight with a smile... then it was worth it.*

A gentle knock sounded at the door. Red sat a little taller at her vanity mirror and gazed at the reflection. "Who is it?"

But she already knew.

The door creaked open. A familiar face peeked through. She couldn't help but grin at his reflection.

"Hi," Blue uttered, soft and sweet, per usual.

"Hey," Red purred back.

"You, um... how's it going?"

She swiped crimson lipstick across her pout. "It goes."

"Right. That's... that's good."

Red snorted. “You can come inside, you know.”

“Oh, no. I can’t. I need to... keep watch outside your door. You know.” He bobbed his head while searching for the right words. Did he know how cute he was while her presence twisted his tongue? “Make sure no OVC snoops slipped in.”

“So far, so good?”

“Yeah.”

“Excellent.”

Silence drifted between them, yet he lingered in the door while she secured her earrings and fussed with the loose ringlets framing her face. Vibrations of an impatient audience lived in the walls. Every thrum plucked her nerves, more than she wanted to admit; it lowered her gaze, left her fidgeting with her engagement ring, and chewing her freshly painted lower lip.

“Red.”

His voice, while gentle, shot through her. It always did. “I’m fine,” she said on instinct.

“You... don’t have to do this, if you don’t want to.”

“What else am I supposed to do with my life? It’s in my selections. I’m... meant for this.”

“Are you, though?”

Nothing surfaced. She hated that more than the violence that unfolded previously.

“Hey.”

The door closed. His reflection shifted.

“Red.”

He was beside her, on his knees—no different from a month ago when he popped that delicate question. Ever since then... well, she floated through life, like she could face any challenge so long as he was there. It was what shattered her creative block, returned her to the studio, and revived her stage performances with songs never heard by Cloudbank before.

Except for him. Always him.

“Look at me.”

And she did. How could she not? Those lovely eyes, that crooked smile, his messy hair, his untucked suit, his tender affection, everything. She nearly forgot about the performance and all its anxieties—simply by holding his gaze.

“Focus on me, alright?” he murmured. “I know this is a lot and there are thousands of people dying to see you live, but... imagine you’re singing to me.”

But that was her secret; she *always* imagined that.

Just them, late at night in her apartment. They laughed over each other's quirks in mundane activities from how she stuck out her tongue while writing lyrics to how he talked to himself while brewing her fresh coffee. He enveloped her from behind, asked what she was working on, and swayed as she sang a verse or two. She performed in slippers, his oversized shirt, and no makeup. She sang loud enough for neighbors to issue a noise complaint. She smiled when he applauded, knowing that in the end, if she could make *him* happy....

Well, *that* was all that mattered.

"You ready?" Blue eventually asked.

She didn't want to be. That meant pulling away from his hand cupping her face and away from that private room where no one spied upon them. But Red stood, nodded, and waited for him to exit first before following.

Despite their dalliances behind closed doors, he still upheld his role as her personal bodyguard. Blue escorted her through the dimly lit halls and brought her closer to stage left. The house lights died en route to her destination and the audience roared. It drowned out her racing pulse, almost deafened her to his lovely voice.

But he leaned in and whispered into her ear. "Break a leg, alright? I'll be right here when it's over. We can grab some flatbread after to celebrate. Like old times."

Red nodded into him, yet gripped the lapels of his jacket. "Promise me?"

"Always."

As the crowd chanted her name and a single microphone awaited her, Red lost herself in Blue's lips one last time. Finally, the nerves abated and all that burned in its wake was *him*. Only then was she able to emerge and sing.

For him. Always for him.

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