

With a Taste of Your Lips

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/5443373) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/5443373>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	F/F
Fandom:	Transistor (Video Game)
Relationship:	Red/Sybil Reisz
Characters:	Sybil Reisz , Red (Transistor) , Royce Bracket
Additional Tags:	Pre-Canon , Secret Relationship
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2015-12-17 Words: 589 Chapters: 1/1

With a Taste of Your Lips

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Summary

They found time in between pauses, opting to cling onto one another than to breathe.

Notes

For a tumblr prompt - getting caught in the act

The finest gourmet desserts couldn't satisfy Sybil's tongue when she had tasted the lips of a certain singer. For far too long, she imagined what it would be like to share a kiss with Red; now she didn't know how to exist without her.

They found time in between pauses, opting to cling onto one another than to breathe. Sybil found her backstage during rehearsals and Red found her alone calling for catering and floral arrangements. They gasped and denied their lungs of air the moment their lips met. Sybil never minded. From the way Red purred back into her mouth, the sound vibrating along Sybil's lips and thrumming down to her toes, Sybil guessed the lovely lady didn't mind either.

"They'll find out," Red whispered onto Sybil's mouth.

Sybil peeked through her heavy lids and smiled when brilliant blue eyes met her gaze. "Maybe."

"And what then?"

Her mouth moved away from Red's and brushed over the length of her sensitive neck. She never tired from the way Red shuddered against her each and every damn time.

"Let them talk," Sybil offered.

Red almost laughed at the concept. "The gossip section of the OVC will have a field day with that."

"It won't compare to how much fun I'm having with *you*."

The two women giggled, cupped each other's faces, and drowned themselves in decadent kisses.

And when Sybil wasn't crushing her body into Red's, she smiled to herself, leaving the rest of Cloudbank to wonder what possibly roused such vivacity inside of her. She couldn't stop thinking about Red and for a good reason; the woman was beyond stunning – a siren luring her in. Whatever dangers circulated around their affair didn't blip onto Sybil's radar.

Until Royce pulled up an article on his terminal.

"Is that... you?"

Sybil opted to ignore him at first, but when Royce continued to look at her and then the monitor one too many times, she sighed and traipsed over to him. What Sybil saw on the terminal, however, widened her eyes and hitched her breath in her throat.

That was her in the picture alright. Not just one – *dozens*. Some, sneaky rat found her with Red right after a rehearsal and snapped pictures of the two embracing like the lovers they were in a back alley.

Sybil's face *burned*. Her hands balled into tight fists and her clenched jaw dared to shatter teeth.

Royce just blinked at her, beyond unfazed. "So... *is* it you-"

"Where did you find this?!"

He paused, then swiveled to center before his terminal to scroll to the top, revealing the OVC title page. "Where everyone else finds their news, of course. Not... *likely* to find something like this on an amateur's site. Maybe. Wouldn't rule it out, really. The pictures *could* be better-"

"What?!"

"They're dark. Hard to notice *all* the details. But her..." Royce pointed at the blonde. "She looks like you." Again, Royce peered up to Sybil. "Is it?"

She huffed up and crossed her arms. "Why do you care?"

Royce shrugged. "I don't."

Why do I even bother to put up with you? With a beyond annoyed sigh, Sybil pivoted on her heels and marched off.

"Where are you going?"

"I need to make a call," Sybil shouted back.

Once she found solitude out on the balcony, she stared at her phone and wondered who to call first: Red, to see if she was alright from the public backlash, or Asher, to see if he could reverse the mess which marred the OVC.

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