

that's not yours.

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that's not yours.

by [starshepherd](#)

Summary

drabble after boxer's murder. sybil wants to stay - it's her fault, it's her fault. but royce knows better.

it's gone it's gone it's gone - where is it where is it where is it where is it

‘ sybil? ‘

it's not hers it's not hers it's not hers - this is my fault, my fault, my fault ...

‘ sybil. ‘

it's not a question any longer. she craves the dark embrace of the process; her idea of punishment only *she* deserves for what she thinks she's done. royce knows better. he knows it can be fixed, the transistor can be recovered, it would just take time - if they had it.

‘ we need to go. ‘

he's amazed she's still standing. his hand latches onto her upper arm, though he doesn't grace her with his usual light touch. he means to shake her from this. (he would drag her if he had to.) she's too important to leave behind, even if she had lied to him. to all of them.

‘ royce, i - can't. ‘

her voice is quiet, barely audible above the encroaching of the process. she wrenches her arm out of his hold, and steps forward, staggering. it's not just grief that holds her captive, but *guilt*. he doesn't understand; he can't. he's never **felt** the way she has, never interacted so intimately with the human psyche as she.

‘ yes, you can. ‘

he insists. he won't touch her again; he's smart enough to know he'll get more than a bloody nose if he does. he can't sympathize with her - he doesn't know how, but he pities her. somehow.

‘ not without her. ‘

‘ the singer? sybil, please - ‘

‘ her name is *red* . ‘

she's gone , he realises. he's never known sybil to care so much for another, save their little group - but willing to rewrite her entire existence for this *red* ? he doesn't understand. maybe he's not supposed to.

‘ you know what will happen to you if you stay here, yes? ‘

his tone is low, but not threatening. this is her choice, after all; the thought of bringing her back forcefully *had* crossed his mind. but he refused. she would be forever tormented with this mishap - she'd regret it more deeply than any other decision she's ever made.

‘ i know what i'm... doing. she'll... come back, she has to. she can't just - ‘

he steps up to her side now, watching her expression as she speaks in halting tones.

‘ that's exactly what she's done, sybil. we did try to kill her, and instead, well... she has good reason to not come back here. she never loved you. but we do. ‘

he's cold, and he knows it. but she *just* might snap out of it. she whips around to face him - her eyes are red, and her cheeks are wet. (she's been crying, you fool.) but his countenance remains impassive; *she has to learn* , he thinks.

‘ she was never meant for you, and you know it. she will play her part, as will you, if you come back. ... you should come back. won't you? ‘

but she shakes her head and turns from him again, hugging her hat to her chest. her shoulders quiver, and her gaze remains fixated on the trashed scene of the venue.

‘ leave me alone. ‘

the noise is grating on royce’s hearing. she growls at him, and he backs up a step. still, he remains undeterred. *she has to come back* . they need her. they need him.

‘ i’m sorry, sybil, but i can’t do that. ‘

he doesn’t normally apologize. but sybil isn’t normal, and neither is the situation.

‘ she goes against *everything* our organization stands for. she’ll have to go eventually. ‘

royce steps in front of her, hands placed firmly around her wrists. her face contorts, teeth bared and she nearly growls. she tries to pull away, to wrench herself from his grip but he moves with her - he *can’t* let her stay. grant would never forgive him if they lost her.

‘ royce - let me go, let me go ! ‘

his head shakes and he pulls her to his chest, turning so he can throw an arm under her knees and sweeps her up. her hands latch onto his coat, but she doesn’t kick, doesn’t scream - *she’s lost her fight* , he realises.

‘ i can’t apologise for this, sybil. we need you. i need you. ‘

he turns and begins to walk back to the car; her fingers loosen from his coat eventually, her head leans against his shoulder. *she must be exhausted* . he touches his cheek to her hairline for a moment, hoping it could convey what he could not in words. when they reach the vehicle, it’s already running - asher and grant are in the front seats, waiting. he sets her down, helps her into the backseat. he waves to asher; *i’ll be back. need to check something out* .

no one would hurt sybil like that again.

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