

Arms' Length

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Arms' Length

by [twixtsheets \(twixtthelines\)](#)

Summary

<-! hello cloudbank... i'm back. royce !->

In the after, Red, Royce, and the Transistor consider the future of Cloudbank and come to an agreement about where Royce belongs in such things.

She reaches for it, but the Transistor won't let her die. He fell into it, but he has too much to do to let the Transistor end him.

It's not a fair match. With the Transistor in her hands, Red could throw him at her feet in innumerable ways, even without calling its more esoteric functions. His back is against the wall in less time than it takes to say "Turn."

No escape to the left. No chance on the right. His eyes dart frantically from bridge to building to river until she slams the Transistor halfway into the wall, just barely missing his head. The calculated show of force is— well. If he's being honest, it's very impressive.

Why are you here, her furious eyes demand. The Transistor – or, no, it must be someone else, someone from inside it. How fascinating. The man inside the Transistor (she must know him, know him well, for his Trace to be so strong) seems to agree. [I think I speak for the both of us when I say I wanna know how the hell you're here,] he says. Red punctuates this with a sharp nod.

Royce shrugs. "It wasn't that difficult. Was fairly simple, even. I wasn't lying when I said only one of us could take the Transistor out. As you can see, you have the Transistor, and I... well, I don't. But I was the one who found the Transistor, the one who discovered it in the first place. That comes with certain advantages, you could say."

[You built yourself a backdoor.] The sword's voice is flat. [Don't suppose it'd work for anyone else?]

"I sincerely doubt it." It was really only luck that let him escape, and he doesn't particularly want to think about the moments where it looked like he might not. "The Transistor and I... we're a lot alike. Quite a bit alike, actually. We're both very focused on... on doing our jobs, doing them well. Improving things. If it hasn't already found and patched the hole I made in its code... Well, I'd be very surprised."

[Right. Don't know why I bothered asking,] he mutters.

The Transistor's center eye abruptly flashes, forcing Royce to cover his own just as some kind of beam breaches the wall with enough force to widen the crack. Fault lines spiderweb under his hair. What kind of function was that? How much power does it have? Was she the one to call it, and if so, how did she do it without making contact with the Transistor? Red glares him down, interrupting his whirling thoughts. *Why*, she mouths.

"Why am I here?" Royce hums, reorienting himself. No, he's made enough of a mess of things already. The Transistor's secrets are better left alone. "Well, chiefly, my own self interest. I have no desire to see the Country just yet, not when there are so many questions to be answered here."

[And if we don't want you here?] her friend asks.

“You'd be entirely within your rights, of course.” He rubs a fingernail against the side of his thumb. The pause should be underscored with lapping waves, maybe a bird call or two if Cloudbank is feeling whimsical. Instead, there's nothing – nothing but the thump of his heart.

No, they definitely have reason to want him gone.

“Of course, it would also be... a little silly, a little impractical, to send me away.” His lips twist ruefully. “I know I've given you no reason to believe me – kind of the opposite, if I'm being honest – but I want to make this better. This isn't how things should be, how we wanted things to be. We did everything for Cloudbank, and now, well, now we have a lot more to fix. But I can fix it, at least some of it.” He meets her eyes, gaze steady and strong. “I want to fix it.”

Red's nose crinkles in a derisive snort. [We've been doing a pretty good job of fixing things ourselves,] the sword says.

He takes a deep breath and lets it out through his nose, careful not to let it whistle. *Tact*, his memories of Grant advise him. *This is a negotiation. You have the upper hand. You only have to convince them of that.* “Your patches aren't bad,” he forces himself to admit. The new Fairview bridge is very striking, very moving. Even beautiful. “Not bad, really. Just a little... impractical.”

[Really. Impractical, huh?]

“The motif of the lovers, leaving and coming together again, it's... well, it's charming, I suppose.” Red furrows her eyebrows at him. Royce takes the invitation to elaborate, hands flicking through the air. “But all those long, isolated limbs, well, they're not exactly sturdy. It wouldn't take much for them to just –” *snap* “– right off.”

Red makes a half-choked noise. Royce pauses, looking her over, but she and the sword both appear fine. Shrugging, he continues. “Then, of course, this stone is completely unsuitable for outdoor use. Very vulnerable to the elements, very liable to wear and tear. Pretty, but not much good for practicalities. Though it certainly does seem to be your style.”

As if yanked on an invisible string, the Transistor leaps out of the wall and into Red's hand. He can barely follow her movement. One moment, the Transistor is in the wall; the next, it's simply at his throat. Has he overstepped somehow? “I mean no offense,” he clarifies. “But you're a singer, not an engineer.”

She pulls his chin up, forcing him to meet her burning eyes. “You need someone with my experience,” Royce earnestly explains. He swallows, carefully. The blade's chisel top is uncomfortably sharp against the hollow of his chin. “Someone who knows what the Transistor can really do.”

[Wow, okay,] the sword says. The sound tickles, this close to Royce's skin. [Is this a flirting thing?]

Red gives it an incredulous look. [I mean, if it is, I'm fine with that,] the sword continues. [I just wasn't expecting to be in the middle of it.]

“Do you... want it to be a flirting thing?” It honestly hadn't occurred to Royce before this, but now that the option has been raised, yes, he can see where an observer might draw that conclusion. Red has him completely at her mercy right now. It's not an unenjoyable thought.

The blade slips against Royce's throat. His pulse jumps, and he swallows again. Oh.

The sword chokes out a mote of static. [Oh,] it unknowingly echoes.

Red evaluates the sword, then him, lingering on his hair, his jawline, his hands. He tilts his chin up, opening himself to her. To them. She returns the favor by adjusting the sword so its blunted side rests against his throat. The sword is in a perpendicular grip, now, and Red has enough mobility to seat herself in Royce's lap. Her eyes search his face. When he nods, she pulls him into a testing kiss, one hand cupping his cheek, the other pressing the Transistor's hilt against his Adam's apple.

[You know, I did not think I was into this,] the sword remarks.

The electric undertone buzzes through him, and he groans. Red takes the opportunity to plunder deeper.

[Wow,] the sword says. [Turns out I'm *very* into this. Not sure what that says about me.]

“I might have a few guesses,” Royce admits once Red's tongue has left his mouth, “but perhaps they would be better shared elsewhere.” The empty plaza yawns around them. He isn't as put off by their silent audience on the bridge as he thinks others might be – Sybil's always complained about things *looking* at her, as if these statues could be anything other than pompous, impractical stone – but, well, it's only been a few days since their little spat with the Process, and he's never been entirely comfortable in wide, open spaces. “I'd rather continue this somewhere else, somewhere a little more, well, private.”

Red grimaces in sheepish agreement.

The sword flashes, silent for the moment. Searching for words? Odd to think of the Transistor engaging in such a human practice, but then, the man inside it was human, and might still be by some definition.

If they're going to proceed with this, he should really get the man's name.

[I think I got it,] he says at last. [When I first... got here, right after the concert, I took us both to the other side of this bridge. Like I teleported us or something. You want to teach us how this thing works? Tell us how to do that again.]

Teleportation? “Well, that would certainly explain why we couldn't find the Transistor. Afterwards, I mean.”

Red's face pinches. Ah, perhaps that was less than tactful. Royce starts over.

“It's not a process– that's with a lowercase ‘p,’ process – though perhaps I should choose another word, for the sake of causing less confusion. An ability? Whatever it is, it's not one I know much about.”

She frowns at him, tapping her wrist. *Get to the point.*

He nods to her in thanks. “In any case, it shouldn't be too difficult to figure out. You did manage it, after all.”

She rolls her eyes, though he can't see why.

“The Transistor, it's... It controls everything, lets you manipulate everything in Cloudbank, location included. If I were to guess, I'd say all you have to do is call your variable, then update its value. `setLocation(Red, Royce, Transistor) = ...` well, equals anywhere, really.”

[Just like that?]

“Depending on how the Transistor stores our location data.” Coordinates, presumably. But what kind? What a fascinating window into how it must see the world. “How did you do it before?”

The sword's voice goes distant. He can almost picture him, the man— almost certainly Red's bodyguard, the one who took the sword for her. (Took it from them.) Broad shoulders, dark hair. The coat she's wearing now, big, too big on her, with the white-furred hood that blends into the deep, feathery V of her neckline. Was he taller or shorter than her? If the two of them stood next to each other, which one would look more dangerous? [I was just thinking, *anywhere but here ...* Or, no. It was *somewhere she'll be safe*. I must have been thinking about our walks out here.]

Red's breath hitches. She cradles the sword close.

[Hey, it worked out okay, right? ...don't answer that.] He laughs, only half-bitter. Royce's lips twitch despite himself. [Anyway, maybe if I...]

The bridge drops out from under their feet. For a half-second, Royce shivers, tingling like he's being Processed again; then the world resolves around them, this time somewhat more closely and much, much paler.

[Sorry,] the sword winces. [Should've figured it'd look like this. I was just thinking, you'd locked your keys in, and I remember what your place looks like a lot better than mine...]

Red's been staring, stock-still, at the white protrusions mushrooming from her floor, but she snorts and whaps the Transistor with the back of her hand. Probably, what is it called, an inside joke. A bout of (inefficient) humming later, and their location becomes a recognizable apartment — again, presumably.

“You know, humming isn't necessary to use the Transistor,” he tells her, because if he's going to be teaching her as a fellow User he intends to do his job. “It would work faster, would probably work faster, if you devoted your full attention to it.”

She makes a face at him and starts humming again, louder this time. Like ice cubes, the remaining spots of white begin to shrink, slower than ever.

Royce stares at her. She sticks her tongue out, still humming.

“Now that's just... just petty.”

[Not petty enough, if it hasn't managed to shut you up yet,] the sword retorts. Red snickers and has to take a second before resuming her song. Considering the purpose of this visit, the swaying of her hips is rather distracting.

[Soon as we take this to the bedroom? That's gonna be my first priority.]

Royce adjusts his ascot. The thing is suddenly tight against his throat. Once he has enough of his voice under control, he replies, “I'll look forward to it.” The Transistor shimmers in response.

Oh, that reminds him. “Speaking of which, I don't think I ever got your name.”

[Probably not,] the sword answers easily. [I'm not really in the habit of giving it out. ‘Specially not to anyone Admin-affiliated.]

Royce blinks dumbly at him. “But that's- that's ridiculous. What on earth do your files look like?”

[Not sure I have any, honestly. The ones in here are pretty bare.]

“That sounds impractical,” his mouth says before his brain can catch up. Wait, he can read the Transistor's files? Which ones? He shakes his head. “Never mind. It doesn't matter. The files don't matter. But if we're going to go through with this, I'd rather have a name, rather think of you as something else besides ‘the Transistor.’”

He hums. [Well, she's Red. Guess that could make me Blue, if she likes.]

Red, done fixing the apartment, wheezes with laughter and holds a thumb up in agreement. Royce huffs. “I'm being serious.”

[Yeah, so am I.] Not that the sword's near-monotone gives much indication. [What, you feeling left out? We could call you Green.]

Of all the- If anything, he should be Red. ...No, of course that wouldn't work. He closes his mouth, instead glaring at Red, who's laughed herself to the floor.

[You're right, Red, it is pretty fun to wind him up,] the... ugh. *Blue* says.

The satisfaction in the man's voice coils warmly in Royce's gut, mingling with the embarrassed flush in his cheeks. He offers Red a hand up, but she nudges it aside, standing on her own. “I think you should show us to the bedroom now,” he tells her.

She frowns thoughtfully, then crooks a finger. Royce bends to meet her, willowy frame curling, frondlike, in, before something heavy slams into his back and knocks him into her lips. She swallows his gasp with a smirk that travels all the way down to his toes.

[Not that you using me as the world's sexiest pennant bat isn't hot,] Blue groans from behind him, [but I really hope this isn't gonna be my only role.]

Red winces, shaking her head, and presses a much sweeter kiss to his crossguard. “That shouldn't be too difficult to arrange,” Royce muses, already whirling with ideas.

There are so many options at their disposal, so many things they could do with a little creativity. That vibrating voice alone...

Red reappears from the hallway, rolling her eyes. He sheepishly allows her to grab his wrist and lead him to the bedroom.

It's well designed, if spare, vaulted ceiling meeting leaf-patterned walls. The same motif twines elegantly around the sparse furniture: a vanity table, clogged with loose songsheets and two mugs, long cold; a wardrobe, doors flung open, contents sprawling across the floor. Her dress lies similarly askew when he turns around – evidently thrown with some satisfaction, judging from its trajectory.

The coat, he notes, is draped neatly over the back of the Transistor's chair.

The woman herself wears a plunging bra (only practical given the depth of the shed dress's neckline) and a matching lace-trimmed panty. Suspiciously coordinated, given the room's state of disarray. “Did you anticipate this, this morning?”

Blue chuckles. [Nah, just haven't had time to change. She likes to match when she performs. It's cute.]

She squeaks, flushing, and opens her mouth to argue. The raspy whistle that results isn't much of an argument.

[Sorry, Red. Guess you're just gonna have to let me compliment you.]

She pouts and sticks her tongue out at him. That doesn't do much to argue her point, either, though at this point Royce is more concerned with fitting a rough timeline together and wondering how long it's been since she's showered.

[Speaking of cute underwear, though. I doubt you've got on anything that measures up, but that doesn't mean you get to sit out, Royce.] Red smirks, predatory, scraping her eyes down his body. Blue grins back. [Why don't you take care of that, Red? Make sure he's good and ready for us.]

She sashays forward, humming a jazzy tune he can't place and smelling only a little of sweat. That's a relief. Mostly she smells like the cheap soap from the Archive breakroom, and he fills his lungs with it; with late-night arguments over grand dreams, Grant's burly arms crossed against the table, Asher's slender fingers leaving dust trails on the shelves, Sybil's voice chirping names out from the stacks. Odd to think those nights could lead to this.

The barest contact sends the left sleeve of his coat tumbling down. A whisper of touch across his shoulders, and she's flush against his back, warm and supple and just out of reach. Then his coat's gone, only the brief kiss of a finger against his nose to mark its passing.

He unties his ascot himself, fingers fumbling despite the practiced motions. Red is occupied trying to find somewhere to set his jacket, but the Transistor, his prized Transistor, is as motionless as ever.

As observant as ever. He always wondered which one of them was being tested. Tonight, it seems like he'll be the one taken apart.

[Getting nervous, Royce?]

"I wouldn't say nervous, exactly." There, that's the ascot off. "More like... watched." He scrunches his nose. Not quite the right words. "I'm unused to— to making such a spectacle of myself. To being such a spectacle."

[That a bad thing?] Blue asks. The sword's vocal processes turn what might have been an honest question into scientific curiosity. Like he doesn't care what Royce's answer is.

Red pins him with her eyes, one eyebrow kicked up. Royce's heart thuds. "No?" The crack in his voice undermines the statement.

Red's fingers find and lift his shirt hem. Her lips find the soft skin under it. "N-not— ah! Not as such," he elaborates, flushed. "Just, ah, different." She nips him, drawing a yelp. "It's fairly arousing, if I'm being honest," he weakly concludes.

[Good thing, too,] Blue says. [I don't have much choice in the matter.]

Royce's shirt and sweater are largely bunched around his shoulders now, meaning Blue has a great view when Red tweaks a nipple. Royce gasps.

[Hey, do that again.]

Red raises an eyebrow at him, but follows instruction. This time, mindful of his audience, Royce arches into the sweet sting. [Beautiful,] Blue says, and his gasp becomes a whine. Red hums in satisfied agreement.

"As I recall," Royce manages, "you said something about shutting me up."

[Pants, first. C'mon, Royce, you're slacking off.] He pauses. [Or would that be if you *were* taking your pants off?]

Red gives him an emphatic thumbs down as Royce shucks his pants. *Boo*.

[Yeah, that was bad. I'll do better next time.]

She makes a strange face, but the corner of her lip twitches in amusement. Royce takes the opportunity to cough for their attention.

"As you can see," he says, gesturing grandly at his bare hips, "my clothes have been removed. May we now begin the night's activities? Or are the two of you otherwise occupied?"

[Someone's impatient,] Blue hums. The words settle, buzzing, at the base of his spine, outlining Red's fingers against his back. Her push sends him stumbling into the Transistor's chair.

[Good idea,] Blue says. The words feel unbelievably intimate against his skin – a cool caress from the sword's alien planes. [Looks like you'll be sitting out for a bit, Royce. Don't worry, though. Red's a natural performer.]

The words are said, not with a leer, but with an honest admiration that tints Red's cheeks. She tugs, and the Transistor leaps for her. A kiss welcomes it into her arms.

[Hi,] Blue says, almost shy. [It's been a while. You sure this is okay?]

She shakes her head, pulling it into a tight hug. Royce, watching, feels uncomfortably like an outsider.

[Yeah. Okay,] he breathes. [How do you want to do this?]

She taps her lips. *Keep talking.*

[Yeah. Yeah, I can do that.]

She rubs the flat of the Transistor over her shoulders, her arms, while he talks about how strong she is. How incredible it is to watch her fight. [You get this gleam in your eyes, like you know you can do anything. Face down a hundred of them, hefting me around like it's *nothing*, and *bam*, there you go...] Her back arches when she moves it down, over her stomach, her thighs. ([Wish I could feel you. You're so good, Red, feel so good wrapped around me...]) Finally, finally, she slides it between her legs, blunted edge pressing a visible slit in her panty, and she and Royce both gasp.

[I love you so much, Red,] Blue promises, and she throws her head back. Royce only sees the subtle rocking of her hips, the way her panty begins to darken where it folds around the sword. [You know that, right? I love you. I love you.]

She rocks harder, groaning.

[If I were there, I'd kiss you so much. Everywhere you touched me. I'd reach behind you, take your bra off...]

Well. He has always prided himself on his skills in problem solving.

Royce kneels before the bed. "May I?"

She looks at him, wide eyed, and he rises, just enough to unhook her clasp. Her breasts sag in relief, but he makes no move to touch them.

Red slides a slow hand through Royce's hair. Her fingers are cool against his forehead, his scalp, and he leans into them, letting her cup his head. Waiting.

She pulls him up, fingers tight amid the fisted strands, just sharp enough to make him gasp.

He swallows. She watches his Adam's apple bob with something like amusement, then tucks a curl behind his ear and leans back.

No one moves. Her lips twitch. *Well?*

[Right,] Blue manages, voice garbled with static. [Where was I?]

“Her breasts, I believe,” Royce murmurs.

[Yeah... Perfect, just like the rest of you.]

She rocks against the sword again, letting out a small whine. Blue crackles in response. [God, you're so beautiful, so beautiful like this. Wish I could kiss you, show you just how much you mean to me.]

Royce leans in and captures her lips. The kiss is strong, but he keeps it just shy of sweet, all tender licks and teasing nibbles. For all that he is Blue's hands right now, he is himself as well. It's almost scary how easy that is to forget.

[I'd hold your breasts, massage them for you while you rubbed against me...]

The first brush makes her jump, but Royce is gentle when he takes a breast into his hand and begins to knead it. Her breaths come harder, faster, and he reaches for the other, rubbing slow circles in tandem.

[Are you close?]

She nods, tears beading at her eyes. *I love you*, she mouths.

[I know.] The words sound choked, but the static quality is different this time. Either way, it's gone when he says, [God, Red, I love you so much.]

She climaxes, shaking, to a litany of *I love yous*.

Royce backs off while she pants. Now that Red's been taken care of, his own arousal is beginning to make itself known. That arousal only deepens when she peels her visibly damp panty off at last, grimacing as the strings attaching it to her snap and retreat to her skin.

[What do you think, Royce? Wanna clean that up for her?]

“I will happily get her a washcloth,” Royce grimaces, “but I have no interest in applying my mouth to such things, thank you.”

[Your loss,] Blue shrugs. [In the grand scheme of things, anyway. Washcloths are bathroom cabinet, second shelf.]

He spends entirely too much time debating which washcloth would be best, but ultimately returns with a soft, white one, and a matching towel. No sense in making a mess. Red takes the smaller cloth with a bob of her head.

[How are you holding up, Royce? Doing okay?]

“Fine, thank you.” Is it normal to be so conversational during sex? Does this still count as ‘during,’ if they’re, presumably, between rounds? His sample size is hardly conclusive – his brief tryst with Asher barely warrants inclusion, and his college experiences are likely not representative. “Why?”

[You haven't seen much action yet. I was hoping you'd be up for another round.]

He raises an eyebrow. “You haven't had an orgasm either. And you were much more involved, more directly involved, than I was.”

[Seems to come with the territory. Or doesn't, I guess.] He laughs, rueful. [Don't worry about me. It's nice enough watching the two of you have fun.]

“Hm.” As long as he's enjoying himself, Royce supposes.

[How about you, Red? Ready for round two?]

She motions for Royce in response. When he gets close enough, she pulls him into a fiery kiss, then backs off, grabbing his hand. As he watches, she brings his fingers to her slit. It's wet and slick against his skin, and he groans, cock rising in response. She smirks at him and licks it off his fingers.

[Hey, Red,] Blue says. [How do you feel about the rocket tonight?]

Her lips form an ‘o’ of realization. Smirk only intensifying, she holds up a finger – *wait*, or *back in a minute* – and disengages to rummage through a box under the bed.

“The rocket?” Royce asks.

[It's her favorite strap-on,] Blue explains, a trace of smugness in his words as well. [I bet you'd look real pretty on it. Feels great, too.]

Curiosity aroused, he watches Red strap on the harness, clever fingers flipping buckles around her hips and thighs. She poses when she sees him looking – she and her 6-8 inches of silicone penis. *Like what you see?* her wolfish grin inquires. *Ready to take me?*

Blue has ridden this cock. Has taken it to the hilt, trembled as it hit his prostate, clenched around it as he came. Royce's clearest image of the man is of him being fucked. His knees go weak. How filthy, that the man has come back from the dead to repay the favor.

When he wobbled, Red slipped an arm behind him. Now, she lifts him, sitting back on the bed and setting him on her lap. “Do I weigh anything to you?” he asks.

She shrugs, pinching two fingers together. He swallows.

Red works her knee in between his, then spreads them, forcing his legs open wide while she pops the lube's cap. Blue hums appreciatively as he flushes. [Gonna work you open real good,] he promises, Red's fingers nudging at his hole. Royce shivers at the cold touch.

She scissors him open. Tipped back like this, Blue can see everything: every sharp inhale marked by his ribs, every jerk of his hips, each new finger she works into him. Royce feels lightheaded. Just how far into him can he see? Each brush of Red's fingers feels like a physical manifestation of Blue's gaze, like he's getting fucked as much by him as he is her.

Abruptly, her hands fall away, leaving him cold and empty. He tries to turn and look for her, but her hands force his head straight. A whine pulls from his throat.

[Hey, c'mon. Not gonna leave you hanging. I just wanna take a second to appreciate the view.]

His knees are spread, his arms forced behind himself to balance his weight. He's flushed and panting, chest heaving with the effort, and his cock is erect and dripping as he futilely grinds back against Red's thigh, searching for something to fill him. He looks –

[Beautiful.]

Royce moans, the sound cutting off into a gasp when Red lifts him onto her cock at last. The full head feels so good after being so empty, and each new bump and ridge along its length rubs wonderfully against his walls.

[God, Royce, you're taking it so well,] Blue murmurs. [The head feels so good against your prostate, doesn't it?]

It hasn't hit directly yet, but even a glancing stroke sets off sparks behind his eyes. Royce spreads his legs wider, trying to get a better angle, and grinds against it with another moan.

Blue statics. [Shit,] he manages, only barely understandable. [Red, if I concentrate, it's almost like I can feel you. You and him. Like you're inside me, or... or like I'm inside you.] He emits a burst of noise, something between a whine, an empty radio channel, and a dialup tone. [Maybe both. Like I'm in both of you at once right now. Can you feel it?]

Red's hips stutter, breaking what rhythm Royce has managed to cobble together. Her breath is hot against his shoulder. For a second, it's Blue's, the man's hands warm and broad against his sides– or maybe he *is* Blue, and Royce is just a vehicle for a dead man's girlfriend to fuck a ghost. For just a second, he is both. The sensation doubles, he fucks, he *is* fucked, and he cums, white spurting up across his belly. Red rocks up into him once, twice, and comes tumbling after.

[Good news,] Blue announces, once they've worked the rocket off and out. “Mm?” Royce asks blearily. Red pokes her head up from their pile of limbs. [Turns out I can cum in this thing after all.]

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