The Day The War Ended - Or At Least Was Put On Hold

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Summary

Summary: All Cybertronians were made sterile by the poisoning of their world during the Great War. Even as they battle, both the Autobots and Decepticons know that they are on a long, slow path to extinction. Until the very unexpected birth of a sparkling turns everything on its head. Will this miracle from Primus bring about peace, or just change the battlefield?

Notes

Please read this before you start: In chapter 1 there will be cannon violence and Mechpreg. The combination of the two results in a fairly graphic birth scene. Later chapters will be marked individually for other more specific warnings including: mentions of past child abuse,
past institutionalized slavery, past forced sterilization. There will be graphic violence as well as two character deaths and mentions of past deaths. The more explicit ‘Don’t like don’t read’ warnings will include: The afore mentioned Mechpreg, also Breastfeeding, numerous romantic combinations including M/M and M/M/M. Sticky Sex, Oral, Anal, Fingering, Dub Con, Threats/Harm to a Sparkling, Mentions of past sparkling deaths, High Grade/Chemical induced sex and Pervy Megatron. (Which should be an official tag.)

This AU starts at the end of Season 2. Season 3 and the original movie never happened, although some of the characters from them will show up eventually. The list of characters is pretty damn long. It will probably get longer as I catch ones I missed.

As always: I do not own the Transformers characters, etc. No money is being made.

Also, any errors are mine alone.

See the end of the work for more notes.
What Just Happened?

Chapter 1 – What just happened?

Optimus Prime felt terrible.

He was not ill, he told himself. (Repeatedly.) He just had a few persistent, but very minor and obviously unrelated, discomforts.

His runtimes had been a little high for a while now. His engine was just a bit hotter than it should be. Although both measurements were still (barely) within acceptable parameters. And try as he might to restrain himself, he had been consuming more energon than normal.

Truth be told he consumed a lot more. He was always hungry. And sometimes for odd things, like magnesium infused rust sticks, or energon treats sprinkled with copper shavings. Fortunately, between the thermal energy of the volcano under the Ark and fuel given to them as part of their mutual defense treaty with the humans, they had plenty of energon stored away.

Enough for them to be able to make energon treats several times a week.

He knew that he need not feel too guilty about consuming so much.

The Prime also found himself feeling very emotional, even about unimportant things, like those treats. Optimus barely kept himself from tackling Bluestreak when the young Praxian snatched the last one from the tray in the rec room a few nights ago as the Prime was reaching for it. He left the room quickly, feeling extremely upset at the loss of the treat. He rushed back to his quarters almost in tears at the loss of the much desired dessert.

The Prime was grateful that Alpha Trion had seen fit to give him the battle mask when his frame was upgraded. Elita-One always said his face plate was an open data pad. That mask covered a multitude of embarrassing emotional displays.

Optimus had tried to meditate on the problem before him a few times to ask the Matrix if there was something he should know about. For once, the relic was being strangely silent. Almost coy. (And maybe just a little smug?) As if it knew something, but for reasons he could not fathom, it refused to tell him.

He respected and revered the ancient Primes. Their wisdom had saved the Autobots more than a few times. But sometimes Optimus wished that they would just give a mech a straight answer.

Another problem he had was that along with the increased appetite his tanks had become somewhat sensitive. They would sometimes start churning even before he tried to consume anything. As soon as the scent of energon hit his olfactory sensors he was staggering towards the wash racks.

Thank Primus this occurred when he was just waking so only Roller, who often recharged under his berth, had been unfortunate enough to witness it. Optimus had almost purged on his faithful symbiot on several occasions. Fortunately, Roller is a very fast little Autobot.

Optimus had purged or been deeply nauseated upon waking off and on for several months. Ratchet would have a fit if he found out.
In the last week all of his annoying, but still very minor, symptoms had decided to hit at once. Adding to his strange combination of increased appetite and occasional nausea, now for some reason he could not seem to recharge more than an hour or two at a time so he felt constantly fatigued. The most unusual issue plaguing him was his abdominal plating. It felt a little tight for some reason. Almost as if his internal mechanisms had expanded and were pressing against them.

That was, of course, impossible.

Also of late he had developed a knock in his engine. At times he would almost swear there was a tiny Cassetticon punching his chassis from the inside.

Although Optimus never complained, Ratchet knew something was wrong. The cranky mech was nothing if not observant and persistent. Just that morning Ratchet had cornered him. The surly bot had attempted to coerce, cajole and eventually even threaten him into the medbay for a thorough examination.

Optimus had quickly reminded him that he was actually scheduled for an exam and complete maintenance next week. Ratchet was very busy after all, and surely that would be soon enough.

Prime hated going to the medbay. It was not that he feared Ratchet. (Maybe a little.) Mostly, Optimus just thought the medic had more important things to do then fuss over him. That and the needles. The wrenches he could handle, but those needles...

Optimus knew he should not be so squeamish, but he really hated needles.

Only a timely Decepticon raid had saved him from the clutches of his CMO.

Pushing aside all thoughts of his own problems, Optimus skidded to a halt on a ridge overlooking their objective. A brand new hydroelectric power plant that had been taken over by the Decepticons.

"Autobots transform!" he ordered. His mechs changed to robot mode, fanning out on either side of him. He detached his trailer and sent it into his subspace as he rose to his full height. The Prime did not want to have Roller and the little turret, Gunner, in harm’s way while he was broadcasting his discomfort to them. He knew they felt it all despite his efforts to close off the link. His faithful, but in some ways very sparkling-like symbiots, would be too distracted to defend themselves.

The buggy and turret sent him assurances through their bond that they could fight, but he refused to allow them to bring the trailer out of subspace.

The other Autobots were ready and waiting for orders. Their human counterparts, not so much.

Upon receiving a quick update from NEST he shook his helm sadly. The American military unit assigned to aid them against the Decepticons would not be present for the fight. A situation that was becoming standard procedure.

‘Epps reports that this time all NEST forces have been diverted to Colorado,’ Prowl informed him over his com.

Last time it was Alaska. All the soldiers found when they arrived at the spot indicated as a Decepticon spearhead were two bored polar bears and the remains of several unfortunate fish.

‘They received intel from one of their satellites indicating Decepticon activity near a power plant in Colorado. Red Alert examined the data and found evidence that Soundwave has hacked their systems, again. They were deliberately diverted away from the dam and us. I attempted to explain this to Director Mearing. We sent her proof of the security breach, and readings from Teletran-1 that
detected no Decepticon activity in that area. She dismissed everything we said without even looking at our data and refuses to allow Red Alert and Blaster improve their system security.’

‘Director Mearing does not trust us,’ Optimus sighed. ‘She and many others in her government believe that they should not be risking human lives against the Decepticons. And they do have a point. This is our war. Perhaps it is for the best that they are elsewhere. When the energon detectors went off the plant’s staff evacuated. Teletran-1 confirms that there are no humans in the complex and Megatron only brought Soundwave, his cassettes, the Conehead Seekers and Reflector’s three components. We have enough firepower to drive them away.’

‘Optimus, something here does not add up. The Decepticons have accomplished four successful raids with minimal casualties in the past two weeks,’ noted Prowl. ‘By my calculations even if they sent the majority of the stolen energon to Cybertron, they should have enough for at least three weeks. Established patterns indicate they should be laying low, yet they continue to raid in earnest. Their behavior indicates that the Decepticons have something major in the works. Something that apparently requires large amounts of energon. And I have no data with which to even speculate what Megatron’s plan could be. We are missing critical information and it could come back to bite us in the aft.’

‘Mirage has been dispatched to the Nemesis to do some recon. Jazz received confirmation that he had arrived an hour ago. Unfortunately, we do not have time to wait for him to supply more information. The Decepticons have taken too much energon already. We must keep them from obtaining more if we are to have any chance of thwarting whatever they are planning,’ Optimus shut down his com.

The other mechs were beginning to look at them with concern. It took some effort for him to project his usual air of confidence. He found it difficult just to keep his EM field even as he looked over his troops. “Ironhide, take Grimlock and Swoop and come at the facility from the South. Sideswipe and Sunstreaker, west, Ratchet, Cliffjumper come in from the East. Prowl and Brawn, with me. We will take them head on.”

“About time me Grimlock get to kick Decepticon aft!” growled the Dynobot as he leapt over the side of the cliff face.

The smaller groups quickly maneuvered into position. Once each signaled they were set Optimus and his team charged the main gate.

Megatron was ready and waiting for them. Somewhat impatiently, as it turned out. “You are late, Prime,” the warlord snarled tersely, servos planted on his dark hips. “Did you get lost? I was beginning to think you would not show up.”

“As long as there is energon in my veins I will stand against your tyranny,” countered Optimus stoically. Although Prowl and Brawn noticed that he uncharacteristically ignored his rival’s taunts. He also did not throw out a challenge or insult of his own as he normally would. Megatron’s ‘advanced’ age was a favorite jib.

Today Optimus was not thinking about insulting Megatron. Or doing anything else for that matter. Primus, everything hurt.

Maybe he should have let Ratchet examine him?

If the medic could read his processor Ratchet would probably smack him with a wrench and say ‘I told you so.’ No matter, it was too late now. All Optimus could do was try his best to keep his voice and field even.
“I’m shaking in my ped coverings,” Megatron drawled sarcastically. Followed by a bellow of, “Decepticons attack!”

At his signal three jets and one large shuttle came roaring out of the glare of the sun, streaking down at them in a strafing run. Laser blasts peppered the hard ground around the Autobots. They dove for cover, guided by reflexes honed by thousands of years of battle. They also quickly realized that it was not Thrust, Dirge and Ramjet that sent them scrambling.

Starscream, Thundercracker, Skywarp and the Triple-changer, Astrotrain gave gleeful war cries as they looped back for another pass.

Cosmos had reported that Skywarp and Thundercracker were flying over the Indian Ocean not half an hour before. Starscream and Astrotrain had been sighted by a surveillance satellite in Teletran-1’s network near Nairobi. All four had been several hours’ flight time from the power plant, even at top speed.

The mechs they had expected to fight were apparently acting as backup. Most waited atop the main building near the dam. Soundwave watched dispassionately with Ravage, Lazerbeak, Rumble and Frenzy already deployed. Meanwhile, Ramjet was positioned atop the power plant to provide covering fire. They and the Conehead Seeker were taking pot shots at any Autobot that came into their line of sight.

While the others were content to sit back, watch, and take the occasional pot shot, Ramjet’s Trine mates Thrust and Dirge had taken to the air and were strafing Grimlock and Ironhide. Meanwhile, Reflectors’s thee components had zeroed in on Prowl.

Prime’s mechs were quite suddenly outnumbered and outgunned.

‘Prowl!’ Optimus called over the com as he dodged another strafing run by Thundercracker. ‘How could the Command Trine and Astrotrain be here?’

‘Not enough information,’ Prowl answered. His battle computer was feverishly recalculating the situation. ‘It would be impossible for Skywarp to warp in anywhere close without alerting Teltran-1 or our own sensors. The number of warps he would have had to perform let alone doing so while burdened with the other mechs would have been a critical drain on his systems.’ Prowl paused as he back peddled, firing acid pellets at one of Reflectors’s components. ‘Red Alert is sending reinforcements. The Aerialbots and Skyfire are bringing Hound, Tracks, Windcharger and Warpath. They can be here in forty-three minutes. We, however, cannot hold out that long. We must retreat to a more defensible position.’

“Autobots! Fall back to the ridge!” was all Optimus had time to say. There was no more time for talk as Megatron charged straight for him, firing his fusion cannon as he came. The two leaders always sought one another out in battle. Although today the Prime wished it were otherwise. He felt as if there were lead in his fuel tanks. Still, he managed to dodge his rival’s fire.

Fortunately, Megatron was a notoriously bad shot when he was moving.

The Decepticon leader roared and lunged at him. They grappled, face plate to face mask. Prime struck the warlord twice in the abdomen, hard. Megatron doubled over and Optimus took the opportunity to shove him away. Shaking, he took several halting steps back as an all too familiar feeling swept over him. The nausea had started to return and his processor swam as the larger mech recovered and stalked towards him.

Optimus’s knees almost buckled, he could barely stand.
A strange desperation flared in his processor. Optimus had to get away!

Confused by the sudden feeling of panic that overwhelmed his processor, Optimus blindly swung his fist at Megatron’s helm. Unfortunately, his coordination was off. This caused him to stumble.

Megatron did not even bother to dodge the weak punch that barely tapped his chin. “That was pathetic,” he growled. “I’ve had cyber-nat bites with more of a sting.” Then he drew his fist back and clocked Optimus with a roundhouse right to the face plate that sent him flying. The Autobot landed hard, bounced and tumbled end over end several times before finally flopping onto his back nearly thirty meters away.

Agony shot through his abdominal cables. He barely managed to roll up onto his servos and knees, but the pain would not allow him to rise further.

The silver-gray mech barked a laugh at his fallen foe as his lip plates curled into a cruel smirk. He could hardly believe his luck. “You are mine now, Prime!” Megatron snarled.

Everything was not just going according to plan. It was going better than he could have dreamed possible.

Shockwave had finally perfected a practical terrestrial version of a Space Bridge. Instead of being violently thrown across the cosmos this new conduit was literally like walking through a doorway. The Decepticon forces could now travel anywhere on the planet within seconds.

The one drawback with the device was the same as the Space Bridge. It consumed a lot of energon and so could not be used frivolously.

According to Shockwave’s calculations their recent raids gave them enough six trips. Two of which had been used to bring the Command Trine and Astrotrain to the battle. After making sure they were seen by the Autobots’ sky spies, of course.

Since they were obviously much too far away to be involved in the fight Prowl did not calculate those mechs into his battle strategy.

They had carefully tested the ‘Ground Bridge’, as it was dubbed, on a few small raids without alerting the Autobots to the existence of the new technology. The tests had been a rousing success. They had masked the energy signature so that neither Teletran-1 nor the Autobot’s own onboard sensors detected the bridge. And per what Soundwave’s cassettes has overheard their foes suspected nothing.

There were a few off handed remarks as Autobots wondered how the Decepticons were getting away with so much fuel without being spotted. But not even Prowl, with his much-vaunted battle computer, was particularly concerned. The fortunes of war were fickle and always in flux. Megatron had to laugh as the Autobots simply shrugged those small Decepticon victories off, attributing them to luck.

That would be their last mistake. Now the time for testing was over. He would use this new technology to crush the Autobots once and for all.

Confident in his warriors’ abilities, Prime had walked blindly into his trap. Now the Autobots were scrambling just to survive. The time had come for Megatron’s moment of triumph.

All he needed to do was com Long Haul and have him send the Constructicons and Stunticons through the Ground Bridge to finish off the already hard pressed Autobots, leaving Optimus Prime to his tender mercies. Once he had their beloved leader in his power, Megatron would contact the Ark
and demand that the Autobots’ surrender. He had no doubt that they would submit to save their Prime.

Which was fortunate.

The Ark’s Cybertonium hull would make the Ground Bridge unstable. Any attempt at Bridging into it could be lethal.

That was the only reason the Ark had not been taken already.

Testing his invention on a structure made mostly of Cybertonium had sent the test subject, Acid Storm, to the Sea of Rust half way across the planet. Apparently, the Rain Maker was very fortunate. He could easily have ended up inside solid rock.

Bridging into the Ark itself would only be possible if they could get a receiving unit there to amplify the signal and stabilize the portal. Since the unit would by necessity be larger than Astrotrain, there was no way to sneak one inside.

Even the dimmest Autobots would probably notice.

The Ground Bridge could easily place mechs just outside the Ark. However, that area would be heavily defended. Ever since he had managed to get into the Autobots’ ship and reprogram most of them, they had increased their security tenfold. Even the casseticons were finding it more difficult, though not impossible, to sneak in.

Not only would the entrance be guarded by Omega Supreme and any Autobots present, but also by a myriad of automated turrets and hidden defenses. Teletran-1 kept that area blacked out and completely off the satellite grid and Red Alert was always changing the arrangement to keep Soundwave’s cassettes from learning the layout.

But this was a minor inconvenience, not an insurmountable obstacle. Megatron was sure that his forces would win the ensuing battle. Using the element of surprise together with sheer overwhelming firepower the Autobots could not stand against him. Even with the Guardian to deal with, if he sent all of his Combiner teams at once the Ark would fall. However, he could lose mechs unnecessarily in the process.

No need to waste sparks when they could easily lure a number of the Autobots’ heavy hitters, including Prime, to a battlefield of his choosing.

Finally, victory was within his grasp. The war would end and he could begin rebuilding Cybertron. A new Cybertronian Empire would rise from the ashes of the old and the lesser beings of the galaxy would tremble.

Those Autobots that survived would become slaves as he and so many of his followers has once been. Most would toil in the dark depths of the Energon and Cybertonium mines. Some of the more scientifically skilled mechs, if they pleaded sincerely enough, he would allow to stay above ground to work under Shockwave’s supervision on new energy sources and weapons.

All but Optimus Prime. He would not toil in the mines.

The Lord of the Decepticons had something very special in mind for the mech who’s exquisite frame had haunted his recharge cycles for so long. After millions of years of unrequited lust, Megatron’s most vivid fantasy was about to be made real.

The Matrix Bearer would become Megatron’s personal berth warmer.
Unaware of how close the Decepticons were to winning the war and completely ignorant of the less than honorable plans Megatron had for him, Prime fought a losing battle with his own chassis. His entire frame shook as his fingers dug deep furrows in the rocky ground. It felt as if Bruticus were squeezing his insides. He tried to control it, to ride out the pain, but it only intensified. Suddenly his vision went white and a cry of pure agony was torn from his vocalizer.

Megatron stopped dead in his tracks at the sound of his opponent’s anguish. What the frag? He had not hit Optimus that hard. The Autobot leader was nothing if not stoic and controlled. When Megatron’s energy mace struck his side and cracked his plating, Prime made no sound save a grunt and continued to fight. Why on Cybertron was he on his knees, crying out in pain after a single unremarkable hit?

Still attempting to get a handle on this strange turn of events, Megatron was about to call in his reinforcements. Whatever was happening here with Prime, if he sent that command the war would be won.

It would be glorious, seeing the despair in the Autobots’ optics when the bridge appeared and the Combiner teams stormed out.

But just as he was about to open the channel to the Nemesis, the stunned warlord’s jaw dropped. His processor all but seized up as he caught sight of the blue tinged, off-white fluid that had begun to flow down the insides of his opponent’s thighs. It was leaking from the seams of his closed interface panel.

“What the Pit?” gasped Megatron. He had only seen that happen once before, a very long time ago. There was no way that it could be for the same reason, could it?

All thoughts of capturing Prime or pretty much anything else went right out the viewing port. Utterly shocked, Megatron just stood in the middle of the battlefield and stared in disbelief. He was not sure how long he watched his rival writhing in pain before he was shoved roughly aside.

“Move, I have work to do,” snarled the Autobot medic as he rushed to his fallen leader’s side. Ratchet knelt down and scanned the trembling form. “Holy, Primus below,” he whispered as he looked at the readings. ‘Swoop,’ he commed the Dynobot medic in training. ‘Get down here now!’

The pterodactyl bot quickly circled the battlefield, landed near his mentor and transformed to robot mode. Before he could speak Ratchet began issuing orders. “I need Optimus in a sitting position. Get behind him. Hold him against your chest plates, plug into his medical port and monitor his vitals. Alert me immediately if his energy levels drop below fifty percent.” With a nod of acknowledgement, the Dynobot knelt down and did as instructed.

Another cry was heard across the battlefield. By then every helm had turned, Autobot and Decepticon, towards the strange sound. With an unspoken understanding all fighting had come to an abrupt halt. Even Grimlock and Ironhide abandoned their battle with Dirge and Thrust. They and the Conehead Seekers all moved to find the source of the cry. As did every other mech in the area.

Soon there was a loose circle of bots around Prime, Ratchet and Swoop. Autobot and Decepticon alike stood a short distance away side by side, watching the unexpected drama unfold.

A few mechs turned to see Prime’s trailer appear from his subspace. The two symbiots had finally managed to override their partner’s control. The turret, Gunner, could not leave the confines of the trailer. When the door opened he peaked anxiously out of the back, clicking with concern.

Roller came flying down the ramp making a strange sound, almost like a whimper. The small buggy
tried to maneuver through the cluster of mechs to get too Prime.

Some would call Optimus his master. But that was not the case. Although the larger mech was the dominant partner in their symbiotic relationship, Optimus was no mech’s master. He was a beloved friend.

Roller chirped in surprise as Prowl stepped into his path. “He will be alright,” the black and white mech assured, although truthfully he was not at all certain that was the case. “Let Ratchet do his job.” The little Autobot’s engine revved and he beeped mournfully, but he did not try to move any closer.

With another chirp, the little blue buggy transformed into robot mode.

The comparatively small blue and gray mech did not even come to Prowl’s hip. He was trembling violently. A static whine escaped his intakes as he looked up at Prowl. He beeped and whimpered, holding his abdomen. ‘Pain,’ he gasped, almost doubled over. ‘So much pain.’

“Do you know what is wrong with Optimus?” asked the Autobot SIC, kneeling down to support the shaking mech.

‘No,’ admitted the smaller mech with obvious shame as the pain subsided slightly. ‘He has tried to hide it for a long time. Even now he has our link almost completely closed, but the pain bleeds through. He cannot stop it. We could feel that something was wrong. He asked us not to tell. Optimus did not want anyone to worry.’

“As always, that worked out well,” said Prowl with a shake of his helm. He loved his Prime, but sometimes he wanted to use one of Ratchet’s wrenches to knock some sense into him. “Perhaps one day Optimus will understand how much he means to all of us, and will not be quite so ready to sacrifice himself.” He sighed. “And on that day, Primus and Unicron will bury their differences and become loving bondmates.”

“That’s right, Optimus, deep vents,” coaxed Ratchet as he eased his leader’s long leg struts apart and moved between them. Prime’s interface panel retracted at his touch releasing more of the thick fluid. Ratchet’s sensitive fingers carefully probed his leaking valve. “You are completely dilated. When I tell you to push, push hard.”

“Dilated?” the dazed Prime gasped. “I don’t understa… AHH!” Optimus cried out, arching his back as the pain returned with a vengeance.

“Push now!” ordered Ratchet. Prime had no choice as his abdominal cables contracted. After a few strained vents Prime moaned as Ratchet ordered, “Again!” Another choked cry and the medic gasped. “Yes… There… I see a crest!” Four more times Ratchet ordered him to push, the action was punctuated by hoarse cries from Optimus.

And then there was nothing. No words were exchanged, no weapons fired. The eerie silence seemed to drag on forever, until they heard it. Over a dozen sets of optics went wide with disbelief as a sound not heard by any of those present for eons, if ever, echoed through the valley.

It was the stuttering cry of a newborn sparkling.

Starscream shouldered past several dumbfounded mechs to stand near his leader. “Um… Lord Megatron, since Optimus Prime is incapacitated shouldn’t we, you know, attack… Or something?” he asked hesitantly.

At the same time Long Haul was on the com asking if he should open the Ground Bridge. The Constructicon was shocked when all he received was a subdued ‘stand down’ and Megatron shut off
his com.

Without taking his optics from Prime the silver mech issued his command. “Decepticons, return to base!” There were a few confused glances at their lord but when they saw the look on his face plate not even Starscream questioned his order. As one they took to the air, transformed in mid leap and headed for home.

Once they were gone, Megatron found himself walking slowly towards Prime. It was not really a conscious decision. He simply could not stop his peds from moving in that direction.

He had only seen new sparks once before in his life. When he had watched in horrified fascination as his carrier had gone into labor in their home.

He had been little more than a sparkling himself at the time.

His, oh so cynical, war hardened spark pulsed harder in his chamber the closer he came. The sparkling was so impossibly tiny, so terribly fragile. He could easily crush the life from it with one servo.

Megatron instantly banished that thought as quickly as it appeared with a shudder of disgust. A strange surge of protectiveness pulsed in his spark. He could not even think about harming that exquisite creature.

The sparkling was beautiful. A perfect miniature mech. He wanted, no, he needed to be closer.

Megatron was brought up short when Ironhide stepped into his path, blaster at the ready. “Back off, Buckethead,” the red mech growled menacingly. Brawn, Cliffjumper and the other Autobots except of course Prime, Ratchet and Swoop, also had their weapons aimed at his helm. Their protector protocols were already engaged by the presence of the sparkling. The fact that this was the child of their Prime kicked the already powerful imperative to protect something so weak and helpless into overdrive. They were all poised on the edge, wanting to eliminate the danger yet hesitant to open fire so near the vulnerable new spark.

Those protocols were one of the reasons Megatron wanted to get his mechs away from the area as quickly as possible. They all had the same programming. And if his own reactions were any indication that mewling new spark had just caused a seismic shift to the balance of power.

Ignoring the insult and the threat, the Deception’s optics settled on Ratchet. The kneeling medic cradled the tiny, writhing sparkling carefully in his servos. What he could see of the little one, except two sets of dark lines running down its sides, arms and legs, it looked for all the world like a tiny, maskless version of Optimus.

One that had been dipped in some type of very thick bluish translucent oil, which Ratchet was in the process of carefully wiping off. The little mechling somehow still managed to be processor-bogglingly cute, despite the residual fluids. Especially the way his minuscule servos swatted ineffectually at the medic.

Apparently, the sparkling did not like the cleaning cloth at all.

Huge, bright, but unfocused blue optics blinked in the dazzling sunlight. The sparkling was obviously confused by the sudden bombardment of sensory data. Ratchet was cooing to him softly, attempting to soothe the frightened new spark. The high-pitched cries soon began to quiet as the tiny bitlet tired itself out and huddled against the medic.

Even exhausted, the mechling continued to whimper softly. The Not Right Spark was holding him.
The handling was gentle, and he sensed only good feelings coming from it, but this was not what he wanted!

The confused sparkling’s field pulsed with fear. Where was his Bright Spark? The one that had surrounded, nurtured and protected him his entire existence? It had been pulsing around him as always when he felt a strange sensation. A very unpleasant feeling had radiated through him. Hard and sharp. Something in his processor called it ‘pain’.

He did not like it.

Then he was moving away from his Bright Spark. He was squeezed and shoved out of his warm safe place and into a cold, bright, open, scary place. He sensed his Bright Spark near. He could feel its familiar warmth just at the edge of his perception, but could not touch it. A very loud sound had come from him then, trying to express his feelings to the Not Right Spark.

He was very confused and afraid, but the Not Right Spark was warm. He heard it murmur gently and felt caring and love radiating from it, so he huddled close. The Not Right Spark would have to do until his Bright Spark returned.

Finally tearing his optics from the mechling, Megatron turned his gaze towards Optimus. His foe had fallen into deep recharge against the chest plates of the Dynobot. If not for the almost painfully bright colors of Prime’s overheated armor he would have thought the utterly limp Autobot, with the disturbingly large pool of off-white fluid and blue energon between his legs, was permanently off line.

To his great surprise, the very idea utterly horrified him. While he very much wanted Optimus in his berth, the Prime’s death was something he had always been willing to accept (or cause) if it became necessary for his ultimate victory. Megatron, the Slagmaker, should not feel his spark constrict with dread at the thought.

Field clamped tight, he forced his optics from his rival. Turning to Ironhide he said, “When he regains consciousness, tell Prime that I am declaring a cease fire.”

The look on the Autobot’s face plate was priceless.

Not even the old weapons specialist considered taking a shot at Megatron as he leapt skyward and soared after the other Decepticons.

Ratchet spared only a glance at the retreating mech as he used his com. ‘Skyfire, come in. The fighting is over, but Optimus is down and needs transport! Hurry!’

‘I already kicked in the afterburners. Landing in less than five minutes,’ answered the shuttle.

“Ratchet, we are all sterile. Have been since long before we left Cybertron. How could this happen?” asked Prowl as he walked up to the white and red mech, with Roller at his heels. Both their EM fields flared with confusion and concern. The medic was surprised Prowl had not glitched.

Holy Primus on a cyber-crutch, he was close to it himself.

Ratchet could only shrug at the Datsun as he pulled a thermal mesh from his subspace and wrapped it around the fluid slick, whimpering sparkling. “Until I have the chance to speak to Optimus, your guess is as good as mine.”
To be continued…
Confusion

Chapter Summary

Some Autobots trying to figure out what the pit is going on.

Chapter Notes

As always, I am responsible for any mistakes.
I do not own the Transformers.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Never saw anything like it. Optimus and the Slagmaker are trading punches as usual. Next thing we know, Prime pops out a fragging sparkling!” announced Sunstreaker excitedly to a group of Autobots in the rec room.

The entire crew of the Ark was in a collective state of shock. When confused reports started coming in over private coms from various mechs that Optimus had given birth to a sparkling and Megatron declared a ceasefire, they could not decide which was more unbelievable.

Even some of those who witnessed the birth were questioning their own optics.

“How could this happen? None of us can reproduce,” whined Huffer. A few mechs cringed at his shrill voice. He was a good and loyal Autobot, but when he was upset his voice could be almost as annoying as Starscream’s.

“Someone obviously forgot to tell that to Optimus,” countered Windcharger.

“Is he alright, Prowl?” asked Gears as he noticed the Autobot SIC standing just outside the doorway. At first, he seemed reluctant to enter. But when every optic turned to the black and white mech, he stepped gracefully into the room as if it were always his intent. “Ratchet told us not to worry,” continued Gears. “But how can we not be concerned? Optimus was down for the count when they brought him in.”

Prowl was not surprised to see the troubled face plates of his fellow Autobots. Optimus had always been much more than just a commanding officer to them. More than just the Prime. They all loved their leader. Seeing his limp form carried through the base by Swoop had been a frightening experience.

Although what the others knew about the situation was not nearly as frightening as what happened on the trip home.

As they entered Skyfire’s cargo bay Ratchet handed the sparkling to Ironhide so that he could give their Prime a thorough examination. The old warrior’s engine purred soothingly as the tiny new spark curled up against his chest plates. Prowl had just ordered Skyfire to take off when Swoop, who was still monitoring Optimus, looked up and gasp. “Ratchet! Energy levels at forty-eight
percent and dropping rapidly!”

If it were not for Ratchet’s surgical skill they would have lost their Prime.

Shutting out that disturbing and much too fresh memory file, he looked at the other mechs. Prowl radiated the calm detachment that he was famous for as he set about reassuring them. When you get down to it, that was a big part of his job description. “Optimus is still in recharge but he is in no danger.”

And that was all they needed to know. Prowl, Ratchet, Ironhide and Skyfire had already decided it would be best not to tell the others everything that happened during the flight home. No need to upset them unnecessarily.

Prowl did not worry about Swoop saying anything. Ratchet had taken his young protégé aside and made sure he understood that it would be best if what happened in the shuttle were not spread around. He knew that the young Dynobot would not say anything.

Prowl glanced over his audience to be sure everyone was calmed. He was a little surprised when he spotted Ironhide sitting quietly at a table near the back of the room. A tall cube of high grade sat untouched in front of him where he slouched in the corner, listening to everything being said without comment.

When the weapon’s specialist had come into the room still reeling from the events in the shuttle, he was immediately bombarded with questions by almost a dozen understandably anxious mechs. Normally he would relish having so many bots clamoring to hear him speak. Not today.

Optimus was alive, as was the sparkling. Ratchet was taking care of them both. Other than that, Ironhide would let Prowl or Ratchet field any questions about Optimus and his condition.

He had seen much in his long life. As a veteran of several wars, very little could get under his plating. But watching helplessly as his dearest friend, his Prime, almost bleed out. That had shaken the battle-hardened soldier to the core of his spark.

He was not alone at his table. The big red mech absently rubbed Roller’s back to comfort the distraught symbiot.

Roller, in robot mode, leaned against the old warrior’s leg strut. All the symbiot wanted was to be near Optimus, but Ratchet had ordered him out of the med bay when he got under ped one too many times. Unfortunately for Roller, the beds in the med bay did not have much space underneath. There was not enough clearance, even for someone as small as him in his alt mode.

Once he found himself banished from his docking mech’s side, Roller immediately sought out Ironhide. The formidable warrior had been with Optimus from the day he was acknowledged as Prime. More importantly for the buggy, he was there on the day Optimus defied the Council and bonded with two dying, orphaned symbiots.

In some ways, the red mech was even more protective of the cassettes then even Optimus. He knew from experience what happen to his Prime if either were injured. They could not keep their pain from him and on a few occasions when they had been seriously wounded Optimus had nearly been knocked offline.

Roller sighed and reached out through his links with both Optimus and Gunner. The only thing he and the turret could feel from Optimus was that he was functional. The little mechs drew what comfort they could from that and one another.
Even as the buggy gently chided his partner for sulking.

Although, it was understandable that Gunner often felt isolated, being perpetually stuck in the trailer. Wheeljack and Sparkplug kept promising to make some modifications to his frame so that he could move around freely. But that project just kept getting pushed back whenever some new crisis would come up.

Gunner tried to be patient, he really did, but that virtue was one thing he did not share with Optimus.

No words were needed as Ironhide patted Roller and his tired optics met Prowl’s. A slight nod from the Praxian indicated he understood the red mech’s desire to be left out of this. He turned back to the anxious Autobots. “You will all be happy to know that Ratchet also assures me that the mechling is healthy and strong,” said the black and white mech. Once he finished speaking, silence fell over the room. There were sighs of relief at the news, but none of the Autobots knew what to say.

The much too long silence had become a little uncomfortable when it was suddenly broken by a very deep voice. “Me Grimlock want to know how him Optimus Prime get teeny little bot inside him?” The Dynobot had a very perplexed look in his optics. “And why it so gooey?”

“You never told the Dynos about interfacing, Wheeljack?” asked Sunstreaker.

“They know about interfacing, believe me,” said Wheeljack with a shudder.

When he and Ratchet had built them, Wheeljack had persuaded Ratchet to make the Dynobots anatomically correct. After all, they had sparks. They were living mechs with feelings. True, there was no way to make them capable of creating. But it would be cruel not to at least give them the capacity to give and receive pleasure.

He just had not expected them to discover their ability to interface so soon. Or that they would put it to use so often.

One fine spring morning Wheeljack had walked in on Slag, Snarl and Grimlock having a three-way interface.

After that he always signaled before opening the door to their cave. “Anyway, since all of us are… Well, all of us ‘were’ sterile and the Dynobots have no gestational chambers, the subject of reproduction never came up.”

“Me Grimlock still no understand,” interrupted the T-Rex. “How itty bitty bot get into him Optimus Prime’s tummy?”

“Let’s go get the other Dynobots and I’ll try to explain.” Wheeljack sighed as he led Grimlock out. The scientist wondered if he should call Ratchet. The medic might be better at explaining the metalo-birds and beryllium-bees to their inquisitive progeny.

“Before any of you ask,” Prowl began as everyone turned their attention back to him. “Ratchet and I have no idea how Optimus ended up sparked.”

“One o’ us does,” rumbled Ironhide from his corner, unable to maintain his self-imposed silence. Feeling helpless was not something the weapons specialist took well. He was supposed to be his Prime’s bodyguard and yet he had no clue Optimus had been carrying! “It takes two ter make a new spark.”

“What if it is not one of us?” Red Alert asked suddenly. Every helm turned towards him in shock.
“Are you suggesting that our Prime would fraternize with the enemy?” hissed Prowl. The usually emotionless mech’s field pulsed with anger.

Ironhide stood so quickly that he knocked over his chair and sent a panicked Roller diving for cover. The old warrior stormed towards Red Alert with a glare and a low growl that made some of the others think that he was going to rip the security chief’s helm off.

Red Alert stepped back and held up his servos defensively at the rage that filled the room. “None of us can sire a sparkling. And do any of you believe that Megatron declared a ceasefire out of the goodness of his spark?” he added.

“Red, the Decepticons were affected by the poisoning of Cybertron just as we were. The ceasefire is likely a result of Megatron experiencing the awakening of his protector protocols,” said Perceptor, stepping between the cowering Red Alert and menacing Ironhide. “That must have been quite a shock for our Decepticon adversaries. As for Optimus, I would speculate that the Matrix of Leadership is in some way responsible for his condition. It has powers far beyond our comprehension. Perhaps that ancient relic has finally decided that the time had come to renew our species?”

“That would explain Optimus suddenly being fertile, but Ironhide is right. It takes two. So guys, spill. Who’s the baby-daddy?” asked Sideswipe anxiously. He glanced around the assembled mechs. No one spoke up. “Come on. Some bot here got lucky. Unfortunately, it was not me or Sunny. Pit, we’ve never even got to first base with Optimus. So, who was it? I know for a fact that every mech in this room has tried to get into Prime’s berth.”

“Pretty much every Autobot on the planet except Omega Supreme has tried,” said Brawn. “Myself include. Optimus put me in the ‘Friend Zone,” he admitted with a dejected sigh.

It was true that Optimus Prime was the not so secret crush of every Autobot on the planet, and a few Decepticons. Even the massive Guardian Omega Supreme covertly watched the handsome mech. Like most of the others he had fallen in love with Optimus the moment he laid optics on him. However, he was very aware that his titanic size made any sort of physical relationship impossible. Omega Supreme long ago resigned himself to the fact that he would always love his Prime chastely from afar.

“Well, the Bitlet is not mine,” said Windcharger, with equal sadness.

“Little guy is not mine either,” sighed Gears dejectedly.

“Nor mine,” added Perceptor. “More’s the pity.”

Ironhide looked around at the fidgeting Autobots with growing annoyance. “Someone has to know. Even if it weren’t any o’ yeh here, we got the biggest buncha gossips in the known universe on this fraggin ship.” There were a few nervous chuckles, and a couple of shuffled peds, but no confession was forthcoming. “Come on, some bot needs ta mech up. Prime didn’t spark himself.”

“Perhaps not. However, I just had a fascinating thought,” noted Perceptor. “If the Matrix is indeed involved it is entirely possible that there may be no sire.”

“You think that the Matrix itself could have sparked up Optimus?” asked Huffer.

“I’m as religious as the next mech,” said Sunstreaker. “But I just cannot see Primus pulling an immaculate conception.”

“Hey everyone!” Bumblebee called out cheerfully as he skipped into the room. He was literally
bouncing up and down with excitement. He did not even notice the tension that permeated the room.

Bumblebee was very sweet, but not always the most observant mech.

“Have you heard? Optimus had a sparkling. Isn’t it wonderful? There’s a new Autobot! Does this make me a big brother?” Bee barely managed to intake enough air to finish speaking, reminding his comrades a bit of Blurr. Although he was still easier to understand.

No one had the spark to scold him. They all knew Bumblebee had been away from the base, speaking at a human school when Optimus was brought in.

Since he was the equivalent of a human teenager Bee could relate to human younglings. Having him speak to children about the value of education generated a lot of good PR. Optimus and his command staff had quickly become very aware of just how important that was here on Earth. They did everything they could to encourage all their mechs to create ties with humans at every level.

This strategy worked very well. Some humans, particularly government officials, had reservations about them. Thanks to the efforts of Bumblebee, Tracks, Blaster, Jazz, Powerglide and others, by and large the general populous adored the Autobots.

By his demeanor Bumblebee had obviously only heard about the sparkling, not their Prime’s condition. Still, most of the others could not help but smile at the minibot’s infectious enthusiasm. Bee could not see how there could be anything negative about the new addition to their ranks.

Even Ironhide took a step away from Red Alert to look at the young mech with affection. Despite some misgivings about its possible origin, they were excited about the mysterious mechling that had come so unexpectedly into their lives. The tiny sparking was a sign that their race might yet survive the ravages of the seemingly endless war. However it had come about, this was a new life. A new beginning.

Although there was one Autobot who had listened to the others speculate on how the little one had come to be with some trepidation. That mech knew there was nothing immaculate about the conception of their Prime’s sparkling and his role in its creation would soon be known.

Silently, he slipped out of the rec room and headed towards the med bay.

It was time to face the music.

To be continued…

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter: Optimus finally gets to meet his sparkling and the name of the sire is revealed.
What Happens On The Ark...

Chapter Summary

Ratchet finally gets to have that little talk with Optimus and the Baby-Daddy is finally revealed.

Chapter Notes

Warnings for this chapter - Mentions of Chemical/High Grade induced sex. Loss of virginity. Possibly disturbing imagery of sparklings lost in the war.

As always - I do not own the Transformers and any mistakes are my own.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Ratchet cradled the softly venting mechling against his chest plate. He found himself standing absolutely still in the middle of the medbay, just listening to its strong, steady spark beat. He really should have put the little one in the little high sided berth Grapple had cobbled together for him. The sparkling was in recharge, but Ratchet could not bring himself to set him down.

He was still trying to convince himself that this was real.

It had been so terribly long since he had helped bring a sparkling into the world. While it was true that there had been new mechs created in the past five years, this was completely different than the creation of either the Dynobots or the Arialbots.

He and Wheeljack had first constructed the spark chambers for the Dynobots and each released spark energy to bring them online. This was something that had never been done before. And, considering the somewhat mixed results, might never be done again.

Ratchet always felt a little bad that four of them, particularly Grimlock had started out with very low processing power. And issues with anger management.

They did create modules that greatly enhance their learning ability and upgraded their processors. Although for some reason Swoop’s worked best. Ratchet had been so proud when his ‘baby’ as their human friends called Swoop, had asked if Ratchet could train him to become a medic.

Even now they continued upgrading them. His Dynobots were not stupid. Far from it. But Ratchet fervently hoped that one day Grimlock, Snarl, Sludge and Slag would eventually start using proper pronouns and stop referring to themselves in the third person. It would help convince their fellow Autobots that they were smarter than they first appeared.

Swoop’s processor was the same as his brothers, but for some reason his was firing on all cylinders. He could not only speak properly, he wanted to learn everything he could. One day Ratchet was sure that Swoop would be his equal as a medic and that made his spark almost burst with pride.
The other young mechs in the Ark, the Aerialbots were a very different case altogether. They were brought into existence using Vector Sigma, which was once a common way to reproduce.

But one thing made them and the Stunticons different from other mechs sparked by that great machine. Their newly created, yet fully mature, sparks were placed into the empty chassis of what had once been simple non-sentient vehicles.

All those created before them had been placed into specially generated protoforms. Sadly, the caretakers of Vector Sigma had jealously guarded the secrets of how to grow those complete, fertile protoforms. The process was lost centuries ago when the last of those mechs passed into the Well.

Not that any bot thought of either team as lesser beings for their unusual origins. Optimus had told Ratchet and Wheeljack not long after those mechs were created that the Matrix reacted to them. Even though the Dynobots were true mechs, some found it hard to believe that Ratchet loved his creations. Although his protector protocols had never engaged with them as they had for the tiny new spark curled up against him.

The sheer physical size of the Dynobots made it hard to think of them as younglings, even though they were chronologically only three years old.

“So, it was not some strange recharge flux. I… gave birth.” Shock was plain in the deep baritone that interrupted the medic’s musings.

“Yes, you did,” confirmed Ratchet with relief. This was the first-time Optimus has stirred since the emergence.

“But, how can this be possible? We are sterile.”

“Obviously, that is no longer true in your case.” Ratchet saw a mix of confusion and curiosity on his leader’s face plate. “You probably did not even get to see your mechling before falling into recharge, did you?” Prime shook his helm. “Would you like to hold him?” asked the medic gently.

The red and blue mech’s optics shone with excitement at the thought. Optimus started to sit up and hold out his arms, but nervously pulled back as Ratchet approached. “He is so fragile. What if I damage him?”

“Now, now, I think every new creator from the beginning of time had that concern at first. Just be gentle with him. Something you excel at.”

He was pleased that Optimus wanted to hold the mechling. Not that he thought his leader would reject his own sparkling. Such a thing was simply not in his nature. But the shock of the whole situation could interfere with the forming of the creator bond.

Holding the sparkling in one arm Ratchet used the other servo to press a button on the side of the berth to raise Prime into a more comfortable sitting position. “You held Bee and Blue. Pit, you’re the one that pulled them both out of the rubble.”

Optimus suppressed a shudder at the memory files that tried to come up. He adored both young mechs, but sometimes he found it difficult to separate the joy of finding the two babbling sparklings nestled together in a storage cabinet from the horrors of thousands of tiny burned and broken frames in the destroyed Youngling Sector. “Bumblebee and Bluestreak were both ready for their first upgrades when we found them. They were small, but not frail and helpless like this.”

“Here, it is easy,” he touched Optimus on the arm. “You see the way I have him? Bend your arm
like so and cradle him in the crook of it. Make sure to support his helm. Sometimes new spark’s neck struts are a little weak at first.” Very carefully he set the sparkling into his carrier’s arms. The medic could feel the awe and wonder radiating from Optimus as he looked down at the tiny being he had somehow created.

Happy! The little mechling could not help but purr as he reached out for his Bright Spark. Finally, he could bask in the radiance of that protective, loving presence again. Everything was alright now that his wonderfully warm Bright Spark was here.

The two mechs felt their own sparks melt as a pair of big blue optics opened and blinked sleepily. The mechling mewed and snuggled closer, instinctively seeking contact with his carrier. Perfect little fingers clutched at the faux glass on Optimus’ chest plates, just over his spark. The Prime gasped at the feelings that washed over him. Coolant began to leak unchecked from his optics. “I have never felt anything like it. Unconditional love.”

“And it is directed at you,” Ratchet said, patting his shoulder. “You are his carrier, Optimus. The only thing that he has known in his short existence is your spark. He cannot help but love you.”

“He is so pure, so innocent.” Without a second thought Optimus allowed the equally intense feelings that already grew within his spark to envelope his child. The mechling trilled happily and closed its optics in recharge, still radiating love and absolute trust.

Optimus vowed on the spot that he would do everything in his power to be worthy of both.

“I think you are going to be a wonderful creator. But that does not mitigate the fact that you did not even tell me that you were ill! Be grateful that you are holding him, Optimus, or your helm and my wrench would be having a heated conversation right now.”

“I will relish my good fortune while I can.”

“Idiot,” said the medic with fond exasperation.

Ratchet sat down on the side of the berth opposite to Optimus. The Prime carefully shifted the mechling in his arms and started to try to stand. “Don’t even think about it,” growled Ratchet, moving quickly to push him back down. “The only reason you are not in agony is the heavy dose of pain suppressants you just had. Anyone else would still be in recharge. That fight with Megatron triggered your labor before your chassis was ready. Your valve lining was badly torn along with a major fuel line. I had to perform emergency repairs in flight or we would have lost you before we made it to base.”

Ratchet had spent the first half of the trip back to base in Skyfire’s hold up to his elbows in his leader’s abdomen.

“Is my sparkling alright?” asked Optimus, looked down at his newborn with concern. He did not even ask about the implications of his own injuries, to him that was barely a secondary consideration. Only the little one mattered.

“Your mechling is doing surprisingly well,” assured the medic. “Thank Primus you have damn thick armor and for the fact that the last month of carrying all the internals and processor are fully formed. The new spark is just growing. He is about three weeks early. But his size was not affected as it normally would be. He was already large for a sparkling since you carried only him and not a normal litter. All your energon went to nurturing that bitlet instead of being divided between him and three to five siblings. Now, Optimus, I need some answers. How the slag did you get sparked up in the first place and who is the sire?”
“I am afraid that I do not know the answer to either question, Ratchet,” admitted the Prime, his optics still on the sleeping sparkling. “All I know for certain is when it happened. Do you recall the party that Sunstreaker and Sideswipe held for Spike when he and Carly bonded or what is it the humans call it, married?”

“The bachelor party?” the white and red mech nodded. “That poison they called high grade caused more fighting, interfacing and purging than I have seen in my entire lifecycle. Primus that was a disaster. Poor Chip will never erase the image of Gears and Huffer’s little tryst out of his brain. Too bad humans cannot just flush their memories like we can.”

Up until that point they had been very discrete.

Neither Chip nor any of the other humans had known they even had genitalia, let alone what they did with it. Not that they were ashamed of anything they did together. But they knew from research on the internet that humans had some very strict ideas on what they considered ‘normal and natural’.

Chip was upset about the fact that he witnessed two mechs interfacing. He had steered his wheelchair into a corner and was muttering something about ‘gay robots’. Fortunately, it was Ratchet that found him. One of the few Autobots who had avoided the suspect high grade.

It took some time to explain to the traumatized human that all Cybertronians had the same interface equipment. The mech and femme distinction was a frame type, not a gender as humans defined them. The term that describe them best was hermaphrodite. Although he noted that the word seemed to have a negative connotation among many humans.

That had been relatively easy. Unfortunately, he had no idea how they were ever going to explain all this to the other humans, particularly their government. The Autobots were welcome as refugees and allies against the Decepticons. But how would the Earth’s governments react to them having children?

He was not an expert on US law, but he knew they already had issues with humans from other countries having what they called Anchor Babies. What if they saw the sparkling as one? Could just the fact that they could reproduce in a way similar to humans turn some against them?

He was not looking forward to the inevitable meeting Optimus would need to have with Mearing and her ilk. According to Blaster she had already called twice before they had even made it back to the Ark. The irritating woman was demanding to see Optimus. Red Alert was stalling her, citing medical and security concerns. Eventually Optimus would have to speak to her.

The medic sighed. Let Prowl worry about the politics. He had left that nonsense behind years ago when he resigned in disgust from the Council.

“That so called high grade was toxic,” Ratchet said, concentrating on his conversation with Optimus. “I made those two idiots destroy the rest of the batch and deleted the recipe from their processors.”

“The entire night is a blank to me. All I know is that I came out of recharge in my quarters. I was alone, but my,” Prime looked away, his helm bowed in shame. “My seal had been broken.”

“You had never taken a spike?” gasped Ratchet. That was something that he did not check during a routine examination.

Optimus seemed to shrink slightly as he whispered, “I had never interfaced.”
“Primus below,” gasped Ratchet. “Optimus, you are almost nine million years old. Sure, we were in stasis for a couple million years, but still, how could you not have interfaced? What about Elita One? I thought you and she were lovers?”

“That was what we intended for everyone to think. I was about the same age as Bumblebee is now when I became Prime. Too young to even consider interfacing,” he said softly. He had been the youngest of the three friends. “Ariel, Dion and I were gravely wounded when Megatron attacked the Iacon energon depot. Alpha Trion rebuilt each of us into larger armored frames. Then he took us to Vector Sigma, who reformatted our coding completely. We were remade into Warbuilds. Weapons of Primus to fight the Decepticons. Between that and being chosen by the Matrix, my strength was vastly increased. It was months before I could keep from breaking just about anything I touched. When I came of age I could not even contemplate interfacing with anyone. I could injure or offline them if I lost control. Celibacy just seemed the best course of action. Elita was very understanding. She covered for me. Since everyone thought we were together they left me alone.”

“But that was long ago. You can control your strength. I have seen you interact with humans, and they are very frail creatures.” Ratchet wished he could speak to Elita One. How could she encourage him to isolate himself off so completely? What was she thinking?

“I must always be aware of my slightest movement to keep from crushing them.” He shifted uncomfortably with optics on the mechling.

“So must we all,” Ratchet shook his head. “We Autobots are not so fragile. Neither is that little one. His protoform is surprisingly durable. It is also soft, so that when you drop him he will not get a dent.” Prime gasped, utterly horrified at the thought. “Sorry. You are not up to bad humor.”

“Everyone says I have no sense of humor anyway.” Prime shrugged. He hated to admit it, but that hurt sometimes. It was true that since he had to set an example for the younger mechs he could not get into the prank wars that sometimes erupted. Or spend a lot of time playing video games. But that did not mean he was a stick in the dirt? Or whatever Bluestreak said to Windcharge that he was a stick in? Did it?

Besides, Chip and Spike said he was cool. None of the other Autobots could hit a three pointer from half court like Optimus.

Ratchet snorted and shook his helm. “Anyone that has ever heard you and Megatron exchanging pre-fight banter should know better,” chuckled the medic. He had been shocked so long ago on Cybertron the first time he heard the new young Prime trash talk with Megatron.

Optimus owned the Decepticon Leader when it came to insults.

“I am not sure where that comes from.” Prime looked a little sheepish. “Megatron brings out something in me.”

“That is what worries me,” thought Ratchet. His processor whirling with concerns that he dare not voice. “Those two are fixated on one another. I often wondered if there was not some latent attraction on Optimus’s part. Although it is certainly not latent for Megatron.’

The Lord of the Decepticons was not exactly subtle about his desire for their Prime’s chassis.

Megatron’s servos were black, Optimus’ very shapely aft was white. Whenever Megatron copped a feel it was on display for anyone that happened to be looking. And they saw it often. Megatron was a serial groper. ‘The mech is fragging obsessed. And worse, Megatron does bring out something in Optimus. A recklessness that puts him constantly in harm’s way. Not a good combination.’
“Optimus, I want to ask you something. This is as your medic, not out of prurient interest. Do you ever self-service?” Ratchet asked. The look in his friend’s optics told him all he needed to know. “Not even that? Oh, Optimus,” Ratchet felt sick at spark. He never realized how isolated Optimus had become.

Sunstreaker, Sideswipe, Tracks, Jazz, Huffer and so many others constantly flirted with their Prime. He just assumed that Optimus at least spent the night with one of them sometimes. Now he realized that they had all assumed many things.

They assumed that Optimus was just being very discreet when he took a lover. That someone was seeing to his physical needs. They thought somebot was there for him, to hold their Prime and comfort him when the war became too much.

Instead he was completely and utterly alone.

“We have failed you, Optimus. We all just took it for granted that you were taking comfort and pleasure with someone.”

“It is not anything to be concerned about, Ratchet,” shrugged Optimus. “You feel that I am somehow harmed by not interfacing but it is impossible to miss what you never experienced.”

“But you have interfaced. The proof is there in your arms,” Ratchet countered, indicating the sleeping sparkling. The medic had the distinct impression that Optimus was trying to convince himself.

“It does not matter,” he said softly. “I remember nothing.”

Ratchet raised an optic ridge at that. “You really have no memory at all of what happened the night you were sparked? Of being with another mech?”

“None,” admitted Prime.

It was almost impossible to believe that someone Prime’s age had never interfaced. That was just not natural. And now he had finally lost his virginity but did not even know who had ‘faced’ him. Could this get any worse? “Optimus, all other considerations aside you should have come to me. I could have examined the transfluids and found out who did this to you. Somebot interfaced with you when you were impaired and unable to give consent. That is assault.”

“No Autobot would have forced himself on me,” Prime said with conviction. “I have no doubt that whoever sparked me was just as impaired as I was. He may not even remember it. Besides, as far as anyone knew we were all barren. There was no way that anyone could have predicted that I would end up in that condition.”

Ratchet considered his words for a moment. Then a very bad thought struck him. “Optimus, you said you have no memory of the night you were sparked. Is it possible you went off the base? I… You did not see the way Megatron reacted when he realized what was happening and saw the mechling. He ordered his mechs home and declared a ceasefire on the spot.”

“Admittedly, an interesting reaction. However, it was very obvious that the interface occurred in my berth. Megatron would have caused havoc if he gotten onto the base and found most of us incapacitated. Besides, he could never keep such a thing to himself.”

Ratchet had to agree. “You have a point. Slagger would have had Soundwave record it and broadcast the video 24/7 on every Cybertronian frequency. I guess we can be reasonably certain the sire is an Autobot.” He rubbed his nasal ridge. A monster processor ache was threatening to form.
“Optimus, you really had no idea you were with spark?”

“Not until this little one was in your servos,” Optimus admitted. “I had been suffering from fatigue, increased energon intake, occasional bouts of nausea, slightly elevated run times, and a few other intermittent ailments for the last several months.”

“Pretty much every symptom of carrying,” noted Ratchet with a sigh.

“Under the circumstances, the possibility did not even occur to me.”

“I suppose you really cannot be blamed for that. We have been sterile for millennia. Although, you really should have said something to me about feeling ill. What I do not understand is how you were cured. I did routine examinations of every Autobot on the planet a few weeks before you were sparked. All of us, including you, were sterile. Now your reproductive systems are functioning perfectly. In fact, according to my readings you are extremely fertile. I am shocked you only had one sparkling. If you carry again you will likely have at least four.”

“We are so few. Since I am able to carry, I must do so again. It is my duty.” As he spoke Optimus looked down at his sleeping sparkling. Despite the discomfort he would gladly carry many more of these precious new sparks.

“I will tell you something right now. I will have your helm if you even think about getting sparked again until you are completely recovered. What I would recommend for your health and the little one is that you wait at least a year. That way your chassis will be healed and the sparkling can start taking supplemental feedings of enriched low grade,” said Ratchet. “Our population is dangerously low. There is no denying that. But you will do no one any good by trying to have too many sparklings too close together. You could damage yourself and lose your newly restored fertility.”

“I will not do anything to harm myself.”

“True, you would never intentionally harm yourself. However, you are so busy attempting to prove to everyone that you are no more important than any other Autobot that you do not see to your own needs. You would never allow anyone under your command to neglect themselves the way that you do yourself,” cautioned the medic. “You are very bad about not refueling or recharging when you desperately need to. But you cannot do that anymore. This is not just about you, Optimus. You are a creator. That mechling is going to be completely dependent upon you for survival. He will need you to be healthy.”

“I am sure if I forget to take care of myself you will remind me,” Optimus noted dryly. “So, have you had the chance to examine the others?” asked Prime, changing the subject.

“Only two so far,” Ratchet allowed him to do so. It was best not to upset a new carrier. “Prowl and Ironhide were riding with me when we brought you back to base.” Once Optimus was stable he had scanned the other mechs for any signs of change in their reproductive systems. Not himself, Swoop or the shuttle.

Skyfire had a spike and valve. He could enjoy interfacing like any other mech, but, like all of the large transports and Citiformers the shuttle had been sterile when he came from Vector Sigma. No gestational chamber, no nanites in his transfluids.

As for Ratchet himself, he had been sober the night of the party and had definitely not interfaced with Optimus. Sunstreaker and Sideswipe yes. Several times. But not Optimus. “The only thing I can tell you is that neither of them could possibly be the sire.”
“There has to be a reason that whoever sired my sparkling and I are able to procreate when no other Cybertronians can.”

“I am going to be working with Wheeljack, Skyfire and Perceptor to find the answer. We will need to run tests on you as soon as you are up to it and the sire once we identify him. You know, I would have found out sooner if you had said something when your symptoms first started. Even if you did not realize you were with spark, it never once occurred to you to come talk to your chief medical officer about not feeling well for so long?” grumbled Ratchet.

Optimus now looked very sheepish indeed. “Ratchet, I did not want to take you from anything important. You are always so busy...”

“Yes, I am always busy. I take care of sick and injured mechs, including you. That is my job. You, Optimus Prime, are not fragging expendable. Even if you are an aft-helmed idiot. I should weld you to that berth for the next week to keep you out of trouble.” Ratchet shook his helm in annoyance and stood. “Now if you will give me a minute. I need to check on the results of the CNA tests I have been running to determine once and for all the identity of that little bit’s sire.”

“Won’t be necessary, Ratch,” said a timid voice from behind them. “I’m the sire.”

Both mechs optics went wide. Standing behind them was just about the last mech either of them would have expected.

“Jazz?” Optimus gasped.

To be continued…

Chapter End Notes

In the next chapter - Jazz has some explaining to do.
Confession Is Good For The Spark

Chapter Summary

We discover that Bumblebee is not the only Autobot that is not very observant.

Chapter Notes

Warnings for this chapter: Chemical/ High Grade Induced Sex, Consent Issues, Loss of Virginity

I do not own the Transformers, etc.

As Always any errors are all my own.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Ratchet and Optimus stared at the Autobot Third in Command. To their surprise, Jazz had just confessed to siring Prime’s sparkling.

Not only were they shocked at who had admitted to sparking Optimus, but the fact that neither the Prime nor Ratchet had known he was there.

Then again, behind his laid-back persona, Jazz was the head of Special Ops and second only to Mirage in his ability to get into and out of enemy territory undetected.

“Can I talk ta yeh alone, OP?” The usually cavalier black and white Porsche sounded uncharacteristically hesitant.

“Ratchet, could you allow us a moment?” asked Prime.

“I’ll be right outside,” answered the medic, aiming his patented death glare at the smaller mech. With a parting rev of his engines he stepped out the door.

“OP… Optimus…” Jazz seemed to shrink a little under the surprisingly non-judgmental gaze. “I really messed up good. I’m sorry. But I guess just bein’ sorry don’t really cover this.”

“I am not angry, Jazz,” said Optimus softly. “A little confused perhaps, but how could I be angry when the result is this?” He glanced down at the recharging sparkling in his arms.

Jazz tilted his visor down towards his creation. He had only really gotten a glimpse of the mechling when Ratchet gave him to Optimus. The first thing he noticed was the reason they could not identify who the sire was. The sparkling looked like a tiny version of Optimus.

Most of the soft metal of his chassis was red like Prime. His helm was a dark blue and adorable face plate silver-gray. He even had a crest just like his carrier. But there were little things that Jazz saw in the mechling that were from him, like the shiny black and white racing stripes down his sides. Also, his arms and legs were white with black accents.
Hesitantly, Jazz very gently brushed a finger over the delicate crest.

The mechling murmured softly as he looked up at this new face plate. It meant nothing to him at first sight. He did not understand exactly who or what Jazz was to him since his base programming was still settling in. However, deep inside he knew Jazz’s field. He remembered the feel of this Happy Spark and he liked it. It pulsed in harmony with his own as he rubbed his cheek strut against a gently stroking finger and trilled. It was not quite like his Bright Spark, but this spark was comfortable, safe. It had always been close by, watching over he and the Bright Spark.

The sparkling reached up and grabbed the finger. The Happy Spark needed to stay close.

As he settled back into recharge, a smile spread across the little mechling’s face plate. His field pulsed with joy. The Bright Spark and the Happy Spark were surrounding him with love. That was how it should always be.

Looking down at his sparkling, Jazz could only surrender to the inevitable. He was completely and utterly conquered.

The little guy could hold his finger for as long as he wanted. “Weh sure made us a pretty sparklin’,” he said softly.

“That we did,” Optimus agreed. The whole thing still seemed almost like a recharge flux. But he could not help himself. He had fallen in love with his mechling at first sight. He could feel the very beginnings of the creator bond forming. It was a tiny flow of feelings that were not his own. Mostly drowsy contentment.

He put a servo on Jazz’s shoulder. “I have no memory of the night he was created once the high grade started flowing. Can you tell me what happened?”

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drowsy contentment.

“Yeah, I can.” The smile faded as Jazz spoke. He could not quite meet Prime’s optics. “Never wanted ta hurt yeh. I swear I didn’t know yeh was… That yeh still had yer seal.”

“I believe you, Jazz,” assured Optimus. “Just tell me what happened.”

“The party was windin down. After Sparkplug took Spike n’ the others home, yeh came lookin’ for meh. Weh sat on the big red couch in the rec room n’ started cuddlin’.”

“I came looking for you?” said a very confused Optimus. “And… cuddled with you?”

“Got real cozy.” Jazz nodded. “Ended up watchin’ a couple of overcharged mechs makin’ out. They got explicit. Guess it gave yeh ideas. Weh got busy fer a while, started gettin’ hot n’ bothered when yeh said yeh wanted meh ta make love ta yeh.”

“I asked you to make love to me?” gasped Optimus.

“I can play it back if yeh want.” Jazz always had a backup recording going. It was standard procedure for special Ops.

Slowly Optimus nodded. He had to know.

Jazz turned up his speakers.

“I need you so much, Jazz,” Optimus heard his own slurred voice say. “Please kiss me.”

“Mmmm, yeah… Been so long since yeh put on that mask. Let me see yeh.” The other mech’s voice was only slightly less slurred.
First came the sound of movement, a whir that Prime recognized as his mask retracting. “Beautiful,” sighed Jazz. Then they heard what he presumed were lip plates and glossas rubbing together, punctuated by soft sighs and moans. For several minutes, along with kissing they also heard other voices in the background. He could not make out any words but soon he heard a sound that a very embarrassed Optimus realized must be that of mechs overloading.

“They ain’t usually such exhibitionists,” noted Jazz’s recorded voice with more than a bit of lust.

After some more rubbing and kissing Prime’s deep spoke again. “Make me feel, Jazz. Let me know that I am alive,” he heard himself gasp.

“Anythin’ yeh need, OP,” whispered Jazz’s voice. “Anythin’.”

“Make love to me, Jazz.” More kisses, metal softly brushing against metal. “Please, I want to feel you inside me…”

It cut off there. He had more, of course. Their entire encounter was recorded. But Optimus was not ready for that. And, neither was Jazz. The saboteur had not been able to bring himself to listen to it since the party. It was too painful.

He understood many things now that he had missed before. Such as just how innocent Optimus really was.

For his part, Optimus was glad he had his mask on, otherwise his jaw would probably have hit the floor. It was his voice, of that he had no doubt. He knew that he would never go to anyone and ask to be touched. And yet here was proof that he had practically begged Jazz to interface with him.

“This is a lot for me to process,” said Optimus. “I… asked you to interface with me?” He sounded genuinely puzzled.

“Well, I’m a real good lookin’ mech,” Jazz joked. Optimus remained silent. “Sorry, OP, yeh know me ‘n my big mouth.”

“Jazz, it is not you, it is me,” Prime said softly. His field was clamped tight to keep from disturbing his mechling or alerting Jazz to the turmoil he felt in his spark.

The morning after the party he immediately realized, to his horror, that somebot had broken his seal. He woke with a sore valve and his lower chassis and berth were splatter with dried lubricant, transfluids and energon.

He had spent more time than he cared to remember knees held against his chest plates, trembling.

When he finally managed to get himself under control, he stumbled to the wash rack and turned it on as hot as it would go. He stood under it for as long as he could stand.

Optimus did not have the slightest clue exactly what had happened, or who had been with him. The one thing he presumed was that whoever had taken his seal must have blacked out also.

Why else would anybot be with him?

Now that he knew who it was he realized he had guess right about that morning. Jazz must have been so utterly mortified at the fact that he had ended up in a berth with Optimus that he ran.

Once the Prime had removed the evidence from his frame and berth and the discomfort of his broken
seal faded, he managed to shut the entire incident out of his processor. He found it easy to convince himself that it was best for all concerned if the whole thing were forgotten.

In a way he had been glad there was no face plate to put with the sensory echoes of pleasure that occasionally pulsed through his frame as he powered down. Or the strange feelings of longing that tried to invade his recharge.

But now he knew who had been in his berth.

Orion Pax had been enamored by Jazz the moment Ratchet introduced them. How could a young laborer not be swept away by such a dashing, worldly mech? Sometimes while listening to Jazz talk about his travels, he would daydream about leaving his boring job on the docks and running away with the handsome saboteur.

An impossible dream that was completely crushed by his sudden ascension to the Primacy.

He could not quite look Jazz in the optics. A part of him was ashamed of the feeling that welled in his spark. Particularly the part of him that wanted to experience the memories he was denied. What had it been like, to have Jazz make love to him?

With a sigh, he quickly banished those thoughts. He was still the Prime. And ceasefire or no, they were still at war with the Decepticons. He did not have the right to think about himself. Besides, why would anyone, let alone a handsome, sophisticated mech like Jazz want him?

Optimus knew what he had to do. What he must always do.

He shut down his feelings. Pushed back the aching loneliness and concentrated on his duty.

“I have never looked to another for such comfort or companionship. I do not know where this came from,” he sighed. ‘And it will not be repeated,’ he finished to himself.

“It’s OK, OP,” Jazz said, with a gentle touch to a massive red arm. He wanted to put his arms around Optimus and hug the big mech, but he did not have the right. Certainly not after what happened. “Everybody needs someone ta hold um sometimes, even a Prime. Just wish I felt worthy of bein’ the one ta do it. I treated yeh bad.”

“Why did you leave?” Try as he might, Optimus could not keep the hurt out of his voice.

“I… I came outa recharge before yeh. Saw the energon on mah spike n’ panicked. Takin’ a mech’s seal like that, all drunk n’ rough. Once mah head cleard n’ I realized what I’d done I felt lower than a scraplet droppin. I was a slaggin robot chicken.” Jazz looked miserable. “So many times I wanted ta talk ta yeh.”

If only Jazz had been thinking clearly. Primus, he should have stayed. He took a mech’s seal and then bolted. Jazz knew he should have been there for Optimus. He should have held and comforted him when he woke.

Jazz should have treated this amazing bot with the care he gave so easily to any other mech or femme he took to berth. How could he have been such a callous idiot? To treat the one he wanted most like less than nothing? He loved Optimus Prime more than his own function, yet he had used and abandoned him. Jazz would not have treated a buy mech with such utter lack of regard. “I thought yeh just wanted ta pretend nothin happened. Had no idea yeh didn’t remember bein with meh.”

The two mechs sat together in silence for a time, both keeping their optics on the tiny mechling. The one safe place between them. When the sparkling slipped back into recharge and released his finger,
Jazz sighed sadly. “Are yeh gonna press charges, Optimus? Yeh got a right after what I did ta yeh.”

“No,” Optimus answered without hesitation. “We were both overcharged and as far as you knew, I initiated everything that happened.” Prime bowed his helm. He was the one to blame. He would endure the consequences. “Jazz, I know how mechs can be. There are those that will treat you differently when they find out you are the sire. It might even make you a target for the Decepticons. If you would prefer I will ask Ratchet to keep your name out of this.”

“What? No! That little guy is my sparklin.” Jazz looked at Optimus in shock. “I ain’t gonna slink off like some Decepticreep an’ leave you ta raise him alone. I… I’ll even bond with yeh, if yeh want.”

“I know it is traditional for mechs that produce a sparkling to bond.” Those that had not were often ostracized before the war. “But I do not wish to take such a drastic step,” said Prime.

Jazz was so noble. Willing to stand by him for the sake of their mechling. It warmed his spark that Jazz obviously cared about their bitlet. But he could not be selfish. He would not tie down this wonderful, free spirited mech by forcing him into an unwanted relationship.

Optimus knew all too well what happened when mechs that did not love one another ended up bonding because of unplanned sparklings. He could not watch Jazz’s friendship turn to resentment for trapping him into bonding.

“You have always been my friend, even before I became Prime.” That was something Optimus never understood. Why a mech like Jazz would befriend a no-bot like he was when they met. “We have a shared responsibility and I welcome your help in raising our sparkling. But there is no need for us to bond.”

His spark ached, but he would stay strong and allow Jazz his freedom.

“If that’s what yeh want,” Jazz shrugged. His spark felt like it was breaking, but using his many years of practice controlling his emotions on assignment he kept his expression neutral. Still, he could not keep one little thing from slipping out. “I was afraid yeh’d hate meh,” he admitted.

“Of course not,” Optimus barely kept the utter shock from his field. How could he ever hate someone as amazing as Jazz?

Prime quickly decided to change the subject. “You realize we need to think of a designation for him. Any ideas?”

“It is traditional fer the sire ta name the sparklins’,” said Jazz. “But I thought yeh weren’t gonna follow tradition?”

“I was thinking we could come up with one together.”

Jazz nodded. “Well, if yeh don’t mind, I can think o’ a name that’s perfect for him.”

“What is that?” asked Optimus.

“Orion.”

“Orion Pax was no one special. Just a dock worker,” said Optimus modestly.

“He was brave, had a good spark and he became a great leader,” countered Jazz. ‘Orion Pax was sweet, kind, beautiful, n’ just perfect,’ thought Jazz with a sigh. ‘And you’re everythin he was n’
Jazz realized that he had stopped talking and Optimus was staring at him. He flashed his most disarming grin. “Sides, little fella looks like an Orion ta meh.”

Optimus looked down his mechling. Smiling a little behind his mask he had to agree. “Perhaps he does look like an Orion.”

“Course, whatever name weh choose everyone’ll probably just call him Bit, Bitlet or Squirt,” quipped Jazz.

Neither mech could see that there was a pair of red optics watching them intently from the ventilation duct. Ravage purred softly to herself as she transmitted the entire conversation to Soundwave.

This was better than a human soap opera.

To be continued…

Chapter End Notes

Rest assured, the flashback of Jazz and Optimus' entire encounter is coming soon.

Next chapter – Megatron learns some very important things about Optimus. And does a bit of perving.
Life's Little Ironies

Chapter Summary

Megatron contemplates life’s little ironies. And does a bit of perving.

Chapter Notes

This is a very long chapter.
Notes - Playing around with some world building here. In G1 Spike, Carly and Swoop find a history tape that says the Autobots and Decepticons had traded power back and forth many times, long before Megatron or Optimus became their respective leaders. It comes off as blatant Autobot propaganda, but I always found the basic idea interesting and thought it needed to be explored.
I will be playing fast and loose with the creation of the Phase Sixers here.
And I throw SixShot under the bus. Then back it up and run over him a few times. (I regret nothing!)

Chapter Warnings: Fantasies with Non-Con elements, oral. Mentions of sparklings lost in the war, stillborn sparklings and an execution.

As Always, any mistakes are my own and I do not own the Transformers.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

‘Course, whatever name weh choose everyone’ll probably just call him Bit, Bilet or Squirt.’

With those final words, Megatron turned off the view screen as he came to the end of Optimus Prime’s very interesting conversation with the sire of his sparkling. This was the third time he had watched it.

The warlord slumped on his throne and drummed his fingers on the armrest. Add to that what he had heard while Prime spoke with Ratchet and he had much to consider.

The first thing on his new agenda was to immediately put the destruction of the Autobots on hold. The sudden arrival of little ‘Orion’, had thrown all his well laid plans into a state of flux.

They had all been made sterile by the war that had decimated their home. And yes, he had to take some responsibility for it. Although in his opinion most of the blame could be laid at the peds of the Council and Functionalists. Had it not been for them, the Decepticon Revolution would not have been necessary.

With every mech and femme sterile, Vector Sigma had been their only means of procreation. It could only give sparks to chassis already built. And since they no longer possess the knowledge to create the fully formed, fertile protoforms that were once grown for those new sparks. Its usefulness
was limited.

After the key to Vector Sigma had been blasted into dust by one of those annoying Aerialbots, Megatron had reluctantly resigned himself to the fact that there would be no more Cybertronians.

Until now.

The Decepticon almost growled as he went over the conversations in his processor.

“Optimus Prime was Orion Pax? That cannot be right!”

He remembered every detail of the day Optimus Prime first appeared. It was a pivotal moment in his existence in more ways than one. He had just wrested control of the Decepticons from the weak fools that took over after Megazarek was assassinated. Not that his assassination really changed anything. The late leader of the Decepticons was little more than a figurehead for the largest, most visible group of Decepticons. He held not real power.

Still, somehow Megazarek managed to get Sentinel Prime’s attention. Which unsurprisingly turned out to be a fatal mistake.

Megatron’s first act as leader of the Decepticons was the raid on the main Energon Depot at Iacon.

Not that he had much choice. They had quite literally been on the verge of starvation. It was steal fuel or die. Fortunately, before Prime had showed up and sent his forces into retreat he had managed to get enough energon to keep his troops functioning for several weeks.

When Megatron took over, the Decepticons were a shadow of their former glory. While the official histories had been sanitized, there were still older versions around. There were even a few ancient mechs that remembered a time when the Decepticons ruled Cybertron. It was them who ushered in the original Golden Age.

The Autobots just took all the credit.

Sadly, it was also the Decepticons who were in power when the Golden Age ended and the rule of the Quintessons began.

Most of the surviving Cybertronians had no idea that the Autobots and Decepticons both existed long before he and Optimus were gleams in their respective creator’s optics. They had peacefully traded power many times.

The Autobots and Decepticons were once political affiliations. Each counted mech from all levels of society among their ranks. But things changed in the waning of the Golden Age.

It was Decepticon Primes that originally carved out the Cybertronian Empire. They used Cybertron’s mastery of the Space Bridges and massive battle fleets to expand their influence across the galaxy. There had been Autobot Primes during the Golden Age, but most were Decepticons.

The last Prime chosen by the Matrix before Optimus, Maximus Prime, was a Decepticons and a soldier. He was a great general, responsible for many victories.

While Maximus was a just ruler, he had little patience for anyone that was not a warbuild.

Many civilians felt alienated by the near contempt he and his court had for them. They began to gravitate towards the Autobots.
By the time the Quintessons arrived the split between factions had become a chasm. The clear majority of the military were Decepticons, while most civilians were Autobots.

Those that chose to align themselves with neither side, who eventually became Neutrals, were a very tiny minority.

Even with the populous so deeply divided, to conquer Cybertron was no simple feat. They wielded power and influence that even the Galactic Council feared. Which was why, as their Empire started to collapse, the rest of the major powers breathed a sigh of relief and wished the Quintessons well in their endeavor.

The Techno-Organic freaks first worked to cut off trade to Cybertron. Then they began to covertly turn the worlds within Cybertron’s sphere of influence against them. Eventually they fomented outright rebellion. The fleets were soon spread thin trying to regain control. When they were at their most vulnerable the Quintessons lured almost the entire planetary defense force into a trap.

They seeded mines in an asteroid field at the edge of Hadeen’s system. Over one thousand ships were lost and nearly ten thousand mechs and femmes died. Those soldiers were mostly Decepticons.

With no fleet to protect Cybertron, the Quintessons’ murderous shock troops, the Sharkticons, swept over the planet, slaughtering any who resisted.

Again, mostly Decepticons.

It was inevitable that the majority of the remaining population when the Quintessons enslaved their world were Autobots. Admittedly, it was also mostly Autobots, led by Alpha Trion, that finally drove out their conquerors.

But once they were free, the Autobots went about making sure that they would remain in power. With their blessing, Functionalists usurped the priesthood and twisted the words of Primus to keep millions of their people enslaved.

The reconstituted Decepticon movement arose from the slums and gladiatorial pits of Cybertron. At first they were a collection of small but vocal splinter groups. Malcontents that took courage from oft told stories of brave warriors.

The ‘New Decepticons’ as they began to call themselves, were created to protest the Functionalist’s oppression. Eventually recruiting many rank and file military mechs, who were tired of being treated little better than slaves themselves. They started off with protests. Eventually they set off some bombs and managed to assassinate a few low-level beaurcrats. Even so they remained nothing more than a minor annoyance to the Council and Sentinel Prime.

It was by sheer force of will that Megatron turned a mishmash of disparate, loosely associated, disorganized cells into a single unified fighting force that eventually controlled over half of Cybertron.

After eliminating his pathetically ineffectual rivals for power, Megatron set to work finding a way to feed and equip his forces. Raiding the energon depot seemed an easy way to obtain enough fuel to keep them going for a few months.

Instead, that one small skirmish ignited a war that still raged on millions of years later.

“That foolish younling Orion Pax became Optimus Prime? And the femme must be Elita One. But what about the other mech? Did he survive? Is he also one of the Autobots?”
The warlord had always been mystified at the sudden appearance of Optimus, a completely unknown Prime. There had been no announcement from the priests that a new Prime had been chosen.

Prime’s imposing, and sexy, form had stepped out of the smoke into the middle of what had been a one-sided battle as Megatron’s forces decimated the Autobots. Optimus Prime strode out of obscurity and won the day.

Megatron had never had a clue where Sentinel had been keeping this unknown Prime.

With this new information, he was certain that Sentinel had not known about Optimus either.

The last Decepticon ruler of Cybertron was mortally wounded when the Primal Residence was attacked. He managed to fight his way out, killing over a dozen sharticons, but in the end succumbed to his injuries. The five faced freaks eventually found the Prime’s gray chassis, but the Matrix was gone.

It was lost to history until the day that Optimus stood before the council and opened his chest plates, proving to all that he was the Matrix Bearer. Alpha Trion must have been hiding the Matrix since the death of Maximus Prime. Every mech to hold the title of Prime between Maximus and Optimus was a Prime in name only.

Thanks to the sudden demise of Sentinel Prime, Optimus had no rival for power. Megatron found it very interesting that the old Prime’s death came at such an opportune moment. His fall from the Chancellery Tower occurred one day after Alpha Trion announced to all of Cybertron that a new Prime had been chosen by Primus himself. Sentinel managed to offline himself just in time for the newly revealed Matrix Bearer to take control.

Perhaps it was not luck that removed Optimus’ only obstacle to the Primacy after all.

Megatron knew that Optimus would never condone such a thing. That sly old turbo-fox Alpha Trion was another story.

There had reportedly been no evidence of foul play and rumor had it that Sentinel was distraught over the loss of his Lord Protector to a shuttle accident just days before. Grief and high grade were the accepted cause. Even so, Megatron himself had been suspected of somehow orchestrating both ‘accidents’.

He would love to be able to take credit for killing the sick bastard of a Prime, but Sentinel’s death was not his doing.

He had no such animosity towards Lord Protector Broadside. That mech had been, by all accounts, a decent mech and honorable warrior. One that was trying to nudge his obstinate Prime into making much needed reforms. Megatron did not sanction an assassination attempt on him.

Whatever happened to the Prime and Protector, the warlord knew for a fact that no Decepticons were involved.

Megatron recalled Orion Pax, just as he did everything else that occurred on that fateful day in Iacon. He remembered a finely crafted, handsome face plate and pouty, very kissable derma. Before blasting the foolish mech he had lamented, briefly, that he did not have an opportunity to get him in a berth first. He would have loved to get his spike into that sweet chassis.

Was that striking face still behind the mask? Jazz was inebriated at the time, but he had said Prime was beautiful.
He sat back on the throne finally realizing what it all meant. Megatron himself was responsible for the existence of Optimus Prime. The irony within irony of that thought could melt a processor.

“I shot Orion Pax and left him for dead. In doing so, I paved the way for the birth of Optimus Prime. It was my actions that created my greatest enemy.” The more he thought about it, the more it all made sense. Then his thoughts turned to another realization. “If I made him, then he belongs to me. I should have been the one to sire his sparkling. The one to claim his seal.”

But who would have believed that a mech Prime’s age would still be a virgin?

He was shocked to hear his rival’s own words. The great Optimus Prime was afraid to interface. And when he got overcharged and begged for a little physical affection he did not even remember it.

Megatron consoled himself with the fact that if it had been him that had spiked Prime, the Autobot leader would have remembered it, vividly. It was a shame Optimus had not decided to go for a little walk outside the base that night as Ratchet had feared. The Decepticons would have won a decisive victory and that dear little mechling might have red optics instead of blue.

His processor called up Prime’s deep sexy voice. ‘Please, I need to feel you inside me.’ Megatron swore that one day soon Prime would say that to him.

A little chuckle escaped as he remembered Ratchet’s words on the subject. ‘Slagger would have had Soundwave record it and broadcast the video 24/7 on every Cybertronian frequency.’

Damn right he would! If it had been Megatron that found Optimus so wonderfully overcharged and horny, he would absolutely have had Soundwave record his deflowering of the Prime. Oh, what a sweet victory that would have been. Pure, innocent Optimus, writhing beneath him, crying out his name in ecstasy.

The Autobots’ processors would have exploded.

Speaking of Ratchet, from what the medic said, the Autobots did not know how Optimus and Jazz were cured. Megatron had a very strong suspicion that it was somehow the work of that thrice damned Matrix. It was the bane of his existence, keeping him from the victory that should have been his centuries ago.

It could not be by chance that the Matrix Bearer and the mech who took his seal just happened to be the only fertile mechs in the universe. He had no doubt that annoying relic had done something to them. The only questions were, what had it done and could it be made to repeat it?

He still found the whole situation impossible. How could any mech, even someone as self-sacrificing and virtuous as Optimus Prime possibly be so disgustingly pure, so sickeningly innocent, that he could remain untouched while surrounded by almost two dozen healthy, horny mechs? That was just unimaginable to Megatron.

The warlord recalled so many times when he had Prime pinned beneath him in battle. Ah, if only he had known what lay beneath that tantalizing blue panel between those long gorgeous leg struts, Prime’s virtue would have been his years ago.

Although now he understood why the cassetticons had managed to record the other Autobots interfacing or self-servicing at one time or another, but to his disappointment, never Prime.

Strange that after all this time of fantasizing about taking Optimus by force, the only way he thought it would ever happen, he found the idea of the Prime coming to him willingly even more appealing.
Still, those violent fantasies had given him many hours of enjoyment.

He allowed his optics to close as his processor began to drift. He pictured a battle, the beginning of most of his fantasies about Optimus. His plating was already flaring with the sensor echoes of Prime’s chassis grinding against his. It took little effort for him to edit out all the distractions that kept him from taking what he wanted. Basically, the other Autobots and Decepticons.

Everything narrowed down to Megatron and Optimus, as it was always meant to be.

He and Prime were close to the same frame size, but Megatron was the physically stronger of the two leaders. Without the other Autobots in the way he would easily incapacitate Optimus and place him in restraints.

In his fantasies, he always featured Optimus bound by thick, heavy manacles on his wrists and ankles. Those would be attached to energon chains. Ones that would keep that sweet chassis spread wide on Megatron’s berth, ready for his pleasure.

Once Megatron was between those lovely leg struts it would take some coaxing, but eventually the blue panel would retract, exposing his array.

He been fantasizing about it for literally millions of years, he had an image in his processor of Prime’s spike and valve. The spike would be close in size to Megatron’s own. Perhaps a little smaller. He pictured it as being blue, as that general area of the Autobot’s protoform was.

He had torn off enough pieces of Prime’s armor over the centuries while they fought to know that much.

Megatron’s mental image of that spike was long and smooth, with a respectable girth that would fit his servo nicely. Perhaps with a slight upward curve.

He would enjoy playing with it. Stroking the bound, trembling Prime until he was hard and leaking.

Megatron would take his time arousing Optimus. He intended to indulge all his long-denied desires. He would work his way down to Prime’s valve slowly. By the time he focused his attention there, it would already be slick. The lips would be plump and sensitive, with pale blue bio lights to draw attention to it. It would be dripping lubricant, just begging for Megatron’s touch.

First, he would gently caress the sensitive nodes on the outside until his defeated foe was whimpering with need. A light pinch to the anterior cluster would cause those sleek hips to buck against his servo. Then he would thrust his glossa in deep. Oh, how Megatron wanted to see proud, stoic Optimus come undone as he tormented that sweet valve.

By the time the Decepticon slid his spike into his quivering captive, the Autobot would be begging for it.

For him.

Megatron quickly realized that he was getting much too aroused. With a little annoyance, and no small amount of effort, he drew back from the fantasy as his fans kicked into high gear. Reluctantly he removed his servo from his interface panel. He had not even realized that he had been stroking it.

The Decepticon Lord’s spike protested quite vigorously at the sudden end to fun time, but he refused to release it from its housing.
A little voice in his processor reminded him that this was a very public room, and not locked. Most definitely not the place to self-service.

The last thing he needed was for someone, particularly Starscream, to interrupt. There were a few mechs like Knock out, Barricade, Astrotrain or Soundwave who would happily help him relieve his need.

Others would be less… charitable.

Besides, it was Optimus that he wanted.

Megatron realized that he would need to come up with some new fantasies while he waited for his plans to come to fruition. If all went as he intended, the heavy restraints would not be needed.

Before he could stop it, one came to mind.

Prime, crawling slowly towards him. His powerful engine purring as Optimus climbed up and straddled his lap. Instead of being bound those large, powerful servos that had put so many dented his plaiting over the centuries would explore Megatron’s chassis reverently.

One thing that he found surprisingly appealing about this new fantasy, there would be no fear in those beautiful blue optics, only desire.

Reluctantly he shut that fantasy down also. The Decepticon promised himself he would indulge that one later in his berth. For now, he had very important things that needed his attention in the real world.

He was still a little annoyed that he lost his chance to claim Prime’s seal. (If only he had known. Megatron would now have bragging rights to Optimus Prime’s cherry!) The mental image conjured up by his processor of the saboteur spiking the comparatively massive Prime was a strange combination of comical and arousing. Admittedly, with the emphasis on arousing.

Jazz was a favorite subject of his more voyeuristic mechs. Soundwave made a fortune in shanix and favors getting video of Jazz in action. The dangerously sexy saboteur’s upgrades and programing had more than a few Decepticons fantasizing about Jazz seducing them.

But still, from what they had said he and his leader had only been together one time. Prime had just birthed a sparkling and undergone major repairs. It would likely be months before Optimus would be able to even contemplate another valve interface.

There would be plenty of time to set his newly revised plans in motion. The next time Optimus Prime took a spike it would be Megatron’s.


“That damned femme is more trouble than Prime,” grumbled Megatron. She was certainly less restrained. “With no fighting here we can spare Hook. Send him through the Space Bridge with any medical supplies they need.” Their numbers were critically low. He could not afford to lose mechs unnecessarily.

Silently, Soundwave bowed and exited to carry out his orders. Starscream had other ideas.
“Once again, we see your lack of leadership, Oh Mighty Megatron. I would have taken care of those pathetic femmes long ago. But you will not even finish an easy fight. I still do not understand why we abandoned the battle with the Autobots yesterday?” grumbled the sleek Seeker. “We had the advantage. Prime was down and the others in shock. You did not even need to bring the Combiner teams through the Ground Bridge. We could have easily destroyed many of Autobots’ most powerful fighters in one stroke. Instead you not only ordered a retreat, you declared a ceasefire. I would never have issued those orders.”

“And that, my dear Starscream, is why I am the leader and you are not,” rumbled Megatron. “Do you happen to recall why the Autobots were in shock?”

“Because Prime dropped a sparkling in the middle of the battle,” answered the Seeker. Somehow, he managed to refrain from saying ‘Duh.’ “It was a little hard to miss.”

“You saw the same thing that I did, yet you do not comprehend its full significance,” countered the warlord as his second in command snorted. “Are you telling me you did not feel the pull of your protector protocols? Do you really think any Decepticon would have fired a weapon near the new spark?” asked Megatron.

Starscream frowned, but said nothing. “Exactly. Even if you had somehow overcome the protocols and started shooting every other mech present, no matter their faction, would have taken you down.”

“You are probably right. None of us has seen a sparkling since… since…” To his embarrassment, the Seeker’s voice became so tight with unaccustomed emotion he could not continue.

“The mech that disobeyed my orders and murdered those younglings paid the price,” growled Megatron.

That one despicable act almost cost him the war.

The Autobots had been ground down by a string of devastating defeats. He even had credible information that Optimus had spoken to his closest advisors about surrendering himself to Megatron to end the war.

And then the bombs were dropped on the Youngling Sector.

There had been almost five thousand sparklings and younglings housed there. The last ones born as unchecked radiation and Dark Energon seep into the soil of Cybertron and poisoned Primus himself.

And of those precious sparks, to his knowledge, only two were pulled still functional from the rubble.

The sparklings had been sent to the Youngling Sector to protect them. Both sides had agreed, this one place on their world was off limits. Autobot, Neutral and Decepticon younglings were housed together. There were almost twice as many Autobot and Neutral sparklings since they had been mostly civilians. Few warbuilds or slaves had the ability to carry sparklings.

Sixshot, one of the new experimental Phase Sixers, was to blame.

Those altered mechs, originally created by the Council to be their ultimate weapon, were not right in the processor. Truthfully, that was putting it mildly. They were twisted sadists. Whether it was the Phase Six process that turned them into monsters, or they were always sociopaths, Megatron neither knew nor cared.

He needed soldiers and these mechs were eager to join the Decepticons. Megatron had foolishly
believed that he could control them as he did his other soldiers.

Megatron was considered a cold sparked, ruthless mech, but even he never would have thought any of them capable of committing such an atrocity.

Now he knew better. That is one reason Megatron had kill switches implanted in the remaining Phase Six Super Soldiers. The other was self-preservation. Superior ability bred superior ambition and he would not be overthrown by a bunch of jumped up grunts.

Megatron himself, Shockwave or Soundwave could melt their processors instantly with the press of a button, or a single word if spoken within their audio range.

He had scattered the Phase Sixers, not wanting any of them to be stationed together for several reasons. Not the least of which was that they might plot against him or they might kill one another. Neither would be beneficial to the Decepticon Cause.

It was sad that the deaths of so many innocents came about for one reason. Sixshot was bored. He had become impatient during the Siege of Polyhex. He goaded some of the mechs in his unit into bombing the nearby Youngling Sector. The other mechs involved all told the same story. He lied to them. Convinced them that a warning had been sent and the sparklings evacuated.

Sixshot was sure the destruction of that sacred place and deactivation of the sparklings would break the Autobots. That the distraught mechs would fall at his peds weeping and surrender.

Everyone assumed that the warlord had been angered more at the loss of so many potential warriors, and the fallout from enraged creators than the thought of dead sparklings. How little they knew him.

Long ago Megatron had watched his carrier go into labor much too soon. She delivered four tiny sparklings.

Three were stillborn. Already gray when they emerged. Only one drew breath, crying softly. His carrier kissed the new spark’s helm and carefully placed the tiny bitlet into his lap. “Keep him warm, little one. Keep your brother safe,” she whispered as the light drained from her optics and her frail frame slowly grayed.

Megatron had given his word. Those younglings were to be protected.

Sixshot’s despicable action almost destroyed everything.

That one senseless act galvanized the Autobots’ resolve to fight. It also almost caused a full-scale revolt by the Decepticon.

He kept his grip on power, but lost dozens of good soldiers to the Autobots. And not only Decepticons changed sides. Many who had been Neutrals took the Autobot oath to avenge their sparklings.

Even after he had sent Optimus Prime the helm of the mech responsible and his recorded confession, many on both sides continued to believe he had given the order. The video of the confession was not even coerced. The idiot came to Megatron bragging about his foul deed. He had expected to be rewarded!

As it turned out, his reward was a sword blade through his neck cables. The look in his startled optics as his chassis and helm parted company had been very satisfying.
Fortunately, the idiot was so smug he had expected praise, not a blade, otherwise Megatron might have had a very messy fight on his servos.

“I believe that you did not order this atrocity, Megatron,” Prime had said when the warlord had called him over the vid-com. “But all those innocent sparklings are still dead.” With that he had cut the connection.

It had angered the Decepticon at first, to be dismissed like that. Yet in the end he could not forget the pain in the other mech’s optics. A piece of Prime’s boundless optimism had died along with those sparklings.

But now...

“Starscream, there has been one inescapable fact of our existence for centuries. None of us, Autobot or Decepticon, could reproduce. We were a dying race. But now that is no longer the case.”

“So, that is why you ordered everyone back to base? To keep our mechs from fawning over the sparkling? I suppose you were probably right. Skywarp has been gushing about it since we got back. It is a cute little thing,” admitted the Seeker.

Megatron nodded, and smiled at the image of the impossibly tiny mechling in Ratchet’s servos. After so much death and destruction, to know that such innocence could still exist warmed his cynical old spark. He found himself wondering what it would be like to create a few of them himself. With Prime of course. “Perhaps soon there will be more.”

“Shall we capture Prime and the sire? Force them to breed for us.” That thought made the Seeker grin.

“Please Starscream, nothing so crass. I am thinking long term,” Megatron informed him. Although the familiar mental image of Optimus chained to a berth did heat his interface panel. “I want to find out how Prime and Jazz were cured of their sterility. The Autobots’ best scientists are even now feverishly working on discovering the answer. They will do all the work for us. And with the possibility of peace as an incentive, Optimus Prime will hand the cure to me on a silver platter.”

“What if it is something that cannot be duplicated?” asked Starscream.

The warlord looked thoughtful. “That is a possibility I have already considered. If the answer is not something that can be used to make all of us fertile, then we will capture Prime, the sire and the sparkling. And then we would force Optimus and Jazz to breed for us.” ‘Once I have taken my pleasure with Optimus,’ Megatron added to himself. ‘And if I can be cured, I swear by the Unmaker it will be my sparklings Prime carries next.’

“You need not be concerned, Starscream. We still have the advantage. The Autobots do not know about the Ground Bridge. They have no defense against it and I intend to keep it that way. We still have enough energon for four trips and will soon obtain more. Every Decepticon on Earth can be outside the Ark or anywhere else on the planet in seconds. We can crush them any time I chose.”

“But as you pointed out, our mechs will not attack the Autobots with the sparkling present,” Starscream reminded him.

“It will not be an issue. If it comes down to such an eventuality, I will take Optimus and the sparkling into custody personally. I know Optimus. He will surrender rather than put his sparkling at risk.” He was sure that if it became necessary he could subdue the Autobot leader without damage to either of them.
To his surprise, Megatron’s spark constricted at the thought of causing either of them harm.

The Seeker was a little surprised at the sudden odd pulse in his lord's field. Megatron quickly clamped down on his weakness. His protector protocols would not stop him from claiming his prize. Nothing would.

“Prime is mine already,” the warlord growled emphatically. “He just does not know it yet.”

“Really, Megatron? Do you think Optimus will just bow to your magnificence?” Starscream rolled his optics. “What of Jazz? You say he is the sire of the mechling. Surely Optimus is already making plans to bond with him.”

“Prime has rejected Jazz. But he will accept me,” Megatron said as inspiration struck. This was perfect! “Optimus Prime is going to make me Lord High Protector.”

“Have you blown a gasket?” demanded the Seeker. “Why would Prime ever do that?”

“Because he has no choice. Think about it, Starscream. More than anything, Prime wants peace. For us to become one people again. The only way that will ever come about is for he and I to become co-rulers of Cybertron. For me to become his Lord High Protector. His mate.”

“Primus, that could work,” Starscream gasped. “But what if he does not see things your way?”

In answer Megatron smiled at Starscream. The Seeker took a step back. He would rather face the Lamborghini twins alone than see his leader smile like that.

“He will, Starscream. Whatever happens next, thanks to the birth of that sparkling the war is over,” rumbled the warlord. “Now I intend to win the peace. And the Prime.”

As the Decepticons left, a shiver ran up the spinal struts of the invisible Autobot spy huddled in the far corner of the room. Mirage’s knee joints finally gave out and he slid slowly down the wall as his processor reeled, circuits beyond blown.

This mission was turning out to be much more important and disturbing than he would have thought possible.

His orders had been to gather information. Jazz had sent him to spy on the Nemesis and try to find out what the Decepticons were up to this time. Truth be told, he had expected to discover that Shockwave, the Constructicons or even Starscream had created yet another impractical super weapon. Not a game changer like the Ground Bridge.

And the Towerling certainly never expected to find out that his Prime had given birth. His spark surged with joy at the thought of the adorable red and blue bitlet.

Ravage had transmitted back several recordings. And although the angle had not been perfect he had gotten a good look at the little one. He could hardly wait to see the adorable little mechling in the mesh.

‘Primus has not abandoned his children,’ he thought with a trembling sigh. His early life had been spent in the Temple of Primus as an acolyte. Unlike many of his fellows, Mirage believed with all his spark in Primus as a living, loving creator. And Primus had blessed Optimus with a precious gift.

Well, if anyone deserved their god’s favor it was Optimus Prime.

He was a little shocked that Optimus would interface with a mech so much lower in society then
himself. Jazz, although well respected now, had been born casteless. His Tower upbringing found the idea of the Prime being touched by, let alone losing his virginity to such a mech upsetting.

With surprisingly little effort he stopped that thought in its tracks. The towers fell long ago and few mourned their passing. There was no room for those old prejudices anymore. There were too few Cybertronians left to perpetuate such foolishness.

One thing this war and being an Autobot had taught Mirage was that all mechs and femmes were of equal worth in the optics of Primus, no matter the circumstance of their creation.

Besides, he had more important things on his processor. Every Autobot on the planet was in danger. The Decepticons’ new Ground Bridge negated every defense they had. The only thing keeping them safe was Orion.

That and Megatron’s confidence in his ability to eventually bend Optimus to his will.

Mirage stood and edged towards the door. Looking down the corridor he was relieved to see there were no Decepticons around. He carefully began to make his way towards the airlock. The Autobots needed to know what Megatron planed so they could find some way to counter the Ground Bridge and keep Optimus out of Megatron’s clutches, and his berth.

To be continued…

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter – The Autobots meet Orion.
Optimus reclined on the berth in the med bay. Orion sat on his lap, burbling happily to himself. He was utterly fascinated by the orange ceiling. Even to a new spark that color looked odd.

The blinking mechling did not understand the sudden excitement in his carrier’s field, but he sensed something important was about to happen.

At the sound of the door opening, his bright blue optics turned to see lots of yellow. Bright, bouncy yellow.

They had their first visitor.

Everyone agreed that Bumblebee would have that honor. It was the only way to get him to calm down.

Optimus almost laughed when he felt the excitement buzzing through the field of the young mech. His sparkling froze, watching the scout with curious optics. For his part, Bee was barely able to keep from squeeing at all the cuteness before him. “Orion,” Optimus said as he looked down at his fascinated mechling. “Meet Bumblebee.”

“Hi, Orion,” Bumblebee said brightly as stepped closer, his armor almost vibrating in his efforts not to bounce. “Welcome to the Autobots. We are going to have a lot of fun together. I’m going to show you how to play so many wonderful games. Wheeljack and Perceptor are already making some sparkling toys for you.”
“Wheeljack is making toys?” asked Optimus with a slight note of apprehension in his voice.

“You know he will be extra careful. Nothing volatile, and no sharp edges,” assured Bumblebee. Orion was watching the young mech with fascinated optics. Unable to help himself, Bee leaned closer and reached out towards the grinning sparkling. His finger touched Orion’s nasal ridge as he said, “Beep.”

Orion shrieked with laughter. Apparently, he thought that was the funniest thing he had ever experienced. Of course, since the entirety of his experience consisted of being born and sleeping, it probably was.

Orion cocked his helm to look up at the lively young mech. He really liked the feel of this one. He reached up his little arms, wanting to be held.

Bumblebee barely kept in control of his vocalizer as he carefully took the mechling into his arms.

The sparkling lay his little helm against the yellow mech’s chest plate as processor supplied a perfect description of Bumblebee. He gave a high pitched chirp. Both Optimus and Bumblebee stared at him.

“His first word,” Optimus noted with a glint of amusement in his optics.

Bumblebee blinked at the giggling sparkling in his arms. “Silly?”

Sunstreaker and Sideswipe ended up coming in together. No surprise there.

Orion was puzzled by the feel of them. The pair felt like one spark, but in two places? He kept looking from one to the other, with questioning little beeps until the twins burst into laughter.

“Do not worry, little one,” said Optimus gently to his sparkling. “They confuse the rest of us too.”

Orion looked up, and up, and up again at Skyfire. Even when the tall jet knelt before them, he still towered over the sparkling and carrier. The mechling blinked. This one was huge. Even larger than his Bright Spark. ‘Big!’ he chirped, earning a smile from the flier.

“Yes, I am big,” he conceded. “And you are so tiny.” With infinite care, he tickled the mechling’s abdominal plate, receiving a delighted squeal in return.

Bluestreak got into a contest with the sparkling. A short one. After about five minutes of them giggling and babbling to one another Bluestreak won by default when Orion yawned and slowly slumped in the young bots arms. Optimus chuckled and took Orion back as the little mechling fell into recharge.

Perceptor was ecstatic to finally be able to observe a sparkling first hand. He was actually relatively young and had not seen a sparkling since he was one himself. “My research says that sparklings pick up complex concepts very quickly. Has he learned anything new?”

“Go ahead, Orion,” said Optimus. “Show Perceptor what you have learned.”
The mechling chirped happily and touched the scientist’s nasal ridge. “Beep!”

Windcharger got to hold Orion. It seemed the mechling liked the color red.

The minibot revved his engine, causing the little one laugh. It tickled. The sparkling to try and rev his own in answer. It sounded like a kitten purring. And it also tickled, much to Windcharger’s delight.

“Wow,” Wheeljack chuckled. “No bot except Perceptor or Skyfire has ever listened to me for so long without nodding off.” Optimus could sympathize. He was near to dropping off himself. Not his mechling. Orion was babbling excitedly and reaching for the scientist.

“Perhaps you could tell Orion about your latest invention?” said Optimus as he let Wheeljack hold his excited mechling. He knew that he would likely be lost after the first sentence, but the bitlet was so happy.

Orion bounced and giggled as the funny mech spoke. He did not understand a word the other mech said, which put him on par with ninety-eight percent of the crew of the Ark. He was absolutely fascinated watching Wheeljack’s mask light up every time he spoke. ‘Blink!’ He chirped.

Sludge just stared at the tiny mechling. Orion was as small and delicate looking as the youngling humans. Even in robot mode he moved with almost glacial slowness in the confines of the very small, to him, med bay room. As if he feared to accidentally injure the comparatively tiny sparkling just by being in his proximity.

Slag was a little less in awe. He got up the courage to very lightly tickle the mechling’s abdominal plating. His reward was a tumble of giggles from the excited sparkling.

Snarl and Optimus were both shocked when Orion wanted to be held by the Dyno. The very happy mech sat on the floor with Orion in his lap. The mechling would chirp. The Dynobot answered with a surprisingly high-pitched chirp of his own. What they said was mostly nonsense. Just random sounds, but they did not care. The pair seemed to understand one another perfectly.

“Snarl like sparkling,” he said to Optimus. “Sparkling smart. Him see sparks. Not judge.”

“It is sad we seem to lose that ability as we mature. Myself included,” lamented Optimus. He had been guilty of judging Snarl and his fellows by their speech patterns and initial violent reactions.

At first, before he felt their sparks through the Matrix, Optimus had thought them malfunctioning drones rather than mechs and had treated them accordingly. He did not realize that they were reacting like frightened children. Having been thrust into a world they did not understand they had lashed out.

Now everyone knew better, and the Dynobots’ intelligence had been enhanced. They were becoming more mature. They had become individuals.

They were Autobots.

“Mechs jerks sometimes,” confirmed Snarl with a shrug. He looked up at Optimus. “Him Prime not
so bad. Made pretty sparkling.”

“Thank you, Snarl.”

“Here is your energon, Optimus Prime,” said Swoop, handing him a tall cube of bright purple medical grade.

Optics wide in fascination, Orion reached up to grab hold of the energon. His little servos tried to steer the much too large cube towards his wide-open intake. He had yet to eat anything since sparklings are born with their auxiliary tanks full. According to Ratchet this was a holdover from their more primitive days, when an exhausted, solitary mech might not have the spare fuel to be processed by their feeding apparatus into sparkling energon right away.

The mechling was not hungry yet. He just thought it imperative that something so colorful needed to be tasted.

The Dynobot medic carefully moved it out of his reach. Little lip plates began to quiver at the loss of the bright, pretty object. “You do not want to drink that, Orion. Your systems could not process it yet,” said Swoop, carefully tickling the sparkling’s chin.

Orion’s pout was epic.

“He is correct, Orion,” said Optimus, frowning at the unappetizing cube. “I have had to ingest more than my share of medical grade lately. Believe me, you do not want any.”

Upon meeting the exuberant mechling, the ever-dour Gears cracked a rare smile, while Huffer was left speechless. Optimus considered both reactions to be minor miracles.

Roller snuck in with Brawn and stayed after the small truck finished his visit. Optimus was happy to see his symbiote. “I am sorry you and Gunner have been left out of this,” has said, patting the berth beside him. Roller hopped up onto it and lay his helm against Optimus’ side.

He had kept the link between the three of them open so the cassettes could both be part of this wonderful time. Still, it was better to have his little friend close.

For his part, Orion was fascinated at seeing a mech that was only slightly larger than him.

Optimus smile as Orion exuberantly hugged Roller. They needed no introduction. The sparkling rubbed his carrier’s chest plates, then Roller’s. Their sparks were not like the twins, but he could sense the link. A puzzled chirp tried to put his feelings into words. ‘Little Bright Spark,’ he noted, patting Roller. Then he looked up at Optimus with a chirp. ‘Big Bright Spark.’

“Once we can leave the med bay we will meet another Little Bright Spark,” said Optimus, smiling as he felt the excitement from Gunner. “He very much wants to meet you.”

After a short rest the pair received a very welcome visitor. “Hey, OP, Roller. Hi there, Bitlet,” said Jazz, leaning against the doorframe. “Remember me?”
Orion squealed and leaned so far towards his sire that he almost fell off the side of the berth. Jazz quickly moved to catch him. “How’s mah little mechlin?” The black and white Porcha said, carefully taking Orion into his arms.

‘Happy Spark,’ Orion chirped. He purred and nuzzled Jazz’s bumper.

Orion frowned when Jazz eventually left. He felt funny when the Happy Spark was not close by.

Jazz wanted to stay longer. He wanted to be with Optimus and his sparkling. Unfortunately, since Ratchet had relieved Optimus of command, Jazz and Prowl had a lot of extra work. And unfortunately, paperwork waited for no mech.

Optimus had no problem allowing Blaster and his cassettes to come in at the same time. As long as they did not get too loud. Roller was ecstatic to show off Orion to his fellows. He considered the sparkling as much his and Gunner’s as Optimus’. The Prime did not mind at all.

Ramhorn and Rewind both got their nasal ridges ‘Beeped’, which sent Steeljaw into a laughing fit. Eject received a kiss on the cheek strut after he carefully held Orion over his helm and let the bitlet ‘fly’ around the room. The other cassettes were a little envious as he sighed, rubbing the spot.

Blaster played a gentle Cybertronian lullaby, much to Optimus’ relief. His audios were very sensitive and some of what Blaster played hurt his finials. Unfortunately, the docking mech and Jazz both had a tendency to play their music a little loud for his taste.

Jazz managed a second visit once he eluded Prowl and his metric ton of paperwork. He slipped in for a few minutes between Cosmos and Cliffjumper’s visits to cuddle his sparkling and slip a grateful Optimus and Roller each a rust stick.

Not long after he left, Orion began to feel very strange. Not the funny feeling that he felt whenever Jazz was not there, but something else. Something new and very unpleasant. With a little whimper and confused chirp, he touched his abdomen and looked at his carrier plaintively.

It took a moment to find a word to describe what he felt to the Bright Spark. ‘Empty?’

His meaning was clear enough. Besides, Optimus was already feeling his hunger through the creator bond.

A few moment later, Ratchet sat on the berth across from Optimus. His chest plates were open slightly and a long flexible tube extended from between them. Orion was cradled in his arms with one end of the tub in his intake. The sparkling nursed contentedly.

As soon as the little mechling was born the medic had turned his feeding protocols on so that he would produce sparkling energon.

Optimus would not be able to feed Orion for several days thanks to his injuries. Best to be ready since this energon was very difficult to synthesize. They could come close to duplicating it with supplements, but nothing they could create was as nutritious as sparkling energon straight from a mech or femme.

He sighed as his optics found Optimus watching them longingly.

“I am sorry, Optimus. As I told you, the pain suppressants in your system would be dangerous to
him. In the meantime, I have my feeding protocols enabled. I did not have time earlier, but for his next feeding in a couple of hours I will have some modified cubes of sparkling energon ready so that you can hold him while he refuels.”

As an average sized mech Ratchet had four feeding tubs. It was lucky that Optimus only had one sparkling so that he could provide adequate nourishment. The largest mechs that had been capable of breeding like Optimus and Ultra Magnus had six feeding tubes for a reason. Before they became sterile, it was not unusual for larger framed mechs like them to carry up to six sparklings at a time.

If that had been the case, he would have had to ask for volunteers to produce enough for all of them. Not that he thought he would have a shortage of volunteers if that became necessary.

The tubes were each connected to a separate reservoir. For his first meal Orion was very hungry. He was already on his second nub.

Fortunately, with the ceasefire Prime and Orion were his only patients. No one else had managed to do anything stupid enough to end up in the medbay. Yet. “He needs to be close to your spark as much as possible. Especially in these first few weeks while the creator bond solidifies.”

Prime nodded. The good mood he had enjoyed while introducing his mechling to his crew was gone. Optimus was actually in a lot of pain, both emotional and physical. He ached to let his sparkling nurse from him. His carrier protocols had come online so he had begun to produce the rich energon mixture.

The moment Orion started to fuss the thick formula had quickly fill his reservoirs to the brim.

“You are leaking,” said Ratchet suddenly. Optimus cringed, seeing the cloudy pinkish fluid dripping from the bottom seams of his chest plates. The medic pulled a couple of cleaning clothes out of his subspace and handed them to Optimus. “I know it is embarrassing, but what you are experiencing is also perfectly natural. Your sparkling is hungry so you produce energon for him, even if you cannot feed him right now. It is good that after all you have been through you are producing so much, even if it is messy.”.

Ratchet patted his leader’s servo sympathetically. “Orion might panic if you leave now, but you can go to the wash racks once he falls into recharge. Being clean will make you feel much better.” His leader nodded as he blotted up the pinkish energon. “At least Orion has a good appetite,” noted Ratchet as the sparkling continued to suckle.

He had done this before the war, back when there were many sparklings. Helping new creators who could not feed their new sparks for whatever reason. He always found it very relaxing.

“Considering that you had no prenatal care whatsoever, Orion was starting to leach minerals off your protoform and Megatron trying to knock you into orbit triggered his birth, he is surprisingly healthy,” noted Ratchet.

“Had I known that I was sparked I would not have been in the battle. I would have done everything possible to ensure my sparkling’s health and wellbeing,” assured Optimus as he gingerly blotted at the energon on his torso.

“And how is your health and wellbeing?” asked Ratchet.

“Besides leaking? I am drinking that less than palatable medical grade energon you have forced on me and not left this room on your order. Although I would very much prefer resting in my own berth.”
“One more day of observation for you both and if everything checks out, you can take him to your quarters. Once you and I have made sure it is sparkling proofed. Orion will be crawling in a few days and probably climbing within a week. Besides, I think we can both agree that having everyone come here one at a time to meet our new addition is working out well. This way I can toss them out when you both get tired,” said the medic.

“That is true.”

“Jazz has already visited twice.” There was a note of disapproval in the medic’s voice.

“Orion is his creation also, Ratchet. I am happy that Jazz wants to spend time with him.” This had been confirmed by the medic’s own CNA tests.

As it turned out even if he had not confessed he would have been the only possible candidate. Just as with Optimus, Jazz’s reproductive systems were in perfect working order. All of the other Autobot were still sterile. “I know that you have misgivings about what happened, but our liaison was consensual.”

“I know,” said the medic. “What bothers me is that he spiked you and ran like a petro-rabbit. Don’t get me wrong. We have both known Jazz for a long time. He is a good friend, but in matters of the spark he has always been a little immature. You need someone stable and trustworthy to help you raise this mechling.”

“Are you volunteering?” asked Optimus with a raised brow ridge.

“A grumpy old crank case like me, raise a new spark? Not a chance. We have both known Jazz for a long time. He is a good friend, but in matters of the spark he has always been a little immature. You need someone stable and trustworthy to help you raise this mechling.”

In Ratchet’s expert opinion, he would be a much better mate to Optimus and sire for Orion than Jazz.

“Besides, who would be better than our weapons specialist to protect Orion and teach that little fellow everything he needs to know to survive in this world?”

“I care for Ironhide and Jazz, as I do you, Ratchet. The same as I care for every Autobot. I have no wish to hurt any bot’s feelings, but I am not looking for a mate. Every mech here will protect Orion and teach him what he needs to know whether I am bonded with any of them or not,” countered Optimus. “Our society has always frowned on single creators, but things are different now. There have been no sparklings for millions of years. The fact that he exists is far more important than whether or not I am bonded. After all that we have been through together I cannot believe that any mech here would turn from me because of it. Besides, I have seen how badly those relationships can turn out.”

“Optimus, I know that your creators were not the best examples,” Ratchet admitted.

“They fought constantly. My carrier said he was tricked into being sparked and trapped into bonding. He and my sire physically hurt me as well as one another,” said Optimus. “I will not subject my creation to that.”

Ratchet shook his helm. Optimus, or Orion Pax as he was known then was removed from his
creators by the authorities when he was only fifteen years old because of their constant abuse. That was how they first met. Ratchet himself was the one that reported his suspicions to the Enforcers when an instructor from the Learning Center had brought the dangerously under-fueled youngling to his clinic. Others had ignored it, but when he realized that the same arm strut had been broken four times within a year, along with a dozen other suspicious looking half healed injuries, he had to act.

There were not a lot of protections in place for abused sparklings. Thankfully, for the most part, they were not needed. Usually their protector protocols kept such things from happening. Neglect, while still fairly rare, was a more common problem.

There were some mechs and femmes that should never have reproduced in the first place. They did not know what the Pit they were doing and their sparklings suffered.

In Optimus’ case, his creators’ hatred for each other was stronger than their protector protocols.

The medic was appalled when he discovered that even after the deaths of Optimus’ three litter mates a few months after their emergence, no one had bothered to investigate his creators. ‘Lower cast mechlings die all the time,’ the enforcer had informed him with a disinterested shrug. ‘That’s why they have so many.’

And so, the signs of abuse were ignored and the authorities left a helpless mechling in the care of those pathetic excuses for mecha for far too long.

Sadly, Optimus was obviously afraid that any romantic or even just sexual relationship he entered into would end up like his abusive creators. Between that and his fear of intimacy caused by his strength, it was no wonder he avoided any sort of interaction beyond friendship with anyone. At least until that damned high grade bypassed his reticence.

But why in Primus’ name did it have to be Jazz who finally managed to get between his leg struts? Why not Ironhide or Prowl? Even Mirage would be better. At least he was a well-educated Tower mech.

Someone who would give Optimus the respect and reverence the Prime deserved. None of them would ever refer to him as ‘OP’, or ‘Baby’. And while Mirage might be a spy, he was not an assassin with a somewhat dubious reputation.

It was not that he had anything personal against their TIC. Ratchet liked Jazz a lot. They had known one another for decades before Ratchet met Orion Pax.

The saboteur was fun to be around. He had invited Jazz to his berth on more than one occasion and enjoyed it immensely. Jazz’s interface upgrades and programing made him a slagging amazing lover. But there were a lot of rumors surrounding the Special Ops operative. Some more disturbing than others.

Most centered on an interesting dichotomy. His stratospheric kill count and how many mechs he had seduced. The numbers for each were reputed to be legion and said to include Autobots and Decepticons.

There was one particularly persistent rumor. It implied that Jazz had wormed his way into Sentinel Prime’s berth. Which made the fact that as far as anyone knew, Jazz had been the last mech to see Sentinel Prime functional, a bit disconcerting.

However, despite any concerns he might have, Ratchet knew that Jazz loved Optimus. The saboteur had been smitten by the much younger, almost painfully naïve mech since the day they met. Ratchet
himself had introduced them and he was not blind. Even as good an actor as Jazz was, he could see the signs.

The mech had it bad.

Well, if Jazz could manage to persuade Optimus to change his processor and bond, Ratchet would not interfere. If nothing else, with that dangerous mech as his mate, Optimus and Orion would be well protected.

Ratchet was an old bot, set in his processor. He tried not to be judgmental after everything Optimus had been through, but a single bot raising a new spark alone was just wrong. He had been refreshing his knowledge of sparklings. He knew there could be spark problems with a mechling that did not have two bots to form a creator bond with them. Trying to do this alone was not good for the sparkling or the carrier.

If only he could get Optimus to understand that he was not being a nanny-bot. He really did have his and Orion’s best interest at spark.

After an awkward silence the mechling released the feeding nub. He began to whimper and wriggle. Ratchet retracted the tube and closed his chest plates as he lifted the bitlet. Orion began to cry and Prime looked pleadingly at his medic. His core programing was screaming at him to care for his child.

With an understanding smile Ratchet handed the mechling to his creator. “Just has a little air in his fuel lines. Put him against your shoulder and gently pat his back. He will be fine,” assured Ratchet. Sighing at finally being able to hold his mechling again, Prime did as he was instructed. After a few pats, Orion released a rather loud, very unpleasant vent of gas. Prime’s optics narrowed.

Ratchet chuckled. “Doesn’t matter which end as long as it comes out.”

Prime held the little one slightly away from his faceplate. It was not exactly pleasing to his olfactory sensors. Ratchet smirked. “Ah, the joys of creatorhood.”

Optimus could only shake his helm as the little one grinned up at him. Ratchet was still laughing when they heard a knock at the door. “Come,” said Ratchet.

Ironhide strode purposely into the med bay, his face plate was grim and his field awash with barely contained anxiety. Ratchet’s laughter died in his vocalizer.

The old warrior wasted no time on pleasantries. “Teletran-1 just picked up a lone Decepticon headin’ this way fast. Looks like Megatron.”

To be continued...

Chapter End Notes

Next Chapter – Megatron and Optimus have a very interesting conversation and things are getting a bit odd on the Nemesis.
The Unexpected Visitor

Chapter Summary

A glimpse of how the Decepticons are dealing with the arrival of Orion. Also, Megatron decides it is time that he and Optimus have a little chat.

And Megatron does some perving.

Chapter Notes

Warnings for this chapter: Mentions of Past Institutionalized Slavery, Non-Con, Sexual Mutilation, and Forced Sterilization. Mentions of depression and suicide.

As always, I do not own the Transformers and any mistakes are my own.

Ironhide strode purposely into the med bay, his face plate was grim and his field awash with barely contained anxiety. Ratchet’s laughter died in his vocalizer.

The old warrior wasted no time on pleasantries. “Teletran-1 just picked up a lone Decepticon headin’ this way fast. Looks like Megatron.”

Two hours earlier on the Nemesis.

Megatron was getting ready for what could be the most important meeting of his function.

The warlord was hard pressed not to arch his back like a cyber-cat being stroked as the buffer moved up his spinal strut. It had been much too long since he had taken the time to be detailed. He had almost forgotten how good it felt.

Knockout was an artist with that buffer.

After a few more moments of bliss he was a little disappointed when it stopped. “There,” said the sleek red mech, admiring his handy work. “I told you, that polish would show off your color nanites perfectly. Optimus Prime will be swept right off his peds.”

Megatron turned to the three-sided, full-length mirror to get a good look at his shining chassis. Flaring his plating, he smirked at the impressive display. He was a handsome mech, if he did say so himself.

As a miner, he had never thought about his appearance. Not having too much dirt and grit in his seams so that he could move without nearly debilitating pain had been a rare experience. The concept of a wash rack was as foreign to him as sunlight. Or freedom.
Once he became a gladiator, Megatron quickly discovered the value of appearances. After enough victories in the pits his owners wanted to be sure he put on a good show. They had him detailed for special matches. Now, he intended to impress a Prime.

He glanced down at the Aston Martin. “You have done well, Knockout. As you say, this will catch Prime’s optic.”

“He will be captivated, I am sure, my lord.”

“Today I will settle for him not feeling threatened,” noted Megatron. Now that he knew just how innocent Optimus was he expected this endeavor to be more akin to coaxing a frightened turbo-fox cub from its den then wooing a potential mate.

Striding through the corridors of the ship, Megatron was surprised at how quiet it was. Usually he had to knock a few helms together to stop his mechs injuring one another. (The idiots often caused more damage to each other than the Autobots.) They fought over a cube of high grade, human gaming devices or just because one mech happened to look at the other wrong.

Or else he had to dodge bored Seekers (Skywarp and ‘insert name here’) in their alt modes jetting down the halls.

The corridors were so quiet it was almost unnerving. Where was everyone?

Passing the silent as a tomb rec room, he felt compelled to look inside.

Megatron stepped into the rec room and was shocked by what he found. There were indeed mechs present. Almost a dozen of them. And instead of arguing, fighting and generally wreaking havoc on one another and the furniture, they were intently watching the view screen.

Every optic in the room was on the tiny form of Orion. A series of still pictures of the mechling, first sleeping in Ratchet’s arms, then snuggled against Prime’s windshield, flashed before him. Next came some video of the little mechling, clutching at his carrier’s chest plate.

‘Very clever,’ Megatron noted. He had ordered Soundwave to be sure that the conversations Ravage recorded during his foray into the Autobot base would not be heard by anybot but him. Fortunately, his spymaster and oldest cassette were souls of discretion.

To placate the rank and file Decepticons’ desire to see the bitlet, Soundwave gave them the edited version. No sound, but plenty of pictures of the mechling.

The warlord was surprised to see Motormaster at the forefront of the group of awed mechs. The truckformer had always come off as a cold sparked, even belligerent mech. One with an inferiority complex where a certain red and blue Autobot was concerned. And yet, here he was, looking up with moist optics at a shot of that selfsame bot cradling his mechling.

Beside him sat Swindle. The Combatacon was considered the epitome of greed and selfishness. But like Motormaster, he was enraptured by the sparkling.

“OH! Soundwave has more pictures!” gasped Skywarp as he rushed into the room, pushing passed Megatron without even acknowledging his presence. “Primus, he is so cute. I want one.”

“So do I,” sighed Motormaster, with a servo over his abdominal plating.

Megatron raised an optic ridge when Breakdown patted his gestalt mate’s broad shoulder with a sad look on his own face plate. Hook had broken the news to the Stunticons and Combaticons a few
hours ago. Even if the cure was discovered, they would never be able to create since both teams had been brought into existence by putting sparks into non-sentient vehicles.

The Decepticon thought the Combaticons would take the news harder. After all, they were not new sparks like the Stunticons. They were originally normal mechs who had been put into spark prison for crimes committed long ago on Cybertron.

Megatron had expected this revelation to cause anger, particularly from Motormaster. He immediately ordered Soundwave to set up a contingency plan in case it became necessary to restrain those mechs who were created sterile. The two gestalt teams, Astrotrain and Blitzwing.

While he surprised himself with the fact that he did sympathize with their plight, Megatron could not allow them to endanger his plans, or Optimus and Orion.

Soundwave detected no anger or jealousy in any of their fields. At least not yet. There was sadness. There was longing.

He would have his empathic spymaster continue to monitor them. It would be much too easy for that sadness to become twisted into bitterness. For them to come to hate the innocent mechling and the mech who bore him simply for existing when they could never experience that joy.

“Thunder,” Skywarp leaned closer to his trine mate, who was looking up screen dreamily. “What do you think of Contrail as name for a Seekerling? Maybe Flashfire or Thunder Strike?”

“Those are good names,” the blue Seeker said, never taking his optics from the screen.

The lord of the Decepticons glanced up at the screen where little Orion yawned as Prime’s finger tickled him under his chin.

There was a collective ‘Ahhhh…’ from the assembled Decepticons.

A short time later Megatron soared through the clear blue sky. For a few moments, he let his many plans drift to the back of his processor and just enjoyed the feel of the wind and sun on his frame.

Sometimes when Starscream got on his nerves, which was often, he loved to just get out and fly. This was true freedom.

To think at first, he had balked at allowing Shockwave to reconfigure him into a flier.

He had spent most of his life beneath the surface of Cybertron. The thought of flying over it had been rather daunting. But after watching Starscream and the other Seekers having so much fun he had to try.

Megatron did wish sometimes that he could transform into a jet or some sort of flight capable vehicle instead of a gun. Unfortunately, while Shockwave’s skills were unmatched, there was only so much he could do with a miner’s frame. The Lord of the Decepticons had extremely powerful thrusters, and he could maneuver surprisingly well considering his size. But he could never hope to match the speed and grace of a Seeker.

His spark pulsed faster as the familiar desert terrain that surrounded the Ark come into view. Teletran-1 must have picked him up by now. The Autobots would be waiting when he landed.
He could not help but smirk. “Ready or not, Optimus Prime, here I come.”

Meanwhile, inside the Ark…

Ironhide looked grim. “Teletran-1 picked up a lone Decepticon headin’ this way fast. Looks like Megatron.”

Prime was on his peds instantly.

“Optimus no, you can barely walk,” said Ratchet, grabbing Prime’s arm. “In your condition, you could not arm wrestle a minibot, let alone take on the Slagmaker!”

“If he is alone than perhaps he wishes to talk. You told me that it was Megatron that called for a ceasefire. Take Orion, Ratchet,” said Optimus as he handed his sparkling to the medic.

The mechling whimpered in confusion at suddenly being separated from his Bright Spark again.

Every field in the room was pulsing with apprehension. Orion did not understand any of it, and he did not like what he felt. He started to cry. Ratchet instinctively pulled him close, trying to comfort him.

“And yeh trust Megatron not ta try somethin’ while yeh talk?” asked Ironhide, stepping between his leader and the door.

Optimus looked thoughtfully at his old friend. Even now some would call him naïve, but he had fought Megatron for millennia. He knew all too well that the ruthless Decepticon would use anything to gain an advantage over them, even an innocent sparkling. “I am optimistic, but not a fool, Ironhide. I want you and Grimlock guarding Orion while Megatron is here.”

A few moments later Megatron landed on a rocky outcrop near the Ark and struck a dramatic pose. The mech had been polished to a high gloss. His tall, imposing, silver-gray frame gleamed in the bright sunlight. Red highlights stood out as if the color nanites had been recently renewed.

Everyone had to admit, he looked good.

And they all knew who he wanted to look good for.

Well, everyone except perhaps the mech it was aimed at.

“Optimus Prime, I am alone and unarmed,” his gravelly voice boomed.

To everyone’s surprise, he was. The massive fusion cannon normally mounted on his right arm was conspicuously absent. “Will you speak to me, leader to leader?” He asked, jumping down to stand on the flat ground some distance from the Ark.

“I will speak with you, Megatron,” said Optimus as he went out to meet his counterpart. His movements were slow. Ratchet was right, he felt weak as a cyber-kitten and so very tired. Also, there was a shooting pain in his abdomen every time one of his peds hit the ground. He had to force himself just to keep walking the short distance to where the Decepticon waited. If Megatron did intend to fight, he was in big trouble.

“I would suggest that you refrain from any sudden movements in my direction. My people are feeling somewhat more protective than usual,” noted the Prime as he stopped about ten meters from his rival. He had his field pulled tight, fighting to keep his voice steady.
Megatron could see the truth of the Prime’s words in the optics of the glowering Autobots, watching him over the sights of their blasters. Prowl, Hound, Trailbreaker, Cliffjumper, Snarl and Slag were standing at the entrance to the Ark, just waiting for him to make a wrong move. Also, Prime’s trailer sat nearby. Its four walls were down and the little turret had his laser sights on Megatron’s spark.

Although he had no way to tell from here, he was sure that Inside the Ark, Prime’s twitchy security chief, Red Alert, had his finger poised over the button of the automated defenses.

What he did not see was Jazz edging along the rocks to get closer to the pair. With his enhanced audio receptors, he would be able to hear and record every word they said. And he was prepared to act if necessary.

He had always been protective of Optimus, even back when he was Orion Pax. But now, he saw him not only as a friend and their Prime, but the carrier of his sparkling. The mech he loved.

If Megatron made any threatening moves towards Optimus, Jazz would take his helm off. He had his largest, most powerful blaster at the ready to do just that. And if the slagger tried to grope his Prime, Jazz would aim somewhat lower.

Unaware of the threat to his helm, or his mech hood, Megatron flashed Optimus his most charming smile. “Their unease is understandable. While they have always valued you as their Prime, now that it has been established that you are fertile you are completely irreplaceable.”

The warlord wished he could get closer. Even at that distance, Optimus smelled wonderful. Megatron had no idea why. He did not consciously recognize the aroma that wafted from the already enticing frame. The Autobot Leader would be mortified if he knew that he practically perfumed the air with the scent of fresh sparkling energon. The smell went right to the base coding of every mech in the area. It marked him as a bearer, not of the Matrix of Leadership, but of life.

Unfortunately, instead of invoking a subconscious need to protect in Megatron, as it did with the Autobots, it made him want to lick Prime’s plating.

Well, it made him want to lick Prime’s plating even more than usual. Which was saying something.

Fortunately, the Decepticon had plenty of practice keeping his emotions under control. Even the baser ones. He managed to fight the temptation to snatch Prime, jet him back to the Nemesis and taste every inch of his sweet chassis.

Megatron knew well enough that he had to keep his distance from his counterpart. The last thing he wanted was to provoke the edgy Autobots and give them an excuse to open fire on him.

Soundwave was monitoring everything through an Earth communications satellite. They had a plan in place If things went badly. Soundwave would activate the Ground Bridge and Megatron would grab Optimus.

It was a drastic contingency. One that he was confident would not be necessary. But he had to plan for it just in case. With luck, it would be nothing more than the catalyst for a fantasy he could indulge in later.

If he did not get too close things should stay peaceful. The Autobots would not want to shoot anywhere near Optimus if they could help it.

They had a couple of expert snipers, specifically Perceptor and Bluestreak. Also, the old weapons specialist could take the wings off those very tiny, annoying flying insects that seemed to be ever present on this world. But most of the Autobots relied on ‘Spray and Pray’.
“I see you are also still a bit sore from the emergence,” Megatron said to break the ice. That much was obvious. Prime’s usually fluid movements were very hesitant and slow.

Optimus shrugged. “And that surprises you?”

“Hardly.” Megatron knew his rival’s tolerance for pain. For him to have cried out as he had, giving birth must have been pure agony. That was yet another reason Megatron was grateful that his gestational chamber had been removed long ago.

He had been beyond enraged at the time, of course. Herded with a dozen other newly purchased mine slaves to a filthy ‘chop shop’ where they were bound to a table and operated on without any sort of pain suppressants.

Their masters did not want any unauthorized breeding.

It was yet another indignity that was forced on him and many other slaves by their conquerors, the Quintessons. After long centuries, they had eventually turned the tables and drove the invaders off their world. But instead of bringing freedom to all Cybertronians the newly installed Prime, euphemistically called Valorous, and High Council had only taken the place of the vanquished oppressors.

The Autobot’s ‘New Golden Age’ was rather tarnished for Megatron and the millions of others languishing in servitude.

Cybertron might have been liberated but menial workers saw little or no change in their situation. Most were still slaves, even if they were no longer always called such. And those who had been overseers or in higher skilled positions settled neatly into the role of masters.

Megatron had let his opinion on the subject be known. Loudly. He quickly found himself considered a dangerous influence. He was sold to the consortium that ran the gladiatorial arenas of Kaon. His new masters paid little for him. They had expected the big clunky miner to be terminated quickly.

They were so wrong.

The one thing he was grateful for in that ordeal was that the Quintessons had stopped removing the spikes of slaves by the time he was created. At one time, all heavy laborers were turned into sexless drones.

Fortunately, the Quintessons quickly realized that completely removing their interface equipment made them weaker and shortened their usable lifespan. Those maimed slaves were also generally very depressed. Self-termination was common.

It was found that if they could at least interface as an outlet for stress they were calmer and more productive.

And there was the fact that the techno organics were a bunch of perverts and voyeurs. They loved to watch their slaves interface. Sometimes even forcing mechs and femmes to submit to the tentacle creature’s depraved, lustful attentions.

At least Megatron had not been used in that way by his Quintesson masters. As a miner, he was always filthy and considered beneath their notice.

With a sigh, he pushed back the barrage of bitter memories. Megatron was trying to charm Optimus Prime. Eventually, he would seduce the gorgeous mech. It would not do to sour his field.
Besides, now he knew that Optimus had once been a simple dock worker, not a mech of the privileged upper class as he had always assumed. That would certainly give them some common ground.

The lower end of the worker cast where Prime had come from was only a step or two up from a slave. The main difference was they were paid for their labor.

That and the supervisors could not beat them to death on a whim. At least, not in public.

Megatron decided that it was time to see just how much knowledge the Autobot Leader was willing to share. “So, Prime, how did you manage to birth a new spark when all of us are barren? For you to create a sparkling, you and at least one other Autobot must now be fertile.”

“There is no need to pretend ignorance, Megatron,” noted Optimus wryly. “My mechs spotted both Ravage and Lazerbeak lurking near the Ark.” Bluestreak reported seeing the Casseticons leaving the area in a hurry just a few hours ago. Presumably with some juicy news for their leader.

Megatron frowned. He had thought the symbiots had been more careful. He would have to chastise them later for losing him a tactical advantage. Nothing critical fortunately, but he had hoped to get his counterpart talking. Besides the fact that he enjoyed the sound of that deep sexy voice, he wanted to begin to make him feel more at ease. With their shared history of violence and mistrust his seduction of the Prime would not be a quick or easy process.

“On something this important you had to know that I would want all the information that I could get. That and my mechs requested that the Casseticons send pictures so they could have a better look at dear little Orion. By the way, Ravage did witness your rather interesting conversations with Ratchet and Jazz.” He looked straight into Prime’s optics and added sympathetically, “I know about your little… problem.”

“Whether or not I choose to bond with my mechling’s sire is not a problem,” noted Prime stiffly.

‘That was not the problem I was talking about,’ thought the Decepticon as he barely suppressed a chuckle.

The utter innocence that radiated from the Autobot Leader was quite charming. And the warlord could not stop thinking about the fact that, while Optimus was no longer a virgin, he did not even recall being fragged. One day soon Megatron intended to give Optimus Prime an interface to remember. “You have always caused a lot of consternation with your disregard for tradition. As I recall the council was not happy that you refused to choose a Lord Protector,” Megatron tutted.

The Lord High Protector was as close to being an equal as any could be to a Prime. A few had been rumored to have been the real power behind the throne. And that is exactly what Megatron intended to be.

Optimus was the first Prime in the planet’s history to rule alone. Most of the Council were very vocal in their displeasure. At one point, some members of the councilor had suggested that the position of Lord Protector be offered to Megatron, believing this would placate the Deceptions and end the war.

At the time both mechs balked at the idea. Prime flatly refused to even consider taking anyone, let alone the leader of the Decepticons, as his protector and mate. Megatron presumed that the council would give him the title with its implied, and oh so tempting access to Prime’s interface array as a distraction, then box him in with bureaucracy.
Now there was no council to thwart him. Megatron intended to claim that title, and the all of perks that went with it. It was too soon to suggest it yet. This endeavor would take patience. And despite what some would say, the Leader of the Decepticons was nothing if not patient. Although he knew that Optimus wanted peace, the Autobot had no trust for his rival. (And rightly so.) But eventually the warlord would persuade Optimus of the advantages of such an alliance. He could not conceive of any other outcome.

Megatron was willing to admit that Prime was quite the charismatic leader and a competent warrior. He was also gentle and nurturing. His caring and compassionate nature were much better attributes for a carrier than a military commander. Optimus desperately needed someone strong at his side. Someone to protect him and make the hard decisions.

Obviously, Jazz, who’s frame type was only a couple of steps above a minibot, was not that mech.

Only many years of having to keep his field tightly controlled kept his excitement and arousal from reaching Prime. This was a golden opportunity. For so long he had sought power. His ultimate goal, to rule not only Cybertron, but Earth as well. With this new development, he found himself thinking that he could get everything he wanted by taking a step back.

One thing he had recognized long ago was that the Autobots would never submit to him. He often called them cowards before his mechs, but knew very well that was not the case. Even if they pressed their advantage and defeated them, it would only have driven any that escaped underground. Just as Elita One and her femmes still fought on Cybertron, any Autobots not captured or killed would fight a guerrilla war as long as any of them were left standing.

Not that Megatron would have shed any coolant for them, but losing so many highly trained mechs would be detrimental to his plans for rebuilding Cybertron.

It would also upset Optimus.

However, once he persuaded the Prime of the wisdom of making him Lord Protector, he could have the power he desired (and deserved!) without having to slaughter half their remaining population.

The idea of being Lord High Protector, commander of Cybertron’s military, was very appealing. The official title was ‘Lord High Protector: Consort of the Prime’. In many cases, the Lord Protector was the sire of the Prime’s sparklings, or vice versa.

Eventually, assuming he could be cured, he wanted many sparklings. And he was sure that Optimus would gladly carry and raise them. Which would not leave him much time for governing.

Megatron would gladly take on that burden for him.

Optimus Prime was so utterly naïve. For all his intelligence and skill in battle, the Leader of the Autobots was as sexually inexperienced as a mechling. If the Decepticon could use his prowess to master the innocent mech in the berth, Megatron was certain that he could eventually mold him into a sweet, submissive mate and figurehead.

But that promised to be a long enjoyable process. And of course, there was too much suspicion on the part of the other Autobots to try and rush this.

“Refusing to bond now that you have a sparkling could turn some of your Autobots against you. After all, they are the traditionalists,” he chided.

“Since you heard our conversation you know my answer.” Prime glared. He had enough of this from Ratchet, he did not need a lecture from his enemy. “And I would appreciate you keeping the
Cassetticons out of the Ark. We have a ceasefire, but sending spies against us could easily cause of breach of that very fragile peace. On my order, they were not fired on. However, I cannot guarantee what will happen if they are caught again. I give you my word, if there is any way that whatever cured me can be used to do the same for others, we will share it with you.”

Megatron looked surprised. “No preconditions besides not sending in the cassettes?”

“It was you that called for a ceasefire when my sparkling was born. You know what this means to our species. If we can all be cured the conflict will effectively be over. I know of at least seven of my mechs that will want to be sparked the moment they are able to conceive. I presume you have some as well?”

“Skywarp is already picking out Seekerling names,” answered Megatron. There were certainly a lot of dreamy optics back at the Nemesis. Even Starscream was hoping that there would soon be a bunch of little Decepticon sparklings getting under ped.

“This miracle from Primus could save our race from extinction,” said Optimus. Although it would probably take many centuries, if nothing changed eventually the last Cybertronian would return to the Well and their light would be gone from the Universe.

“I agree,” admitted Megatron. “Optimus, discovering how you were sparked is more important than factional differences. I offer you the services of Shockwave, Starscream, Hook and the rest of my science team.”

“I appreciate the gesture, Megatron,” said Prime. “But it would be one of my command staff and myself they would be testing. I do not think my mechs will be comfortable having any of them, particularly Shockwave within striking distance.”

“Really, Optimus. It would be extremely foolish, not to mention self-destructive of us to harm the only two mechs in existence that can reproduce. But your caution is understandable,” noted the warlord with an approving nod of his helm. “Should your scientists reach an impasse, remember that my offer stands.”

He found it difficult to keep his optics on his rival’s faceplate. Although now more than ever he really did want to see Prime’s face plate, his gaze kept straying to his sleek hips. Primus that mech had gorgeous hips.

It was easier to concentrate while fighting, but even before learning that he was practically untouched the Decepticon had fantasized about taping Prime’s aft.

He had even groped that delectable form more than a few times in battle, allowing his servos to wander when they clashed. Not as often as he would like, but he usually came away with some nice fuel for his fantasies.

The Autobots would have a collective glitch if they knew the sensual desires he harbored for their innocent leader. He often had Motormaster play the part of a subjugated Prime in his berth room. With a holo-paint job, as long as he did not speak, he made a decent Prime substitute.

He sighed. Best keep that line of thought under control. He was becoming aroused. As soon as he got back to base, Megatron was going to spike someone.

Well, one good thing. All the talk of sparklings was making all his mechs amorous. He should have no trouble finding an outlet for his desire. Come to think of it, Motormaster was feeling very needy…
“I will keep your offer in mind,” said Optimus, bringing Megatron back to reality.

“Prime, since we are not in an active state of war, might I ask a favor?”

Optimus looked surprised. “What do you need?”

“Elita One and her femmes raided Shockwave’s headquarters a few hours ago. They badly damaged two of his mechs. Hook has seen to them and they will survive. This time. Can you let her know about the ceasefire? She would obviously never accept either Shockwave’s or my word on it. Besides, now that Cybertron is in Earth’s system and has a sun, some of the old solar collector are working. They do not produce nearly enough energy to begin reviving our home, but it means Shockwave has enough energon to run his lab and some to spare. If they cease raiding our stores, we will allow the femmes to have adequate energon supplies. The energon can be left at a neutral site of their choosing. That way neither side will risk further injury and the femmes need not expose their hiding place.”

Planting a homing device on the energon to track them was unnecessary and much too obvious. Shockwave assured him that he would be able to triangulate Elita One’s hiding place once they allowed the Autobots on Earth to contact them.

That way Shockwave could capture the femmes at a moment’s notice if things did not go as planned.

“I would be happy to let Elita know about the ceasefire, Megatron. But if you will recall, Shockwave is jamming all communications to and from Cybertron,” noted Optimus.

“That is easily remedied.”

“All right, Megatron. I will order Elita to cease raiding your stores. As long as the lines of communications remain open they will stay out of Shockwave’s base. If communications are jammed again it will be considered a breach of the truce. In which case Elita will be free to act as she sees fit.”

“A reasonable precaution.” Megatron smiled at the implied threat. Perhaps Optimus was not quite as naïve as he thought. Well, he always did enjoy a challenge. Why else would he keep Starscream around? “I will contact Shockwave as soon as I reach my base. You will be able to communicate with Cybertron within the hour.”

“Eventually, perhaps you could allow my people to use the Space Bridge to travel to Cybertron, or the femmes to come to Earth and see their mates,” said Optimus hopefully. “That would go a very long way towards engendering trust between us.”

“That is a discussion for another time, when our mechs are not quite so trigger happy. But I will consider it once our forces have a chance to interact peacefully. For now, I should go. I am sure you are anxious to return to your sparkling. Keep me informed of your progress.”

Megatron started to turn away, but stopped as something came to mind. “There is one last thing, Optimus. I am glad your little one was not harmed yesterday. Please believe me. I would not have struck you had I known you were sparked.” Even Megatron was surprise at the sincerity of his words. With that he gave a courtly bow, turned on his heels and leapt skyward.

Optimus just stared after the warlord. That was… almost an apology. He had just birthed a sparkling and now this?

“And some mechs say there is no Primus.”
To be continued…
Visiting Hour II

Chapter Summary

The femmes on Cybertron receive some very welcome news and Orion meets his first humans.

Chapter Notes

Warnings: Ratchet offers information (maybe a little too much) on Cybertronian reproduction.

As always, I do not own the Transformers and any mistakes are my own.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“And some mechs say there is no Primus.”

A stunned, but pleased Optimus Prime watched the diminishing gray shape of the Decepticon warlord disappear into the clouds. He could hardly believe what had just happened.

Optimus was certain now that Megatron intended to honor the ceasefire. The mech had even expressed sincere regret over harming his rival. Or at least that he could have unintentionally harmed his sparkling. (After millions of years of war, he would take what he could get.) Feeling more hopeful than he had in centuries he turned and headed back towards the Ark.

Unfortunately, this positive attitude only lasted a few steps.

Walking out to meet with Megatron had been difficult. The return trip was agony. The pain intensified with every step as Optimus reached the entrance. He was amazed he actually made it inside before he sagged against the wall, unable to continue.

But only for a moment. Quite suddenly he was swept off his peds.

This was a shock because few Autobots were large enough to pick him up.

Grimlock was in the Med bay guarding Orion, and Omega Supreme could not fit through the main entrance. That left the other four Dynobots, or one extremely large shuttle as the only possibilities. He was not at all surprised to see that he was being held against white metal and a clear cockpit.

“Skyfire, you may put me down,” he said with barely hidden annoyance.

“I am afraid I cannot do that, Optimus. Ratchet’s orders,” countered the massive shuttle. “If you showed any sign of distress I was to take you straight back to the med bay immediately. His exact words were, ‘If he is in pain, haul his sorry aft back here on the double.’ There was also an ‘or else.’”
“I would rather not make it an order.”

“You would just put me in the brig for insubordination if I do not put you down. Ratchet will take a very large wrench to my helm,” said Skyfire. “No offence, Optimus, but you are going to the Medbay.”

Optimus really could not really blame him. Ratchet had a good arm. He could nail even the big shuttle in the helm at thirty meters.

Optimus sighed and resigned himself to being carried through the Ark for the second time in two days. He would have preferred not to be paraded past the majority of his mechs, who watched with looks that ranged from sympathy to amusement. And he would remember those that were amused.

Cliffjumper and Sunstreaker chief amongst them. There were load pans that needed cleaning and he knew just the mechs he intended to suggest to Prowl for that unpleasant job.

Ratchet was standing in the doorway, tapping his ped. “You lasted longer than I thought you would,” he noted as he moved aside to allow the shuttle by. Once he was set down the Prime on the largest berth, Skyfire gave him an apologetic smile, then turned and left.

Ratchet scanned Prime’s long frame. “The good news is; you have not torn anything. But you have put a strain on the welds in your valve lining. You are confined to this berth until morning, period. Any backtalk and I will keep you here for another week.”

The Prime sighed but said nothing. He knew better than to argue with Ratchet. It would only end with a wrench to the helm. Instead he glanced around, looking for Orion.

The mechling was having a wonderful time. He was in Ironhide’s arms clapping excitedly as Grimlock, who was in his Dyno mode, alternated blowing small jets of flame and smoke rings from his nasal cavities. The old warrior was smiling as he watched the new spark and Dynobot play.

Grimlock turned to look at Optimus with a huge grin on his face plate. “Me Grimlock like itty bitty bot. Him, Orion, fun. Him not much like you, Optimus Prime.”

Ironhide’s engine almost stalled. Ratchet turned, hiding a chuckle. Optimus sighed behind the mask. He was aware that some of the younger mechs considered him a buzz kill. “He belongs to Jazz also.”

“That explain it,” noted the Dynobot with childlike seriousness. He thought for a moment, then waked closer to Optimus. “Me, Grimlock want to ask you Optimus Prime something.”

“What would you like to know?” asked Prime as Ironhide came over and placed Orion into his servos.

“Why him Jazz put itty bitty bot in your tummy?”

This time Ratchet looked like he wanted to be swallowed up by the floor. “Grimlock, Wheeljack already explained all that to you,” he grumbled with obvious exasperation.

“Him, Wheeljack tell us how him Jazz put itty bitty bot into him Optimus Prime. Tell us about nannies. When him Jazz make interfaces with him Optimus Prime, their nannies mix together and make itty bitty bot. But him, Wheeljack not say why he do it?”

Both Ironhide and Ratchet were stunned into silence. Not a common occurrence.
“Long ago, before the war made everyone sterile, when mechs and femmes created sparklings it was because they loved one another.” That was a generalization, but one that was mostly true. Just not of Optimus himself. “They came together to create new mechs who would be a part of both of them. In Orion’s case, it was a little different. You know about high grade?”

“Sideswipe and Sunstreaker give us Dynobots high grade once. Tasted good. Felt nice at first. But me Grimlock came out of recharge in back of garbage truck with massive processor ache. Me Grimlock also wearing bow tie. Never knew where me Grimlock got it.”

“But you did look good in it,” noted Ratchet. He had to admit, the Dynobot rocked that bow tie.

“They gave all of us some tainted high grade. Jazz and I ended up interfacing and creating Orion. We had not intended to create a sparkling, or even knew we could. But we both love him and are very happy he is here.”

“Me Grimlock love Snarl and Slag. Can me Grimlock put itty bitty bots in their tummies?”

“Remember what Wheeljack said about nanites?” interjected Ratchet. Grimlock looked clueless. “The nannies? None of you Dynobots have active nanites in your transfluids to create a sparkling or gestational chambers to carry them.”

“That not seem right to me Grimlock,” the big mech pouted.

“Even before the war there were mechs who could not create sparklings, like Skyfire and Omega Supreme,” Optimus said sadly. “Life is often not fair. I believe that you would be a very good sire, Grimlock. Orion obviously likes you very much.”

‘Funny!’ proclaimed Orion, clapping his little servos.

The Dynobot grinned. “Me Gimlock like him Orion too,” said the Dynobot. “Can me Grimlock play with him Orion sometimes?”

“With supervision,” said Ratchet. “If it is OK with Optimus.”

“Of course, Grimlock,” agreed Optimus. “As long as you are careful. You must remember that Orion is fragile compared to an adult mech.”

A very happy Grimlock left the medbay. Prime expected Ironhide to follow. Instead he came back over to the berth. Orion giggled and grabbed for his servo. The old warrior smiled and let the little mechling suck on his finger. “Been so long since I seen one o’ these little bitlets. Almost forgot how cute they are.”

“It has been a terribly long time since the last ones were birthed,” Optimus noted as he rubbed Orion’s back struts.

“Optimus,” the older mech seemed hesitant. “I know yeh been sayin yeh ain’t lookin fer a mate, n’ that’s OK. But yeh don’t have ta do this on yer own. I used ta look after mah little brothers. Had five o’ them. They was centuries younger than meh. I’m probably one of the only mechs left that actually took care o’ a new spark before.”

“I will welcome your assistance with Orion,” admitted Optimus. “Unfortunately, I have no experience with sparklings at all.”

“Yeh’ll do fine,” assured Ironhide. He reached down and placed his other servo over Prime’s and smiled shyly. “Yeh always been very special.” Optimus tried not to flinch. He could sense
Ratchet’s machinations in this.

Ironhide very gently extracted his finger from the sparkling’s grasp. He tickled the little mechling’s chin. “I know yer kinda overwhelmed. N’ I just want ta help. I’m here if yeh n’ the bitlet need meh.”

Optimus was not sure how to answer. Fortunately, he did not have to. With one last gentle pat to his servo Ironhide stepped away. “Best get goin. Need ta check with Prowl on gettin the patrols set.” With that he left.

Prime was a little ashamed of the sigh of relief that escaped his intake as the door closed.

It was exactly fifty-five minutes later that, to the surprise of many, Megatron made good on his promise.

Blaster excitedly reported that he could reach Cybertron. “I have Moonracer on the line, Boss Bot. She says Elita One and the others are out on patrol. She also reported that everyone is functional and they have been kicking some serious Con aft.”

Optimus sat up on his berth in the medbay. Blaster had set up the comm terminal there in the med bay because Ratchet had made it clear in no uncertain terms that Optimus was not to even think about getting out of the berth. “Moonracer, I am glad that you and the others are well.”

“Optimus Prime, sir, it is so good to see you again,” the pretty, light green colored femme said excitedly. “How did you get through Shockwave’s jamming?”

“We did not. Megatron ordered Shockwave to shut it off.”

“What?” the femme gasped. “Why would he do that?”

“Things have changed rather dramatically in the last few days, Moonracer. We have a ceasefire with the Decepticons. That is why I need your team to stop raiding their energon stores and cease any aggressive action. We do not want an incident on Cybertron to derail talks that could mean an end to the war,” said Optimus.

“The Decepticons actually agreed to a ceasefire?” The femme was having trouble wrapping her processor around it.

“Yes, they have. Megatron also ordered Shockwave to provide energon for your team. We will arrange for it to be dropped in a neutral location some distance from your base. I must stress that it is imperative that the order I am going to give you is obeyed. Tell Elita One that you must not fire on the Deceptions unless they attack first. I know this will be difficult after so many years of war. I would suggest that you and the Decepticons try to stay out of one another’s way as much as possible.”

“I will tell her, sir,” nodded the femme. “But…”

“You can also let Elita know that if the Decepticons disrupt communications with Earth again or harass any of you in any way, she will have my blessing to make them regret it.”

“I will relay the order gladly. But I do not understand. What has changed to make you believe the Decepticons will honor a ceasefire?” asked the young femme.
Optimus motioned to someone off screen. When Ratchet stepped into view, Moonracer’s blue optics almost popped out of their sockets as she took in the sight. With a trembling servo over her spark she gasped. “Is that a… Is it really a sparkling?”

“His name is Orion,” Optimus answered as Ratchet set the mechling in his carrier’s arms. The little one cooed and reached for the brightly colored femme on the screen. He seemed confused and a little disappointed that she did not reach back. Everyone wanted to hold him, why not this one? When his servos only touched glass, he pouted. It was adorable.

“Um, is he yours, sir?” Optimus was not surprised at the question. She would have to be blind not to see the resemblance.

“I am his carrier, his sire is Jazz,” he confirmed.

“Congratulations! This is wonderful news. I did not know you and he had bonded.” The femme beamed.

After a rather awkward silence, Optimus continued, ignoring Ratchet’s smirk as he spoke again. “We are not bonded,” said Optimus. “The situation is somewhat complicated. I will explain everything when Elita and the rest of your companions return.”

“Oh, uh, forgive me for being presumptuous, sir,” she said nervously.

“It is an understandable mistake,” assured Prime, ignoring the ‘I told you so,’ look from Ratchet.

“But if you could produce a sparkling than you have found a cure for our sterility?”

“Not yet. At the moment, Jazz and I are the only ones that have been cured and we are not sure how it happened. But you can rest assured that we are working on finding out how this was accomplished. When we know, we will try to find a way to share this gift with all Cybertronians.”

“Even the Decepticons?” she asked.

“War makes us forgot that those we call our enemy are not so different from ourselves. They desire to have the chance to produce creations just as we do,” answered Optimus as the sparkling reached up and grabbed at his chest plates. He clicked and whimpered plaintively when they did not immediately open and produce a feeding nub. “Ah, if you will excuse me, it is time for Orion to refuel. Please convey my orders to Elita and have her contact me as soon possible. Be sure to closely monitor the comm channels. While I am hopeful that this development will bring about a lasting peace, there are many things that could go wrong.”

“I understand completely. Sir, would it be possible for me to speak to Powerglide?” she asked shyly. He was not surprised. She and the flier were bondmates.

“I am afraid that he is on assignment.” He was with his human friend Astoria, presiding over an Air Show near Chicago. This contact was arranged rather hastily. But I will make sure that you and any of the other femmes who wish to will have an opportunity to speak to their mates privately. And I hope that very soon you will be able to see one another in person.”

“Thank you, sir,” said Moonracer with a little smile. “Again, my congratulations.” Then the screen went black.

Orion whimpered and chirped louder. He was hungry and wanted to nurse. The mechling pulled at the seam of his chest plate and began to make a high pitched, stuttered whine. Optimus shuddered as the sparkling energon started to flow again. Ratchet came with a cloth and a modified cube. He
placed the cloth at the seams of Prime’s windshield where the energon leaked as he handed his leader the cube. It had a nipple like tip to make it easier for Orion to drink.

“Now, now, none of that, little one. Here you are,” said Optimus. The hungry mechling seemed dubious at first. This was not how he was fed before. He had little experience, but his first meal had come from inside a mech’s chest plate. However, once his carrier placed the tip in his mouth and he had a taste of the sweet sparkling energon he eagerly drank from the cube. His creator watched him, holding his child close to his spark. He ached to give Orion his own energon.

Ratchet smiled and patted his shoulder. “I have seen this before. When a carrier has a hard emergence and needs pain dampeners they cannot allow their sparkling to nurse. Your chassis and spark tell you he needs your energon. It hurts when you cannot give it to him. But you will once your system is clear. You should be completely off the pain suppressants in two days. Then I will flush your feeding apparatus to be sure all the suppressants are out of your energon reserves. Once that is done you will be able to feed him yourself.”

Prime nodded and leaned back against the raised berth. It helped to be able to hold him. To feel Orion’s love and let the mechling sense his in return.

As Orion fed Optimus heard the doors slide open. He turned to see Bumblebee, and two of their human friends enter. “Hi Optimus, Ratchet said it was OK for you to have visitors. Spike and Carly will be in Virginia with Beachcomber until Saturday. They both send their congratulations and cannot wait to see Orion. Meanwhile I brought Sparkplug and Chip,” said Bumblebee excitedly. The older human was pushing the younger one’s wheelchair.

“I hope we are not intruding,” said the older man, seeing the mechling was feeding. “We probably should have called ahead, but when Bee told us the good news we wanted to come and meet the little fellow ourselves.”

“Sparkplug, Chip, you are family. You are always welcome here,” said Prime sincerely. He was a very proud creator and was more than happy to let them meet his sparkling. Besides, although they had many human friends now, Sparkplug, Spike, Chip and Carly would always have a special place in his spark. Sparkplug and Spike in particular since they had trusted the Autobots completely from the beginning and made them welcome on Earth.

“He’s a really cute baby,” said Sparkplug.

“We call them sparklings,” noted Ratchet. “Or to be more precise, Orion is a mechling.”

“When Ratchet said you guys were not exactly ‘guys’ I did not know he meant anything like this,” said Chip.

“Bumblebee told us that before things went bad on Cybertron it was possible for most of you to have babies, uh, sparkling?” asked Sparkplug.

“Yes,” said Ratchet. “At one time, most of us were capable of being be either a sire or carrier.”

“So, when you find out what cured Optimus and Jazz I guess there will be a lot of sparklings around.”

“We hope so, Chip,” said Blaster, almost hugging himself. “I want to have little ones of my own.”

“What about your symbiots?” asked Chip.

“I love them, Chip, but they are not like having sparklings,” explained Blaster. “The Cassettes all
came from Vector Sigma. For some reason sparks occasionally come online weak and under developed. To survive, they must have what we call a dock. A mech like me that will share his spark with them. They cannot survive on their own.”

“But I thought Roller and Gunner were symbiots?” said Sparkplug. “Optimus does not have a docking chamber like you and Soundwave. Does he?”

“Their docking station is in my trailer,” said Optimus. That was where Roller was. He did not like leaving Optimus and Orion, even for the short time it would take to fully recharge.

“I am not the usual model type that would take symbiots,” noted Optimus. “Roller and Gunner’s docking mech was off-lined early in the war. They needed someone right away and I was the only mech strong enough to support them.”

“If Optimus had not taken them in, they would not have survived,” said Ratchet. “Fortunately, sharing sparks with symbiots does not affect the ability to create sparklings.”

“I want to have a sparkling,” said Bumblebee excitedly, interrupting the medic.

“Not just yet, Bumblebee,” chided Ratchet. “Assuming everyone can be cured, you and Bluestreak should still have about another decade to go before you are ready.”

“Oh, I know that,” admitted Bumblebee glumly. “But as soon as my reproductive protocols comes online…”

“Time will pass quickly, Bumblebee,” assured Optimus. “Any sparkling would be lucky to have such a kind sparked creator. Until then, since I have always thought of you like my own creation, I hope that you see Orion as your brother.” That cheered the minibot up.

“I do. I always wanted a little brother.” Bumblebee beamed. Although he and Bluestreak were basically raised collectively by the Autobot’s commanders, Bee always thought of Optimus as his sire. Bluestreak loved Optimus but he looked to Prowl in the sire role.

“So, Optimus, the little fellow belongs to you and Jazz,” said Sparkplug. “Funny, always thought Jazz would end up with Prowl.”

“Wait a minute, you knew the Autobots were uh…” gasped Chip.

“Paired up? Remember, I spend a lot more time here then you kids helping out with repairs and maintenance. When getting tools and such from the supply rooms I’ve walked in on a few make out sessions.”

Optimus raised an optic ridge while Ratchet’s face plate heated up. The medic thought they had been discreet.

“Don’t worry Ratchet, I never got an eye full like Chip during the party.” The younger human winced at the memory. “And when I realized what they were doing I walked right back out,” he assured. He had seen Ratchet in a supply room being groped by Sunstreaker and Sideswipe several times. “I figured what consenting bots did together was none of my business.”

“Jazz and Prowl? Really?” Blaster looked surprised. “Did you catch them together?” He was always looking for juicy gossip.

“No. Nothing like that,” said the human. “I have stumbled onto a few interesting couples.” He did not elaborate, but his mind called up a few recent encounters. Tracks and Hound were a common
sight, as were the threesomes, Windcharger, Perceptor and Wheeljack or Sunstreaker, Sideswipe and Ratchet.

The ones he never expected to walk in on were Mirage and Red Alert. “Nothing concrete, I just thought Prowl and Jazz just seemed right together. There is a saying among humans, opposites attract. You cannot get more opposite than them.”

“I’ve always thought so too,” chimed in Ratchet cheerfully. “So, Sparkplug, who did you think would be a good match for Optimus?”

“There is no need to continue this line of discussion. It is obviously not very comfortable for Chip,” Optimus said hastily. The young human’s face was almost as red as Prime’s chassis. “Besides, such speculation is unnecessary. I am not with anyone. Jazz and I are just good friends. Did Bumblebee explain what happened?”

“Yes. That high grade you guys were drinking at the party affected your processors,” confirmed Chip. He tried not to think about what he had seen because of it. “I bet if the rest of you were fertile there would have been a lot of sparklings by now.”

“You are probably right,” said Ratchet.

“It’s OK, Optimus,” assured Sparkplug. “Sometimes the little ones are not planned. Although there was no alcohol involved, Spike was born three months after his mother and I married.”

“So, you bonded for the sake of your youngling?” asked Ratchet, with an optic on Optimus.

“Well, it made us move the date up bit. We intended to marry anyway, but we both decided that we did not want him to be born out of wedlock. It is not such a big deal now, but there was some pretty heavy stigma attached to it at one time. I guess we were just old fashion.”

“There is nothing wrong with that. It is best if a youngling has both creators,” said Ratchet. Optimus tried not to let his irritation show. He knew Ratchet meant well, but he was getting tired of his none too subtle hints that he should bond. He shut out the annoyance and concentrated on Orion. Seeing those wide blue optics looking up at him and feeling his sparkling’s love through his creator bond made all the discomforts both mental and physical he had endured worthwhile.

“Optimus, do you really believe that Megatron will not betray you?” asked Chip. “He has not exactly proved himself trustworthy in the past.”

“This time we are talking about the survival of our species,” said Optimus. “The Decepticons are as eager to cure their sterility as we are. But as you say, Megatron has deceived us before. I believe the human saying is, ‘trust but verify.’”

“Out of curiosity, how does this whole, sparkling thing work?” asked Chip. “Bee said you carried Orion inside you, kind of like a human woman would.”

“Yes,” Ratchet jumped in. This was his forte. “As you have probably realized, the basics of our reproduction is surprisingly similar to yours. As is our anatomy and sexual relations. The main difference is that we each have what you would consider male and female genitalia. Our spikes…”

“I think we can skip that part, Ratchet,” noted Sparkplug.

‘TMI, Ratchet,’ Bumblebee commed.
“Oh, right,” the medic chuckled. “Anyway, once the transfluids are in the gestational chamber the new sparks are formed by those nanites mixing with the carrier’s nanites. They provide the base material that will be shaped from the traits passed down through the CNA. The sparkling’s CNA is a combination of the CNA from the creators as a human child is a combination of the parents’ DNA. Over the course of about seven Earth months the processor and protoform are built,” explained Ratchet.

“Once the sparkling emerges the carrier and/or sire provides nourishment by producing an enriched energon mixture. The sparkling’s nanites convert it to expand and upgrade its chassis. Within six Earth months they can start taking supplemental seedings of mineral enriched low grade energon. In about two years they only feed from their Carriers twice a day. They cease nursing completely after eight to ten of your years when they reach the youngling stage, but they still need the enriched low grade energon until they reach their full physical size by their fifth decade of existence.”

“Fifty year!” gasped Chip. “It really takes half a century for your children to completely mature?”

“You forget our lifespans,” said Ratchet. “We can live for millions of your years. A fifty-year childhood is really not that long. Besides, it is not as if they are helpless little sparklings that entire time. When he reaches the youngling stage Orion will probably be about the same size as Bee and have the emotional maturity of a human teenager.”

“I still do not see how a tiny sparkling like Orion could grow as large as Optimus,” said Chip.

“Originally my chassis was closer in size to Prowl’s. I was upgraded to this warbuild frame by Alpha Trion and my coding was completely reformatted by Vector Sigma,” answered Optimus. “That is why Orion looks much as I do now instead of my original frame. Also, if you look closely at Orion, although he shares coloring and some characteristics with both Jazz and I he does not have armor. His chassis is a soft metal alloy. Our armor, weapons and other kibble are added as our frames mature. We have the ability to greatly modify our basic configurations.”

“So Bumblebee could be bigger?” asked Chip.

“Why would I want to be bigger?” countered Bumblebee. He did a couple of quick side steps to show off his agility. “A scout needs to be small and fast to get in and out of places without being seen.”

Orion released the cube tip and hiccupped. He blinked as his optics caught sight of the humans. With an adorable grin he chirped and reached his servos out to them. “Orion wants to meet you,” said Optimus as he handed the empty cube to Ratchet.

He started to get up, but Ratchet placed a hand on his chest after subspaceing the cube. “You stay put. I will take care of this.” Ratchet took Orion, strode over and knelt down, letting the little mechling get a better look at the humans. “Now be careful, Orion. Humans are very fragile.” Ratchet noted as he set the sparkling on the floor before them.

The mechling sat with a finger in his mouth and stared at the humans. If he could stand he would have reached mid-way on Sparkplug’s chest but he probably weighted twice as much as the human. “Hi there, Orion,” said Chip. He slowly extended a hand towards the mechling. Orion reached out with the servo not in his intake and touched the human. Orion jerked his hand back and made a chirping sound that they knew must be giggling.

Curiously he reached out again and touched the wheels on Chip’s chair. He looked curiously at the young man and beeped. “He wants to know what kind of Autobot you are,” translated Bumblebee.
“You understand him?” asked Chip.

“Sure,” said Bumblebee. “Sparklings use a very basic language. We all have it in our core programming. Unfortunately, it will probably be a few months before he can control his vocalizer enough to begin to speak understandable English, but you can talk to him. He can understand if you keep it simple.”

Chip nodded and turned to the sparkling. “No Orion, I’m not an Autobot. I’m a human that needs a little help getting around.”

More chirps and a little squeal as he reached out and touched Chip’s face. He very timidly brushed his finger over the human’s lips, but when he tried to push his finger in Chip’s mouth the young man pulled back a little. “No offense, Orion, but let’s not do that.” The sparkling’s lip stuck out. It began to quiver and coolant leaked from his optics.

“Don’t cry, Orion.” Sparkplug knelt down and held out a hand. Orion took the hand and drew it close to his big blue optics. With a cooing sound he sniffed the palm, then rubbed it against his cheek strut. He grinned and clicked happily at the larger human. “He says humans are soft,” said Bumblebee. “He also says he likes the way you smell. His olfactory sensors detect oil on you.”

“Guess that is like smelling chocolate to us. Not surprising, I’ve been on the rig,” said the older human. “But then, an old roughneck like me probably always smells like oil.” He tickled the sparkling’s abdominal plating. Orion squealed with delight, fell over onto his back and kicked his peds. “The little guy is a lot like a human baby, all right,” said Sparkplug. He smiled and continued to tickle the sparkling.

After a few rounds of tickling, Pat-A-Cake and Peek-A Boo, Orion began to nod off. He tried desperately to fight it off and remain awake, but it was obviously a losing battle. “You tired him out, Sparkplug,” noted Ratchet, lifting the yawning mechling. “Thank you. He should recharge for several hours.” He went back to Optimus, who let the drooping mechling settle onto his chest plate.

“Sure thing, I needed to get with Wheeljack on maintenance schedules for everyone. And Chip wanted to talk with Perceptor to see what he can do to help your team find the answer to how you and Jazz were cured,” said the older human as he pushed Chip’s chair towards the door. It had been a while since he had been a new parent, but he remembers it was pretty tiring. Optimus would never ask them to go, but it was clear he wanted some time alone with his child.

As he walked down the familiar corridors of the Ark, Sparkplug was already trying to decide exactly what to tell his handlers in Sector 7. The government goons were frantic to find out what the Hell was happening on the Ark after receiving satellite photos of the battle at the dam. The ones that showed Optimus giving birth.

From things that were said on the very terse phone call he received, Sparkplug gathered that Mearing was furious that she was not being allowed to speak to Optimus. No matter how belligerent she was, the Autobots refused to even consider it. Sparkplug had been ordered to get into the Ark and report everything he could find out ASAP.

He hated to spy on the Autobots, but he really did not have a choice. If he did not give them information on the Autobots they would find someone who would. Probably someone who was not so sympathetic to them.

Someone that would not tell the Autobots about it.

Sparkplug discussed everything he was going to tell Sector 7 with Red Alert and Prowl before each
debriefing. He would always speak to them to find out if there was anything he should withhold.

It started the first time he and Spike had gone home after being rescued by the Autobots five years ago. Three men in black suits and sunglasses had been waiting on their doorstep. They flashed official looking badges and informed him that anything to do with aliens was under their authority.

They started out trying to bully them, but Sparkplug was an Army vet and an old roughneck. He was not going to be pushed around by a bunch of suits. He almost tossed them out on their asses.

However, when they reminded him that it was his duty as a patriotic American to make sure his government knew of any extraterrestrial threats he decided that it would be best to cooperate. To a point.

He and Spike told Sector 7 about their initial encounter with the Decepticons on the oil rig and how the Autobots had risked their lives to save them. They made sure to present the Autobots in the best light possible. Fortunately, that was easy. They were so kind, gentle and self-sacrificing, all the father and son had to do is tell the truth. Mostly. Sparkplug actually suggested to Spike that he keep some things to himself about just how good the Autobots, particularly Optimus and Bumblebee, really were.

Those government types would probably think they were making it up.

As soon as they returned to the Ark, Sparkplug went to Optimus and told him everything. He trusted the Autobots and would not lie to them. Once he finished he thought that Optimus might be angry, even demand that he leave. Instead the big mech had simply nodded. “Tell these men anything you feel you must. We would never ask you to betray your people,” that deep, soothing voice had assured.

He was a little nervous about telling them that the Autobots could reproduce, or rather that they might soon be able to. The suits were already antsy after the destruction caused when Cybertron was teleported into Earth’s solar system. And that time not so long ago when Megatron managed to reprogram the Autobots to do his dirty work had almost caused the US government to resort to using nukes to take out both factions.

But he decided that telling Sector 7 that it was very possible that curing their sterility could bring a peaceful end to the conflict with the Decepticons should work in their favor. Megatron and the rest of his mechs being occupied with raising sparklings for the next five decades or so could only be a good thing.

Besides, from what Bumblebee said when he came to get them, if they could forge a lasting peace a lot of them would be moving back to Cybertron to begin rebuilding. Once they re-established themselves there, humanity would be moving out into the system with them. The Autobots had already been helping to design orbital defense platforms and NASA was training Marines for space duty.

Sparkplug was looking forward to visiting Cybertron one day. He had wanted to be an astronaut when he was a child. While he was good with machines, his grades were not even close to what was needed to get a college degree. He had given up on ever going into space.

Now he, his son and daughter-in-law were friends with a bunch of giant alien robots.

Go figure.
To be continued…

Chapter End Notes

Next Chapter – Mirage has returned with some very disturbing news and Jazz finally gets to have that much anticipated flashback to the night of the party.
The Inevitable Meeting

Chapter Summary

Mirage reports in, revealing just how precarious the Autobots’ situation really is. And finally, Jazz revisits the night of the party.

Chapter Notes

Warnings: High Grade/Chemical Induced Sex, Loss of Virginity, Sticky Sex, Public Sex, Voyeurism, Oral, Hints of Food Play and bondage.

This chapter is a beast. It just kept growing.

As always, I do not own the Transformers and any mistakes are my own.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The Autobot second and third in command, as well as the chief medical officer and recently returned spy sat around the conference table. Under normal circumstances both Optimus Prime and Red Alert would be there as well. This time Jazz and Ratchet decided that it would be best to figure out a course of action before including either of them.

Jazz, Mirage and Ratchet figured that they could handle Prowl in case he had an episode. One mech glitching was manageable. But the possibility of three, one of which was almost twice the size and weight of the other bots…

Prowl took his seat keenly aware of the three grim face plates across from him. “Since there is a very low probability for a renewal of hostilities with the Decepticons and Optimus and Red Alert are conspicuously absent, I presume this meeting pertains to something that may be difficult to explain to them.”

“Prowler, baby, you don’t know the half of it,” signed Jazz. “Figured weh best clue yeh in on what Raj n’ meh have. We need yer tactical processor big time.”

“You have some information that could adversely affect the new dynamic between ourselves and the Decepticons? I will need specifics if I am to formulate a plan of action,” said Prowl.

“We already got Ratch in the loop. Let meh download what I got, then Raj can give you his recordings o’ what he heard on the Nemesis. Then weh all need ta talk.” Jazz sent the Datsun his recording of he and Optimus, then Prime and Megatron’s exchange. Next Mirage sent him Megatron’s reaction to Jazz and Optimus’ conversation.

After several very long moments of silence as he analyzed the recordings Prowl frowned. “This is problematic.”

“That is a monumental understatement, Prowl. We are all in imminent danger. With the Ground
Bridge Megatron can send troops instantaneously anywhere on the planet,” Mirage said grimly.

Prowl nodded. “It will take me some time to calculate all the ramification of this new information. However, it does not take a tactical genius to know that we are in very deep trouble. It is safe to say that the only reason the Ark is still standing is because of Orion’s birth.”

“You’re being very calm about all of this, Prowl,” noted Ratchet. “Almost expected you to glitch.”

“Why? There is nothing in this report that would trigger a glitch,” noted Prowl calmly. “We all suspected the Cassettes had been in the Ark since Orion’s birth. Despite our precautions they have habitually managed to penetrate our outer defenses. As for the Ground Bridge, the Decepticons now possess, it is the logical next technological step from the Space Bridge. Had Shockwave possessed the energon for experimentation he would have perfected it centuries ago. Its existence answers the question of how the Command Trine and Astrotrain fought in the battle yesterday when they should have been hours away. The Ground Bridge also explains the Decepticon’s sudden streak of good luck on their recent raids. And lastly, I concluded that Optimus was a virgin almost immediately after I became his chief of security.”

Jazz frowned. “Whoa, there Prowler, yeh already knew bout that?”

“And you did not think to tell anyone?” grumbled Ratchet.

“It is simply a personal choice and not something that warranted a staff meeting,” said Prowl. “Optimus being celibate actually made things easier when it came to security on Cybertron. No clandestine lovers to be sneaked in and out of the Prime’s residence as I gather was the norm for Sentinel.”

“Not all o’ them were exactly willin either,” hiss the saboteur.

“I had heard that also,” admitted Prowl with obvious distaste.

Ratchet scowled. “Well I may sound like Captain Obvious here, but, first off, we have to bring in the science team to find a way to block that Ground Bridge. Right now, we are sitting Cyber-ducks. The Decepticons can attack in force anytime they please. The only reason we are not all dead or in the Nemesis brig is because Megatron thinks he can turn the situation to his advantage.”

Prowl nodded. “And that reprieve will end the moment he decides that he cannot achieve his goal by non-violent means.”

“On that note, we need to make damn sure that Megatron does not get Optimus alone again, period. Slagger would probably try to kidnap him,” Ratchet fumed.

“Although I agree that they should not be left alone, I would put the odds of a kidnaping attempt as being below 15%. Megatron has already stated that taking Optimus, Jazz and Orion would be a last resort. He does not want to risk harming them. Endangering Orion could cause a mutiny by his mechs. His intention is to try to seduce Optimus,” countered Prowl. “And under the right circumstances, he would have a 78% chance of success.”

Jazz almost choked. “Please tell me you’re jokin!”

“I never joke,” noted the Praxian. “Megatron’s ego cannot conceive of a scenario where he does not eventually win. We know from his own lip plates that he intends to become Lord High Protector. He is not a fool. Megatron knows for the title to be considered legitimate and have it honored by Autobots and Neutrals, Optimus must be seen as bestowing it on him of his own free will. As with the kidnaping scenario, threatening Optimus into compliance would be a last resort.”
“That Decepticreep thinks he can force Optimus into a political bondin?” Jazz asked, trying, but only partially succeeded in hiding just how much that thought horrified him.

“The use of force is highly unlikely at this juncture, Jazz. Megatron has said that he will try to persuade Optimus that it is in everyone’s best interest for them to bond. He knows that Optimus wants to end the war and reunite our people. Also, there is historical precedent for the leaders of warring factions bonding to end a conflict. As Megatron himself stated, if that happened, all would become one.”

“Like Pit! We cannot allow it,” growled Ratchet. “Primus! Can you imagine what that pervert would do if he ever got Optimus in his berth?” Ratchet could and it was pure horrifying recharge flux fuel.

Mirage shuddered as well. He did not have to imagine. He had been on the Nemesis several times when Megatron used Motormaster as a substitute for Optimus. Thankfully, he was not violent while satisfying his desires. No energy whips or other torture devises were used. Mostly just the warlord causing the Stunticon to overload multiple times.

Still, watching what looked like his Prime chained to the warlord’s berth…

That sight alone had caused him to seriously consider disobeying Optimus’ order not to assassinate the Decepticon leader.

“I suggest that we immediately tell Optimus and Red Alert everything,” said Prowl, to the surprise of the other mechs. “They both need to know the threat that hangs over us all and Megatron’s intentions towards Optimus personally. Red Alert must be able to work on improving our outer defenses. And with this new development there are important decisions that Optimus alone must make.”

“Optimus is too open, too honest,” Mirage put in. “What if he lets on to Megatron that we know about the Ground Bridge? That might prompt him to attack before we discover a defense.”

“We are all aware that Optimus is a terrible liar. He is, however, obviously much better at keeping secrets than anybot realized,” Prowl assured. “He needs to know exactly what Megatron intends, for his own sake as well as ours.”

Half an hour later, having left Orion with Bumblebee, Optimus sat in his customary chair at the head of the table surrounded by his very concerned command staff.

Red Alert was on the floor with Mirage and Ratchet kneeling beside him.

“I admit, I put the odds of Red Alert glitching at 48%,” admitted Prowl. “Apparently my calculations were a little off. I need to do some recalibrating.”

“He will be alright in about an hour after a hard reboot,” Ratchet assured as he reeled in his cable as it released from the prone mech’s medical port. “Just let him rest, Mirage. We need to deal with Optimus.” With a nod, the spy kissed his lover’s helm and stood. He would fill him in later.

After Mirage had downloaded his information, the Autobot officers had watched with some concern as Red Alert toppled over and Optimus just sort of froze.

Optimus was still in his seat, but he had not moved for almost two minutes. He was staring straight ahead.
Mirage turned to Ratchet as the medic scanned their leader. “Is Optimus alright? Has he glitched or gone into stasis lock?”

“No,” said Ratchet. “He appears to be conscious.”

“Optimus?” said Jazz gently. He waved his servo before the bigger mechs optics. “OP, yeh in there?”

Slowly Optimus turned to look at his TIC. He looked absolutely lost. “Megatron wants me? He wants to… to… interface with me?” He sounded as if he had just been told that his audio finials had turned into pink bunny ears.

“Optimus, your chassis is not insensitive,” said Ratchet. He could not believe what he is hearing. “Megatron gropes your aft every time you fight. Surely you felt it?”

Prime’s face plate heated. “I… I thought he was trying to gain a handhold to throw me off him.”

“You really had no idea that Megatron wants to interface with you, Optimus?” asked Mirage.

“Why would anyone want to do that?” asked Optimus, sounding truly puzzled.

“What do you mean? Optimus, you are very desirable. Why do you think pretty much every mech on the base flirts with you?” asked a shocked Ratchet.

“They do?” Optimus asked, his field awash with confusion and disbelief.

Ratchet looked him in the optics. “You are saying that you had no idea that we have been flirting with you?”

“Um… No.”

Gaping at their leader, the gathered Autobots had a collective ‘Ah-ha’ moment.

“Optimus, once this meeting is over, you are coming to the med bay,” said Ratchet. “You and I need to have a long talk.”

The medic quickly began checking his archived data. He had a lot of instructional vids, mostly on interface transmitted diseases. A necessity when working with a bunch of horny warriors. But he had also downloaded some vids he intended to show to Bumblebee and Bluestreak once their interface protocols came online. With the Decepticon Lord looking to get Optimus into his berth, and his Prime’s total ignorance on the subject he needed to be sure his clueless leader was made aware of exactly what his rival wanted and why.

There was also another reason. Ratchet had already intended to speak to Optimus after the meeting. He found something while doing some research on sparklings that would impact Orion drastically.

“That will not be necessary, Ratchet. I do know about interfacing. I just did not realize that such things pertained to me.”

“That is one of the things you and I need to talk about, Optimus,” insisted Ratchet. Apparently, there were some very large gaps in their Prime’s education.

With a sigh Optimus conceded. He knew that once Ratchet got something like this into his helm, he would not let go.

“I suppose all of this does explain Megatron’s sudden change of attitude,” noted Optimus, ignoring
the chromium-butterflies in his tanks.

Optimus tried not to feel annoyed that his officers thought him completely ignorant. Just because he had chosen not to interface did not mean he was not aware of what went where. With a shrug he turned to his SIC. “Prowl, from the information we have now, you believe that Megatron would try taking Orion, Jazz and I hostage if I were to refuse his advances outright?”

“Yes,” the Datsun flatly. “He will try to persuade you to make him Lord Protector of your own free will. But, he is also ruthless. What he cannot gain by persuasion, he will attempt to take.”

“We will find a way to stop Megatron,” said Mirage. “He is smart, but he is also prone to overreaching. That has often lead to his defeat.”

“Raj is right, OP. We’ll find a way to stop that slagger,” assured Jazz. “Nobody is gonna force yeh inta nothin.”

“OP,” Jazz’s concerned voice interrupted his introspection. “Yeh gotta remember, yeh got a choice in this. Don’t let Megatron bully yeh inta bondin.”

“I will not be forced into bonding, Jazz,” said Optimus softly. Despite his words, a shiver ran through his frame thinking about everything Megatron had said to Starscream. About using his innocent mechling to force Optimus to submit. He had never doubted his foe’s ruthlessness, but this…

How could he reconcile the mech that made those threats with the one that he had spoken with just a few hours ago? The one who had captured the attention of Cybertron with his speeches about freedom and equality?

As he agonized over that thought he felt a pulse from the Matrix. Warmth, safety, peace, those feelings filled his spark. ‘Optimus Prime, Beloved of Primus.’ He shuttered his optics and turned his awareness inward. It had been centuries since he had heard it so clearly.

‘My brothers? Please guide me.’ his mentally reached out to the Ancient Primes, eager for communion. He loved his Autobots, but these mechs were fellow Primes. They understood his burden as no other mech could. And he could really use some of that wisdom now.

‘You are the key, Optimus. You are the hope of our people. Bind the wounds of war,’ the voices whispered. ‘The new life you have created can be the first of a new generation. A symbol of hope for all Cybertronians. Or he could be the last of our kind.’

‘How can I save our people?’

‘All must become one,’ the Primes whispered. Optimus felt the Matrix give one last warm pulse, then go quiet.

His spark tightened as he replayed what they said. ‘All must become one.’ Megatron had said that the only way for their people to again become one was for them to rule together as Prime and Protector.

Did Primus himself wanted him to make Megatron his Protector and mate?

Optimus felt the optics of his mechs on him as he came out of his trance. “Yeh OK there, OP? Yeh kinda zoned on us.” Jazz tried to sound casual, but his usually calm field bled a flash of near panic before he could stop it.
“I am fine, Jazz.” He did not trust himself to say more. The concerned looks the words earned from his mechs proved once again that he was a terrible liar.

Optimus looked down into Jazz’s worried face plate, then around the table at his officers. “I appreciate your concern. All of you. But we must be ready to consider all option. Prowl, I need you to calculate likely scenarios. Obviously, when Megatron officially makes his intentions known I have no choice but to agree to accept him as a suiter. What I need from you is some guidance on what happens after that. I need you to calculate the most likely outcomes if I eventually reject him,” the red and blue mech hesitated. “Or if I accept.”

“Optimus, you cannot be seriously considering taking Megatron as your mate!” gasped Mirage.

“Pit, the Decepticons are not trustworthy. Megatron and his mechs have been trying to offline all of us for centuries,” added Ratchet.

“As we have tried to offline them. We Autobots have done our best to keep our honor intact in this war, but every mech here has done things that would once have horrified them.” He shuddered, thinking of the energon on his own servos.

Shaking his helm to clear the flood of images, he continued.

“All this may seem sudden, but Orion’s birth has changed everything. We must be open to peace. Think of it. What could we accomplish if, instead of fighting each other, we worked together with the Decepticons? Megatron is a powerful and keenly intelligent mech. If making him my mate would turn the strength and cunning he has used against us for these many centuries to defending Cybertron and its people, would that not be worth the price?” countered Prime.

“Primus, you heard the same thing we did Optimus. Megatron knows only violence. Do you really believe that bonding with the Slagmaker can change him from conqueror to defender?” asked Mirage.

“That is certainly an interesting intellectual exorcize,” noted Prowl. “While my personal interactions with Megatron have always been in battle, I am familiar with his writings and speeches. They indicate a multifaceted personality. One with surprisingly firm convictions. Megatron is ruthless and he lies easily. However, he has proved that he will keep his word,” countered Prowl. “Which is the reason why he so rarely gives it.”

“I remember listening to recordings of his speeches when I worked on the docks. He spoke eloquently of the injustice of the Functionalists and Caste System. Of the need for freedom,” said Optimus.

Everyone stared at him. Optimus shrugged. “You seem surprised? I had heard of him long before the attack on the depot. Megatron was a sort of folk hero among those of us in the lower castes. Many of us would meet in secret during our breaks to listen to him speak on the net.”

Optimus stopped short of admitting that on first sight, he had admired Megatron. Orion Pax had never had a close look at a flyer before. Watching he and the other Decepticons soar overhead had been thrilling. He had almost fallen over himself to welcome him when he showed up at the Depot.

Optimus also vividly remembered the look in that same mechs optics over his fusion cannon as Megatron shot him at point blank range.

The mech known as the Lord of the Decepticons had once been a slave. And Optimus knew what that meant. While Orion Pax had been a paid laborer, he was surrounded by slaves. They did the
most dangerous work on the docks. Loading radioactive waste, and munitions for the military, as well as cleaning up toxic spills. All the jobs that could, and likely would, eventually kill those doing the work.

Orion had felt compassion for these poor bedraggled mechs. He would sometimes sneak them some of his energon rations. Even a few treats. Anything to give them just a little comfort.

He never thought that a simple dock worker could do anything to help them in their plight.

One of his first acts as Prime, much to the anger of the Council and many high cast mechs, had been to outlaw slavery. But that had been too little too late. The Decepticon Revolution had already taken hold.

The slaughter had begun.

In a way, he did understand why Megatron and those who followed him felt that violence was their only option. Mechs without hope, beaten down, starved, worked until near deactivation, had lashed out at those who had enslaved them.

But the mechs they railed against died long before the rise of human civilization. The reasons they started fighting had little meaning anymore. War was now the natural state of being for Cybertronians.

That had to change. Bumblebee and Bluestreak had grown up surrounded by violence that he was powerless to end. They were not even adult mechs, yet both had killed many times.

He could not allow Orion to go through that.

“You are not alone in this, Optimus. It will be alright,” assured Ratchet, much more gently than his normal bedside manner. “You just need to play along with Megatron and let him think he is winning you over to gain time. Once Percy and Skyfire get to work they will find a way to counter the Ground Bridge and we will be safe.”

“I do not doubt that eventually they will find a defense against the Ground Bridge. And then, the Decepticons will come up with another, even more dangerous weapon. And another. Every day that we fight, more mechs and humans will die.” He closed his optics, hearing the Matrix’s words again. “Orion will not be the last Cybertronian. I swear it. He and the sparklings yet to be born deserve a world without war.”

“Optimus, we all want a world where sparklings are safe and protected. But bringing about that world is not your responsibility alone. Just because you are our Prime, we do not expect you to sacrifice yourself,” insisted Mirage.

“How many times have you almost become a martyr already?” asked Ratchet. “Like hurling yourself on an exploding computer to save a bunch of humans.”

“Becoming Megatron’s mate is not the same as throwing myself over an exploding console,” Optimus insisted. (Every other mech in the room would beg to differ.) “I am the Prime. My duty is to do everything in my power to ensure the survival of our race,” countered Optimus.

“Just promise us that you will discuss any proposition Megatron makes with us before you make any decision,” countered Ratchet.

“Not just for your sake, but for ours as well,” said Prowl.
“I will,” assured Optimus.

Once the meeting ended Prowl helped Mirage carry Red Alert and a very reluctant Optimus found himself being dragged back to the Med bay by Ratchet, Jazz watched silently.

The saboteur was not a mech that was prone to panic, but his spark constricted at the thought of what all of this was obviously leading to. Optimus was seriously considering bonding with the Lord of the Decepticons.

Would he have to stand by and watch Optimus give himself to Megatron?

Would the Slagmaker be the one to form a sire bond with his precious sparkling?

Jazz rushed back to his quarter, his processor in turmoil.

Hugging himself, the Porcha closed his optics and did something he had avoided for months. He turned on the recording he had made the night of the party. Something told him that he needed to do this. A memory was trying to come through. Something important.

His processor went instantly back to the rec room. To a night that began so perfect and ended in disaster.

*Having just bid a very inebriated Spike, Sparkplug, Lennex, Epps and embarrassed Chip farewell, Jazz soon found himself lounging on the large, red, bot sized couch in the Autobots’ rec room. A little smirk crossed his face plate as he watched two oblivious bots kissing and groping in the corner.*

*Things quickly heated up as Tracks opened his interface panel and let Hound stroke his spike. One large servo rubbed the rounded swelling of the head while the other cupped the sleek, blue bot’s pert aft.*

*The saboteur licked his dermas as he touched his own panel and watched them preparing to frag where they were. Well, if they were intent on putting on a show, Jazz was going to sit back and enjoy it.*

*Special Ops mech usually had a bit of a voyeuristic streak.*

*He was about to open his own spike cover when the doors parted and Optimus Prime stumbled into the room.*

*Literally.*

*Lacking his usual grace, the tall red and blue mech’s optics brightened as he lurched purposely towards the couch. “Jazz!” He sounded pleased, if a bit slurred. “My dear, dear friend, I was looking for you… Oops…” He managed to trip over his peds and ended up on one knee.*

*Jazz immediately rushed to help him. The saboteur had not had quite as much high grade so he was a bit steadier. Besides, he had a much higher tolerance than the Prime. Or just about any other mech on the base for that matter. He caught his leader’s arm and helped him up. “Come on, OP. Best get yeh sittin’ before yeh fall down again n’ dent the floor.”*

*“I guess I had more high grade than I thought,” admitted Optimus. The specially built sofa creaked beneath the weight of the Prime. He sighed as he looked down at his TIC. “Thank you, Jazz. You’re always there for me.”*
“That’s what friends ‘re for,” laughed the white and black mech as Optimus put an arm around his waist and hugged him affectionately. Jazz was a little surprised at the open display of affection, but happily leaned against Prime’s side. Optimus rarely did more than pat a mech on the shoulder.

And better yet, he did not remove his arm. He left it there, wrapped possessively around Jazz.

The saboteur was enjoying the moment, just cuddling against the warm chassis when he heard Tracks moan. Both Jazz and Optimus turned. Apparently Tracks and Hound had not even noticed Prime’s ungraceful entrance. Jazz had almost forgotten about those two.

Tracks thrust his spike into the kneeling Hound’s intake, while the green mech had a servo wrapped around his own ridged organ.

Optimus said nothing. He was too busy staring at what was happening across the room. Without realizing it he tightened his arm around Jazz, drawing the smaller bot to him and brushed a servo over his side. Unable to believe his luck, Jazz reached over and stroked Prime’s white thigh. He grinned when the other mech immediately spread his legs to allow him better access.

Jazz tickled Prime along the inside of a long leg strut. He sighed when a large black hand began to shyly stroke the top of his thigh in return. Emboldened by the tentative touches he let his hand slip to the blue panel at the joining of Prime’s legs. Optimus gasped and clutched at Jazz.

“They ain’t usually such exhibitionists,” said Jazz as Hound stood and pulled his pliant partner into a kiss. Hound growled as he pushed Tracks against the wall and slid two thick fingers into his valve.

“I need you, Jazz,” said the Prime, his chassis heating rapidly. His voice was hoarse and slightly slurred, but urgent. “Please kiss me.”

“I’d love ta,” answered Jazz, looking up at his leader with undisguised desire. “Been so long since yeh put on that mask. Let meh see yeh.”

Optimus lifted the saboteur easily and placed the smaller bot onto his lap. Jazz watched eagerly as the ever-present mask split down the middle and disappeared into Optimus’ helmet.

“Beautiful.” Jazz sighed, just before a thick glossa made a tentative foray between his parted lips. He had known Orion Pax well, and missed seeing that gorgeous face plate. It was not quite the same, of course. Fuller in keeping with his upgraded frame. It was more mature somehow. But the innocence that had made him fall in love with Orion Pax was still there in his azure optics. They were so open, so expressive.

Jazz fell in love with him all over again.

He felt a shiver run through that large frame as they kissed and caressed one another. And then Optimus froze. His optics blinked as he watched the mechs in the far corner. Jazz turned and gasped at the erotic sight. Hound had Tracks on the floor and was pounding into him.

Prime pulled Jazz closer as their pelvic plating rubbed together, his voice trembling. “Make me feel, Jazz. Let me know that I am alive.”

“Anythin’ yeh need, OP,” whispered Jazz in return, nuzzling his neck cables. “Anythin’.”

“Make love to me.” Optimus kissed him again. “Jazz, please, I want to feel you inside me.”
“You want me ta… Oh, Optimus,” gasped the Porsche kissing him passionately in return. “I’ve wanted this, wanted yeh fer so long.”

Quite suddenly Prime stood and lifted the smaller mech bridle style. The massive bot was still very unsteady as he carried his TIC back to his quarters.

Jazz wrapped his arms around Prime’s neck and held on for dear life as they bumped against the corridor walls like a pinball. A few moments later they entered Optimus’ spacious, though spartanly furnished quarters. Once inside the big bot stumbled and fell onto the huge berth. Fortunately, he managed to twist himself around so that he fell on his back instead of on top of the comparatively small mech. For which Jazz was grateful.

Jazz remembered that he giggled as he straddled his leader’s broad chest plates. “Now I got yeh right where I want yeh,” he said, leaning in for another kiss.

Jazz could almost feel warm metal against his lip plates and beneath his servos as remembered kissing and caressing his way down the other mech’s torso. Very soon he had found himself comfortably between those long legs. “Open fer meh,” he coaxed, stroking the raised blue metal. The heated panel immediately retracted. Jazz gasped as he watched that spike rise before him.

Prime’s spike was big. Really, really big. It had a broad, flared head and ridges along the top and bottom.

Just like his.

Those were very expensive, specialized upgrades, usually only seen on high class pleasure bots. Jazz’s own spike and valve enhancements had been a ‘gift’ from Sentinel Prime, to himself. Sick Fragger.

How had Optimus ended up with them?

The saboteur stared at Prime’s exquisite spike, thinking just how lucky he was to be there. Finally, his own interface array reminded him that the reasons behind the changes were not important.

He was in Optimus Prime’s berth!

Deciding it was high time he got back to the business at hand, he leaned forward and let his glossa taste the droplets of transfluids that had begun to leak from the thick head, while his clever fingers wrapped around the base.

To his surprise those transfluids tasted amazing. Sweet like an energon treat! That was odd, but very welcome. He enjoyed giving oral, but the transfluids normally had little taste at all. Neither good nor bad, just bland.

He happily licked, sucked and stroked the delicious spike. When he tried to deep throat it, he could not quite get all of it in his intake. Jazz hummed while Optimus arched and moaned.

Very quickly it became too much and Optimus overloaded with a cry of pure ecstasy. The saboteur recalled that his own intense climax had caused his vision to go white and to his surprise, he heard a burst of static on the recording.

Primus, that overload had almost knocked him offline.

It was strange, he recalled at the time having a vague feeling the there was something he was missing, but staring down at Optimus’ aroused frame, he really had not cared.
“Wow!” Jazz panted. He opened his own interface panel and allowed the transfluids and his aching spike to escape. “Never been so excited I shot off like that from just suckin someone,” he panted. “Didn’t even touch mehself.” But to his surprise neither of them had begun to soften after that spectacular overload. Both of their spikes were still hard and ready for more.

It was then that his attention was drawn to his Prime’s very wet valve, and to his surprise, a rear port. Something that was almost never seen on a Grounder. “Primus,” he gasped licking his transfluid strained dermas. “Didn’t know yeh had one a’ those.” He delved into the second opening with his fingers.

Mechs with that sweet extra feature had once been in high demand on Cybertron for porn vids.

“Please,” Optimus moaned as he pressed his array against the teasing digits, craving more contact. “Need you, Jazz.”

“Yeh don’t have ta ask meh twice.” Jazz’s glossa traced the bio-lights around the slick lips of Prime’s, unknown to him, virgin valve.

Optimus spread his legs wider, drawing up his knees. “Please,” he moaned. “Please, Jazz.”

Unable to wait any longer, Jazz line up his spike with Prime’s valve. The Porsche had always been well proportioned for his frame type. His spike was almost a perfect copy of Optimus’, smaller of course. At least, until he used those upgrades Sentinel had given him. They included a very popular alteration for smaller bots. His spike could increase in length and girth enough to give pleasure even to a mech the size of his Prime.

Everything was perfect…

And that was where it all went wrong.

Jazz was too inebriated and excited to realize that the mech beneath him winced in pain as his valve was breached.

Since the seal was situated a short distance inside the valve channel it could not be seen from the outside, the only way that he could have known was if he had used his fingers in to stretch Prime’s valve first.

Such a simple thing that he would have done had he only known at the time that Optimus was a virgin.

Jazz continued to thrust in and out, unaware that he caused any discomfort. Optimus gripped the sides of the berth the first few times the fully expanded spike slid in and out of his valve. But soon the slight pain was forgotten as never touched sensor nodes sent waves of pleasure through his frame. The big mech soon moaned in that sexy low voice and moved in counterpoint to his lover’s rhythm.

It did not take long for both to overload again. Jazz was almost blinded by the intense burst of light and overwhelming sensation radiated from Optimus. And again, static burst over his speakers. At the time, his high grade addled processor dismissed it, sure that it was just a powerful overload.

What was that?

According to his chronometer it was almost an hour later when he woke. Jazz was sprawled over Optimus, and did not really wanting to move. Except that he had hoped that he could persuade the mech beneath him to go another few rounds. He sat up and looked over his still recharging Prime.
He reached out to gently wake Optimus for round two. Maybe he could take a nice long ride on that gorgeous spike?

Until he happened to glance down at himself.

“Primus!” he gasped. His spike was covered with dried transfluids, lube… and energon.

A lot of energon.

Then he saw Optimus’ valve. He cringed as he noted that it looked swollen and sore, and had even more dried energon on it. “No… I just… Oh Primus, what have I done?”

Jazz recalled the panic in his spark as he scooted back off the berth, helm still shaking back and forth in denial. “I didn't know,” he whispered. Optimus had been a virgin. That was obvious now. Jazz had just taken his seal with all the gentleness and care of a zap-horse stallion mounting a mare.

He felt sick. The thought of speaking to Optimus, of looking his Prime in the optics after what he had done filled him with dread. His high grade addled processor screamed at him to get away.

To his shame, he ran.

A small voice in his processor had tried to console him. To remind him that he could not have known. Optimus begged Jazz to face him. But he dismissed those thoughts. He would not allow himself to wiggle out of this.

Several hours later Jazz sat in the monitoring room, watching on a screen as the internal cameras recorded for posterity every hung over and ashamed Autobot as the inhabitants of Ark began to stir. (He had already erased all the footage of he and Optimus, both in the rec room and corridors, from the hard drive.) Many a mech had to stutter an apology and make a hasty exit from somewhat embarrassing circumstances. Particularly, Mirage and Red Alert who were discovered in the Command Center in a very compromising position indeed.

Several gallons of cadmium-cream and manacles were involved.

Most mechs dragged themselves to the rec room for some energon. Fortunately, only the first few to enter were treated to the sight of Hound and Tracks sprawled in a corner sporting lubricant and transfluid stained plating.

For several months after the party Jazz tried to gather the courage to talk to Optimus. He did not know that he had sparked his Prime, but he still felt guilty about hurting him. He let other things distract him. Eventually he just let it go. He was sure too much time had passed and Optimus would not want to hear anything he had to say.

Besides, he never thought that he had a chance with Optimus.

He had fallen in love with the red and blue mech long before he became Prime. Orion Pax had been even younger than Bee and Bluestreak were now when they met. It was probably a good thing too. That was yet another reason not to turn his full seductive charms on Orion. Primus, there were times he had felt guilty about even being attracted to him. And not just because of their age difference.

When they met, Jazz had belonged to Sentinel Prime.

He was once Sentinel Prime’s personal weapon and frag toy. The old Letcher liked having lots of mechs in his berth, usually at the same time. But Jazz had the dubious distinction of being Sentinel’s
favorite.

The saboteur had been sparked in the Badlands outside of Kaon long before the Great War. His people were considered the refuse of Cybertronian society. Nothing but a bunch of uneducated scavengers. Some were almost feral.

When Sentinel Prime’s agents came recruiting, Jazz had jumped at the chance to get away from his barren homeland and try for something better. They promised that those who volunteered for the newly formed Special Ops unit would receive a first-class education and be well paid. And more important, they would have a place in society.

An impossible dream for a casteless mech from the Badlands.

That part was not a lie. Special Ops operatives lived in comparative luxury. They were respected, even feared by other mechs. But the price was high. While they received a first-class education, and had more shanix than they knew what to do with, they quickly learned that they would not just be gathering intelligence.

They were being trained as assassins.

When it came to killing, Jazz was a natural. By the time their initial training was over he could use just about any weapon ever created. Eventually did use most of them as well as his bare servos to eliminate his targets. His kills numbered in the thousands. He had the now deceased Prime to thank for his upgraded spike, valve and interface enhancement programing. No pleasure bot ever created had a better technic then Jazz.

It aroused Sentinel Prime to have his assassins come to his berth fresh from a kill and use them like rent bots.

He had been in a very dark place back then. Jazz slaughtered Sentinel’s enemies, usually Decepticons, but occasionally dissident Autobots. Sometimes literally with energon dripping from his servos, he would be used to satisfy the mech’s very twisted desires. Jazz did not want to think what he would have become if his old friend Ratchet had not introduced him to Orion Pax.

Even though he was attracted to Orion and quickly fell in love with the sweetly naive mech, he had promised himself he would not act on that attraction. Orion was so very innocent and Jazz was tainted. He would keep his love for Orion Pax a secret. Be his friend and protector, but that was all.

Sometimes he used to commiserate with Omega Supreme over a (large) cube of High Grade about their shared, but impossible, love for Optimus.

His vow became stronger after Orion was chosen by the Matrix. He had convinced himself that the noble, gentle Prime was too good for the likes of him.

Jazz stayed true to his promise until the night of the party when he and Optimus became overcharged, resulting in the birth of their sparkling.

Optimus might not remember that night but Jazz did. What that recording confirmed was that when he was under the influence of the high grade, Optimus had come looking for the saboteur. When his inhibitions were brought down and his usually tightly controlled emotions broke free, Optimus Prime had wanted desperately to be with Jazz.

At first, he had tried not to think about that. But now he knew in his spark that it changed everything.
Sentinel Prime had been rusting in his tomb for millions of years. The less said about how and why he was there, the better. The sick slagger had no power over him anymore. Jazz had changed much since those dark days. He had made himself something more than an assassin or a frag toy. He was head of Special Ops, Third in Command of the Autobots.

Together, literally against all odds, he and Optimus had created a beautiful sparkling. He might not consider himself a particularly religious mech, but a casteless mech from the Badlands had created that amazing new spark with the Prime. That had to be a sign from Primus.

The Priests used to say that Primus put all mechs in their proper place, and they were meant to stay there. But what would they say about this? Maybe along with saving them from extinction, Orion’s birth could once and for all ending the influence of those damned Functionalists.

All this lead him to another conclusion. One he had been too blind to see. Optimus loved him. More than that, the stubborn, self-sacrificing mech needed him. His Prime needed him, as did his sparkling. It was his duty to care for them.

Optimus loved him and he loved Optimus. They were meant to be together, and Jazz would be damned to the Pit before he allowed that bucket-helmed egomaniac to get between them.

To be continued...

Chapter End Notes

Note – For those that did not see it in the comments last chapter, yes, there will be a sequel to this story. This is one very active muse.

Next Chapter – Ratchet and Optimus talk and the Science team gets to work.
Ratchet sat opposite Optimus in the med bay. The two had not spoken since they left the very tense staff meeting.

It was the medic that finally broke the silence. “Optimus, I want to hear in your own words why you are convinced that no one would want to interface with you.”

Optimus answered with a shrug. “I do not understand why you believe this is important, Ratchet? I told you, I do know about interfacing.”

“I am sure you got the basics at the learning center. But the mechanics of it are not what we need talk about. You have suppressed your needs and desires to the point that you have convinced yourself they do not exist. You are a mech, just like the rest of us, Optimus. You need companionship.”

“I have companionship.”

“Yes, you play chess with Prowl, have target practice with Ironhide. You sit in the rec room and watch the younger bots play Earth video games or you play basketball. Nothing passed basic social interaction. No one really touches you. And that is why I am concerned. You are afraid to be close to anyone, to let down your guard. I did not allow myself to see it before, but it is so fragging obvious now.” Ratchet reached out and placed a servo over his Prime’s.

His spark constricted as he felt the other mech flinch so very slightly at the touch. “It is always in the back of your processor that being touched ends in pain.”

Optimus shook his helm. “I know that my friends will not hurt me.”

“And yet you still flinch when you are not the one to initiate physical contact.” Ratchet sighed, but did not remove his servo. He felt the very slight tremors that Optimus was attempting to suppress.

“Primus,” he whispered. “You are not just afraid, you are terrified. I believed that you had dealt with the trauma inflicted on you in your mechling-hood. But all you have done is try to bury it and
that is not healthy. Your creators hurt you, Optimus. They were very sick mecha that came to hate you almost as much as they hated each other. And that is where it all started, isn’t it? If your own creators could not love you, how could anyone else?”

Moist blue optics looked away.

“Forgive me, Optimus, I should have seen this long ago. But you are so strong. Despite what happened, you are a kind and caring mech. Some bots would have become bitter and angry if they went through what you did. Some might even become abusers themselves. But you have always fought to protect those that were not strong enough to fight for themselves. You put your function on the line for people you do not even know. Yet, you act as if you did not deserve that same protection. I did not realize how much their abuse damaged your self-image.”

“None of this really matters, Ratchet,” Optimus insisted.

“Yes, it does. Optimus, you need to understand and accept that they were sick mechs. The way they treated you is wrong and had nothing to do with anything that you could possibly have done.”

“But I must have done something,” said Optimus. That had always been in the back of his processor. Surely, he must have angered them somehow. Why else would they have punished him?

“Tell me something, Optimus. Could Orion ever do anything that would make you withhold his fuel for days or strike him?”

“I could never do that,” gasped Optimus, utterly horrified. “He is just an innocent mechling!”

“So were you.”

Blue optics blinked. Somehow, throughout his entire existence, the red and blue mech had never thought of it in that way. “I was sure that it was me. That they would not have done those things if I had not angered them.”

“It was not you. It was never you. Optimus Prime, you are worthy of being loved. You are loved by every Autobot on this planet. Not only as our leader, our friend and our protector. You also need to understand that you are a physically attractive mech. One that inspires very strong feelings of desire in those around you. Unfortunately, that includes Megatron.” The medic squeezed his Prime’s servo gently.

“I know this is somewhat overwhelming, but I am afraid that you must begin to come to terms with this. Even if the situation with Megatron had not come up, because of Orion, we would be here having a talk. I have been refreshing my knowledge of sparkling care. And there is something you will have to deal with sooner rather than later. This was almost never an issue before the war unless a sire or carrier somehow off-lined in the first few months after emergence. Sparklings need two creators to bond with. Orion must form a sire bond soon or he will begin to have spark problems. The lack of a sire bond will eventually endanger his function.”

To be honest, Ratchet was still shocked that Optimus had survived his youngling hood.

Obviously, his creators’ hatred for each other had not fully manifested when Optimus and his brothers were born. At least the bond with him had held until young Orion Pax had been strong enough to survive when it was severed. There was no trace of a creator bond left by the time Ratchet first met him.

It was likely that it was not a sudden traumatic break. For such a young mechling to survive, it must have faded slowly. Dying by inches as his creators’ hatred for one another grew ever stronger.
“Primus,” whispered Optimus. His servos pulled his servo away from Ratchet’s and clutched his own chest plates. “I cannot endanger my sparkling. What must I do?”

“You must choose a mate. For that mech to be able to form a proper sire bond, you and he will have to merge and form a bond.”

It did not even have to be a permanent spark bond. Those two strong adult sparks linked to the sparkling. They completed circuit that would anchor that little spark. Its physical, emotional and intellectual growth was tied directly to those sparks.

That was another reason Ratchet truly believed that for Optimus to have survived into mechling hood, Primus had watched over him from the beginning.

Optimus wrung his servos nervously. “Ratchet, you know that I cannot take any Autobot as mate. Not now. Even if there were someone that would accept me, Megatron will be watching. The cassettes and Soundwave are monitoring all our activities around the Ark, just as we observe them. There have been no incursions into the base, but they are always close by. Everyone would feel a growing bond, and if one mech were to say anything while they were outside the Ark, the Decepticons will know. If Megatron thinks I have rejected him...”

“Bastard thinks he has a win, win situation,” Ratchet fumed. “He uses the possibility of peace to coax you into his berth and if that fails, he will try to take you by force. The only positive is that we know what he is up to. He cannot try to fool you into thinking he is a decent mech.”

“I do not believe any mech is all bad,” said Optimus. “Even Megatron. From the beginning, he and those like him were treated as property to be bought, sold, used and discarded. You talk about my self-image, but think of what that kind of existence can do to a mech? Maybe,” he said softly. “Maybe love can change him?”

“Are you serious?” countered Ratchet. “This is not just an intellectual exorcise for Prowl or a badly done vid drama about a scarred but noble spark. Megatron is the one that started this war. You must consider all the ramifications of making him Lord High Protector. Not just for you, though Primus knows that will be traumatic enough. This will also affect Orion and every other Autobot. It could affect the entire fragging universe.”

“That is what I am considering. We have seen that Megatron treats those not like him as enemies to be conquered. But I can show him a better way.”

“You sound as if you are trying to talk yourself into accepting Megatron. That slagger should not even be in consideration to be Lord Protector. He does not deserve you. Do not submit to that glitch just because you think it is for the greater good. Whatever the frag that is,” grumbled Ratchet. “We will find a way to get you out of this dilemma. I’ll remove the vocalizers of every Autobot on the planet if that is what it takes to keep Megatron from finding out if you take an Autobot as mate. There are almost two dozen mechs on this base that would jump at the chance to be with you, Optimus. Good mechs that want you for yourself, not as a trophy or a means to power.”

Optimus sighed. “I guess I am trying to talk myself into bonding with Megatron. I... There are circumstances that you are not aware of, Ratchet. Please, promise me you will not tell anybot. I do not want to upset the others, but the Matrix spoke to me during the meeting.”

“That was why you zoned out? It has not done that since before we left Cybertron.” Ratchet looked at his Prime, feeling the apprehension rolling off his chassis. That is when the light dawned. “Unicron’s ball bearings! Is that why you are trying to find some good in Megatron? That blasted relic told you to make Megatron your Lord Protector!” gasped Ratchet.
“Not in so many words,” admitted Optimus. “The Ancient Primes said that I hold the key to our fate as a species. I must bind the wounds of the war or Orion could be the last of us. It said that all must become one. As far as I can see, the only way to do that is to bond with Megatron.”

“There has to be another way, Optimus,” said Ratchet gently.

“What if there is not?”

Ratchet put a servo on his shoulder. At least Optimus did not flinch this time. “You know that the things the Matrix says are always cryptic and open to interpretation. Please, do not give up. Megatron has no claim on you. And that fragging relic has no right to expect you to do this.”

“I admit that there is a part of me that is hoping I am misinterpreting what it said. But the idea of being mated to Megatron is not what is wrong, not really,” said Optimus softly. “I harbor some trepidation about interfacing with anyone. As I told you, I fear what would happen if I lost control. I could cause grievous harm to anyone that I tried to touch in that way, even Megatron. You have seen me in battle. I have killed mechs with my bare servos, Ratchet.”

“Optimus, you do not remember your first interface, but think about this. You were overcharged that night. Completely out of control. Yet you did not harm Jazz, and he is not even half your size or strength,” noted Ratchet. “The heat of battle is very different than the heat of passion.”

“You really think so, Ratchet?”

“I know you. You are the gentlest mech I have ever met. I just cannot believe that you could ever lose control like that. You need to trust yourself. Trust your spark. You can find a mech that will make you happy.”

“My happiness is not important, Ratchet. The moment the Matrix was placed in my chest, I stopped being just a mech. I am the Prime. I must do what is right for everyone.”

Ratchet shook his helm. “That is a load of scrap. Your feelings are very important. Look at your own situation as a mechling. Your creators hated one another. You know what that can do to a sparkling. You cannot expose Orion to that. Please, do not allow yourself to be pushed into making a decision you will regret for the rest of your function.”

“The difference is that I do not hate Megatron. And, despite our long history of war, I do not think that he hates me. As you keep saying, he does find me attractive. Maybe that will be enough?”

After a moment of uncomfortable silence, the medic sighed. “You do not have to make any decisions right now. Megatron has not made known his intention to court you and,” he was hesitant to mention this, but Orion’s life could depend on it. “If you encourage Jazz to interact with Orion, it will hold off the effects of the lack of a sire bond. Their sparks already have a tentative connection.” Not his first choice, but even if Optimus did not end up bonding with Jazz, letting him stay close would keep the bitlet’s spark from being too strained for a few months. Eventually he would need a true sire bond, but this would keep Optimus from being forced into anything.

Like Megatron’s berth.

“Jazz does seem to enjoy spending time with Orion. If he knows how serious the situation is, I am sure he will make as much time for him as is needed,” Optimus assured. It did warm his spark to see how much Jazz loved their sparkling.

“That would be best. And now, since I have you here, I need to give you a thorough physical examination. Including your entire reproductive systems, spike and valve.” He frowned at the way
Optimus flinched. “Perceptor, Skyfire are waiting to run some tests of their own on you and Jazz. Although they must spend most of their time working on a defense against the Ground Bridge, the three of us need to get some data so we can try to find out how you and Jazz were cured. We must be able to show some progress to keep the Decepticons from getting anxious.”

Several hours later, Jazz sat (uncomfortably) in front of the Science team consisting of Wheeljack, Perceptor, Ratchet and Skyfire as they looked at him expectantly. Not for the first time, the saboteur wished he had Mirage’s ability to turn invisible.

He and Optimus had both been scanned, poke, prodded, probed, and scanned some more.

At least their Prime was left out of this particularly embarrassing part. As was Chip. He did want to help them find a cure, but they thought the poor human might faint if things became too graphic.

Personally, Jazz would rather go through the physical again.

It was decided since he had no memory of the night of the party, questioning Optimus on it would be a waste of time for everyone. Meaning Jazz found himself alone with the quartet of eager scientists.

They were all more comfortable not subjecting their Prime to this.

“I know this is not exactly going to be pleasant for you, Jazz,” began Skyfire. “But, we need to know everything that happened the night of the party. Even the smallest detail could be important.”

“Can you start at the beginning?” asked Perceptor. “Did you and Optimus do anything unusual together?” asked Perceptor. Jazz raised an optic ridge as the scientist continued. “There has to be some reason that you are both fertile. We have examined everything in the Ark, checked over all the mission reports from that time period. The only unexplained variable that ties the two of you together is that you interfaced the night of the party.”

“There is somethin,” said Jazz. “I have an audio recording o’ that night. Hadn’t been able ta bring myself ta listen ta it till a little while ago. There’s somethin kinda weird on it. Twice there are bursts o’ static. First when I, ah… sucked OP’s spike…”

“Did you swallow?” asked Wheeljack, jotting down every word.

“Seemed the polite thing ta do,” quipped Jazz. “But that time, n’ when weh overloaded while I spiked him, the recordin has a couple seconds o’ static. I remember the first time, I overloaded without any stimulation. But meh spike was still hard. So was Optimus’. N’ when weh overloaded again, everythin’ went white. Knocked meh right out. Thought it was just the high grade n’ an intense overload. I was pretty messed up. But now, I ain’t so sure.”

“Percy and Jackie, you examine the recording,” said Ratchet as he looked at the other mechs. “I think we all already had the same suspicion as to where this would lead.”

“It is the cyber-pachyderm in the room,” noted Skyfire.

“The one glaring difference between Optimus Prime and every other Cybertronian. The Matrix,” confirmed Perceptor. “Ratchet, do you think it somehow reacted when Optimus overloaded?”

“It is a strong possibility. Optimus admitted to me that night was the first time he had ever overloaded,” nodded Ratchet. “Primus. This is going to be embarrassing for him. To test this theory, we are going to need to have him overload under scientifically controlled circumstances.”
“That really necessary, Ratch?” asked Jazz. His tanks twisted at the thought of Optimus being subjected to anything so fragging humiliating.

“We can set up all the equipment in a private room. It can all be done remotely. No one would be there with him. That should help,” Wheeljack suggested. “We will need to test several parameters. First just an overload. If that yields no result, we will need to have Optimus drink some high grade before overloading. We may end up having to ask him to ingest enough to become overcharged, but I want to see if just the presence of it in his system will cause a reaction.”

“Optimus has never even self-serviced,” sighed Ratchet. “I seriously doubt he will be able to bring himself off under these circumstances.”

“We can use neural stimulators,” suggest Perceptor. “Attach them to his helm to stimulate the pleasure receptors in his processor and all he will need to do is lay back and relax.”

“Alright, let’s get started.” Ratchet stood and began to move towards the door. He stopped to put a servo on the saboteur’s shoulder. “Jazz, go ahead and download the recording to Percy. That should be all we need from you for now. Go get yourself some energon. In fact, you should go spend some time with Orion. If this causes Optimus distress, he might feel it and become upset. Your spark can calm him.”

“Sure thing,” Jaz said as he walked glumly towards Perceptor.

Ratchet watched him go, then stood. “Let’s get everything set up, then I will go collect Optimus.”

When the equipment was ready Ratchet brought Optimus in and had him lay down on the berth. The larger mech’s field pulse with apprehension as Ratchet attached three small pads to him helm. They were connected to curled wires that feed into a monitor behind him.

The medic placed a servo on his arm and squeezed it reassuringly. “This will not be uncomfortable. In fact, it should feel very good. When we turn them on, the neural stimulators will cause you to become aroused. Your spike will harden and valve begin to lubricate. Just open the panel of your interface array so your spike can extend. If you feel the need to touch yourself, do not be ashamed. There are no cameras in here, just sensors to monitor for visible light and energy sources.”

“You are sure this is necessary?” Optimus sounded like a sparkling that did not want to take bad tasting medication. It broke Ratchet’s spark that Optimus’ first sober taste of pleasure would be like this. He really wished now that he had more psychological training.

“We have eliminated every other variable. The only thing we can think of that could have caused the change in you and Jazz is the Matrix. We are rather limited in what we can do, unless you can get it to give us some information?” he asked hopefully.

“The Matrix is very active. Has been since about three weeks before Orion was born,” signed Optimus, sounding a little frustrated. “But, it only spoke the one time. I get no coherent answers when I try to meditate.”

“I wish we could make this easier for you, Optimus. Primus, I hate it that you are being forced to do something that makes you this uncomfortable.”

“If doing this will lead to our people being able to create again, I will do what I must,” said Optimus stoically.
Ratchet leaned down and kissed his helm. “Just remember, what you will feel, the pleasure in your array is natural and nothing to be afraid of. It will be a little messy. There are cleaning cloths on the table beside the berth.”

When Ratchet exited the room, Optimus was left alone with his thoughts.

The first pulse from the stimulators made him jump. He gasped as a very strange feeling washed over him. His interface panel slid aside of its own volition and his spike rose to its full height.

It still shocked him. He had seen it before when in the wash rack, but he had never touched his spike for more than to run a cleaning cloth over it.

He always tried not to think about it. When his coding and frame were upgraded by Vector Sigma his plain rod had been changed into this… Strange looking thing. And he now had a secondary port as well as a valve.

Primus, why had he been altered like that?

Ratchet had been surprised by it, although he assured the nervous mech that there was nothing wrong or odd about anything that was done to him.

The rear port was a simple addition to compensate for his increased mass. He needed to vent much more heat than he had when he was an average sized laborer. Ratchet could not completely explain Vector Sigma’s decision to upgrade his spike and valve. ‘These upgrades are specifically for interfacing. Eventually, when you are with another mech, you can use give them a lot of pleasure. What was done to your interface array are some very special upgrades. You should know that if word of this got around, it would make you even more desirable to other mechs.”

He whimpered as his spike swelled even more. Ratchet might think it good, but that monstrosity was enormous. Optimus was grateful that for whatever reason, he had been passive during the night he interfaced with Jazz. What if he had tried to put that ‘thing’ in Jazz? He felt sick at how badly he could have harmed his dear friend.

Soon he gripped the sides of the berth as his arousal intensified. This was to keep from ripping the wires from his helm. Fear raced through his frame more than equal to the arousal. Too much! The waves of pleasure were more than he could stand.

And suddenly the Matrix sent calming pulsed in time with his arousal. It felt as if he were being very gently caressed. ‘Beloved of Primus,’ came the gentle whisper. ‘Accept the pleasure.’

His chassis relaxed even as the sensations built. His valve calipers rippled and sensor nodes that he had never known he had flared to life. As if something were sliding in and out of his valve. “Primus,” he gasped, arching his back struts off the berth.

Was this what it had felt like when he and Jazz interfaced? Had he writhed like this beneath that sleek black and white mech?

As the pleasure intensified, a very small, almost ashamed voice in his processor asked, ‘Is this what it would feel like with Megatron?’

The pulses came faster. Optimus moaned as his frame reacted to the stimuli. Too much! Not enough!

He was rushing a breakneck speed towards something and then he fell. Hard. A deep, low cry from his vocalizer pierced the air as he climaxed.
Vents heaving, Optimus shivered as he touched the transfluids that covered his torso from his overload. His windshield was splattered with the stuff. Also, thick lubricant stained the berth beneath him where his valve had leaked copiously.

Interfacing was a very messy business. He was grateful that Ratchet had left a good supply of cleaning cloths.

Not far away, Perceptor monitoring the experiment in the control room. He had been hard pressed to keep his perspective scientific and professional as he listened to the amazing sounds coming from his Prime. His fans were whirring. To his embarrassment, he almost overloaded himself as Optimus gave that last cry.

That mech’s voice was a weapon of mass arousal.

It took him several moments of panting to get himself under control enough to read and begin to analyze the data. As calmly as he could muster he commed his fellow scientists. ‘We did have a definite reaction from the Matrix, but it was not even close to what we were hoping for. There were slightly elevated readings during the entire process and a definite spike from the Matrix when Optimus climaxed,’ he said with as much professionalism as he could muster. ‘But there was not the kind of powerful energy surge that would cause the disruption on the recording.’

‘Not too surprising, I suppose,’ replied Ratchet as he stood outside the room where Optimus was busy cleaning himself. ‘I suggest that we stop the experiment for today. This is difficult for Optimus. He needs to rest. And spend some time with Orion.’

‘Are you sure that we cannot do one more test?’ asked Wheeljack.

‘Yes. I am sure. It is a terrible thing that being given pleasure is traumatic for Optimus. I stayed plugged into the monitor on Optimus’ vitals. They are still much too high. He needs to calm down and relax.’ Ratchet sighed. With luck, they could find the answer quickly. Without too many more tests.

‘I agree with Ratchet,’ added Skyfire. ‘We can analyze the data we have so far and decided on the exact parameters needed to conduct the next tests when Optimus must drink the high grade.’

‘You are right,’ Wheeljack admitted. ‘Once Ratchet gives Optimus a last check lets meet and start on that data.’

Ratchet knocked on the door of the chamber. ‘Are you ready for me to come in, Optimus?’ he commed on the big mech’s private channel.

‘Yes, although I think I will need a trip to the wash racks before I go out in public.’

‘Come out. We had one set up down the hall. Science can be a little messy sometimes,’ commed Ratchet. A moment later a very subdued and still sticky Optimus stepped into the corridor. “Come on. The hot solvent will make you feel better,” said the medic.

Poor Optimus looked so lost. Ratchet fervently hoped they could figure out how he and Jazz were cured quickly.

Then all Optimus would have to worry about would be finding a mech to form a sire bond with Orion, keeping out of Megatron’s clutches and avoiding Director Mearing.

Optimus needed a vacation.
To be continued.

Chapter End Notes

Next Time - Orion meets his first Decepticon.
Skywarp knew he should not be there.

Thundercracker and Starscream would be very cross if they knew. But then, they considered him flighty and irresponsible.

Admittedly, he was.

Sometimes.

However, the purple jet was not nearly so oblivious as he sometimes seemed. Skywarp knew that he was seriously jeopardizing the ceasefire by doing this. And yet he found himself flying low over the desert near the Ark.

Soundwave had mapped the limits of Teletran-1’s sensors in the area. He had plotted the course of the super non-sentient computer’s spy satellites that continually recorded the area surrounding the Autobot ship. He was not quite in the red zone yet.

There was still time to turn back.

He had not crossed into Autobot territory. Yet.

He slowed, transforming in midair so that he hit the ground on his peds. “I should not do this,” he said aloud. “This is crazy.”

Yes, it was crazy.

A large jackrabbit was the only one to hear the loud ‘Bamf!’ sound that always accompanied a warp. Unsure what sort of predator that strange noise came from, the jackrabbit bolted for his hole.

Outside the Ark, Windcharger would have been happy to join the jackrabbit. Quit suddenly, a Decepticon Seeker, who was easily three times his size, appeared right in front of him. He almost
dropped the blaster he had been holding casually against his shoulder in his hast to point it at the Decepticon.

“Hey, whoa, there little Autobot,” said Skywarp, quickly raising his empty servos over his helm. “I come in peace.”

“Just do not move,” gulped the red minibot as he sent a frantic com over the emergency channel. He was too freaked out to take offence at being called ‘little’. Something that would usually rate the offending mech swift kick to the knee joint.

“Let’s just keep our cool. OK. See, this is me not moving,” the Seeker assured, while keeping absolutely still. As if he did not need a reason not to move, he saw Prime’s little turret symbiot’s missiles were pointed at his spark.

“Primus,” gasped Sunstreaker as he came running out of the entrance to the Ark with his brother. “One of the fragging Command Trine really is here on our doorstep.” He noted as they moved to either side of the purple Seeker. “I thought you were glitching, Windcharger.”

“Just get over here and point your blaster at him,” countered the minibot, optics never leaving the purple menace.

“So, you come to surrender, Deceptijerk?” asked Sideswipe drawing his own blaster and moving in concert with his brother to flank the Seeker.

“Ouch,” said Skywarp with mock anguish. “You really hurt my feelings with that one, Autodork.”

“I think it’s time for some Jet Judo. What do you say, Sunny,” growled the red twin.

“That will be enough, Sideswipe.” The deep, resonant voice of Optimus Prime caused all the mechs to turn towards the Ark entrance. Skywarp tried not to frown with disappointment as the big red and blue mech approached, surrounded by an entourage of scowling, well-armed, overprotective Autobot warriors. And no sparkling. ‘Don’t be silly. Of course, he would not have Orion with him to meet what could be a threat,’ he thought to himself glumly.

“Hi, Prime,” the Seeker grinned, doing his best to look non-threatening.

Optimus took a step closer, but stopped as he felt Ironhide’s field flare in alarm at the proximity of the crazy, unpredictable, and very dangerous Decepticon to his Prime. Optimus held up a servo motioning his mechs back. “We have a ceasefire, Skywarp. A very fragile one at the moment. Why have you come here?”

“Sorry. I am not trying to cause trouble. I just…” The Seeker looked down and shuffled his peds. “I wanted to see your sparkling.” He looked up at Optimus, his face plate hopeful. “Pretty please? I just want to see the little guy. I swear to Primus, I would never hurt him or anything.”

“You should go, now,” growled Cliffjumper, raising his blaster.

Skywarp sighed sadly and nodded, getting ready to warp.

“Wait a moment, Skywarp,” said Optimus. “You would like to see Orion? That is all?”

“Yes. We have pictures, but he is just so adorable. I wanted to see him up close. I kind of saw him before. I was there at the emergence. But everything was so confused and then Megatron ordered us to go. And he was all covered in blue gooey stuff. We really could not see him that well.”
“Do you carry any weapons?” asked Optimus.

“No, not a one. Scan my subspace,” added the Seeker hastily. His spark pounding with excitement.

Hound’s optics switched spectrums three times as he checked out the pocket of subspace beside the Decepticon, as well as the mech himself. “Not even a vibro-blade,” the tracker announced to the assembled Autobots.

“Alright, Skywarp. Follow me.” Optimus turned and began to walk back towards the Ark.

Unable to believe his luck, or keep the grin off his face plate, Skywarp followed close behind the Prime.

‘Are you sure about this?’ Red Alert asked Optimus over the com.

‘All I feel from Skywarp is excitement. I believe that this will help to ease tensions between our factions.’

After a few moments, the odd precession came to the rec room where Roller sat on one of the tables, holding Orion in his lap. Bumblebee, Cosmos and First Aid stood close by, warily eying the Decepticon.

“He is so cute,” said the Seeker as he entered the room.

“Come, Orion. We have a visitor,” Optimus said, holding out his arms.

‘Optimus?’ said symbiot nervously as he handed over the sparkling to his carrier.

“Everything will be alright,” the Prime assured every Autobot in the room as he lifted his mechling.

Orion blinked at the strangely colored mech. He had seen flyers, including the massive shuttle Skyfire, but none of the Autobots were even close to the dark purple color of the Decepticon. He also noted the symbols on his wings. That was new also. The Seeker’s wings flared in an unconscious display. He wanted to make a good impression.

With a sweet smile, Orion pointed at Skywarp and chirped. ‘Pretty wings!’

If anyone thought this was not a good idea, what happened next changed their processors immediately. One of the most dangerous of the Seekers cooed and waved at the sparkling with little tears of coolant in his optics.

‘I think his small spark just grew three sizes,’ Bumblebee commed to the assembled Autobots, flashing a grin. The others tried hard not to giggle.

“Hey, little guy,” Skywarp said waving at the sparkling. His wings flicked with joy.

Suddenly, Orion leaned over and used his little leg struts to push off his startled carrier’s torso.

Caught unaware, Optimus went into a full panic as his mechling launched himself into the air. There were shouts of alarm as the sparkling fell from his startled carrier’s arms, only to turn to gasps of surprise as Skywarp dropped to his knees and caught him. Weapons came out instantly, but it quickly became apparent that the Seeker was not going to harm, or attempt to kidnap Orion.

Skywarp shook as he held the tiny frame against his chassis. He panted a few times, then looked up at Optimus. “He’s OK. He’s fine. I have him.”
“So, I see,” confirmed Optimus, managing to quell his unease. He sent a general message to stand down. Every weapon was lowered and after a moment, returned to subspace. “It seems Orion is fond of purple.”

Skywarp had a huge grin on his face plate as he hugged the tiny mechling. Slowly he stood and looked at the Prime. “Thank you.” He hesitated, not wanting the moment to end, but with a sight move a little closer. “You should probably take him back.” The Seeker carefully set Orion into his carrier’s waiting arms.

Orion giggled and leaned back toward the Seeker. He touched his nasal ridge and said, “Beep!”

Windcharger chuckled and sent a general com as the Seeker all but melted into a deliriously happy puddle. ‘We have reached adorability overload.’

Meanwhile, just outside the Ark, Hound had volunteered to stay and keep watch at the entrance. Tracks promised to send him the footage of Skywarp’s cuteness meltdown later.

So, he was just leaning against the side of the Ark, enjoying what had turned out to be a beautiful day.

Until he noticed a pair of small forms moving slowly towards him. He shuttered his optics twice, just to be sure that they were not malfunctioning.

They were not. Two Decepticon casseticons, servos held high, were out in the open, walking right up to him. Hound was too shocked to remember that he probably should have pulled his blaster to cover them.

Gunner’s missiles turned swiftly to cover this new threat. He sent a puzzled pulse to Optimus. ‘Has the war started again?’

Rumble and Frenzy looked up at him with surprisingly hopeful optics. “Uh, hi,” Rumble flashed him a slightly embarrassed smile. “We weren’t here spying or nothing, but we happened to be in the neighborhood and noticed Skywarp going into the Ark to see the sparkling.”

“We were just wondering, um, you think Prime might let us see the little guy too?” asked Frenzy, flashing him a pair of big, innocent cyber-puppy optics.

An hour later Megatron received a call.

“Megatron,” said Optimus as he came into focus on the view screen.

“Prime, this is a pleasant surprise,” he noted, turning on the charm. “I did not expect to hear from you so soon.”

“Actually, I am contacting you because there is something has come up that we need to discuss,” began the Autobot. “It is not that I mind your mechs coming to see Orion. He enjoys meeting them. However, it would be best if they were to call ahead first.”

That took a moment to process. “My mechs are coming to the Ark?”

“As I said, I do not mind. However, the ceasefire is still new. Having them just appear outside the
Ark without warning could cause an incident. Also, it would be best if we can make sure they do not come while Orion is napping or refueling.”

Megatron was a bit taken aback by the revelation. But when he thought about it, he realized that he should have seen it coming. “Well, I did say that we needed to see how our mechs interacted when not shooting at one another,” he chuckled. “Do not worry, Optimus. I will make the announcement and have Soundwave contact you to coordinate their visits.”

“Thank you, Megatron,” said Optimus. Once his side of the link went black, Megatron chuckled. Primus was smiling on him today.

‘Soundwave,’ he sent a com to his spymaster. ‘Some of my soldiers have been sneaking over to the Ark for a look at the mechling. I believe this should be encouraged. Visiting the sparkling, obviously, not sneaking. You will coordinate with the Autobots to work out a schedule to keep things from getting out of hand. It seems we have inadvertently been handed a legitimate way into the Ark. I will make a general announcement. You make sure that every mech that goes is debriefed when they return. They should be encouraged to interact with the Autobots. Get them talking. They need not try to push for information, but even idle gossip from the Autobots could be valuable. It will also help me gage the mood of the Autobots once I make my intention to court Optimus known.’

‘Query,’ said Soundwave. ‘All Decepticons allowed?’

‘I will leave that to you, Soundwave. If you have the slightest doubt about Astrotrain, Blitzwing, the Stunticons or Combiticons, do not allow them near Prime or the sparkling.’

‘As you command, Lord Megatron,’ answered the Spymaster.

Later that same afternoon, fresh from a meeting with Prowl and Red Alert, Sparkplug Witwicki walked into the office complex that served as the administrative headquarters for NEST. Then he waited.

And waited.

After nearly three hours of sitting alone in a small interrogation room, complete with a large two-way mirror for the higher ups to observe him, the door opened. The tall nondescript man in black showed no emotion as he sat down opposite Sparkplug in the bare metallic room.

His Sector 7 handlers reminded him of Soundwave, except they were less emotional and demonstrative.

The older human wondered if this man or his cohorts would show any emotion if he whacked them repeatedly with a hammer. A course of action he had seriously considered on more than one occasion.

As always, the only furnishings were a metal table, two chairs, and the light. He could never forget that damned light that was always shining right in his eyes.

He had no doubt that the agent’s superiors were on the other side of the glass watching. And of course, every word he said was being recorded.

The agents each wore a pair of non-descript dark glasses to go with their plain non-descript black suit. The lights in the room were turned up so high that they made his eyes water. A sure sign they
wanted specific information. The roughneck shook his head and leaned back in his chair.

After five years did they really think they could intimidate him? Every time he was here he expected Will Smith and Tommy Lee Jones to step into the room. Honestly, it was hard to take these guys seriously.

“We need to have a talk about the new developments with your robot friends, Mr. Witwicky. Optimus Prime, has given birth to a small NBE. We need any information you have on how this occurred and why Megatron called a ceasefire.”

“Look, can we cut out the middleman?” Sparkplug looked straight at the mirror. “Director Mearing, why not come in here and ask me yourself?”

He had to admit that he was surprised when the door opened a moment later and she stalked in.

Sparkplug had no idea how she remained so steady on those spiked heels.

Mearing was, in his opinion, an attractive woman. Or she would be if it were not for the perpetual scowl that gave what should be pleasant features a stark, angry aspect.

While humans did not possess EM fields as Cybertronians did, according to the bots they could read strong emotions. That was the main reason they were stalling Mearing’s requests for a meeting with Optimus. With Orion being the only sparkling, they were all hyper aware of him. Their protector protocols were running high. Having someone radiating angry, if not downright hatred towards a vulnerable carrier and sparkling could put the annoying woman in danger.

She would have to wait until Orion was strong enough to spend more than an hour or two away from his creator so that Optimus could come to her.

Sparkplug leaned back in his chair as Mearing sat down opposite him. “Director. There is no need for the third degree. I am sure you read my report. Here is the short version. Optimus Prime had a baby, or sparkling, as they call it. The first to be born to their kind in millions of years. They are all pretty excited about the little guy, even the Decepticons.”

“Mr. Witwicki, I did see your report. It made very interesting reading. Although you were somewhat vague on a few points. One very important thing you neglected to mention was the identity of the… sire I believe was the term?” Mearing said coolly.

“There was suspect high grade involved. I told you about how Megatron and his bunch got wasted on some after they found that crashed Cybertronian ship with the weird power source. The stuff affects them the same way alcohol does humans. Lowered inhibitions, lapses in judgement. In this case, the high grade was homemade hooch created by their resident pranksters, Sunstreaker and Sideswipe. Don’t know what they did to it, but even bots that just had one cube were completely plastered,” noted the roughneck. “Most of the Autobots barely remember that night. Optimus did not even know he was pregnant, let alone who he had been with. Besides, when you get down to it, who did it does not matter to them. They all treat the little fellow as if he were theirs.”

There was some truth in that. The Autobots all loved Orion as if he was their own, and every single one of them would fight to the death to protect him.

Prowl and Red Alert had decided not to let the government know about Jazz just yet. They thought Optimus was safe, being beloved by the media and the general public. A dozen news organizations were already requesting interviews with Optimus and pictures of Orion. The footage from the security cameras of the dam showing his birth had already gone viral.
Jazz on the other hand could go missing much more easily if someone in the government wanted to either find out how robots could reproduce or try to make sure that Orion did not have any siblings by removing the only other fertile mech.

While the majority of Earth’s people liked having giant alien protectors, Mearing and others in the government did not trust them at all. Mirage and Jazz did periodic recon missions to their ally’s facilities and Blaster and Teletran-1 monitored communications.

Mirage could not fit in the interrogation room. They knew that from experience. But he could stay close and use his very cool spying devices to hear every word that was said, leaving Sparkplug’s handlers none the wiser. As he was doing at that very moment. Mirage was in the building, monitoring the situation to make sure Sparkplug was safe.

The Autobots were concerned. Blaster had heard some extreme paranoia coming from parts of the bureaucracy. They would be fools not to monitor the shadow agencies buried within the government that operated without the knowledge of the president or oversite from congress.

“We will get back to that. First, we need your expert opinion. You have spent a lot of time with our metal visitors. More important, you have had firsthand experience with the Decepticons and their leader. Do you believe that Megatron will honor the ceasefire?” asked Mearing.

“Any other time, I would say there was not a snowball’s chance in hell,” noted Sparkplug. “But in this case, I believe that he will.”

“Really?”

“Director, this is the most important thing you can tell the Suits in DC. Both the Autobots and Decepticons see this as the only chance for their species to avoid eventual extinction. A lot of them had never even seen young of their own kind. Prowl, the Autobot’s tactical genius, believes that Megatron could have a full-scale mutiny on his hands if he ordered an attack now. Some of the Decepticons have been sneaking over to the Ark, begging to get a look at little Orion. Including Skywarp, one of the Seekers from the Command Trine.” Even Red Alert had been amused by Skywarp’s visit, once he got over the shock.

The usually downbeat mech had even chuckled a few times as he told Sparkplug about it. That in itself was surprising.

Prowl thought this information would help to convince Mearing and her superiors that peace between the factions was possible.

“Orion,” the agent said blandly, once again reminding the roughneck a bit of Soundwave. “That is what they call the ‘sparkling’?”

“Yes.”

“All very interesting,” said Mearing. “But we are still a little unclear about how Optimus Prime became pregnant.” She had to force the word out.

“I told you what we know and I gave you Ratchet’s explanation, word for word,” said Sparkplug. He did not want to go over it again if he could help it. Way too much information.

“Yes. Hermaphrodite Robot sex…” she shuddered. Apparently, she was not exactly eager to go over it either.

“They are not human, Director,” Sparkplug reminded her and admittedly, himself. “We cannot
judge them by our standards.”

“True enough, although that is definitely not what I would have expected. This little incident puts a bit of tarnish on Optimus Prime’s halo. According to your report, if a cure is discovered more of them could give birth. Including many of the Decepticons. You believe this would end the war?”

“When you get right down to it, the war is already over, Director. Even if an official peace treaty has not been signed yet. Just about all of them want to have sparklings. And Ratchet said those sparklings would be dependent on the parents to some degree for about fifty Earth years. If his troops get sparked up, as they call it, Megatron will not be able to send those mechs into battle. They would very likely refuse to go in the first place. Besides, from some things that are being hinted at, sounds like the King Con has designs on Optimus.”

“Really?” Mearing raised a perfectly shaped eyebrow. “And this union would be acceptable to them?”

Sparkplug shrugged. After a lot of discussion, he, Red Alert and Prowl decided to let Sector 7 know about the Lord of the Decepticon’s desire for the Prime. Since Megatron intended to court Optimus, he would eventually start coming to the Ark on a fairly regular basis to meet with him. It was best to get that out in the open.

The last thing they needed was for the government types to think that the giant alien robots were plotting together against them.

“There are probably a few bots on either side that will object. The thing is, most of them are just tired of the war and want it to end. They want peace and they want children.”

Mearing nodded. “So, we are looking at the possibility of a royal wedding between Optimus Prime and Megatron to reintegrate the two factions.”

“From what Prowl tells me, bonding as they call it, between the leaders of warring factions has happened many times before in their history. And if that is what it takes to achieve a lasting peace, I have no doubt that Optimus would do it.”

Mearing sat in silence for several moments, then quite suddenly, she stood. “Thank you, Mr. Witwiki. That was a most illuminating discussion. I would like you to keep us appraised of everything that is happening at the Ark. Particularly if the Autobots manage to find a way to resort their fertility.”

“Of course, Director.”

When Sparkplug finally stepped outside he was not surprised when a bright yellow Volkswagen Beetle was sitting at the curb waiting for him. “Hi, Bee,” he said as the driver’s side door opened.

“Mirage said you needed a lift,” replied the mech brightly as the human eased himself into the very comfortable seat. “Grueling session, huh? Go ahead and take a nap if you need to. I’ll get you home.”

After such a long interrogation, he just wanted to sleep. Doing so inside another living being…

That part had taken a bit of getting used to. After first meeting the Autobots, seeing them as ‘people’, sitting inside them was kind of weird. At least for him. Spike and Chip never balked at it.

Sighing, he patted the armrest affectionately. “Thanks, Bee,” the human closed his eyes, knowing that he was completely safe in the care of his young alien friend.
Bumblebee wanted to talk to the human, but he could force himself to keep quiet. According to Mirage, poor Sparkplug had been put through the ringer by Mearing. There were very few humans that he did not like. She was one of them.

Something about her set his dentas on edge. She did not like them. Mearing would be very happy if every Cybertronian just disappeared.

Director Mearing intently watched a wall sized monitor as Sparkplug was driven away by Bumblebee. “Major Lennox,” she said, looking up at the tall dark-haired soldier standing to her right. “Do you believe him?”

“Yes,” said Lennox.

“I do not,” she said in a low voice. “Mr. Witwicki and his son are more loyal to Optimus Prime than they are to the human race, or their country. We have long suspected that he is editing his reports.”

Lennox shrugged. “I have read his reports. Everything he has said is easily verifiable.”

“Yes,” she frowned. “But often something seems to be missing. A lie of omission is still a lie.”

“Do you have any proof that he has deliberately falsifying his reports?” asked the Major.

“Never anything concrete,” she admitted.

“If you want info from the inside, Epps and I can get into the Ark. We have fought beside the Autobots for years. They trust us. We can talk to the rank and file soldiers and get a feel for what is going on. And I admit, I am curious about the whole baby robot thing.”

“You do that,” Mearing said, still staring down at her computer screen. Her computer geniuses were using traffic cameras to keep tabs on Bumblebee as he drove through the city. The little yellow Volkswagen, as always, scrupulously obeyed ever traffic law. He did not even fudge the speed limit.

That was one of the things that set her teeth on edge. The Autobots were all just too damned ‘nice’. No group of soldiers, even alien ones, could be made up of nothing but intergalactic boy scouts. Where were the antisocial loners? Where were the bitter drunks? Overzealous patriots that enjoyed the war and killing?

Those obnoxious aliens had to have some giant-sized skeletons in their closet and she was going to find them.

“Major, tell Optimus that I need to speak to him. My superiors are becoming very… cross. I need to speak directly to him. Soon. There are people in high places that think it is time that the Autobots leave Earth.”

“How would you explain it? Most of the general population of this planet love the Autobots. They like having cool transforming aliens among them. There are many that would welcome the Decepticons if they made friendly overtures. I’ve heard Soundwave has a fan club on the internet.”

“Idiots. They do not know what is good for them,” countered Mearing. “Or our world.”

“I’ll report back once I have spoken with Optimus,” Major Lennox said as he turned on his heels. He really wanted to get away from this woman. She made his skin crawl.
He always felt that he had more in common with the giant alien robots than with this woman and her paranoid superiors.

At that moment, he really wanted to be in the company of his battle brothers.

To be continued.

Chapter End Notes

Next time: Jazz finds himself getting a lot of unwanted attention and Optimus gets overcharged for science.

One quick note. I am having a little trouble with the next chapter. It is only about half completed and I may not have a lot of time to work on it over the next week. Do not be surprised if it is a couple of days late.
Jealousy

Chapter Summary

The Autobots are a bit divided on how they feel about Jazz. Orion has more visitors and the ancient Primes decide to ‘help’ Optimus.

Chapter Notes

Note: As stated before the background of this story is mostly G1. There are also cherry-picked bits from the movies and other sources. As such, Epps did not leave the service. I also decided to give both Lennox and Epps promotions. (They deserve it.) Warnings: Masturbation. Intrusive Matrix.

Sorry this chapter took so long to post.

As always I do not own the Transformers and any mistakes are my own.

At first, Jazz ignored the stares. It was not as if he had never been stared at before.

No false modesty needed. Jazz knew he was a handsome mech. His chassis was sleek and his confident, field drew mechs and femmes to him like beryllium-bees to plasma-honey. His looks were an asset. One that he used to the fullest in his job as a spy or just for fun.

He was used to covert glances as he breezed through the brightly lit corridors of the Ark. However, the blatant stares were starting to become uncomfortable. Instead of the usual lust or even admiration that had always followed his movements, there was a myriad of reactions.

Curiosity was common. As was more than a little awe. The new addition was jealousy. Lots of jealousy.

That was the worst part.

The saboteur felt twinges of envy from almost every Autobot as their fields flicking at the edge of his own. Jazz had never been one to flaunt his good fortune, and these were his friends. He did not think anyone resented him, not really. But he knew that just about every other Autobot, even the seemingly emotionless Prowl, wished that the little sparkling that grinned at them so sweetly from Optimus’ arms was theirs.

Most of them would give their right servo to be in his armor. Jazz had managed to attain the unattainable, won the lottery and drunk from the Holy Grail in Cybertronian terms.

He had interfaced with and sparked Optimus Prime. The Autobots had all compared notes after the emergence. They knew that Jazz was the only mech on Earth ever to share Prime’s berth.

Of course, only the Autobot command staff and unfortunately Megatron, he added with annoyance,
knew he was the only mech ever to be with their Prime.

And Jazz knew deep in his spark that the thought that Optimus did not remember his first interface made the Decepticon even more determined than ever to get him into his berth. That was not a pleasant thought.

Neither was the fact that Jazz found himself avoiding mechs that he would have normally hung out with.

Ironhide was not that much older than Jazz. The saboteur was from the Badlands outside Kaon and the weapon’s specialist from Polyhex. In some ways, they had started out worlds apart. One a casteless, scavenger, scratching out a living among the dregs of Cybertronian society. The other dodging gangs and enforcers in the slums of one of the great city-states. What they had in common was that both joined the military to make a better life for themselves.

And they remembered their world before the war.

Cybertron had been light years from perfect, especially for mechs so low on the social ladder. But even with all its faults, there was so much that they still missed. The splendor of Crystal City, the haunting beauty of the Sea of Rust in Hadeen’s fading light.

None of those younglings knew the simple joy of just walking through the canyonlike streets of the Jewel of Cybertron: Iacon.

Ironhide and Jazz were both fond of Earth. But Cybertron would always be home.

That was something few of the younglings that surrounded them could understand. The warrior and spy had often spent time in the rec room reminiscing over a couple of cubes.

That was probably not going to happen anytime soon. Jazz knew Ironhide was attracted to Prime. Truth be told, just about every Autobot on the planet except Bumblebee and Bluestreak lusted after Optimus to some degree, but the weapons specialist wanted more than just an interface. He loved Optimus, perhaps as much as Jazz himself did.

That was one of the things they had sometimes commiserated about over a cube.

Now that Jazz had been identified as Orion’s sire, the old warrior had become very cold to him. They still spoke in the command center. Short discussions on whatever task needed to be done. Ironhide was a professional, he would never allow his personal feelings to interfere with his duty or compromise the safety of the Ark. But the last thing he wanted to do right now was spend any more time than necessary anywhere near Jazz.

Having his old friend avoid him like that hurt more than the Porsche cared admit.

Sunstreaker and Sideswipe were both equal parts envious and curious. Jazz knew that the twins, like many others, had been actively chasing after Optimus. They considered the Prime to be a prize. Something to be won.

They were the first ones to confront him.

“Come on, Jazz. You’ve got to tell us!” said Sunstreaker. “What is he like?”

“What’s he like?” he asked innocently. He did not want to go there.

“Who do you think? Slagging Unicon?” huffed Sideswipe. “Come on, everyone wants to know
what kind of lover Optimus is? You know, is he dominant? Like to be on top, even when he takes a spike? Or does he just lay back and let you worship that smoking hot chassis of his? Is he loud or quiet when he overloads? Primus, I bet his spike is slagging huge!"

“Yeah,” added Sunstreaker. “He’s the Prime. The Matrix Bearer. Does Optimus, you know, have special knowledge from the ancient Primes about interfacing? They are like, so fragging old. They have to have done it a lot, right?”

“Seriously, mechs?” Jazz shook his helm. “Yeh both know I never face n’ tell. Cause if I did, there’s a lota curious bots that want the low down on the two of yeh. Mechs want ta know if yeh synchronize when yeh overload. That kinda thing.”

“Well, that’s different,” gasped Sideswipe, sounding offended. “We may be twins, but we are really just mechs. This is the Prime we’re talking about. He’s like, sacred. And you sparked him up.”


Jazz heard Omega Supreme coming a klik away. The ground shook as the Guardian moved closer.

Stealth was not exactly the titanic mech’s forte.

The saboteur held a vent as the largest single mech on the planet dropped to one knee and leaned close. Special Ops or not, if Omega Supreme was really pissed at him, the Porsche could find himself flattened in short order.

His deep voice low, the titan knelt on one knee and studied the comparatively tiny mech. “Jazz has sired a sparkling on the Prime. A sire has a duty to the new life and the carrier. Omega Supreme must know, will Jazz fulfil his duty and care for the Prime and the sparkling?”


The Guardian contemplated his answer for a long moment, then nodded. “Jazz has always been a friend to Omega Supreme. Jazz is trusted with the safety of the Prime and sparkling.”

Jazz felt humbled.

Brawn set a cube of high grade before the saboteur as he sat alone at a table in the rec room. “I’m a fan,” he said with a wink.

Several mechs hugged him in the halls. Windcharger, First Aid, Groove, were deliriously happy for him. Even the ever-dour Gears managed a genuine smile as he lifted the startled mech off his peds.

Cosmos wrapped his arms around Jazz, holding him a little awkwardly against his round chassis. “Treat them right, Jazz.”
That hurt a little. Not the hug, of course, but what he said. Primus, Jazz wanted to treat Optimus and his sparkling right. One day he wanted to stand beside them proudly as acknowledged mate and sire.

“I’ll never understand why Optimus chose you,” said Cliffjumper as he and Jazz sat in the command center monitoring Teletran-1. Just because there was a ceasefire did not mean that they did not have to watch for Decepticon activity. Deception was in the name after all. They also monitored human news channels for natural disasters or manmade ones. “No offence,” the minibot added hastily. “I mean, you’re a good looking mech and all, but, why you?”

“Why not?” shrugged Jazz.

That was the consensus when you get down to it. Every Autobot on the planet, even those that were truly happy for him, wanted to know why Jazz was chosen by Optimus to share his berth.

They said it. Grumbled it. A few even shouted it. But they did not understand. That is exactly what happened.

Optimus chose him.

To the pit with either of their insecurities. Optimus had come looking for him.

When that high grade brought down his inhibitions, gave free reign to the emotions that he worked so hard to suppress, Optimus Prime wanted to be with Jazz. And that was why he could handle the stares and the jealousy.

Deep in his spark Jazz still sometimes tried to tell himself that he was not good enough for Optimus. But that annoying little voice was becoming smaller by the day. He did not need Omega Supreme to remind him that he had a duty to both his Prime and his sparkling.

The saboteur had run like a coward from his mistake that fateful night. Well, he was not running now. Jazz would be damned to the Pit before he abandoned his family.

He would find a way to get through those barriers again. The Autobot TIC knew that he would eventually persuade Optimus to bond with him and let him be a true sire to Orion. All that stood in his way was one sweetly oblivious Prime and one horny warlord.

Jazz had overcome worse odds in his recharge.

Optimus managed to put off the next round of tests for almost five hours. “Starscream is coming to see Orion. I want to be there with my sparkling and sober when he arrives. Especially now, with our base is beset by the human media.”

That had been a shock. Even after five years of exposure to humanity, they had not expected Orion’s birth to cause such a feeding frenzy by the news organizations.

No one could fault Optimus for being apprehensive. Although Prowl assured him that the odds of Starscream trying to harm or kidnap Orion were very low, well below twenty percent, he could not convince Optimus. The Seeker spent literally half of his function undermining Megatron. Since the Leader of the Decepticons wanted to be Lord Protector, the contrary Vosian would likely feel the
need to do something to keep him from his goal.

He could not help himself.

And then, throw in all the humans, and Starscream might not be able to resist the temptation to squish a few.

Starscream surprised them on both counts. Although he tried to suppress it, his field was just as excited as Skywarp’s had been as he entered the Ark.

And he managed to ignore the gawking humans.

Outwardly at least. He did not look at them as he landed in full view of the throng. With a seemingly causal air, the Seeker managed to demonstrate to both the humans and Autobots the grace of an Elite Seeker.

The Grounders might not like Starscream, but no one could deny that the mech had style.

His arrival caused a spike in internet activity as footage of one of the ‘evil’ Decepticons peacefully entering the Ark was uploaded by dozens of news organizations and onlookers with cellphones. The Seeker smirked slightly, confident that his spectacular entrance would go viral.

Even so, once inside the Ark face plate to face plate with Orion, Starscream seemed a little uncomfortable. His confidence ebbed as he met the optics of the tiny mechling.

Starscream stood a short distance away from Optimus and the curiously blinking sparkling as if waiting for something. After a few moments of silently contemplating one another Orion leaned closer.

To his disappointment, he was not going to be allowed to make a daring leap towards this Seeker. That had been such fun! Everyone, even his normally quiet carrier, made such fun noises.

This time Optimus had a much firmer grip on his exuberant offspring.

It was Orion that spoke first, blinking his optic shutters at the reticent Seeker. ‘Nice Spark,’ he proclaimed with a sweet smile.

Most mechs thought that when he flashed that little grin was when they could really tell who his sire was.

The mischief in those big blue optics was all Jazz.

“I am not nice,” countered Starscream tersely. How dare that tiny (utterly adorable) mechling call him of all mechs NICE! “I am the Wing Commander of Vos and Second in Command of the Decepticons. Mechs fear my name. I am about as far from ‘nice’ as anyone can be.”

The sparkling grin widened. ‘Nice Spark,’ he chirped again, leaning over enough to pat the Seeker’s cockpit.

Much as he tried to maintain his scowl, Starscream found that his sour disposition could not withstand the might of such adorability. With a sigh, he very carefully reached out and tickled Orion’s chin. “Fine. Have it your way,” he grumbled. The Seeker did not even manage to look grumpy as the mechling took hold of his finger and began to suck on it.

By the time his visit was over, Starscream had a lopsided smile on his face plate. He also did not
object when Skyfire volunteered to escort him outside. Several mechs noted that the pair were having a civil conversation when they reached the Ark’s entrance.

Tracks reported to Red Alert that the fliers exchanging smoldering looks by the time the Seeker transformed and headed home. Their arousal was so intense could feel the charge radiating from them at ten meters.

‘Too bad there is no way for Skyfire to become fertile,’ Tracks commed wistfully as he watched the Seeker disappear over the horizon. ‘I for one would love to see Starscream sparked up.’

Optimus was still very reluctant to continue the experiments, even after he lost the excuse of Starscream’s visit. He did not like the way the neural stimulators made his chassis feel.

Ratchet used the necessity of attaching the sensor pads as an excuse to stroke Optimus’ helm. The other mech was a little stiff under his gentle touch, but did not pull away. “It was not so bad before, was it?”

“I found the sensations overwhelming.”

“Now that you know what it is like, what happens should not be a shock this time.” He held out a cube of high grade. “You need to drink this. We want to gage how the Matrix reacts to the presence of the high grade in your system. There are two more cubes on the table beside the berth. If we do not get a strong reaction from the Matrix, we would like you to drink the other cubes.”

Those would tip him into the realm of being overcharged.

“Will this test cause Orion any distress?” asked Optimus with concern.

“Just narrow the bond, the same as you always do for Roller and Gunner if you needed to keep them from feeling pain or other discomfort. As long as he can still feel your presence, Orion will be fine,” assured Ratchet. “Besides, Bluestreak is taking him out to spends some time with Gunner. You know how excited your turret is to see Orion. That will keep them both occupied.”

“I am glad. Gunner has been feeling a little left out,” sighed Optimus as he accepted the cube. “But there are so many humans outside. Is it wise for Orion to be outside the Ark?”

“We are keeping them well outside the perimeter. They cannot even see Orion, let alone get anywhere near him.”

“If there is one thing we have learned from living on Earth, the humans will not give up until their curiosity is satisfied. I suppose we really should hold a press conference soon. If we let them see him and explain the ceasefire, things should go back to some semblance of normalcy,” noted Optimus.

Ratchet nodded. “Do not worry about it. We plan to announce one for tomorrow afternoon. Prowl is going to brief Mearing and that lot first. Hopefully it will be enough to get that femme off your back struts for a while. Today, all you need to do is relax and let the high grade and stimulators do their thing.”

Optimus was grateful when Ratchet left instead of waiting for him to ingest the high grade. The medic was an old friend. He had known Orion Pax, but Optimus was uncomfortable with the
thought of opening his mask while Ratchet was in the room.

Perhaps he was just so used to having it on, the thought of opening it in the presence of another mech almost caused a panic attack.

The high grade was a good vintage. Not that he indulged much. Optimus had enjoyed a cube at Mccadam’s Old Oil House after work on occasion with Ariel and Dion. This was smooth and spicy, but not too potent. Drinking the entire cube would do nothing but give him a pleasant buzz. Closing his mask, he laid down on the berth and tried not to tremble.

‘Optimus should be ready, now.’ Ratchet commed Wheeljack, who was checking the monitors.

The scientist was eager to start getting readings. Admittedly, he not sure whether to be nervous or excited after what Perceptor told him about his time monitoring their Prime.

“You, uh, might want to turn down the audio from the test room,” he had suggested. The usually exuberant scientist sounded strangely subdued.

Wheeljack was taken aback by that odd statement. “Why?”

Perceptor looked down, shuffling his peds. “The experience is rather, intense. Optimus’ voice. It is very stimulating.”

“How so?” noted Wheeljack. “Really?”

“I… uh, well, I found myself becoming aroused just listening to him,” admitted the Microscope-former, with obvious embarrassment.

Wheeljack found the thought intriguing. However, duty called, so he put that thought on the back burner. The mostly white mech leaned down to the microphone that fed into the testing room. “Are you ready, Optimus?”

“Yes,” said the Prime. “I have consumed the cube.”

“Alright then. Just relax and I will turn on the neural stimulators.”

Optimus felt his frame tense at the first pulse of pleasure. ‘This is necessary,’ he told himself, trying not to tense up. ‘I must endure this so others will be able to feel the joy I do because of Orion. This will allow them to have sparklings of their own.’

A few pulses later and Optimus moaned, confirming the truth of Perceptor’s words. Wheeljack gripped the panel as that sensual voice rolled over his frame.

Unaware of the reaction he was causing, Optimus moaned louder. His spike shot to full arousal the moment he opened the modesty panel. Again, he gripped the berth, not giving in to the growing urge to touch himself.

He had spent so much time suppressing every aspect of his sexuality, the very idea of self-servicing was just wrong to him.

His fear soon threatened to overwhelm the artificially produced arousal. Once again, the ancient Primes stepped in. ‘Calmly, dear brother,’ they whispered, sending soothing pulses. Despite himself he again relaxed as the pleasure intensified. Soon he climaxed with a cry that almost sent Wheeljack
into overload.

After a few minutes of panting for both mech, Wheeljack managed to find his vocalizer. “Optimus, I’m sorry. Same as before. We did get a reaction, but still not strong enough. Um, if you are up to it, we need you to drink the rest of the high grade to test how the Matrix reacts when you are overcharged.”

Optimus sighed, and slowly sat up. “Alright,” he said as he used a cloth to try and clean his chassis of the transfluids and lubricant his array had released. Once he did not feel quite so disgusting, he lifted the second cube and drank it.

Despite his apprehension, he could not help but begin to relax as the intoxicant did its work.

By the time he finished the third cube, Optimus was feeling much better.

“Are you ready, Optimus,” Wheeljack’s voice came over the speaker.

“Ready,” the Prime’s voice was a little slurred as he lay back on the berth. He was feeling strangely pleased as the now familiar pleasure returned. So much so that he even forgot to close his battle mask.

The sensors in his valve lit up as the stimulation increased. The high grade made every sensation more intense.

It was when Optimus was finally, truly losing himself to the pleasure that the Matrix decided to ‘help him’.

A cry of surprise escaped his intake as he looked up into the strangely gentle face plate of Megatron.

The big silver mech could not really be there, but Optimus still whimpered as sensations that felt almost frighteningly real flooded his sensor net.

The musky scent of the other mech flooded his olfactory sensors. He knew it well from many centuries of close combat. Never had it been so intense, or arousing.

Optimus could almost feel the heat of the other mech over him. He should have felt trapped beneath the larger mech, and yet he felt safe. And incredibly aroused.

The sensation of large skilled servos ghosted over his chassis. A sound like a large cyber-cat purring filled his audios. The Prime arched his lower chassis, wanting more contact. Disappointment bloomed in his spark as he could not intensify the maddeningly light touches. The neural stimulators and Matrix could simulate many sensations over his frame, but not the weight of another mech’s chassis.

The unbearable need for real contact finally overcame his reticence. Optics wide, looking up at his rival’s face plate, Optimus whimpered as his fingers tentatively touched the rim of his valve. Even that light touch sent a jolt of pleasure shot through his frame. He quickly began to explore the soft mesh and discover sensitive spots. That helped, but it was not enough. Even as a small part of his processor tried to rebel at being aroused at the idea of Megatron taking him, Optimus stroked harder. He gasped as the sensation of warm phantom lip plates nibbled along his neck cables and the feel of the sensors in his valve pulsing at his touch.

It felt so good, yet it still frightened him.

By the time Optimus overloaded, his intakes were clamped shut to keep from crying ‘Megatron!’.
The ancient Primes sent more pulses as his venting slowed. Soothing pulses now meant to calm and reassure their innocent young brother that he did nothing wrong by feeling aroused by thoughts of Megatron. Or by satisfying that arousal with his own servos.

Once Optimus fell into recharge the Primes one by one let their consciousness fall back into the core of the Matrix. Each of them absolutely brimming with pride for a job well done.

While the exhausted Prime slept, a very embarrassed Wheeljack was busy cleaning off the wall and floor.

The scientist did have the foresight to turn so that his very intense reaction did not damage the delicate machinery with his own reaction to his Prime’s vocalizations.

It took him several minutes to gather himself, finish cleaning up and check the readings.

Once Wheeljack felt he was presentable he commed the rest of the team. ‘The reaction from the Matrix was definitely stronger, but still nowhere near the one that caused the static on Jazz’s recording.’

‘I am still monitoring his vitals. Optimus is in deep recharge,’ noted Ratchet. ‘Just let him rest. Bring the data to the conference room, Wheeljack. We need to call in Skyfire and Perceptor to have a processor storming session. We are close, I can feel it. But there has to be something that we are missing.’

The Autobots all felt a rush of excitement at the announcement by Teletran-1. “Major Lennox and Master Sargent Epps are approaching the base. ETA five minutes.”

It had been weeks since they had seen any of the human soldiers from NEST. No one wanted the war to restart, of course, but they missed their human cohort.

Lennox was forced to slow down the desert camo Hummer as they approached what looked to be a hastily set up roadblock.

Several reporters came running towards them as Hound walked towards the barricade.

Lennox knew that word of Optimus’ little bundle of joy had been leaked to the press, but he had not expected quite so many of people to be camped outside the Ark.

Then again… Reporters.

There were news vans from every network in America, plus a number from Canada, Mexico, Brittan, France, Australia, Russia, Japan, China… Pretty much every nation on Earth was represented by someone with a camera and a microphone. There were a lot of civilians too. Curious people with their cell phones and Go-Pros at the ready.

None of the throng of people were not happy, probably because the Autobots had pulled up a dozen massive semi-trailers and parked them around the Ark. This effectively blocked their view of the Autobot base.

“Hey, soldier boys!” shouted a slight, blonde haired woman with a thick Scandinavian accent. “Can you speak to Optimus Prime? Put in a good word for me?” she asked. “My viewers want to see the baby robot!”
A tall man with perfect hair and an expensive suite was right behind her. “Wait! The people have a right to know why a known Decepticon officer was here earlier. What are the Autobots doing? Why are enemy combatants coming to the Ark?”

The sentiment was echoed by several other reporters, asking about both the new baby and the fact that Decepticons were apparently coming and going freely. (And they were not.) Hound, looked and sounded a bit exasperated as he cleared his vocalizer, “An official statement will be issued soon. For now, please step back. These gentlemen are authorized to enter. You are not.” He then proceeded to repeated what the Major assumed to be the same warning in Scandinavian, French, German, Spanish and at least two other languages that he could not identify.

“Good to see you, Major, Sargent,” said the dark green Autobot. “Sorry things are a bit crazy here.”

The funny thing was, if he transformed, Hound would look a lot like the Hummer they were riding in. The only real difference was his coloring. Dark green instead of desert camo. That and instead of sporting a .50 caliber Browning M2, he had a holographic projector.

The soldiers stepped out of the vehicle to follow the Autobot past the interspaced trailers. Both men looked up at the sound of helicopters overhead. One was a news copter. The other they recognized as Blades.

The Protectobot placed himself in the path of the intruder, moving back and forth as if to say, ‘No’.

After a short confrontation, the news copter reluctantly turned and left the area. “Never thought we would have to enforce a ‘No Fly Zone’ over our home,” sighed Hound. “Once the press got hold of the footage of Orion’s emergence we suddenly became front page news again. Hasn’t been this bad since we first made ourselves known to the public.”

After five years the fact that there were alien transforming robots out in the Arizona desert was no big deal. There were many individual Cybertronians that people wanted to know more about. Optimus had a dozen forums, as well as countless Facebook and Instagram pages dedicated to him. Jazz, Bumblebee, Skyfire, Omega Supreme, Blaster were all over social media.

Much to his chagrin, Powerglide had more coverage than even Optimus. The red flyer became an overnight celebrity when he found himself linked to the sexy young socialite Astoria Carlton-Ritz.

There were also those who admired the Decepticons. Soundwave had a surprisingly large following. As did Megatron and Starscream. A lot of people found them sympathetic, especially after surprisingly accurate bios of the Decepticon leadership appeared on the internet a few years ago.

Blaster suspected that it was Soundwave doing the posting. After all, communication was his specialty. And for a mech who exhibited little emotion, the spymaster was very good a using them to manipulate others.

And now the poor Autobots were inundated by reporters. Winning a battle with the Decepticons, unless there was an inordinate amount of collateral damage, was no longer front-page news.

The Leader of the Autobots having a baby? Now that was that was some spectacular clip bait.

“So, Hound, can we see the boss bot?” asked Epp.

Both men noted the hesitation before Hound answered. “Optimus is… Indisposed right now.” He was holding something back. “The big processors have a lot of tests to try and find out how his sparkling was made. They really tired him out. But if you want to see Orion, the bitlet is right over
here playing with Gunner and Bluestreak.”

“The brass are really anxious for someone to talk with Optimus,” admitted Lennox. “And there are some things that I really need to discuss with him soon. But I am sure he needs his rest. Personally, I would love to meet the little fellow.”

“Same here,” said Epps. “And we do need to get pictures. The guys back at NEST want to see him.”

“Once things calm down, I hope the rest of your men can come by,” said Hound. The men followed Hound to the entrance of the Ark where Prime’s trailer sat. The sides were down so that they could see Gunner. The slim turret was making strange noises and sort of bobbing up and down. They knew the symbiot was unable to use any type of human speech, but they had never heard these particular sounds before.

“Is that what I think it is?” asked Epps, his eyes wide with apprehension.

Lennox sighed and nodded. He had suffered through that horror for two years with Annabel. “It’s the theme song to Barney and Friends.”

Orion was loving it. The little mechling was laughing and clapping along with the turret’s oddly musical beeps and chirps.

Bluestreak grinned as he saw the humans. He strode over and held up a closed servo. Epps fist bumped him. Carefully. Cybertonium was very hard. “How you been, Blue?” he asked.

“Great. It is really nice not to spend all our time wondering when the Decepticons are going to attack something,” answered the young Autobots. “So, what do you think? Is Orion as cute as a human baby? I think he is adorable, but then, I’d never been around sparklings or babies before,” said Bluestreak excitedly. “Everyone says that once Ratchet and the others figure out what happened, there’s going to be a lot more sparklings.”

Gunner stopped his performance when Orion began to whistle and chirp excitedly. The mechling had seen the humans approach. These odd organic creatures were utterly fascinating to him.

Both men chuckled as the little mechling scooted closer on his backside. He obviously had not figured out the mechanics of crawling yet. He moved his little helm to the side as if studying them. With a grin he peeped excitedly, pointing at the men.

“He likes your matching coloring,” translated Bluestreak. The men turned and gave him a questioning look. “He thinks you are both camo colored. He has only met a couple of humans. He does not understand the concept of clothing, let alone uniforms.”

Orion continued to make numerous odd sounds. “So, this is how you guys talk when we are not around?” asked Epps.

“Most of our beeps are in a lower vocal range,” said Hound.

“Speak for yourself,” countered Bumblebee, hoping onto the trailer. To prove his point, he proceeded to let out a stream of sounds that would make A2-D2 proud. Orion squealed in response, holding his arms out to Bumblebee.

As the yellow bot lifted the mechling Lennox chuckled. “I bet you are his favorite babysitter.”
Suddenly the sparkling chirped at the men. They just shrugged until he put his servos over his optics, then uncovered them. ‘Peep, peep, boop!’

The men laughed. “Now that I understand,” Lennox said as he moved closer and covered his face with his hands. “Peek-A-Boo!” he said, moving his hands aside.

The mechling giggled uncontrollably.

Epps chuckled as he watched his commander play Peek-A-Boo with the sparkling. He should not be surprised. After all, Lennox had a little girl of his own. This parent stuff was old hat to him.

The surprise to him was that this relatively tiny baby robot came from Optimus Prime.

It was a difficult concept to grasp. Not just the whole, robots procreating like humans. He got that. The Cybertronians were just large metal people. Better ones than many humans he knew. But Optimus becoming pregnant and having a baby? The commander of the Autobots was the most overtly masculine being Epps had ever met. He was like Clint Eastwood, Chuck Norris and John Wayne rolled up in one super-sized, bad-ass metal package.

Thinking of him as a mother was just too weird.

He was watching his friend playing with the sparkling when a voice startled him. “I heard you and Lennox were here,” said Mirage moving with his usual grace towards the group.

Epps snorted. “Hey, Raj. You have got to tell me how someone so big can move so quietly.”

“Nothing to it really,” said Mirage. “It just takes skill, years of practice and some very complicated integrated holographic technology.”

“Oh, is that all?” the Sargent chuckled. “Here I thought it might be hard.”

The spy and the soldier were still joking around when the they heard the heavy steps of another approaching Autobots. “Epps! How’s it hangin, bro?” The soldier turned and smiled.

“If it ain’t the Jazz man!” Epps (again carefully) fist bumped his favorite Autobots. “All we need is Blaster and we can have a party.”

Before they could exchange any more greetings, Orion caught sight of his sire.

Suddenly, Bumblebee had a hard time holding him. Squirming and chirping insistently the mechling reached out for Jazz. “How’s the most adorable little sparlin in the whole universe?” the black and white mech said with a grin, taking the excited mechling into his arms.

Bumblebee sighed and tried not to feel too hurt at how quickly Orion forgot about him when his sire appeared.

Jazz was glad that the humans could not understand Cybertronian. His sparkling was yelling ‘sire’. They were not ready to reveal his relationship to Orion to any humans besides Sparkplug and Chip, and of course Spike and Carly when they returned. They could not even tell their trusted friends that he was the sire. They considered both these humans as family. They were the first non Cybertronians to be considered cohort. But Mearing had them under even closer scrutiny than Sparkplug, Spike, Carly and Chip.

Still chirping ‘Sire! Sire!’ excitedly, Orion’s fingers and toes latched onto the seams of Jazz’s chest plates like a baby monkey. Jazz still held on to him tightly. One day soon he would be climbing all
him, or any other bot. The little mechling was getting stronger by the day. But he could not hold up his own weight for very long yet.

“Yeh hungry, bitlet?” Orion chirped and nuzzled his chest. “Sorry, little one. Can’t feed yeh like that, but, I have a little somethin in meh subspace fer yeh,” he said, kissing the clinging sparkling’s helm.

The humans were both smiled as the saboteur sat on the trailer near Gunner and pulled out cube of sparkling energon. Orion happily let himself be rearranged into a more comfortable position, cradled in the crook of Jazz’s arm as he began to suckle.

Epps chuckled and walked over to talk to Bluestreak. They were trying to get the young Autobot to give a demonstration of his prowess as a sniper to the newer troops of NEST. The seemingly innocent young mech was deadly with his blaster rifle.

Major Lennox watched Jazz feed Orion for a few moments, until he decided that he needed to confirm the theory that started buzzing around in his head the moment he saw the little robot’s reaction to the saboteur.

“So, Jazz.” Lennox said as he sat down on the trailer beside the Porsche and the happily suckling mechling. “How’s fatherhood treating you?”

To be continued.

Chapter End Notes

Next time: A news conference.
Meet The Press

Chapter Summary

Everyone wants to see Orion.

Chapter Notes

Warnings: Breast feeding, or the robot equivalent. That’s really it this time out.

Sorry this is a bit late. I had a family emergency and had to be out of town and away from my computer for a couple of days.

I do not own the Transformers and any mistakes are all my own.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“So, Jazz,” Lennox said as he sat down on the trailer beside the Porsche and the happily suckling mechling. “How’s fatherhood treating you?”

For just an instant Jazz froze. Most people would not catch it, but Lennox had been working and fighting beside the bots for almost five years. To him Jazz might as well have been under a neon sign.

He felt a little bit of pride at the reaction. It was not often that anyone caught the Jazz Man flatfooted.

“What gave meh away?” The saboteur looked down at his human friend.

“I have one of those too, remember? I may not speak fluent Cybertronian, but being around babies gives you a greater understanding of squeaks, squeals and especially body language. The way Orion reacted the moment he saw you was classic ‘Daddy, hold me’,” the soldier explained.

“Shoulda known I couldn’t fool yeh,” chuckled Jazz.

“No hard feelings. You do not want my bosses to know you are his father. With good reason,” he admitted. “You do not need to worry. I will not tell anyone. I don’t like the way Mearing is reacting to all this. I think she sees that little guy as a threat.”

“To her, us existin’s a threat,” said Jazz. “That human gives y’all a bad name.”

“True,” the human ran a hand through his short dark hair. “She thinks it is dangerous and worse, unpatriotic, that people love and trust a bunch of aliens. And Orion is a whole new magnitude of adorable. Someone that cute being seen by pretty much every person on the planet that has internet access makes trying to get rid of you guys a lot harder. Especially if they are even considering using violence.”

“That’s part o’ the reason weh’re gonna be holdin a press conference tomorra,” said Jazz as he
smiled down at his sparkling. "Mah little bitlet’s a devasatin PR weapon."

“Good idea,” said Lennox. “Orion is already an internet sensation. He’s been the top Google search since the video of his birth was first uploaded. You let people get a really good look at those big blue eyes and see him acting so much like a human baby, they will not stand for anyone trying to hurt him.”

“Hey, he’s meh bitlet. Can’t help bein cute,” chuckled Jazz.

The two sat for a few minutes while Orion refueled, then the soldier patted Jazz on the arm. “Sparkplug said that it looks like Megatron intends to marry Optimus. You think it will happen?”

“He can try,” answered Jazz softly. He kept his field pulled tight so he would not disturb Orion. Then he looked down at the human and kept his voice very low. “Orion is my bitlet. I ain’t just gonna let some Decepticreep try n’ take over bein his sire.”

“I was under the impression that Sparkplug thought Optimus and Megatron getting together was the only way to end the war?” The human answered, keeping his voice just as low.

“Old Megs thinks he’s got OP on the ropes. But his mechs ain’t likely ta keep fightin once some o’ um get sparked.” Jazz had been thinking about this a lot lately. If they played their cards right, Megatron could quickly lose a lot of his power once the cure was found. No one would stand for his bullying sparked mechs.

Jazz might even consider helping Starscream in a coup attempt in order to save Optimus from being forced into a bonding.

That would obviously be a last resort, but Jazz was not ruling out anything.

That contingency was also not something he was ready to discuss with anyone yet. Period. Certainly not out in the open where Soundwave and his rowdy minions could overhear him. He might have said too much already.

Fortunately, Major Lennox was nothing if not perceptive. He knew just how persistent the Decepticon spies could be so let that conversation drop. “You going to be part of that big press conference to formally introduce Orion to the human race?”

“I’ll be close by where I can keep an optic on things. Baby Blue and I will be watchin through scopes. Hide’ll be next ta OP with Prowler. Raj’ll mingle,” noted Jazz with a wink.

“Might I offer my men to help keep things in order? Mirage’s invisibility is amazing, but he’s too big to circulate inside the crowd safely. My men can. Maybe have some in civilian clothes to blend in and the rest in uniform as an honor guard.”

Jazz thought for a moment. “Not a bad idea. I’ll suggest it ta Prowler.”

Orion released the cube, hiccupped and began to babble, reaching out to touch the human beside them. Jazz let him sit up on his lap. Lennox had to laugh as the mechling’s finger very gently brushed his short hair. He could not get over the warm, soft feel of the sparkling’s metal.

“He finds hair fascinatin. Never seen a bot with it.”

“I guess hair is more of an organic thing.”

“Kinda. Though, there were mechs that had something like hair. Some o’ the really ancient mechs...
had fibers that sometimes grew from their face plates. It’s a bit like rust, but not damagin. Most mechs found it annoyin. A few o’ the elitist, high class mechs liked ta shape um. Kinda our version o’ beards.”

“That I would like to see,” noted Lennox.

Jazz chuckled. “Ol’ Alpha Trion was real proud a his. Had himself a ‘stache to. Whatcha call it? A Fu Manchu?”

“I’m trying to picture some of the mechs here with facial hair. Maybe Optimus should grow a beard,” suggested the human. “I think he would look very distinguished.”

“He’s already compared ta yer Saints. Or Gandalf. That’d just make it worse,” cautioned Jazz. “Sides, our face plates are made o’ a different alloy. None o’ us could grow one, not even Hide or the Hatchet.”

“That is a damn shame,” noted Lennox. “I could see Ratchet with a goatee.”

“Nah, that’s fer the evil twin in the ‘Mirror Universe’,” Jazz said seriously as he tickled Orion’s abdominal plating. Then added slyly, “Only way ta tell the difference.”

“Jazz, there you are!” said Ratchet as he stormed up to them. “Sunstreaker said you were in the control room. I need to scan Orion.”

Ratchet frowned and everyone in the area turned to stare at them as Jazz and Major Lennox suddenly started laughing uncontrollably.

Director Mearing was not overly fond of any of the Cybertronians. But of the Autobots that she was forced to interact with directly, she disliked Prowl the most. Which was odd considering that he was the one that was most like a machine.

Unlike the others he did not blatantly display his emotions. Some of his fellow bots came off as downright Emo.

“I was looking over the material you intend to hand out to the press,” she said, glaring at the mech’s bright blue optics. She was grateful that the NEST team had the foresight to construct this area in the large hanger that served as the joint operations center. There were catwalks strategically placed in the facility which made it easier to speak to all but the largest Autobots on a more equal footing.

She was not happy about the press conference at all, but the White House and Congress had approved whole-heartedly. Giant robots were popular. Utterly adorable baby robots even more so. They wanted to be perceived as supportive.

“This is the logical approach. Your people are curious. We tried to be succinct, keeping the explanation of our method of reproduction clinical. The idea of robots having intimate relations, let alone offspring is not something they expected. However, according to Blaster, the response has been overwhelmingly positive. Even when it was revealed that we are all the same gender.

Apparently only a few small groups of religious zealots seem to have serious issues. And most of them already disliked us because sentient alien robots contradicted their world view. Most of your people find the idea fascinating.”

“Yes, there are some very sick websites discussing your peoples’ sexuality. They are getting a lot of fodder for their perversions lately.”
Who would have thought that people would write sexually explicit fiction about a bunch of robots? And that had started long before anyone even knew they had dicks.

She had spent some time reading them. Strictly out of morbid curiosity, of course. Most of it was drivel. But Mearing found a few stories where Optimus and the other Autobots are made slaves to the Decepticons strangely intriguing.

“That part of your culture I find somewhat disturbing,” said Prowl. He was very uncomfortable with much of the speculation about them. Particularly the way that the humans always seemed to want to put he and Jazz together. The Autobot SIC was one of the few mechs that had never invited Jazz to his berth. The saboteur was just too emotional for his taste.

Even a casual fling with the special ops mech would have presented too many complications.

“We are also going to officially announce the ceasefire with the Decepticons,” he continued. “Since so many humans have seen the video of Orion’s birth, and Megatron’s reaction afterward, speculation has been rampant on every news channel. We should clarify what it is and what it is not. Your people need to understand that we do not have any sort of signed agreement yet. Just a mutual, and tentative, cessation of hostilities. While it is hoped that there will soon be an official end the war, your people should still be cautious around Megatron’s forces. Some of them are contemptuous of organics. Although, I must admit that Soundwave is doing an excellent job of keeping the more rambunctious of their ranks in control. I have reports that the Stunticons and Combaticons are being kept under close scrutiny. For which I commend him. An incident with one of those mechs could destroy all that we are working for.”

Mearing’s frown could have melted steel. “Humanity has already becoming too comfortable around the Decepticons. Not even a week has passed since the cease fire began and I have reports that two of Soundwave’s Cassettes were dancing at night club last night. They were apparently a big hit with the patrons.”

“I read the same report. Rumble and Frenzy did behave themselves. Although, someone might want to point out to the proprietors of the establishment that the Cassettes are underage by Cybertronic standards. The human equivalent of children about thirteen of your years old. They should not be allowed to frequent establishments that sell intoxicants. Even though they cannot ingest them.”

“That I will leave to your people,” grumbled Mearing. She shuddered at the memory of the video that someone uploaded of the cassettes on the dance floor.

If she never saw another robot twerking she would die happy.

“I need to get back to the Ark to be sure everyone is ready for the press conference. Are there any other matters that we need to discuss, Director?”

“No, you may go. But my government want regular reports on any new developments. We do not want to be blindsided by a sudden Cybertronic population explosion.”

“Of course,” Prowl assured. He then turned, transformed and rolled past several technicians. They waved as he went by. He flashed his headlight in response.

Mearing tapped a perfectly manicured finger on the railing. Beneath the cool veneer she was fuming.

That little robot’s timing could not be worse.
Why did this have to happen now, when they finally had a weapon that could end the Cybertronian threat once and for all? Their tests indicated that the new ‘Bot Buster’ shells, that could be fired from nearly any NATO tank, would take down even the towering Combiners.

True, she expected to be forced to arrest and detain the members of NEST when the order came down. Sadly, they could not be reliably programmed like the Clone Troopers of the Star Wars movies with a variant of Order 66, they would object to a preemptive attack on their supposed allies.

Production should have been ramping up, not shutting down.

In a few more months they would have had more than enough of them to destroy both factions. Now the politicians had lost their nerve and pulled the plug.

The last thing the president and congress wanted was for the Autobots, Decepticons or the electorate to find out that all of the alien robots were marked for extinction. Mearing had already seen the order to destroy the shells and scrub all trace of their existence from the records.

Thanks to their lack of intestinal fortitude they were going to lose their chance to retake the Earth from the damned robots. The human race was doomed, all because of a cute, big eyed baby robot.

“I hate my life.”

Orion was not too sure about all of this.

He liked human’s well enough. At least the few he had met. True, they were kind of funny looking. And squishy. Also most did not smell quite right. Not bad, just not right. Except the one called Sparkplug. He smelled wonderful.

The ones introduced to him that were all the same pretty colors were nice. Carrier said they were friends that were there to protect them. Orion did not understand what the sand colored humans were going to protect them from, but that was OK. They were so nice and friendly. He wanted to hug them all, but his Bright Spark said he could hurt them.

Now the mechling was very nervous. A few humans were fun, but to suddenly be confronted by so many of them at once was frightening. All of the strange humans were staring at him and being very loud. That made his little tanks churn as he tensed up.

His Bright Spark cuddled him and gently kissed his helm. ‘It will be alright little one,’ he assured in basic Cybertronian. ‘These humans just want to see you.’

Orion was still a bit dubious as they approached the milling throng. He hid as best he could in his carrier’s powerful arms. Nothing could harm him while carrier was here.

“Greeting, honored guests,” Prowl announced, moving closer to the ten NEST soldiers assigned to guard Optimus and Orion. Not one turned at the sound of the metal giant moving behind them. Every man there had fought beside the Autobots for at least two years. They trusted the Autobots to be aware of them as they stood between their allies and the reporters.

Prowl seemed calm and unemotional as ever on the surface. His demeanor belying the fact that he was scanning the crowd using several spectrums for any out of place metal on the assembled humans. He did relax slightly as his optics found the NEST soldiers in civilian clothes that were scattered throughout the crowd.
He was not alone in his concern at this very odd situation. Ironhide was standing at their leader’s right. He was also scanning the crowd. His cannons were humming on low power. Ratchet adjusted the frequency of his beloved weapons for this one occasion. He could stun every human within one hundred meters instantly, if it became necessary. While Jazz and Blue Streak watched from sniper perches and an invisible Mirage moved carefully around the edges of the mass of humans.

All of them were hooked into a real-time feed with Red Alert.

“We welcome you to the Ark and invite the people of Earth to meet our new arrival. You should each have been given a handout with the basics of Cybertronian reproduction so we would prefer not to go into any more detail on that subject at this time. If anyone does wish more information, our medical officer, Ratchet, will be available for questions after the official press conference ends.” He stood still for a moment as dozens of flashes went off.

“And now, I present Optimus Prime and his sparkling, Orion.” Prowl stepped back to stand at his Prime’s left as Optimus moved to stand before the humans.

Once Optimus reached the makeshift podium, there was a collective ‘ahhhh’ from the assembled humans as Orion peaked out at them shyly.

“My friends, thank you for coming today. I would also like to thank everyone for the outpouring of love we have received for my sparkling,” said Optimus. “As you now know, his birth is as much a surprise to us as it was to all of you. We Cybertronians have been unable to reproduce for many of your years. His very existence is something of a miracle. The first sparkling to be born in over four million of your years.”

The humans were quiet now, listening to his Bright Spark. Orion relaxed a little and peeked out. When the bunches of little lights all flashed at once he ducked back down out of sight.

“How he came to be is something we are still studying. We honestly are not exactly sure how I became fertile. As Prowl stated, Ratchet will explain the details as we know them to any that are interested. And you will be informed once we understand and with luck, make us able to reproduce again.”

Director Mearing watched the proceedings with disgust. The reporters were all enraptured by Prime and according to her computer geniuses, nearly every single TV, computer, tablet and smart phone on the planet broadcast the Autobot’s words.

The Decepticons were watching also. Most to get a good look at Orion. Megatron wanted to listen to Optimus. It really did not matter what he said. It would be a stirring speech. That was something that could always be expected from the Prime.

Megatron was just enjoying the sound of his voice. Primus, it was sexy.

“While I understand that everyone is here to see Orion, there is something else I wish to speak about today. As some of you already know, my sparkling’s birth has caused a bit of a domino effect. He is a symbol of hope, not only to every Autobot, but to the Decepticons. That is why Megatron called for a ceasefire at the dam. Our species has been hovering on the brink of extinction for longer than your civilization has existed. We have fought for so long that the reasons for our battle has almost become irrelevant. Now both side have been given the chance to step back and look at what we have done. Not only to ourselves and our world, but to yours. It is my hope that Orion’s birth will be the catalyst for a true, lasting peace between Autobots and Decepticons. And by extension, between the Decepticons and humanity.”
“I know this will not be a short process. To learn to trust those that were once enemies is never easy. But it can be done. You have only to look at examples from your own recent past. Nations that fought one another in your World Wars are now allies and partners in peace. We hope that very soon, we will say the same of the Decepticons. We do not have a peace treaty, or any sort of formal agreement yet. There are many thousands of years of fighting, animosity and bitterness that must be addressed before a lasting peace is achieved.”

“Very soon Megatron and I will begin negotiations. If we succeed and are able to resolve the difference that brought our conflict to your world, we will invite representatives of the governments of Earth to join us in creating a fair and equitable treaty.”

“That is really all that I have to say at this time,” said Optimus. “A message of cautious optimism and a request for your patience. And now, as you might expect, Orion is a little uneasy being the subject of so much attention.”

The mechling was peeking out of his arms again. But had begun chirping softly. He wanted his sire to hold him.

“He is not even an Earth week old and so easily frightened by things he does not understand. I know that all of you are very curious about him, but at this time we would ask for some privacy. While we appreciate your desire to see him, we are a little on edge right now. When Orion is upset, it causes every mech around him to become agitated. We ask that everyone leave the area once the conference is done. I promise that we will upload videos of Orion and invite reporters in periodically for more in-depth interviews about him and the progress of our negotiations with the Decepticons. One day soon I very much hope that we will not only be able to announce the signing of a peace treaty, but to have more sparklings to introduce to you all. For now, I will take a few questions, then I will turn the proceedings back to Prowl.”

After a short pause, the humans began to murmur. Then they surged forward, shouting questions.

Startled, Orion shrieked and began to cry.

The entire crowd fell back as a hush fell over them as the very human sounding sobs blared over the speakers. The NEST soldiers had dropped into a defensive stance with their hands on their holstered pistols. They did not draw, but were obviously ready to do just that if things escalated.

Ironhide and Prowl took a step forward and growled before they could stop themselves.

“Shh,” Optimus cuddled Orion protectively. “It is alright little one.” After a few moments of comforting, the nervous mechling quieted.

There was a low murmur from the crowd at both the cries and the reaction of the usually genial Autobots and to a lesser degree the human soldiers.

Once Orion was calm, a tallish, dark haired woman stepped forward. “Please excuse our enthusiasm. We did not mean to frighten your child. If it is alright, we would like to continue with the questions. One at a time. Quietly.”

Optimus nodded, stroking his still apprehensive sparkling’s back struts. “Proceed.”

Despite the little ‘issue’ at the end, the press conference was a major success. According to Blaster it went viral almost instantly on over a dozen websites. Humanity loved Orion and according to the comments, were surprisingly open to peace with the Decepticons.
In fact, it was shocking how little was made of the Autobots’ aggressive posture. Most people thought them totally justified, reacting to what looked to be a possible threat to Optimus and Orion.

The Autobots were in good spirits. Particularly about the fact that the siege of the Ark was mostly over. The reporters and curious onlookers were clearing out. A few would stay. But that was not unusual. They almost always had a reporter or two as well as obsessive fans camped outside the perimeter of the Ark.

Being famous was sometimes a curse.

Even Ratchet was pleased. Although he ended up spending nearly three hours answering questions after Optimus was done. He was amused at how fixated the humans were on the fact that technically, the entire Cybertronian species could be considered ‘gay’ since they all happened to have the same interface equipment.

That was something he would never understand. Why were humans so obsessed with genitalia?

He could only shrug. Who could fathom the mind of an organic?

The medic was proud of the fact that he had the humans hanging on his every word the entire time. He had been in his element. Still Ratchet was very glad when it was done. A much more pleasant task had been awaiting his attention.

A very excited and slightly nervous Optimus sat on a berth in the med bay while Ratchet scanned his chest. After a moment Ratchet smiled. “The system flush worked perfectly. Not a trace of sedatives in your feeding apparatus. And just in time according to Sideswipe. He just commed to say that Orion is getting fussy.”

“I can feed him?” asked Optimus, field pulsing with excitement. “All of the high grade I have had to ingest recently will not harm him?”

“You can feed him,” assured Ratchet. “The molecules of the pain suppressant bond with energon so it slipped through the filters into your reservoirs. High grade is detected as a contaminant by your system. Do not worry. He will be fine.”

A moment later the door opened to reveal the red twin bouncing a whimpering Orion in his arms. “Hope you have some energon ready. This is one hungry mechling.”

Optimus shuddered at the familiar feeling of his reservoirs filling at the hungry cry. He was a little nervous as his sparkling was set into his arms. Ratchet patted his shoulder reassuringly. “You have him in the perfect position to nurse. Just open your chest plates and release a feeding nub. Orion will do the rest.”

Optimus did as he was instructed, placing one of his (surprisingly) sensitive feeding nub in his sparkling’s wide-open intake. Orion squealed with delight and immediately began to suckle.

The pulling sensation was strange, but not unpleasant. Optimus sighed and cuddled his sparkling. He did not even mind the two pairs of optics resting on them. Both Sideswipe and Ratchet were watching, captivated.

For his part, Orion was now a very happy sparkling. Refueling from the cubes was OK. But when he had energon straight from a mech’s chest, the fuel was so warm and delicious. And his Bright Spark’s field was relaxed and contented. He was surrounded by love.

That made everything even better.
“Let Orion take as much as he needs. He will not over fuel. And once he is done, your pouches should drain on their own back into your fuel system. An odd sensation, but you will get used to it. The only thing you will have to remember is to make sure to always clean your apparatus thoroughly when you go to the wash rack. Otherwise the nubs can get sticky, and the reservoirs might become contaminated. Speaking of which, as you have seen, your energon is a nice healthy bright pink color. If it ever takes on a blueish, cloudy cast, call me immediately and do not allow Orion to nurse.”

Optimus nodded absently, but his optics were on his nursing mechling.

“Come on, Sideswipe,” said Ratchet softly, noting the faraway look in his leader’s optics. He pointed towards the door. His meaning obvious.

“But Ratchet…” The medic cut him off with a patented death glare. Optimus and Orion needed to be alone to strengthen their bond. With a sigh, and one last look at the contented carrier and sparkling, the red twin preceded the medic out.

Optimus did not even notice them leave.

To be continued…

Chapter End Notes

Next time - Elita One wants to know what the Pit is going on and Megatron decides that it is time to make his move.
Megatron comes a courting.

Chapter Summary

The femmes finally get to see Orion and Megatron come to the Ark.

Chapter Notes

Warnings: Breastfeeding, or the robot equivalent. Mentions of interface kinks. Also mentions of past deaths. (Shockwave is not a nice mech.) Mentions of the Rainmakers being creeps.

And Megatron does a bit of perving. (Yes, I can add this tag to pretty much any chapter Megatron appears in.)

I do not own the Transformers and any mistakes are all my own.

Deep beneath the ruins of Iacon, in the femme’s secret lair, Elita One waited impatiently for Optimus Prime to come to the subspace link.

She wanted to be happy for him. She really did. Optimus had always been very dear to her and he had just given birth to a sparkling. Something that had not happened to any Cybertronian for millions of years.

It was a slagging miracle.

But she was not too sure about the rest of it.

Moonracer had been overjoyed almost to bursting with the news when they returned from patrol. “You are not going to believe what happened while you were out!” she gasped. The green femme then proceeded to blurt out everything in one big jumble.

There was squeeing. A lot of squeeing.

And bouncing.

It took several moments to finally get the green femme to calm down enough to put together a coherent sentence.

Once Elita got over her shock that a sparkling had been born and that it belonged to her friend, Optimus being the carrier did not surprise her at all. She always assumed that if Optimus ever got over his fear and interfaced, he would be the one taking the spike.

As powerful and commanding the big mech might be in battle, he needed someone else to take the lead in the berth.

The tall femme had tried long ago to coax him into spiking her or if he preferred, she could spike
him. Although they had never been in love with each other in that way, she cared for him deeply and wanted him to be able to experience intimacy.

It was not as if it would have been a chore to face him. She was one of the few bots still functioning that knew him before he wore the battle mask.

Optimus was a gorgeous mech.

He had said that he trusted her not to hurt him. It himself that he did not trust. He feared losing control and harming her.

She had reluctantly decided it was best just to give him time. It was not as if they had anybot with psychological training to help him work through it. She had hoped the situation would resolve itself. Surely Optimus would eventually find somebot that turned his helm and… experiment.

And then he was gone.

With energon supplies dwindling the Autobots made the decision that they must go in search of resources to save their world.

The Decepticons attacked while they were still loading the Ark. Elita One and her fast, agile femmes were not much use for heavy lifting, so they had been guarding the perimeter. They fought valiantly to hold off Megatron’s forces as every Autobot still functional retreated towards the ship.

When it became apparent that the Decepticons were winning, she called a retreat and led her femmes back to the launchpad.

Just before they reached the ramp, the missiles struck.

Optimus had been standing at the door calling on her and the other femmes to hurry. The explosions off-lined four of her femmes instantly. Six were seriously injured and the others sent flying over fifty meters. When her vision finally cleared, Elita saw an injured Optimus being dragged inside the Ark by Ratchet and Ironhide.

Then to her horror, the door slammed shut and the rockets ignited.

Just like that, she and her femmes had been left behind.

Elita One understood why they did it. Megatron’s forces had been right on top of them, and the Autobots thought all the femmes were off line. They must have. She knew those mechs. There was not a coward among them. Ratchet and Ironhide would not have closed the door if they thought any of them survived.

She and her femmes spent the next three million years running, hiding and fighting a guerrilla war against Shockwave.

So much time passed without contact that eventually she had given up hope of ever seeing Optimus or the other mechs this side of the Well.

Until one day, while gathering information about an energon cache, Chromia happened to hear Acid Storm and Ion Storm talking excitedly about how Shockwave had finally contacted Megatron. This seemed very bad news indeed, until the blue femme heard one of them say that Shockwave had been ordered by their leader to come up with a weapon they could use against the Optimus and the other Autobot mechs.
Their friends and mates lived! And they were causing Megatron a Pit load of grief.

Even better.

And suddenly there was a sparkling and a ceasefire.

Speaking of which, sometime soon she would have to speak to Jazz alone and find out how he had managed to entice the skittish Prime into a berth. Then she would decide whether or not to terminate his aft for sparking Optimus up and not having the decency to bond with him.

He had better have a damned good excuse!

Then there was the business of being ordered to play nice with Shockwave and his minions. That was going to be difficult.

Elita One had been in command of twenty femmes when the Ark departed. Of those brave soldiers, ere left. Moonracer, Arcee, Greenlight, Chromia and Firestar.

Of the others. The lucky ones died quickly. The unlucky ones had been captured, tortured, used in vile experiments by Shockwave, and eventually tossed out onto a garbage heap.

They suffered many losses, but the battle had not been one sided. Her femmes made the Decepticons pay for every spark they snuffed out.

The femmes had deactivated more drones than they could count. As for the mechs that served Shockwave, there had been fifty-one when the Ark left. Now there were nine.

Elita One would never forgive that sick son of a rabid grid-wolf for the deaths of her friends. And she certainly did not trust him.

One thing was certain. That one-eyed piece of scrap better keep his Seekers on a short leash if they were going to maintain the ceasefire.

When the flying perverts were not shooting at her femmes, they could not keep their servos to themselves. She had rescued Firestar and Greenlight from being molested just last week. The next Decepticon she caught hurting one of her femmes was going to get her blaster shoved up his afterburner, ceasefire be damned.

Well, at least she would soon get some clarification on Optimus’ orders, and the rest of the situation for that matter. “So, I hear Optimus is a creator,” she said to Blaster. He was the one talking to her while Cliffjumper had gone to fetch Optimus.

“Oh yeah,” noted the boxy red docking mech. “Nobody knew the big guy was sparked up till little Orion made the scene. Kind of a shock. It sure ended that battle quick.”

Elita gaped at him in horror. “Optimus gave birth in the middle of a battle!” The words came not only from the tall rose-colored femme, but everyone in her command. They were standing behind her, listening to their conversation.

Blaster nodded. “Oh sorry, you couldn’t know. The bitlet popped out while Optimus was going one on one with Megatron. As soon as the mini mech started crying Old Megs called for a ceasefire.”

“Never a dull moment with you guys,” said Arcee from behind the much taller femme.
“So, after seeing Optimus drop a sparkling, Megatron decides he wants to play house with Starscream, sire a bunch of mechlings of his own and live happily ever after?” Elita was only half joking. Even in the early part of the war, Megatron and Starscream fought like an old bonded couple. Everyone on both sides pretty much assumed they had to be fragging.

The interfacing must be spectacular for Megatron to put up with the backstabbing Seeker.

“Oh, Boss Bot’s here,” said Blaster. He then stepped out of the frame.

A moment later Optimus took his place. He held the sparkling, Orion cradled in his arms.

There was a collective ‘Ahhhh’ from the femmes as the grinning mechling waved his little servos at them and beeped ‘Hello! Hello!’

“You look great, Optimus,” Elita said with a genuine smile. She knew him well, even after so long apart.

Others would probably not notice, seeing only the battle mask that covered almost two-thirds of his face plate, but his optics were glowing with happiness. Creator hood agreed with her friend. “And this must be Orion, our newest Autobot. He is adorable. Primus, he looks so much like you, Optimus. You could not deny being his creator if your function depended on it.”

“Not that I ever would.” The Prime’s already massive chest puffed up with pride. “You look well too, Elita. It is good to see you. I presume Moonracer has told you about the ceasefire.”

“Yes. Although honestly, I still cannot believe Old Bucket head is so anxious to spark up Starscream.”

Under other circumstances her remark might be funny. Today, not so much.

At that moment Optimus was glad for his mask. He also had to work to keep his field even for Orion’s sake. He could not tell her about the Ground Bridge, or Megatron’s designs on him. He and Prowl had no doubt in their processors that everything they said was being recorded by Soundwave.

Usually Optimus preferred honesty, but he could not reveal any of their knowledge of Megatron’s plans.

Even in the unlikely event Soundwave was not listening, he could not chance saying anything. Particularly with Blaster nearby. Optimus loved all of his Autobots. But let’s face it, some of them were blabbermouths. If a secret needed to be kept, be sure that Blaster, Blur, Huffer and Bumblebee did not know about it.

“As Blaster told you, I gave birth in the middle of a fight with Megatron. He could have easily off lined me, or taken me captive while I was incapacitated. Instead he called a ceasefire.”

“Optimus, just be careful. Do not let your desire for peace blind you. Megatron is not just a dangerous warrior. He is a slick, manipulative son of a glitch. It would not surprise me if the slagger and his screechy sidekick were listening to every word we say. Well, I will give them an audio full. Yes, he wants a bunch of Decepticon bitlets to increase his army, but he will also be looking for a way to come out on top. You have always been his greatest enemy. He is obsessed with you. He will do anything to defeat you, Optimus. Don’t trust him.”

“I believe that Megatron does desire an end to the war,” answered the Prime. According to the warlord’s own words he did. But Megatron intended to end it on his own terms. Which included
Optimus in his berth. There was nothing she could do and the knowledge would only anger her, even if he dared to tell Elita. “However, you are correct. We have been adversaries for a long time. I am not going to let down my guard.”

He had no problem with his rival knowing that.

In fact, Optimus wanted to make sure Megatron knew that he had no intention of just laying down for him, in any sense. If Megatron wanted to become his Lord High Protector, he was going to have to work for it.

Meanwhile at the Decepticon’s underwater base: Megatron, Soundwave and Starscream were indeed listening to every word as they watched a split screen of the two Autobot leaders.

“Sidekick!” snarled Starscream. Megatron noted that he did not mention being called ‘screechy’.
“How dare that cyber-slut insinuate that I would ever share your berth,” snarled Starscream.

“I am the one that should be insulted,” noted Megatron dryly. “That femme actually believes I would lower myself to create sparklings with you.” His sights were set much higher than a wing commander.

Oh, Starscream was attractive enough. His leg struts were gorgeous. And that tight little aft…

But honestly, Megatron could never get past that screechy voice.

There was also the fact that Megatron liked to cuddle after interfacing. Something he would never do with his SIC under any circumstances. He had no doubt that Starscream would take the opportunity to put a knife in his back.

That was part of the reason the Decepticon developed a bit of a kink for bondage. If his partner was bound, he could cuddle to his spark’s content, without fear of sharp objects in bad places. And since Starscream would never consent to restraints…

He was sure the feisty femme would object very vocally as soon as she discovered his plans for Optimus.

Having Elita One working against him in his bid to become Lord High Protector was not an insurmountable obstacle. Especially with her still on Cybertron. (Suck it, femme!) That was another reason to keep the Space Bridge closed for now. But he would have to be careful nonetheless. She was dangerous and very clever. Elita One had earned her rank as commander of the femmes.

She was also as protective of Optimus as a cyber-cougar with a cub.

“Elita One does have a point about your obsession though,” noted Starscream. Megatron glared. His SIC could never resist twisting even a metaphorical knife. “How many times have you had Motormaster in your quarters wearing a red and blue holo-paint job?”

“Optimus Prime is an attractive mech, as any bot with optics can attest. I will not deny that I have wanted him in my berth for a long time. He will make a worthy mate for me.”

“Not if that femme has anything to say about it,” sneered Starscream. It was not that he really cared whether Megatron managed to get between Prime’s leg struts or not. Who his Lord fragged was no concern of his. The Seeker was just being contrary. He could not stop himself. “You will only get to Prime’s valve over her deactivated chassis.”
“A pleasant thought,” he admitted. “However, I do not believe that will be necessary,” said Megatron. He noted that the two Autobot leaders had finished their conversation and had left. Only a green femme and one of the Autobot Flyers, Powerglide, if he was not mistaken, remained.

“Hi, sweetspark,” the red flyer said to his femme.

Megatron watched the pair make dioptes-doe optics at one another for only a moment before turning away in disgust. “Soundwave, I am sure you have already anticipated that I want you to record everything that passes between the Autobots and the femmes.” Soundwave nodded and let a tentacle snake out and plugged into the communications console. “It will be mostly drivel I am sure, but someone might just let something important slip,” Megatron told his spymaster. The blue mech nodded again and turned back to the screen.

Deep in thought Megatron stopped at the door. “Soundwave. Shockwave should have traced the femmes position by now. Tell him not to allow them to disappear again. If for any reason the war restarts I want those femmes dealt with immediately.”

Inventing Megatron strode down the corridor, lost in his own thoughts. Things were moving quickly now. He dared not hesitate any longer.

It was time to put his plan to become Lord High Protector in motion.

Soundwave contacted the Ark early the next morning.


As soon as Blaster ended the call the Autobot command staff, minus Jazz, were on their way to the conference room.

The TIC was currently engaged on a very important mission.

Jazz, Mirage, Tracks, Major Lennox, six NEST troops and surprisingly, Thundercracker, Skywarp and Astrotrain were on their way to El Paso, Texas.

There were reports of Insecticons noshing on railroad cars near the border.

In a show of good faith, Megatron sent the Seekers and shuttle with orders to work with the Autobot and to do whatever it took to be sure that Kickback and the other Insecticons did not threaten the peace process by harming any squishies.

The Decepticon had also decided that it might not be a bad idea to begin his courting of Optimus without Jazz present. True, Optimus had turned the saboteur down flat, but Megatron knew how tenacious the Autobot TIC could be. Besides, Jazz was Orion’s sire. He would not give up his claim so easily.

“Negotiate terms of a Peace Treaty, my shiny white aft,” grumbled Ratchet as he glanced around the table at the assembled Autobots.

“That is an interesting way to phrase it,” noted Prowl. “But none the less accurate. Under the pretext of beginning negotiations there is a ninety-two percent chance that Megatron will use this meeting to officially announce his intention to court Optimus.”
“Can’t we stall him?” asked Red Alert. “We do not have even half of the new defenses ready.”

Prowl shook his helm. “Any attempt at stalling would be inadvisable. To do so could cause Megatron to suspect that we have information on his plans. That would be disastrous.”

“It is alright,” assured Optimus. “I admit that I was caught off guard by all this at first. But now that I understand Megatron’s intentions I will not go into stasis lock if he expresses his desire to court me.”

“I still don’t like it,” said Ironhide, his optics bright with righteous anger. “Optimus, yeh shouldn’t have ta be put through this.”

“Unfortunately, there is no choice, Ironhide,” Prowl informed him. “To keep everyone safe, Optimus must meet with Megatron and accept his court. But he will not be alone. Soundwave has requested that he accompany Megatron. This works to our advantage. It will allow me to attend the meeting without causing suspicion.”

“You need not be there to hold my servo as if I were a sparkling, Prowl,” said Optimus. “You have said that Megatron will not attempt to kidnap me as long as he thinks he is making progress on becoming Lord Protector.”

“You misunderstand, Optimus. My presence would not be as moral support, or a bodyguard. I will be there in my capacity as your tactical advisor.”

Prime chuckled. “This is not a battle, Prowl. I will not need your tactical processor.”

“No, this is not a battle,” Prowl said, looking the bigger mech in the optics. “You will be engaging in diplomacy. Something that can be infinitely more dangerous, even if it were not Megatron on the other side of the table. You are a good mech, Optimus, but sometimes you are too willing to compromise. While compromise is not a bad thing in and of itself, we cannot give too much. There must be give and take on both sides. It is essential that I am present to help you negotiate the best terms for not only us, but the humans as well.”

There were a lot of very nervous Autobots waiting at the entrance of the Ark as Megatron landed with an impressive thud.

The mech did love to make an entrance.

He stood slowly, glancing at the assembled bots. Next, just as slowly so as not be shot, he set down the large blue boombox that was Soundwave. The other mech unfolded and brought the rest of his mass out of subspace to stand nearly as tall as his leader.

The spymaster felt almost naked. For once, he was without the comforting presence of any of his Cassettes. It was decided that leaving them back at the Nemesis in Ravage’s care was best. It would make the Autobots feel better and there was no chance of them becoming bore.

Bored Cassettes were destructive Cassettes.

Ravage was looking after the others. When Soundwave inquired how the sleek cat former intended to manage her unruly charges, she informed him that there was a Godzilla marathon on one of the cable stations. That would keep the younger Cassettes entertained.

Megatron was very conscious that there were humans intently watching him. Soundwave had said
there was still a small, fluctuating community of reporter and the curious still camped a short distance outside the perimeter of the Autobot base.

The warlord felt a sense of satisfaction that he had startled the fleshlings. He smugly noted that every one of them had either a camera or phone trained on him.

Good. He had a bet with Hook that the video of his arrival at the Ark would get more views on YouTube than Starscream’s.

The Lord of the Decepticons glanced over the assembled Autobots as if they were an honor guard. Although, he was sure that the Autobots were anything but honored by their presence.

In fact, a quick scan by Soundwave confirmed the main emotion they felt was apprehension. Especially when Optimus appeared at the entrance to the Ark, flanked by Prowl and Ironhide, to meet them. He stood in the shade made by the aft end of the ship, where it stuck out from the rock.

Optimus held out his servo in greeting. “Greetings Megatron. As Commander of the Autobots, I welcome you to the Ark. May this be the beginning of a lasting peace between us.”

“I thank you for your warm welcome, Optimus Prime,” replied the warlord graciously as he took Prime’s servo. He tried not to smirk at the scandalized looks on the Autobots’ face plates as he slowly brought it to his dermas. His lips did not linger overlong, but even with the battle mask in place Megatron’s infrared vision could detect an increase in heat from Prime’s face plate. How sweet, he was blushing.

Releasing the servo, he replied. “My mechs also hope that our meeting will bring an end to this conflict.”

Too bad they were hidden from the humans here at the entrance. A video of that kiss to the servo would probably have broken the internet.

Soundwave had his empathic abilities at their maximum as they went deeper into the Ark. He did have some idea what to expect since several Decepticons had already been inside to see Orion. They reported that while still suspicious, most of the Autobots were warming to the idea of peaceful coexistence. Some even made tentative overtures to Decepticons that they knew before the war when those mechs had come to see Orion.

Starscream was in a very good mood when he returned from the Ark after a visit. “If this ceasefire does lead to peace, I am certain that Skyfire would be open to rekindling our relationship,” the Seeker had reported. That gave Soundwave hope that he could eventually do the same with Blaster.

They had once been close. Even spoke of bonding. Until circumstances placed them on opposite sides of the war. Maybe… He pushed the torrent of emotions back, as he always did. Megatron needed him at his best.

Soundwave was surprised to feel few truly strong negative emotions from the Autobots around them. There was still apprehension aplenty. But the circuit deep hatred he expected to feel from was not present.

The most intense negative feelings were radiating from Ironhide. He would gladly shoot them both.

But from the others, he felt a surprising swell of guarded optimism.

The docking mech sent a quick com to his Lord. ‘Distrust: High. Desire for peace: Stronger.'
Autobots: Want war to end.’

‘How do you think they will react once it becomes known that I intend to court their Prime?’

‘Outcome: Unknown,’ admitted the spymaster. ‘Optimus Prime: Much loved.’

‘He is quite attractive.’


‘I will take it under advisement,’ Megatron sent.

He found himself watching Optimus walk back to the conference room. It was seldom that he had the chance to be this close to his counterpart while not either threatening violence or committing acts of violence on his person.

He kept his helm up, but admittedly, his optics kept straying downward. Megatron had not intended to let anything distract him from the business at hand, but well... Dat aft.

Being so close, Prime’s field was powerful. For the most part, it was confident. Although, he did pick up a little curl of something undefined that the Autobot was attempting to hide.

Did he suspect at least part of what Megatron intended? Perhaps his SIC had worked out that he intended to claim the title of Lord High Protector? That made sense. The ever-logical Prowl would surely realize that they could not stay divided and survive. There were so few of them left.

As they moved through the corridors Megatron caught a hint of the wonderful scent that he had smelled when they spoke outside the Ark. Primus, it was exhilarating.

And now he was sure that it came from Optimus. He could taste it on his glossa. Although he still could not identify the heavy, sweet, arousing, yet somehow calming aroma.

‘Sparkling energon,’ noted Soundwave.

‘That intoxicating fragrance is sparkling energon?’

‘Affirmative.’

Before Megatron could ask more questions, Optimus turned as they entered a large room. “If you would please take a seat, we can begin.”

There were fresh cubes of mid grad already set out on a massive conference table. And it was surrounded by very comfortable looking chairs.

The room was also bright and cheerful. Very Autobot.

Megatron sat across from Optimus while Soundwave and Prowl faced one another. Optimus began by handing his counterpart and the docking mech each a data pad. “Prowl thought that we should start with some basics. This is a statement of intent. It officially affirms that both sides agree to a complete cessation of hostilities and lays out a general framework for the sharing of energon and other resources.”

“This gives us a very generous portion of your energon. In return, you ask for access to Cybertonium and some minerals,” noted Megatron, scanning over the outline. “You also offer the services of your medical staff?”
“Hook and Knock Out are both competent medics,” clarified Prowl. “But we have observed that some of your mechs have old damage. Wounds that have been patched, but not completely repaired. According to Ratchet many of those injuries would be extremely painful.”

“Also, combat medics would likely have little to no experience caring for sparked mechs or sparklings. If everyone can be cured as we hope, we will have many sparked mechs soon,” added Optimus.

“That is true,” conceded Megatron. “Hook is a combat medic. He is competent at patching injuries, but his knowledge of anything beyond that is limited. And Knock Out, while experienced in more than just field repairs, is relatively young. I do not believe he has ever even seen a sparked mech.”

“Ratchet will be happy to share his knowledge,” said the truck former. “He is already training First Aid and several other Autobots that have volunteered act as maternity nurses. The more medics we have that can treat sparked mechs and sparklings the better.”

“I will speak to my medical staff. Considering that Scrapper wants to carry, I think Hook will be very eager to learn.” Knockout was a little quiet on the subject. Probably because he was involved with Breakdown, one of the Stunticons. His partner could not be made fertile.

Still, he had heard tentative rumors that the lovers were considering having another mech donate his transfluids so that Knockout and Breakdown could have a sparkling.

It was not as if Knockout was monogamous, or that Breakdown expected him to be. They often invited other mechs for threesomes.

“We should also, for now, establish boundaries,” said Prowl, bringing Megatron out of his musings. “Mutually agreed upon territories here and on Cybertron that would stay under factional control until we are able to begin to reintegrate. There are mechs on both sides with personal grudges. We cannot allow the rank and file to interact without strict supervision.”

“Agreed.” The boxy mech was keeping his telepathic circuits open most of the time now on the Nemesis. He was encouraged by much of what he felt. Most of the Decepticons wanted peace just as much as the Autobots. But there were a few that harbored a strong hatred for their foes.

There were also mechs not on Earth that would eventually need to be dealt with.

Some of those that had kept in contact with Shockwave over the millennia were extremely dangerous. They could not be allowed anywhere near sparklings.

Mechs like Tarn and the DJD, Overlord and Black Shadow.

The Phase Sixers were vicious brutes. Violence, sadism and cruelty part of their core programing.

Soundwave could not allow those twisted mechs to destroy the peace.

For that very reason he had recently discussed their fate with Shockwave. They had not yet broached the subject with Megatron, but the two of them had come to the inevitable conclusion that the two remaining Phase Sixers, at least, must be put down.

There might still be hope for the DJD.

Tarn’s fanatical loyalty to Megatron could mean the difference between continued function and termination for his team. If he could be persuaded that making peace with the Autobots was a way to move forward Decepticon ideals and not a defeat or surrender, he could be a great asset.
Soundwave had no such faith in the Phase Sixers. Those mechs were extremely dangerous and unpredictable, as Six Shot’s actions proved. The Autobots often spoke of second chances. Of forgiveness. But he doubted that even Optimus Prime could forgive the monstrous things Overlord had done to dozens of helpless Autobot prisoners.

Or the things he and Black Shadow would gladly do to any Autobots they met.

But then, there were those that would say that Shockwave deserved to be executed.

He had tortured and killed his prisoners ostensibly for science. Although, Soundwave knew deep in his spark, Shockwave could be just as sadistic as Overlord. And that despite the tank former’s seemingly unemotional exterior, he enjoyed inflicting pain.

Soundwave had no qualms about using the kill codes on the Phase Sixers. And, although he respected Shockwave’s knowledge and dedication to the cause, the spymaster would personally terminate the scientist if it became necessary to ensure peace.

He would not take any action without consulting Megatron. After all, his lord might still have a use for those mechs. One that would keep them far away from the Autobots and any sparklings.

Filing these thoughts for future contemplation, Soundwave sat back and listened to Optimus and Megatron discuss the treaty.

After two surprisingly productive hours, Optimus froze and cocked his helm. Obviously, he was receiving a com.

“My apologies, Megatron. It seems we will need to adjourn for a short time. Since I became capable of feeding him, Orion will not accept a cube from his caretakers or nurse from Ratchet.”

‘I cannot blame him,’ thought Megatron.

Being near Optimus and smelling the sparkling energon, the warlord had to admit that he envied the bitlet. He had heard that there were those with a kink for suckling from other mech’s feeding nubs. He had never understood the appeal. Until now.

He was a bit aroused by the thought of laying with his helm against Prime’s chest plate and tasting that sweet energon.

He kept his field tightly controlled as he smiled at the Prime. “We do not have to adjourn, Optimus. At least, if you do not mind. I would not object to you nursing Orion while we talk. To be honest, I was hoping to be able to see him while I was here. As would Soundwave, I am sure.”

Megatron was not lying. He did want to see the sparkling, also. Just the thought of being around the bitlet gave him a warm, fuzzy feeling in his spark.

The Terror of Kaon was not well acquainted with warm fuzzies. He found that he like the sensation.

“Mechling’s presence: Welcome,” added Soundwave.

Optimus almost expected his second to object as he looked to Prowl, but instead he received a nod of approval. ‘I foresee no danger. Allowing Megatron and his command staff to interact with Orion will help to intensify their protector protocols. The more they are exposed to him, the more they will want to keep Orion safe and happy.’
“All right, Megatron. I will have him brought here,” said the Prime.

Optimus was not surprised to see that it was Ironhide and not Roller, who had been on babysitting duty, that brought Orion into the conference room. Roller had commed, letting Optimus know in no uncertain terms, that he was not happy that Ironhide ordered him to stay outside.

Ironhide was Optimus’ body guard. A duty that he had always taken seriously, even if the one he guarded insisted that he did not need one. He also loved his leader. Although, it any hope for a relationship beyond friendship was quickly fading. It hurt a little that Optimus seemed intent on putting him, and every other Autobot on the planet squarely in the ‘Friend Zone’.

He wished it were otherwise, and Ironhide fervently wished that Megatron was not interfering. If not for him maybe one of them might have a chance to get past their Prime’s defenses and claim his spark.

Probably Jazz, he reluctantly admitted to himself. That he could accept. At least he was an Autobot. The saboteur would love and protect Optimus and Orion.

For his part, Orion was fascinated by Megatron and Soundwave. He was meeting so many new mechs lately! And these two were different from any he had met before. Something drew him to them. Something familiar, yet strange. His hunger momentarily forgotten he sat on the conference table and scrutinized the Decepticons with big, curious optics.

After contemplating these unknown mechs he decided to put his new, wonderful discovery to use. The Little Bright Spark and Silly Spark had shown him that by moving his servos and knee joints together he could get where he wanted to go much faster.

Putting his new knowledge to use, he crawled purposely towards the Decepticons.

All three Autobots tensed as tiny brushed a servo over the silver mech’s arm where his fusion cannon would normally reside. Ironhide almost leapt across the table as the innocent mechling scooted closer and lay his helm against Megatron’s chest plate. After a moment, he began to purr.

‘Strong Spark,’ he declared.

Megatron held completely still as the sparkling leaned against him. He did not want to startle the Autobots or Orion. But when the little helm looked up at him, he could not help but smile back at the mischievous grin on the tiny mechling’s face plate. “You are a brave little thing.”

Orion chirped with pride at the compliment, then turned to Soundwave. He carefully crawled closer. Blinking he sat back on his little aft, right in front of the spymaster and touched his chest plate. ‘Bright Spark?’ he clicked, obviously confused. ‘Sad Bright Spark?’

Soundwave looked down at the puzzled mechling impassively. “Memories: Hurt sometimes.”

Optimus looked at the dock, his optics filled with compassion. Even Ironhide and Prowl felt sympathy for the Decepticon. There was only one thing they could think of that would make Orion see Soundwave as a ‘Sad Bright Spark’.

“I am sorry, Soundwave. I did not know that you were a carrier,” Optimus said gently.


The adults in the room were looking at one another somewhat uncomfortably when Orion’s tanks rumbled. All else forgotten at the resurgence of his hunger, he whimpered and crawled back to
Optimus.

The little mechling felt much better when his Bright Spark took him into his arms and offered the feeding nub.

They never did get back to the negotiations while the bitlet refueled. Fortunately, stress levels in the room dropped exponentially as Orion relaxed and eventually fell into recharge while nursing.

Megatron hide his disappointment when Optimus carefully handed the snoozing mechling to Ironhide. The old warrior gave the Decepticons one last (somewhat half-sparked) glare before exiting the room, cuddling his precious cargo.

“We should return to the business at hand,” noted Prowl once the door closed.

They continued for several hours. The main thing that was agreed upon was the boundary lines.

As long as they caused no harm to the humans in the area, the Decepticons could move freely over the Western Coast of the United States. The Nemesis was in the pacific, just outside the territorial waters of the US. The Autobot territory began at the border between California and Nevada, where the Ark was located. They would stay in the section of the US between there and Texas.

They decided for now to keep the scope on Earth narrow so that it would be easier to monitor one another. Since the Decepticons were not going to be raiding for energon they would have no reason to do much traveling. Neither did the Autobots. Unless it was for a meeting with the humans.

If either side needed to go outside of their respective territories, they were to contact the other faction immediately. They must have a legitimate reason for the trip and keep to a strict route.

Also, they must stay in the open where they could be observed and tracked.

Once this was finalized and the mechs realized how late it was getting and decided to call it a day.

Prowl walked out first, followed by Soundwave. He was already running through likely scenarios for the next session when something pinged his sensors.

He froze in his tracks when he heard the door shut behind them.

The Datsun turned to face the much large Decepticon. Soundwave stared down at him impassively. Prowl was about to call for backup when the spymaster spoke.

“Harm: Not intended. Privacy: Desired.”

Inside the room Optimus suddenly found himself alone with Megatron. The impressive silver mech stood between him and the door. For a panicked instant, he thought that perhaps Prowl was wrong and Megatron was going to try and kidnap him.

The Autobot gasped as instead of drawing a weapon or tackling him, his foe gently took his servo and gracefully dropped to one knee before him.

“Optimus Prime. I, Megatron of Kaon, Lord of the Decepticons, ask that you grant me the honor of courting you. Allow me prove myself worthy to be your Lord High Protector.”

True to his word, Optimus did not go into stasis lock.
Nor did he facepalm.

Not because of Megatron’s actions. He found his rival’s spark-felt declaration both charming and flattering.

His issue was with the most sacred relic of Primus.

The Matrix thrummed happily against his spark as the ancient Primes belted out a rousing rendition of ‘I Touch Myself’.

To be continued.
Worse than the disease

Chapter Summary

Megatron makes his case to be Lord High Protector and the Autobot science team finds the cure to their sterility. So why is no one happy about it?

Chapter Notes

Things are going to start becoming a little less fluffy and more serious for a while. At least the next four or five chapters.

Warnings: Masturbation, Uncontrollable arousal, Unsuccessful attempted Rape/Non-con, Pervy Megatron and Pervy Matrix. The attempted Non-con and Pervy Megatron warnings are not related. (Just thought you ought to know.)

I do not own the Transformers and any mistakes are all my own.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

_The Matrix thrummed happily against his spark as the ancient Primes belted out a rousing rendition of ‘I Touch Myself’._

 Seriously?

‘You’re not helping,’ Optimus noted tersely.

To their credit, his persistent brothers and sisters took the hint and quieted. Although the Matrix still purred with unbridled excitement.

The vibration was getting stronger and going straight to his interface array.

No, no, no! The last thing he wanted to do was overload while Megatron held his servo!

‘Please, just let me think,’ he pleaded. To his relief a somewhat chastened Matrix dialed back the vibrations until he was no longer in danger of embarrassing himself before his counterpart.

“Have I shocked you, Optimus?” asked Megatron, a little concerned at his rival’s long silence. Had he miscalculated and too quickly for the inexperienced Prime?

Fortunately, Megatron remained unaware of the Prime’s internal struggles to control his chassis.

“A little,” the Autobot admitted, silently thanking the Matrix for toning down its enthusiasm.
“That was not my intent, I assure you,” said the warlord. His thumb gently brushed the palm of the servo he held, making slow, sensual circles. “So much has become clear to me since I witnessed the birth of your sparkling. Things that I did not allow myself to see before. Even if I had won this war, we would all have lost. What good would conquering the universe be with our race moving ever closer to extinction? Now, that sweet little bitlet has given us all hope. I have no doubt your mechs will soon discover how you were cured and we can begin to rebuild Cybertron. But to do so, we must become one people again. I believe with all my spark that our best chance to successfully reunite our factions is for the two of us to bond and rule together.”

“Bonding is not something to be done lightly, Megatron. We were trying to off line one another barely a week ago, Megatron. That is not the best start to a relationship.” The Primes let him know that they agreed with the Decepticon’s conclusion. The two of them bonding was a very, very good idea.

Optimus did not accept their conclusion on faith. Now that Megatron had made his move, he had a lot of questions that needed answering.

The ancients might have decided that he and Megatron would be a cute couple, personally, Optimus held deep reservations.

Marianas Trench deep reservations.

Megatron chuckled and stood, but did not release Optimus’ servo. It was not a tight grip. The Autobot could have easily pulled away if he wanted to.

It pleased the warlord that he did not try.

“This is hardly the beginning of our relationship, Optimus. We have known one another for millions of years. And despite our being on opposite sides, we do have much in common. Both strong willed, determined. We are each passionate about our cause. True, our methods for achieving our goals have always differed, but we share a desire to do what is best for our people.”

“The difference in our methods has caused great harm to our world and many others. There must have been a way to make changes on Cybertron without resorting to war,” said the Prime. He sounded disapproving, but the Decepticon noted that he still did not try to remove his servo.

“Optimus, look me in the optics and tell me that you believe that the Council would have listen to demands for change. You know what happened before you gained power over the Autobots. If anyone became too vocal in their criticism, Sentinel had them killed, if they were lucky. And he was just that last in a long line of tyrannical false Primes. They and the so-called nobles enslaved us for millions of years. The only way to gain our freedom was to take it by force of arms.”

“Perhaps you are right, Megatron,” Optimus conceded reluctantly. “Sentinel and the Council loved their power too much to allow change. But once you gained your freedom, you not only continued the war, you expanded it,” countered Optimus. “I offered a truce when I first became Prime. You answered by attacking Protihex.”

“I did not trust you. It is as simple as that. In my experience, Primes were puppets of the council. I expected you to be another tool of the nobles to enforce their will. Had I known you were once worker cast, that you understood the horrendous conditions we endured, I would have been more inclined to listen to you.”

Shuttering his optics, Optimus shook his helm. “Alpha Trion did all he could to be sure that no one knew where I came from.”
“Not surprising. He might not have agreed with everything Sentinel did, but he was still just as much of an elitist as any of them. He knew the Council would dismiss a lowly dock worker, even with the Matrix in your chest. Their false Primes had been ruling without it since the Quintessons were overthrown. Alpha Trion objected to the regime’s brutality, but all he intended to do was loosen our slave collars. He would make our servitude more comfortable, but we would still have been slaves,” said Megatron.

“Alpha Trion was a good mech,” Optimus insisted. “He believed in changing the system from the inside. Reshaping it. Not tearing it down completely.”

“The old system was rotten. Corrupt to its very spark. There was nothing to salvage. You cannot build anything lasting if the foundation is already crumbling,” countered Megatron.

The two mechs stood in silence for several moments. Taking a deep invent Megatron favored his rival with surprisingly gentle smile. “All this is academic, Optimus. The old regime is gone. Burned away in the fires of war that they made inevitable. We have a clean slate and the opportunity to rebuild Cybertron as it was meant to be. Where no mech owns another. Where your frame type does not dictate the course of your entire life. We stand on the precipice. Our people can come back from the brink of extinction, if Autobots and Decepticons unite. And the only way that will work is for us to rule together as Prime and Protector.”

Megatron lifted the Autobot’s servo to his lip plates as the Matrix pulsed harder and his brother and sister Primes cheered. They were completely convinced of the Decepticon’s sincerity.

This time, Megatron allowed his lips to linger on that warm servo as his field washed over the other mech like a tidal wave. He held nothing back, giving Optimus a full taste of the desire he had held for the Prime since the day he first laid optics on him.

To his surprise, Optimus responded with a pulse of pure need. Megatron took a deep scent laden invent, noting that the aroma of the sparkling energon was quickly being overtaken by the heavy scent of arousal.

He smirked as he heard a small, needy moan. Completely overwhelmed, Optimus did not even realize he had made the very sexy noise.

This was almost too easy. But then, the object of his advances had a serious disadvantage. Other mechs learned to control themselves in adolescence as their interface protocols came online. It was not like flipping a switch. Fortunately, it was a slow process. Mechs and femmes learned to keep their fields tight so their arousal would not be too noticeable while in public.

Optimus had suppressed his desires completely for many centuries, and so had no experience dealing with this sudden, almost frighteningly intense arousal. The need inspired by the silver mech was running wild through his systems and he was completely unprepared to handle it.

The Primes were happily encouraging him to give in to his chassis, while the Matrix purred.

Megatron shuddered at the intensity of the Prime’s field. If he were a lesser mech, Optimus would already be on his back while the Decepticon pounded his tight valve.

The poor Autobot would need to be taught how to keep himself under control or he was going to end up causing a spontaneous orgy on the Ark.

In general, Megatron approved of orgies. They were very good for moral.

Come to think of it, there had not been one on the Nemesis for month. (He really needed to talk to
Knock out about that little oversight.) However, since this one would likely happen while the Decepticon was not there to enjoy it, that would not do at all. He wanted Optimus all to himself.

The warlord sighed as his optics focused just behind the sexy mech. ‘If only I dared stay longer. Optimus is so aroused I think he might be persuaded to try out that large, very sturdy looking table.’ Now that would be a nice fantasy for later. ‘Sadly, if we do not emerge soon the Autobots will break down the door.’

Reluctantly, the Decepticon finally released the Prime’s servo. “Please consider what I have said. Our bonding really would be in the best interest of both of our peoples. And, one last thing, Optimus,” he leaned in so close that his dermas almost brushed the other mech’s audio as he spoke. “I will keep you very satisfied.”

Blinking a couple of times to clear his helm as Megatron took a step back to give him room, Optimus eventually found his vocalizer. “I… accept your court, Megatron,” he said breathlessly.

That was all he trusted himself to say.

“Then I shall take my leave,” he declared with a courtly bow. “When you wish to continue our negotiations, contact Soundwave.” He barely held back a chuckle, letting his optics savor the sight of the panting, aroused Prime. “I suggest you lock the door once I leave, Optimus. At least until you can regain your composure. Your mechs may not have as much control as I do.”

The Autobot nodded weakly in agreement. He was very aware of the pitiful state he was in. Optimus was extremely grateful that his counterpart was able to control himself.

When Megatron opened the door and discovered Prowl and Soundwave in a stare down, he almost laughed. It was not easy to keep his expression neutral as he strode past, motioning his TIC to fall in behind him.

It would not do to let Prowl or the other Autobots see him smirking as a very shaky Optimus sent the command to close and lock the door behind him.

The preliminaries were concluded.

Round one to Megatron.

It took some time for Ratchet to finally coaxed Optimus into even responding to him, let alone opening the door.

“I am a medic, Optimus,” assured Ratchet. “I have complete control of my interface protocols. I will not jump you. Now let me in and tell me what that smug bastard did to you.”

Sighing, Optimus unlocked the door to allow his CMO to enter.

“Megatron did nothing, Ratchet,” he sighed as Ratchet began to scan to ever loving Pit out of him. “Not really. He just held my servo. The Matrix was pulsing already, then when Megatron touched me I completely lost control. Thank Primus he did not.”

“Slagging relic needs to mind its own fragging business.” Ratchet was not religious. He had always thought Primus to be more of an abstract concept then reality. And he certainly never thought their god was such an interfering aft. “Why the Pit is the Matrix so set on getting you and Megatron bonded?”
“The Matrix and by extension Primus, truly believe that Megatron needs to become my mate for the survival of our race. I understand at least some of the reason behind it. The Decepticons would never accept me as their leader. The Autobots would reject Megatron. If we form a Dyad, rule as Prime and Protector, both sides will feel as if they are equally represented.”

Ratchet frowned. He hated to admit it, but the blasted relic was right. That did not mean he had to like it. “But surely there must be a way to achieve this without you being forced into Megatron’s berth?”

“The Matrix has some limited ability to touch the streams of time. It has obviously decided that the best outcome for Cybertron is for Megatron and I to become mates.”

“It is not right,” Ratchet grumbled.

“Primus asks much of his chosen,” Optimus shrugged. “Few are the Matrix Bearers that die peacefully in their berth. I never expected to live long enough to see the end of this war, Ratchet,” he confessed. “I thought my function would end at the point of a blade or more likely, the barrel of a fusion cannon. Measured against that, bonding and having sparklings with Megatron does not seem such a dire fate.”

Ratchet slumped against the table. “Optimus, I never realized you felt that way.”

“It is not important,” he said softly. “I accepted long ago that my fate was not in my servos. I am… Coming to terms with my destiny.”

“This is still not right,” grumbled Ratchet. “You should be free to choose your own mate. To be with someone you love.”

Optimus looked away, because the face plate that flashed before his optics when he thought of love was black and white, had a mischievous, sexy grin and wore a visor. He pushed the thought away quickly.

That could never be.

Realizing that something was upsetting his leader, Ratchet stepped up and touched his shoulder. “Come on to the med bay. You and I need to do some work on your control before you get jumped in the hall.”

Early the next morning.

Once things had settled down to some semblance of normalcy on the Ark, the Autobot science team decided that it was time to get back to solving the mystery of how Optimus and Jazz became fertile.

It was not as if they were making any headway on a defense against the Ground Bridge. They were becoming very concerned.

The lack of information had them flummoxed. What they needed were scans of the Ground Bridge in operation. Unfortunately, they quickly discovered that Mirage’s downloads from the Nemesis were incomplete. Without more detailed information they had little chance of coming up with a way to block it.

Optimus had forbidden his Special Ops team from entering the Nemesis because of the ceasefire. The problem was that this effectively cut them off from their only possible source of data.
The team was becoming a little frustrated.

And to add insult to injury, they had made no progress on finding the answer to reversing their sterility either.

“We are on the right track. The high grade and overloads cause a reaction in the Matrix. But nowhere near the one that cured Optimus and Jazz,” noted Wheeljack.

“We are so slagging close. There has to be some variable that we are missing,” grumbled Ratchet.

Skyfire cleared his throat, looking a little nervous. “Going back over our notes and Jazz’s recording, it appears to me that there are two very important things that we have overlooked for the tests.”

“What are those?” asked Perceptor with keen interest.

“The first thing is that when the Matrix gave off that strong pulse, it was not normal high grade that Optimus had ingested.” The jet former looked down. “The second. He was not alone.”

“Primus,” gasped Perceptor. “You mean to say that someone might have to, um… manually stimulate Optimus to get the desired reaction?”

“And if that is the case, could anyone do it, or only Jazz?” speculated Wheeljack.

Ratchet mumbled curses in at least four different languages. “What if the catalyst for the Matrix pulse is that Primus cursed high grade the twins cooked up? I made Sideswipe and Sunstreaker destroy the batch and delete the recipe. Unicron’s ball bearings! I may have unwittingly managed to ruin our only chance to cure our sterility!”

“There was no way you could have known, Ratchet,” assured Skyfire. “That stuff was dangerous. We all thought it better gone.”

“It is… um… not exactly gone,” said Wheeljack, not quite meeting Ratchet’s optics.

The medic turned and glared so hard, the inventor could almost feel his plating buckle. “Are you saying that stuff was not destroyed? They kept some of that liquid abomination?”

“There is a cache of the high grade from the party stashed in a disused storage unit in the bow of the Ark. Up in the section of the hull that was breached when we crashed,” admitted Wheeljack.

“How large a cache?” demanded Ratchet.

“Uh… Three hundred gallons.”

Wheeljack expected a wrench to the helm at this revelation. Instead, Ratchet threw back his helm and laughed. “Of course, they hid some. Those two reprobates might just have saved us from extinction. Jackie, bring every last drop of that stuff here immediately. You can tell the twin terrors that it is being confiscated in the name of science.” With a sigh, he shook his helm. “I want to try the high grade on Optimus first. As bad as that stuff is, I am sure Optimus would prefer drinking it to having another mech touch him.”

The rest of the team heartily agreed. As unpleasant as the effects of that high grade might be, it was better than subjecting poor Optimus to unwanted sexual contact.

Optimus sat dejectedly on the berth in the testing room staring at his nemesis: The non-descript cube
that sat on the table beside him.

What it contained was not just high grade. This was THE high grade.

The tainted concoction that was responsible for every bit of chaos that had recently invaded his life.

Not that it was all bad, of course. He would not trade his beautiful Orion for the universe. But the rest, like losing the memories of an entire night and now, finding himself being courted by Megatron, that he could have done without.

Optimus wanted desperately to find a way for everyone that could to be able to create. However, he secretly hoped this was not the catalyst. The thought of having to keep ingesting this toxic substance and then be sexually stimulate over and over until everyone was cured made his tanks queasy.

‘Are you ready, Optimus?’ asked Skyfire, who was monitoring the experiment this time.

Ratchet had already placed the neural stimulators on his helm. His friend was apologetic as he got him ready for the test. “I am sorry you must go through this,” he said stroking his helm. It seemed like he wanted to say more. Instead he just petted Optimus one more time, then left.

Steeling himself, the Prime picked up the cube. After several deep invents he opened his battle mask and downed the contents.

At least the taste was agreeable. He managed to ingest it without gagging.

The high grade took effect quickly. By the time he went to set the cube down, he almost missed the table.

The effects were so strong that, if the Prime not already been sitting, he probably would have missed the berth when he laid down.

The Matrix came to life the moment the neural stimulators sent the first pulse of arousal. Optimus whimpered as the image of Megatron again appeared over him thanks to the Matrix. The movements of the semblance of his rival synchronized with the pulses.

Once again it was not enough. The artificial stimulation only teased.

Optimus pushed his fingers deep into his valve without hesitation. But this time even that was not enough. One servo wrapped around his spike. He was so hard it hurt. His keening rose higher and higher as he thrashed frantically.

Skyfire listened to the distressed sounds with growing concern. He sent a com to his fellows. ‘I think there is something wrong. Optimus is becoming frantic. His readings are erratic. Should we stop the test?’

‘I am in the lab down the hall,’ sent Perceptor. ‘I will check on him. We have no way to tell what happened the first time, aside from the pulse. Perhaps this is normal?’

‘I’ll meet you there,’ commed Ratchet.

With a quick acknowledgement to the medic Perceptor rushed down the hall and opened the door. Being much closer he reached the door first.

He was completely unprepared for the sight that greeted him.

Optimus was writhing on the berth, one servo on his (fragging huge) spike, the other working his
valve. Cyber-pheromones filled the air. Perceptor gripped the doorframe as his knee joints went weak.

And then Optimus cried out as he overloaded. A Bright flash of golden light blinded the microscope-former. He stumbled back and fell to one knee. His processor reeled as he opened over bright optics and found the still faintly glowing form of Optimus Prime sprawled on the berth.

A low growl escaped Perceptor’s vocalizer.

‘Percy, what is going on?’ commed Skyfire, hearing the bizarre noise.

He received no answer from his colleague’s com.

However, on the microphones in the testing room Skyfire was horrified to hear more low, animalistic growls. Then a single word. ‘Mine!’

This was followed by the sound of a heavy metal body falling to the floor and a weak, frightened voice. “No, please! Don’t touch me!”’

‘Primus!’ he gasped over the com as he pushed open the door of the monitoring room. ‘Ratchet, Weeljack! We have to get to Optimus now!’

Ratchet had already been racing down the corridor. He reached the door in record time.

When he pulled up to it and transformed, the medic gasped at what he saw.

Optimus was backed into a corner. He was curled up as small as he could get. He trembled violently, shaking his helm no. But the medic hardly had time to process that when he saw Perceptor.

The kind, gentle, scholarly Perceptor moved towards Optimus slowly, like predator that had discovered a tasty morsel. His optics fix like a laser on the terrified Prime.

“Percy?” gasped Ratchet.

The other mech’s helm whipped around. He turned on the medic, growling like a rabid cyber-beast. His face plate was fixed in a frightening, unnatural snarl. Worse yet, his spike was standing straight out before him. It looked painfully hard, bobbing and leaking before him.

His optics were glowing with rage as he growled like a mad mech. “Mine!”

“Percy?” gasped Ratchet, taking a step back.

“MINE!” Perceptor lunged at the medic and backhanded him. Caught by surprise, Ratchet tumbled backwards. Fortunately, the red mech forgot about him completely once he was outside the door. The microscope former turned back towards the cowering Prime in the corner.

“No…” Ratchet heard Optimus whimper as the medic quickly pulled himself to his peds.

“Sorry, Percy,” he said as he aimed his EMP generator.

When the beam hit, Perceptor froze and he collapsed where he stood.

“What the Pit is going on?” asked Wheeljack as he skidded to a halt just outside the doorway. Skyfire’s massive servo’s gripped, and bent the door frame as he caught it to stop himself from sliding past.
Ratchet was kneeling beside Perceptor, scanning him. “Well, we found the cure,” he noted bitterly. “Perceptor’s gestational chamber is active and there are a small, but quickly growing number of active nanites in his transfluids.”

He looked at Optimus, who was still backed up in the corner, trembling violently. “Optimus, it’s alright. Perceptor cannot hurt you now,” he assured gently.

The EMP pulse he used on Perceptor was strong enough that the scientist would not even remember what had happened in the morning.

With luck, if he had enough high grade, neither would Optimus.

“J.. Jazz,” Optimus gasped. “Where is Jazz?” The Matrix tried to sooth him and he heard the ancient Prime’s whisper reassurance, but that was not what he wanted or needed.

“He is not here right now. It’s OK, Optimus. You are safe,” assured Wheeljack, reaching out to comfort him.

The red and blue mech pulled away as if the servo burned. “Jazz?” he whimpered brokenly. “Please, I need Jazz.”

“PIT!” growled Ratchet as he switched on the TIC’s private com frequency. ‘Jazz! Answer me! Where are you?’

‘What?’ came the fuzzy reply. ‘Just got back from playin exterminator down El Passo way. Tryin ta get some recharge. What’s up?’

‘No time to explain, just come to the lab now.’

‘Huh?’

‘Jazz, please. No questions. Optimus needs you.’

No more words were needed. Instantly awake, the saboteur almost knocked over half a dozen bots as he raced through the corridors of the Ark. Very unaccustomed panic filled his spark. What had happened? Was Optimus hurt? Had something happened to Orion?

He turned the corner into the room that Ratchet directed him to and froze on the spot.

It was only Ratchet and Optimus in the room when he arrived. Wheeljack and Skyfire had taken Perceptor back to his lab. Ratchet was certain Percy was no longer a threat to Optimus, but he feared what Jazz would do to when he found out what had happened.

“What the Pit is going on Ratchet?” Jazz demanded as he carefully approached Optimus, who was still wedged tightly in the corner, trembling and keening softly.

“I guess you can say the experiment was a success. But it ended badly.” Jazz glared, but Ratchet shrugged it off. “Please, just help Optimus. I have to go,” Ratchet sighed as he walked towards the door. “Orion is feeling his carrier’s distress. Bee and Roller are comming me. They are almost as frantic as he is.”

Jazz was not satisfied in the slightest with that vague explanation, but he if his bitlet needed Ratchet, he would not delay him. The saboteur reached out and stroked the shaking mech’s cheek strut.

“Hey, OP. It’s OK. The Jazz-Meister’s here.”
“Jazz? Jazz!” he threw his arms around the startled Porsche, holding him tightly against his chest. “You’re always there for me.”

Optimus stood, lifting the startled mech with him and stumbled to the berth. He crawled onto it and lay down. His long frame curled tightly, making him surprisingly small as he lay his helm in Jazz’s lap like an over eager cyber-hound. The saboteur stroked the frightened mech, letting his confident field envelop him.

“You’d never hurt me,” said Optimus with childlike confidence.

“No, I’d never hurt yeh, OP,” confirmed Jazz. ‘Nobody’ll hurt yeh while I’m here,’” he assured gently. “Yer safe with meh.”

“Safe with you,” he sighed, snuggling closer.

“Yeh’re always safe with meh,” Jazz said gently, leaning down to kiss Optimus’ helm. ‘Yeh need meh, OP. Down deep, yeh know it,’ he barely kept from saying it aloud. As if in answer, Optimus whimpered and clutched at his servo.

Like Jazz, the Matrix and the ancient Primes were doing their best to sooth Optimus. Although with much less success. The odd high grade greatly affected not only the Prime, but also both the artifact and the spirits within. They liked what happened. It allowed them to unleash a power that the relic had longed to use for millennia.

The Matrix could return the ability of Primus’ children to reproduce. They had longed to bestow this gift on all Cybertronians since before the Exodus from Cybertron.

The ancients found it wonderful. What they could not understand was why Optimus was so frightened? The fear and confusion of their timid brother puzzled them.

They were shocked that he had rejected Perceptor.

The mech simply felt the need to create new life, just as Jazz had.

Why had their Bearer rejected him?

Optimus was overcharged, his interface array was being stimulated in the most amazing way. He should have welcomed the mech into his berth. Instead he wanted nothing to do with this perfectly suitable sire.

Puzzling.

‘Need Jazz,’ was all they could get from him.

This was a possibility they had not foreseen. They would have to do some serious rethinking on their strategy.

Once Jazz finally felt the big mech slip into recharge he commed Ratchet, Wheeljack and Skyfire. He needed answers right fragging NOW! ‘One a yeh’s gonna tell meh what the Pit’s goin on.’

It was not a request.

‘We were doing more tests on how you and Optimus were cured. We managed to get our servos on some of the twin’s high grade and tested to see if that might be what set off the Matrix pulse,’
explained Ratchet. ‘As it turned out, it was. Perceptor is now fertile. But something went very wrong. The pulse made him lose his processor. He… He tried to force himself on Optimus. I hit him with the EMP and knocked him out, but, you saw the result.’

‘I’ll kill him,’ snarled Jazz.

‘Please, calm down, Jazz. You know Perceptor. Whatever happened in there, it was not his fault. Something in that pulse turned him almost feral,” said Ratchet. ‘Hurting him would be useless. Besides, if you are angry you will upset Optimus. He needs to be calm. You have to concentrate on keeping Optimus calm so his fear does not frighten Orion again.’

‘I’ll dial it back.’ Jazz invented several times, willing himself to calm down. It was not easy, considering the state Optimus was in and now he realized that Orion must have felt his carrier’s distress. ‘OK. Yeh take care o’ the bitlet. Just need one o’ yeh ta tell meh what’s going on? Why’d Perceptor freak out? Nothin like that happened ta meh.’

‘I think I know why,’ Skyfire interjected. ‘You had no reason to become agitated, Jazz. Optimus took you to his room with the intention of interfacing.”

“Makes sense,” said Wheeljack. ‘When you were hit with the Matrix pulse the first time, Optimus was asking you to spike him. But he rejected Perceptor.”

Ratchet shook his helm as stroked Orion’s back struts. ‘And that leaves us with a serious problem. Now that we know how to get the Matrix to create the pulse, can we find a way to use it without the bot being cured trying to rape Optimus?’

It was almost midnight at Headquarters of NEST. Even though there were always men on duty in the facility, it was quiet, just the way she liked it.

Director Mearing was lost in thought, so she was startled when the voice of her computer suddenly droned, ‘You have mail.’

She stared down at it for several long moments. She did not have any sort of notification set up for that. She always found the cheery computer voice extremely annoying.

Rolling her curser over the single unread message, she frowned. There was not any information other than the subject line. ‘Opportunity knocks, will you answer?’

This was a secure account that should only receive emails sent by those on her staff or a few select government officials. There were a dozen filters for spam and viruses. This email should not be there. A little voice told her that opening it would be a colossal mistake, but something made her click on it anyway.

Director,

It has come to my attention that your superiors have made a very foolish decision regarding a means to deal with the unwanted metallic guests that have caused such an upheaval on our world.

Would it not be better to make use of this resource instead of destroying it?

I believe that we can come to a mutually beneficial arrangement.
All I ask is that you allow some associates of mine access to this resource. Just leave several cases of the items I require ungraded in your Nevada warehouse tomorrow night.

Do this and our uninvited guests can be dealt with. I can also assure you that you will find that I am most generous in rewarding my friends.

If you are not interested simply delete this email. There will be no further contact.

To accept, send this reply. ‘Machina non est deus’

I know you will make the right decision.

Cordially yours,

Jaeger

Mearing stared at the screen for several moments.

‘Machina non est deus’

‘The machine is not god’

The meaning of the strange email was clear. Someone was offering to eliminate the Cybertronians. If she let them have the Bot Buster shells.

Thanks to the bloated bureaucracy embedded within the government, it would be frighteningly easy to do. Just have some men she trusted move the Bot Buster shells to the specified warehouse. Then change the labels on some cases of conventional tank shells and send those to the disposal facility.

Simplicity itself.

If her part in this were discovered it would not only end her career, but probably send her to jail for the rest of her life. But if this mysterious stranger really could destroy the Autobots and Decepticons and save the Earth, it was worth the risk.

She clicked on the reply button and typed ‘Machina non est deus’.

Once she hit send, Mearing let out the breath she only just realized she had been holding.

The die was cast.

There was no turning back.

To be continued.
Yes, I borrowed the EMP from the Ratchet of Transformers: The Animated Series.
Chapter Summary

Things are not all sunshine on the Nemesis and a shaken Perceptor needs some comfort.

Chapter Notes

Warnings – Angst, Breastfeeding or the Robot equivalent, Sticky Sex, Oral, M/M/M, mentions of inappropriate behavior from the Rainmakers.

I do not own the Transformers and any mistakes are all my own.

Early morning on the Nemesis.

Soundwave slowly turned to face Motormaster, cursing himself the entire time for not being more careful. He had successfully evaded the Stunticon for three days now. Still, he knew full well that it had only been a matter of time before the big mech cornered him.

“You are a hard mech to find,” noted the purple truck former excitedly. “I just want to know when I can go to the Ark to see Orion?”

The dock sent a com to his cassettes to come to him. A precaution only. Just in case Motormaster reacted badly to what he was about to say. He was not known for his ability to keep his anger under control.

“You are a hard mech to find,” the big mech grumbled. “I asked for permission right after Megatron announced that Prime would allow it. Why can’t I see the sparkling?”

“Permission: Soon.”

“Right. Once he is a youngling!”

Motormaster turned on his heels and stalked away. Soundwave’s frame relaxed slightly as his heavy ped falls began to fade. Several pairs of red optics appeared in the vents above him on either side of the corridor.

“Are you sure this is the best way boss?” asked Frenzy. “The others like them are being really patient. But he and Blitzwing are getting fed up with being stalled.”


“I hear you, Sounders,” said Rumble. “But do you really think those two might try to hurt the little
“Guy?” asked Rumble.

“Caution is requited. They are unknown quantities,” Laserbeak answered.

“Not really, Beaky. Well, Blitzwing, maybe. Motormaster, not so much. He’s always had issues, if you know what I mean. Personally, I think he’s compensating for something,” the cassette noted with a wink. “Be more likely to try to off Prime than do anything to the bitlet,” added Frenzy.

“Meaning we have to keep Motormaster away from Prime,” Rumble chimed in. “We all know Fearless Leader does not want his future baby momma dented. Can’t really blame him. Prime does have a nice aft.”

“We cannot take chances with either of them,” added Ravage, shaking her helm at the twins’ analysis. “It is our duty to keep both Optimus Prime and Orion safe. Lord Megatron will soon be forming a bond with them.” She had no doubt that Megatron would succeed in making Optimus his mate.

“Yeah, we get that,” shrugged Rumble. “Just doesn’t seem right to jerk those two around like this.” Frenzy nodded in agreement. “This really could come back to bite us in the aft.”

Standing stiffly before the massive viewing port on the observation deck of the Nemesis, Blitzwing growled. “It’s not fragging fair!”

“Oversized boom box has no right!” Mortormaster agreed.

Blitzwing really wanted to put his fist through the glass. But while he was not known for his forethought or rapier wit, he did recall that Skywarp accidentally crashed into it once while racing with Dirge. That little mishap flooded five decks.

Megatron had been well and truly pissed. Especially when a Great White shark that had been sucked into the ship through the hole chomped on his leg strut. It could not damage him, of course. The stupid organic ended up breaking most of its teeth on his Cybertonium alloy plating. But the stench that resulted when their Fearless Leader cooked it with his fusion cannon was almost impossible to get out of their olfactory sensors.

It was not like they could open a window. The Nemesis stank of burnt shark for a week.

“I don’t get it,” sighed the Stunticon. “Why are we being singled out? Pit, they let Mixmaster visit the sparkling and that mech has a slagging screw loose.”

“I would think the reason would be obvious. You and the other Stunticons, the Combaticons, me and Astrotrain are all getting the run around on this. Every mech that was brought online sterile is being excluded from seeing the mechling. Then, in your case, there is that little problem that you have with Prime. Maybe they think one of us would go postal on his aft or something?”

“That’s bullslag,” growled Motormaster. “Yes, I tried to offline Prime. A lot. Same as every other Con. We were all trying to kill each other before the bitlet was born. Beating the Unholy Pit out of Autobots was our job. Sure, it was fun. But my team was created for the sole purpose of countering the Autobots on the ground. Just look at me. I’m a truck. Megatron made me to take down Optimus Prime. Not sure if being able to play Prime in his berth was part of his master plan or just a lucky side benefit. Anyway, it’s not my fault that I enjoy my work. I kill mechs and break slag. Not being able to create, how is it our fault Megatron chose these frames to put us in?”
“Kind of the same for Astrotrain and me. Why are we to blame that Primus, in his infinite wisdom, made all of us big flyers unable to make sparklings?” said Blitzwing. “That pacifist, Skyfire is sterile too, but you think the Autobots keep him from seeing Orion? Nooo. Autobots trust each other. One big happy fragging family. They all get the chance to hold the bitlet.”

“Yeah. It ain’t right. They treat us like we’re uncontrollable killing machines,” the Stunticon agreed angrily. “Makes me want to rip somebot’s arm off and beat him to deactivation with it!”

Ironic was not Motormaster’s strong suit.

“I have a better idea,” said Blitzwing with a smile. “What say we go on patrol?”

“Patrol?”

“Sure. Soundwave wants to keep us busy. Let’s do something productive. It’s dull around here right now. We volunteer to go on patrols. Separately of course. It should not be long before we are assigned at the same time. When that happens, being dutiful Decepticons we should do our best to make sure the Autobots are not planning anything.”

Motormaster grinned. “Yeah. We will need to get a good close look at the Ark. Purely in the line of duty.”

Things were lax around the Nemesis right now with the ceasefire. No one would miss them if they were officially out on patrol for a few hours.

Both mechs were excited. They could hardly wait. Soon they would finally get to see that adorable mechling up close.

What could possibly go wrong?

Perceptor slumped at his desk with his helm in his servos. He had never felt so helpless, or disgusted with himself. “Primus, how can I ever show my face plate in public again after what I have done?”

Wheeljack had been leaning on the desk when he woke. Those concerned optics following his every move made the microscope former uneasy.

The masked scientist really wished he had not had to tell Perceptor what happened. His gentle mate was utterly horrified to learn he had attempted to force himself on Optimus. A mech who felt guilty about causing harm to enemies had tried to sexually assault a mech he adored. That and he would need to understand why Jazz was angry at him and Optimus would very likely avoid him for a while.

Apparently, their Prime did not have as much of the high grade as the first time the Twins’ concoction was brought out. He remembered everything. Vividly.

At first, he had tried to deny it. But as they all knew, Optimus was a terrible liar.

Besides, one look at Perceptor and his field pulsed with fear.

The terror in their leader’s optics when he saw the scientist cut poor Perceptor to the spark.

“Percy, what happened last night was not your fault. You were affected by the pulse from the Matrix and were not in control of your actions. It is also not common knowledge. The only bot not
directly involved that knows about what happened is Prowl.” Wheeljack ran a familiar servo down his back struts. He then leaned in and hugged his lover. “Jazz is mad right now, but you know he will not hold it against you. Neither will Optimus. Yes, he is a little nervous around you, but you know him. He has already forgiven you.”

“He may not blame me, but I blame myself,” said Perceptor dejectedly. “I should have realized that the pulse adversely effected behavior. Look how both Optimus and Jazz reacted so completely out of character.”

“That conclusion is erroneous and you know it, Percy,” noted Wheeljack. “None of us had any clue that the pulse would do more than just revive someone’s reproductive capacity. We had no indication whatsoever that it would shut down everything in their processor except the desire to procreate.”

“But still…”

“Hush.” Servos caressing the red mech’s size, Wheeljack opened his mask and began to kiss the back of Perceptor’s neck cables. He only opened it when alone with Perceptor and Windcharger, their partner.

Many centuries ago back on Cybertron, he nearly lost his face plate when one of his experiments exploded. Something that became almost a given, and a meme. Wheeljack decided if he wanted to keep his rugged good looks, a face mask was a necessity. “You are too tense, sweetspark.” He nibbled every neck cable he could reach.

“Is this really the time?” asked Perceptor. Even as he spoke his helm unconsciously leaned forward to allow his lover more neck cables to kiss. For a few minutes Wheeljack seemed content to gently coax the tense mech into relaxing. But as it turned out, he had a more devious plan in mind.

Perceptor did look up when the door opened, but when he realized it was Windcharger, he sighed and closed his optics. A little smile played on his dermas as he heard the door mechanism lock.

He was not surprised that Wheeljack had commed their third to help ease his anxiety.

Wheeljack did not tell Windcharger everything. But then he did not have to. The minibot knew Perceptor was upset and needed some TLC. (And sex.) That was really all he need to know. Explanations could come later.

Usually Wheeljack would not keep secrets from anyone. He was a very honest mech. But this time they would have to keep Windcharger and the rest of the Autobots in the dark. At least for a little while. It was decided by Prowl and the science team that they would not tell anyone about what happened to Perceptor, or that the cure had been found.

The command staff did not want to get everyone’s hopes up or more importantly, let the Decepticons hear about it. Not until they were able to utilize it safely.

The microscope former sighed, finally giving in to the inevitable. He let his legs open wide as he felt the minibot moving into the space beneath his desk. He shuddered as a very warm, slick glossa began to lap insistently at his interface panel.

Despite himself, Perceptor felt his anxiety begin to drain away as his lovers double teamed him. Soon he allowed his modesty panel to open. Instantly a hot intake engulfed his spike.

He really needed this.
“Stand up,” said Wheeljack, moving back. The red mech did, slowly, so he would not dislodge Windcharger. Primus, that mech was good with his glossa. When Perceptor took his weight off the chair, his lover moved it out of the way and gently positioned him over the desk.

Moaning loudly, Perceptor felt another glossa. This time on his valve. That slick, very clever appendage delved deeply inside him. He also realized when it pulled back, that his partners were kissing one another around his spike. It did not take long at all for him to be whimpering and begging for more.

Wheeljack was more than happy to oblige.

Perceptor moaned louder as he was entered from behind. Windcharger sucked harder as the lovely spike was pushed deep into his intake. (He was also enjoying his unique view of the show.)

‘I wish I was fertile too,’ the white mech sent to his private com as he moved slowly in and out of the slick heat. ‘I want to frag you strutless, Percy. Make you scream, and when I overload, put a bunch of beautiful little sparklings inside you.’

“Yes!” Perceptor cried aloud as he gripped the desk. His valve tightened, intensifying an already increasable experience. Multiply the physical sensations with thoughts of having a bunch of adorable little bitlets like Orion and he was almost sobbing with pleasure. “Please! Please! Please! Fill me, Jackie! Fill me!”

Gripping his waist, Wheeljack’s hips moved faster, deeper, desperate to join completely with his lover.

Windcharger was unaware of their conversation, only hearing Pereceptor’s piercing cries. He was just enjoying the feel of their fields washing over him and Percy’s spike sliding over his dermas.

Perceptor shot into his intake and Wheeljack stiffened and climaxed. Windcharger, who was stroking himself in time with Wheeljack’s thrusts, was pulled blissfully into overload with them.

Panting, Windcharger licked his dermas and smiled. The taste of Percy’s transfluids was different. Delicious, but different. The minibot would have to ask him about that later. Much later, he decided as Windcharger crawled out to take his place in Perceptor’s arms, while Wheeljack was spooned against his back.

It was cuddling time.

Optimus hugged Orion tightly to him.

He did his best to project his normal calm as he sat on the side of the trailer between Roller and Gunner. After the disaster that was his science team’s last fertility restoration experiment he needed to be near the mechs that shared his spark. And as far away from his well-meaning, but single-minded science team as he could get.

Which was sadly not far. He was always being fussed over.

Gunner’s helm lay on his shoulder. The symbiot hummed a little song. ‘You have a friend in me’, if he was not mistaken. He leaned his closer, letting the turret rub his cheek strut.

Orion was nursing contentedly. He purred as Roller sat on Prime’s lap and nuzzled his side. His symbiots reminded Optimus of a couple of cyber-kittens, cuddling with Orion and purring.
At least Orion was happy again. The mechling had sensed his carrier’s distress earlier when the science team’s experiment had gone horribly wrong.

Poor Bumblebee had called Ratchet in a near panic as the usually happy mechling began to cry uncontrollably.

Since neither Optimus or Jazz could come and calm the sparkling Ratchet reluctantly resorted to using a mild sedative.

Orion had not liked the shot at all. Being poked was bad! He kicked the medic right on the intake to express his extreme displeasure.

Ratchet had to admit that stung. The little fellow’s leg struts were getting strong.

Still, it was hardly the first time that a patient had fought Ratchet.

Ironhide almost took his helm off once when waking after an emergency field repair. That little incident taught the medic to always deactivate the old warrior’s cannons when treating him.

Optimus was allowing his processor to wonder while Orion suckled. He needed to converse with the Matrix.

This time he remembered what happened. Although he fervently wished that he did not.

Optimus could almost see Perceptor stalking towards him, spike obscenely hard, optics glaring at him like some sort of feral creature. And then, he recalled his own shameful weakness. Forcing poor Jazz out of recharge to come and hold him while he trembled like a frightened sparkling.

The saboteur had assured him that it was alright. He did not hold his Prime’s weakness against him.

Jazz was such a wonderful mech. Handsome and kind and… He sighed, pushing those thoughts away.

Instead he concentrated on contacting the ancient relic that determined the course of his life.

‘Why?’ he asked the Matrix. ‘What caused that gentle spark to become a monster?’

‘Monster? No, sweet brother. Not a monster. He only wanted to create, as Jazz did,” the artifact assured. ‘You care for him. Why did you deny him?’

Optimus shuddered, horrified at the implications of their words. ‘You cannot expect me to lay with every mech or femme that is cured!’

‘You love them all. They love you and want you.’ As far as they were concerned, that was all that mattered.

‘No. Please, no. I cannot do that,’ Optimus felt sick at spark. ‘I cannot let them touch me that way.’

He felt as if a servo were very gently stroking his back. The voices of the Prime were low, soothing. ‘You are so innocent, little brother. We never wanted to cause you pain. Our desire is for you to experience pleasure and for the rebirth of our race. This should be joyous, not traumatic.’

Optimus felt a pang of something like despair. What were they going to do now? He wanted everyone to be cured. But the thought of having another trusted friend stalk him like a beast utterly terrified him. The ancient Primes wisely went silent.
“Hey, Optimus,” called Sparkplug.

Blinking Optimus realized that he had been lost in thought. The Prime had not seen his friend approach.

Orion was excited to hear the voice. He managed a chirp as he reached a servo out to touch his favorite human. He did not stop nursing since he was very hungry, but he wanted to let his soft, nice smelling friend know that he knew he was there.

Sparkplug did not mind. He squeezed Orion’s servo in greeting. “I have not seen you for a while, Optimus. Great news conference, by the way. I saw some polls after. Mostly eighty and ninety percent positive. And everyone loves Orion.”

“That is good to hear.”

Sparkplug looked up at the big mech, not liking his flat tone. “You Ok there, Optimus?”

“I am well,” said the Autobot.

“What do they call it, Baby Blues?” Optimus shrugged. He could not tell his human friend what was happening. Even if he were inclined to, he could see Lazerbeak monitoring them. Like the other cassettes, when on duty, she stayed outside their perimeter and in plain sight.

This was not specifically address in the preliminary agreement. But since both sides had agreed to being monitored, technically the cassettes were not breaking the truce.

Blaster’s cassettes were taking advantage of the loophole and doing the same thing near the Nemesis. Although they did not enjoy it as much. Mostly, the cassettes were just glad that water did not harm Cybertronians.

Sitting on the ocean floor watching the Decepticon ship for hours at a time kind of sucked.

“It is nothing really. I think I have not been getting enough recharge,” Optimus added. This was true. Orion was a very good-natured sparkling, but he did wake about every two hours needing to be fed.

“Welcome to parenthood,” said the human, sympathetically patting his arm. “My wife and I were pretty much zombies the first four months or so after Spike was born. But I promise, it does get better. Once Orion starts to recharge all night you will get more rest.”

“I do hope so,” Optimus said with a sigh. “Ratchet says it will be two to three more weeks before his tanks will hold enough so that he will be able to go without refueling for five or six hours.”

Sparkplug nodded, looking around the area. He shook his head, noting just how many Autobots were outside the Ark, supposedly working. Most had been doing the same task the entire time he was there.

They were much too busy sneaking glances at Optimus and Orion to really get any work done.

“It’s really hard, isn’t it?” the human noted. “Having the only child of your species.”

“Everyone treats both of us as if we were made of fragile crystal,” confirmed Optimus. “I do understand. As special and wonderful as I know my Orion is, others see him as the last hope for our
survival. He is the only sparkling and so, infinitely precious to all. But, that is a heavy burden to place on such small shoulders.”

“That will change,” assured Sparkplug. “I have faith in Wheeljack and the rest of the guys. They are the best at what they do. Soon they will find the answer. Then there will be bunches of sparklings.”

Optimus tried not to shudder at the thought of how that could be accomplished. He took a deep invent, then nodded. “I just wish Orion and I could have a little alone time.”

“I hear you, Optimus. Friends and relatives can be a little smothering under the best of circumstances,” noted the human. “You know. The Ark does have a back door,” Sparkplug suggested.

Optimus raised an optic ridge. That was true. Beyond the Dynobots’ cave there was a passage that came out on the other side of the mountain. There would be no overprotective mechs or curious humans to deal with. Maybe he could take Orion, Roller and Gunner out that way? Prime should have thought of it himself. He had done it before, just so he could enjoy a little time to himself. Spend a few minutes without the reasonability for every Autobot on Earth weighing him down.

The desert on the other side of the mountain was beautiful and peaceful. And he could let Red Alert know where he was once he was outside. There was a lovely canyon just ten miles from the base. It was isolated, where he, Orion and his symbiots could enjoy themselves and his overprotective security chief easily monitor them by satellite.

That should be enough to placate Prowl, Ironhide and Ratchet, once they found out.

Yes, that could work. He would just need to be able to slip away.

Meanwhile on Cybertron: Shockwave was relaxing.

Not that anyone could tell by looking at him, since he had no face plate capable of showing changes in his mood.

The large purple mech was standing in front of the rows of monitors in his main control as always, but his optic was dim. Shockwave had powered down to fifty percent. This was as close as he came to recharge. Completely powering down for any length of time was a waste. And in his case, completely unnecessary. Defragging his processor could be done while he remained conscious.

Other mechs preferred to shut down. To make the process automatic. That way they did not have to face their more unpleasant memories except as vague recharge fluxes. He had not such problems.

Seeing the faces of mechs and femmes he had experimented on and killed initiated no response at all.

A small part of him tried to protest that this was not right. As always, he ignored it. That part of him was an echo of a mech long dead. The mech he used to be before he angered the Functionalists. When he could still feel.

Senator Shockwave was known for his passions. Not only as a reformer eager to help the downtrodden and oppressed, a crusader for the rights of mechs and a lover of beauty.

He had managed to push through a few pieces of legislation bestowing more rights on lower class
workers. He used his own not inconsiderable wealth to give shanix to help charity clinics in Kaon and the parts of Iacon where only the bravest mechs, or those with no choice dared go. He also used his wealth and position to help aspiring artists.

Senator Shockwave was loved and respected by his constituents. He was also hated by many of his fellow senators and nobles. Ones who thought that everything was just fine the way it was and that Shockwave should have been like them, enjoyed his wealth and not interfered with the natural order.

Shockwave remembered what they did to him. He recalled every incision, every burnt circuit. Just as he still had memories of his old life. The purple mech remembered everything in detail. Feeling things like love, lust, anger and even hope. He had memories of pain and fear so deep as to pierce the spark.

But those memories were flat. They had no texture. Like looking at a faded picture. He could almost recall the details, but somehow, the picture was always incomplete.

A few times they had tried to resurface. The mech dismissed them as being illogical. They disrupted the flow of his thoughts and interfered with his duties. That would not do.

Once, relaxation would have meant spending time with friends, perhaps sharing intimacy. He vaguely recalled that one of his favorite things was enjoying energon treats while watching the colors of the sunset over the Sea of Rust.

For Shockwave, relaxation now consisted of standing very still and conserving power. There were no feelings attached to it.

Not that he was able to do it often. Overseeing Cybertron in Lord Megatron’s absence could be trying.

At least the femmes were keeping to their side of the ceasefire agreement. Elita One made sure her troops stayed well away from the borders of the area designation as Decepticon territory.

They had set up their own monitoring equipment so that they could keep tabs on the Rainmakers. A wise precaution. Some of the mechs under his command had forced themselves on captured femmes. Shockwave tried to dissuade them from this foolish course, but did not waste energy trying to force the issue.

Still, it would be prudent for them to behave. If Elita One found out there would be deadly retaliation. She was a very dangerous (and vindictive) femme when riled.

There was more than one reason he never left his lab. Not that he was overly concerned about losing mechs. The Rainmakers were inconsequential to his plans. There were more than enough drones that he would not be inconvenienced if all of them were deactivated.

When he powered up again he found himself staring at a screen showing two of the younger femmes, one pink the other green, sitting atop a ruined building watching the sunset. A single thought in his processor noted that both the femmes and sunset were quite beautiful. He knew that once, long ago, he would have appreciated the view.

He had not realized that he was focusing all his attention on the chatting femmes. Shockwave was startled when he heard a loud beep from his communication console.

The purple mech quickly moved to answer it. After all, it was likely Lord Megatron checking up on
how the truce was going with the femmes.

To Shockwave’s surprise, the weak, barely audible signal was on an ancient frequency. One that as far as he knew, had not been used since the exodus. He touched several buttons to try and enhance the sound as he played the message.

If he were able to, Shockwave would have frowned.

According to the message, there was an Autobot ship approaching Cybertron’s new location in the Sol system.

Lord Megatron was not going to be pleased.

At the same time in a secret base somewhere in the Southwest United States, code named Cazador, all of the Cybertronians on Earth were being watched.

The room was large, windowless and very dark. The only light came from numerous computer monitors.

Men and women, all wearing plain black uniforms, watched the screens in silence. Each monitor showed a different satellite view. Several were of the outside of the Ark, others thermal images of the Nemesis deep beneath the Pacific Ocean.

There was one monitor where the view was not from above. Its source was at ground level and centered on Optimus Prime as he nursed the relatively tiny baby-like NBE. The female tech cringed at the sight. A robot breastfeeding? That was just all kinds of wrong.

Prime conversed with a fifty-something human male who was dressed like a construction worker. They had seen him before. A disgusting traitor that worked with the metal invaders.

The images came from one of their people who had infiltrated the little community of reporters and the curious that were perpetually camped outside the perimeter of the Autobot base. No one noticed yet another man with a GoPro in the group.

None of those in the room reacted as a door slid opened. The man who entered was tall and muscular, with very deep facial scars across his nose and left cheek. He had short cropped blond hair.

As with the others, his plain black uniform had no insignia. No distinguishing markings whatsoever.

They were unnecessary. Although there were no formal ranks within the group, one look at this man left no doubt who was in charge.

The blond mercenary stopped before the monitor that showed Optimus Prime. “The Prime Target has not left the area around the Ark since giving birth to the little NBE,” noted the female technician at his approach.

The blond man leaned closer, studying the Autobot leader as one might an insect pinned to a board. “I want to be notified the moment that changes.” His voice was just as deep and commanding as his appearance suggested. “Thanks to Jaeger and Mearing we finally have everything that we need to start taking the Cybertronians down. Soon enough we will reclaim our world from those metallic menaces. However, our benefactor wants Prime and the little one taken into custody before we can
begin can begin Project End Game. He has plans for them. And considering how much he is paying us, whatever he wants, he gets.”

The blond man smirked. “For now.”

To be continued…

Chapter End Notes

Next Chapter: Megatron makes the best of a bad situation.
Night on the Nemesis.

It had been a very long day and Megatron had just gone to his quarters to get some much-needed recharge.

Who would have thought that keeping the peace was as much work as waging war with his unruly crew? Although, he had to admit that it was nice not to have injured mechs piled in the corridors waiting to be treated as there almost always were after a battle.

His processor was just shutting down for a nice long defrag when Soundwave commed him. ‘Lord Megatron. Emergency Communication: From Cybertron.’

With a low growl and a muttered curse, the warlord sat up in his berth. ‘What has that Primus damned femme done now?’


“And things were going so well,” Megatron grumbled aloud. Then said into the com, ‘I am on my way.’

A few moments later Megatron stalked onto the bridge of the Nemesis. And as Shockwave expected, he was not pleased.

“How did they discover Cybertron’s new location?” the Warlord rumbled. “Earth is half way across the galaxy from Hadeen.”

“It appears the femmes sent out a signal in the aftermath of the teleportation of Cybertron. The power feedback played havoc with my systems. Much of my detection and jamming equipment was shut down for several days while I traced down and repaired burned out circuits.”
That had been one of Megatron’s more spectacular plans. (And not at all a horrendously destructive failure.) Thanks to the teleportation device he appropriated from the mad human scientist, Doctor Archevil, their world was in the same orbital path as Mars, but on the opposite side of the sun.

“Have the Autobots picked up the transmission?” Megatron asked with annoyance. Primus, could the timing of this be any worse?

“Negative,” Shockwave answered from the vid screen. “It could only be intercepted by the sensitive monitoring satellites I sent into Earth’s outer system. The signal is far too weak for ground based arrays to receive. Although it will be coming into their range in the next 12 Earth hours.”

“Can you tell what kind of ship it is? Are we talking about one Autobot or a hundred?” asked Megatron testily. Why did this have to happen now? He could tell that Prime was already beginning too warm to his advances. Primus, the mech had been left shaking with need from a kiss on his servo and a bit of field play!

The last thing he needed was more Autobots trying to cock-block him.

“It is still beyond the range of my scanners. The ship’s designation is ‘Lost Light’. There were no records of it in any of the surviving data bases. The message I intercepted indicates there is more than one mech aboard, but nothing specific.”

The One-eyed Decepticon pressed a button on the panel. He had waited until he had a clear transmission to alert his Lord.

‘This is the Lost Light, under the command of Ultra Magnus, calling Elita One on Cybertron,” said a very young sounding mech. “Don’t know how the whole planet was moved like that, but we are less than two days out from your present location. Time to break out the high grade. The Wreckers are coming home!’

For Megatron this was not good news. There were few Autobot’s besides Prime’s command staff on Earth that Megatron could identify on sight or by name. Ultra Magnus was one Autobot that he could never forget.

They had fought against one another in several battles. The blue and white commander of the Wreckers was taller and broader than Megatron, which would have made him stand out from the rank and file on its own. He was a very formidable warrior.

The Decepticon still had scars from their last encounter.

“There goes your grand plan to become Lord High Protector, Megatron,” gloated Starscream. As Second in Command, he had also been informed of the ship’s impending arrival. “The Wreckers are the most dangerous mechs the Autobots every produced. Prime will end the peace negotiations in a sparkbeat if they gain a significant numerical advantage over us.”

Megatron shook his helm. “As always, Starscream, you base your assumption on what your own actions would be. Above all else, Optimus Prime wants peace. He would not be the one to renew hostilities, even if he thought they had the numbers to completely wipe us out. However, at the moment we are the ones with a numerical advantage where heavy fighters are concerned and I would prefer to keep it that way.”

The Warlord turned to the vid screen. “Shockwave, can you intercept the ship? Destroy it before it reaches Cybertron without alerting the Autobots?”

“Negative,” admitted the one-eyed Decepticon. “Unless I jam the signal Teletran-1 will be able to
pick it up before the vessel will be in range of my defense satellites. Also as I stated, I do not know what type of vessel it is. The satellites could easily destroy a transport or cargo vessel, but if it is a warship with shields and armor plating, it would survive.”

“And if you jam the signal the Autobots would know we have broken the ceasefire anyway,” finished the silver mech. “Damned if we do, damned if we don’t,” he sighed. He did not think much of humanity in general, but they did have some interesting and surprisingly apt sayings. “Take no action against the Autobot vessel, Shockwave. I will be in contact soon.”

“As you command, Lord Megatron,” the purple Decepticon said as the screen went blank.

After several moments deep in thought, Megatron smiled as he realized that this seemingly disastrous situation could be turned in his favor. “Soundwave, contact the Autobots immediately. I want you to give Optimus Prime the joyous news that his dear friend Ultra Magnus and the Wreckers are nearing Cybertron.”

“You are going to tell the Autobots about the ship?” asked Starscream incredulously.

“Use your processor for more than an ornament, Starscream. We cannot destroy the ship or keep its existence from the Autobots without them knowing that we have violated the ceasefire. We do not want hostilities to recommence. Optimus has accepted me as a candidate for Lord High Protector. And let me assure you, I left quite an impression. Even with the arrival of these new Autobots, I cannot foresee anything that would dissuade him. Since we cannot stop it, we can use this to our advantage. How better to convince the Autobots of our ‘good intentions’ then by giving them news of their long lost comrades?”

“You are getting soft, Megatron. Next you will invite them to use the Space Bridge to meet the ship when it arrives on Cybertron,” grumbled Starscream.

“An excellent idea, Starscream,” said Megatron with a broad grin. “Soundwave, you heard my esteemed Second in Command. Extend an invitation to Optimus Prime to send some of his people to Cybertron to welcome the Wreckers home.”

A few hours later, the Ark was ablaze with the news that more Autobots were on the way. Not only that, but Megatron had invited them to send a team to greet the Wrecker when they arrived.

“This has to be a trick,” ventured Red Alert looking around the table at the other officers. “Megatron wants to separate us. Trap some of our people on Cybertron.”


“But he could try to kidnap Optimus and Orion…”

“Easy, Red. Yeh need ta dial it back a notch. It ain’t like weh’d send half our warriors ta meet the ship. There’s no way ol’ Megs would try comin fer OP n’ the bitlet,” added Jazz.

“They are correct, Red Alert,” said Prowl. “While it would be foolish to trust Megatron completely, the few mechs we send would not change the dynamic here enough to give the Decepticons a clear advantage. I am sure this gesture is part of his campaign to court Optimus, meaning the chances of him attacking are so small as to be almost non-existent.”

“Megatron ain’t stupid. He knows weh’d fight ta the last drop o’ energon ta protect Optimus n’
Orion,” rumbled Ironhide gruffly.

“I’m betting he would not do anything to jeopardize his chance to be cured, or to get Optimus into his berth willingly.” Ratchet said as all optics turned to Optimus, who sat in his customary chair at the head of the table.

As had become a common sight, Orion was feeding while business was being conducted. Cybertronians had never had any social taboo against carriers nursing their sparklings in public. Besides, since Orion was the only one in existence they all wanted to see him as often as possible. His presence did not disrupt the meetings.

In fact, with their protector protocols running high, the touch of the carrier’s calm field and the sight of the mechling nursing and happy made them more relaxed. There were also a lot more smiles all around when Orion was there.

“Still, we should have the ship bypass Cybertron and come directly to Earth,” suggested Red Alert.

“That is not advisable for several reasons,” said Prowl. “Some in the human governments are becoming suspicious of us because we are now forging ties with the Decepticons. Having a ship with more Cybertronians suddenly appear in Earth orbit could cause some of the more fearful among them to react badly.”

“Also, these mechs have been in deep space for a very long time. They could have come across viruses that could affect us, or germs that might harm the humans or other indigenous life here on Earth,” added Ratchet.

“I suggest we send four mechs to meet Ultra Magnus. One from the command staff, a medic, one recon scout and a warrior,” suggested Prowl.

Prime nodded in agreement. “I will…”

Before Optimus could finish the sentence Ratchet was on his peds. He pinned his Prime with a glare that would have sent a grid-wolf fleeing in terror. “You are not going anywhere, Optimus.”

“I will decide who goes and who does not. Or have you forgotten that I am the commander of the Autobots, Ratchet?” countered Prime.

“Oh no you are not,” snapped Ratchet. “What part of that memo did you not understand? Under my authority as Chief Medical Officer I officially relieved you the day Orion emerged. Prowl is in operational command of the Autobots until I say you are completely recovered. Which you most definitely are not. I have not objected to you sitting in on the morning staff meetings. Having you and Orion here is very good for moral. But you are not getting involved with anything like this.”

“I did not shirk my duties while I was sparked. I see no reason that I cannot fulfill them now,” countered Optimus.

Ratchet’s hands clenched spasmodically. Everyone knew that if Prime had not been holding Orion, the medic would probably have already whacked him with his largest wrench.

Several times.

“Shirk your duties! Holy Primus on a cyber-crutch! You almost went offline less than a month ago because of your stubborn refusal to even admit you were ill! You need time to heal.” Optimus looked unmoved. “Slag it, if you will not listen to me for your own sake, please, just look down.”
Optimus did so reflexively. He was greeted by a pair of large, innocent cerulean optics. The little sparkling still nursed contentedly. Noticing that his creator was watching him, Orion smiled sweetly at him around the nub.

“You do remember him, right? Your *newborn* mechling? He is suckling from you right now as he must every two to three hours for the next several months.” In the first few months in particular, sparklings went through fuel quickly because they were constantly growing. “Can you not curb your martyr complex until he is not so completely dependent upon you for survival? At least until he is down to only refueling from you three times a day, maybe? Besides you do recall that traveling by Space Bridge is like being in a battle on its own? You could end up with some very severe internal injuries.”

They all felt Optimus’s field bristle, but he remained silent. Orion released the nub and began to whimper, feeling his carrier’s sudden annoyance.

“Yeh need ta listen ta the doc, Boss Bot,” said Jazz, reaching over and patting his arm. “Ol’ Ratchet, he only fusses cuz he cares bout yeh. No one’ll think less of yeh fer not goin. In fact, weh all want yeh ta stay on Earth. Right guys?” He looked around the room. Every helm nodded in agreement. “Like he said, yeh ain’t healed yet. And the bitlet needs yeh.” ‘Our bitlet needs yeh,’ he finished to himself. As if to confirm this, Orion began to whimper louder.

With a sigh Optimus silently nodded, admitting defeat. He tried to calm his field and comfort the now fidgeting mechling as he spoke. “Who do you believe we should send to greet Ultra Magnus and his crew, Prowl?”

“Jazz, Swoop, Hound and Mirage,” Prowl informed his leader.

“Yeh want ta send meh?” asked Jazz. It was not that he minded going. He had friends among the Wreckers that he hoped survived and even in its present state he ached to see Cybertron. But the thought of leaving his sparkling and Optimus…

“I would prefer to be there myself, but as Ratchet pointed out, I am in command.” Everyone knew why he wanted to go. Prowl had a younger brother, Smokescreen, who had joined the Wreckers. There had been no word from them since the exodus. Prowl did not know if he survived.

“It would not be proper for me to go,” explained Prowl. “That makes you the logical choice. You have the experience to handle any situation that might arise. The message Soundwave relayed to us did not mention injuries, either openly or in code. But as Ratchet pointed out, they need to be checked by a medic. Swoop is capable of handling that.” Prowl also knew that Cybertron was very dangerous. First Aid was a slightly better medic, but Swoop was also a fighter.

“And I believe we would all feel better with Ratchet here tending Optimus and Orion,” Prowl continued. “As for Hound, he is a first-class warrior and Mirage can do some recon while they are in Iacon.”

Prime nodded. “I will need Mirage to scout around the government complex. There are many records that we need to try and recover. I would also like to know if any of the governmental buildings can be salvaged. If things go as I hope and the ceasefire becomes a permanent peace, we will need them eventually. But under no circumstances is he to enter Shockwave’s lab or the surrounding area.” The others looked at their leader with surprise. As Optimus spoke, he lifted his mechling to his shoulder and patted him gently. “I have requested that Megatron not send his spies into the Ark. You have said yourself, Prowl. The Decepticons have abided by the truce and have made no incursions. We will not be the ones to violate the ceasefire.”
Orion chose that moment to burp loudly. He then began to chirp and wriggle. The chirps were just one word. ‘Sire! Sire!’ Most of the time if given the choice he would remain with his carrier, but sometimes only Jazz would do. He reached his little servos out towards the black and white mech. Optimus turned to his mechling’s co-creator, who grinned and held out his arms to receive him.

The Autobot leader felt a warmth in his spark as he handed the sparkling over. Jazz let the happy mechling curl up against him. He felt Orion purr as he latched onto the seams jazz’s armor. “Missed yeh too, bitlet,” he said with a contented sigh as the sparkling’s field enveloped him in a veritable cocoon of the sweetest, purest love.

Jazz relaxed and soaked up all that love. It was so good, still, he wanted more. He wanted Optimus, but he could not be truly sad when this sweet mechling adored him.

Optimus made it extremely clear whenever the subject came up, which was often thanks to Ratchet, that he did not intend to bond. Even so, most of the Autobots assumed that eventually Jazz would become his sparkmate.

Of course, that was before the others found out that Megatron was trying to insert himself into what should be Jazz’s exclusive territory. The saboteur was not exactly happy about being off planet. Certainly not while Megatron had a perfect excuse to meet with Optimus again. All he had to do was say he needed to discuss the new arrivals.

The Slagmaker would likely be at the Ark entrance the moment Jazz stepped through the Space Bridge to Cybertron.

Unfortunately, duty called. “K’ Prowl. When do yeh want us ta leave?”

“According to Soundwave the ship will reach Cybertron in about ten hours. You should make contact with Elita One as soon as possible to have everything ready for their arrival.”

“Swoop needs to give each of the femmes an examination along with a virus scan. It has been centuries since they had a fully trained medic around,” said Ratchet. “We also have some supplies they could use.”

“All right, weh can go…” Jazz froze. Then he sighed as Orion’s grip tightened on his armor and he snuggled closer, trilling contentedly. “Just as soon as the bitlet settles down fer a nap.”

Blitzwing and Motormaster were surprised that they were given patrols at the same time so soon. But then, everyone was in a bit of a tizzy about the arrival of the Autobot ship.

They left separately, making sure to go in opposite directions for several miles so that whoever was stuck on monitoring duty would lose interest. Once they thought that they were safe, Blitzwing circled around to pick up the Stunticon.

Both mechs were pleased and excited that they would finally get to see Orion in person.

Once Blaster received the report that Jazz and the others had arrived safely on Cybertron, Optimus found himself alone. A very rare situation of late.

Everyone was busy speculating on who might be on the ship with Ultra Magnus, besides a young mech called Hot Rod. Iron Hide had recognized his voice from transmission. He was one of Kup’s
‘projects’. A bit of a trouble maker the old warrior had taken under his wing.

Optimus hoped Kup was there too. He had missed the mech, with his seemingly infinite supply of cygars and stories.

He decided that while everyone was busy preparing for the new arrivals, he could slip off to the canyon and take a little time to bond with Orion, Roller and Gunner.

He met no one in the corridors, so he reached the back door without incident. Optimus then, call his trailer from his subspace. Orion and Gunner chirped happily as Roller buckled the mechling into his car seat. They were all three excited as Optimus set off on the road to the canyon.

The Prime’s spark felt lighter than it had in a very long time.

Once they reached the canyon he would comm Red Alert and let him know where they were. With luck, he could convince the overprotective mech that observing them by satellite would be sufficient to make sure they stayed safe.

As he exited the tunnel into the bright morning light, Optimus felt happy.

One of the MECH technicians turned to find his commander. “Sir,” he said, turning to his commander. “Prime Target has just exited the Ark by a previously unknown back entrance. I have marked the location for future use. Thermal imaging also shows three smaller heat signatures, two in the cab, one in the trailer. Looks like the one they call Orion and Prime’s symbiots.”

“Excellent. Contact our benefactor. Tell him that we have the Prime Target in our sights and are moving to intercept.”

Silas chuckled as he watched the semi barreling down the desert road. “I have you now, Prime.”

To be continued...

Chapter End Notes

Things are about to get real. And, as I said in the warnings at the beginning of the story, not everyone is going to survive.
Reunions

Chapter Summary

Jazz and company reach Cybertron, Megatron gets some good news, and then everything goes straight to the Pit.

Chapter Notes

Warning: The Rainmakers flirting and Shockwave being unpleasant.

Character Death – The really bad things start here.

I do not own the Transformers and any mistakes are all my own.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jazz, Mirage, Hound and Swoop were quite surprised at the reception they received once they gathered themselves up from the rough ride through the Space Bridge. Shockwave stood passively waiting for them to recover from the punishing trip. The broad purple tank former was alone. None of his infamous Rainmakers or drones were present.

“Autobots,” Shockwave tipped his helm down slightly in greeting. “I trust that you are undamaged?” the bland voice inquired. His single, impassive red optic focused on Jazz. The Autobot found its scrutiny a little unnerving, but did not let it show.

“Feels kinda like I been through one of them human washin machines. Got a few new dents, but nothin’s broke,” quipped Jazz brightly. The other mechs nodded in agreement, rubbing the previously mentioned dents.

Shockwave wasted no time with pleasantries. “According to my scouts there is a single femme waiting near the remains of the main energon distribution station. I had my Seekers plot the quickest way to navigate Iacon.”

The Decepticon stepped back as a map was called up on the large view screen on one wall. “There is no direct route. Unfortunately, damage from the war and the passage of time has caused many large structures to collapse, leaving much of the capital impassable. This is the fastest way for Grounders to reach the space port, unless you wish to have the Rainmakers carry you?”

“Right… ‘pricate the offer big guy, but weh’ll drive, thanks,” said Jazz. The one thing each femme had mentioned according to their mates was that those Seekers were perverts. The Rainmakers were about as bad as Megatron when it came to grope them during a fight.

Shockwave simply nodded and continued. “I have received no reports of feral Insecticons or Scraplet infestation along the route, but the vermin often hide in dark places. I would advise caution
when nearing central Iacon. There are several entrances to the subway system and maintenance
tunnels. When you speak to Elita One, you may tell her that the ship will arrive on schedule.”

Shockwave had already sent the readouts to his Lord. The Lost Light was a cruiser, well shielded,
armored and armed. It was a good thing they had not attempted to destroy it on approach. The
defense satellites would not have been able to even damage it, and the attempt would have restarted
the war.

The good news as far as the Decepticons were concerned was that Shockwave’s scans read only
dozen spark signatures on the vessel. The ship had been designed to carry a crew of fifty. He also
noted that, although the ship’s weaponry was functional, the hull showed signs of much unrepaired
damage. Obviously, the Autobots had seen a fair amount of combat over the centuries.

“Per Lord Megatron’s instructions the ship has permission to land at the Iacon space port. It will
arrive in five point two hours,” Shockwave continued. “A supply of energon has been left there. I
was told to offer this as a gift from Lord Megatron. He noted that it is likely the new arrivals have
been on short of rations.” After a slight pause he said, “My Lord will not be offended if you test it
before imbibing.”

Jazz nodded. The saboteur would swear he heard a hint of amusement in that flat voice.

Real considerate o’ yeh. We’re planning on stayin bout twelve hours total. We’ll give yeh a helm
up when we’re on our way fer the return trip, ’n let yeh know if anyone’s comin with. Oh, n’ when
yer Seekers shadow us, tell um ta stay bout a klick back. They can hear ’n see everythin from there
’n not crowd us. Yeh dig?”

“I believe I understand the gist of your threat,” said the purple mech.

“Aint a threat, my mech,” Jazz clarified innocently. “Just a little friendly advice.”

“Noted,” acknowledged Shockwave.

Jazz smiled brightly and turned to the other Autobots. “Well fellas, let’s not keep the ladies waitin.”

Once outside Shockwave’s fortress the four mechs transformed and headed towards the ruined
energon distribution station. Even with a map, it was slow going for the three ground-bound mechs.
They were forced to weave through the rubble of the once beautiful city.

Swoop circled overhead. The Pterodactyl bot kept an optic on not only the Seekers, who were
trying not to be obtrusive as they followed, but also scanned for any of the non-Decepticon nasties
that populated the ruins.

It was about twenty minutes into their journey Swoop spotted a colony of scraplets. Fortunately,
they were on the opposite side of a collapsed building from the other Autobots and the voracious
vermin were sunning themselves. They had apparently recently gorged on something. They did not
appear interested in moving.

Soon after, Hound caught sight of something large in the entrance to an underground transit tunnel.
Blazing red optics watched them from the darkness. When the owner of those optics moved out of
the shadows revealing the shiny scales of an Insecticon, the tracker used his com to alert the others.

“We have company.” He noted as he relayed the coordinates.
“That is one big Insecticon,’ noted Mirage, spotting the lumbering creature. ‘Hungry too, I would wager.’

‘I got this,’ said Jazz. He transformed, pulling his blaster as he leapt up on some rubble. His shot was followed a strangled cry and the sound of a heavy body falling to the ground.

Dropping gracefully back down to the ruined road, Jazz had a slight smirk on his face plate as his blaster disappeared back into his subspace. He ignored the applause of the Seekers, who had watched his performance with admiration from a nearby rooftop. But the smile faded quickly as he invented, then transformed back into vehicle mode so they could be on their way.

Being surrounded by the remnant of the war was a little unnerving, even for the jaded saboteur. He, Hound and Mirage all remembered Iacon when it was considered the Jewel of Cybertron.

Swoop had seen pictures of course. He had heard mechs talking about it. He and his fellow Dynobots were very interested in Cybertron. They had visited it once when sent after Cybertonium. Although they did not see Iacon. Their explorations were unground, deep beneath Shockwave’s lair.

Things had not gone well. Grimlock had decided that he was tired of the Autobots ordering them around. He persuaded his fellows to abandon their creators in the middle of a crisis. His little temper tantrum got four of them captured, Swoop injured, and almost cost the rest of the Autobots their lives.

The Tyrano-bot had been a lot humbler after that experience. Being rescued by his ‘Little Brother’ and a couple of humans had given him a much-needed kick in the skid plate.

For Swoop, the experience gave him a perspective on the war the others lacked. He found himself wanting to become more involved. To try and make a difference. That was why he wanted to become a medic.

For Swoop, Iacon was an eerie, but infinitely fascinating glimpse of history.

For the other three bots, seeing the once magnificent city in ruins was a depressing sight.

After a relatively uneventful forty-five minutes weaving through the maze of debris filled streets Swoop’s visual receptors spotted Arcee.

The slim pink femme waved excitedly as they approached. “Jazz!” she gasped as the mechs transformed into robot mode. The sleek femme ran up and hugged the saboteur. Then she hugged each of the other mechs in turn. Even Swoop found himself with his arms full of bouncy femme once he landed.

The Dynobot had never been hugged before. Neither Ratchet nor Wheeljack, although they cared deeply for their creations, were huggie mechs. And he had not joined the other Dynobots in their interface experimentation. It was not that he had any problem with it.

He loved them, but Swoop was just not interested in any of them in that way.

His face plate flushed as Arcee’s arms encircled his midsection. The Dynobot was unsure what was happening at first. But the feel of her warm chassis, welcoming field and that beguiling smile very quickly overcame any hesitation. The Pterodactyl mech wrapped his arms around the curvy femme and returned the hug eagerly, his systems thrumming with an unfamiliar, but pleasantly tingling charge.

The other mechs hid smirks as Swoop reluctantly released the lithe femme. Primus, the poor mech
was broadcasting.

Arcee seemed pleased with the reaction. The Dynobot was a new face plate, someone she had never met. That was something that had not happened in millennia. Swoop was also a very handsome mech. She flashed him a smile, hoping she would have a chance to get to know the sleek flyer better.

He blushed all the way to the top of his crest.

“Elita and the others are already at the old spaceport clearing one of the landing pads. We could sure use a little help from some big strong mechs,” said the femme as she transformed.

“We aim ta please.” He switched to comms as they transformed and set off for the space port. ‘So, how’s tricks, Little Cee?’

‘We’re good, Jazz. Better now that we know more Autobots are coming. And of course, Shockwave’s bullies are not shooting at us.’ She admitted. ‘Speaking of Autobots, when do we get to meet your little bitlet in person? He is sooo cute.’

Her hug impulse was in overdrive thinking about the adorable mechling.

Soon as weh can persuade Megs ta let yeh gals come ta Earth. That or we can start sendin shuttles between Earth and Cybertron. No way we can bring the bitlet through the Space Bridge. That’s brutal.’

Arcee was obviously disappointed at the news. She really wanted to hold the Orion. Like most of the younger bots, he was the first sparkling she had ever seen. ‘We can transform once we get onto the next street. From there the route to the port is mostly clear. In the meantime, you can play me some Earth music.’

About twenty minutes later they arrived at the crumbling remains of the once magnificent space port.

“Hey, Lita! Good ta see yeh again,” Jazz called out as the rose-colored femme approached.

Elita One stopped before the mechs, servos on her sleek hips. “Glad you made it. We could use a little more muscle to clear this pad,” she said as she and Jazz shook servos.

Jazz immediately saw why they had chosen the pad they did. While it had some fairly large pieces of rubble on it, most of the others had derelict hulls of ancient ships on them. Massive transports that had been hit by missiles before they had the chance to lift off. There was no way they could move any of those without heavy equipment. Or explosives.

And he did not want to even think about how many lifeless chassis each of those rusting hulls likely contained.

As they made their way through the rubble, Jazz sent Elita a quick ping. ‘Private coms. Weh need ta talk.’

‘Already set,’ she replied in kind as she and Jazz walked side by side. They each wanted to give the other a hug, but Elita One could not show such a lack of decorum before her femmes or the watching Seekers. ‘It is good to see you, my friend,’” she said aloud as they stopped before a pile of loose rubble that was almost as tall as the femme. ‘Now tell me what the Pit is going on?’
'I’ll fill yeh in, but we have ta keep workin. Seekers are watchin n’ weh can’t let um know just how much weh know.’ Jazz noted as he and Elita One started moving debris. He sighed a little sadly as he pushed over a large section of the wall that had fallen onto the pad. ‘Yeh ain’t gonna like it, but yeh can’t react.’

‘This is me, Jazz. I get it. Just talk.’

The saboteur sighed. ‘Since yeh ain’t shot meh yet, I take it that means yeh’re gonna let me explain bout meh n’ OP?’

‘We have been friends a long time, Jazz,’ replied the tall femme. ‘I know you would not deliberately hurt Optimus...’

‘But I sparked him up without us bein bonded.’ He could feel her disapproving field from ten meters away.

‘Ok, Jazz.’ She walked over and started pushing a chunk of the roof. ‘Tell me everything.’

‘This’ll take a bit o’ s’plainin. Twins got us all overcharged on some jacked up high grade. None o’ us was exactly thinkin straight. OP came ta meh literally beggin ta be spiked. How could I say no? Wasn’t till after the deed was done I realized I took his seal. I kinda freaked out n’ ran. Been kickin mehself bout it for months, but yeh can feel free ta join in. Course, nobot knew he was sparked up till the bitlet was cryin in Ratchet’s servos. Soon as I realized I was a Baby-daddy I asked OP ta bond with meh.’

‘And he refused.’ Elita nodded. ‘Politely, of course.’

Jazz sighed. ‘Said he didn’t want ta do anythin’ drastic.’

The femme sighed also. ‘That sounds like the big lug nut. You have not given up on bonding with him, have you?’

‘Pit no,’ answered Jazz. ‘I love em, Lita. Both o’ em. OP, he needs someone ta take care o’ him. An’ I don’t care what Ratchet thinks. It ain’t right fer nobody ta be formin a sire bond with that bitlet but meh.’

‘That is what I wanted to hear,’ said Elita One with a smile. She patted his arm. ‘He loves you, Jazz. I think Optimus fell for you the first time he laid optics on you, back when we were working on the docks. We just need to get him to realize it. Don’t worry. We will get the two of you bonded.’

‘Yeah, bout that. This is the real complicated part, Lita. The part yeh can’t react ta. The Seekers see yeh freakin n’ they’re gonna want ta know why.’ Jazz kept working, pushing what looked to be the remains of an energon vending machine off the pad. ‘Megatron has a new weapon. One weh can’t counter.’ He proceeded to tell her about the Ground Bridge, Megatron’s intentions and what would happen if Optimus refused the warlord’s advances.

Elita One froze in place. He thought she might either scream or start shooting the bored Seekers who, even at a distance, tried to flirt with the Autobots as they worked.

Very slowly she relaxed and went back to pushing the debris, almost as if she did not want to rip Megatron’s spike off and feed it to him. ‘I’m coming back with you, Jazz. Magnus will want to as well. Optimus is our friend. He’s family. We are not going to just stand by while Megatron forces him into his berth.’

Jazz smiled as he helped her push a chunk of roof. ‘Kinda expected yeh ta say that.’
Another hour and they had the area cleared.

“The pad is as ready as we can make it, Jazz. Let’s get some energon and rest,” she said aloud. Then she switched to comms. ‘Don’t worry, I can keep my cool. But no one else except Ultra Magnus is going to be brought in the loop on this,’ Elita sighed. ‘No need to upset the others when they cannot do anything about it. We still have some time before the Lost Light lands. Why not tell my femmes some of your… cleaner stories? That should keep everyone including the Seekers distracted while we wait.’

Shockwave watched the readouts on the conversations between the Autobot mechs and femmes sent to him by Acid Storm, Sun Storm and Nova Storm. The small team of Autobots were surprisingly efficient. They had cleared the debris and the three Grounders were using the down time to get reacquainted with the femmes, while the Dynobot medic gave them basic maintenance.

Such odd creatures, those beast-formers. Made, not born. Yet they had sparks like true mechs. Too bad he had not had the time to examine them when he had them in his power not so long ago. Unfortunately, LordMegatron and his mechs on Earth desperately needed Cybertonium at the time, so they had been sent to work in the mines.

The Dynobot was adjusting the knee joint on the bright blue femme, designation Chromia. It had been damaged in a skirmish with his drones almost a year ago, but the femmes had no one to repair them since Shockwave captured and eventually off lined their medic centuries ago.

She had been called Solar Flare. As he recalled, the femme spat in his face plate before he deactivated her.

The scientist still had her helm on a shelf in his lab somewhere. He really needed to get back to the experiment one day.

While waiting for the Lost Light to arrive, the saboteur, Jazz, was regaling the femmes with tales of his adventures on Earth. The purple mech could not help but notice that each of them ended with Lord Megatron yelling, ‘Decepticons, retreat!’ Which the femmes and the Rainmakers, who had edged much closer than ordered, soon began to call out in chorus with him.

Had it not been for the ceasefire and his lord’s very specific orders that no harm was to befall any of the Autobots, Shockwave would teach the arrogant mech a lesson.

Jazz annoyed him. A lot.

Annoyance being one of the few emotional responses that he still possessed. It was unfortunate that Jazz was also one of two mechs capable of reproducing. That made him indispensable, for the moment.

Shockwave wished Lord Megatron would allow him to capture and dissect Jazz. He was sure that given time he could find out how he became fertile. The Autobot would be sacrificed, but it seemed a small price to pay for the survival of their species.

The fact that he would obtain sexual gratification from the mech’s pain, while not his main motivation, would be a welcome side benefit.

It would also help if he could have the Prime to confirm the data, but he knew that Lord Megatron wanted Optimus Prime for himself. Not that he blamed him. Shockwave might not have much left by way of emotions, but he did have physical needs. Prime was an attractive and his voice was
pleasing.

His screams would have been very satisfying.

The one-eyed Con would enjoy having both of those mech on his operating table. Although it was Perceptor that he really wanted.

Long ago before the war. Before the Shadowplay and the Empurata, they had been roommates at Iacon University. Shockwave and Perceptor had been good friends, but never lovers. The scholarly red mech had been too focused on his studies to take the time for even a causal relationship.

Shockwave recalled that had not been angry about it, even back then when he was capable of anger. He had valued Perceptor as a friend and colleague.

Fortunately, the Rainmakers were a randy bunch and were not averse to a little stress relief. Even if it involved pain. As long as he did not cause permanent harm and stopped when the safe word was used, they were quite amiable and provided an adequate distraction. Still, he could have an intelligent conversation with Perceptor… before bringing out his tools.

Shockwave shut down those pleasant thoughts and returned his attention to the screens. There was too much at stake for him to become distracted.

There was another of the reasons for the surveillance besides information gathering. He had been ordered to make sure none of the Autobots, particularly Jazz, ran afoul of any of the creatures that roamed virtually unchecked on the surface of Cybertron.

Besides the massive hordes of Scrapplets and other unpleasant things inhabiting the cities, there were also the monstrous denizens of the underworld that were once relegated to the caverns many kilometers beneath the surface of Cybertron. When Hadeen’s light had dimmed and most of its inhabitants left, they boldly stalked the ruined streets.

With Cybertron in Earth’s system they had a sun once more. Meaning during the thirty-seven hours of daylight that now made up a Cybertronian day, the subterranean creatures returned to their caverns to hide from the light. But when the corresponding thirty-nine hours of complete darkness came they could leave their lairs and scavenge.

He had lost a dozen drones to them in the past month alone.

Shockwave had been watching Jazz intently, so he was a little surprised when he received a comm from one of the Rainmakers. “Sir, the towerling has left the space port. So far, he has made no attempt to use stealth. He remains visible and does nothing to evade detection,” reported Sun Storm. ‘The spy appears to be heading for the ruins of Iacon’s governmental complex.’

Once Shockwave had Mirage on visual he shook his helm as the sleek blue mech waved cheekily at the Seeker shadowing him. He then turned, winked his optic and blew a kiss to the supposedly hidden camera.

“Shockwave, Optimus Prime asked me to check out the structural integrity of the government buildings and the condition of the data storage and retrieval systems,” he explained as he walked towards an old public records archive. “I will remain visible as long as I am not threatened and I will not go anywhere near your lab or the surrounding area. Prime’s orders.” He paused. “So, what do you say?”

An interesting development. Shockwave commed the Seeker who stepped out and signaled his commander’s agreement. Mirage nodded and went into the Archives.
Sun Storm quickly moved closer, peeking into the open doorway, to be sure the tower mech stayed in his line of sight. Purely to follow Shockwave’s orders and keep an optic on the dangerous Autobot spy.

Certainly not at all because Mirage was slagging gorgeous mech that had an incredibly sweet aft.

Shockwave turned his attention from the monitor. Sun Storm would keep tabs on Mirage. If the towerling kept his word they would not interfere with his explorations. Obviously Prime was already making plans to reconstitute the government.

Shockwave was not surprised. That would be necessary. Once their fertility was restored the war would effectively be over. Everybot that could procreate would be doing so as soon as physically possible. All fighting would cease. No one would want to fight when they were worrying about their progeny.

And when word got out, the remaining Autobots, Deceptions and Neutrals would eventually begin to return.

Lord Megatron would be the one to rule this new world. It was only logical. What was still in flux was the role of the Autobots.

If Shockwave were in charge the Autobots would become breeders. He was sure that he could use a modified version of the programing for his drones to make them compliant slaves.

Unfortunately, it appeared Lord Megatron had other plans. His leader had recently requested that Shockwave send him all the information he could find in his data base on the position of Lord High Protector.

At first, he was unsure of this course of action. Leaving Optimus in the position of Prime could allow him to retain too much influence. His soft spark could be a deterrant to the Decepticon cause.

However, the more he thought about it, the more he realized that Megatron was right. Keeping Optimus on the Primal throne, as a figurehead, would be the most logical course of action. The leaders of the two most powerful factions bonding would merge the Decepticons and Autobots and avoid unnecessary bloodshed.

Whatever purely ceremonial powers Optimus Prime was allowed, Megatron would be the true ruler of Cybertron.

With these pleasant thoughts occupying his processor, Shockwave heard another loud beep, indicating an incoming signal. He cocked his helm, pushing back the annoyance that arose. How could he get anything accomplished with these constant interruptions?

To his surprise, the signal was not from Earth, Cybertron or even the rapidly approaching Autobot ship. It was a well shielded Decepticon signal coming from inside Earth’s solar system near Neptune.

Making sure that his response was also shielded he put the communication on visual. A large mech, mostly purple and silver with a sleek triple crest on his helm appeared before him. “Shockwave. It has been a long time.”

“Galvatron,” noted the scientist, with a very slight note of surprise in his voice. “You and your mechs were reported to have perished on a reconnaissance mission to Ceti-Alpha almost three million years ago.”
“It was a near thing. We had little warning of the star going nova. We tried to evacuate, but only one of the ships in my task force escaped the system and it was badly damaged. Most of my crew did not survive when our crippled ship eventually crashed. We found ourselves stranded without communications on a very inhospitable world called Chaar. It is fortunate that we finally found a way to escape that desolate world, for there is a threat to our very survival on our heels. I need to give a full report to Megatron as soon as possible.”

“I will patch you through immediately,” said Shockwave.

Megatron smiled at the purple mech on the screen. “So, little brother, you still function.” Galvaron was his only surviving sibling. The half-brother that his carrier had placed in his lap and told to protect so long ago.

It warmed his spark to see that his brother lived.

“You doubted?” the purple mech smirked. “It would take more than exploding sun to extinguish my spark. You should have more faith.”

“It has been over three million years since we had any contact from you,” counted the warlord.

“And from what we have gleamed from communications to and from Cybertron, in all that time you have not managed to defeat the Autobots,” Galvatron chided.

“I was in stasis until a short time ago,” noted Megatron. “And there has been a new development that changes everything. Optimus Prime gave birth to a sparkling.”

Galvatron’s jaw dropped. “A sparkling? The Autobots have discovered a cured for our sterility?”

“Not exactly.”

The purple mech nodded as his brother finished explaining the situation. “So, only the Autobot Prime and one of his mechs are fertile,” said Galvatron. “I am surprised that you have not already taken them into ‘protective custody’.”

“That would end the truce. I hate to admit it, but the Autobots have some of the best scientists in the cosmos. We will allow them to do the work while we reap the benefits.”

The other mech smirked. “Now that is the brother I know.”

“So, tell me, what is this troubling discovery of yours?” inquired Megatron.

“I wish it were better news. On Chaar, we encountered our ancient enemy, the Quintessons.”

Megatron’s spark almost froze in his chest. He and his brother were two of the few mechs still living that remembered what it was like living under their techno organic oppressors. “Do they know where we are?”

“The vile creatures perished on Chaar where they found us,” Galvatron assured. “We took what we needed to fix our ship from their vessel and destroyed the rest. But not before I had their entire database copied. None of my mechs have any expertise in code breaking. That I will leave to you and Shockwave.”

“So, how did you find Cybertron’s new location?”
“We intercepted a signal from the femme Autobot leader, Elita One. It was short and incomplete, but it gave us a general direction. Then a few days ago we stumbled onto the Lost Light and shadowed them. I had intended to set an ambush to destroy them, until we started picking up Decepticon signals and contacted Shockwave.”

“Be glad you did not have the chance to destroy the Lost Light. Our population is a fraction of what it was when you last had contact with Cybertron. We will need every soldier we have when the Quintessons find us. And we both know that eventually they will find us. Tell me, does your ship still have stealth capability? I want you to come to Earth, but there are native organics on this planet that are allies of the Autobots. I do not want Prime to know you are here, yet.”

“Unknown. There was major damage that we do not have the resources to repair and I do not know the organics capabilities.”

“We cannot take the chance that they could detect you. Land on Cybertron. I will have Shockwave send you coordinates. Do not let the Autobots know of your presence. When the time is right, I will announce your arrival and you will tell Optimus Prime about the Quintessons. Since the birth of the mechling I have decided that it is time to end this futile war. We must unit with the Autobots. I have already begun courting Optimus. The appearance of our ancient foes will make convincing him to make me his Lord High Protector that much easier.”

“Lord High Protector Megatron. That has a nice ring to it,” said Galvatron.

“Yes, it does,” the silver mech said with a smirk.

Megatron was in a very good mood when he ended the communication with his brother. It truly felt as if things were going his way. Despite the addition of more Autobots. He could not think of any way that they would not be able to derail his plans.

Optimus Prime would soon be his mate.

Unfortunately, Megatron barely had time to savor that thought when he heard a commotion. The warlord rushed into the corridor and found Knock Out trying to hold down his lover, Breakdown. The other mech was on the floor convulsing violently!

“What the Pit is going on?” demanded Megatron, kneeling to add his weight to Breakdown’s chassis so the medic could sedate him.

“I don’t know,” gasped Knock Out as his lover went limp. The medic ran his instrument over the prone mech as Megatron moved back out of his way. “We were talking. Everything was fine. Suddenly he collapsed.”

‘Megatron,’ Hook’s com broke in. ‘I just had to sedate Dead End and Dragstrip. They were both in the mess hall when they collapsed and went into convulsions.’

‘Soundwave, do you have any idea what is happening?’ commed Megatron. He watched Knock Out stroke the prone mech’s cheek strut as the medic plugged into his medical port, hoping that his TIC’s telepathy could tell them something.

The Spymaster’s reply was grim. ‘Stunticons: Near termination. Gestalt bond: Broken.’

‘Broken? That makes no sense. The bond can only be broken if one of them dies.’ Megatron was completely at a loss as to what could possibly have happened. There was a ceasefire. The Autobots
would not attack any Decepticon, unless… Primus. what if one of the Stunticon tried to harm Optimus and Orion? ‘Soundwave, can you locate the remaining Stunticons?’

It was Hook that answered. ‘Vortex already commed in a panic. Wildrider was in the Combinicon’s quarters when the convulsions hit.’

‘And Motormaster?’


‘Find them! If those fools have harmed Optimus or Orion…’ Megatron growled, even knowing that his rage was impotent. Obviously, Motormaster was already deactivated. But what of the triple-changer? Had Blitzwing or Motormaster managed to off line Optimus or that beautiful bitlet?

His protector protocols were screaming at him to act. The mech he already thought of as his mate and an innocent sparkling were in danger!

‘Find out what happened, Soundwave. Blitzwing could still be out there somewhere doing Primus knows what damage to our future. If anything happened to Optimus… Unicron’s ball bearings, even if they survive, the Autobots will think this was some plan of mine!’


Megatron knew his TIC was right. Nothing mattered but finding Optimus and Orion. Still, he had not felt so helpless since his days as a slave. The warlord had never prayed in his function, but now found himself speaking to his deity. “Primus, let them be safe.”

Meanwhile at the Ark, Ratchet was well and truly torqued.

The medic stalked through the base with a downright pissed look on his face plate. His field was pulsing with anger. “Where are they?” he demanded of Prowl when he spotted the black and white mech near the main entrance.

“Where are who?” the SIC asked raising an optic ridge. He had to fight to keep from backing away from the medic’s field. Something certainly had Ratchet’s tanks in a twist.

“Optimus and Orion,” snapped Ratchet. “My priority patients. They are overdue in the med bay for Orion’s checkup.”

“I have not seen them since Optimus finished his energon in the rec room after the staff meeting. That was several hours ago,” answered Prowl. “Have you commed Optimus?”

“Five times. He is not answering,” grumbled Ratchet.

“Even though he is not on duty that is not like Optimus at all.” Prowl switched to his comm and pinged Optimus. He too received no answer. He contacted the mech on monitor duty on the bridge. ‘Red Alert, have you seen Optimus?’

‘He, Roller and Gunner took Orion for a drive out to that canyon about ten miles out. The one with
the colorful rock formations that Optimus loves so much. I wanted to send an escort, but he said he needed time alone with them. He was so adamant that he wanted to do some bonding with them. It is alright, I have them on my screens.’ There was a pause. When he commed again his voice was already three octaves higher. ‘What the frag? Prowl, something is wrong with the video feed from the canyon. It’s on a loop! The Decepticons must have hacked it!’

‘Send out a base wide alert. Have every available mech armed and ready. I want the fliers in the air. Implement search pattern Delta and contact NEST for reinforcements,’ ordered Prowl. His voice was calm as always, as he went through every likely scenario in nanoseconds. ‘If the Decepticons have broken the truce we must be prepared for hostage rescue.’

Within moments as they became aware of the situation, the same thought was on the processor of every Autobot.

Please, let Optimus and Orion be safe.

To be continued…

Chapter End Notes

Next Chapter – Optimus and Orion are not safe.
Taken

Chapter Summary

Optimus and Orion are in big trouble.

Chapter Notes

Warnings: The next few chapters could be triggery. Character deaths. Violence, Cruelty. Also, threats to Orion’s life. (He received lots of hugs to make up for all this.)

I do not own the Transformers and any mistakes are all my own.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Both the Autobots and Decepticons scramble to find Optimus and Orion.

Each faction has jumped to their own conclusions as to what happened to them.

As it turned out, they were both wrong.

Two hours earlier.

Orion squealed with delight, bouncing as much as his seatbelt would allow as Roller raced around and around his Optimus. Gunner was as close as he could get to the edge of the open trailer, making the appropriate ‘vroom, vroom’ sounds as they zoomed past his position.

Optimus smiled behind his mask, watching them play. He had never thought that he could know such contentment.

He was even starting to think that maybe he could even be happy.

Having a relationship with anybot had been the furthest thing from his processor before all of this happened. But now that he really considered it, the idea was not so terrible.

Much to his surprise, he found himself conflicted on the subject. Not on taking a mate, but on who he wanted to fill the role.

He could not keep out the memories of how frightened he had been when Perceptor attacked him while under the influence of the Matrix pulse. And when he did, he inevitably thought of Jazz. His friend and secret crush. The sexy mech exuded so much confidence for such a small frame. Optimus felt completely safe in his embrace.

Jazz was everything he ever wanted. Even if, until now, he was never able to admit to himself that he did have wants and needs.
But now he could admit his feelings. At least, to himself.

He loved Jazz. Optimus had loved Jazz since the day they met.

If only things were that simple.

Sadly, he was not just some love-sick mech. He was the Prime. Optimus had an obligation, a duty to do what was right for all Cybertronians.

Optimus resigned himself long ago to the fact that his desires, his needs, were secondary to those of his world and his people. As Prime, he must serve the greater good.

And according to the Matrix and ancient Primes, serving the greater good meant bonding with Megatron.

A prospect that was not nearly so terrible as he would have once believed.

Even without the influence of the Matrix, or high grade, he could not deny the attraction between them. Even while he was reluctant to trust Megatron, his chassis ached to be near the warlord.

He did not love Megatron, and yet a part of him wanted very much to know what it would be like to be held in those powerful arms. To feel something much more substantial than the (completely inadequate) sensations of the neural stimulators and his own servos bring him to overload.

The Matrix and by extension Primus himself, desired a bonding between he and Megatron. Optimus was willing to admit that they made a good case. And maybe he and the warlord could make it work? Now that he was not trying to off line every Autobot in existence, Megatron could be quite charming.

His counterpart was certainly a different mech when around Orion. His bright red optics somehow became gentle. Although, Optimus felt a little flushed recalling the look in them as the Decepticon intently watched his bitlet nurse.

He shivered, almost feeling a physical caress over the sensitive pouches at the thought.

Their bonding would be purely political. And yet he could not deny that there was something between them. Perhaps one day there could be love?

He had become so absorbed in his musings and watching the little mechs play that he had not realized that he was being watched.

In fact, Optimus was caught completely off guard when Blitzwing landed with a thud less than six meters away. The triple-changer did not have Megatron’s flair for a dramatic entrance to be sure, but it was impressive none the less.

Roller screeched to a halt, jolting Orion. The startled mechling began to cry. Optimus stepped between the massive triple-changer and the vulnerable little ones. He felt Gunner’s concern as his symbiot turned to aim his missiles towards the threat. But even as the Prime touched a subspace pocket beside his right servo, ready to pull his blaster if necessary, he ordered the turret to hold his fire.

He did not know the other mech’s intentions.

“Easy, Prime,” said another voice to his right near a large outcrop of rock. Holding up his servos to show that he did not have a weapon in them, Motormaster’s dark frame stepped forward slowly.
"We didn’t come to fight."

"We," Bliztwing said as he looked down and shuffled his peds nervously. "We just wanted a closer look at your mechling."

Optimus relaxed as they slowly approached and he felt their fields. Hopeful, inquisitive, there was nothing hostile in their intent. He knelt down beside Roller. "I have asked Megatron to make sure any Decepticons that wanted to see him called ahead," said the Autobot as he unbuckled Orion and lifted him from the little buggy. Roller transformed, slipped behind Optimus’ left ped and peeked around it at the towering Decepticons.

"Sorry about that," said Motormaster.

Once in his carrier’s arms and wrapped in his comforting field Orion calmed, but he eyed the big mechs nervously. "Things are still a little tense between our factions. It is best if we have a helm up when you are coming."

"It was kind of spur of the moment," said Blitzwing apologetically. "And besides, Soundwave has been putting us off. He kept coming up with excuses when those of us that were created sterile wanted to see Orion. I think he and Megatron think we might rage out or something."

"He’s so cute!" Motormaster grinned and waved at Orion. The mechling relaxed immediately sensing his carrier’s relief. He waved back shyly, playing peek-a-boo around his carrier’s arm. "I wish I could have one," the Stunticon sighed. "But even if the cure is found…"

"I am truly sorry," admitted Optimus. He would not mention that the cure had been found. They would let the Decepticons know once they could use it without endangering him. Besides, it would give these mech no comfort. "I wish there were a way that any mech who desired a sparkling could kindle. But that is something only Primus himself could grant."

Blitzwing reached out gingerly and tickled Orion’s abdominal plating.

The mechling giggled and bounced excitedly in his carrier’s arms. Now that he knew everything was OK, he was happy to meet the new mechs. One had pretty wings and the other a strong spark. It was a little like his carriers. There were other sparks connected to it.

"Well, maybe when the other Decepticons start having little ones we can volunteer to sparkling sit?"

While the two Decepticons basked in the sparkling’s sweet presence, they had no idea they too were being watched.

Silas listened intently as the robots conversed. His surveillance devices allowed both he and his benefactor to see and hear everything that occurred.

The little NBE was making a sound very much like a baby giggling. ‘Disgusting,’ thought the mercenary, as his thin lips curled into a cruel sneer.

He did a quick check to be sure the satellites overhead received the looped feed and their jamming equipment was functioning. No Cybertronians from either faction would be coming to the rescue.

"Gentlemen, weapons locked and loaded," he said calmly into his walkie-talkie.
“Sir, we have a problem. No one expected those other two Cybertronians to be here. We only have transport in place for Prime,” one of his men noted as he walked up to him. “The techs need specimens to examine if we are going to reverse engineer more of their technology.”

“The lab rats will have to be content with Prime and the little NBE to study for now. There is no time to make other arrangements. Once we start shooting, we need to secure our prize and get out quickly. The Autobots will not be fooled by that loop for long, and we cannot fight all of them at once. Since Jaeger is paying the bills, our priority is Prime and the one he is holding. Our rich friend can have his toys, until we have no more use for him. The other Cybertronians are to be exterminated.”

“We are not going to capture the other fertile Cybertronian for breeding purposes?”

Silas shrugged. “We will, but that one is not here right now. From our observations, the small ones are nothing but unintelligent drones, extensions of other Cybertronians. They are not worth our time. The two purple ones are Decepticons. Neither of them would be the one that knocked Prime up. We will be looking for the fertile one eventually. After all, even when we have mastered their technology we might have a use for slave labor. And if not, we can always kill them.”

Motormaster turned at just the right time. Or the wrong time, depending on your point of view. Instead of taking his helm off, the shell whizzed past him as they heard the boom of the tank’s main gun. The cliff face behind them exploded as the powerful projectile struck.

His optics instantly found the source of the projectile at the entrance to the canyon. “Humans! Blitzwing! Humans are attacking.” The Stunticon drew his blaster and stepped in front of Optimus. “Protect Orion!”

An instant later his luck ran out. Just as they heard the boom of the next shot, a massive hole was torn in Motormaster’s chest! His plating exploded out his back and his spark surged from its housing, almost blinding the other mechs.

By the time Optimus’ vision started to clear, the other truck former had staggered into Blitzwing.

Flailing helplessly, his servos clutched at the flyer. His bulk almost dragged the other mech to ground. Blitzwing pushed him away and raised his own weapon. He turned towards the threat. Like Motormaster he deliberately placing himself between Optimus, Orion and their attackers.

The triple-changer roared as he was struck in the hip. The powerful shell almost severed his left leg strut. Blitzwing lost his grip on his blaster as he tried to catch himself. The damaged limb had collapsed beneath his weight and he fell hard on his side.

With reflexes honed by millennia of combat Optimus had dropped to one knee, gripping his rifle from his subspace. Seeing the Decepticons fall, he held the weapon at the ready as he used his chassis to shield Orion.

The terrified mechling covered his optics and screamed. The Prime’s instinct fought one another. He wanted to comfort his sparkling, but he could not do so and protect him at the same time.

The first thing he did was try to call for help, but his com was being jammed. He immediately opened the link to his symbiots. ‘Gunner, find the enemy. Do what you must to protect Orion. Roller, try to get through to Blaster from the docking console.’

Gunner clicked his acknowledgement of the order, Roller sent a quick, ‘On it,’ through their link and
made a dash for the trailer.

Gunner scanned the area to find the source of the incoming hostile fire. His enhanced heat sensors found it instantly. A large, heavily armored tank, almost a klik away. It was in the shadow of a mesa, hidden from view unless a mech was actively using heat scans. Even though Motormaster had said the attackers were humans, he was still shocked as he registered that it was indeed humans shooting at them.

Why would they? Humans were friends, right?

Blitzwing pulled himself up onto his knees and reached for his blaster, but a second shot from the main gun of the tank took his right arm off at the shoulder! He cried out, trying to stanch the energon pouring from the wound.

Gunner’s missiles locked on the tank. He had no desire to harm humans, but his duty was to protect Optimus and Orion.

The turret fired a volley at the tank. His sensors registered a hit, but little damage. Still unsure exactly what was happening, he did not deliberately target the humans around the vehicle, only the tank itself, for a second volley.

A part of him hoped he did not hurt anyone.

The little symbiot did not have time to fire again. A shell exactly like the ones that had just taken down both Decepticons struck the little turret in the back of his helm from the opposite direction.

Optimus Prime cried out in agony! His blaster dropped from his servos as he grabbed his helm and fell to his knees. He was only vaguely aware that Orion and Roller were screaming, but could do nothing to help them. His processor reeled.

All he knew was that his link with Gunner had been violently severed.

It was five minutes later according to his chronometer when his vision finally began to clear. Optimus found himself on his servos and knee joints, looking down the very large barrel of a tank. Orion was clinging to his back, trembling violently and shrieking in fear.

“Quiet that disgusting thing or we shoot it,” growled a bulky, scarred human male. Prime racked his memory files, but quickly realized he did not recognize the man, or the uniform he wore.

Optimus clicked and chirped to his terrified sparkling. ‘Calm little one, come to my arms. Everything will be alright.’

Orion quickly scrambled around his torso until he was looking up into his optics. The mechling whimpered and clung desperately to his carrier’s chest plate. His field was pulsing uncontrollably with fear and confusion.

Optimus looked around quickly. He clutched his child tighter as he caught sight of Motormaster’s gray chassis. The mech’s empty spark chamber still billowed thick, oily black smoke. Not far away he could see Blitzwing. The other Decepticon was badly damaged. One arm was a good twelve meters from his chassis. It looked like he had managed to compress the main energon lines before losing consciousness. The triple-changer’s colors had faded slightly, but he was not yet turning gunmetal gray. For the moment at least, he still functioned.
The humans ignored him.

Since Bliztwing was not moving and his optics were dark, they must have assumed he was deactivated.

Optimus did not have to look in the direction of the ruined trailer to know that Gunner was with Primus. The hole in his spark was ample evidence of the loss. The ancient Primes offered what comfort they could. The little turret’s spark had been linked to his, that meant Gunner was in their care now.

Taking what little solace he could from this knowledge, Optimus reached out to Roller. He sighed, relieved that he felt his other symbiot’s presence through their link.

Like Bliztwing, it was obvious that Roller was not conscious. At least his little friend lived. Still, his presence was distressingly weak. Even more worrisome, Optimus had no idea where Roller was.

One of the symbiot’s legs was lying near Blitzwing, but the mech himself was not in his line of sight.

He feared that the little Autobot would soon go into stasis lock without aid, but Optimus could not help him. The only thing he could do was try to keep the humans from finishing Roller and Blitzwing off and pray to Primus that other Cybertronians found them in time.

Optimus needed to keep the humans’ attention on him. Whatever was going on, they wanted he and Orion functional. With the weapons they possessed, if these men wished to kill them, he and Orion would already be dead. But he had no doubt that if those men realized Blitzwing and Roller survived they would destroy them.

He tried to comm the Ark again, but as he expected, received only static.

“You cannot contact your base,” confirmed the man that was obviously in charge of the attack. He motioned for a flatbed truck to back up closer to Optimus. The Autobot’s intake went dry when he saw what was on it.

“Now, you seem to be fond of that little creature, Prime. If you want it to survive, you are going to obey my every command. The first one is that you put those chains on your wrists and neck.”

Optimus nodded his acquiescence. He chirped to Orion to grip his chest plates more tightly, then he reached down and lifted the first manacle. The Prime thought he could break them given time and a little leverage.

However, he doubted he would get the chance.

Not that it really mattered as he closed the manacle on his right wrist. Next he did the same to his left. Lastly, with a shudder he snapped a large collar around his neck. His optics followed the heavy chains to winches that were mounted on the back of a flatbed truck.

His spark dropped when he saw there was another winch.

“Very good.” The mercenary motioned several men carrying another collar. It was much smaller. “Now put the collar on that noisy little thing.”

“There is no need. Orion is an infant. He cannot harm any of you,” Optimus said, stroking his mechling’s back struts gently. His little form trembled violently with fear. “My sparkling will not try to escape. He is just learning to crawl.”
“None the less, you will put the collar on that little creature, or I will have those men shoot it.”

Seeing the faces of the men around the tank he had no doubt that not one of them would hesitate to offline Orion.

They would probably enjoy it.

“I will comply,” said Optimus. Clicking reassuringly, he took hold of the chain and carefully clipped the heavy collar onto Orion. The sparkling whimpered and tugged at it. ‘I am sorry, little one. These bad humans will hurt you if you do not wear it.’

‘Bad humans?’ Orion chirped and whimpered with confusion. ‘Why hurt Little Bright Sparks and nice purple mechs?’

Optimus looked at his mechling, trying to keep from letting his anxiety bleed into his field. How could he explain evil to an innocent that had not even lived a month? ‘I do not know what they want. But you must be quiet. Do not anger them. They will hurt us as they did the others. Stay quiet and do everything that I tell you.’

‘Scared,’ whispered Orion, again tugging futilely at the heavy collar.

‘I know, little one,” sighed Optimus, stroking his back struts. ‘Our friends will come looking for us.’

‘Sire?’

‘Sire too,’ assured the red and blue mech gently. As soon as Jazz found out, he would be on his way back to the Space Bridge. Probably with half the Wreckers and Elita One in tow.

And Primus help Shockwave if he tried to stand in their way.

“Very good,” said the merc in black as Orion quieted. “Now, get on the flatbed.” He indicated a large trailer attached to a semi-truck that looked like a silver version of Prime’s alt mode. It was one of three. He noted the other two were setting up ramps. Probably they were going to be hauling the tanks.

“You will hold that thing and lay down on the trailer,” said the mercenary, interrupting his thoughts. “You will be covered by a tarp for the trip to meet Jaeger, your new master.”

“Jaeger?” asked Optimus. “Is this Jaeger your master also?”

“MECH has no master, Prime, and neither do I. We simply found someone with a lot of money and resources whose goals aligned with ours. Now then, you will not move or try to escape during the trip. There is a bomb beneath the trailer. A very nasty one. It would probably not be enough to destroy you, but I doubt there would be anything left of that little tin toy. It would upset our benefactor, but that is a chance I am willing to take.”

Very carefully Optimus stood, holding Orion tightly. The mercenaries’ guns followed his every movement as he walked over to the flatbed. The chains were slowly reeled in as he moved onto the trailer. He sat back and watched as the head mercenary motioned some of his men over. The smile on his face as he looked up at Optimus was frighteningly cruel.

“Everything is ready, Silas,” said one of the men as he and two others wheeled over an acetylene torch. Three other men wrangled some sort of large hydraulic cutting tool.

“Jaeger wants to make doubly sure that you do not try to escape,” noted Silas. “Hold your right leg
out and remain absolutely still, Prime. This is going to hurt.”

It was nearly one and a half hours later before Soundwave was finally able to discover Motormaster and Blitzwing’s location. He had found a strange anomaly on several of the satellites in Teletran-1’s network. When he got passed the surprisingly sophisticated hack, he saw the scene of carnage in the canyon.

He also saw that there were no Autobots in the vicinity.

No live ones, at least.

The swirling mass of green light that was the opening for the Ground Bridge appeared close to Motormaster’s chassis.

Megatron charged out of the Ground Bridge, closely followed by Soundwave and his cassettes, Astrotrain, Starscream, Thundercracker, Skywarp, Hook and a very reluctant Knockout. The Aston Martin wanted to stay with his lover. But like the other surviving Stunticons, Breakdown was under sedation in the medbay. There was nothing he could do for him.

Starscream and his trine as well as Laserbeak soared high to get a literal birds eye view of the aftermath of the battle and search for clues to the whereabouts of the Prime and his sparkling. Hook immediately went to Blitzwing. The triple-changer’s wings were starting to turn gray, but for the moment he functioned. Meaning if the Constructicon could bring him around, they could find out what happened.

No one went towards Motormaster, who was sprawled about ten meters away. A thick cloud of black smoke still hung over the gaping hole in his empty spark chamber.

Cursing, Megatron’s optics quickly found Prime’s ruined trailer and the remains of the turret. Much of it, including pieces of his helm were scattered on the ground nearby, but the warlord recognized what was left of Prime’s younger symbiot. The Turret called Gunner.

He suppressed a shudder.

Long ago Soundwave had lost a symbiot during a gladiatorial match. The agony of the violent sundering of their link had knocked the spymaster and his surviving cassettes offline. It was lucky the fight was not supposed to be a deathmatch or Soundwave would be dead as well.

Even so, the stoic mech had been devastated. He had literally lost a piece of himself.

“Megatron! Over here!” called Ravage. The warlord followed her voice around to the other side of the trailer.

He quickly found the small, badly damaged blue and gray mech. Prime’s other symbiot. The buggy, Roller. His spark quickened as he realized this one lived. And that fact gave him hope. As badly injured as the little mech was, there is no way he could have survived if his dock was offline.

Optimus still functioned.

Megatron moved quickly to lift the trailer off the injured mech. Ravage carefully took Roller’s arm in her intake and dragged him free. Knock Out immediately stepped in and started scanning.

Roller was in bad shape. Both his legs had been blown off just below his knees. Ironically, the
weight of the trailer pressing down on him had saved his spark. The severed energon lines were crushed when the punctured tires deflated and the full weight of the trailer pinned him.

This was the only reason he had not bled out.

“Patch him up and bring him around as quickly as possible, Knock Out. We need him awake so that he can contact Prime.”

“He’s barely functional, Lord Megatron. Pit, he was minutes from deactivation when we found him and frankly, he may be too far gone already. Even if I can keep him functioning, bringing him around will take time,” said the medic as he set up an energon drip and set to work trying to keep the little mech alive.

“Prime may not have much time,” snarled Megatron. “We must find out where he and the sparkling are.”

A loud groan caught the Decepticon leader’s attention. He turned to see Hook motion him over. Blitzwing was coming around. Rage flared in his spark as stepped over an arm and stormed towards the prone mech. “What the Pit were you fools thinking?” he demanded, grabbing him by the neck cables. “Did you harm the sparkling?”


“Humans?” gasped Megatron, releasing his grip on the mech and laying him back down carefully. “Did they harm Prime or the sparkling?”

“Don’t… don’t know,” the triple-changer wheezed. “They were… functional when I was hit.”

‘I’ve got lots of tracks near the west end of the canyon!’ commed Frenzy.


Megatron nodded at the grim assessment. “We must find Optimus. If we cannot bring Prime’s symbiot around our only hope is that the flyers can find some trace.” He then switched to his comm to send orders to his flyers. ‘Starscream, you and your trine need to search for three large trucks. My guess is the trailers will be covered so that no passersby will see Optimus or the tanks. Have every flyer start searching along the human highway. We do not know which way they went once they reached it so split your forces and check both directions.’ He switched to a private comm. ‘Soundwave, tap the humans’ satellites. We must find them.’

Soundwave nodded, but to the warlord’s surprise, even as he knew his TIC was frantically searching for the satellite network for signs of the trucks, he, Rumble and Frenzy walked back towards where Knock Out was working on Roller. They each stopped to gather bits of metal from the rocky ground. It took Megatron a moment to realize what they were collecting.

Even the usually crass, occasionally obnoxious twins reverently placed the broken pieces of Gunner on the trailer. Once every part they could find was beside the gray chassis, Soundwave produced a thermal blanket from his subspace and covered the little symbiot.

Ravage did not join them. She had assumed another duty for herself.
The sleek cat former lay beside Roller. She did not get in Knock Out’s way as he worked to save
the damaged Autobot, but her long form was almost wrapped around him.

When she noticed Megatron looking puzzled, she lay her helm on Roller’s shoulder. “We will
destroy another symbiot or dock in war if we must. But there is no war now. We can follow our
core programming and care for our own.”

Soundwave: Will see to remains. Soundwave: Will care for Roller.”

Megatron understood, at least as well as any non-docking mech could. There was a reason that
neither side in the war deliberately targeted the cassettes. Besides the fact that most were very like
sparklings in their appearance and behavior. Symbiots were rare. Even when most mechs and
femmes could breed, they only came from Vector Sigma.

And there was the fact that killing symbiots could seriously harm, or kill their host. If one side
started killing them, so would the other.

“Roller?” said Ravage suddenly. The mechs in the area turned to see a pair of dim blue optics
blinking up at the cat-former. The Decepticons quickly moved to surround the symbiot. The little
mech whimpered weakly and tried to curl away from the well-meaning mechs.

“Easy, Roller,” Ravage said softly, placing a paw gently on his chest plate. “No one will harm you.
I give my word as a fellow symbiot.”

“We want to help Optimus and Orion. Can you contact him?” asked Megatron.

Roller shuttered his optics and tried to reach out to his friend. After a moment he whimpered again.
‘Pain,” he clicked. ‘Too much pain. Can’t concentrate.’

“Knock Out, give him more pain medication,” order Megatron.

“He is extremely weak, my lord. It might kill him,” countered Knock Out.

‘Not important… Do it… Must … save Optimus and Orion,’ chirped Roller, reminding Megatron of
his dock.

The Decepticon leader took the little mech’s servo. “You are a brave mech, Roller.”

Suddenly, Laserbeak sent out a comm on the Decepticons’ general frequency. ‘There is a large
group of Autobots heading in your direction. ETA three minutes.’

“Should we call the Ground Bridge and evacuate?” asked Knock Out, looking up from the prone
symbiot.

Ravage wrapped her front paws around the smaller cassette. “I am not leaving,” she informed them.

“Soundwave: Staying,” confirmed the dock.

“I agree,” said Megatron aloud. He then sent out general comm as he moved to face the oncoming
mechs. ‘Decepticons stand your ground. We are going to meet the Autobots with our weapons
lowered. As fellow Cybertronians. As allies. The only hope Optimus and Orion have is for all of
us to work together to find and rescue them.”

‘Nice sentiment, Mighty Megatron,’ Starscream said as he circled overhead. ‘Let us hope we can
convince the Autobots of that before they start shooting.’

To be continued…

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter - Will the Autobots and Decepticons be able to put aside their distrust and save Optimus and Orion?
Megatron, Soundwave and his cassettes stood as still as statues, servos at their sides, as the Autobots approached.

Prowl, Ironhide, Ratchet, and Trailbreaker were the first to transform. Tracks, Bumblebee, Wheeljack, Windcharger, Blaster and Cliffjumper were just behind. Blaster released his cassettes as the other Autobots pulled their signature weapons, ready for a fight.

To their surprise, the Decepticons remained unmoving as their foes pointed almost a dozen weapons at them. None lifted a servo to defend themselves. They did not even need a scan to see that Megatron’s fusion cannon was not charged. Not even looking up, the medics continued to work on their patients, ignoring the threat.

There were some gasps as the Autobots realized that Knock Out’s patient was Roller.

Prowl held up a servo, signaling the Autobots to hold position as he took in the strange scene. Something was very wrong.

The Autobot SIC took in the horrific tableau. His optics went from Prime’s ruined trailer with the ominously familiar shape beneath the thermal blanket, to Motormaster’s gray chassis, a badly injured Blitzwing with Hook working on him while Knock Out cared for Roller. His battle computer offered him a dozen scenarios that explained the things he saw.

Every single one of which filled him with dread.

“Megatron, do you know what happened here?” Prowl asked, lowering his weapon.

“Weh know what happened, Prowl! They took Prime n’ Orion!” growled Ironhide, his weapon raised. He engine growled. He was ready to give Megatron a liquid nitrogen enema.

“Stand down, Ironhide,” snapped Prowl. “They do not have Optimus and Orion. If Megatron were responsible, he would be taunting us and already ordered us to surrender.”
“He’s right Ironhide. You can feel it in their fields. They are as concerned as we are,” said Bumblebee, lowering his blaster also. Some might call the young Autobot unobservant. But one thing he did very well was read fields and emotions. Ratchet suspected he might have a bit of latent empathic ability.

“As you have surmised, Prowl, my mechs were not responsible for this atrocity. Blitzwing and Mortormaster wanted to see Orion. Nothing more. They disobeyed my order by coming here, but they did not try to harm them,” Megatron confirmed. “We are only here because the Stunticons collapsed when Motormaster went offline. By the time we arrived, everything was basically as you see it. Blitzwing and Roller both confirmed that it was humans who attacked them,” said Megatron. “They took Optimus and Orion on a flatbed truck. The Seekers are searching now, but so far we have been unable to determine where they have been taken.”

“Why leave Blitzwing and Roller alive? Not complaining, but you’d think they would not leave witnesses,” noted Blaster.

“Considering the state they are in, I would say the humans believed them both deactivated or they would have finished them off,” said Prowl. “The odds are seventy-five percent that the perpetrators intended for us to believe that the Decepticons were responsible.”

“But why would humans do this?” demanded Ratchet. “I can almost understand them attacking Decepticons, but we are their allies. The human governments have treaties with us.”

‘Black uniforms, no insignias,’ beeped Roller. ‘Not US troops.’

Looking over at the symbiot, the other Autobots finally lowered their weapons. Ratchet moved quickly to scan Roller. He was surprised to see Ravage curled around the barely conscious Autobot.

She looked up at the medic, then nuzzled the buggy. “He needs contact and warmth,” Ravage informed him.


“I have done what I could. As you can see, the fragging humans blew his leg struts off. All I could do is patch the wounds so I could try to get his pain levels down enough for him to contact Prime without off-lining him,” said Knock Out. “I hate to admit it, but you have the training to handle something like this. I do not.”

“You did a good job, youngling,” Ratchet noted as he started scanning the little mech. Knock Out bristled at being called a ‘youngling’, but did not protest. They had more important things on their processors.

Looking at the readings, Ratchet was too worried even to curse. There was so little energon in his frame it was amazing the little Autobot was conscious, let alone still functioning. Roller looked up at him. ‘That bad?’ he chirped weakly.

The medic smiled and stroked his helm. “You have a strong spark, Roller,” he assured. “I need to do some repairs on your internals and get more energon into you before we can give you anything stronger. Just stay with me.”

This would take time. There was nothing the majority of the Autobots could do. Prowl directed their own flyers to aid in the search, but the Grounders were feeling useless and frustrated. The
mercenaries were getting further away every second!

All they could do is wait.

Blaster walked slowly over to Soundwave. His tanks felt tight as he faced his ex. “Any leads?” he asked, not sure of the reception he would receive.

Soundwave nodded curtly, even as the other host noticed his red optics soften just a little. “Autobot Satellites: Hacked. Soundwave: Tracing source.”

The Autobot reached out to join the Decepticon in tracing the signal that had hacked the satellite feed. His processor quickly deconstructed the hack. “Primus, how did humans do this?”

“Sophisticated: Well-funded group,” said Soundwave.

“Soundwave is right. Whatever these mercenaries are, they have access to top of the line computer tech and expert programmers to be able to hack our systems,” added Blaster.

“And that is not all. Conventional human weapons could never do this type of damage to one of us,” Hook chimed in. “Whatever they used went through Motormaster’s armor and spark chamber like they were made of glass.” He inclined his helm, indicating the Stunticon’s gray chassis.

“The important thing is that they have Optimus and the bitlet. We must find them,” Megatron informed the assembled mechs. He had never felt like this before. His newly awakened protector protocols demanded action. He needed to get his servos on the ones that threatened Orion.

“We will find them,” added Prowl. “But the fact that the humans can do this kind of damage to us is very important. We cannot just attack in force once we locate the perpetrators. If they know we are coming, they would use those weapons on us, or turn them on Optimus. Megatron, we need to contact our mechs on Cybertron. Since there is no one at Elita One’s base we must go through Shockwave. We may need their skills, particularly Mirage, to aid in the rescue once we find where Optimus and Orion are being held.”

“And Jazz needs to know that his bitlet is in danger,” added Bumblebee.

Every mech no matter their faction agreed. Even Megatron.

Unaware of the dire situation developing on Earth, the Autobots on Cybertron were having a very happy reunion.

Jazz was pleased to see some familiar face plates as the Lost Light’s crew disembarked.

The massive form of Ultra Magnus was first. Ever vigilant he stood for a moment in the doorway scanning the area for threats. He almost reached for his blaster when he saw two Seekers sitting on a broken wall not far from the waiting Autobots.

They were much closer than the klick away Shockwave had ordered. The big mech’s optic ridges rose as the Decepticons just smiled and waved jauntily.

The other Autobots were ignoring them, but he was not going to disregard a possible threat. Keeping his sensors turned towards them, he walked down the gangplank.

Kup stepped out next. The ancient mech took a moment to inhale a deep invent of Cyberton’s air,
then followed his commander. None of the others hesitated at the doorway. They had been on the ship for months and wanted to get outside before they started blowing holes in the hull just to have something new to look at.

The other mechs introduced themselves to Jazz and Elita One as they hit the ground. First, after the officers came the young warrior Hot Rod, triple-changer Springer, and to the relief of Jazz, Prowl’s brother, Smokescreen. A well-named mech called Chromedome followed. After this came Drift, Swerve, Crosshairs, Pipes and Brainstorm. Also, along with the Grounders, to the absolute delight of Ion Storm and Acid Storm, there was a sleek red and gold Seeker femme named Windblade.

Some of the Autobots were insulted by the Seekers whistles, other strange excited noises, and facial contortions that would make the wolf in the Tex Avery cartoons tell them to tone it down and behave with some dignity.

The flyers could appreciate the lines of a sexy Grounder, but it had been a very long time since they had seen anyone with such lovely wings.

Smokescreen lifted Jazz off his peds and hugged him when the saboteur informed him that his big brother had survived.

“Smokescreen!” gasped Ultra Magnus, utterly scandalized at the display. “Jazz is your superior officer, show some decorum.”

“Easy, Mags,” Jazz said with a laugh as he was set on his peds. “I don’t mind. Sides, weh’re kinda informal round here. Rank ain’t so important with so few o’ us left. Weh’re more like family.”

“Still…” The big blue mech began.

“Come on, Magnus,” chided Kup gently. “Loosen up a little. Smokescreen’s brother is alive. Let him be happy. Decorum is the last thing anyone here is going to want. We are home after three million years, lad. Enjoy it.”

“Speaking of which,” Chromia said, as she, Arcee and Greenlight walked up with their arms full of energon cubes. “Afraid we do not have any high grade, but you have probably not had pure energon in years.” The femmes started passing out cubes to the very happy crew.

“It has been a very long time,” noted the one called Drift as he gratefully accepted a cube.

With everyone quietly enjoying their energon, Arcee found she could not hold back some news. “Did you get to hear about Orion?” she asked.

At their blank stares, she looked over at Jazz. “Come on, Jazz, you must have some pictures of your bitlet!”

“I got this,” assured Hound, turning on his holographic projector. He showed a three-dimensional image of little Orion in Optimus’ arms, nursing. He then cycled through several short holograms of Orion play or being cuddled by Jazz, Bumblebee, Sideswipe, Sunstreaker and Ratchet. Also, the little one hugging Gunner and playing a three-way game of pat-a-cake with Roller and Sparkplug.

This lead to a collective ‘Ahhhh…’ from the newly arrived mechs and femme as they soaked in theadorability of the bitlet. They were so distracted that no one even noticed that the Seekers had given up all pretense of observing from a distance and were now in the group of Autobots to get a better look at the little one.

Shockwave had not allowed them to see any pictures of Orion, fearing their protector protocols
would come online. It could interfere if hostilities were renewed.

Not that the tank-former himself had anything resembling those protocols left within him.

Several jaws almost unhinged as they dropped open at the sight. “A sparkling!” gasped Kup, his optics already misty. “Jazz and Optimus have a sparkling.” It was not a great leap of logic for the ancient mech. Considering Jazz had already been identified as one creator, then add to that the resemblance to the Prime and the fact that he was nursing Orion, the mechling’s parentage was pretty obvious. “I thought I would not see one again outside the Well.”

“What is that weird pink organic creature?” asked Hot Rod, pointing at the hologram of Sparkplug.

“That is a human,” explained Hound. “They are the dominant life form on Earth. The planet most of us are living on right now. I think you’ll like them.”

“They got the best music, mechs,” added Jazz. “Wait till yeh hear some Ray Charles, Duke Elington or maybe some Red Hot Chilli Peppers.”

A short time later as Jazz, Ultra Magnus and Elita One were in the middle of sharing data while the others were trading stories of their adventures when they saw a Seeker swooping down out of the air.

By sheer reflex, every Autobot had a blaster aimed at him before they even realized it. Until they saw Mirage, who was being carried in the Seeker’s arms. He called out to them, “Hold your fire! This is an emergency. We must return to Earth, immediately!”

Shockwave chose this route to explain because it would be easier to explain everything to one Autobot then let him tell the others. He doubted they would listen if his Seekers suddenly told them of an attack without trying to interrogate him.

“What is it, Raj?” asked Jazz.

“I was just on my way back when Sun Storm called to me.” At first, he thought the Seeker was just flirting. However, one look at his face plate changed his mind. “Shockwave received a message from Earth. Humans have attacked. Gunner and Motormaster are deactivated. Optimus and Orion have been taken!”

“But I thought you said humans were friendly?” Springer gasped.

“The Pit?” gasped Jazz. “Mearing finally lose her fraggin mind?”

“They cannot identify the affiliation of the humans involved. Prowl thinks they are some sort of independent mercenaries.” Mirage had no way to soften the blow. He was fighting to keep his own anger from taking hold as his protector protocols spiked again. “We only know it was humans because they thought Roller and Blitzwing were offline. Damaged as both are, they managed to tell the others what happened. If they had not we would likely be at war with the Decepticons again.”

“Primus,” gasped Ultra Magnus as the other Autobot mechs and femmes moved closer to hear what was happening.

“We have ta get back!” Jazz growled. Someone had taken his sparkling and the mech his protector protocols considered his mate, whatever Optimus might say about it. No one was going to stop him from getting back to Earth!
There were some startled looks when a large drone transport landed nearby, but the Autobots were too shell-shocked to even lift their blasters at its approach.

Sun Storm turned to Jazz. “Shockwave sent this to bring as many of you as needed back to base to be transported to Earth via the Space Bridge. As soon as they find where the humans are keeping Optimus and Orion they will be mounting a rescue.”

“I am coming too,” Elita One and Ultra Magnus spoke in unison. They looked at one another, then Ultra Magnus simply inclined his helm. Elita stated, “Whatever else happens, we are coming with you.”

Jazz nodded. “Kup, yeh’re in charge here. Swoop, stay n’ finish the exams. Make sure nobot is infected with anything. Weh may need um’ soon. Hound, yeh’re with meh.” He looked to the Seekers. “One o’ yeh call Shockwave, tell him to get that Space Bridge ready, cause weh’re on the way!”

“Brainstorm, is the Lost Light able to take off and head to Earth if necessary?” asked Ultra Magnus as the others made their way to the transport.

“If you need it, the Lost Light will make it to Earth,” said Brainstorm.

“Even if we must get out and push it there,” added Pipes.

Back on Earth, Blitzwing was now leaning against Prime’s trailer. He was mostly patched, except his arm. Hook did not have the equipment to reattach it. Ratchet could, but he was still working on stabilizing Roller.

Things had been surprisingly peaceful between the two factions while they waited for some clue as to the whereabouts of Optimus and Orion.

At least until NEST showed up.

Even with a warning from Silverbolt of two troop transports heading their way, Megatron growled and cycled up his fusion cannon as they approached. “How dare they show themselves after what their people did to a carrier and sparkling!”

Prowl stepped between them. “Roller and Blitzwing confirmed it was not NEST that attacked. These humans are our allies. I trust them with my function.”

“Do you trust them with Optimus and Orion’s function?” demanded the warlord.

“Yes, we do. And we will not allow our friends to come to harm.” Bumblebee, Tracks and Ironhide moved between Megatron and the soldiers.

Grudgingly Megatron cycled the cannon down. “Just keep them away from me,” he growled. “The sight of them makes me want to feel them under my peds.”

“Understood,” Prowl walked over to meet their confused allies. “Stay within the Autobot ranks and keep a low profile. We know you are not responsible, but everyone’s protector protocols are running high.”

Major Lennox nodded as he stepped out of the first vehicle and ordered his men to disembark. “I get that tensions are high,” he told Prowl. “From the president’s perspective, the head of an allied power
has just been kidnapped. My government has ordered me to aid you in any way I can. More importantly, Optimus is our friend.”

Epps nodded. “We are not leaving a baby in the hands of a bunch of terrorists. Besides, these S.O.Bs are human. That makes it our obligation to help you kick their sorry asses.”

Charlotte Mearing had not taken her eyes from her computer screen in five hours. That was when the first reports started filtering in from cell phone footage of people near the Autobot’s base. The Cybertronians were in a panic.

At first, there was speculation that the Decepticons had broken the ceasefire. But then came shocking footage of both factions caring for injured mechs from both sides, Prime’s damaged trailer and a dead Decepticon.

A dead Decepticon that had obviously been hit by Bot Buster shells.

Having discreetly followed the Autobots warriors the small group of humans armed with cell phones and GoPros were witness to a tense standoff. Unfortunately, no one had any sort of equipment to hear the Cybertronians’ conversations from their vantage point atop the canyon wall. But even from a distance, they observed what appeared to be a resolution to their mistrust.

Considering his conspicuous absence and the presence of his damaged trailer and symbiot, speculation from every news organization on the planet was that Optimus Prime and his child had been kidnapped.

Jaeger had made his move.

Mearing had not expected him to strike so soon. She fervently hoped that he had covered his tracks. Otherwise, she and the mysterious Jaeger were both going to be on the receiving end of the fury of every Cybertronian on the planet.

To be continued...

Chapter End Notes

Next time, we find out what has happened to Optimus and Orion.
When the drone transport landed at the impromptu forward base, carrying Jazz, Elita One, Ultra Magnus, Hound and Mirage, there was no celebration. Even when told that his brother Smokescreen lived, Prowl just nodded, pausing only a moment before issuing more orders.

Jazz shrugged off the sympathy that pulsed in every field as he stepped off the transport. He knew his friends felt for him. Even the Decepticons radiated concern.

Everyone loved Orion, but Jazz was his sire. It was his sparkling that was in danger and he could do nothing about it.

His anger made even his human friends stay well out of his way. Jazz was frustrated. He had to do something. The Autobot TIC felt helpless. A very unfamiliar and unwanted emotion.

Since he escaped the Bad Lands, Jazz had prided himself on being in control. The one making others dance to his tune.

The saboteur was ready to put his servo through something, or someone when his optics turned to Prime’s trailer and the blanket covered form on it.

His spark constricted at the sight. He had seen death far too many time in his long life. Often it was he that struck the killing blow. But to know that Gunner was gone hit him like a punch in the fuel tanks. And not only because of the pain it must have caused Optimus, and by extension Orion.

He had always liked the symbiot. Gunner had always been like a sparkling himself. Always so sweet and cheerful.

Whoever dared to harm his sparkling and his friends was going to pay.

“Why is this still here?” he demanded angrily. The Decepticons were not exactly known for respect for their fallen warriors, although he noted they had finally covered Motormaster. Autobots mourned their dead. They did not treat them like scrap.
“Because Brawn was in the city with Tracks and Raul,” said Bumblebee. “Prowl contacted him as soon as we found out what happened. He will be here any minute to take Gunner home.” Brawn was relatively small in stature, but he was the only Autobot besides Optimus equipped with a hitch and strong enough to haul the trailer. He was the designated segregate when Optimus was unable to for any reason.

While Skyfire could have taken it home, he was being used as a mobile command center. The jet-former was in his alt mode with cables coming from his hatch. He was powering six drone turrets that Red Alert had sent to set up around the perimeter, just in case the hostile humans returned.

Jazz took a deep invent, feeling a little deflated. He nodded and stalked in the opposite direction. The black and white Porcha knew he should not snap at the others. He should save his rage for the human mercenaries.

Upon exiting the transport Elita One and Ultra Magnus went immediately to Prowl. “Just tell us what we can do to help,” said the tall femme. The massive blue mech simply stood behind her, ready to take whatever action was needed.

“Until we find where these unknown humans are holding Optimus and Orion, all we can do is wait,” answered Prowl. His voice held very uncharacteristic emotion. Like the others, his protector protocols were running high, making him just as frustrated and angry as the rest of the mechs.

The bots of both factions were near the breaking point when Soundwave and Blaster finally had some good news.

“We found them!” announced Blaster. “The mercenaries are holed up in a complex of abandoned warehouses forty klicks north of here. Lazerbeak is doing recon now. The buildings are some distance outside of the city.”

“Most likely to minimize the risk of accidental discovery by other humans. It also means we should not have to worry about collateral damage when we move on them,” said Prowl.

“Network cameras: Hacked. Receiving feed: Prime and Sparkling,” Soundwave’s voice was not quite its usual bland monotone. Blaster could feel his once lover’s excitement that they succeeded, as well as his deep concern for the safety of the carrier and sparkling. The host was hard pressed not to put a comforting servo on Soundwave’s shoulder.

He knew the feelings coming from his ex. Soundwave could use a hug. Something he knew the Decepticon could never accept. At least, not in front of other mechs.

Every optic and eye turned as the spymaster channeled the feed through a holographic interface, projecting a three-dimensional image, at one third scale.

Optimus sat on the raised platform surrounded by his human captors. He had his right leg out straight. They could see how badly his ankle strut was mangled. The humans had clamped the energon lines, but there was still a small puddle beneath it.

Major Lennox and his men were disgusted at the way the kind, gentle Autobot leader and his child were being treated. However, they were shocked when the camera scanned the rest of the warehouse. The soldiers easily recognized three brand new M-60 Patton tanks. Each had their main guns pointed at Optimus. Those were not any sort of surplus equipment. One was damaged, but still, those tanks were obviously fresh off the assembly line and should have been sent to front line
units in the US Army, not in the hands of a bunch of mercenaries. The human commander pulled a radio and asked his support team to get on their computers and track down how the Hell this group got them.

Shackles bound the injured mech’s wrists and a matching collar was around his neck. The long thick chains from all three were attached to winches which barely gave him enough slack to cradle Orion.

Orion whimpered and hid as best he could in his carrier’s arms.

There were growls from every Cybertronian, no matter their faction, when they saw the collar and chain on the tiny sparkling. Their protector protocols spiked at the sight of the injured carrier and mechling in distress. The humans in the area could feel their rage, like ants crawling on their skin.

Prime cooed to his terrified mechling, trying to calm him. ‘It will be alright,’ he assured in basic Cybertronian.

“And what is this? The great Optimus Prime, engaged in robotic baby talk?” asked a male voice with a thick, upper-class British accent.

A sickeningly familiar voice to many of the Autobots.

“Lord Chumley? You are Jaeger?” Prime gasped, pulling Orion even closer. He was annoyed at himself for not realizing it sooner. He prided himself on his mastery of human languages.

Jaeger is German for Hunter.

There had only been one human foolish or arrogant enough to hunt him.

Lord Chumley considered himself the Earth’s foremost big game hunter. He had killed every type of deadly beast on the planet. He had even discovered several previously unknown creatures. A few once roamed his private island like guard dogs.

Most were stuffed and mounted in his castle.

Optimus was even more concerned now. This insane human had brought his world to the brink of nuclear war when he brought down a Russian Mig fighter jet to add to his trophy collection. And as if that were not audacious enough, he managed to bot-nap half a dozen Autobots just to lure Optimus to his island.

“But how can you be here?” he asked. “You were incarcerated after our encounter.”

“Very true,” the older human conceded. “When you cheated in our little contest I was forced to spend some time in the company of international law enforcement. Dreadfully dull fellows. But you would be surprised to learn how amenable some of them can be when one has extremely large amounts of cash to spread around. And I have billions hidden across the globe under false names and front businesses. It would take those fools years to track them all down.”

At their shared foreword base, Soundwave and Blaster looked at each other. They considered that statement a challenge. With a nod, each sent out feelers on the internet. Within fifteen minutes Lord Chumley would not have a penny, or any other Earth currency for that matter, to his name.

Blaster pinged Soundwave and both they and their symbiots agreed. The great hunter’s fortune would be doled out to The World Wild Life Fund, ASPCA and any other animal-centric charity they could find.
Optimus shook his helm and stared at the grinning human. “Why are you doing this? Taking the risk of being caught by the United States government? Do you still wish to mount my head on your wall that much?” He had no fear for his own function, but if Lord Chumley offlined him Orion would be left alone with this twisted man and his mercenaries.

“Certainly not.” The haughty human almost sounded insulted as he stroked his stiff mustache. “One does not hunt a doe while it has nursing young. It would not be sporting. I admit I had not done my homework last time. Until I read those classified reports from Section 7 I had no idea that your kind birthed young like organics. Quite fascinating. It also appears that your people are endangered.”

“And we intend to help the process along. Soon the rest of your people will be extinct,” clarified Silas as he towered over the older man.

“Why would you want to exterminate my people?” asked Optimus, truly puzzled.

“Do not act so shocked, Prime,” said Chumley. “You metal chaps came to our world uninvited, bringing your war with you. It is our right to defend our home. Thankfully, unlike many of this world’s politicians who have been seduced by your words, Charlotte Mearing recognized you for the threat you are and gave us access to some marvelous weaponry to aid us in our endeavor. She understands that your kind are a danger that must be eliminated.”

It was telling that none of the Autobots or NEST soldiers were shocked or even mildly surprised to discover that Mearing had betrayed them.

Epps cursed and turned to Lennox and snarled, “That bitch is going down!”

“Damn right,” agreed Lennox as he leaned over to the Autobot communications officer. “Blaster, can you send a feed to the White House and cabinet members? They need to know that Mearing is a traitor. And we need to be ready to put it on the web if the bastards are working with her and try to cover it up.”

“Belay that order, Blaster,” interjected Prowl. “We cannot send it yet, for just that reason, Major. We are going to need to confront them in person with the evidence. Do not worry, Major. No one will be getting away with this.”

“You need not fear death, Prime,” Lord Chumley continued. “It would be a crime to completely wipe out such a fascinating species. That is why we are going take you, the little fellow and his papa to my private island. We shall start a captive breeding program.”

Both humans chuckled at the horrified look in his prisoner’s optics, then the hunter continued. “According to what I read, your people have been very close-mouthed about the identity of the father of your little one. Something about you not knowing. Sorry, but with your advanced technology, I simply do not believe that. You will tell me. And you need not worry. I intend to take him alive.”

“In your dreams.” Jazz growled.

Optimus looked down at both Lord Chumley and Silas with concern. After five years of observation, he was very good at reading human body language. Chumley was excited. The other man, disgusted. Contempt for the British man was coming off Silas in waves. This partnership was one of convenience only. He had no doubt that MECH would end it abruptly, and probably violently when the time came.

Was Lord Chumley so utterly obtuse that he did not realize what his so-called ally thought of him?

He sighed and looked away from the humans. “The sire is gone. You already offlined him,” said
“Now, now, Prime. I am not stupid. And frankly, you are a terrible liar,” chided the older human. “The two big purple chaps were your enemies, Decepticons. I recognized one of them. Blitzwing, I believe was his name. One of the louts that interfered with my hunt. Served the bounder right.” The human informed him coldly. “And I know the troublesome turret and buggy Silas and his men dispatched were what you call symbiots. Unimportant, unintelligent drones.”

At the shared base, Soundwave, Blaster and their symbiots bristled at the insult.

“Blitzwing and Motormaster, the other Decepticon, just wanted to see my sparkling,” countered Prime angrily. “And symbionts are not unimportant. They are linked to their host, linked to me. They were not drones. They were my friends.” There was a cold empty void within Optimus where the innocent little turret’s presence had been. Even as the Primes tried to comfort him, his spark was broken at the loss.

But quite suddenly he felt Roller reaching for him through their link. He knew the buggy was functional. Roller was unconscious when he and Orion were taken. He had feared Roller would bleed out alone in the desert. Optimus had tried to prepare himself for the loss, and keep the link closed. He could handle it and if it were closed he could try and spare Orion feeling him off-line.

The buggy was weak and in some pain, although it was obviously being dulled. That could only mean he had been found.

‘Optimus? You are injured!’ the little mech sent through the bond.

‘My right ankle strut has been disabled to keep me from attempting to escape. It is not serious. Orion has not been harmed, but he is very frightened. Are the other Autobots with you?’

‘They just arrived,’ replied the symbiot. ‘It was the Decepticons that found me first. Blitzwing is online, barely. Motormaster…’

‘I know. Are you alright?’

‘Knock Out patched me up as best he could. Legs are pretty much gone. Cannot transform, but I am not going to bleed out. He gave me some pain suppressants. Nothing too strong. Megatron wanted me awake so I could communicate with you through the bond once I could think straight.’ Optimus felt a twinge of pain. Roller quickly tried to push it back, keep it out of the link. ‘The Decepticons were being nice to me. Ravage is snuggled up to keep me warm. They…’ Prime felt sadness and pain from his surviving symbiot. ‘Gunner. They put his chassis on the trailer and covered him.’

Prime sent what reassurance and comfort he could muster through the link. They would morn their poor friend together once Orion was safe. ‘Roller, you must warn them. We have been abducted by Lord Chumley. The hunter that once tried to take my helm. He is working with a group of mercenaries that call themselves MECH. Director Mearing…’

Roller interrupted him. ‘We know about them, Optimus. Soundwave has hacked into the human’s network. We are watching you on a live feed.’

Optimus heard someone loudly clearing their throat. He blinked realizing he had been ignoring the humans. Chumley looked very annoyed. That could be dangerous. “Back with us, Prime? We are blocking your communications, so I suggest you pay attention to me or things could become very unpleasant.” Optimus did not show his relief that the humans did not understand the nature of his
bond with Roller. “First, you will give me the name of that little fellow’s papa. Then these MECH chaps are very curious about this whole breeding thing of yours. So I need you to show them what you have.”

Optimus gaped at him and clamped his legs together, despite the pain it caused. “I will not,” he countered.

“You do not want to go down this road, Prime,” said the Englishman flatly. “You will lose.”

Sila raised a hand to signal to one of his men.

Orion shrieked in pain!

“What are you doing?” gasped Optimus, pulling the hysterical sparkling against his chest plates. After a few seconds, Orion stopped screaming. His field pulsed with terror. He whimpered and he clutched desperately at his carrier. Optimus also felt a spike of anger and fear from Roller.

“We are simply making you see reason,” assured Lord Chumley. “The shock was fairly mild but obviously painful.”

“I suggest you be more forthcoming, Prime.” Silas started to raise his hand again.

“No! Please do not harm my sparkling. I will do whatever you want.” Optimus did not care who saw him beg. He would do anything to protect Orion.

“We know you will,” Lord Chumley smirked. “The name?”

‘Tell them the truth, Optimus,’ Roller sent. ‘We are ready for them now. They will not get to Jazz. And the human is right. You are not a good liar.’

Roller knew him well. He could bend the truth a bit when needed, but he could not lie to save his function. Or anyone else’s. He would have to trust his mechs. “Jazz. Orion’s sire is Jazz.”


Jazz had always loved humans. But this disgusting excuse for a man, he would gladly flatten beneath his peds.

Much to the special ops mech’s embarrassment, he had been captured by the hunter when he was after Optimus’ helm to mount on his wall. Like his fellow captives, Jazz had made the mistake of not thinking a human could or would harm him. One that he swore never to make again.

The hunter shrugged. “Surprising, but no matter. We shall have him here soon and you can start making more little robots. For now, set the little one down. He should not see this sort of thing. Then lay on your back and spread your legs. You will not move while these men examine you.”

With a heavy spark he kissed Orion’s helm and set him down on the floor. To his horror as soon as he released him, the terrified mechling was being pulled away by the chain on his collar. “NOOO!” Optimus cried, reaching for Orion.

“Do not move, Prime, or else.” Silas started to raise his arm to signal his men to shock Orion again. Optimus froze. Orion sobbed and clawed at the floor as he was dragged towards the far wall. Roller broadcast waves of anger through the bond, unable to do more than helplessly watch Orion being abused.
Trying to keep his voice steady Optimus spoke in basic as gently as he could. ‘Hush, Orion. The bad humans will hurt you if you do not stop crying. Do not fight them. All will be well. I promise. Our friends will be here soon to save us.’

‘Hurts, scared,’ Orion whimpered, but he quieted as the chain stopped pulling him. A group of humans swarmed in and began to move what looked to be some kind of scanning devices over his trembling frame. ‘Want you. Want sire,’ he clicked, curling up as small as he could to protect himself from the prodding, sneering techs.

‘Soon, Little One. Stay still and quiet. Do not anger the bad humans. We will be safe soon and I will hold you,’ Optimus assured calmly as he could. His spark clenched at the terror in his mechling’s wide terrified optics.

He hoped with all his spark that what he said was true.

Optimus pulled his field in tight so Orion could not feel his fear or disgust. He drew up his knees, opened his legs and tried not to think about the fact that not only would the humans be gawking at his interface array, but every Autobot and Decepticon that was with Roller would see it also.

There was a collective gasp when the blue panel slid aside, from both the human scientists and the watching Autobots and Decepticons. “Look at that,” said an older male, with thinning white hair. “I thought it was a joke. Non-organic beings having sex. But these robots really do have both male and female genitalia. Damn, look at the size of his cock!” Even flaccid as it was now, it was impressive.

“Have you seen enough?” asked Optimus. His damaged ankle was starting to shake slightly, sending waves of pain up his leg strut. He could feel Roller’s rage match his own as the humans gawked at him.

“Of course not,” said the scientist snapped. “My colleagues and I have just started. We need to give you a thorough examination to be sure you are able to conceive once we have the other fertile Autobot. Just remain still. This may cause you some discomfort.”

A vehicle that Optimus recognized as a forklift moved between his legs. The tines that were usually positioned to be pushed beneath things to move them were changed. They were set together in the center and turned outward. It reminded him of a gynecological instrument he had seen when they originally scanned the internet for information on humans. He barely suppressed a whimper and the urge to purge his tanks.

The Autobot could only shutter his optics and await the inevitable.

Optimus Prime was going to be violated. On camera.

To be continued…

Chapter End Notes

Sorry about the cliffhanger. I had to cut this chapter in half or I would never get it posted.
Next chapter: The cavalry is coming to save the day. But, will they be in time?
Light At The End Of The Tunnel

Chapter Summary

The Cybertronians mount a daring rescue, but soon find that things are even more complex than they thought.

Chapter Notes

Warnings: Violence, Deaths of Humans, Humiliation and Traumatized Orion.

I do not own Transformers etc and any mistakes are my own.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

*The Autobot could only shutter his optics and await the inevitable.*

*Optimus Prime was going to be violated. On camera.*

He braced himself for what would be a very painful and degrading experience in every possible way. But the dreaded penetration did not come.

Instead he heard the humans cry out in surprise and fear as they began wildly firing their weapons.

Optimus’ optics snapped open to an amazing sight. A bright, swirling vortex of green light had appeared in the back of the room behind the tanks. Three massive mechs and one large femme: Astrotrain, Ultra Magnus, Megatron, and Elita One, were moving within the almost blinding light.

Optimus realized this could only be the Decepticons' Ground Bridge.

One of the tanks’ main guns had swung around towards the new threat. Astrotrain roared, grabbed it and flipped the tank over.

Ultra Magnus made no sound as he punched another tank, sending it crashing into the far wall.

Megatron’s fusion cannon fired and a third tank instantly vaporized.

Elita One charged a group of heavily armed and armored humans. They wisely scattered as the enraged femme gave a fierce war cry and snapped off shot after shot with her blaster.

As it turned out Kevlar helmets and body armor were no match for a Cybertronian blaster wielded by a skilled (and pissed off) femme.

Lord Chumley took in the sight of the Cybertronians rampaging through the base and did what any self-respecting villain would do under the circumstance.
Soiled his trousers and ran for the nearest exit.

Fear for one’s life is a powerful motivator. The might hunter moved very quickly for a man of his years and considerable girth. Before Elita One could zero in on him he was already diving out a side door, right behind Silas. The leader of MECH did not even look back as he abandoned his comrades to the vengeful Cybertronians.

Just as the vortex of the Ground Bridge began to close, Optimus saw Skywarp leap out. After a quick scan of the room, he stepped over several terrified humans and headed straight for Orion.

One of the techs grabbed the cowing sparkling, attempting to drag him towards a door. The Decepticon snarled and contemptuously flicked the foolish human away with a finger. The purple Seeker then shot the chain with his blaster, freeing Orion. As Skywarp lifted him, the mechling sobbed and reached for his carrier.

And then the Decepticon teleported with a loud, BAMPH!

“Orion!” gasped Optimus in horror as his child disappeared.

“Is safe,” assured Megatron.

Optimus looked up at the warlord, who had his back to him at first. He was facing three humans armed with rocket launchers. The silver mech had no idea whether the projectiles in those weapons were the ones that could harm them or not. And frankly, he did not really give a scrap. These creatures had harmed a sparkling and killed one of his mechs.

They needed to die.

Once the humans were reduced to curls of odd smelling vapor, he turned to Optimus. Megatron froze in his tracks, finding himself staring at Prime’s uncovered valve, spike and to his surprise, a rear port.

Not something he was expecting.

Admittedly, having Optimus Prime chained down with his array exposed was a common fantasy for him. Under other circumstances, he would find the situation extremely arousing. But when he saw the sparkless machine poised to violate the Autobot leader, he felt a surge of anger. Disgustedly he kicked the forklift, sending it crashing into a wall. He thought there was still a human at the controls.

He hoped so.

Megatron tried not to show his disappointment as the blue panel closed and Prime quickly drew his legs together.

“Remain still.” The Decepticon brought up his fusion cannon and snapped off three quick shots. Once Prime’s chains were severed he pointed his cannon straight up and fired again, blasting a massive hole in the roof.

Before the Autobot could express his gratitude or even try to sit up, Megatron moved in and lifted him bridal style. “Hold tight!” Optimus had no choice but to do so as the warlord’s thrusters roared to life. He wrapped his arms around Megatron’s neck as they shot straight up out of the hole he had just created.

Soon the pair hovered high above the battle, well out of range of the antiaircraft guns that were set up
in trucks around Chumley’s base. Starscream, Thundercracker and all five Arielbots were strafing the defenses.

“Where is Orion?” asked Optimus.

“At a joint base, we set up in the canyon where you were attacked,” answered Megatron as he flew away from the battle. Making that place a base of operations was not planned. It just happened as more mechs arrived. “You will be reunited soon. Since I cannot warp, and it would take ten minutes for the Ground Bridge to build up enough power to use again, we must take the long way.”

“I saw Ultra Magnus and Elita One with you. Is Jazz on Earth also?” Optimus asked. He was surprised (and a little disappointed) that he had not seen Orion’s sire with the rescue party.

“Yes. Once we knew what was happening we contacted Cybertron. Elita One and Ultra Magnus insisted on coming to Earth to aid in your rescue. There was to be a subtler plan to gain entry, but when we saw those disgusting fleshlings harm Orion there was no way Prowl or I could not stop our mechs, even if we wished to.”

Considering the rage they all felt as they watched MECH torture a sparkling and molest his carrier, there might be no humans left alive when they were finished. Which was why Prowl ordered the very disappointed NEST soldiers to remain at the base. Even the Autobots might not recognize them as friends in the heat of battle.

“It was your second in command’s suggestion that Skywarp comes in with the initial assault to get Orion out of the line of fire as quickly as possible. As you might have guessed, Jazz wanted to be there also, but Ratchet insisted he stay at the base. His presence would help to soothe your little one until you arrive.”

Jazz had, to say the least, not been happy with that plan. However, he knew Ratchet was right. Orion had been traumatized. The bitlet would be terrified without his carrier. He would need his sire.

Jazz and the other Autobots also objected quite strenuously to Megatron being the one to rescue Optimus.

It was Prowl that stopped that argument cold. ‘The Ground Bridge will be closed by the time any of them can reach Optimus. With his leg damaged he will need help to get out of there. Ultra Magnus cannot fly. Skyfire is needed here and Omega Supreme is too large to fit in the building, even if he were in the area. That leaves Megatron or Astrotrain as the only option to get Optimus to safety.’

Put that way, the Autobots decided Megatron was a better choice than the triple-changer.

The Decepticon Leader had a vested interest in getting Optimus back safely.

Astrotrain would be too busy wanting to kill anything that moved to concern himself with an injured Autobot. Like many Decepticons, he was not known for moderation where violence was concerned.

“Whose idea was it to use the Ground Bridge?” asked Optimus.

“Mine,” answered the Decepticon. “It had the best chance to get us in quickly without injury to you or Orion. And as things turned out, my secret weapon was not as secret as I thought.”

As soon as the words, ‘We have technology that can get us inside the human base before they know what is happening,’ left his intact, Prowl began rattling off a well thought out rescue plan. ‘We need to send in our strongest fighters to take out the tanks. Megatron, Astrotrain and Ultra Magnus, plus Elita One to counter the humans on the ground. Skywarp should come in behind them to get
After a slight pause, the Decepticon looked down at the mech in his arms. “I am curious to know how long your mechs have been aware of its existence?”

“Since the day Orion was born,” admitted Optimus.

Megatron smirked. “Mirage no doubt. Soundwave will be very annoyed. He thought he had tightened security enough to keep out your invisible towerling.” There was a pause. “I presume he was there before I called for the ceasefire.”

“My Special Ops team have been known to use rather broad interpretations of my orders,” Optimus answered honestly. “But they would not directly disobey one. No Autobot has entered the Nemesis since the ceasefire.”

“I am impressed. Your mechs are not usually very good at keeping secrets.” Megatron tried to keep his field controlled as he felt his tanks lurch. Mirage must have also overheard Megatron and Starscream discussing what he would do in the event Optimus refused him.

He was going to have to do some serious damage control.

Megatron felt Optimus stiffen as he descended. He touched down much more gently than he normally would in order not to jar his injured passenger. Carefully, he placed the other mech down so that he could sit on a large flat rock. “You are in no danger, Optimus. I plan no betrayal. I simply wish to speak to you before we are swarmed by well-meaning mechs,” said the warlord. “I presume information on the Ground Bridge is not all Mirage came away with?”

“No.”

“That explains much about our interactions recently. I thought you were apprehensive because of your inexperience in such things. Not the best way to begin a romantic relationship, thinking that you and your sparkling would be in danger if you refused me.”

“I would be lying if I said it did not color my reactions,” confirmed the Prime.

“Before we return to the others, I want you to know that I will not harm you or Orion. I have no desire to cause distress to you or your bitlet, let alone do anything that might endanger either of you.” That was very true. After enduring the near berserk rage of his protector protocols spiking for hours at a time, the last thing he would ever contemplate was causing Orion harm. “Perhaps to you, it seems a poor excuse, however, I fear that this war has made me accustomed to anticipating the use of force in every situation. I give you my word, your safety and that of Orion and his sire does not hinge on accepting me as your mate.”

Optimus felt the Matrix and the ancient Primes cheering. To his surprise, Autobot felt the sincerity in Megatron’s field. He was not ready to set a bonding date yet or anything, but still, this raised his esteem for the Decepticon. “I appreciate that, Megatron.”

“And with that in mind, Optimus, I hope that you are still willing to allow me to court you. While you may have found my conversation with Starscream disturbing, that does not change the truth of what is between us. The two of us becoming mates and co-rulers would be the best way to bring our two factions together.”

Once again, the relic in his chest and its inhabitants cheered. ‘He speaks from his spark,’ they assured.
“If this is the time for real honesty between us, Megatron, I want you to know that I would have accepted your court even had I not known about your contingency plan. Your argument for becoming Lord High Protector is compelling. Although, I admit that I am still a little ill at ease with the concept of taking a mate. I… I know that you say we should bond to unite our mechs. But in all this time we have been enemies, you seem to have desired me. Why?”

“I felt only lust for you when we first met at the Iacon depot. I admit it. But later, when you stepped out onto that battlefield in your upgraded frame, I was captivated.” The memory of the first time that striking frame and powerful, pulsing field warmed his frame. “Mere physical attraction would have faded quickly. What I felt for you, still feel for you, is so much more. You were the only thing I could see. Primus, you were magnificent. Even as we fought, I knew in my spark that I wanted you. That I could have no more perfect mate.”

Optimus was very quiet for a long time. He said nothing as Megatron reached out and gently brushed a servo over his battle mask. The truck-former would swear that the denizens of the Matrix seemed to be holding their collective breath, even if they did not breathe. “Do not worry, Optimus. I will give you all the time you need. No threats.”

“I am trying to adjust.”

“Perhaps one day you will come to trust me enough that I might see what is behind that mask,” said the warlord as he brushed the metal one last time, then allowed his servo to fall to his side.

The two mechs were silent for a time. Then Optimus looked up at the Decepticon. “Megatron, I want you to know that I am grateful to you for saving my sparkling. For saving me. You were willing to give up an important tactical advantage to rescue us.”

Megatron looked down into those beautiful blue optics. He never dreamed that Optimus would look at him with gratitude, even a little admiration.

The Decepticon suddenly began to understand the appeal of being a good guy.

“Sacrificing a military advantage paled in comparison to the possibility of losing you and Orion. I was certainly not going to let those meat bags get away with kidnapping the only carrier and sparkling in existence. Or offlining one of my mechs,” the last part was a low growl.

Optimus sighed but did not say anything about Megatron’s insults to the humans. His own feelings for them were not exactly positive at that moment. “Will Bliztwing survive? Roller said that he was functional.”

“He is severely damaged, but according to Hook he will recover.”

“I am truly sorry, Megatron. I was the target. Blitzwing and Motormaster only wanted to see Orion.” Optimus sighed. “What about the Stunticons? I have seen gestalts lose a member and the entire team follows them into the Well.”

“That is how we knew something was wrong. Unfortunately, when the Stunticons collapsed they could not tell us what was happening, else we would have come immediately. Soundwave had to track Motormaster’s location by using Earth satellites.” Megatron admitted. “The Combatacons stayed with the surviving Stunticons at the Nemesis, trying to use their gestalt link to ground them. I honestly cannot say if they will survive.”

“The Protectabots might be able to help them,” suggested Optimus. “Not only are they also a gestalt, but First Aid is a medic. Ratchet’s protégé.”
Under other circumstances, Megatron would rather kiss the Unmaker on the lip plates than accept help, especially from Autobots. But there were other considerations this time. If he could save the other four Stunticons he had to try. And of course, he was trying to win over Optimus. “I would welcome their assistance,” he said. “Now, we had best continue to the base before your mechs decide that I have spirited you away to the Nemesis to have my wicked way with you,” said Megatron with a wry smile.

Admittedly, that sounded like a very good idea. But one he sadly could not indulge… yet.

Optimus looked surprised as the Decepticon moved to pick him up again.

“Is it really necessary for you to carry me?” asked Optimus.

“This is not a ploy to allow me to touch you, pleasant as the prospect is. Even if you can manage to transform with that damaged ankle, it would be extremely painful. We still have several miles to go over some very rough terrain. Even your stoicism would be challenged.”

“I suppose you are right,” Optimus conceded and allowed himself to be cradled. He wrapped his arms around the warlord’s neck as he lifted off.

Once they were on their way to the base Optimus lay his helm on Megatron’s broad chest. Much to his own surprise, he felt safe in the Decepticon’s arms.

For his part, Megatron was almost giddy. He had turned what could have been a disaster to his advantage. Even better, he could feel Optimus’ field meshing with his own. Despite everything, the Autobot was beginning to trust him.

Once he brought in his brother to tell him about the inevitable arrival of the Quintessons, Optimus would surely accept him as Lord Protector. They would likely be bonded before the end of an Earth lunar cycle.

About five minutes later, the Warlord slowed began to descend again. “Our mechs are set up just over the ridge,” said Megatron.

Optimus saw a large group of mechs and even some humans from NEST. They were clustered around Skyfire in his alt mode and surrounded by automated turrets.

As soon as they touched down in the middle of the mixed group of mechs, he heard Orion chirping frantically. A quick glance showed the little mechling was struggling in Jazz’s arms. ‘Carrier! Carrier!’ he sobbed, holding his little servos out towards his creator. Megatron rushed over and knelt down so that Optimus could take the near hysterical sparkling into his embrace.

Jazz gave the Decepticon a slightly sour look but did not hesitate to place Orion in his carrier’s waiting arms.

Megatron favored Jazz with a very quick, very smug smile.

The Decepticon was enjoying a luxury Jazz could never know. The Autobot TIC was not weak by any definition of the word. He was, however, a relatively small mech, barely a third of the mass of his Prime. Jazz could not carry Optimus in his arms, or cradle the mech in his lap as Megatron was doing.

Optimus did not notice the silent exchange between the rivals for his affection. He had optics only for Orion. Hugging his creation fiercely and peppering his helm with kisses. He sighed in relief when he noticed that the heavy collar had been removed from his sparkling’s neck.
Megatron carefully set Optimus on the ground. He would much rather have continued to hold them both close. Primus, it felt so right. But the situation was still in flux. They had proof that at least one person in the government had betrayed the Autobots. Frankly, he did not trust the humans not to strike while so many Cybertronians of both factions were together in the same place.

And according to the reports he was now getting, some of the MECH mercenaries appeared to have escaped. Including their sadistic leader and the detestable, Lord Chumley.

“I need to get a status report, Optimus,” the warlord said as he stood. “You concentrate on your sparkling. You are both safe here.” With that, he stood and walked over to where several of his mechs waited.

Megatron swore it to Primus. Optimus Prime and his sparkling would be safe, even if he had to kill every human on the planet to ensure it.

“Told yeh yer carrier was on the way, bitlet,” said Jazz brightly, putting all thoughts of the Decepticon leader out of his processor. He started to step back to give Prime some room, but Orion would have none of that.

‘Sire!’ chirped the mechling. His right servo had latched onto Optimus’ windshield while the left flailed for Jazz. The black and white mech immediately grasped it. The two Autobots looked at one another for a moment. “Little fella’s scared. Needs ta be reassured is all.” The Porsche shrugged.

“Now that yeh two ‘re safe, I got no other place I need ta be.”

“Thank you, Jazz.” With a sigh, Optimus carefully shifted so that he would be in a more comfortable position, with his right leg strut out straight. It hurt like the Pit and he was probably not going to be moving for a while.

Once he was settled, Orion whimpered and tugged at the seams of his chest, ‘Hungry!’

Optimus smiled gently and opened his chest plate. As soon as they peaked out, the little one grabbed a feeding nub and shoved it in his intake. He leaned his helm against his carrier and began to nurse almost frantically.

Every mech in the area, Autobot and Decepticon alike, watched them. Their protector protocols had been running rampant while Orion and Optimus were in danger. Now that they were safe even the Decepticons no longer wanted to kill every human they saw. But his agitation still had all of them feeling on edge.

“Neither of you have any permanent damage, thank Primus,” assured Ratchet, after a quick scan of the of Optimus. He had scanned Orion the moment Skywarp appeared in the camp.

The white and red mech frowned at his Prime’s damaged ankle, but that was relatively minor. Painful yes, but something that could easily be fixed once they were back at the Ark. The medic wanted to give him something for the pain, but that would mean Orion could not nurse. Optimus was not going to agree to that. “Right now, what Orion needs is to be close to your spark. The longer you hold him, the better. Just let him refuel as much as he wants. He will probably go into recharge quickly.”

“I have no intention of putting him down anytime soon,” said Optimus softly. His field reached out and wrapped Orion (and Jazz) in love. He felt his mechling’s spark beat as the little one’s field slowly began to calm.

It was not easy for him to keep his own field even as the image of Orion clawing the floor as he was
dragged away, flashed before his optics.

Prime suddenly felt a surge of relief through his bond with Roller. He looked up and saw Rumble and Frenzy carrying the damaged symbiot between them. Ravage walked beside them, keeping a protective optic on the Autobot symbiot. The twins carefully set the buggy down beside the Autobot Leader. Ravage gave him one last lick on his cheek strut before stepping back. Her way of releasing him back to his dock’s care.

The Autobot frowned when he saw his friend’s mangled leg struts. Still, he managed to push back his anger and nod his thanks to the three Decepticons as he lifted Roller into his lap. It was a little crowded. Orion just shifted and began to purr as the other small mech nuzzled against him.

The sparkling chirped a greeting as he sucked, feeling much calmer. This was familiar. This was safe.

“Optimus,” Brawn said softly as he walked up to the little group. He did not want to disturb Orion. “I hauled your trailer… and Gunner back to the Ark. Sparkplug and Wheeljack say they should be able to fix the docking station in a few hours.”

“Thank you, my friend,” answered Prime. He then turned to Ratchet. “Will Roller be alright until it is operational?”

“He lost a lot of energon,” noted Ratchet. “I must admit, Knock Out did a good job on the patches. But this is going to cut things close. And, much as I hate to break up your cuddle pile, I need to get Roller into Skyfire so I can use my emergency medical equipment. I have to fix his leg struts ASAP so he will be able to transform and dock as soon as the station is ready.”

“If the docking station is not ready when you need it, he can dock with me,” said Blaster.

“Always room for one more,” added Eject. The other cassettes nodded in agreement.

“Optimus Prime,” Soundwave said softly as moved cautiously closer to the group. The Autobots around Prime all felt their battle protocols flare at the Decepticon’s approach, but they managed not to pull their blasters. “Soundwave: Remove chains.”

Optimus nodded. He tried not to flinch when the spymaster’s tentacles moved very slowly towards him and his vulnerable charges. The thin delicate ends wrapped around the cuffs, probing the intricate locking mechanism. A few twists and the cuffs dropped to the ground. Prime felt Jazz tense as one tentacle slithered towards his neck cables.

Both their battle protocols tried to initiate. A Decepticon reaching for an Autobot had always ended in violence before this.

They both relaxed as the hated collar slipped from his throat. Another tentacle caught it so the heavy metal collar would not hit Orion or Roller. Soundwave bowed slightly, turned and walked over toward Megatron.

‘Lord Megatron,’ Soundwave used a tight beam to com his leader as he approached. ‘Analysis: Complete. Tank shells: Hybrid technology. Cybertronian/Human.’

Megatron was very annoyed, although not surprised. ‘The humans must have found some of our technology after our battles and reverse engineered them.’

To be continued…

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter: The siege of the MECH base is not over yet as NEST joins the fight. Soundwave and Megatron start the hunt for the source of the Cybertronian technology.
Megatron wanted to punch something. Anything.

Watching Optimus cuddle Orion while the mechling nursed should have been soothing to his spark. But the fact that Optimus was injured, and Orion still frightened only exacerbated the feelings of anger and helplessness.

‘This does not make sense. How could Shockwave betray me. He is almost as loyal to me as you are,’ he commed to Soundwave. ‘I took him in after the Empurata when all others shunned him.’


‘I must know if he has turned on me. Shockwave’s knowledge makes him one of the most dangerous mechs in existence.’

‘Soundwave: Has answer. Send Shockwave: Shipment of energon, equipment. Include: New surveillance device.’

Megatron raised an orbital ridge. ‘New device?’


‘Really?’ Megatron perked up. ‘When did you develop them?’

The dock looked just slightly embarrassed. ‘Soundwave: Did not create. Discovered: On the internet.’

Megatron hid a smile. It was not often his TIC showed any emotion whatsoever. ‘If this is undetectable by Cybertronian tech, could we use them to infiltrate the Ark?’ asked the warlord.

‘Soundwave: Considered spying on Autobots. Chance of discovery: Small, but present.’

‘It is worth the risk,’ said Megatron. ‘The fiasco today has proved to me that we cannot leave Optimus and Orion’s safety to the Autobots. They have already proven vulnerable to MECH and
their own human allies. It is up to us to protect them.’

‘Laserbeak: Return to Nemesis,’” he commed the bird-former. ‘Deliver Insecticams: To the Ark.’

‘Insecticam?’ quarried Megatron.

‘Named: By Frenzy.’

‘Good. Make the arrangements to send them to Cybertron immediately.’ He thought for a moment. ‘We will also need to find a way to warn my brother without alerting the traitor. If Shockwave, or one of his mechs has turned he and his mechs could be in danger.’

‘As you command.’

Meanwhile, back at the MECH base.

With Optimus and Orion out of harm’s way, Ultra Magnus, Astrotrain and Elita One went to work securing the area.

The Cybertronians had eliminated all resistance in the building where Optimus had been held. It was a brutal fight. Not a single mercenary even tried to surrender.

There were almost a dozen bodies strewn on the floor. The Autobots who had spent the last five years on Earth would have been horrified. They knew and loved humans.

That was the other reason that Prowl had only sent Autobots that had not been on Earth. To Ultra Magnus and Elita One had no ties to humans. They did what was needed without hesitation or guilt.

While the much large Astrotrain and Ultra Magnus searched the main floor Elita One transformed into her sleek, Cybertronian hover car alt-mode to fit into the freight elevator. She had seen several of the humans trying escape their wrath by slipping into a stairwell.

After a quick search, Elita found a trapdoor in the basement. Opening it cautiously, she spotted MECH mercenaries, several heavily armed humans, watching her from the darkness. She did not see either of those disgusting excuses for sentient beings, Silas or ‘Lord’ Chumley. However, she could hear several more humans out of her line of sight. Very likely that the tunnel went back further than her visual sensors could read.

Unfortunately, she could not enter. She was one of the largest femme frame types. Arcee might just have been able to squeeze in, but the tall femme’s broad shoulders would never fit.

Elita only got a glimpse inside when she was met with a barrage of bullets. They could not seriously hurt her with the weapons they had, but she took a hit that slightly damaged one of her optics.

After a few moments they ceased firing. A quick scan of the tunnel revealed that they had retreated into the blackness.

She growled in frustration at being cheated of quarry.

“Prowl, some of the enemy humans including Silas and Chumley escaped into a tunnel below their base. There is no way any of us can fit though the door. We need some smaller bots down here to pursue.”

Taking all of the variable into consideration, Prowl decided that, along with some cassettes, this was
the time to use their allies from NEST. The tunnels were made for and by humans and these men knew how other humans thought and would be more likely to be able to take prisoners. If there were any humans remaining inside by the time they arrived.

Thanks to facial recognition software and NEST’s tactical team, the Autobot SIC now had all the information available on the man who called himself Silas. Otherwise known as Leland Bishop. What the files revealed was a very dangerous man. Former special forces he was brilliant, ambitious, meticulous and totally ruthless. Silas would no doubt have multiple escape routes planned.

Prowl pinged Soundwave and requested the use of the Ground Bridge to send the NEST troops and three cassettes to the warehouse.

His plan was simple. While NEST searched the tunnels, Elita One would watch the entrance, in case the humans doubled back. Astrotrain and Ultra Magnus would widen their search to the outlying buildings to discover where the underground passage came out. The possibility of finding the exit in time to capture Silas and Chumley was only about twenty percent, but it was worth trying.

Almost an hour later, Major Lennox and his team moved stealthily through the claustrophobia inducing tunnel with Rumble, Frenzy and Ravage.

Major Lennox crouched and held up his fist, signaling six men, who each silently dropped onto a crouched behind him, Epps, Janson, Hooch, Graham, Salani and Stone to halt. He then made another motion. Two fingers over his brow.

Time to send in the armored troops.

Even though every man was equipped with night-vision goggles, he thought it would be better to have one of the Cybertronians take the lead when they came to a bend in the tunnel. At his signal, Ravage moved silently ahead into the darkness, scouting the narrow, pitch-black passage.

The humans would have preferred Blaster’s cassettes come with them into the tunnels. The Cybertronians might have a ceasefire, but there was almost as much resentment for the Decepticons by the NEST team as between the robotic factions.

Lennox and his troops knew and trusted each of the Autobot symbiots with their lives, while the Decepticons had tried to kill them on numerous occasions.

And the distrust was not one-sided.

The cassettecons felt just as apprehensive having the soldiers behind them as the men did having the Decepticons within easy crushing distance. The NEST troopers might not have the projectiles that MECH did, but they knew where to shoot Cybertronians to cause maximum pain.

They were very shocked when Prowl opted to use Soundwave’s symbiots to infiltrate the network of tunnels beneath the warehouses instead of Blaster’s. And even more surprised when Blaster agreed.

“Soundwave’s team has more experience with spying and getting around in tight spaces. Also, if you do end up in a fire fight with that Silas creep and his mercs, my guys could be a hindrance. Orion is not in imminent danger. Without their protector protocols spiking, they would hesitate to harm a human. Ravage, Rumble and Frenzy won’t.”

Rumble knelt near the Major. Lennox had to force himself not to flinch at the proximity of the Decepticon. He and the other cassettes were close to human size, but they had the strength and mass
to squish the men with ease if they wanted to. “Ravage says we can move forward, but Frenzy or I need to take the lead. She has disarmed three trip wires so far, but it looks like there are a lot more. No offense, but we can take a hit better than you fleshies if she missed one.”

Lennox nodded. “OK, it’s your show for now, Rumble. Just remember, we want prisoners. We need more information on these bastards. Like how many of those tank shells they have and if they have any other weapons that can take you guys out.”

“arage says we can move forward, but Frenzy or I need to take the lead. She has disarmed three trip wires so far, but it looks like there are a lot more. No offense, but we can take a hit better than you fleshies if she missed one.”

Lennox nodded. “Their call, short stuff,” shrugged the Decepticon. “I got my orders from Sounders. Number one priority, we protector ourselves. Number two priority, we protect you squishies. Those fraggers start shooting, all bets are off.”

Lennox nodded. They did want prisoners, but if things became too dangerous he would not trade the lives of his people for the MECH troops. Besides, he and his men felt a simmering hatred for the mercenaries. The bastards had killed Gunner. The sweet turret was very popular with the troops. Add that to what they forced Optimus to do and seeing them torture Orion and the soldiers felt a near white-hot rage towards their foes.

“Just be careful, Rumble,” cautioned Lennox. He did not want to be responsible for these young hooligans getting themselves hurt. “We don’t know anything about these guys except that they have a lot of advanced tech.”

“And really hate Cybertronians,” added Epps helpfully.

“Well. We ain’t exactly keen on them either. Besides, I’m always careful,” the purple cassette chuckled.

They had not gone more than a dozen meters when the echoes of gunfire caused them to freeze. Everyone dropped back into a crouch, hugging the walls. Rumble cocked his helm. A sure sign he was receiving a comm. “Ravage says to hold position. She has optics on six of them. They’re putting up a lot of resistance. Probably left by that Silas slime ball to cover his escape. They haven’t hit her with anything but small arms. So far just 9mm and .223. Nothing that can do more than scratch her paint.”

Quite suddenly the gunfire stopped. “She also says if you want prisoners you had best hurry,” pipped in Frenzy. “You squishies are really fragile. There are only two still functioning and they are both leaking pretty bad.”

The soldiers moved double time, intent on trying to get to the last mercenaries before they expired. Around the next corner the NEST troops found a dead man. His head had been cleanly severed. Epps rubbed his own sweating neck nervously at the sight.

That damned cat was too good at her job.

They found two more dead men along the way. One looked like she must have taken him in her mouth and shook him. Then the soldiers found one that was still breathing. Graham quickly moved to bind the unconscious man’s wounds. After a few moments he said, “This bastard is going to be miserable, but as far as I can tell, no lethal injuries.”

Suddenly they heard a cry of surprise from Ravage along with a noise that sounded a lot like Godzilla’s roar.

Then came a scream of pain from the cat-former!

“No!” gasped Rumble. “It’s tearing her apart!” Before the humans could question what Ravage had
found, the frantic humanoid cassette charged into the darkness. Frenzy vaulted over three of the NEST humans and disappeared after his brother.

“Rumble, Frenzy, wait!” snapped Lennox. “Damn it!” He looked back at Epps. “Come on, looks like we are their backup now.”

The soldiers moved up as quickly as they dared, still leery of traps in the treacherous darkness. They soon found the second live MECH mercenary. Graham moved him to the side and started working on him when the other humans caught sight of the cassettes.

Rumble was dodging something very large. A massive creature with claw like hands and shining red optics. Once they got a good look at the creature with his night vison goggles, it reminded Lennox and Epps of the scorpion-like creature they once fought in Egypt.

Although this one was a lot smaller. Relatively speaking. It was still almost three meters tall.

Ravage lay panting against the wall. There were sparks spraying from two deep gashes in her side. The metal monster’s claws had punctured her armor like a can opener.

The casseticon twins managed to keep out of the creature’s snapping claws, but were at a distinct disadvantage. They could not use their blasters or pile drivers in the confined space. What they could do was confuse the heck out of the creature.

When it lunged to come after one twin, the other would dive past, catching its attention. Watching through their night vision goggles the humans were unable to tell the twins apart as they dodged the creature. At least until the scorpion mech got in a lucky shot. One of the Decepticons was caught by a claw. He cried out as he was thrown over the men’s heads and went crashing into the wall.

“Frenzy!” cried the other twin as the injured cassette’s optics went dark.

“Rumble, catch!” yelled Epps, throwing a grenade to the symbiot. The furious Decepticon caught it, but looked puzzled. “Pull the pin and make the Mother eat it!” Epps clarified.

That he understood. Rumble grinned as the creature’s attention was caught by Epps and Stone, waving their arms and making noise. As it scuttled past him, the symbiot pulled the pin and shoved the grenade into the opening that passed for a mouth and dove for cover.

The NEST men had dragged both the injured enemy combatant and Ravage around the corner and hoped the creature’s power supply was not radioactive. If it was they were all screwed.

The creature’s upper body exploded, sending shrapnel flying in all directions. Fortunately, there was no secondary explosion. Lennox went over to check the creature, just to be sure it was well and truly dead.

Epps was kneeling beside Ravage while Rumble tried to wake his brother. “You still with us, Kitty Cat?” he asked.

“Barely,” she panted, flashing the man a wry smile. “Are Rumble and Frenzy alright? Soundwave will never forgive me if anything happened to them.” Her dock felt her wounds and was extremely concerned. After seeing another cassette lost just a few hours ago. He hid it from the twins, but she felt his anxiety. They were in danger and he could do nothing but wait.

“We’re OK, Ravage,” called Rumble as he helped his brother stand. They also felt their dock’s concern and assured him they were OK.
Frenzy was a little shaky. He had to lean against the wall, and one of his optics remained dim, but he was still more concerned about the other symbiot. “Yeah, Rav, you’re the one that has holes in your chassis,” he added.

“What was that thing?” asked Graham. “Was it Cybertronian?”

“No. That was a human made drone,” answered Ravage. “Astrotrain and Blitzwing reported that Chumley had something like it on his island.”

“Crabby there did fit the description, except that one was a lot bigger,” pipped in Frenzy. “But according to them, it was taller than Optimus Prime. And it almost ended his function.”

“We had best get moving,” Ravage said. She managed to get to her paws, but the two on the left side where she was wounded trembled.

“I have you,” assured Rumble as he quickly moved to support her. She leaned over and rubbed her helm against his chest.

Frenzy was still a little shaky also, but managed to stay on his peds unaided. Which was good because he was too heavy for the humans to assist him.

“Sounders says they found the exit. About three hundred meters ahead,” said Rumble. “They can hear movement closer to that end. But they do not know what is making the noise.”

“Great,” sighed Epps.

“We had best move out,” said Lennox. “I want to get out of this damned tunnel while all of us are still alive.”

“I’ll second that,” added Rumble.

The odd group continued to move slowly through the tunnel. Two of the humans carried the injured mech soldiers in a fireman’s carry over their shoulders. This was not comfortable for the injured men, but neither was in danger of dying so they really did not care. They wanted to have as many of their number as they could unencumbered and ready to fight.

Something was still waiting for them in the darkness.

This was not over yet.

True to his word Soundwave had Laserbeak deliver a good number of the tiny ‘bugs’. Over a dozen of them were deployed throughout the Ark by the time the Autobots brought Optimus and Orion home.

It was almost five hours later that Optimus Prime finally carried Orion out of the med bay. Jazz walked by his side while Roller sat on the red and blue mech’s broad shoulder. The little symbiot’s leg struts had been repaired and he had spent some time docked with Blaster. Wheeljack and Sparkplug made a valiant effort, but could not get it ready in time. The desperately weak cassette was grateful to the other dock.

Roller did not need to be carried. He was feeling very good now, but decided that he would allow it. Both Orion and Optimus wanted him within touching distance. Particularly Orion, who held onto his servo.

With the raw place pulsing within him where Gunner’s presence had always been, he was more than
happy to enjoy the closeness of his dock.

More importantly, Orion was still frightened.

The fact that he had finally stopped compulsively clutching at his sire’s servo was progress. Although the mechling began to cry if either Jazz or Roller moved out of his line of sight.

Optimus’ berth was going to be crowded tonight.

They had just disappeared around the corner when the little group bumped into Beachcomber walking beside Spike, Carly, Chip and Sparkplug.

“Optimus,” said Beachcomber as they approached. He could not look his Prime in the optics. “I should have been here. Maybe I could have done something.”

“There was nothing you could have done, Beachcomber,” assured Optimus. “MECH was waiting to catch me alone. If it had not been today, they would have exploited another opportunity.”

“I am so sorry, Optimus,” said Carly, stepping forward to look up at the noble mech. “Gunner deserved better.”

The young woman was just thinking how utterly adorable the little mechling was, when suddenly Orion started screaming!

Optimus took a step back, started and confused by waves of fear. Beachcomber, who had not been around Orion before found himself enraged. He quickly scanned the area to find out what had upset the wailing sparkling.

Jazz reached up to grasp his terrified sparkling’s servo.

The shrieking mechling was staring right at Carly. Jazz and Beachcomber’s first instinct was to strike out. Fortunately, they managed to quell it. Jazz stayed still, mummering softly to his child while Beachcomber stepped in front of the humans, blocking them from Orion’s sight.

At the same time, Optimus realized what caused the fear. He held his sparkling close, stroking his helm. “Calm, my little one. These are good humans. Friends. They would never harm you.”

“Hey, Orion,” said Sparkplug, stepping slowly around Beachcomber. “You remember me, don’t you? Sparkplug. The human that always smells like oil?”

Orion whimpered, but looked down at Sparkplug. “I’m your friend,” assured the older human. “And these are good humans too. He motioned them out. “This is my sparkling. His name is Spike. He and Bumblebee are best friends.” This seemed to reach the frightened mechling. He beeped quizzically at the humans. “And this is his mate, Carly.”

Carly came out to stand beside her husband. “We know those bad humans hurt you, Orion,” said the young woman gently. “But we are friends. We love the Autobots.”

“Yeah,” assured Spike. “Your carrier and the other Autobots have saved our lives more times than we can count. We would never, ever hurt any of them.”

Optimus sent comfort as well. “I trust them.”

To their relief, as more Autobots arrived upon hearing Orion’s screams, the mechling calmed. He reached down towards Sparkplug. Optimus knelt so that his sparkling could touch the human’s hair.
‘Good humans?’ he questioningly clicked to his carrier.

“Very good humans,” he answered, carefully reaching out to lay a finger on Carly’s shoulder.

“Is everything alright?” asked Ratchet walking up behind them. He had heard the commotion from the med bay.

‘Yes,’ said Optimus. ‘After his experience, Orion is understandably apprehensive around humans. We will need to make sure that only those like our friends here and NEST are allowed anywhere near Orion for a while. And we must be sure he is not startled, or someone might be hurt when a mech’s protector protocols are engaged.’

‘I will make sure everyone knows,’ Ratchet answered. “Ok, everyone clear out and go back to what you are doing. Orion is fine. Right now, he, Optimus, Jazz and Roller need to get some rest.”

Once the corridor outside the med bay was empty, the medic turned on his comm. ‘Percy are you ready? Now that everyone is repaired I want to take some readings on you.”

The microscope-former’s reply was excited. Because: Science! “Of course, Ratchet, we do need to check on the progress of my gestational chamber and nanite production.”

Their initial readings were very illuminating about why Optimus had only one sparkling.

The scans from Perceptor showed that when the mechling was conceived, Optimus’ gestational chamber would have barely been functioning and Jazz would have had very few active nanites in his transfluids.

The fact that the little mechling was conceived at all was truly a miracle from Primus.

The bright red mech was excited. Even with what had happened with Optimus at the time, he was almost giddy. They were halfway to their goal. The cure had been found. He was fertile. They just had to find a way to use it so as not to put Optimus in danger of being raped.

When he walked into the med bay, Perceptor sat down on the berth and waited patiently. “How are you feeling?” asked Ratchet as he finished calibrating his scanners.

“Better now that Optimus and Orion are safe,” Perceptor noted. “Although, I admit I feel a little, run down. Perhaps the sudden activation of my reproductive systems is drawing more energon.”

“Possible. Those are very complex systems. Hold still and let me get those scans started.” Ratchet produced his scanner and ran it over the other mech’s midsection. Suddenly his froze in place, optics wide.

“Ratchet, is something wrong?”

“Percy, I do not know how to tell you this, but… You are sparked.”

Perceptor blinked at him. “I’m… sparked? How is that possible?”

“You have not interfaced with Optimus or Jazz, right?”

“Of course not. I am in a trine. I have not interfaced with anyone but Wheeljack and Windcharger.”

“The effect must have a wider range than expected,” Ratchet speculated. “But I was closer to you than Jackie. That would mean…” Ratchet ran the scanner over his own pelvis to check for nanites in his transfluids. There was no need to scan his torso. Like Megatron, he did not have a gestational
chamber. Although unlike the ex-mine slave who was sterilized by some owner, Ratchet lost his ability to carry sparklings to a Decepticon mortar early in the war. “I have active nanites in my transfluids.”

“You are cured,” said Perceptor softly.

“Wheeljack must be fertile too.” Ratchet noted excitedly. “And neither of us were affected by the uncontrollable lust.”

Both mechs were startled by the door opening. Wheeljack rushed in, his face plate full of concern. “You alright Percy? You are broadcasting.”

The usually controlled red mech jumped into his lover’s arms, knocking him to the ground. “I’m sparked, Jackie! We are going to have bitlets of our own!” he was close to a sob as he kissed the prone Wheeljack repeatedly.

The white mech was speechless for a full thirty seconds. Finally, he shook his helm and said, “Your sparked? Is that even possible?”

“I read three distinct spark beats in his gestational chamber,” confirmed Ratchet. “So obviously, it is possible.”

“But how?” asked Wheeljack.

“The pulse from the Matrix has a longer reached than we thought,” noted Ratchet. “And it appears the desire that overwhelmed Perceptor dissipates the more distance between the mech being cured and the source of the pulse.”

“This is wonderful,” said Perceptor excitedly. “We can start curing the others immediately. They do not have to be in the same room with Optimus for the Matrix to cure them. And it looks like being some distance away will keep them from being overwhelmed by desire.”

“We need to make sure. Let’s bring in Windcharger,” said Wheeljack. “He is on his way right now, wondering what is happening. We need to test this to be sure. And Windcharger needs to know that we are going to be creators.” He wished that their lover could have sired a sparkling too, but he knew the minibot would not be resentful. As far as they were concerned, these little ones belonged to all three of them, no matter their CNA.

“Agreed,” said Ratchet. “Once Optimus has rested and Orion is willing to be left with another mech, we can run the test on Windcharger. Assuming all goes well, we can make the announcement here, then contact the Decepticons. There are going to be some very happy mechs on both sides.”

“Yes, there will be many happy mechs,” said the warlord. He wished he could make the announcement himself, but of course, he was not supposed to know.

On the Nemesis, Megatron leaned back in his chair, smiling as he watched the Autobot science team celebrate on the Insecticams. He had several other parts of the Ark on different screens, but this one had caught his attention.

None had been sent to Cybertron yet, leaving him with a very sticky problem. Still, he allowed himself some enjoyment, watching the Autobots.

He had wanted to dive into the screen and destroy the human brats when they frightened Orion, but
otherwise, it had been relaxing. And he was looking forward to seeing what exactly the cure entailed. Especially since they said that Optimus’ presence was necessary.

And something about uncontrollable lust and being overwhelmed by desire? Well now, this would be most interesting.

To be continued…

Chapter End Notes

Next time: Someone is going to be getting their comeuppance.
Comeuppance – Part 1

Chapter Summary

Someone finally gets what is coming to them.

Chapter Notes

Warnings: Violence, Gore, Human Death, Angst

As always: I do not own the Transformers characters, etc. No money is being made.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Flames were still visible from the mangled chassis of the scorpion drone left by MECH to waylay their pursuers.

Fortunately, a grenade down its throat proved lethal.

Unfortunately, before meeting its demise, the creature had done its job with single minded determination, leaving Ravage badly damaged.

The NEST soldiers and Cassettes had not gone fifty meters further down the tunnel when the cat-former faltered. With a cry one of her leg struts collapsed.

Rumble caught her. "Easy there, Rav. I have you."

"Sorry, Rumble… Leg cable snapped," she gasped weakly.

"You’re too heavy to carry like this," said Rumble. "Can you transform into a cassette? I can put you in my subspace until we reach the other end."

"No," Ravage shook her helm emphatically. "Those MECH humans will have more traps ahead of us. There could be another drone just ahead, and I will not be able to help any of you if I am locked up in subspace."

"You should listen to the kid, Kitty," Epps said, kneeling beside her. "You are in no shape to fight, it would take both of them to carry you."

"That would effectively take all three of you out of action instead of one," added Lennox. "I talked to Prowl on the radio. Blaster’s cassettes are waiting at the other end of the tunnel. They can come in as back up if we get into trouble."

He did not send them in because of the high probability that the jumpy cassettes on either side might end up shooting at one another.

The cat-former was silent for a long moment. She was still not happy, but with a nod, started folding herself down into cassette form. It was slow going. Some of her damaged components ground
against one another. Even the humans cringed a bit at the way she gasped in pain with each movement. A few sparks escaped the wounds, but those ceased once she was completely transformed.

“Just relax, Rav. I’ll keep everyone safe,” Rumble said as he petted the relatively small rectangular form gently.

Those present heard a muffled whimper as he carefully placed it in his subspace.

“I really hope Silas and Chumley are still down here,” growled Frenzy. “They need to be squished.”

“They definitely deserve it for a lot of reasons,” admitted Major Lennox. “But we need them alive. Especially Silas if we can manage it. He seems to be the leader of MECH. He is the one that will have the intel we need.”

“No promises,” snarled Frenzy.

This reaction surprised the men. They had always thought the Decepticons did not care about one another at all. Not like the Autobots, who were one big loving family. The callous image of them made the enemy seem less ‘human’ and easier to shoot at.

Seeing the way that they acted around Orion had been strange enough. The big bad Cons gushing over the adorable little sparkling was surprising. (And kind of sweet.) But knowing that many of them cared for one another like a family, that was downright mind blowing.

Epps walked up to the fuming cassette. “Let’s agree to disagree. How about you guys promise, if either of them are here and we can get them to drop their weapons, you let us handle them?”

After a quick round of coms, Rumble nodded. “Deal. But any of these MECH creeps start shooting, they’re fair game.”

“Deal,” said Epps, after a nod from his commander.

Another hundred meters and they were almost blinded as the lights suddenly came on.

The men quickly removed their goggles, blinking as their vision adjusted. The symbiots noticed and smirked. “Too bad you guys can’t just change the settings on your optics,” noted Rumble.

“Hello? Is someone there?” asked a nervous, and familiar, male voice with a pronounced British accent.

“Chumley?” called Lennox, over the growls of the casseticons. He was close, but they could not see him. The hunter was around a corner just ahead. “Put down any weapons you have and surrender. I promise that you will be treated according to Geneva Convention.”

“I would gladly do so, young man, but I have no weapons.” The older man’s voice trembled slightly. “Actually, I am quite thoroughly immobilized. That Silas chap left me trusted up like a Christmas goose.”

The men and mechs moved cautiously closer, and once around the corner were treated to a very surprising and pleasant sight. The mighty hunter was perched precariously atop the back of a chair. His hands and feet were tightly bound with rope. The same rope had been fashioned into a noose around the man’s thick neck. The slightest movement would end with Lord Chumley being hanged.

Not an entirely unwelcome thought under the circumstances, but they had their duty. They needed
him alive to interrogate.

That did not mean they could not get a little enjoyment at the man’s expense.

“‘No loyalty among scum, eh Chumley?’” chuckled Epps.

The soldiers also could not help but notice the man had obviously soiled his trousers, several times. The closer they got, the stronger the smell.

“See here,” the Englishman grumbled, attempting (unsuccessfully) to hold on to the shreds of his tattered dignity. “I am a Lord of the realm.” This was no longer true, and they knew it. His titles and peerage were revoked when his escapade with the Russian jet came out. “You will address me as Lord Chumley. And I am not part of MECH. I was duped. That Silas person approached me, proposing that I provide funds to his organization in return for help in my nature preserve. How was I to know the bounder would turn on me the moment the chips were down?”

Epps wanted to punch him in the face. “We hacked MECH’s network, your Lordship and we have your entire conversation with Optimus recorded. You are not innocent in all this. Sure, you were a patsy for Silas to milk money from. But it was your idea to kidnap Optimus and Orion.”

“We also heard you bragging about bribing an official of the United States government for top secret information and access to weapons,” Lennox added.

“Weapons that killed our friend,” hissed Graham.

“I did not kill anyone!” insisted the bound man.

“No, but you handed those experimental shells to MECH. That makes you just as responsible for Gunner’s death as Silas. Just be glad we are not turning you over to the Autobots. You hurt the only caused one of them to be killed, you kidnapped the only baby they have had in millions of years and molested their leader,” Epps reminded him.

“Yeah,” growled Rumble taking a step towards Chumley. “You hurt Orion, fragging meat bag!”

“Throttle back, Rumble,” said Lennox as he put a hand on the mech’s arm. “Chumley, I presume Silas left you as a distraction. Something to keep us busy so he could escape. You are going down, but if you want to get even and have a shot at mitigating your sentence, tell us everything you know about MECH.”

“I shall sing like the proverbial bird, young man. Just get me down.”

Lennox nodded. “Before we get any closer, do you know of any nasty surprises Silas might have left for us? He seems the type to cover all his bases.”

“My field of vision is somewhat limited. However, if I am not mistaken, there are wires hooked to the noose. If you cut any of them, no doubt something very bad will happen.”

“I got this,” said Rumble moving cautiously closer, cycling through several modes on his optics to see what special surprises Silas had left for them. “Frenzy, step up to cover the humans in case my digits slip.” The red twin moved to stand in front of the NEST soldiers.

Lennox motioned to the rest of his men to get back around the corner, so they and their MECH captives would (hopefully) be out of the blast zone if something went wrong.

“This Silas creep likes explosions,” noted the cassette. “I’m shocked we did not find bits of human
all over the walls when we arrived. I see three traps, all linked to the noose. Grenade cluster hanging over him, another under the chair and a fragging Claymore pointed right at his exhaust port.” Rumble explained as a thin blade slipped out of his right index finger.

“Looks like Silas really wanted to make sure you could not rat on him,” noted Epps.

Rumble frowned as he leaned down to start removing the wire to the Claymore. “I thought that Silas squishie was supposed to be a pro? These traps could be spotted a klick away.”

Both men’s eye widened as Lennox gasped, “Rumble, Don’t…”

Optimus Prime’s berth was crowded.

The Prime lay on his left side, with one arm wrapped protectively around Orion. The mechling clung tightly to his chest plates. Roller was sprawled on top of Optimus’ arm, with one servo touching the sparkling’s back. Jazz lay on his right side with his servo on his mechling’s arm.

The saboteur was on the outside of the berth strategically placed between Optimus, Orion, Roller and the door.

They were in the heart of the Ark and should be safe, but he was not taking any chances. The only way anyone was going to get near them was over his deactivated chassis.

Optimus, Roller and Orion were in recharge. This was not surprising. The two adult mechs were recovering from injuries while the sparkling was still processing the trauma of their captivity.

Jazz, on the other servo, had not closed his optics once in the last two hours. He was too busy watching over the others while they slept. His processor continued to supply images of the ones he loved in peril.

This was his family. They had been kidnapped, damaged… Poor Gunner was dead.

Jazz was convinced that all of this had happened because he had not been there to protect them. Even though Prowl had ordered him to go to Cybertron. He should have been there.

He should have been the one to rescue them from MECH.

Not Megatron.

His anger grew as Orion suddenly began to whimper in his recharge, shivering violently and clutching almost desperately at his carrier. Optimus and Roller’s optics snapped open. The big mech stroked his mechling’s back and said softly, “I am here, little one. We are here. You are safe.” Those deep familiar tones reached the sparkling’s processor through the fog of fear and he slowly relaxed again, laying his helm against his carrier’s spark.

‘This is the third time in the past hour. He is going to be reliving our captivity every time he goes into recharge,’ Optimus commed sadly. ‘I… I had not wanted to consider something so drastic, but perhaps I should have Ratchet delete yesterday from his memory files? He is so young, I know eventually these memories will begin to fade. But it could leave Orion with a fear of humans.’

It was not an uncommon procedure. But still, it was not an exact science. Things had been known to go wrong when deleting memories. Orion was so young, there was a possibility that he might lose all of his experiences since his birth.
‘Yeah. Hate ta do it, but the poor little bitlet was so scared o’ Sparkplug, Spike and Carly. Yeh could tell it hurt um. Specially Sparkplug. He really loves the bitlet. Kinda thinks o’ him like a grandson.’

‘I will discuss it with Ratchet,’ concluded Optimus, kissing Orion’s helm. The sparkling had finally relaxed and gone back into recharge. Roller’s optics also dimmed quickly. ‘Even if the memory alteration is done, he will have to be told that Gunner is gone.’ As painful as the loss would be, he did not want Orion to forget the little symbiot. In the few days they knew one another the mechling had become very fond of that ‘Little Bright Spark’.

Removing the traumatic memories would mean that Optimus would have to explain to his sparkling that Gunner was gone. It would make the little one sad, but at least he would no longer have the memories of seeing his friend and Motormaster die.

Or of his mistreatment by MECH.

Jazz reached up and squeezed his shoulder as he felt a pang of sadness. He really wished he could take the mech in his arms, hold him as Megatron had. He touched his Prime’s helm. ‘Weh all miss Gunner. He was a brave little Autobot.’

He felt the other mech’s field flare. Just a little pain crept in, but his control was strong. It was quickly pulled in and he projected only love. Both Orion and Roller purred in their recharge, feeling safe.

And then he and Optimus stiffened as an urgent message came on over their emergency com frequency. ‘There has been an explosion at the MECH base,’ announced Tellatran-1. ‘High probability of casualties. Prowl reports, NEST troops and Soundwave’s symbiots were in the tunnels in the immediate vicinity of the blast.’

‘I am on my way,’ commed Optimus.

‘No, you are not!’ Ratchet growled, breaking into the com.

‘Ratchet, I must go,’ countered Optimus.

‘Prowl is already at the MECH base and he agrees that the situation is far too dangerous to risk you being there. First Aid and I will meet him there, with Skyfire, Hound, Cliffjumper and a human medic. Orion needs you here.’ Even in a com, Ratchet’s tone brooked no argument.

‘Ratchet is correct,’ added Prowl. ‘The situation is too volatile. The possibility of attack is high.” The usually controlled mech’s vocals were strained. ‘Optimus, you are too important to all of us to risk your safety. And, if you were to be severely injured or off lined, Orion would not survive the shock.’

‘They’re right, OP,’ Jazz added, as he slipped silently out of the berth. Orion whimpered a little when he removed his servo from the mechling, but did not wake.

Optimus was concerned, but he stayed on his com, not wanting to disturb his mechling. He narrowed his frequency to the saboteur’s person com. ‘Jazz, I am the Prime. My mechs and our allies are in danger. I should be there.’

‘There’s nothin yeh can do that weh can’t, OP. ‘N yeh need ta be here with the bitlet. I gotta go,” the saboteur informed him. ‘Mirage is goin after Mearing, but Silas is human Special Ops ‘n already took out two mechs. They need meh ta track ‘im down. Yeh look after our bitlet. Tell ‘im his sire love ‘im, n’ I’ll be back soon as I can.’
Optimus wanted to argue, but when Orion whimpered and clutched at him he knew he had to stay.

Jazz froze as a large servo touched his arm. ‘Jazz, please be careful. I… We cannot lose you too.”

The saboteur’s spark swelled, basking in the love that was rolling off Optimus in waves. ‘I got responsibilities, OP. But I’m comin back. Promise.’

Megatron watched with concern as the scene played out, for him, in silence. While Soundwave had done extensive enhancements on the human surveillance devices, extending the range of their signals and quality of the picture, they could not pick up the Autobots’ coms.

Something had obviously passed between Optimus and his TIC.

He pinged Soundwave to find out if he knew what was happening. Something had the mechs concerned. Something bad enough for Jazz to leave them.

Prime’s blue optics were very expressive. The look in them made the warlord’s spark pulse. Everything about the Autobot’s body language was troubling. As his expressive blue optics fixed on Jazz, his processor supplied that sexy voice, ‘I love you, Jazz. Do not go.’

This was not good. He would have to find a way to put a stop to this.

Optimus Prime belonged to Megatron.

It was then that Soundwave answered his com.

‘Lord Megatron,’ his TIC’s static filled voice came over his com. ‘Emergency situation: Mech base…’

Twenty minutes earlier near the tunnel exit, an explosion rocked the entire complex.

Ultra Magnus caught Soundwave as his knees buckled. The massive blue and white mech drew his weapon and activated his shoulder missiles as he crouched. Prowl and Astrotrain did the same, not knowing what was happening. They expected an attack.

Elita One, who was still at the other end of the tunnel, sent a general com. ‘What is happening? Prowl, do you need assistance?’

‘Hold position, Elita. There appears to have been an explosion in the tunnel,’ confirmed Ultra Magnus as he slowly stood. ‘However, my scans do not detect any threat in the area above ground.’

Soundwave groaned as Blaster and his cassettes rushed to his side. The Autobot dock knelt beside the Decepticon. “You OK, Soundwave? What happened?”

“Silas: Left trap. Rumble: Triggered.”

“Can you still feel them?” asked Blaster with undisguised concern.


The Autobot dock turned to his cassettes. “Go.”
His words were unnecessary. All five were already dropping through the trap door.

Prowl stood slowly, surveying the area. It did not appear that an attack was immanent. Meaning the explosion was almost certainly something left as a delaying tactic.

‘Prowl, you there?’ The Datsun was relieved to hear Major Lennox voice on the NEST radio frequency.

‘Soundwave reported that your men sustained injuries.’

‘We’ll survive. Everyone’s ears are still ringing, and Epps and I are each going to need stitches,’ Lennox paused and made a slightly pained sound. ‘A lot of stitches. The others and our MECH prisoners were protected. As for Chumley. He was alive when we found him, but now…” he sighed. ‘The only way anyone is getting information from him is with a Ouija board.’

‘Yeah. And don’t bother sending a body bag,’ added Epps from close by. ‘A small Igloo cooler should do the trick.’ The only piece of the late, unlamented Lord Chumley that could still be identified as once belonging to a human was his head.

Most of it, anyway.

‘That is unfortunate. He would no doubt have been able to supply invaluable information,’ noted Prowl. ‘I have contacted Teletran-1 to request reinforcements as well as human and Cybertronian medical assistance. Blaster’s cassettes should reach your position soon.’

‘They are here. Ramhorn just told us to stand back while they remove the rubble.’

‘We can now confirm, as we suspected, that Silas and a number of MECH troops have escaped,’ Prowl sighed. ‘I will have Blaster and Teletran-1 expand their search parameters on the human satellite data. We must find out where they have gone. According to NEST records, there may be as many as twenty more cases of the shells that killed Gunner and Motormaster. We must assume that Silas has other hidden bases and more tanks to make use of those shells.’

‘We will need to set up a perimeter around the Ark,’ commed Ultra Magnus. ‘Especially optics in the air. According to the human ‘World Wide Web’, these tanks have a range of over a klick. We must make sure they cannot get one in range.’

‘Agreed,’ said Jazz, who had been listening to their conversation. ‘Prowl, this is gettin serious. From now on, anytime OP steps outa the Ark, he needs ta have a heavy fighter with im.’

‘That is exactly what I intended,’ noted Prowl. ‘Either Ironhide or Warpath paired with one of the Dinobots will escort him at all times when he is outside the Ark. And if anyone from the government wants to speak to him, it will be by vidphone or they can come to the Ark. We do not know how deep the corruption within it goes.’


The Decepticon TIC did not mention was Megatron’s reasoning for making the offer.

‘I want Decepticons guarding Optimus and the sparkling. The Autobots have proven themselves incapable of protecting them and I will not lose my future mate and sparkling to their incompetence.’
Optimus cradled the very fussy Orion in his arms as he strode down the corridors back to the med bay with Roller at his heels. After Jazz left, Orion continued to wake up in a state of near panic. He and Roller were not going to get any rest with Orion so agitated. He decided to go to the med bay to see if he could get something to help his mechling sleep until Ratchet returned.

At first it looked like there was no one there. Until the Prime peeked into Ratchet’s office. He blushed at bit as Perceptor and Wheeljack jumped apart. The two mechs had been in a clench when they heard him approach. “Optimus,” gasped the microscope-former. Had he not already been red, he would have turned that color with embarrassment. Especially when he saw Orion blinking sleepily at them.

“The two of you are taking over while our medics are occupied elsewhere?” asked Optimus.

“Yes,” said Wheeljack, stepping forward. “What can we help you with?” He steadfastly ignored how uncomfortable both Optimus and Perceptor were.

“Orion is unable to recharge,” said Optimus. “Is there something you can give him to keep his fluxes at bay?”

“A mild sedative should do the trick,” answered Wheeljack brightly, reaching into a cabinet.

Perceptor stayed out of the way, wishing he could disappear. He could tell Optimus was still nervous around him. Both mechs were doing their best not to look at one another.

Orion cocked his little helm, looking sleepily at the red mech. He knew this one, but there was something different about him.

Suddenly his little processor clicked. The mechling blurted out, ‘Bright Spark!’

Both Optimus and Roller turned their shocked gaze towards the scientist, then back down at Orion. “Bright Spark?”

‘Little Sparks, Bright Spark!’ he chirped, pointing at Perceptor.

The leader of the Autobots was shocked. “Perceptor, you are with spark?”

“He is,” said Wheeljack. He was ecstatic to finally be able to tell someone. “Three little new sparks according to Ratchet. We have it figured out, Optimus. Ratchet and I were cured too and did not even know it until he scanned Percy and found the little ones. We were going to tell you earlier, but well…”

“Understandable. Things became very chaotic today,” admitted the Prime. “This is wonderful news. Congratulations, to both of you. Does Windcharger know?”

“Yes.” Wheeljack explained excitedly. “We are planning on bringing you in to repeat the experiment with him to confirm our results, once things calmed down. As far as we can tell, a bot does not have to be anywhere near you to be cured. And at a distance, there should be no problems with behavioral changes. You will be completely safe.”

Optimus felt as if a weight had been lifted from his shoulders. There were more sparklings on the way. And soon there would be many more. Orion was no longer the only one. “That is good to hear.”

Optimus also felt something else. He realized to his relief, that the knowledge that the scientist was carrying made him feel much less nervous being near Perceptor. The fact that he carried three
sparklings caused his protector protocols to place the other carrier in the ‘must protect’ category instead of ‘potential attacker’.

The Matrix and ancient Primes purred with happiness at the prospect of more sparklings. Orion smiled for the first time since they were freed from MECH. ‘Happy sparks!’ he said, patting his carrier’s chest plate.

Optimus kissed his helm, then turned back to the other mechs. “When are you going to announce it to everyone?”

“First we need to complete the experiment to make Windcharger fertile. If everything goes as we believe it will, then we can make the announcement to our mechs and the Decepticons,” said Wheeljack. He was very happy, until he looked at Optimus. The Prime was looking nervous. “I am sorry this means you will have to drink the high grade and overload. Unfortunately, there is no other way to generate the pulse. But Remember Optimus, you will be in a room completely separated from the mechs being cured. There are several rooms near the testing room. We can take care of six to ten at once, depending on their mass to cut down the number of times you have to go through it.”

“We might not want to have that many Decepticons in the base at once,” added Perceptor. “I actually think they can be trusted, at least not to try anything while being cured. But most of them are just so big, we can only fit so many in the Ark at a time.”

“It is alright, Perceptor,” Optimus occurred. “I will do whatever is necessary to make sure all of our people that can be cured have the chance to procreate.”

Megatron sat back and smiled as he realized that soon he would be in the Autobot base while Optimus Prime was overcharged and horny. He would speak to Soundwave. There had to be a way to arrange some alone time with Optimus.

Once Silas and Mearing had been dealt with and more importantly, the traitor on Cybertron rooted out, Megatron would have his chance to get into Optimus Prime’s berth.

To be continued…

Chapter End Notes

Next time: Mearing is on the run and things get tense on Cybertron.
Comeuppance: Interrupted

Chapter Summary

Some receive justice, others are still beyond the reach of their pursuers.

Chapter Notes

Warnings: Violence, Gore, Humiliation, Internet Porn problems.

As always I do not own the Transformers, etc and any mistakes are my own.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Upon reaching the Ark and Nemesis respectively, Prowl and Soundwave discovered that they each had committed a massive tactical error.

This became glaringly apparent as soon as they entered their bases. Every mech they met was talking about everything that had happened during the raid on the MECH base. They had seen a large portion of it because it was all over the internet.

The two mechs quite suddenly realized that they had both been so focused on getting Optimus and Orion to safety that they completely forgot about the numerous humans watching the joint forward base from the ridge of the canyon.

They were lucky that MECH did not have the resources for an attack on them at that point. They would have had a perfect opportunity to take out a number of high profile bots on both sides.

It was also very fortunate that MECH’s personnel were busy with their captives and no one had been goofing off and surfing the net or they might have been more prepared.

All of the Cybertronians had dismissed the first few humans who had followed them as a minor, inconsequential distraction. They did not have anything more than cell phones or Go-Pros. Everyone had those, so the bots ignored them.

Deeming them unimportant and not a threat, the tacticians did not think to reevaluate the situation as more and more onlookers arrived. Many with better equipped. Specifically, high powered zoom lenses and powerful directional microphones.

By the time the Ground Bridge opened before the stunned crowd, allowing Megatron’s team to instantly travel to the MECH base, the news networks and a group that the other humans suspected was either from the FBI or Homeland Security were listening to every word they said from an unmarked van.

In a way it was a good thing that those present had heard the conversation between Optimus and Chumley, which included Orion being shocked and screaming. They also witnessed and recorded
video of some members of MECH being killed by Ultra Magnus, Astrotrain, Megatron and Elita One before the cameras in the warehouse were destroyed.

Fortunately, there were few people that had any sympathy for the terrorists that used a shock collar on a baby and forced a gentle, kind being like Optimus Prime to endure such humiliation.

Although, no one wanted to break the news to Optimus that footage of his exposed array had been posted to some porn sites. They also would never admit that more than a few Cybertronians quietly looked the footage up, before it was completely deleted from the net thanks to the combined efforts of Blaster and Soundwave.

Not surprisingly, people all over the globe were fascinated by Elita One. She was the first femme anyone on Earth had ever seen. She was also, even by human standards, very beautiful.

Later when she found out, the Femme Commander was shocked, and flatter. Particularly when she was shown picture the humans had drawn or digitally created of her in some very sexy poses.

Once the bots realized that Elita One was all over to the net, Ratchet complained that he was going to once again be forced to go out and explain the Cybertronians’ lack of different genders.

He also quickly blocked Bluestreak and Bumblebee’s access to a growing number of web sites and discussion boards. The medic was already planning on having ‘The Talk’ with the young mechs. The last thing he needed was those younglings filling their impressionable processors with the kind of misinformation (and filth!) on those sites.

They would also have little choice but to admit Orion’s parenthood.

The entire internet saw Skywarp appear in the base with a hysterical Orion. And how the mechling calmed immediately when placed in Jazz’s arms. He glommed onto his armor, clinging to him like a baby chimpanzee.

And even though the humans listen in could not understand anything Orion said, the desperation with which he reached for the saboteur after being given to Optimus. And the way he held Jazz’s servo as he nursed was all the news networks and bloggers needed to proclaim him the father.

It turns out that particular revelation was not too a surprise to anyone. With pictures of every Autobot all over the internet, people had been looking at Orion’s markings and comparing him to the available Autobot candidates since the announcement of his birth.

Soon there were shots posted of the mechling and Jazz side by side, each sporting the same mischievous grin. The Autobot TIC was already the odds-on favorite for ‘Baby-daddy’ in Vegas.

The news networks and internet found that they had a gold mine of content. The scenes of Autobots and Decepticons working together would have been amazing enough. Then they got the 3D image of Optimus and Orion in captivity. Add to that the sudden appearance via Ground bridge of a massive new mech and the first femme on Earth. Then the reappearance of the Ground Bridge that transported the Cybertronians instantly to the MECH base several miles away and every new network had more headlines than they knew what to do with.

Even with all this going on, Megatron was pleased to note that he still managed to steal the spotlight and garnered quite a bit of positive press. Many humans commented how his highly polished (powerful and graceful) silver form resembled a knight in shining armor as he landed in the camp, carrying the injured Optimus.

A shot of him gently cradling both Optimus and Orion in his arms went viral. As did a shot from
another angle of Jazz glaring daggers at him.

Soundwave was not the only Decepticon who eventually used that jpeg (or both of them) as screensavers on their personal data pads.

To the surprise of the Cybertronians, what they feared might lead to anger from the humans, perhaps even banishment from Earth, helped them in the end.

The aftermath of the raid on the MECH base had mixed results.

Prowl took responsibility for what happened, saying he should have anticipated the possibility after what he had learned of Silas from his files and actions. But the Datsun admitted, even his battle computer could not have calculated how any human could be so ruthless.

Their mech prisoners were both badly injured and unconscious. Even so the NEST soldiers had checked them for weapons. They had none.

What they did not consider was how utterly depraved their leader was.

Ramhorn had taken one of the men and handed him up to Blaster, who had been waiting anxiously at the exit with Ultra Magnus, Prowl and Soundwave for the cassettes, both his and Soundwave’s to get out of the dangerous tunnel.

The moment the man was completely out of the tunnel and in Blaster’s servo, his mid-section exploded!

Blaster cried out and stumbled back, holding his damaged servo as he fell. The sudden loss of two fingers caused his processor to shut down for a few seconds from the feedback from his pain receptors.

When his optics came online, despite the pain, he thought he was in the Well of All Sparks.

Soundwave was gently cradling him in his arms. His servo stroked the Autobot’s face plate gently. The boxy mech’s usually tightly controlled field pulsed with concern. “Blaser: Injured. Movement: Not advisable. Ratchet: In route.”

Prowl raised an optic ridge slightly at the scene, but did not comment as the Decepticon continued to hold Blaster possessively. He had just almost lost two cassettes and watched as the mech he almost bonded (and still loved) was maimed. His protector protocols were already high because of the danger to Orion. Now they were pulsing within him. He was going to protect what was his.

Blaster had no problem with it. He lay his helm against Soundwave’s broad chest plate.

After a quick scan of Blaster, Prowl checked his readings. “Ratchet will preform a more comprehensive scan when he arrives, but as far as I can tell, the worst of it is your servo,” said the tactician.

‘Prowl! Magnus! What the Fraggin Pit is going on up there?’ Elita One commed. ‘Are you under attack!’

‘Negative. One of the captured MECH mercenaries was boobytrapped,’ sent Prowl. ‘Blaster is injured, but nothing Ratchet cannot fix. However, this situation is getting more dangerous and unpredictable by the moment. Come around and meet us here at the tunnel entrance. I do not want anyone alone on this base.”

“Major, I presume Rumble gave you a report,” noted Prowl.

“Yes,” confirmed Lennox’s voice from inside the tunnel. “Silas is a sick bastard. I wonder if either of these men knew their boss had a bomb planted in them? Prowl, I am sending the rest of my men and all the Symbiots up, just in case this guy goes off. We have enough wounded today. I will stay and monitor him until our medic and the bomb squad get here.”

“Agreed,” said Prowl. “Ratchet and the human medic will be here momentarily. I have relayed your request for demolition experts to NEST.”

“Good,” Lennox sighed. “I do not want to be down here with this living bomb any longer than I have to.”

By the time Elita One arrived, so had Ratchet and the human medic. She glanced over at Ultra Magnus when she saw that Soundwave was cradling the injured Blaster in his arms. The Cassettes positively beamed. Even Ravage, who had been retrieved from Rumble’s subspace.

Eject and Rewind had joined Rumble in curling around her, nuzzling the cat former as she had done for Roller. They looked like one big happy family.

Magnus just shrugged. Soundwave ignored the others, feeling no need to explain himself.

When Ratchet walked up to them, Blaster waved him off. “Take care of Ravage first. She is in worse shape.”

“Fine,” he turned to the purring pile of cassettes. “OK younglings, time to break up the love fest. I have work to do.”

Charlotte Mearing herself did not hear her name being mentioned as the one to give MECH access to the Bot Buster shells. By that time that was announced to the entire internet, she was already making plans for a quick exit.

The Director knew she was royally screwed the moment pictures of Lord Chumley appeared on the internet as the one behind the kidnaping of Optimus and Orion.

Mearing had been monitoring the developing situation the moment Jager made his move. She had hoped to see the destruction of many of the Cybertronians. Perhaps even have governments of the Earth join together against them rather than allow the robotic aliens to rally and attack.

But as soon as she realized who Jaeger was, she knew she had to disappear. Had she known it was the infamous Lord Chumley that had contacted her, she would have deleted that email instantly without replying. Mearing would never have trusted the future of the Earth to that foolish, arrogant idiot.

Now she was going to have to put her contingency plan into operation.

Telling her assistant that she was going home, Mearing went down the stairs to the parking garage. But once there, she slipped past her driver and made her way out onto the street. She then pulled out a burn phone and used it to call Uber.
In the few moments it took for the car to arrive, she pulled up her bank accounts and quickly transferred everything into one she had set up in case she ever had to make a quick escape. Charlotte Mearing had known from the day she was made liaison to the Autobots, things were going to go bad eventually.

She had all her bases covered. Ready to either simply fade into the shadows, if it were the Justice Department after her. Or, after Cybertron was teleported in and caused massive destruction on the Earth, she prepared for the fall of civilization. She used her top-secret clearance and astronomical, also top secret, budget to set up several bunkers. Ones that were not listed as official government assets.

She would have the car drop her off a few miles from NEST, then use another burn phone to call for another ride. Mearing would do this one more time, going in yet another direction, close to one of her safe house. There were no traffic cameras in the area, so she would pay the driver and then just disappear.

Her safe house had easily two months’ worth of supplies. Mearing would lay low until things calmed down, then she could rent a car and go to Mexico. From there she could reach one of her houses.

Honduras was lovely this time of year.

Mearing was surprised when the last car drove up. It slowed, but then drove right past her and did not stop.

“What the? Stop! I am the one that called you, you moron!” she yelled, but it did no good. The car had already turned a corner and disappeared.

“Sorry, Director,” said a cultured voice behind her. “But I canceled your ride.”

Charlette Mearing turned but there was no one there. At first.

She ran. But before the Director could get four steps a large metal hand closed around her waist. Suddenly, she was staring at the gleaming and very handsome, face plate of a Cybertronian.

“Let me go!” Mearing kicked and fought.

Mirage ignored her.

‘Red Alert, I have Mearing in custody. She will be delivered to NEST within the hour,’ commed the spy. He then looked up and gave a jaunty salute to Lazerbeak. Soundwave had spotted the woman the moment she exited the NEST headquarters and sent the symbiot to keep optics on her until the Autobot could corner her. The Decepticon waggled her wings in acknowledgement and soared off into the sky.

“Do not struggle, Director,” growled Mirage. “You are a vile person, but I do not want to clean you off my finish.”

“You would kill me?” she gasped. “I thought you were an Autobot.”

“Do not push me, human,” his voice was usually bored, dispassionate. At that moment it sounded as if he were barely holding his anger in check. “You caused a sparkling harm. I heard Orion scream when he was shocked. I saw my Prime humiliated. It would not take much for my servo to close ‘accidentally’.”
Mearing wisely shut her mouth and became absolutely still. She had never seen an Autobot so angry. She could feel his simmering rage like burning hot ants crawling on her skin.

“Good choice,” he said softly.

The spy studied the human for a moment before speaking. “Sick as it is, Director, turning on us I can almost understand. You have always hated us. But you sold out your own people.”

“I did not! I…I was trying to save them.”

“I see,” Mirage shrugged. “You should know that a video of Chumley naming you as the one giving him access to top secret weapons is all over the internet. By now your President and Justice Department are aware of your crimes. I am sure they already have a cell with your name on it. I hear Guantanamo Bay is lovely this time of year.”

Megatron listened silently as Shockwave gave his report. The warlord’s bland expression gave no indication of the turmoil in his spark. Was Shockwave a traitor? Had the mech who’s loyalty he thought second only to Soundwave, giving weapons to the humans? If so, why? It would seem almost suicidal.

From what they already knew, MECH was not the intended recipients for the shells. But even if they had stayed with the United States military, there is no way that he could guarantee that the weapons would not eventually be turned on him.

Nothing about this added up.

“The newly arrived Autobots have set up camp in the spaceport. They are continuing to use their ship as a base. In fact, the remaining femmes brought their belongings to the Lost Light a few hours ago.” Shockwave noted. “This means they are all in one place and easier to keep track of. However, this will also make it more difficult to eliminate them if the need arises. This also means the Autobots can more easily communicate with those on Earth.”

“I do not think it will be an issue. Continue to monitor the situation, Shockwave. Report to me if there is any unusual activity,” said Megatron. “Now, I need you to ready the Space Bridge. I am sending up a shipment of energon and some equipment you will need.”

“That is unexpected, my lord,” Shockwave said. “I received a shipment less than a week ago.”

“We have begun receiving energon from the Autobots as per our agreement, so we will begin to send you more for your stockpile. I believe that the truce will last, but we must be prepared for any eventuality.”

“A wise strategy, my lord,” commented Shockwave. “When will the shipment be ready?”

“Soundwave will signal you within the hour. One last thing. I believe one of the Dynobots is still on Cybertron. If he or any of the other Autobots requests access to the Space Bridge to come to Earth, grant it. I will be in contact again soon,” said Megatron. As he turned off the monitor.

“Soundwave, your Insecticams are ready?”

There was no response.

“Soundwave? What is that strange noise?” Megatron was hearing what sounded like a human song in the background of his TIC’s com. ‘Barry White?’

Megatron would soon learn the identity of the betrayer and that mech would pay. “Excellent.”

A little over an hour later, Galvatron was enjoying a nice long hot oil bath. Something that had been impossible on Chaar. The planet was very resource poor. They were constantly scrambling to scrape together the elements needed to create enough energon to keep them functional. There was oil, but it was either converted into energon or used sparingly to lubricate worn joints.

To have a sufficient quantity to completely immerse himself in was relegated to the realm of very decadent fantasy.

Cyclonus reported that a shipment of energon and equipment was coming from Earth, but Galvatron did not bother to rise from the sunken tub. Shockwave had more than enough drones to handle the task.

The purple mech lay with his helm lolling back, just reveling in the utterly decadent feeling of it as many centuries worth of dirt was finally flushed from his aching frame. He did not notice the extremely tiny drone that hovered over him.

A human would have swatted at it, probably mistaking it for a fly. But to somebot of Galvatron’s size, it was less noticeable than a speck of dust. His sensors did not even register it as the Insecticam landed on the central spire of his crest.

‘Brother, do not react,’ said the strangely muted voice of Megatron.

Galvatron shuttered his optics twice, but did not move as he replied in kind. ‘Megatron? I was not told you were on Cybertron.’

‘I am not. Soundwave is using a number of miniature surveillance devices in order to gather information on some unauthorized activity on Cybertron. He also modified them, so they can boost a com signal. It is imperative that we keep in constant communication.’ The tiny devices had already infiltrated most of the base, burrowing into the machinery and using Shockwave’s own computer network to send their signals to Soundwave.

Galvatron frowned. ‘Unauthorized activity? I did not think the Autobots had the ability to even contact Earth without your leave?’

‘They do not, brother. This treachery would strongly appear to be from within our own ranks.’ Megatron quickly gave his brother a summary of Soundwave’s findings. ‘Somebot is giving weapons and resources to our enemies. The weapons that cost me a powerful mech, left four others on the brink of deactivation and deprived me one of the strongest of the Combiners!’

‘Do you have any suspects?’

‘Every Decepticon on Cybertron that is not on your crew is a suspect, including Shockwave.’

‘Now that is surprising. I always thought him completely loyal to you. Creepy as the Pit, but loyal. Well, dear brother, as usual you have dropped me in the middle of a scraplette nest,’ noted Galvatron drily.

‘This time, it was purely unintentional,’ Megatron noted wryly.
‘Orders?’

‘Soundwave’s devices are now strategically placed throughout Shockwave’s fortress. He will be listening in to every conversation. They are also now connected to the mainframe. Soundwave will sift through every file, every scrap of data until he finds a smoking gun. Until then, be cautious and keep your optics and audios open.’

‘I am always cautious,’ said Galvatron with a chuckle.

‘I have also decided that it is time to announce your existence to the Autobots on Cybertron. I want you to have some of your mechs try to get close to the Autobots. I have reports that the Rainmakers are becoming very friendly with some of them, particularly the new femme Seeker, Windblade. I do have some suspicions about the Seekers, however, they have the right idea. Once this matter is resolved, we need to encourage any Decepticons not already in a relationship to seek mates among the Autobots. There is no better way to bring the factions together. I also do not want the Autobots on Cybertron put in jeopardy by this traitor.’

‘Really?’ This peaked the purple mech’s interest.

‘No, it is not a sudden attack of altruism. As you told me, the Quintessons are actively hunting for us. We cannot afford to lose any warriors. And even I will admit that the Wreckers are very skilled warriors. And almost as important, having them come to harm would upset Optimus. That I will not allow. He was already open to my advances and has become even more so since I was instrumental in rescuing him and his sparkling.’ His chassis warmed as he recalled those big, beautiful blue optics looking up at him.

Galvatron smirked. ‘Of course, brother. You have my word. None of the Autobots here on Cybertron will receive so much as a scuffed paint job.’

‘I knew I could count on you, Galvatron. And once this distasteful business is concluded, I intend to bring you to Earth to speak to Prime. Surely once he understands the Quintesson threat Optimus will make me his Lord Protector.’

‘Of course, brother,’ Galvatron relaxed as the com switched to standby mode. A most interesting prospect indeed. The thought that any Decepticon would work against their leader with organics, that was just disgusting.

‘Cyclonus?’ he sent a com on his private channel.

‘Yes, Lord Galvatron?’ came the almost reverent reply.

‘Remember, Cyclonus, my dear brother would likely not appreciate hearing someone else referred to as Lord.’

‘Forgive me,’ countered the sleek mech. ‘I mean no disrespect to your brother. I have always had the utmost respect for Megatron. But you have been our only Lord for many galactic cycles.’

‘Always loyal to a fault, my friend. Unfortunately, I have some disturbing news.’ He quickly relayed Megatron’s suspicions.

‘Shockwave a traitor?’ Cyclonus could barely say the words. ‘I know we were away for a long time, but that does not seem possible.’

‘It may not be him,’ noted Galvatron. ‘All we know is that someone here on Cybertron has been sending weapons to the humans to use against us.’
‘That still makes no sense,’ replied Cyclonus. ‘I do not understand why any Cybertronian would do this? They would seem to be cutting their own throat.’

‘It does not matter. Whoever is doing this, whatever their motivation, we will stop them,’ said Galvatron. ‘Take half our troops to the space port. Protect the Autobots if necessary. And let our mechs know, if one catches their fancy, they have leave to peruse a relationship. A consensual relationship. Emphasize that, Cyclonus. My brother wants the Prime. We are making peace with the Autobots. If I hear anyone has tried to force themselves on an unwilling Autobots, I will rip off his spike and shove it down his intake.’

‘Of course, my… uh… Galvatron.’

Soundwave was puzzled. Pleased. But also puzzled.

Pleased because when they parted, Blaster had gently kissed his cheek strut. ‘Call me when you are ready to talk. I will be waiting.’

That was why he was pleased. Blaster did still have feelings for him. There was hope. Perhaps one day, they could create again.

And then there was the puzzle. The Insecticams were sending back massive amounts of data from Cybertron. And had he been any other mech, he would have been completely satisfied with that.

But Soundwave was not just any mech. He was meticulous. And what at first seemed uniform data streams, were most definitely not. There were gaps. Micro-edits in the formulas. Only by going through ever string, every bit and bite one by one could the imperfections be found.

At first, he thought it a computer error. After all, they were non-sentient, fallible machines, not true Cybertronians. Except that the data was not missing. It was changed, then hidden.

Someone had already tapped into Shockwave’s systems and was using them to send out data.

The first thought was an Autobot. For none of the Rainmakers had the knowledge or skill required to implement such a delicate and subtle program.

But then he realized, neither did any of the femmes. Elita One was highly intelligent and Greenlight had some computer skills. However, neither possessed anywhere near the expertise required to create what amounted to a subnetwork within Shockwave’s mainframe.

Unable to find an answer within the system, he sent the Insecticons to physically search the fortress for clues.

At first all he got was some rather nice footage of a couple of the Seekers interfacing. Who knew Ion Storm could do THAT with his glossa?

Even so, his patience had begun to wear thin when one of the Insecticams found something. A small room hidden deep within the fortress. One that was not on the schematics. The tiny probe had just begun to document its surroundings, when he began to pick up a voice.

“And once I have control of the Autobot ship, I will…” The words stopped short and suddenly shadow loomed over the Insecticam.

“Ah, ah, ah… No peeking.” Was the last thing Soundwave heard before a surprisingly small metallic
hand slammed down on the Insecticon.


To be continued…

Chapter End Notes

I am not sure when the next chapter will be posted. I work in retail, so between my job and family the next few weeks are going to be pretty hectic... I hope to get one more chapter up before Christmas. (No promises.)
Out Of The Shadows

Chapter Summary

Many threats lurk in the shadows.

Warnings: Threats, Angst

As always, I do not own Transformers, Etc. and any mistakes are my own.

Chapter Notes

Did not get to post by Christmas, but I did manage to get one more chapter up before the New Year.

See the end of the chapter for more notes


Two hours earlier.

Jazz did not have the ability to turn invisible like Mirage, but he never considered that a problem.

There was literally being invisible and then there was the ability to not be noticed. Surprising as it was for such a flashy individual, Jazz exceled at the latter.

Dozens of unsuspecting humans walked within a few feet of him as he crouched in the shadows near a supposedly abandoned industrial complex a few miles south of Jasper Nevada.

With information Soundwave and Blaster discovered in Mech’s network, Teletran-1’s facial recognition software had picked out two MECH personnel in the area.

It was the first lead they had on MECH since the raid and Jazz had jumped on it.

The two prisoners the NEST troops managed to capture would be of no use. One was killed by the explosives planted inside him. The other was in a coma. The human medic, Lieutenant Travis, had been forced to remove a small bomb from his abdominal cavity in a dark, debris filled tunnel, surrounded by men in armored bomb disposal gear.

He did manage to get the devise out without detonating it. But the already badly injured man had gone into shock. He still lived, but he might still expire. And even if he survived it could be days, weeks or even years before they could question him.
Jazz was not going to wait. Silas was still free. And that meant that his Prime, his sparkling and his friends were all in danger.

Lord Chumley was in the NEST morgue and Mearing in a prison cell. But he did not consider either of them important. They were minor league. Nothing but glorified minions.

From what Blaster and Soundwave could glean from the MECH computers, Silas was the driving force behind the entire organization. And he was the one that Jazz held personally responsible for the death of Gunner and torture of his sparkling.

The saboteur would not rest until that piece of scrap was either in a cell next to Mearing, or on slab keeping Chumley company.

Personally, he was leaning towards a slab.

He moved with a fluid grace that such a large, metallic being should not possess. As silent as a shadow, he slipped up beside the doors of the loading dock. Highly tuned audio receptors listened for the slightest sound. Soon he caught the sound of footsteps and then voices.

“As you think Allen or Jack made it out?” one asked. “The base went silent as soon as the robots attacked.”

“Those damned aliens slaughtered everyone! I spoke to Russ last night when he dragged himself in,” said another. “He said no one else but he and Silas made it out of the tunnels alive. And that is only because Russ was already outside and hid when he saw the boss shoot Mike and toss him back in the tunnel. He took one of the plain black sedans and did not look back. Russ figures he’d kill anyone that tried to find him. I say we get Russ and the three of us just disappear.”

“You are probably right,” admitted the first.

“Silas kept everything compartmentalized in the organization so that if something like this happened Mech could go on. But we should check the computer to see if we can find any records of cashes or other base locations.”

“If not, I worked in the logistics division for a while. I know of a few places where weapons, supplies and even some cash are located,” the first voice pipped in.

“Do we really have a chance, Frank?” asked the first speaker. “It looks like the government is siding with the robots. Everyone is against us because Silas hurt the baby.”

“It’s not a baby. Those things aren’t human, Jon,” grumbled Frank. “Just a bunch of machines. They don’t feel pain.”

“Yeh sure bout that, Frank?”

Both men froze as a third voice chimed in on their conversation. They looked up to see the loading dock door rise and a large metallic form slip inside, before closing it without making a sound. Frank drew a revolver from the holster on his hip and fired at the smiling face plate. Jon just stood, unmoving.

“Seriously?” asked Jazz, feeling the bullets bounce off. He supposed he should stop the idiot before he managed to hit his visor and do some damage. (Ratchet would be annoyed.) He held up a servo so that the bullets bounced off his palm. One of the ricochets struck just in front of the human’s foot. That caused the man to stop shooting. Jazz shook his helm. “Look, Frank, yeh stop dingin up my finish ‘n I won’t swat yeh like a bug. Sound fair?”
Frank slowly lowered his hand and dropped the gun.

“We did not hurt the baby robot. Frank and I were not even at the base,” said Jon.

“Maybe not, but yeh joined these sickos. Yeh thought hangin’ with a bunch that wants ta kill us was a good idea. N’ if yeh ain’t heard yet, I’m the Baby-Daddy. N’ I ain’t feelin too forgivin.”

“Crap,” whispered Frank.

“I saw yer boss use a shock collar on my bitlet. Yeh want meh in a less vengeful mood, start talkin bout MECH. Like where them weapons caches n’ the other stuff yeh mentioned are? If yeh do, I might also be persuaded ta have them explosives in yer guts removed.” Jazz’s smile was bright, but there was something in his voice that chilled both humans to the bone.

“Explosives?” Frank’s voice went a bit higher.

“Yeh got some kinda operation after yeh joined up, right? Higher ups told yeh it was a tracker or something,” clarified the mech. “One o’ yer friends exploded n’ cost my friend a couple o’ fingers. N’ all the other MECH minions weh checked had um too.”

Jon’s hand went to his right side. “You’ll get it out if we talk?”

“He could be lying,” countered Frank. Although his hand had also gone to the same spot on his torso.

“Our human friends’ll remove um. If yeh spill the beans.” Jazz leaned slight closer. “Yeh got one minute.”

By the time the saboteur had collected Russ, the third merc in the warehouse, and dropped the men off with NEST’s medical staff, he had six possible leads to Silas.

Ultra Magnus and Elita One walked into the rec room of the Ark. Both of them were excited, although Magnus kept his field tightly controlled.

He had a reputation as a strident, no nonsense soldier to uphold. Squeeing over a sparkling would totally ruin it.

The femme was not having so much luck keeping her emotions in check, not that she really cared.

Neither of them could believe it. After so many centuries of war, so much death and destruction here was a new life.

The mech and femme melted as they saw Optimus walk in the opposite door carrying the tiny mechling. Yes, they had seen Hound’s holograms, but this was not just an image. This was a cooing, perfect little sparkling.

One that broke into a big, very Jazz-like grin when he saw the newcomers. Optimus walked over to them, radiating happiness. Something neither could recall feeling from him since he had been reformatted into Optimus Prime.

“He is certainly a happy mechling. After what happened, I feared he might be withdrawn,” said Elita, smiling as Orion touched her nasal ridge and said, ‘Beep!’ and squealed with laughter.

Ultra Magnus tried to cover his own giggle with a cough.
It did not fool anyone.

Elita and Magnus were a little surprised to receive a com. ‘I did not want him to fear our human friends, so I had Ratchet erased the memories of our captivity. It was not without problems. He has forgotten how to crawl. But he will relearn that quickly. And for now, do not mention Gunner. Orion remembers his friend, but I have not had the chance to explain that he is gone.’

‘We understand,’ Elita nodded and tickled Orion’s abdominal plating. ‘You are just so adorable,’” said Elita. She then switched back to her com. ‘I would love to cuddle him all day, but we have something we need to discuss.’

‘Oh?’ Optimus answered in kind.

‘Jazz told us about Megatron trying to force you into bonding,’ said Ultra Magnus.

“Wheeljack, can you watch Orion for a little while?” asked Optimus.

“Of course!” the scientist said excitedly. He was hoping for more chances to sparkling sit. He going to need to get some practice for the three little ones he, Perceptor and Windcharger would have in about seven months.

Optimus took his two oldest friends to his office. He offered each a seat, which they refused. “I am sure you found what Jazz had to say disturbing, but things have changed quite dramatically since you arrived.”

“True,” noted Ultra Magnus. “Megatron used the Ground Bridge to rescue you and Orion. You can no longer pretend to be ignorant of its existence.”

“It was because of this revelation that Megatron and I took a few minutes to talk before he brought me back to base. He wishes to continue to court me, and he gave his word that the safety of myself, Orion and the Ark are not contingent on my accepting him as Lord Protector.”

“And you believe him?” asked Elita One.

“Yes, I do. Megatron has lied to me before, but he has never broken his word. And, the Matrix has indicated that it looks favorably on him as a candidate.” In fact, the Matrix was doing everything it could to convince him to bond with, and take to berth, the Decepticon Leader.

The sooner the better in their optics.

“What?” gasped Elita. “I thought the Matrix was supposed to embody wisdom. The Decepticons are monsters, Optimus, and Megatron is the worst of the lot. How can it even consider making him Lord Protector?”

“The Decepticons are not monsters, Elita. No more than any of us,” countered Optimus. “It was Autobots that gave the Functionalists power. When Cybertron was freed from the Quintessons, Autobots kept the majority of our population enslaved.”

“Those mechs were not true Autobots. They claimed the name, but they betrayed us all,” countered Ultra Magnus. “When you received the Matrix, you reclaimed the name Autobot as the protectors of freedom.”

“Megatron could have ended the war long ago. He chose not to,” interjected the femme.

Optimus sighed. He had a feeling he was going to be having this conversation a lot. “Primes had
kept he and those like him enslaved for millions of years. Megatron had no reason to trust that I would be any different or follow through with my promises. He truly thought that defeating the Autobots was the only way to bring peace and freedom to Cybertron.” The Prime put a servo on each of their shoulders. “We must all learn to trust. And more importantly, to forgive. I… Despite the Matrix’s desire, I do not know if I am ready to take a mate.” The thought still frightened him, no matter who he pictured in the role. “But whatever my own feelings or fears, Megatron must be given the chance to prove himself.”

“Optimus, I have always loved you like a brother,” said Elita One. “But Primus, even before you were chosen by the Matrix, you have always been so optimistic and recklessly selfless. I am amazed that you are still functional. But this one time, you must think of yourself and your sparkling. Megatron does not love you. He does not even know what love is. How can you bond to somebot like that?”

“Perhaps there is not love between us,” admitted Optimus. Thoughts of love brought images of Jazz, which he pushed back. “There is however, respect and a desire to see our people reunited. There is also a mutual attraction.” He blushed a little at the admission. “Perhaps one day, there can also be love.”

A warm, very unfamiliar feeling spread through the warlord’s spark at Prime’s words.

On the Nemesis, Megatron was, of course, listening intently to the discussion between Prime, Elita One and Ultra Magnus. He could not help but smile as his old foe defended him. He was also quite surprised to find out that the Matrix itself was open to his candidacy.

And Optimus admit that he attracted to the warlord.

It was true Megatron did not know much about love. He had little experience in his life that was not hard, bitter and cold. But he did remember something of what it felt like to feel love. From his carrier, for a time, his brother and his and Galvatron’s sires. Those mech had stayed together and formed a bond with them to keep the two of them alive.

The thought that he and Optimus might one-day share feelings like that was surprisingly pleasant.

For now, he respected Optimus Prime almost as much as he desired the mech.

As far as Megatron was concerned, those feelings were more than enough to build a relationship.

He was busy contemplating his next move in the courting of Optimus Prime, when he was interrupted by an urgent com from Soundwave.


“What?” he gasped.

In answer Soundwave played the recording. ‘And once I have control of the Autobot ship, I will… Ah, ah, ah… No peeking.’

Megatron listened to the voice as a sick feeling of dread coiled in his tanks. ‘STARScream!! Get in here now!’

A moment later the flustered Seeker entered the room. “What the Pit crawled up your tailpipe?” he
grumbled.

‘Soundwave, play the recording for Starscream.’

Over his com, Starscream heard a much too familiar voice. He shook his helm in disbelief. “That is not possible. He is dead.”

“Obviously not,” countered a furious Megatron.

“Doctor Arkeville cannot have survived,” gulped Starscream. “The entire lab was falling down around us. And even if by some miracle he was not crushed, I only brought one small cargo pod full of supplies. Cybertron has nothing on it for a human to consume. He should have starved within a month at most.”

“Really?” Megatron growled. “It did not occur to you that the human that invented a teleportation devise that could bring a planet across the cosmos might be able to find a way to survive?”

“No…” admitted the Seeker. “I never thought… Why should I have? Arkeville was just a weak human.”

“Physically weak perhaps, but a genius. He has somehow survived on a hostile world and created the means to destroy us,” Megatron informed him. “We must come up with a plan of attack before Cybertron is lost.”

Soundwave had what could only be described as an interplanetary conference call in progress within moments. He, Megatron and Starscream scanned the screen connecting them to Optimus Prime, Ultra Magnus, Elita One and Prowl. Another showed an Autobot called Kup and the last, Shockwave and Galvatron.

“This, Arkeville apparently intends to try and hijack the Lost Light,” said Ultra Magnus. “Assuming he has a way to take it, what does he hope to gain?”

“Even as battered as the ship is, it could easily destroy anything the humans have,” noted Shockwave. “He could use it to gain dominion over that world, or to tip the balance of power between the Earth governments.”

“Do you believe that he has the means to succeed?” asked Kup.

Megatron nodded. “He is a twisted genius. And you heard his words. He must have something that would give him an advantage for he believes that taking your ship is a foregone conclusion.”

“I know what he intends to do,” said Shockwave dispassionately. “As we speak, one thousand seven hundred and sixty-two of my drones have disconnected from the network. Others are now going offline at a very disturbing rate. Arkeville controls easily two thirds of my combat drones. And the drones he sabotaged are emitting a signal that mimics my control signal. The drones I control will not fire on them. The Rainmakers must shoot any drone that comes near because we cannot tell the difference.”

“Primus,” Kup gasped, as he received a com. “Windblade and Swoop just reported that hundreds of drones are closing in on the space port from all sides. If you can send help do it now!” the ancient warrior said as the monitor, he was on went black.

“We must get reinforcements to Cybertron,” said Optimus.
“My mechs are ready to fight beside the Autobots, if that is your order, Megatron,” said Galvatron.

“Split your forces, half of your mechs and the Rainmakers, go and help the Autobots,” ordered Megatron. “But half must remain to defend Shockwave’s Fortress. It cannot be allowed to fall into the human’s servos.”

“Megatron, can you use the Space Bridge to return me to Cybertron?” asked Ultra Magnus. “I must help my crew.”

“I still have control of the Space Bridge for the moment, my Lord,” reported Shockwave without emotion. “I have defenses set up and fire walls in my systems to keep from being hacked, however, many of the lesser systems are already beginning to shut down.”

“Prime, assemble your mechs outside the Ark in five minutes. The Ground Bridge will open at that time for any who wish to accompany me to Cybertron. Tell them to be ready to fight.”

Every Autobot at the base was waiting outside for the Ground Bridge, even those that were not going.

Omega Supreme watched impassively as the warriors assembled. Having checked the readings from the Ground Bridge’s appearance when they were rescuing Optimus, Perceptor informed the titanic guardian that he could not pass through. He was also aware that it would take him several hours to reach Cybertron.

“Omega Supreme cannot aid the Autobots on Cybertron. Omega Supreme will remain here to protect the Prime and his sparkling.”

Grimlock was going to Cybertron. Swoop would need his help. (And he was not going to miss the opportunity for a fight.) However, he ordered the other Dynobots to stay on Earth. “Bad human, Silas wants to hurt Cybertronians. Snarl, Slag and Sludge stay. Protect Autobots, protect him Orion.”

First Aid had returned to the Ark, having stabilized the remaining Stunticons as much as he could. Their recover was now up to them and the Decepticons. He would stay on Earth to keep an optic on Optimus, Orion and, unknown to the majority of Autobots, Perceptor. Ratchet was going to Cybertron. Swoop was a good medic, but he would not be able to handle the casualties of a full-fledged battle alone.

Besides, Ratchet was a badass fighter in his own right.

Ultra Magnus would lead the Autobot forces. Elita One stood by his side. That rogue human and his hijacked drones were not going to harm her femmes while she functioned!

Ironhide, Warpath, Cliffjumper, Tracks, Gears, Huffer, Brawn and Hound were going. Along with Skyfire. He was big, but not much larger than Astrotrain. Meaning he would have no problem going through the Ground Bridge. If they needed transport for the wounded, he was ready.

Windcharger volunteered, but that was quietly vetoed by Ratchet. Perceptor, Wheeljack and Windcharger were bonded. If he were to be badly injured or off lined, especially at this early stage in gestation, the shock could cause Perceptor to lose the sparklings.

If that was not incentive enough, Wheeljack pointed out that there was still danger on Earth.
The Aerial bots would also remain on Earth since the Ark needed air support. And there were two
dozen Seekers already on Cybertron plus Windblade and Swoop.

Optimus stood outside the Ark with his mechs. Orion clutched his armor nervously. The mechling
did not understand what was happening. Even so, with every field including his carrier’s awash with
apprehension, he shivered, confused and frightened.

Thought, the mechling calmed a little when felt a gentle kiss on his helm. “Everything will be
alright,” the soothing, deep voice of his carrier assured.

The sparkling did not know that the reassurance was as much for Optimus as it was for him. He
wanted so much to go with his mechs. But he knew that he could not. Orion was still completely
dependent on him. The Prime could only hold the little one tight, and hope that his mechs were
strong enough to win without him.

Every optic turned as the Ground Bridge’s swirling green vortex appeared. “Be safe,” Optimus said
as Ultra Magnus lead the contingent of Autobots into the light.

Those that remained watched the last of their brethren disappear into the vortex. They expected it to
collapse in on itself once they were gone.

Instead three forms suddenly appeared at the far end of the tunnel of light. To their surprise,
Thundercracker, Skywarp and Astrotrain leapt out before the vortex closed.

Orion was pleased. He bounced in Optimus’ arms and chirped, ‘Pretty wings!!’ as Skywarp
approached.

Thundercracker stepped forward to stand before the shocked Prime and Prowl. “Optimus Prime,
your new Bodyguards are reporting for duty.”

“Bodyguards?” asked the Prime. “But I do not…”

Before he could begin his protest, Thundercracker cut him off. “The majority of Cybertronians are
going to be off planet fighting, possibly for several days. This would be a perfect time for those
humans from MECH to attack. Megatron wanted to be sure that you and Orion have soldiers here
that would not hesitate to do what is necessary to protect you.”

This was paraphrasing. What Megatron actually said was more along the lines of, ‘I will not leave
the protection of my future mate and sparkling to those soft-sparked incompetents.’

Every remaining Autobots was a flabbergasted when Prowl agreed with Thundercracker’s take on
the situation. “That is a logical course of action, Optimus,” said the tactician.

“Great!” said Skywarp, moving closer to reach out and tickle Orion.

Astrotrain stood back a little. He had not been one of the Decepticons that had come to see Orion.
He did not want to frighten the tiny mechling.

He need not have worried.

‘Big Pretty Wings!’ the sparkling chirped, pointed at Astrotrain.

The triple-changer blushed. “I’m an engine of destruction. I ain’t pretty.”

Orion begged to differ. ‘Big Pretty Wings!’
“Just admit defeat, Astrotrain and come say hello,” Skywarp chuckled.

Astrotrain’s spark fluttered. Skywarp was right. No one could stand against that much concentrated adorableness.

A short time earlier on Cybertron. Hidden in a chamber deep beneath Shockwave’s fortress, Dr. Arkeville looked at the remains of the Insectacam sparking on his work bench. Very interesting little device. Human technology augmented by Cybertronian.

Almost as good something he would have made himself. Almost.

“I have been discovered,” noted Dr. Arkeville to the massive drone standing behind him. It had the name ‘Timmy’ scrawled across its chest in blue paint.

No answer was forthcoming, nor was one expected. Drones were what machines should be. Mindless servants, toiling away for their human masters like good little automatons.

“How inconvenient. I still have so many technological secrets waiting to be unlocked. I hope nothing too important is irrevocably lost during the coming unpleasantness.”

Metallic fingers tweaked a couple of knobs on the console, changing the view on the screen to Shockwave. The human chuckled as he continued to let his hands, both the metal and flesh one, play along the console. “Well, my dear host, while I have enjoyed your unwitting hospitality, it is time for me to leave. I will return, of course. After I have recruited some of my own people to assist in eradicating your kind. That fellow Silas has potential. A bit ambitious, but I do have some mind control devises on hand, just in case those ambitions becomes problematic.”

He glanced up at Timmy. “Yes, there is so much to do, once your fellow drones have taken that Autobot ship.” His original reason for wanting to take it was that leaving Cybertron by the teleport he had constructed would be a one-way trip for him. He could send things down and bring them up, always being careful to time it with natural power fluctuations within Shockwave’s mainframe.

But he had no way to bring himself back if he used in on himself. Making the modifications to allow him to remotely access the machine was on his ‘To Do’ List. But something had always come up to keep him from getting to it. Besides, he thought he would have more time.

It was fortunate that he found the resources to assemble the teleporter. After Starscream had abandoned him, he had little by way of supplies.

Once his machine was working, Arkeville used it hacked satellites to zero in on truckloads of food, water, and other essentials.

After that things had gone well. It had taken finesse to contact some low-level government officials without Shockwave catching on. He sent them his ‘Bot Buster’ shells and the plans and Cybertronian material to make more. In return they sent him specific components and materials that it was difficult to find in a position where they could be teleported.

They also sent, lots and lots of money and precious metals.

One had to be practical, after all. His plan upon returning to Earth was originally to start selling weapons and technology to the highest bidder, become filthy, build a base on the moon and retire.

Being discovered by the Cybertronians was a minor inconvenience. Arkeville had been working on
this plan for a very long time. Ever since Starscream had left him for dead on a hostile alien world when his plan to overthrow Megatron inevitably failed.

The Seeker would suffer for that.

The Decepticons were now aware that their mindless menial labor force had been corrupted a little earlier than planned. They were not supposed to find out until they were being slaughtered.

The human smiled and touched the com button. “My faithful servants, numbers one through five hundred, head for the space port. Use the diagrams of the ship that I downloaded to aim for none vital components. Once the Autobots are destroyed, I will have to fix everything you break. The rest of you, destroy Shockwave and any mechs in the Fortress! Except, of course you, Timmy. You will stay with me.”

“Now, where should I go when the ship is mine?” he thought speculatively. “Obviously my contacts in the government cannot be trusted. The fools at the top are too busy fawning over Prime’s spawn to see the danger these metal monsters represent. It is a shame those Quintesson creatures the Cybertronians fear so much do not seem to have tracked them to Earth. I will have to find a way to contact them. I am sure they will be very pleased with someone that helps return their wayward slaves.”

He walked over and looked up at a schematic of the fortress and smirked. “Shockwave and Megatron’s dear brother are as good as dead. And soon I shall have my revenge on that arrogant fool Megatron for thinking he could exploit my genius to take over the Earth.”

“But first, lunch.”

Arkeville stalked over to a table were a drone carefully held out a chair between two massive digits. There were several open tins of Spam, a jar of olives, crackers and some bottle water waiting.

Pickings on grocery trucks had been a little slim lately.

“Yes, Megatron and Starscream are going to pay dearly for what they did to me,” he said as he sat down. Timmy, released the chair, took a step back and bowed low before its master.

Doctor Arkeville sigh and pushed tin of unrecognizable meat-like substance away in disgust. “God, I hate Spam.”

To be continued…

Chapter End Notes

Next time: What is worse than hundreds of drones trying to kill you? Running into your ex!
Knock Out sat in the semi-darkness with a servo on his lover, Breakdown’s chest plate.

He was not the only one anxiously watching over one of the unconscious mechs. Vortex was holding Wildrider’s servo, rubbing the cool metal against his face plate. His optics were wet with coolant.

This was a surprise for several reasons. The Combatacons were rather standoffish. Usually keeping to themselves.

Everyone knew where they came from. Starscream freed them from a spark prison and placed them in new bodies. But no one knew why they had been imprisoned. One thing they did know, you did not end up having your spark removed from your chassis over a traffic violation.

They enjoyed their work, which was destruction. Of course, many Decepticons felt the same. Breaking things was fun. Although some found hurting other mechs even more fun.

Vortex was often thought of as the most violent of the very violent group. Seeing the concern, no. It was not just concern. There was love in the Combaticon’s optics.

The pair must have been very discreet to remain under the radar of the local gossips on the Nemesis. They were almost as bad as the Autobots.

Knockout would know. He was a founding member of the group and the medic had no idea the two mechs were together.

He had not spoken to the Combatacon while they watched over their lovers. They rarely exchanged more than a nod in passing, unless the helicopter was injured in battle.

So far, they had made optic contact a couple of times, but neither one of them had anything to say to the other.

They were not going to be disturbed for a long time. Hook and his gestalt had accompanied Megatron to Cybertron to defeat the human Arkeville.
Usually Knock Out would have gone with them.

Or been interested in the outcome.

His world had fallen apart the moment Breakdown collapsed.

At least his lover and the other Stunticons were not screaming and writhing in agony. Primus, that had been horrible. It had taken hours for Knock Out and Hook to get enough chemicals pumped into the poor mechs to get them all sedated at once.

At first nothing seemed to help at all. The Combatacons tried, but it was not until the Protectabots arrived that their pain eased. The Autobot combiner teams spent a lot of time communing together. They managed to reach the damaged gestalt and eventually calm them, where the Decepticon teams could not.

Knock Out never thought he would feel anything but contempt for most of the Autobots. Now he felt spark deep gratitude to the Protectobots.

Seeing his lover’s frame finally relax had been a balm to his troubled spark.

Both Hook and Ratchet said that there was only one chance for them to survive. Depressingly small, but it did exist.

Unfortunately, it was a very dangerous undertaking. A few teams on both sides of the conflict had survived losing a member before. He had read the case files. The few times it happened, one of the appendages was the one to die.

While the loss of any member of a gestalt was devastating to the others, the death of an arm or leg was survivable. Losing the mech that controlled the gestalt, the anchor, was an all but certain death sentence.

They were spark bonded to one another. Something few mechs other than gestalts had done during the war. Each mech was important to the whole, but Motormaster had been the head, the controlling force. Having his consciousness ripped from their sparks had almost off lined them on the spot.

As they languished in limbo, halfway between life and death, Knockout’s processor raced.

To be honest, he had never thought much of Motormaster. He was not a scintillating conversationalist by any means. He was mostly just violent and more than a little crude.

And the medic would give his right servo to have him back.

Thanks to First Aid and the Protectabots the surviving Stunticons were stable, for the moment. But they would not survive long unless they could find a new anchor.

Volunteers to become a combiner were nonexistent. Well, almost nonexistent. Vortex would have done it if he could. But that was not possible since he was already part of a gestalt.

To become a Combiner and take on the role of anchor would be a lifetime commitment.

Joining a gestalt was not something to be done on a whim. It would mean extensive modifications to a mech’s chassis, which was upsetting enough. It would also necessitate bonding sparks with four other mechs.

The Decepticons were not exactly known for their altruism. Knock Out was no exception.
The medic readily admitted that he was vain and self-centered. That was part of his charm.

And yet, he cared deeply for Breakdown.

Alright, he loved the big uncouth lugnut. Knock Out wanted to be with him. If Breakdown were able to be made fertile, he would gladly have created sparklings with him.

He knew the individual mechs in a Combiner could block one another to a degree. Breakdown did when they were together. Meaning he did not have them metaphorically looking over his shoulder strut every second, every day.

However, they would always be there within his processor and spark.

And as what happened clearly illustrated, if one of them was hurt, he would feel it. If one of them died, he would end up as Breakdown and the others were now…

He would likely cease to function.

“I don’t know if I can do it,” he whispered into his lover’s audio. “I would bond with you alone in a spark beat, Breakdown. But four mechs I barely tolerate? I want you with me. I…I love you. But I do not know if I can do this, even for you.”

He could feel Vortex’s optics on his back strut, but refused to acknowledge him. He kissed Breakdown’s dermas. “Maybe I’m just a coward.”

Knock Out did not dare look back at the Combatacon. He shivered as his lover lay silently on the berth, neither judging him, nor offering forgiveness.

Megatron’s plan once they reached the space port was simple. Hit the drones from behind, force them to seek cover instead of shredding the Autobots. His strategic processor counted over eight hundred drones. And they were on the verge of overrunning the woefully overmatched Wreckers.

The first thing the drones hit were the ships turrets and the engines.

The Lost Light was left defenseless and the Autobots could not escape.

They had carefully avoided hitting the main guns, which likely would have destroyed the ship and a large section of Iacon. However, since firing those guns in a tightly enclosed space would have destroyed the space port and the ship anyway, they were useless in this fight.

The damage inflicted on the Autobot ship was relatively minor. There was no way to fix it while they were being shot at, but would not take long to fix once the battle was over.

Arkeville intended for the ship to be in good shape when he claimed it.

Megatron was at the forefront of the group brought from Earth via the Space Bridge. He was leading the Decepticons who would reinforce the defenders of the Lost Light.

The Warlord of Kaon was not going to lose Cybertron to a fleshling and a bunch of mindless machines.

For once, he did not mind rescuing a bunch of Autobots. He had to admit, the thought of Optimus looking at him the way that he had rescued the Prime from MECH was a powerful motivation.
Galvatron, Cyclonus and half the Rainmakers were already there. Shockwave had sent them via Ground Bridge as soon as the conference call ended. But much of the scientist's energon reserves were almost immediately cut off by Arkeville’s troops. He barely had enough energy left to use the Space Bridge. The Ground Bridge was off the table.

Fortunately, all the Decepticons could fly and most of the Autobots fit in Skyfire for transport to the battlefield. When things became too crowded on the shuttle, Tracks and Warpath volunteered to accept rides from willing Decepticons.

Warpath might have had second thoughts when, instead of allowing him to ride on his back as Dirge did for Tracks, Mixmaster lifted the shocked mech into his arms bridal style and took off. The tank former found himself surrounded by the Combiner team.

Megatron’s processor had been focused on planning the coming assault. However, he did steal a few quick glances at both Dirge and Mixmaster. Just to be sure his mechs behaved.

Dirge conducted himself admirable. Which was very surprising considering how horny the Seekers were in general.

The Constructicons were another story. They flew low and looped around the furiously blushing Autobot. All of them got in a fair amount of groping during the short flight.

Megatron was about to very forceful suggest that they reign it in. The last thing he needed was for them to cause an inter-factional incident by molesting an Autobot in the middle of a slagging crisis.

Until he noticed that the Autobot in question was not struggling or complaining. He had his optics shuttered and his helm against Mixmaster’s chest plates and his leg struts parted.

Warpath seemed to be just fine with receiving the entire gestalt’s amorous attentions.

The group drew apart as they landed, setting a furiously blushing and breathless Autobot on his peds. When he transformed into tank mode, the Constructicons formed a wedge around him as they started their assault on the drones.

Scrapper hitched a ride, whispering something to the Autobot as he straddled his back. The tank’s coloring flashed a slightly deeper red, but he did not falter as they engaged the drones.

Once the Decepticons were in place, Skyfire spiraled up and out of range of the drones. He then came roaring back down behind the Lost Light. He opened his hatch as he just almost skimmed the ground. The Autobots leapt out, landing in front of the damaged Lost Light, guns at the ready.

Ultra Magnus began barking orders, leading his mechs and Elita One, to the nearest cover as they started shooting at the advancing drones. They also stopped to help any wounded Wreckers they encounter get behind cover.

Meanwhile, Megatron’s troops had spread out and started attacking the drone army from behind.

It was a sound strategy. Come in from both sides and catch them in a crossfire. However, their supposedly intellectually inferior foes had other ideas.

Arkeville had been upgrading his army for some time. And they were ready for the Cybertronians. As Kup and the Lost Light crew quickly realized, these were not standard drones. Their armor had been substantially upgraded, as had their weaponry and battle computers.

The drones did not use simple brute force tactics. The Autobots had expected them to march straight
towards their objective, shooting anything that moved. Or to stand in the open and allowing themselves to be blown apart, as their kind would usually do.

They used cover to advance. Slowly but surely destroying the Lost Light’s defenses and picking off the Autobots one by one.

A single drone was destroyed in the first volley by the Decepticons. Although not pleased at this result, Megatron noted with a touch of pride that it was battle drone that he and Cyclonus had targeted that fell, emitting a satisfying shower of sparks as the helm cracked open and fell to the ground in two large pieces.

‘Primus, brother,’ commed Galvatron, observing their ineffective first strike. ‘I see only ten destroyed drones on the field of battle, including the one you just took out. There are still over eight hundred of them left.’

‘They are smart, fast, heavily armed and armored,’ noted Megatron. ‘This will not be an easy victory. But it I swear by the Unmaker, it will be a victory.’

‘Lord Megatron,’ Cyclonus pipped in. ‘The Autobots are being pushed back!’

Megatron leapt onto one of the few walls still standing at the outskirts of the space port to get a better vantage point. Cyclonus was right. Even with Ultra Magnus and his reinforcements desperately trying to hold the line, their perimeter was slowly collapsing.

He could see six damaged Autobots. None appeared to be deactivated, but several were very badly injured.

He had been given names and descriptions of the new arrivals. He quickly identified just how bad the situation was. The drones had targeted the most strategically valuable Autobots first. Heavy fighters and flyers.

And, they realized, not killing them. Megatron realized why immediately. Kill a mech or femme, they were down. Injure one and you took out two or three. For their friends would rush in to try and save them.

It was a strategy he himself used on the Autobots.

The massive young triple-changer called Springer appeared to be the worst of the injured. The smoking hole in the side of his chest reminded him too much of Motormaster. Fortunately, the young mech still functioned, for the moment. Although his limbs were just beginning to go gray.

Ratchet rolled up immediately to help. Of the mechs he saw, Springer was in the worst shape. Begin larger and stronger than Hot Rod, he moved in to pull the Triple changer into the ship. The young warrior limped badly as he fell back, firing his weapon to cover his friend.

The sleek femme Windblade was unconscious. Her right wing had been all but blown off. She was being dragged into the Lost Light by Hot Rod. The flashy young warrior was limping with a very painful looking wound on his right leg.

Kup was missing his right arm. The stubborn veteran was propped against a wall, the only way he could remain on his peds. Having pried the blaster from his severed appendage, he was busy keeping four drones at bay, firing awkwardly with his remaining servo.

Chromedome was conscious, despite numerous injuries. Energon leaked from a dozen holes in his right arm and leg strut. He had managed to drag himself and the limp form of Pipes behind one of
the few support beams still standing. It was a relatively thin piece of cover, but strong, having been forged to hold up ceiling of the space port.

Even the indomitable Ironhide was being forced to retreat. He had picked up the blaster from one of the downed Autobots and was blazing away with a gun in each servo. To his credit, the old war mech was responsible for two of the destroyed drones.

Ultra Magnus was the only Autobot holding his ground, but at the rate he was firing he would soon be out of shoulder missiles. Taking another step back, he pulled his hammer from his subspace, preparing for the inevitable melee.

As the Wrecker had already seen, when Drift managed to hold off a pair that had broken through their defenses, the drones were armed with Ripsaws and flamethrowers.

Fortunately, although he took some damage to his right arm, and lost a piece of his prized helmet, Drift was eventually able to take down both of his opponents.

The battle was not going as any of the Cybertronians expected. The arrival of the reinforcements did not turn the tide of battle. All it did was force the drones to recalibrate their strategy. And took a little of the pressure off the Autobots.

Cyclonus and his mechs, who called themselves the Sweeps, dodged a barrage of blaster fire from the drones. Their aim was much too good. Even the sleek Decepticon’s flight mode could not dodge every shot.

The war mech felt the heat from the plasma projectiles scorched the color nanites of his left side as they passed.

Another flyer, one of the Rainmakers, was not so lucky. Or maybe he was. When two shots went through his wings, he cried out and fell from the sky. Only to be caught by a perky pink femme who rode on the back of the strange looking Autobot Beastformer.

The green Seeker quickly transformed so that he could grasp the femme’s servo with his own.

The Dynobot, Swoop, was extremely powerful. He had no problem carrying both the young femme and Seeker on his broad back. He sliced gracefully through the air and landed behind the relative safety of a good-sized wall of debris.

Cyclonus had watched as they landed, then cursed himself for being distracted as a shot grazed his leg.

Angry, Cyclonus strafed the enemy lines. He concentrated his fire on a single target, hitting it five times in rapid succession right in the helm before looping back up into the sky.

He felt pleased when the featureless cranium of the sparkless creature exploded.

However, his victory was short lived. Another drone leaned out from behind some crates and fired, clipping a large piece of his wing. The Decepticon spiraled in, dodging more projectiles. He barely managed to transform into robot mode as the ground neared. He landed close to the Autobot defenders.

But when he stood, the flyer found himself between a pair of drones. They had him in their sights.
Cyclonus realized instantly that he was a dead mech.

Until one of the drones exploded.

His optics caught sight of what he realized was a massive hammer as it flew past him and struck one of his attackers’ square in the torso.

He was still blinking at this when a very heavy weight hit him in the side, knocking him out of the way of the second drone’s line of fire.

Finding himself easily dragged behind cover, Cyclonus craned his neck to see who had just saved his aft. It was not what the admittedly handsome face plate he saw that made him freeze and stare. He had never met the massive blue Autobot called Ultra Magnus before in his function.

But his intake dropped as a strong field that he had not felt for nine million stellar cycles washed over him. The other mech leaned out of the shielded area to take a shot at the surviving drone with a blaster he had picked up on the battle field.

The Decepticon caught his arm and pulled him back into cover. His spark pulsed with confusion and hope. “Dion?”

Even as he said it, the thought seemed impossible. The big blue Autobot was almost twice the size of the sweet young dock worker that had once been his lover.

This was no small, delicate civilian model. This was a powerful, armed and armored war mech.

And yet. “I know you. Your field, your optics. It is you, Dion!”

“Dion is dead,” said the deep, but very sexy voice. The Autobot tried, weakly, to pull away. He refused to look the Decepticon in the optics. “I am Ultra Magnus.”

The Autobot commander had been fighting his way through the carnage to help an injured Decepticon. His enhanced optics had caught sight of the flyer as he was hit in the wing. The purple mech was going to crash. As he approached, he saw the mech transform.

Ultra Magnus almost turned and ran in the opposite direction.

His spark sang when he realized that the mech who had stolen his spark so long ago lived. But his processor put a stop to that sentimental nonsense instantly.

He was an Autobot officer. Cyclonus was a Decepticons. They could not be together. Not now, not ever.

Cyclonus, like anyone else who cared to check the records of the depot attack thought him dead, and it would be best for all concerned for him to keep it that way.

But when he realized his ex was about to be off lined, before a conscious thought came to his processor, he found himself charging to the rescue. Ultra Magnus fervently hoped his former lover would not recognize him in his warbuild frame.

He should have known better.

Ultra Magnus was a religious mech. Being friends with the Matrix Bearer made that pretty much a given. He revered Primus. But he had also quickly realized that their creator god had a very twisted sense of humor.
“Please, wait,” Cyclonus would not release his death grip on the Autobot. He could not. After so terribly long, to finally find his one true love alive and only an arm’s length away. He would not lose him again. “Do not run. It is you, Dion. My beloved. What happened? The reports said all the mechs at the dock were killed in the raid at the Energon Depot.”

Cyclonus had joined the Decepticons only a few weeks before along with the rest of his squad. He almost quite when he heard about the raid, and was told of the death of his lover.

His spark was broken, but the flyer knew that the Decepticon cause was just. Millions of mechs and femmes were still enslaved by the Autobot regime.

It hurt so much, knowing he would never see Dion again. Even so, he could not falter in his resolve. His beautiful lover’s death had been a sad case of collateral damage. And Cyclonus’ private pain paled before the injustices being perpetrated by Sentinel Prime and his enforcers on a daily basis.

He had pushed his grief and anger down deep in his spark and dedicated himself chassis and spark to the Decepticon Cause.

“Cyclonus… Let us finish the fight and I will answer all your questions,” said the massive blue mech, taking a quick look around the corner to assess the situation concerning the swarming drones. “Assuming we both survive.”

The Decepticon suddenly remembered that they were in the middle of a battle. That rather crucial fact had slipped his processor. He had to admit that this was not an ideal venue for discussing personal matters. “I will hold you to that, Dion,” he said, reluctantly releasing his grip on the Autobot.

“ROAR!!!” Both mechs jumped as a massive metal T-Rex landed on a drone that had been about to shoot them in the back. He tore its thrashing gun arm off with his teeth and spat it out at their peds.

“Me Grimlock say, fight now, flirt with him boyfriend later!”

Elsewhere on the battlefield, Megatron felt the heat and field of another mech behind him. Since the drones had no field, this was an ally. A glance over his shoulder revealed it was the Autobot Weapon’s Specialist, Ironhide.

The Decepticon had been backing up, forced by the drones to give ground. Apparently so had the Autobot. Now they were back to back.

“We’re runnin out o’ room here, Megatron. Yeh brought the Constructicons. Why ain’t yeh called in Devastator?” asked Ironhide, between shots.

“We have to thin out the drones. His armor is thicker than a normal mech, but this many of them would blast him to pieces.”

“Scrap,” hissed the Autobots. “Hey, I hear yer gun mode’s twice as powerful as the fusion cannon?” asked Ironhide over his shoulder.

“It is,” said Megatron firing off another shot. “Can you handle the recoil, Autobot?”

“I shoot things, Con. It’s what I do”

“Then catch!” the Lord of the Decepticons shouted as he leapt into the air and his robot form folded
down into itself and over half of his mass was pushed into subspace.

Ironhide had no idea what an act of trust it was for Megatron to transform into his alt mode for him.

Yes, he was more powerful. Vastly so. But this form also left him incredibly vulnerable. He was a gun, for frag’s sake! He could not use his optics or servos. Meaning he could not see, or defend himself.

With all the raw power contained within his gun mode, someone else had to pull the trigger.

That was why he only used it when absolutely necessary. Megatron loved the power this mode gave him, but he hated being dependent on anyone.

Especially Starscream, who usually managed to get close when it looked like he was going to need to use it. And even then, the Seeker always flinched as he caught his compact form.

Ironhide’s servos were steady as he settled into the mech’s warm servo. It felt good to be used by a professional.

It was a purely psychological ‘good feeling’. Contrary to popular belief, there was nothing sexual about his gun mode. All of his more intimate parts were hidden. The trigger was part of his outer plating, thank you very much.

There had been rumors that it was his spike.

Really mechs? How stupid would that be? He would end up overloading in the middle of a fight while someone was trying to aim him.

After several shots the Autobot’s voice broke into his dark world. “Hey, yeh with meh there, Megatron?”

‘I hear you,’ he sent the reply on a broadband com signal. He had no mouth to speak so that was his only means of communication.

“Definitely more powerful. Still takes two shots ta crack their fraggin armor. Three ta take um down,” Ironhide growled, snapping off another pair of shots. “That much power costs. How much yeh got left?”

‘You’ve used six shots, I can be fired twenty-four more times before I have to transform and recharge my core,” he informed the red mech. ‘Make them count, Autobot!’

Warpath transformed back into robot mode and almost fell into the arms of the Constructicon, Scrapper. The other members of his gestalt fell back around them to cover their retreat.

It was frustrating. They had been making good progress, starting to push the drones back before one got in a luck shot. It took his right tread off the track, leaving the tank former immobile in his more powerful form.

The Constructicon dragged him back towards a broken wall. Warpath fired his main gun again, and he and Scrapper almost lost their footing. That was the problem with his main weapon. It was harder to use in robot mode. Even with legs and peds made for a heavy mech like him, it was nowhere near as steady as he was in tank form.
“Hook will be here as soon as he can,” said the Decepticon.

“I’m fine,” assured the tank former. “Just need a minute to ‘Zowie!’ rest.”

Warpath tried not to cringe as the odd word escaped his vocalizer.

Yes, it was a minor glitch. The other Autobots had long ago stopped even really noticing. It was just Warpath being Warpath. But he had spoken around Decepticons before. They made fun of him.

Although, surprisingly, the Constructicons so far had not even mentioned it.

“You can’t shake this off, or go anywhere with your treads in that shape, even in robot mode.” That was true. Scrapper practically carried him to cover. With a gentle touch the Autobot would never have associated with a Constructicon, the other mech stroked his helm.

Another blush bloomed on his face plate. He had heard about battlefield romance. Pit, he’d even smuggled in a few of those saucy Golden Age novels that everyone said were for femmes in his subspace. But even in those, the bots who found love were on the same slagging side.

Not the he was falling in love with the Constructicons, either as a group, or individually. (No matter how nice they were being to him.) No sir. It was just, he was a warbuild through and through. Yes, he believed in the Autobot Cause with all his spark. Fighting was a last resort, period end of discussion. And he certainly did not want to hurt anyone.

It was just, battle made him aroused

OK, Primus’ honest truth. Fighting made him horny. Anticipation of a battle was like foreplay to him. As the battle continued, his arousal grew. This made him fight harder. (It also made his vocal glitch worse.)

All the way through a fight his processor kept telling him, if he won, he could receive satisfaction.

Ratchet explained it. Warpath was a good person. This unwanted arousal did not make him some sick pervert. It was a quirk in his programing. Something that sometimes cropped up among warbuilds.

And considering how often they ended up in conflict with the Decepticons, he had no shortage of partners. Warbuild stamina was legendary. He and Ironhide were the only ones on the Autobot side, so they were very popular.

No one made fun of him or called him easy. But anyone that was not attached and wanted someone to clang with was at his door after a battle.

The Constructicons sensed it immediately.

“I didn’t know any of you bots were Battle Bangers,” Mixmaster said nuzzling his neck as they flew towards the space port.

“Don’t ‘BLAM!’ rub it in.” No point in denying it.

“I know you’ll need a good interface after the fight. You start getting aroused before the fight, does it help or hurt?”

Warpath almost told him to just leave it alone, but somehow, he knew that Mixmaster understood.
He did not judge, or think it weird that he got hot before a fight. “Power levels rise if I ‘ZAP!’ get really revved up first.”

“Then let us help you,” said the Constructicon.

Suddenly Warpath felt like the sexiest mech in the whole fragging universe.

Hook rolled beneath them and slid a servo over his leg strut. Boencrusher managed a kiss on the back of the neck. Long Haul’s servo caressed his chest plate as he passed. They continued to circle around him, carefully reaching up to touch and tease him.

He moaned and clutched at the Decepticon. “We’ll take care of you after too,” Mixmaster had assured, petting him.

At the moment, that promise seemed very far away.

Doctor Arkeville frowned as he looked at the monitors. This was not the way it was supposed to be.

His drones had hurt several Autobots and HIS ship was not going anywhere, but they were no longer advancing on either front.

The arrival of Megatron and his reinforcements had caused the battle to stall.

His drone troopers at the fortress were not making any headway either.

That sly one-eyed Decepticon had traps and inner defenses that his infiltration into his computer network had not found.

The human was still winning. He could not conceive of any other outcome. But this was taking much longer than it should.

“How dare those machines inconvenience me!” growled the human. His fingers danced over the controls. “Destroy those turrets and push forward. If the fortress falls, I control the Space Bridge. I once that is accomplished I will use it to bring every feral Insection in the area to the space port. Not even Megatron will be able to survive that.”

His drones would pull back and make the Cybertronians think they were winning. When the Insecticons began to arrive, they would obliterate both the Autobots and Decepticons. He could then lure his unwitting allies away and begin repairs to the ship.

“All I have to do is defeat Shockwave and Starscream,” he noted with some irritation. Megatron had left his treacherous second in command in charge of the defense of the fortress.

Much as he hated to admit it, the egotistical Seeker was a competent strategist. Most of his drones were tied up at the space port. The ones he had left were doing little more than harassing Shockwave’s stronghold. Between the acrobatic Seekers and Shockwave’s turrets and traps, the drones were scrap metal before they were close enough to do any real damage.

“This is unacceptable,” grumbled the human. “The drones are deadlocked at the fortress gate. My viruses are moving at a glacial pace through Shockwave’s computers. There must be a way to get into the fortress.”
Timmy stood behind him unmoving. Arkeville glared at his servant. “You are no help at all,” he chided. Then his eyes found the console behind the towering drone. “Yes! I am a fool. An utter fool!” He turned and pushed a series of button.

He could see the surprised looks on the Seekers face plates as the drones attacking the fortress all began to retreat.

“Has he given up?” asked Starscream as the drones disappeared into the shadows.

“Negative,” answered Shockwave. His usual monotone belying the severity of his words. “Arkeville just remembered the power he controls. We are about to be overwhelmed.”

To be continued…

Chapter End Notes

Well, I thought I was going to get the battle finished in one chapter. Then I noticed the word count was over 5000 and I am only about half way through.

Next time: Will Arkeville win? I promise there will be more fighting, more Ultra Magnus/Cyclonus, a bit of Swoop/Arcee and much to my surprise, some Warpath/Constructicons. (Muses can be very insistent about the strangest things sometimes. Am I right?)

One last thing. If you find a mistake, in this or any other chapter for that matter, give me some context as to where it is. Makes it easier to find and correct.
I wish I had one. :(

Update to the update! Good news! With a little help I managed to find and retrieve a previous uncorrupted saved version of the file. The latest one that I could open was from 1/20. Which means I lost a few days worth of tweaks and polish and not the entire chapter. Instead of weeks, I might just be able to get this posted by Sunday. (Does happy dance.)

I pulled up chapter 28 today, intending to give it one last read through and then post it. Unfortunately, I cannot open the file. Word says it has been corrupted. Almost 5,000 words just disappeared into thin air.

Unless I can somehow discover a way to open the document and retrieve the data, I will have to completely rewrite the whole thing. This will take time. Probably a week or two at least.

I am very depressed.
Chapter Summary

Arkeville has a plan. Shockwave has plan. Everyone else is making it up as they go.

Chapter Notes

I want to thank everyone for their word of encouragement and good thoughts when it looked like I had lost the whole chapter. That was a very scary moment.

As always, I do not own Transformers, etc. and any mistakes are my own.

Quick Note: The Dynobots do not have simple flame breath. That would be completely ineffective against Cybertronians. (We’ve seen them literally bath in lava.) I upgraded them to plasma. Also, I armed some of the Cybertronians with Weapons from the games War for Cybertron and Fall of Cybertron AKA Gears of War meets Transformers.

“Arkeville just remembered the power he controls. We are about to be overwhelmed.”

Starscream’s helm snapped around at Shockwave’s dire pronouncement. “What?”

“Arkeville has a teleporter at his disposal. He must, or he would have starved long ago. The logical conclusion is that he has call the drones back so that he can teleport them into the control room en masse,” clarified Shockwave.

Starscream started to speak, but the scientist continued. ‘Everyone, comms only. We have little time before he can gather enough of his minions to destroy us.’

‘Yes, after you so helpfully reminded Arkeville that he can,’ snapped Starscream.

‘No, I am sure that is why the drones are retreating. Logically, the teleport is his best option. I simply wished to ensure that he does what I need him to do,’ countered Shockwave.

‘We going to fly out of here, then blow the place to destroy the drones?’ asked Dirge.

‘And sacrifice all its defenses and resources, not to mention the Space Bridge, Ground Bridge? No, if we lose this fortress, we lose Cybertron.’ The monotone with which the purple mech informed them of their dire situation was almost more frightening than what he said.

‘What is your plan?’ asked Starscream.

‘Risky,’ answered the Decepticon scientist. ‘To enact it, I will need full power to be restored.’
‘Can you do it in time?’ gasped Ion Storm.

‘Possibly,’ said Shockwave. ‘The drones have withdrawn, so the maintenance tunnels should be clear. Two of you must go and reconnect the power transmission hubs. I need every megajoule they can channel.’ He pulled up a schematic and pointed to two flashing points on opposite sides of the complex.

‘You heard him,’ Starscream said to his Seekers. ‘Sun Storm, Acid Storm, go.’ They nodded and set off in opposite directions. ‘Ion Storm, Thrust, Dirge, Ramjet, stay ready. I have a feeling we will need to move quickly once this starts.’

‘A sound assessment. This will take precise timing. My plan will either save us.’ Shockwave knelt and opened the panel on one of his consoles. His fingers extended and plugged into the circuitry. ‘Or, it will kill us all.’

‘You left out that part,’ snarled Starscream.

Meanwhile at the ancient space port: Arcee’s arms were wrapped tightly around Swoop’s neck cables as he once again launched himself into the air.

The young medic had done what he could for the injured Seeker they had rescued. His damaged wing was patched, and they left him under cover near the Lost Light with Tracks and Smokescreen.

The Seeker immediately started flirting with the two Autobots.

Ratchet was taking care of Springer, the worst of the wounded so far, leaving Swoop free to join the Seekers in providing air cover.

That was the one advantage they had over the enemy. Every Decepticon that had stayed on Cybertron besides Shockwave himself were Seekers. He had no need of more flyers. The battle drones were meant to be heavy weapons to back up his airborne sentient troops.

It was lucky the human, Arkeville, had not had either the time or resources to converted any of them to flight frames.

Even as tough as their armor was, they were vulnerable to the nimble flyers. Between the Seeker’s missiles, Swoop’s wing lasers and Arcee’s Energon Pistols, they had slowed the drone’s advance to a crawl. Along with the other reinforcement, mostly Decepticon Flyers, the Dynobot dove repeatedly at the human’s minions.

The curvy pink femme had no fear as they banked and strafed the drones, helping to keep them under cover and unable to shoot at their comrades. She had magnetized her lower legs to secure herself on his broad back, so she could concentrate on shooting.

Arcee instinctively had complete confidence in this strange mech she had known only for a few hours.

His large frame radiated raw power. And yet there was something so open, honest and gentle about the young mech. He seemed so utterly innocent.

And Holy Primus, was he sexy.

She was not the worldliest femme. Arcee was part of what had become knowns as the Last
Generation, coming into being just as the war ended the Cybertronians ability to procreate. The only surviving sparkling of mechs she could barely remember, the pink Autobot had never known Cybertron at peace.

Likely the only reason she survived was that her creators had opted to keep their precious sparkling with them instead of sending her to the Youngling Sector. She had vague memories of mechs and femmes telling them they were foolish not to send her to safety as most other creators had.

Until the Six Shot’s attack.

Elita One had adopted the tiny femling when her creators were lost in a Decepticon raid. She and Chromia saved Arcee by replacing the broken creator bonds for the barely functional sparkling.

Like Bumblebee and Bluestreak, she grew up knowing only war. She was roughly the same age as them, although, she was in many ways much more mature. Unlike the two mechs, she had never been in stasis. She had endured three million years of fighting along with other femmes. Arcee’s reproductive protocols had come online long ago, even though like the others, she was infertile.

Once the femmes had been involuntarily left behind by the Ark, the only mechs she interacted with were the Seekers. Her experiences with them to consisted of dodging both their weapons and their groping servos.

She did remember the Autobot mechs. She cherished the memories of time with Optimus and the other officers like Jazz and Ratchet when she was a youngling. Which may be why she found herself reacting so strongly to their presence.

The pink femme found Swoop himself utterly fascinating. He was like no one she had ever met.

He had not wanted her to come along with him. “It’s too dangerous,” he had said as he transformed into what he called his Dynomode. “I will call Skyfire to get you. We can meet once the battle is won.”

“Skyfire may be big, but even I can see from here that he has no on-board weapons in his alt mode. He would be nothing but a giant target if he came down here, Swoop,” she told him. “Besides, it’s not like I am helpless. I have been fighting for three million stellar cycles and have more combat experience than you do. Besides, I am safer in the air with you.”

It had taken a little more than that to persuade him. A shell passed near their helms, sending them to the ground beneath a shower of debris when it exploded nearby. After that, the Dynobot agreed that she would be better off with him.

Arcee intended to survive this battle.

During their very in-depth conversation, that had been so rudely interrupted by the swarming drones, Swoop had shyly confessed that he was a virgin.

He and the other Dynobots were chronologically young, but their frames were fully matured. Swoop knew about interfacing, it was just that he had not been interested in trying it with anyone back at the Ark.

He admitted, with an adorable blush, that he was very interested in getting to know Arcee.

Arcee was going to make damned sure Swoop survived too.
Even before she hit the ground, Elita One was a femme on a mission. She had protected her little cadre by sheer force of will for millions of stellar cycles. They were few to begin with and each loss diminished her. Five of her femmes had survived the war and she would fight the Unmaker himself before she lost them to a bunch of mindless mobile weapons platforms.

“Elita! Move your aft!” Chromia called, urging her to get under cover. The rose-colored femme transformed into her sleek vehicle mode and gunned it towards her waiting femmes. Smashing through six drones along the way, she transformed back to robot mode on the fly, hitting the ground and dodging behind the landing gear of a ruined freighter with the grace of a gymnast.

Her spark tightened as she saw only four femmes in the shadow of their metal shelter. “Arcee?”

“The kid’s OK,” assured Firestar. “She’s providing air cover with that smexy beastformer, Swoop. Not that I blame her. He’s a real dreambot. I saw them strafing some drones right before you arrived.”

“I see we’re on our own,” noted Elita, peeking from behind cover to assess the situation. “Again.”

“Not the mechs’ fault. We had volunteered to getting some more energon when the attack came,” noted Greenlight, firing her Neutron Assault Rifle at an oncoming enemy. “We got cut off.”

“Story of our function,” shrugged Firestar.

“We were about to try a rescue when you dropped in. That sweet old mech with all the stories is cut off from the others and wounded. He needs help ASAP and most of the reinforcements landed on the other side of the ship,” said Moonracer.

They could see the venerable mech from their vantage point.

The ancient warrior was propped against a wall. The only way he could remain upright. Fortunately, most of the drones were engaging the newly arrived Autobots, or he would already be dead. The older mech was still firing with his remaining arm. He was also leaking energon badly. He would not last much longer without aid. “His name is Kup. I served with him. And he’s one Pit of a soldier. Elita, now that you are here, and the enemy is being suitably distracted by the Seekers, I say we sneak around, hit them from behind and rescue him,” said Chromia.

“I’m in. Someone that determined deserves to survive,” said Moonracer, with some admiration.

“I love this plan,” chuckled Greenlight as priming her Scattergun, optics scanning the dozens of drones between them and the injured mech. “I’m excited to be a part of it.”

“Sneak, Greenlight. No big guns. We go in quietly. At least initially. Firestar, Moonracer and I will take the left flank.” Elita One ordered, reluctantly sub-spacing her Path Blaster. She had numerous weapons, but she had a special fondness for that one. Optimus had given it to her when she was promoted to Femme Commander.

Unfortunately, it came with an extremely loud ‘Boom!’ She opted for her energon whips.

“Chromia, Greenlight, you take the right flank. We all meet in the middle and save Kup.”

Silently the lithe femmes moved, staying in the shadows, out of the drones’ sensor range.

Chromia took point. Before the war, she was a scout in the Cybertronian Army. Her training had saved their tailpipes more than once over the millennia. Much of that expertise she owed to the mech they were trying to save.
The sleek blue femme drew her vibro-blades.

At the start of the war, she had them set up as on-board weapons. She preferred her Riot Cannon in a gunfight, but they were going for stealth. Activating the glowing blades, she slipped in and decapitated four drones before they could even detect her presence. A fifth one’s sensors pinged that an enemy was behind it. The drone’s helm spun 180 degrees to get a visual, and Chromia impaled it through the optic.

The gun arm fired three times into the ground before it stopped twitching.

‘They are tougher than Seekers,’ she commed to her companion as they both dove for cover as a dozen drones homed in on the noise of the now deactivated one’s weapon discharging.

‘True,’ Green chuckled, even as she continued to dodge incoming fire. ‘Seekers fall right over when you do that.’

Elita One slipped into a crouch, reaching into her subspace to draw her energy whips as she watched many of the drones turn towards the commotion made by Chromia. The tall femme was skilled with several melee weapons, but these gave her reach. Each twisted glowing lash stretched out to ten meters.

As soon as they were within the range of her whips, she expertly wrapped them around the drones’ neck cables.

It creeped her out just how much these sparkless abominations resembled real mechs. The femme felt some satisfaction as she used her Vector Sigma enhanced size and strength to lift them up and slam them to the ground, crushing their helms.

No small feat considering their enhanced armor.

Moonracer slipped nimbly up behind a drone and rammed her blade into the seam of its shoulder with her sonic lance. It jerked wildly, like a speared cyber-carp, but went limp when she twisted the long, leaf shaped blade, snagging and snapping its internals.

Firestar had her ranged weapon out. Unlike the other guns, her Sling Shock was quiet. There was almost no sound as she fired three times, shooting electrified bolas. Each nearly unbreakable filament wrapped around three to four drones. The crackling strands sent a lethal charge coursing through their circuits.

Elita cursed, drew the Path Blaster and started shooting. Unfortunately, the drones had reactive armor was easier to breach with the melee weapons then guns. But there were too many of them here to stand and fight.

They were getting closer, but not fast enough. Now that the drones were aware of their presence they dodged and fired at them with lightning fast reflexes. The femme commander began to fear she had underestimated the drones and they would be forced to retreat. Until her comm suddenly flared to life. ‘Helms up, Elita. Help is on the way!’

She smiled, seeing Arcee riding on Swoop’s back, combining their firepower to clear a path to the injured mech.

Once the drones in the area were pushed back or deactivated the femmes and Swoop converged on Kup’s position. The elder mech gave them a weak smile as Elita One caught his remaining arm as he swung his gun towards her. “Sorry, Lass,” he panted. “Thought you were a drone.”
“I’ll forgive you this time,” she assured with a relieved smile. “Now let’s get you under cover so Swoop can seal that shoulder.”

“You think a little scраплет bite like this is going to off line me?” Kup, snorted, brushing off her concern. “I took more damage than this my first day in basic training.” He aimed his (weak) glare towards the Dynobot medic as Swoop landed beside him. “I’m a tough old bot, youngling. Go help somebot that needs it. Pit. Anyone seen my cygar? Must have dropped it around here somewhere.”

“With all due respect, sir, I am the medic, so I will say whose injuries are priority. Right now, you are at the top of my list,” said Swoop as he easily lifted Kup off his peds. “And cygars are bad for your ventilation system.”

“I take it Ratchet’s had a hand in your training?” groused the older mech. Though he did not struggle as the Dynobot placed him behind a wall of debris.

“Be glad he did,” Swoop noted as he deadened the pain receptors and sealing the wound. “Thanks to him I know how to stop the bleeding without damaging your motor control circuits. Once your arm is reattached you will have full use of it.”

“He’s not doubting your skill, Swoop,” assured Arcee.

“Just my berth side manner,” said Swoop with a grin.

Ultra Magnus was not a happy mech.

Some might say he was never a happy mech.

Hot Rod used the word morose.

Ultra Magnus commended the young mech for improving his vocabulary.

At that moment, the commander of the Wreckers was about as far from happy as a mech could be.

Other mechs probably would be ecstatic that the lover they thought long dead was alive. But Ultra Magnus’ feelings were closer to panic.

Emotions were just so darned inconvenient!

Cyclonus, was injured and unable to fly and they were surrounded by drones. There was no way they could separate. He and his former lover had no choice but to fight together to survive.

The two big mechs were well matched, moving up to strike at their very fast and powerful foes before they could fire at them. Ultra Magnus swinging his hammer, Cyclonus slashing with his deadly energon swords.

Grimlock was right behind them, covering their flank. When drones came near he sprayed plasma flames, melting several before they realized they were outclassed by the T-Rex and pulled back.

The Dynobot had, for reasons Ultra Magnus did not understand, had attached himself to them. He stubbornly decided that the big blue mech and injured Decepticon were completely helpless without him. “Hammer Mech and him boyfriend need me Grimlock.”

“We can take care of ourselves. And he is not my boyfriend,” snapped Magnus automatically.
“Me Grimlock think you in denial.”

Ultra Magnus bristled. If they survived, he was sure that Grimlock and Hot Rod would get along famously.

Cyclonus had the nerve to smile before they were attacked yet again.

The worst part of this abysmal situation was that Commander of the Wrecker’s spark was pulsing like a supernova in his chest at the thought that his lover (No, no, no, former lover!!!) was here by his side. The big mech could not stop the unwanted thoughts and emotions that disrupted his well-ordered world! Emotions that he could usually keep at bay were invading his processor and spark in waves of confusion and affection.

His spark ached for the other. Despite himself, he wanted to merge with Cyclonus as they had so long ago. His spark screamed that its other half had returned, and they must become one.

This was very, very bad.

Ultra Magnus had to put all of this out of his thoughts. They were in the middle of a battlefield, for Primus’ sake. Death waited at every turn. He needed his processor focused on the here and now, not dwelling on what was literally ancient history.

There was no slaggng way that they could just pick up where they left off so long ago. Sure, it was a beautiful recharge fantasy. One he had even allowed himself to enjoy a few times over the long lonely centuries while he and the Wreckers did what they could to keep the Decepticons from taking over inhabited planets or establishing supply and military outposts on the outer rim.

A fantasy was all it could ever be.

He had too much responsibility. Mechs looked to him for leadership. And that would not change any time soon. He would likely get even more responsibility now that they had returned to Cybertron and would once again be under Optimus Prime’s command.

True, there were not a lot of Wreckers left. Still he was still their commander and he had no doubt they would be needed to keep the peace.

The love Dion and Cyclonus once shared was a sweet memory, and that was what it must remain. Even if a couple of times he had to bite his glossa so that he did not cry out the name Cyclonus during the very infrequent times he allowed himself to interface with one of his mechs.

The Autobot was still telling himself that when he heard Cyclonus gasp and stumble. Without thinking, he caught the other mech as his legs buckled. “You are still leaking badly,” he gasped, realizing his former lover’s side was slick with energon as he helped the injured Decepticon into cover.

Much to that mech’s annoyance.

Magnus had not realized just how badly Cyclonus had been injured. It was a miracle he was still functional.

“Do not worry about me. I can fight,” Cyclonus insisted, although he was not able to stand unaided, let alone lift his weapons.

“You are an idiot, Cyclonus. And you need a medic.” He opened his comm. ‘Ratchet, can you hear me? I have a wounded mech.”
‘This youngling is leaking like a sieve, Magnus,’” the medic answered tersely. ‘I leave, he dies. Call Swoop.’

Ultra Magnus switched his comm to a broadband signal. ‘Swoop? I have a badly wounded mech. Can you assist?’

‘I am still working on Kup, but he is stable. I can come to you if the mech’s injury is function threatening.’

‘He is bleeding out.’ Ultra Magnus was hard pressed to keep his anxiety out of his voice on the comm.

‘I’m on my way,’ assured the Dynobot.

Cyclonus wanted to argue that he was fine and needed no help, but could barely managed to glare at Ultra Magnus, feebly. His energon levels were below twenty percent, and his consciousness was fading fast. The last thing he saw as his optics darkened was the concerned optics of his lover looking out of that strange, unfamiliar face plate.

Megatron counted down the shots as Ironhide pulled the trigger. Five, four, three, two…

“One! Time ta stand on your peds, Con!” shouted Ironhide.

Suddenly the gun former was in the air.

The Decepticon unfolded, retrieving his mass from subspace. Centuries of practice allowed him to orient himself and land squarely on his peds beside the Autobot. Ironhide had pulled his back up gun and was already firing at another drone.

The liquid nitrogen spray froze most of its upper torso and cranium. The Autobot followed up with a roundhouse kick that cracked the weakened helm. Although it did not completely disable the automaton’s processor, its sensors were obviously damaged as it flailed its melee weapons in his general direction.

With a smile, he tapped it on the shoulder and leapt back. The drone’s Ripsaw sliced where he had been, right through one of its fellows. “Come on, pal. Yeh’re not done!” The Autobot kept moving, dodging wildly flailing weapons and drawing the damaged mechanism into a group of oncoming drones.

Destroying an enemy was always more fun when they helped.

Seeing he was not in the line of fire, Megatron took a moment to assess the battle. He smirked, recalling that the old Autobot had said it took three shots to take down a drone. He fired thirty shots. Ten shattered chassis littered the ground around him.

“Good aim, Autobot,” he complimented, charging his fusion cannon.

They were finally beginning to a dent in the number of drones. The Cybertronians were still outnumbered, but the tide of battle was slowly turning in their favor.

Intending to rejoin the fray, Megatron froze in his tracks as he heard a loud noise just behind him.

Confused, he looked down at himself.
“Frag me…”

Warpath knew he should not be feeling this. He was injured, effectively immobilized, in the middle of a battlefield. And he was literally in the servos of a Decepticon.

Hook was almost finished fixing his tread. Mixmaster, Scrapper, Scavenger, Bonecrusher and Long Haul kept the drones at bay.

Mixmaster and Scrapper had groped him as Hook carried him passed them and out of the line of fire.

“You Constructicons are willing to ’Kablam!’ do a lot for an interface,” he said absently as the green mech welded his tread. He was being very gentle with the Autobot. This was very odd, especially considering his reputation among the Decepticons.

He was not known for his delicate touch.

“Yes, we are,” the medic admitted, optics never leaving the delicate work. “We do want to ‘face you, Warpath. But we are kind of hoping for more.’”

“How?” he gulped. What more could they want of him than his chassis?

“Easy,” he said, noting that the red mech had tensed. “I didn’t mean to scare you. We are looking for someone to sire sparklings,” Hook informed him. The Autobot’s optics went wide and his intake fell open. “Hear me out, Warpath, please. Even before everyone was made sterile, we unable to spark each other. Even though we wanted to. Especially Scrapper.”

“Why not?” asked Warpath, wincing slightly as the torch nicked some exposed transformation circuits.

“Sorry,” Hook said, stroking the sore spot. “We are the largest, strongest, and most powerful Combiner, period. Everyone knows it, but most bots think its because there are six of us that combine instead of the usual five.”

“That is ‘Ping!’” admitted the Autobot.

“There is a reason every other Combiner only has five mechs. We Constructicons are different from the rest. No other gestalt can stretch a bond to include six mechs. Thing is, we are not bonded. We are one spark. The scientist in Crystal City were experimenting. They wanted to create mechs to compliment the guardians. Turns out, I was a real prize. They managed to split my spark five times without killing me. Then they used my CNA to grow my gestalt mate’s protoforms so we would be in perfect sync with one another.”

“Primus, I’ve heard there were some, ‘Pow!’ sick mechs in high places before that war, but, frag…”

“Yeah. And just to let you know, Megatron did not reprogram us to serve him like Omega Supreme believes. He freed us from the slave coding the Crystal City scientists used to control us.”

“Does Omega Supreme have ‘Zowie!’ slave coding?” asked Warpath, although he was not sure he really wanted to know the answer. The mech was so fanatically, some might say slavishly devoted to Optimus. And not because he was the Prime. His loyalty was to the mech himself, not the title.

But surely Optimus would never allow slave coding to be used on an Autobot. Right?
“He did. Poor mech’s coding went even deeper than ours. That is why Megatron could not break it. Your Prime is the one that finally freed him,” admitted the Decepticon. “He had to use the Matrix. It nearly killed him, or so I have been told. Omega Supreme has a very good reason to be loyal to Optimus Prime.”

“The same reason you are ‘Ka-blam!’ loyal to Megatron.”

“Yes.” The green mech shrugged. “Anyway, wanting you as a sire is related to all that. Since our CNA and sparks are identical, we will never be able to reproduce with each other. We need someone else in the mix.”

“You want me to ‘Pow!’ help you create sparklings?” Warpath was shocked. “Surely there are Decepticons that would ‘Zap!’ be glad to help.”

“Yeah, about that. Ever since Orion’s birth, when we realized there was a possibility of becoming fertile, we have been thinking that maybe an Autobot would be a better choice as a co-creator.”

“Why a weak, soft sparked ‘Zing!’ Autobot? Or one with a ‘Wham!’ glitch?”

“We can look past the propaganda. We know Autobots are not weak. Pit, the war would not have gone on this long if you were. But even a warbuild Autobot like you is bound to be gentler than any Decepticon. We want a mech that would be a good with new sparks. We did consider Ratchet as a candidate, but it turns out he’s involved with those crazy twins,” explained the Constructicon. “Way too dangerous, even for us.”

“So, you’ll settle for ‘Bang!’ me?”

“We are not settling, Warpath.” Hook slid a finger over his still slightly heated interface panel. “You are desirable, strong and your glitch is a minor issue in your vocal subroutines. Not something that would be passed down in your CNA. Besides, we have been thinking that it will be fun to see how many of those sounds you will make when you overload.”

The Autobot bit back a moan. “We should get to know each other ‘Snap!’ first. But... I, uh, suppose I might be ‘Whomp!’ persuaded to be a sire for Scrapper. And I’ll want to be able to ‘Zap!’ see the little ones. Always wanted some bitlets. I kind of wanted to maybe ‘Boom!’ carry some of my own someday.”

“We want an involved, caring co-creator. That’s the main reason why we’ve been looking at Autobots. And, its Scrapper that really wants to carry. Long Haul is thinking about it too. The rest of us would be more than happy to spark you and help you raise the bitlets.”

Warpath let a whimper.

Yesterday just the idea of being alone with the Constructicons was pretty slagging scary. After the flight here, it was... arousing. The thought of being filled with transfluids by five powerful mechs, six if Scrapper joined in, and the almost infinite number of possibilities for interface positions and multiple penetration almost put him into stasis lock.

It was at that moment that the universe decided to ruin the moment.

“Holy Fragging Scrap!” cried Long Haul. “Megatron’s down!”

“What?” demanded Scrapper.

“Megatron’s been hit. The drones are swarming him!” gasped Bonecrusher.
Hook and Warpath stood and scanned the battlefield. All they saw was a massive pile of drones, with over a dozen more on the way.

Megatron would be torn to pieces.

They all knew there was only one way to get to him in time.

“Constructicons!” cried Scrapper. “Form Devastator!”

A few moments earlier: Deep in his underground lair, Doctor Arkeville chuckled as drones poured in from every entrance. Soon he would be the ruler of Cybertron and eventually, Earth.

Mother would be so proud!

Shockwave, smart machine that he was, had realized what he was doing. But it was already too late. Those Seekers were wasting their time. Even if they restored power, there nothing Shockwave could to keep him from teleporting his drones right into the heart of the fortress.

“Oh, Timmy, this will be glorious!” he said to the painted drone. As always, the massive hulk stood passively waiting for orders. Arkeville decided that soon he would program some simple responses into Timmy. He was so boring like this.

The human laughed evilly as he counted fifty drones on the teleport pad. More than enough to destroy Starscream, Shockwave and the few Seekers left at the fortress.

“Time to die,” he quipped. Then frowned. That was lame. Probably best that only Timmy heard it. (Timmy never judged!) The mad scientist was going to need to work on his evil villain banter. He still had the Cybertronians on Earth to deal with and he wanted to give people some quotable lines. It was expected.

A thrill shot up his spine as metallic hand grasped the lever. And suddenly he received a signal from drone number 1138. His mouth dropped open as he turned to flip a switch and pull up a feed from the drone’s visual receptors.

“Yes!” He jumped up and punched the air with glee.

Drone 1138 was looking down at Megatron. The Lord of the Decepticons was on his knees, helm bowed. There was smoke billowing from his back plate, obscuring some of his frame. The drone sent an inquiry, asking for instructions. They had been programed to shoot to wound to make the robots loose fighters to help their injured comrades. But he had also uploaded a list of high value targets.

The inquiry was simple. ‘Capture or kill?’

He did not have to think about it as he typed in his response. ‘KILL!’

Others like Prime, he might reprogram to become his slaves. The Autobots were naturally more docile than the Decepticons and would likely would be much easier to alter.

He also intended to keep the baby robot as a pet. It was just so adorable!

He took a cleansing breath to get himself under control. Best not to get ahead of himself. He had work to do.
His eyes were still on the screen as he fingers once again curled around the teleport lever. Doctor Arkeville was about to defeat Megatron, Starscream and Shockwave at the same time!

Maniacal laughter echoed throughout the darkened lair, as he pulled the lever that would send his drones to the heart of Shockwave’s fortress. The human smiled evilly. “This is a monumental day, Timmy,” he announced grandly. “Today, I will bring about the deaths of Megatron and Starscream. And very soon, you will witness the birth of the Empire of Arkeville!”

To be continued…

Chapter End Notes

Even before the file become corrupted and I had to re-write some of it, I realized that (once again) the chapter was getting too long. It needed to be split.

The bad news: The chapter ends with another cliffhanger.
The good news: The battle wraps up next chapter and the story will get back to events on Earth. (Pinkie swear.)
Megatron faces dozens of drones alone, his spark near guttering. So, why is he smiling?

I managed to finish this chapter on time.

Yes, I was channeling Transformers: Prime a bit for this chapter.

Warnings: Violence, Gore, Inappropriate Orgasm

“Today, I will bring about the deaths of Megatron and Starscream. And very soon, you will witness the birth of the Empire of Arkeville!”

Doctor Arkeville was giddy as he pulled the lever and the teleporter hummed to life. The drones were enveloped in a bright, almost blinding white light as their atomic structure was broken down into individual sparkly atoms and converted into energy.

He loved this part. It reminded him of the transporter effect from Star Trek.

Arkeville had a nerd-gasm the first time he saw it.

When those drones appear in the center of Shockwave’s control room, the Seekers froze.

Fifty of his minions, with Ripsaws and gun arms deployed, were ready to decimate the ridiculously outnumbered Cybertronians.

None of the Seekers panicked at the appearance of their impending demise. That was disappointing. But then, they did have plenty of time to come to terms with the fact that their executioners were on the way.

It was a little surprising that none of the Seekers had tried to run, or rather, fly away. Starscream was not known for bravery when the odds were against him. Even the two that had gone to restore power had returned to the control room.

The human would not have thought Decepticons would show such devotion to one another.

He always took them for selfish prats.

He smirked. “If the Seekers want to die together, who am I to deny them?”
This was going to be wonderfully messy.

Arkeville was readying himself for another hearty, maniacal laugh, when suddenly the Seekers all shot straight up into the air. They hovered near the high ceiling, still making no attempt to flee. At the same time, Shockwave hit a blinking button on one of the consoles and leapt high in the air. Flipping over the console, he stuck the landing on the opposite side like a gold medal gymnast.

How did a mech that large and broad move so gracefully?

But that question and any others he had were swallowed by the human’s utter astonishment as a swirling green light rose up from the floor to envelop his drones!

“What the hell?” Arkeville cried in dismay as all fifty of them tumbled downward into the Ground Bridge aperture.

He could only stare slack jawed at his monitors and watched in horror as the drones began to deactivate three and four at a time. The readings were insane. The human gasped as the last few drones sent back images of their own demise.

“That robotic bastard! He dropped them right in the middle of a scrapplet breeding ground! Thousands and thousands of scrapplets.” He almost cried as the last of the indicators flashed red and went dark.

His minions had just been devoured!

“NO! How dare you! You think you are clever, Shockwave! This is nothing but a minor setback. No glorified spawn of a trash compactor is going to defeat Doctor Arkeville! You and Starscream have won a short reprieve.” It would take at least ten minutes for him to be able to use the teleporter again. “I will win the war.”

“Megatron will die!”

Had Megaton himself known of Arkeville’s words, he would have wanted to disagree. However, he was having trouble inventing enough air to speak.

Megatron was no stranger to pain. It had been his constant companion almost since emergence. Falling rocks had dented and even crushed his limbs in the mines. Blades of every size and shape had penetrated his armor on the sands of the arena and the fields of battle, but what cours ed through his chassis was a new magnitude of agony.

‘Frag me…” he gasped, looking down at his frame.

Black smoke and energon began to escape the jagged wound in equal measure.

As shock hit, his knee joints collapsed, no longer able to hold his weight. The drone missed his spark chamber by inches, so it was not instantly fatal. However, even as his processor reeled, he knew he could not survive long.

His mechs were coming. He could hear shooting from all sides and he felt the ground tremble. That could only be Devastator.

So much power at his command, yet he knew in his pain racked spark that the Combiner was too far away.
The gathering drones would extinguish his spark before any of his mechs could reach him.

Megatron’s helm drooped. His vision was beginning to blur as his life’s energon oozed from the hole in his side, staining the ground beneath him.

The pattern was familiar.

Drops of energon on the sand. But this was not the same. In the Pits, there were always crowds cheering as a life was snuffed out.

Somewhere in the distance over the pounding of his own spark, Megatron heard the approach of more drones.

Then he heard their Ripsaws.

So, this was how the life of Megatron ended. Not in a blaze of glory he had always envisioned.

Not on his peds, smiling as he took on all comers.

He would die alone on his knees, torn to pieces by mindless, sparkless automatons.

As Megatron’s spark slowed and more drones closed in, someone watched the scene unfold.

Primus had been watching since the battle began.

Primus was always watching.

For so many centuries he had despaired for his wayward children as he silently observed their battles. Divided by hatred and fear, they were so close to destroying themselves.

Sometimes he despaired that they would find a way to end the war before none were left to fight it.

But all that had changed. Hope returned in the form of a tiny sparkling. Primus had always loved sparklings. They were untainted by prejudices and preconceptions. Only they truly saw the world through clear optics.

The birth of Orion had already begun to heal the wounds of war. That sweet little mechling was bringing together the warring factions as neither diplomacy nor force ever could.

For the first time in millions of stellar cycles, Primus himself had felt hope.

And now this insane organic invader was trying to destroy everything. The loathsome human creature threatened the very existence his children, and he could do nothing to intervene. Weakened and immobile, he could do little save watch and wait.

When he saw Megatron fall to his knees, he realized that there was another who had a vested interest in the outcome of this battle.

On Earth, Optimus Prime froze in mid-sentence as Prowl stared up at him in confusion. Occasionally, Optimus would ‘zone out’ as Jazz called it. The larger mech’s arms would drop to his sides and his optics dimmed. A sure sign that he was communing with the Matrix.
Optimus was the Matrix Bearer. Such things were to be expected when dealing with ancient, powerful, sentient relics.

But this time was different. The Prime’s field should have felt calm, serene.

Prowl could no longer feel Prime’s field at all! It was as if he was no longer there within the confines of his chassis.

‘First Aid!’ Prowl gasped, when it became clear that this was not something that was going to pass. Prowl’s voice was filled with very uncharacteristic emotion. ‘Optimus… Something is wrong with him. Come to the command deck, now!’

Back on Cybertron: “Megatron!” Optimus cried, seeing his ancient foe, now suiter, was wounded. The warlord was on his knees, surrounded by drones. They stood over him with their weapons ready, yet they seemed to be frozen in time. He did not understand what was happening, but his first instinct was to rush to the silver mech’s side.

“You are not here in the mesh, my Chosen. You cannot help him,” said a deep, very familiar voice. The one he heard sometimes when in deep mediation within the Matrix.

Optimus looked up in awe at the towering figure and instantly recognized that face plate. He had worn a stylized version of it for millennia. By reflex he dropped to his knees, bowing low before his divine creator.

“Do not abase yourself to me, Optimus Prime. Long ago, I deemed you worth to carry a piece of my spark. You may always stand in my presence.”

Rising slowly to his peds, Optimus glanced back at his damaged adversary. “Primus, please, those drones will kill Megatron. Let me help him.”

“It is not so simple. My powers are severely limited. I could only bring your spirit here. Your chassis is still on Earth. Neither of us can become corporeal. Sadly, we are relegated to the role of observers. Megatron of Tarn wishes to claim the title of Lord High Protector of Cybertron,” the resonant voice said softly. “This is his trial.”

“But this is not a fair trial. He is wounded and outnumbered. The drones are too strong!”

“Life is not fair, nor is it unfair, my Chosen. Life is my gift to my creations,” said Primus. “But survival must be earned.”

A heavy servo settled on the Prime’s shoulder. “I could not intervene when you were injured that day so long ago in Iacon, much as I wanted to. You were on the brink of death. A lesser mech would have given up. Had your spirit faltered and your beautiful spark guttered, I would have welcomed you with open arms. But you refused to give in. You chose life, with its pain and its joy. You reached out despite your fears and doubts, to take up the Matrix. You, Optimus Prime, humbled yourself and allowed it to claim you as its vessel. I could not have been prouder.”

Optimus was turned so that he was watching Megatron’s struggle. Powerful arms wrapped around his waist and he found himself pulled up onto the kneeling god’s lap. “And now, it is Megatron’s time to choose. If he is to live, to become the Protector that Cybertron needs, he must find the strength within himself to stand against those that would destroy him.”
Unaware that his creator god and the mech he would claim as mate were both watching his struggles, anger grew within Megatron as the sparkless machines threatened to crush him.

‘Once Arkeville had destroyed every mech and femme on Cybertron, he will go to Earth. And they too will fall before these sparkless machines. What of Optimus Prime and Orion? Or the mech Perceptor, who now carried three precious new sparks? Would the vindictive human allow them to live as his slaves, or slaughter them?’

A growl escaped his vocalizer as he turned his optics towards the drones. “My people will never be yours to use or kill, Arkeville! Not while energon flows through my veins!” he panted, reaching deep within his spark.

More pain. The drones Ripsaws began to slice into his armor.

“I am Megatron! I will not die by the servos of unthinking collections of spare parts!”

And suddenly the silver mech was rising to his peds.

“I still function!”

All doubt, all pain evaporated, replaced by purpose.

Megatron smiled.

Arkeville saw that smile through the optics of his drones.

“I think I need a bigger army…”

A roar of pure rage echoed across the battlefield! Every optic, red or blue, turned to the mass of drones that had completely buried the Lord of the Decepticons as a dozen of them went flying as Megatron burst out of the center of the pile.

His fusion cannon fired as he rose, blowing the helm off one of his foes at point blank range. His energy mace formed as he swung his arm and crushed the chest plate another drone.

Megatron was smiling. More than that, he was laughing.

He whirled, taking out two more with his mace. Wounded as he was, his every movement was fluid, precise, as beautiful as it was deadly. Each swing of his weapon a killing stroke, even as his own energon continued to splatter the ground.

None of the Decepticons batted an orbital ridge. Their sparks swelled with pride as they joined the battle. They knew the Dance of Death.

Many of them had learned the dance in the arena at Megatron’s side. They had lived it as other mechs died on the energon soaked sands of the Gladiatorial Pits of Kaon and Slaughter City.

Life and Death. Victory and Defeat. Each battle hinged on one simple thing.

Which of them refused to die.

Drones continued to fall as every Cybertronian still standing joined the dance.
Even the Autobots somehow understood. They were inspired, elated.

This was no longer Megatron: The Tyrant. Before them was the mech who would lead them into battle.

It was he who would stand beside their Prime between a hostile universe and their world.

They knew this in their sparks, as if it came from the lip plates of Primus himself. This was Megatron: Lord High Protector of Cybertron.

Optimus sagged against Primus, trembling violently. He was grateful for the powerful arms that held him as Megatron continued to decimate the ranks of the drones. He had felt it. The moment when the silver mech made the choice.

And he was both confused and embarrassed by his reaction.

That roar had caused him to overload harder than any of the times his mechs had used the high grade and neural stimulators on him.

“Megatron’s trial is over. Life has won.” With an odd chuckle, Primus kissed his helm and stroked his cheek comfortingly. “Optimus Prime, my most beloved creation, behold your Lord Protector.”

For a split second, Megatron’s optics seemed to lock with his own.

Megatron smiled.

Optimus found himself back in his chassis, surrounded by concerned and confused face plates. A dozen mechs were on their knees around him, all were shaking and panting.

The Prime’s spark tightened in fear, sensing what had just happened.

The Matrix had pulsed when he climaxed.

Would these mechs try to rape him?

No, he realized with relief. They were simply dazed. None looked at him with lust, only concern.

“Optimus?” gasped First Aid shaking his helm as he brought up his scanner. “You are alright?”

Sighing with relief, Optimus nodded. “Are you?” has asked, looking around at the sea of confused face plates. Along with First Aid and Prowl were Blades, Groove, Red Alert, Mirage, Grapple, Hoist, Windcharger, Bluestreak, Thundercracker, and Skywarp. Each shook themselves and slowly got to their peds.

“I am not sure what happened?” the medic said as he analyzed at the readings. “Your chassis was barely functioning, and then you started glowing. A bright light was emitted from your chest plate. It blinded us for a moment. What was that?”

Obviously, First Aid had not been brought in to the loop on the cure.

Optimus reached inward to the Matrix. ‘What is happening here?’

‘Primus’ touch linked you to your Lord Protector,’ explained the ancient Primes. ‘Our father is severely weakened, but still was able to use us as a conduit to heal those around you.’
‘He could do it without making them want to…’

‘He would not cause you unnecessary distress, so he held back. Have no fear, it was enough.’

‘Uh… Thank you…’

“Your vitals were so low,” said First Aid, bringing him back to his frame. “I feared the worst.”

“You scared us, Prime,” said Skywarp. “Do you know what Megatron would do to us if we let anything happen to you?”

Optimus shuddered slightly at the mention of his Lord Protector.

His processor reeled as he allowed that thought sink in. But he had no time to fret about that as a sudden spike of fear pierced his spark. “Orion!” he gasped.

Optimus’ creator bond flared to life, flooded with his sparkling fear and confusion. The terrified mechling was reaching for him, seeking reassurance through their bond.

Orion wanted his carrier now!

Without another word Optimus rushed to the rec room and took his sobbing sparkling from a distraught Bumblebee. “It is alright, little one. Everything is alright.” Instinctively, he opened his chest plate to allow Orion to take a nub.

Altering his memory seemed to have left a subconscious impression. The mechling was quick to panic if something made him uneasy and his carrier was not close by.

Orion immediately wanted to nurse whenever he became anxious.

Every mech from the command center had followed him, concerned about Orion.

“I must apologize,” he said to those around him. “Events on Cybertron caught the attention of the Matrix. The battle is over, and our forces are victorious. There are injured mechs, including Megatron, but there were no deaths.” He saw the relief in every optic at that revelation.

“What you felt a few moments ago, the energy, it was… A celebration of sorts,” Optimus continued. “That pulse of energy from the Matrix is the cure.”

Skywarp’s intake dropped open. “That was the cure? You mean we can have sparklings now?”

Rocking his mechling gently, Optimus nodded. “When First Aid scans each of you, your gestational chambers should be online and active nanites should be entering your transfluid reservoirs.”

Stunned, First Aid ran his scanner over his own lower torso.

“Primus… It’s true.”

“Scan me, scan me!” gasped Skywarp.

Nodding, First Aid did so. He smiled at the Seeker. “You are fertile.” The Autobot quickly began moving from mech to mech.

Optimus was happy for all of them. Even so, he had to work to keep his field calm. Outwardly Optimus gave no sign of the monumental event that had just occurred on Cybertron.
Inwardly he was in turmoil.

In the optics of Primus, his choice of mate had just been made for him. Megatron was his Lord Protector.

Despite the powerful sense of elation that filled his spark at the thought, it was equaled by sadness.

‘I love Jazz.’

There was silence on the battlefield.

The Autobot and Decepticons stared at the heavily venting, energon soaked mech as he held up the cracked, sparking helm of a deactivated drone.

“OK. Me Grimlock impressed.”

That seemed to be the prevailing sentiment of every mech and femme, no matter their faction.

Galvatron, Ultra Magnus, Skyfire, Grimlock, Elita One and her femmes, Swoop, Warpath, Hot Rod, Tracks, Smokescreen, several Seekers and Devastator carefully moved dozens of deactivated drones out of the way, in order to reach Megatron.

The broken chassis of the drones were piled almost waist high around the warlord.

Once a path was cleared Galvatron slowly approached. Cautiously, he waved the others back. Megatron was still on the edge of berserk. He might attack an Autobot on sight, not remembering that they were now allies.

He bowed before his lord, appearing as unthreatening as possible. “Brother, do you know me? Please, let me help you. These injuries are function threatening. You need immediate medical attention.”

The bright red optics blinked at him. Twice. As if he did not understand a word he had said. Then Megatron looked down at himself. He was covered in energon, much of it his own. There was still a thin trail of oily black smoke coming from the hole in his right side.

Absently, he tossed the severed helm over his shoulder. “I suppose that I do, brother.” He took one step towards the purple mech, and his knee joints buckled.

“Medic!” gasped Galvatron, easily lifting the limp frame of his only surviving sibling and cradling it carefully to his chest plate.

The few drones left were quickly dispatched by the Cybertronians as Devastator carefully took Megatron from his brother. The Combiner easily lifted the unconscious mech in his servo. He turned towards the Lost Light, intending to get his injured leader to the med bay there.

Hook had already commed Ratchet. The Autobot was making sure they had a good supply of energon ready. Springer was stable, finally. There were no other mechs injured so badly that Swoop could not treat them. That was good because they would both be needed to keep Megatron functional.

‘The med bay is ready, Hook. Get your glorious leader’s aft up here before he bleeds out.’

To everyone’s surprise the Combiner paused long enough to lift Warpath in his other servo before
striding towards the ship.

‘They need me to ‘Pow!’ keep an optic out. Pick off any ‘Kablam!’ stray drones’, the Autobot commed.

Tracks laughed out loud as Devastator stomped towards the Lost Light, where Ratchet and Chormdome waited at the hatch. “Does Warpath really think no one saw the Constructicons groping him on the flight here?”

Cliffjumper snorted. “Why the Pit would he want to get fragged by a bunch of Decepticons?”

“You sound dismissive, Autobot. Your comrade is a warbuild,” said Galvatron. “Once the battle is done, we need to remind ourselves that we are still alive. To feel the energon pounding in our veins.”

“Been a long time since I met anybot that understood,” admitted Ironhide, facing the unknown mech.

“We Decepticons know the battle lust, well,” said the purple mech. “We embrace it. Would you join with us, warrior?”

Under any other circumstances the old weapons specialist would have either laughed in the mech’s face plate or punched it. But at that moment, the need was building in him as it had not done in a very long time.

Even those that were not built and programmed for battle felt the desire growing within their frames.

Weakened as he was, Primus could still touch his children. He reached out to fill their spark with the song of life. Of survival.

The battle lust burned in the elder Autobot in a way he had not felt in centuries. He returned the smile of the handsome purple mech. “Sure yeh can handle me, pretty boy?”

“My name is Galvatron, and I can take whatever you are willing to give.”

“Can anybot join in, Galvatron?” asked Chromia, walking up and placing a servo on Ironhides’ broad shoulder. “Hide here isn’t the only warbuild Autobot.”

“Any who desire to share pleasure are welcome,” Galvatron announced to the assembled mechs and femmes. He held out his servos to the Autobot warriors. With a quick glance between them, Ironhide and Chromia both grinned.

“How do you feel about being spiked?” asked Chromia.

“By both of you?” inquired Galvatron. “Intrigued.”

The two old comrades accepted the Decepticon’s offered servos.

The other Autobots were staring slack jawed in confusion at this strange turn of events. They did not notice the lusty smiles that lit up the face plates of the other Decepticons. The battle lust hummed in their systems, charging their frames and inflaming their senses.

Every Decepticon had the same thought at the same time as they scented the growing lust that was spreading like wildfire through every mech and femme, no matter their faction.
Could they persuade the confused and aroused Autobots to put out?

Shockwave walked calmly back around to his main console as Starscream and the other Seekers landed. The fingers of his one good hand flew over the console. “I have traced the teleport signal,” he announced. Dirge, Sun Storm and Acid Storm cheered as the quickest route to the human’s lair was shown on the screen.

“Well, Seekers, what are you waiting for?” asked Starscream. “Let’s go make that germ pay for daring to threaten our people!”

Doctor Arkeville had been staring at a blank screen. Besides Timmy and two drones that were still in his lair with him, his army had all but ceased to exist. He was reading eight badly damaged drones still functional at the space port.

Over fifteen hundred drones had just been reduced to eight… No seven. Another just went off line.


He was still shaking his head no as he heard Shockwave speak. “I have traced the teleport signal.”

“Damn,” grumbled the human. “Well, Timmy, it seems we have worn out our welcome.” He looked at the other drones. “Initiate evacuation protocols;” he snapped angrily. They immediately began gathering boxes of equipment and setting them down on the teleport pad.

He was not a fool. There had always been a chance that Shockwave would discover him. He had to be ready to abandon his base at a moment’s notice. The only question was, where should he go?

Staying on Cybertron was not an option. Between the inhospitable environment, the scrapplets, Insecticons and the Cybertronians themselves, nowhere was safe. Worse, he did not have any sort of base set up on Earth. Yes, it had been on his To Do list, but he just never had time to send a few drones down to get one ready.

Arkeville had to decide quickly, Starscream and his Seekers would be breaking down his door any minute.

“Oh, wait,” he said as he flipped several switches. There was somewhere he could go. The human had been monitoring Earth for a long time. He knew of a place where he just might be welcome.

“I hope they does not mind me dropping in like this,” he said as he set up the coordinates. Once the timer was set, he walked over to Timmy. The drone lifted him and set the human on his shoulder. “I will return to Cybertron one day, Timmy. Do not doubt it. I will come back as its master.”

Arkeville waved jauntily at Starscream as he and three other Seekers burst through the door. He reveled in the angry look on the Decepticon’s face plate as the teleporter took he and his three drones.

After the transport was complete, the console blew up in a spectacular spray of sparks and shrapnel.

The Seekers were uninjured by the blast, but they were not pleased by the sudden turn of events.

“I hate that human,” growled Starscream.
Doctor Arkeville blinked in the bright light. He glanced around, taking in the massive underground complex. He then smiled down at the small group of black uniformed men, all of whom were pointing guns at him.

“Really now, gentlemen? Is this any way to treat your new ally?” asked the mad scientist. “As you can see, I come bearing gifts.” He spread his arms wide, indicated the massive, heavily armed drones and several large boxes of equipment that were labeled with Cybertronian glyphs.

Silas’ scared lips thinned as he looked up at the very odd little man. “I’m listening.”

To be continued…

Chapter End Notes

Next Chapter: On Cybertron, it’s time for the Victory Celebration. (Translation: ORGY!) On Earth, things are going to be getting complicated.

We are getting close to the end. It is looking like there will be three, maybe four more chapters at the most. Many things are going to be resolved, but not all. I have to have something to write about for the sequel.
Make Love Not War

Chapter Summary

Short version: There is an orgy on Cybertron. While on Earth Optimus tries to come to terms with Primus’ will.

Chapter Notes

Warnings: Sticky Sex, Oral, Anal, Multiple Partners, Multiple Penetration, Kinky Constructicons, Gun Fetish, (You have been warned.) Inter-factional Fraternization.

Honestly, this chapter is about 95% sex. Call it a gift for the battle taking longer than expected to finish.

I do not own the Transformers, Etc. and any mistakes are my own.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Feeling more alive, more powerful, than he had in many centuries, Primus’ entire being hummed with charge from redirecting Optimus’ overload into a pulse to cure his children.

Oh, how he wished he could create a physical form to enjoy these wonderful sensations. Sadly, that was not to be. Still, Primus decided not to waste the opportunity.

Using the power within him to maximum effect, Primus gave a great gift to his children on Cybertron.

Watching the results, Primus was quite pleased with himself.

He chuckled, recalling an old human saying he had heard through the Matrix. ‘Make love, not war.’

Hook followed Ratchet into the Lost Light, carrying Megatron in his arms. He was still monitoring his leader’s spark beat, feeling it grow stronger as the unconscious mech’s systems greedily drew in the energon that Ratchet had started feeding into his lines. The medic gave his fellow Constructicons a smirk as he glanced over his shoulder. “Don’t tire our Autobot out too much. I intend to have my turn once this is done.”

Ratchet almost gave himself whiplash as his helm turned towards Warpath.

“Don’t worry, Ratchet,” assured Scavenger, nuzzling the Autobot’s neck cables. “This is consensual, and we intend to take very good care of him.”

“Warpath?”

“It’s all ‘Pow!’ good doc,” he assured as he was scooped up into a pair of brawny green arms.
Ratchet looked at little skeptical, but he had a patient that needed him, so he sent a quick data packet. ‘Keep your comm on. If things turn non-consensual, I will be there with every bot I can get.’

Warpath said nothing, but he did leave his comm on standby.

He was a little surprised to find himself being carried by Scavenger around to a secluded area near the ship. “But, won’t this ‘Zap!’ distract Hook?”

“We do it all the time. He’ll open the bond just enough to keep himself a little aroused. And he will join us as soon as he can,” assured Mix Master. He ran a servo over Warpath’s main gun, then dipped his fingers into the barrel.

“Oh!” the Autobot gasped. He usually blocked the sensors in his main gun. The inside could be very sensitive. Something you did not want to have to worry about when using it to shoot things.

The other Autobots simply did not understand having an erogenous zone inside a gun barrel. They seemed to want to forget that it was a part of him.

Bonecrusher licked the muzzle, letting his glossa trace intricate patterns on the barrel, while Mix Master cupped his servos around the length and stroked it. Warpath grasped at Scavenger’s neck for support. “Feels so good. You guys ‘Pop!’ like it? Mechs usually expect me to sub-spaced my main gun when I ‘Zing!’ interface.”

Scavenger smirked, watching his brothers play. The way Bonecrusher’s glossa slid in and out of the big gun was bordering on obscene. “We want to know every inch of your chassis, Warpath. And, I think we can have a lot of fun with it.”

Scrapper chuckled when the already wobbly Autobot was set on his peds. He started grinding against his aft. “Open your mask and your interface panel.”

The moment he did, Warpath’s intake was claimed by Scavenger while a large servo began teasing his spike.

The Autobots moaned as he felt multiple servos caressed his chassis. Then gasped when two large fingers slid into his already wet valve.

Warpath writhed under the ministrations of the five mechs that were determined to explore every inch of him.

It did not take long for his valve to try and trap the clever fingers. Warpath wanted to be stretched, filled. Between shouts of ‘Boom!’, Blam!’ and ‘Pow!’ the Constructicons got the message loud and clear. The Autobot whimpered as his frame was stroked and gently eased into the position the Constructicons wanted.

Soon his pleas were silenced by a large spike sliding between his lip plates. He wanted to suck it, let his glossa play with it, but his processor almost seized when a tight, wet valve enveloped his own straining spike, followed by a very large spike in his own valve and one in…

Primus! One of the Constructicons was fragging his gun barrel!

He could not see who since his view of the situation was nothing save the green armor of an abdominal plate.

Holy Frag, did it feel wonderful!
To express his gratitude, he sucked harder on the spike bumping the back of his intake and his valve clamped down on the spike within it. He wanted to thrust up into the Constructicon who was on his own spike, but he was pinned, and unable to get much movement in his hips.

With this kind of processor-blowing stimulation, it did not take long for the groping, thrusting mass of mechs to overload. Warpath felt a hot rush of transfluids into his intake, valve and the barrel of his main gun.

A little voice in his helm noted that this was going to be Pit to clean, but he really did not give a scrap.

Once the interfacing was done, maybe the Constructicons would be willing to help clean up the mess they made?

“Ready for round two?” asked Scavenger, fondling the Autobot’s still hard spike.

“I was ‘Pew!’ created ready,” he assured, thrusting into the teasing servo. “This time, I want to watch one of you ‘Bop!’ ride me.”

“Dibs!” said Scrapper, straddling his hips.

“KABLAM!” gasped Warpath, thrusting up into the welcoming channel. He felt a pair of slick spikes slip into his servos. He gave each an affectionate squeeze.

It was so good to finally have mechs to interface with who could keep up with him!

Galvatron might have had second thoughts about facing the two Autobot warriors, if he could think at all. Once they were out of sight of the other bots, the mech and femme barely took a moment to give him their designations before they were on him like cyber-hounds on a petro-rabbit.

Chromia had three fingers in his valve the moment it was exposed.

He was soon on his knees between them, arms around Ironhide’s neck while the Autobots both thrust into him. Neither held back, taking him at his word that he could handle them.

They were rough, but it was not that they did not care for his pleasure. In fact, he got the feeling they had done this before many times. Pleasured other bots in tandem. As they moved in perfect synchronization the warriors angled their thrusts to stroke his sensor nodes.

The Autobots worked together to wring cries of ecstasy from him. After overloading twice more, the femme pulled out and Ironhide laid him on his back. “Yeh still want everythin I got?”

“YES!” Galvatron gasped without hesitation.

Ironhide slammed in, holding him down while Chormia watched and stroked her spike and impatiently waited for her turn to have the eager Decepticon.

Another overload and the mech moved aside to let the blue femme take his place. The pair were apparently intent on turning him into a satisfied heap of strutless metal.

How little they knew Galvatron!

He took their deepest thrusts, milking their straining spikes for every ounce of transfluids. The pair seemed pleased with themselves once they were spent. The Autobots lay down with him still
between beside them, their cooling fans working overtime on overheated frames.

Their satisfied optics widened when he sat up. Galvatron chuckled at their surprise, running a servo over his still very erect spike.

“Surely, we are not done yet,” he purred, looking at the red Autobot. “Are you mech enough to take what I have to give, Ironhide?”

“Sounds like a challenge.” The weapons specialist smirked and offered his valve. “We’ll see who lasts longer.”

Chromia’s spike began to rise as she watched the two mechs, who seemed determined to ‘face one another into stasis lock. “I get to frag the winner,” she said cheerfully.

Elita One could not remember the last time she allowed herself to just let go and live in the moment. She interfaced with her femmes often. They all cared deeply for one another and that was a way to express it.

But there was always she always kept herself divided. Elita had to be ready for a Decepticon attack at any moment.

Today, she could not think of anything but the large, thick, interestingly upgraded spike that was currently stroking her ceiling nodes like none of her femmes every could. She arched her back and tightened her legs around the mech’s slim waist.

The femme commander still could not believe she had agreed to interface with him. Even with all the talk of possible peace treaties, one battle together did not change millions of stellar cycles of war, did it?

Still she found it difficult to come up with an intellectual argument against it when her chassis burned with need.

Perhaps because of this she found herself following an odd train of thought. This mech was not one of Shockwave’s pervy Seekers. He had not even been on Cybertron causing harm to her femmes. So technically he was not her enemy.

From a certain point of view.

“My name is Scourge,” he had said, boldly walking up to her. When Chromia and Ironhide followed the one called Galvatron with the obvious intent to frag, the Decepticons took that as tacit permission to approach the other Autobots.

Most were receptive to their overtures. Except Cliffjumper. He flatly refused. The Seeker did not seem offended or upset at the rejection. He simply shrugged and moved on to proposition Hound.

The tall flyer was part of a group of Decepticons lead by the mech who introduced himself as Galvatron. Apparently, they had arrived on Cybertron just hours after the Lost Light.

To be honest, the only reason she was at all receptive was his distinctive mustache and beard. Thanks to them, the flyer reminded her of Alpha Trion.

That resemblance tipped the balance in his favor.
Just because he was her mentor did not mean she could not find the older mech attractive. Sadly, Elita had not acted on that attraction. She never mentioned to him that she would like to get to know him better.

There would have been too many complications.

As she had always fantasized about her mentor, the long, soft strands tickled when he kissed her. Scourge was aware of the effect and let them trail over her plating.

The femme was surprised at how very accommodating her berth partner was. When it became clear that Elita was feeling aggressive, he gave her free reign of his powerful chassis. Even enjoying her little nips and pinches to his wings. Eventually, the femme worked her way to between his legs.

He had a separate spike cover, which he did not open, as she started out fingering his valve. He was wet and ready for her spike, but her attention kept straying down to his rear port. The round opening behind his valve was so small, so tempting. Elita knew about that interesting feature many flyers possessed but had never been with anybot who had one.

The thought of sliding her spike into it, impaling him, making him writhe...

“You would like to try it?” he asked, canting his hips to take her questing fingers deeper. In answer the femme growled low in her throat, flexing her digits.

Scourge moaned when she pulled them out. He then rolled onto his knees, legs spread wide, wings high. He preened for her. She took a moment to admire that sweet chassis before moving to cover him.

He was so responsive. Arching and grinding back as she thrust into the very tight opening and her dentas nipped at the sensitive spots she had discovered at joining of his wings and back.

By the time she overloaded, Elita One was feeling very mellow and more than ready to let him return the favor and spike her.

Although, she almost balked when she caught a good look at his spike he had kept hidden. It was not like any she had ever seen before.

He was a big mech, so his spike was very large. Still, it was not intimidatingly so. What gave her pause was that it had strange… protrusions? Thick raised spines, clustered around the head and along the top ridge. They were obviously some sort of very specialized upgrade, but Elita feared they might hurt once they were inside her.

“My brother Sweeps, and I are warbuilds with a special function. We fight, and we do it well. But we were brought online to be sent out with front line units. With these enhancements we are able to give very intense pleasure. Something desperately needed by warriors that would not see home for stellar cycles at a time. Please, allow me show you what I can do.”

With a smile, Scourge took her servo and ran it over the entire length. The formations were firm but flexible. Not stiff or sharp as they first appeared. Soon she found herself very curious indeed as to how they would feel against her ceiling nodes.

The answer to that was absolutely fantastic! By the time Scourge overloaded into her, Elita had climaxed four times. She blinked at him when she realized that his spike had not gone down. Instead, it remained deep within her.

“Another upgrade,” he assured, rolling them over so she could lay on top of him. “I can pleasure
you as long as you like.”

The femme sighed and began to roll her hips. Not enough to build to overload, but it kept a low-level charge humming in their arrays. Scourge growled appreciatively. The vibration in her valve brought a gasp to her lip plates. “You are beautiful in pleasure, Elita One,” his voice was surprisingly gentle.

“You are not half bad yourself, Scourge,” she admitted.

Swoop smiled down at Arcee. “Everyone is patched up except Megatron,” he said with a sigh of relief. “Ratchet says he and Hook have stabilized him. Right now, it is a matter of rebuilding the damaged protoform around his spark chamber. They do not need my assistance. He said I should rest.”

What Ratchet really said, after explaining Megatron’s prognosis was, ‘We got this, kid. You deserve a break.’ There was a pause. ‘Once you stop fixing mechs, you will feel the need starting to build in you as it is in the others. Go get laid.’

“Would you like to get some energon?” the pink femme asked.

“No.” He looked at her and took her servo. “It was alright, while I worked. But now my plating is so hot, and I am feeling things I have never felt before,” he shivered.

“I know you have never interfaced, but, you have never even felt desire?” asked the femme. He shook his helm. She brought his servo to her lip plates and kissed it. “Then let me give you a new experience. I want you, Swoop.”

The Dynobot pulled her down into his lap. His chassis burned with need. “I want you too, Arcee. But, I am not sure what to do?”

She kissed his intake, coaxing his glossa to tangle with hers. Arcee ran a servo over the very heated panel. “Let me guide you,” she said, leaning in for a kiss. Her servos began to caress his chest plate. After slight hesitation he mirrored her touches, letting his fingers explore the interesting contours of her chassis. He knew about femmes. Had seen pictures, schematics, but he found the reality of this one infinitely more interesting.

When she delved into his transformation seams, he purred and followed her example. The sleek femme sighed when his nimble fingers dipped into her the space between her thigh plating and interface panel. To his surprise, it opened.

Swoop gasped as the scent of her arousal hit his enhanced olfactory sensors. “Go ahead,” she coaxed, “Taste me.”

His glossa explored her spike. Being careful of his dentas he mouthed the entire length. Encouraged by his ministrations, her spike released little droplets of pre-cum. He accepted her gift, gratefully. Soon he was sucking on her spike as if it were a very tasty crystalized energon treat.

Arcee had to force herself not to thrust deeper into his intake. “Not bad for a virgin,” she sighed.

As much as he was enjoying giving the writhing femme pleasure, Swoop’s spike pushed insistently against his own panel, demanding to be freed. He pulled back, sitting on his heels. “Ah!” he gasped as the aching organ won the battle.
“So big,” the femme whispered hotly, spreading her legs wider. “In me, Swoop. Want you in me, now!”

There was a little fumbling, until Arcee took hold of him and gently guided the substantial length to her valve. Once the swell of the tip was in he could not hold back, and the femme was glad of it.

He thrust wildly, rocking the much smaller femme beneath him. The walls of her valve felt as if they were stretched to the limit. Elita was big, but Primus, Swoop was slagging huge. It felt perfect. The femme buried her face plate in his neck cables and just let him take her.

Every thrust lit up nodes and clusters that even Elita’s impressive spike had never touched. “More, more, more!” she cried. He obliged, pulling out almost completely, then thrusting back in hard. By the time his transfluids began filling her, the femme was barely conscious. And very, very happy.

They both panted for several moments, just basking in the afterglow.

Arcee smiled up at the Dynobot sweetly. “Just let me rest a little. Then, I will spike you.”

If they did that, she would be taking his seal.

Swoop could hardly wait.

Greenlight and Firestar returning to Kup once the fighting ended. The sweet old mech was hurt and needed their help. The plan was to get him to the Lost Light.

The ancient warrior was conscious when they found him. He was sitting with his back struts against a pillar.

Kup had ended up with a front row seat for Megatron’s performance.

It had been a long time since he had seen such a thing.

The last time had been Maximus Prime’s Lord Protector. A Seeker named Arclight. No one could deny that Arclight was touched by Primus. Or that it was solely due to his strength and skill that the battle against their foes was won.

Maximus declared the Seeker his Protector on the spot.

They ended up interfacing right there on the battlefield before hundreds of cheering troops.

Now that was a way to end a battle!

But he quickly decided that it was for the best Optimus was on Earth.

Although, the mental image of his handsome young Prime and Megatron celebrating their victory to the cheers of their mechs was a very arousing one.

His plating was really getting hot when he was brought out of his musings by the approaching femmes.

“What are you lovely lasses doing here? I can feel the battle lust rising in you. You should go find someone to celebrate it with.” He could feel the heat from their plating as they approached, and he was already getting a little uncomfortable, himself. The battle lust was something he had not expected considering how much energon he lost along with his arm.
The pretty young femmes were not even warbuilds and he could tell they were feeling it too.

“We cannot just leave you here,” said Greenlight. Although she had to concede that he was right. Her chassis was starting to heat up. So was Firststar.

And Kup. She could scent his arousal even stronger than her friend’s.

He looked up at the femmes, wishing that he was not a broken-down old wreck with only one arm. He would love to show them some of the interface technics he had picked up over the centuries. Maybe that little trick with his glossa, taught to him by the pleasure bots on Altair. “Go on, you too lovely lasses find yourselves some strong young warriors to celebrate with. I’ll be fine.”

The need was raising quickly, and it was much stronger than he had experienced in many stellar cycles.

Not the best timing.

He really wished the femmes to get on their way. Once he was alone, Kup and his remaining servo had a date.

Firststar was not sure why she knelt and started touching the ancient mech. He was not an unattractive mech. He had an appealing face plate. But if half his stories were true, he had fought the Quintessons and considered Alpha Trion to be a ‘good kid’. And he was injured. Missing a fragging arm. How could she want to interface with him?

He needed medical attention, energon, not some femme taking advantage of him. And Primus, he smelled so good!

His armor should not draw both her optics and servos to him as if they were magnetized.

“Oh, Primus,” he gasped as Greenlight gave in to the need. She knelt beside him and started running her glossa over his interface panel. His one servo cupped the back of her helm as the panel moved aside and his spike pressurized into her intake.

Firststar’s interface panel was already open. Transfluids dripped from her spike and lubricant trailed down her thighs as she stared at them.

If a bot lived as long as Kup, they understood some very important truths. A big one was that sometimes, especially in wartime, the bad things outnumbered the good in life. So, when Primus offers you something this slagging good, you don’t ask questions, just enjoy it while it lasts.

Whatever was happening, these lovely femmes wanted him. Since he was neither dead nor unconscious, he would show the benefits of having a few million years’ worth of experience.

Firststar decided it was time to stop watching and participate. She carefully eased the mech down, so that he was laying on his back. Greenlight moved to accommodate this, without once releasing his spike. The red femme crawled over framed his chest, until her legs straddled his helm.

Kup chuckled. “Let an old mech show you a few new tricks.”

Firststar gasped as his glossa delved deep inside her. He proceeded to give her a demonstration of the pleasure bots’ technics.

He felt proud when the keening femme climaxed over him for the third time.
Even better, Greenlight had changed position so that she could take his spike into her valve.

‘These femmes are going to kill me,’ thought Kup as Firestar knelt behind her friend and pushed her spike into his valve. He arched his back struts, sighing contentedly.

‘And they say Primus does not answer prayers.’

Meanwhile on Earth...

By the time he reached the Ark, Jazz was anxious.

After days three days of searching, he had come up with lots and lots of nothing.

He did find the MECH caches that his prisoners had tipped him to, but that yielded little. Three of them had already been completely cleaned out. The others had not been touched, but there was nothing to point him towards any other MECH installations or even other caches. No computer equipment of any kind. He did not even find any burn phones or tablets. just numerous kinds of currency and an array of weapons that Ironhide would envy.

And of course, he did not find anything to give him a clue to the whereabouts of Silas. That dangerous human was still threatening his Prime and his sparkling.

The saboteur was feeling down. And according to the messages on his coms, things had gone crazy. A bunch of mechs had been forced to go to Cybertron to fight Doctor Arkeville and a bunch of drones.

He knew that he could not go to Cybertron to help with the fight. Ratchet had reluctantly agreed to allow him to search for Silas, but being shot at by over a thousand drones was too much. ‘You cannot put yourself in that kind of danger, Jazz. Your bond with Orion is new, and still tentative. But it would harm him if you do something stupid and get yourself off lined. And it would leave Optimus in Megatron’s servos.’

That last part was just the bitter icing on a sludge-soaked oil cake.

He was losing Optimus.

He could feel it. A thin, tentative connected had formed between Jazz, Orion and Optimus since he had been consciously letting his mechling bond with him.

Optimus loved him just as much as he loved his Prime. But there was a big gray warlord standing in the way.

And the worst part was that there was, there nothing he could do about it. That was becoming depressingly clear. For there to ever be peace between the Autobots and the Decepticons Megatron must become Lord Protector.

And that meant that Jazz was going to be left out in the cold.

As devastating as being forced to give up Optimus was, what if that Decepticjerk decided that he wanted to be the only one to have a sire bond with Orion? As Prowl would no doubt remind him, Megatron would have the legal right to ask him to back off once he and Optimus were bonded.

Those were the thoughts that were circling his processor when he felt a stab of fear from Orion.
Jazz had no idea what was happening, but the distress from mechling pushed all other problems out of his processor. He broke the speed limit in five counties racing home.

Even when the fear calmed, he did not slow. Something was going on back at the Ark. Something that upset his sparkling and he would find out what it was.

And that was when things started to get odd. Once he pulled up to the Ark and started talking to the mechs he met outside, they were happy.

No, they were downright ecstatic. “What gives?” he asked Groove, who was sitting cross-legged on a rock near the Ark entrance.

“We’re cured, Jazz man,” he informed the TIC happily. “Weirdest thing. When the mechs on Cybertron beat that human’s drones, the Matrix was so happy it sent out this pulse of energy. At first, they thought it was just the guys that were in the room with Optimus. But First Aid says it looks like everyone that was in the Ark at the time was cured. You won’t see a lot of bots in the corridors. Some bot could not wait, so there is a lot of loving going on. The only reason I am here is that Blades and I are letting my nanites build up before we interface. Perceptor said doing that will let us have a bunch of little bitlets.”

“That’s great man,” said Jazz, genuinely pleased. At least Optimus would not have to get hammered and overload to cure them. This should mean that were left were to be cured were those on Cybertron and the Decepticons on the Nemesis.

Leaving Groove, Jazz followed the bond to Orion.

He found his bitlet curled up against his carrier’s chest plates, nursing contentedly.

“Oh, Jazz,” Optimus said softly. “I was not aware you had returned.” Jazz tried not to cringe. Prime had that terribly sad look in his optics that he seemed to get every time his TIC was in the room with him lately.

“Wasn’t doin much good out there. No leads on that Silas creep. Sides, I felt the bitlet gettin upset, OP. Thought I’d best come home.”

“I am sorry about that,” said Optimus, not quite meeting his optics. “When Primus sent the pulse, it startled Orion. But as you can see, he is alright now.”

“No need ta ‘pologies. Ain’t yer fault, my mech,” the saboteur shrugged. “I heard bout it. Everybot on the base is cured.”

“Almost. Beachcomber and Cosmos were talking with Omega Supreme at the time. They were outside of the range of the pulse,” noted the Prime. He did not sound as happy as he should. Almost every Autobot was cured, and they had won the battle.

Optimus sound as if he had lost his best friend.

“OP, don’t take this the wrong way, but, yeh sound kinda down? Weh won, didn’t weh?” Jazz looked up at the mech he loved. ‘Please talk ta meh.’

“Do not mind me, my friend. I just have a lot on my processor. Our comrades won. Cybertron is safe, but it was not without cost.”

“I heard every bot made it,” said Jazz.
“Yes. Thankfully, all survived,” explained Optimus. “But there are several severely wounded mechs.”

“Don’t yeh worry yer processor, OP. Ratchet ‘n Swoop will take care ‘o them.” He reached out a laid a servo on the massive read arm. He felt the tiniest tremor.

“I know they are in good servos,” said Optimus.

Jazz thought he might have had more to say, but Orion chose that moment to notice his sire.

“JASS!” the little mechling cried, holding out his little servos excitedly. Every mech in the room turned to stare.

“Jass, Jass, Jass,” Orion repeated, seeing how pleased everyone was with his new sounds.

“Did this smart little bitlet just say his first word in Standard?” Jazz grinned, taking the sparkling into his arms and kissing his cheek struts. True, Orion could not quite figure out how to make the ‘z’ sound, but no one cared. This was very early in his development for him to do more than beep and chirp.

Jazz forgot his misgivings as he hugged his creation. He walked the sparkling around and let him try out his new word on any who wanted to hear.

Meaning everyone. Even Skywarp and Thundercracker, who were, like Groove and Blades, letting their transfluids and nanites build up. They each wanted at least three sparklings.

Optimus stepped away from the excited group of mechs, hoping that his sadness did not project in his field.

He had no intention of tell anyone of Primus’ pronouncement. Not yet. Jazz was so happy. He deserved to have this time with Orion.

The Prime could only hope that Megatron would be generous in victory and not so possessive that he would demand that Jazz relinquish his bond with their mechling.

The ancient Primes felt his sadness. ‘Primus loves you, Optimus,’ they assured. ‘He wants you to be happy.’

‘I do not doubt my creator’s love.’

‘Then trust him.’

Optimus’ optics found Jazz and Orion. The little one was sitting on his sire’s shoulders, clapping and shouting his designation to the laughter and applause of the other mechs.

‘You can see the time streams.’ Thoughts in turmoil, Optimus was reaching for something. Though he did not know what. ‘Will Jazz be alright?’

‘That will be entirely up to Jazz himself,’ they answered, unhelpfully.

‘I know my duty. Primus has declared Megatron my Lord High Protector. I must bond with him for the good of my people,’ sighed Optimus. He tried not to let his field slip as his valve clenched at the thought of being in the warlord’s arms. Although his processor was not sure allowing someone that had tried to offline him for millennia free access to his intimate port that was a good idea.

‘I must accept it.’ This time he was speaking to himself.
‘Primus wants what is best for you and for all of his children,’ they assured. ‘Have a little faith.’

Optimus did not feel comforted.

To be continued.

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter: More sex and maybe a wee bit of angst. (Yup, that about covers it.)
Starscream and the Rainmakers were returning the control room to tell Shockwave the news that the battle was over, so he could report to Soundwave and the mechs still on Earth. The fact that they were unable to destroy the foul human Arkeville was irritating. But he was gone from Cybertron and his drones were destroyed.

It was a Victory.

However, when they landed in Shockwave’s control center they froze, stunned.

Shockwave was pleasuring himself right in the middle of the room, where anymech could watch.

Cold, calculating, unemotional Shockwave was on his knees with four fingers in his valve, moaning like a pleasure bot.

Starscream had started to feel heated once it was clear that victory was theirs, but Primus, what was going on with Shockwave? The Seeker did not even know the scientist could feel desire, let alone be overcome by it.

“He wants to be spiked!” gasped Ion Storm with smirk. The other two Rainmakers looked at one another and fist bumped.

Starscream managed to turn away from the masturbating mech to the grinning, lusty trio. “You cannot be serious. You mean you three want to… to… With HIM?”

“Shockwave isn’t quite as unemotional as he pretends to be. He feels lust sometimes. When he does, he likes us tied down so he can indulge a little pain play. Which we don’t mind as long as he holds back. But he never lets us spike him,” explained Acid Storm.

Ion Storm, Acid Storm and Sun Storm all leapt over the consoles and surrounded the frantically masturbating mech.

The Decepticon Second in Command’s jaw dropped as they positioned themselves around Shockwave. Ion Storm pulled the fingers from the mech’s valve and slammed his spike in.
Storm and Sun Storm released their spikes and began stroking them before Shockwave’s single optic.

This was all too much for the Air Commander. He turned and headed for the door, as fast as he could run.

Starscream was just as aroused as the others, but honestly, he was desperately wishing he could un-see that little scene. It put him in mind of a porn vid he had seen long ago.

The thought of THAT mech on the receiving end of a transfluid shower…

A generous amount of hydrochloric acid to the optics was sounding like a good idea when he ran right into another mech. Literally. Starscream struck a large bot and ended up sprawled on the ground. He was about to start berating the clumsy fool for being in his way when he realized who he had hit.

The Seeker’s jaw slammed shut as his optics took in the huge, sexy and very heated frame of Skyfire loomed over him.

The two had spoken and admitted that they wanted to try and start over. But first, they really needed to talk about their relationship. There were things that the pair needed to work through before they could try to repair what they once had.

“I was hoping to find you here,” purred his former lover. The look in his deep blue optics should have been frightening. It probably would have been to anyone sane.

Not to Starscream. He missed that look. Almost as much as he had missed the many pleasures it promised.

“Please, tell me you are here to frag me strutless,” the Seeker blurted out before he could stop himself.

In answer Skyfire knelt before the sprawled Seeker. “That is the plan.”

“No preparation,” gasped the Seeker, laying back, legs spread wide and valve cover open. He was so aroused he could hardly stand it. “I want to feel you in me for the next week.”

“A little preparation, Starsceam.” Skyfire tutted as he reached for the other mech, letting his fingers brush the already swollen mesh. “It has been a long time since we interfaced. Meaning, unless you have been fragging Astrotrain behind my back, you need to be stretched or you might end up with a torn lining. Remember when that happened? It really put a damper on our fun.”

“Totally worth it,” the Seeker smirked. “And no, I would never let that halfwit touch me.” He frowned at the thought, but then smiled. “Do you remember what we used to do to get warmed up?”

“How could I forget,” the shuttle chuckled, carefully lifting his lover. He turned Starscream so that those long, gorgeous legs could wrap around his neck, placing that delicious valve before his intake. This also positioned the Seeker so that a very large spike stood tall and ready below the Seeker’s smiling face plate.

Skyfire’s glossa darted inside him. The massive mech easily held his lover as he began to tease him.

Starscream took as much of the very substantial spike into his intake as he could and hummed. The Shuttle growled appreciatively and thrust deeper.
Under other circumstances he would have taken his time, draw this out the foreplay until Starscream was begging for his spike. Right now, with a charge already thrumming through his system, all he wanted to do was start pounding that tight valve as quickly as possible.

He slid two fingers in along with his teasing glossa.

Skyfire lifted his helm and found himself looking into three pairs of red optics. Thrust, Dirge and Ramjet were standing in the doorway watching them. They were aroused, but apprehensive.

The trio obviously expected him to order them to leave now that he realized they were watching.

Smiling, Skyfire thrust his spike into Starscream’s intake. The Seeker moaned and sucked harder, aft writhing, seeking more contact. While the Conehead Seekers watched, he bent his helm, making a show of it while he glossa fragged their Wing Lord, never breaking optic contact with the other mechs.

All three of the members of their impromptu audience released their spikes and began stroking each other.

The Shuttle lifted his lover off his spike and lay him down on the ground. Starscream’s helm lollled back, his optics still shuttered. He had not noticed that they were not alone. He was too busy chanting, “Yes, yes, yes!” while the large spike entered him.

Skyfire took a few moments to slowly work his way into the tight sheath while the smaller mech cried, “Harder! I need all of you!”

His lover needed to be reminded which of them was the Dom here. Too bad he did not have any restraints…

A few slower, steady thrusts and the Autobot Flyer hit his ceiling nodes. Starscream clawed at his lover’s wings and back.

Skyfire leaned in and whispered in his audio. “Open your optics, Starscream.”

Starscream obeyed, looking up into the face plate he had dreamed of, and fantasied about, for so many centuries. He smiled, moving his hips higher to take more of that perfect spike. “Make me beg.”

“First,” he nuzzled a finial. “Look to your right.”

Confused, Starscream did. His optics widened when he saw the Conehead Trine watching them and pleasing themselves and each other. He glared up at Skyfire. “Get them out of here!”

“Let them gawk,” said the Shuttle, taking hold of his relatively slender wrists and holding his lover down. “I want them to be green with envy because you belong to me. I want them to watch while I make you scream my designation.”

“But…”

“You are going to overload like a pleasure bot under me,” Skyfire growled, thrusting harder. “Show them how much you love my spike,” he growled.

Starscream moaned and moved with his insistent lover while looking back at their audience. A few more thrusts and he lived up to his name. “SKYFIRE!”
The Shuttle smiled as he heard the other Seekers follow him into overload.

Along with the panting he caught Dirge saying, “I thought the Shuttle was the sub?”

“Me too,” said Ramjet.

“Yeah,” added Thrust. “It’s always the quiet ones.”

The only mech besides the medics working on Megatron and those that were injured who were not joining in the impromptu victory celebration was Ultra Magnus.

It was not that he did not feel the need as strongly as everyone else. He did. It was just that he was used to suppressing his needs and desires for the good of his mechs.

Optimus Prime and Ultra Magnus had a lot in common.

Having finally managed to convince Grimlock that the danger was over, the Dynobot had wandered off. He ended up watching some mechs who had not even bothered to find a private place to start fragging.

Last he saw the Dynobot was being invited to join them.

The Commander of the Wreckers returned to the place he had left Cyclonus, he was relieved to find that the Decepticon was still there. He was also still out cold, but otherwise had suffered no further harm. Ultra Magnus carefully picked up his (Former!!) lover and started walking towards the ship. The young medic, Swoop, had done a good job on the repairs, but he needed energon and rest. The best place for him to get those was the Lost Light’s med bay.

Ratchet and Hook would be using the surgery for the next several hours for Megatron, but it was a big ship. The med bay had several rooms for patients.

It took longer than it should have since he had to walk around a lot of deactivated drone chassis to get there. Fortunately, only one Seeker tried to coax him into a liaison. To his credit, when he realized that the mech in his arms was injured and not recovering from a frag, he backed off.

I did not take him long to reach the med bay. As expected, Ratchet and Hook were still working on Megatron.

Neither acknowledged him as he opened the door to the nearest room. Windblade was laying on the berth. She opened her optics and blinked at him. “Did we win?” the red femme asked.

“Yes, we did. Rest. That is an order.” The femme’s optics shuttered, having no choice but to obey.

Ultra Magnus moved on to the next room.

Springer did not stir when the door opened. He had two energon drips connected to his frame and his right side was a mass of welds. This type of injury would take time to recover from, but at least the young Triple changer lived.

Thankfully, the next room was empty. Ultra Magnus set his burden down on the berth. Having had to help with wounded mechs many times, he knew where all the supplies were. He took a bag of medical grade energon and set it up on a hook set in the wall and uncoiled the line.

He had long ago stopped flinching when he pushed the small needle into a mech’s protoform. But it
still made his tanks tighten.

He stepped back with a sigh. Cyclonus was safe. Magnus should get to the bridge and contact Optimus. The mechs on Earth needed to know that the battle was won.

He should go.

The blue mech needed to leave.

Yes, this was Ultra Magnus walking out the door. His peds were going to start moving in that direction any moment now.

Ok, Now.

Leaving… Now.

“Dion,” a weak voice startled him. “We were victorious,” Cyclonus said. It was statement, not a question. Typical Cyclonus. He could not conceive of anything except victory.

Ultra Magnus froze like a Dioptas-Deer in the headlights. Cyclonus offered a rare smile. “Cyber-cat got your glossa?”

Magnus cleared his throat nervously. “We won,” the Autobot said, finally forcing himself to look away.

“Since we are no longer being shot at and have obviously survived the battle, it is time for you to keep your promise,” the Decepticon informed him.

“There are things I must do…” Primus, why was it so hot in here?

“Come sit by me, Dion,” said Cyclonus, easing himself up to lean against the headboard. “Tell me what happened to you.”

Ultra Magnus knew that he was not going to escape, so he walked over and seated himself on the edge of the berth.

“I was working at the energon dock in Iacon when Megatron attacked,” he said softly. Ultra Magnus then proceeded to tell him everything. From the pain of the shot through his chest to waking in Vector Sigma’s presence in a completely new, warbuild frame.

He spoke of the war. How a timid dock worker eventually became the commander of the most skilled, deadly and unruly bunch of warriors in the Autobot army. He should have stopped there, but he soon found himself talking about traveling through space with those same boisterous mechs.

Triumphs and tragedies. Battles won and stinging defeats.

He spoke of the loneliness of command.

A warm servo took his. The deep his voice faltered.

“You have been so lonely, Dion,” said the Decepticon. He brought the servo to his lip plates, kissed it gently. He rubbed it against his cheek strut and sighed. Ultra Magnus shivered when Cyclonus used the servo he held to pull him closer. “You are not alone anymore.”

“Your touch feels so right,” the Autobot admitted reluctantly.
“I remember how I used to have to be so careful with you. You were small and delicate. My pretty little dock worker,” he whispered, nibbling the Autobot’s audio finial. “And now you are my equal in size and strength.”

“Cyclonus, we cannot do this. Too much time has passed.” Even as he said the words, Magnus’ spark ached. It was a challenge just to keep his chest plates closed. “Besides, you are injured. I should go and let you rest.”

“Could you rest with the charge you feel?” asked Cyclonus. “I cannot.” The Decepticon kissed him. “I need to burn off some energy before I can recharge. Consider this care for an injured comrade.”

“I do not want to hurt you,” Ultra Magnus answered.

“You will not.”

Their lip plates met. The kisses were slow and gentle.

With a little coaxing, Ultra Magnus, being careful of the energon drip, straddled his lover. (His processor had finally surrendered to the inevitable and given up on even trying to think of Cyclonus as a former anything.) He felt that wonderful spike slide against his interface panel.

“You are wounded, are you sure you want this? Are you sure you can?”

“As long as there is energon flowing in my veins my spike will always be ready for you,” answered the purple mech. “I think your valve will be just as hot and tight, even in this new frame.” Ultra Magnus let his panel slide open.

He could not stop it.

All his doubts and fears evaporated as he felt that spike enter him. When his lover thrust up, it hurt a little, but he did not care. Ultra Magnus began to move, feeling his calipers grip that big spike. Lubricant soon began to make the passage easier, but Cyclonus stopped.

The pain had showed on his face plate. “I hurt you,” said the Decepticon with concern.

“No, I am fine,” Magnus assured. He wanted more of that thick spike in him. “The pain is negligible. It’s just been a long time since I took a spike,” he admitted.

“How long?” his lover asked. Ultra Magnus looked away. “Primus’s bearings, please do not tell me that my spike was the last one you took.”

“OK,” the blue mech said sheepishly. “I will not tell you,”

“What am I going to do with you?” The Decepticon exercised extreme control as he slowed his pace, making sure to be much gentler with his lover. “We will just have to interface many more times so that your port becomes accustomed to my spike again.”

Ultra Magnus was nodding enthusiastically, even as his processor continued to argue what a bad idea it was.

As the charge slowly built between them and climax approached, the Autobot lost the battle with his aching spark. His chest plates parted revealing the core of his being to his lover.

Cyclonus mirrored his need.
The coronas of their sparks brushed, sending waves of pleasure and a trickle of memories and feelings. Two large servos took Magnus’ shoulder missile launchers and pulled him down. Their sparks merged fully, sending the pair into overload.

Windblade leaned against the doorway. A smile tugged at the corners of her intake.

They made a cute couple, even if they were sprawled over one another. Too bad their overload had knocked them both off line. Being so close to the lovers and feeling their arousal had chased away her fatigue.

She could really use a good frag.

The Camian bypassed the surgery where Ratchet and Hook were still working on Megatron. She was not only feeling stronger, but her desire was growing with every step she took.

The moment she stepped outside she was presented with a number of possibilities to sate her growing desire. There were Autobots, Decepticons and mixed groups enjoying some very inventive positions all over the space port.

She was a little disappointed that the hot femme Chromia and the two very handsome mechs she had obviously been fragging were curled up together, blissfully recharging.

It had been a long time since she had been with another femme. It was not that she would say no to a big, strong mech. But her core temperature went up at the thought of running her servos over sleek curves.

“Well, now, look what I found.” She smiled, seeing two femmes and a mech. Windblade strode over to the trio. At that moment the femmes, Greenlight and Firestar if she was not mistaken, were taking turns licking their way up Kup’s spike. “So, is this a private party?” she asked. “Or can anyone join in?”

“That is up to these lovely lasses, Windblade. I am rather at their mercy,” said Kup indicating his missing arm.

She considered Kup a good friend. Occasionally, they interfaced. When you were stuck on a ship together as long as the Lost Light crew, it was almost inevitable that most would end up sharing a berth at one time or another.

“Has he taught you that amazing trick he does with his glossa?” asked the green femme with a sly smile.

“As a matter of fact, he has,” Windblade informed her with a lusty smile of her own.

Kup chuckled. “One of my best students, in every way.”

“There is always room for one more,” said the red femme opening her thighs.

Megatron would survive.

As if there were ever any doubt.

Hook sagged slightly, stepping away from the operating table. He looked over at Ratchet. “That is
all we can do,” he said. “It is up to his self-repair now.”

“You do good work, Hook,” admitted Ratchet. “I thought you were just a field medic, not a surgeon.”

“I am. Never had any formal training in surgery. I had to learn on the job,” said the Constructicon.

“I am impressed,” the Autobot conceded. “And I do not say that often.”

“Thanks for the compliment. Now,” Hook smirked. “If you don’t mind, I have a date with my gestalt mates and a tank former.”

“Yeah, about that,” began Ratchet.

“Easy, Ratchet. We are not just taking advantage of his battle lust, if that is what concerns you,” grumbled Hook. “We are looking for a future co-creator, maybe eventually a mate if he is willing. Besides, Warpath is a big bot. He can make his own decisions.”

“Just don’t hurt him,” counted Ratchet.

“We wouldn’t dream of it,” said the Decepticon truthfully. The last thing on his processor as he felt the need growing within him was hurting Warpath. Fragging him until he was a strutless pool of goo, yes. Hurt him? Not a chance.

The Decepticon moved quickly, knowing exactly where his gestalt mates were pleasuring their prize. When he found them, Long Haul was slowly fragging the pliant Warpath while the others watched and stroked themselves.

‘Did you leave anything for me?’ Hook sent to his gestalt mates.

‘Ask him yourself,’ said Scrapper.

Hook knelt beside the prone Autobot. “Hi, baby,” he leaned in for a kiss, while Long Haul continued to pump slowly in and out of him. “Not too tired for me, are you?”

“I’m ‘Bop!’ doing great! Want a ‘Wham!’ ride?” Warpath grinned up at him. His stiff spike, swayed slightly as Long Haul thrust.

Hook smirked and opened his own panel. “Nice start. I intend to have every bit of you,” he growled moved to straddle Warpath. The Constructicon sighed as he took that lovely spike into his aching valve. Then he reached out and wrapped both servos around the Autobot’s main gun. Four other sets of servos joined him.

While he rode Warpath, Long Haul quickened his pace. The others stroked and licked his gun barrel. They moved faster and faster, straining, reaching…

“KA-BLAM!!”

The Constructicons were very gentle as they lifted their unconscious Autobot. Hook pulled him up against his chest plates while the others cuddled around them. Each wanting to touch Warpath. The medic was a little annoyed. ‘I told you not to tire him out,’ chided Hook. He shook his helm at the weak chorus of, ‘Sorry.’

Scavenger added, ‘He was just so responsive, we could not stop.’

Still, Hook was only a little put out. Frankly he was exhausted himself. Working five hours straight
on a nearly deactivated mech took a lot out of you. But still… ‘When Warpath wakes up, I get his valve first.’

Swoop lay on his back while Arcee’s fingers stroked the sensitive nodes just inside his valve. She stretched it gently, but did not push too far in. They had agreed that the Dynobot wanted her to break his seal with her spike.

The Dynobot was gasping and moving in counter point to the fingers. He had touched himself before a few times, but it never felt this good.

“Please, I am ready,” he pleaded, trying and failing to remain still for her.

“I just want to be sure,” Arcee assured.

She was a little nervous herself. Arcee was the youngest of femmes. Arcee had been the virgin then. He seal had been taken with such care and gentleness. It had been long ago, but she still remembered. Elita One had been so very sweet and kind.

Her memories of that night were ones she cherished.

She wanted to be able to do the same for Swoop.

Arcee moved over him, not moving her fingers from his valve yet, she kissed him. His glossa tangled with hers. He was moaning and clawing at the ground. “Need you now,” he gasped.

Gathering her courage, the femme carefully entered him. He was so tight for a mech his size. She had to go slowly, edging in. And then she felt him stiffen. Then he almost sobbed, wrapping his powerful arms around her. “Arcee,” he breathed, moving against her. “So good.”

The femme let her hips draw back further and push in. Swoop moaned appreciatively urging her on. “I.. I’m… Arcee!”

She felt him shudder beneath her. His valve tightened as he overloaded, bringing her with him.

They panted together, smiling. “Thank you,” Swoop said, kissing her.

“I should thank you,” she said, returning the kiss with equal passion. “For trusting me with something so precious.”

“Always,” he said drawing her close.

Ratchet caught Megatron’s arm as his fusion cannon swung towards him. Fortunately for the Autobot, he had taken the precaution of disabling the warlord’s signature weapon while he was on the table in anticipation of just this situation. He still pushed the barrel so that it pointed away from his helm. “Easy, Megatron. The battle is over. We won.”

“Yes,” he said softly as his last few moments of consciousness replayed for him. “I remember.” He tried to stand but almost doubled over in pain.

Ratchet shook his helm. “You remember the victory, but I guess it slipped your processor that a drone got in a lucky shot and nearly managed to snuff your spark? Hook and I sent several hours
patching you up. I really do not want to do it again. Just lay back, rest and let your self-repair do its job.”

“I am, impressed by your honor, Ratchet,” noted the Decepticon laying back on the bed. “I do know just how skilled you are. You could probably have ended my function, told everybot I had succumbed to the wound and not even Hook would have suspected otherwise.”

“Easily,” shrugged Ratchet. “Hook is good. Very good. But he does not have my technical knowledge.” The Autobot sat on a table that was set up next to Megatron’s. “I thought about it. But in the end, I am a healer. Thanks to this damned war, I have killed in self-defense and to protect others. I have never deliberately harmed a patient. No matter his faction.”

“Were you on the battlefield?” Megatron asked.

“Are you asking if I was watching while you turn half the drones out there into scrape on your own?” Ratchet nodded. “I saw you disappear under them, thought you were as good as dead, then…” The medic sighed.

Megatron was the Lord Protector in all but name. He knew it the moment he saw the light in the optics of the Autobot warriors. The way they fell into step with the Decepticons, fighting as one.

Only Primus himself could have made that happen.

“Nothing to say?” Megatron was not sure what he was looking for from Ratchet. Acknowledgement? Confirmation?

Ratchet bowed his helm. “Optimus… His valve is not healed. Taking a spike right now could tear the lining,” said the medic. He could not look Megatron in the optics. “Another week. He will be healed, and I can put in a barrier, so he that when you are cured he will not get sparked before he is ready.”

Megatron hid a smirk. “I have made clear my intent to become Lord High Protector, Ratchet. Besides leading Cybertron’s army, caring for and protecting the Prime are part of the job description. And that is a job I intend to take very seriously.”

Meanwhile on Earth: Orion began to beep ecstatically the moment Mirage walked in the door to the rec room followed by Red Alert.

It had been several hours since the pulse had cured most of the Autobots. He had napped and nursed since the pulse had cured the mechs in the base, so he was ready to play.

Optimus could barely hold his bouncing mechling as he chirped, pointing squarely at Mirage. ‘Bright Spark, little sparks!’

Jazz, Bumblebee, Roller, Perceptor, Wheeljack, Blaster and First Aid turned to see who he was talking about.

First Aid brought up his scanner to confirm the mechling’s pronouncement. “Congratulations,” he said with a smile. “Your gestational chamber is active. It will be a few days before the new sparks' cores are distinct enough to say how many, but by the energy readings, I agree with Orion. There is almost certainly more than one.”

Perceptor touched his abdomen and smiled. “You three are going to have a lot of playmates.”
Thundercracker and Skywarp chose that moment to walk in. Orion squealed and beeped happily. ‘Pretty Wings, Pretty Wings! Bright Spark, Little sparks!’

Optimus smiled behind his mask as the Seekers hugged, heedless of the Autobots staring at them. “Congratulations, Thundercracker, Skywarp,” he said as the medic again confirmed the mechling’s pronouncement.

“Thank you, Prime, or the Matrix or whatever gave us this,” said Skywarp.

“The Matrix has been wanting to do this for a very long time, Skywarp. It is very pleased to finally be able to give this gift to so many mechs.” He turned to the young medic. “First Aid, I have the feeling you will be doing a lot of scanning today. Please make sure to post the names of the sparked mechs on the bulletin board. Everybot will be anxious to know.”

“Yes, sir,” First Aid nodded.

“I already let Soundwave know what has happened,” said Blaster. “The Decepticons on the Nemesis want to know when they can be cured?”

“Once things have been settled on Cybertron we will be able to start curing them,” answered Optimus.

“The pulse is not easy to create when the Matrix is not so, um, stimulated,” clarified Perceptor. “Wheeljack, Ratchet and I will get with Soundwave to coordinate a schedule for those that need to be cured.”

Everybot went about their business, although that now included picking out sparkling names.

Optimus had set Orion down in the playpen set up in center of the room where everyone could see and interact with him. Roller was sitting across from him. They were playing Pat-A-Cake. The Prime just sat back and watched them. He was excited. In a matter of months there would likely be close to a dozen little ones wreaking havoc on the base.

He could hardly wait.

“Yeh alright there, OP?” asked Jazz, sitting down beside him to watch his sparkling play.

“Our people on Cybertron are safe, and there are many new sparks on the way. I do not think I have been so happy in a long time.” This was true, but…

“Yeh just seem kinda sad,” Jazz said, squeezing his arm. Even amid all this happiness, something was obviously keeping his leader’s mood subdued.

Optimus looked at the mech he loved. Not that he deserved a wonderful mech like Jazz.

The saboteur deserved to know that Primus had decreed that Megatron was his Lord Protector. And more importantly, he needed to know that his sire bond with Orion might be threatened.

The words would not come out, as if he was not ready to believe it himself.

‘Megatron has been cruel in the past,’ he thought sadly.

‘Circumstances shaped who he is,’ said the ancient Primes. ‘But circumstances change. Have changed much and are continuing to evolve. You may be surprised.’

Optimus sighed. ‘I hope so, it would break Jazz’s spark to lose Orion like that.’
'He loves you also,' the denizens of the Matrix informed him.

'Jazz could never love me,' Optimus said after a stunned silence. ‘Megatron wants the power of the Lord High Protector, and apparently he wants my chassis too. But Jazz does not want those things. He can have any mech. Why would he want me? Not that it matters anyway. I belong to Megatron now. Primus himself has decreed it. It would be better for Jazz if he had no feelings for me at all.'

'Trust Primus,' they insisted before going silent.

Inside the Matrix, Solus Prime turned to her brothers. “This is not fair,” she grumbled.

“All of us hate this, Solus,” countered Prima. “But we have all seen the streams of time. The possibility of disaster if Optimus knows too soon.”

“It may seem cruel, but Vector Prime sends us a constant flow of images of possible futures from his place at the Nexus of all things. Optimus cannot be told. Not yet,” Alchemist Prime argued. “This is the only way.”

Solus sighed and nodded. Her golden optics shuttered. “I just hope this is worth it.”

“You know what is at stake,” Amalgamous Prime drew his sister’s spirit form into an embrace. “Optimus can be so very happy. But only if we allow this to happen in its own time.”

“Like Optimus, I must trust that our father knows what he is doing,” Solus admitted. “But this still sucks.”

To be continued.

Chapter End Notes

I am seriously thinking of starting a separate supplemental post for all this sex. Everybot apparently wants their turn to get laid and I really do not want to lose the threads of the story completely to all the naughty bits.

Next chapter: A bit more sex, and Megatron decides that he and Optimus need to talk.
Optimus was very surprised to find out that most of the mechs that had gone to Cybertron to fight were still there.

And they were apparently in no hurry to come home.

Ratchet, Ultra Magnus, Cliffjumper, Grimlock, Kup (once Ratchet pried him away from the three amorous femmes and reattached his arm) and Ironhide, had arrived on Earth via Space Bridge a short time ago.

Ironhide had not spoken to anyone and went directly to the practice range.

He had been out there shooting target drones ever since.

Cliffjumper stomped to his own quarters without even looking at anyone. The only thing he said was before hitting the door control to his cabin was, ‘PERVERTS!”

Grimlock stalked through the halls with a frightening gleam in his optics as he wordlessly rounded up Sludge, Slag and Snarl, herding them to their shared quarters. With waves of arousal coming off the Dynobot, everyone just got out of his way.

Ultra Magnus and Kup went directly to Optimus’ office with Ratchet to give a report. Optimus was happy to see his old friend. Later they had a lot of catching up to do.

The Cygar smoking mech was in good spirits, but the Commander of the Wreckers seemed oddly subdued.

Whatever it was that seemed to weigh on his processor, he did not allow it to interfere with his duty. He quickly and efficiently told Optimus of the battle and a little of its aftermath.

“It was strange,” he added. “Once the battle was won, every conscious mech and femme on the planet seem to become uncontrollably aroused, except Megatron and Ratchet.” All three mechs noted that he did not include himself in that caveat.

“That’s true,” said Kup. “An old war mech like me is no stranger to battle lust, but it has never been
so strong before.” He had to consciously work to keep a smile off his face plate and his cooling fans from coming on as images of three very lovely and enthusiastic femmes came to mind.

Ratchet nodded. “I’m no warmech, but I felt it coming on, so I kept my medical protocols activated after Hook and I finished repairing Megatron. I saw the way the others were reacting and thought it would be a good idea for somebot to keep their helm on straight.”

Their Prime leaned back in his chair. “I see.”

“No other questions, Optimus?” asked the medic. “Like why our most of our troops and the Decepticons are still up on Cybertron fragging each other?”

“I have a good idea as to why. Primus,” Optimus began. Usually, he would only speak of the Matrix. Many mechs became intimidated when he invoked Primus himself. These mechs were not among them. “He was very pleased with the outcome of the battle. Particularly how his children were finally working together. Those feelings were his… gift.”

“All I can say is it is a good thing that none of the mechs up there have been cured, or at least half of them would likely be sparked by now,” said Ratchet. “I will already have my work cut out for me with the baby boom we have in the making down here. First Aid has confirmed seven sparked mechs and that number will likely continue to rise. Most are probably having multiples.”

“If the, uh, mutual good will on Cybertron continues, once everyone is cured I think we will have more than a few sparklings with Autobot and Decepticon creators.” The old warrior noted.

Ultra Magnus blushed at that. Optimus looked surprised at the reaction. Kup hid a smile and Ratchet coughed very unconvincingly to try and conceal a laugh.

The medic took pity on the poor mech. “Magnus, we are done here. Go get some rest,” the blue mech nodded and left. “Kup, you have not had the chance to see Orion in the mesh. He should be in the rec room playing. That bitlet loves meeting new mechs. Go and enjoy yourself. I need to speak to Optimus.”

“Good idea,” said the older mech. “It has been so long since I saw a sparkling…”

Once the door closed behind Kup, Ratchet turned to his Prime. “Now that we have a moment, you and I need to talk. We have a problem, Optimus. A big one.”

“What is that?” asked the red and blue mech.

“Our mechs and the Decepticons working together, even getting busy, is a good thing. But something happened on Cybertron. Megatron pretty much won the battle on his own. We have been fighting him for millions of years. I know he was a gladiator and all that slag, but I have never seen him move like that. The mech was fragging amazing. Worse, the way our warriors looked at him…”

“I know.” He shuddered at the memory. “Primus told me in no uncertain terms that in his optics, Megatron is already my Lord High Protector.”

“Of course, he did,” sighed Ratchet dejectedly. “Have you told Jazz?”

“No,” the mech looked very depressed. “I want to speak to Megatron first. Perhaps I can persuade him to allow Jazz to continue his sire bond with Orion? Such an act of kindness will help smooth things over while we try to reintegration of our factions. The more good will he can garner with the Autobots, the better things will be.”
The medic shook his helm. “So, Jazz’s only hope of keeping his sire bond with Orion is if Megatron’s political ambitions are stronger than his jealousy? Not sure I would be willing to take that bet.”

As their discussion came to an end there was a knock at the door.

“Come,” said Optimus, glad of the interruption.

Blaster poked his helm in. “Sorry to disturb you, Boss Bot. Soundwave just called. Megatron wants to set up a meeting. Those Decepticons that just arrived have some very important information. He needs to talk to you, ASAP.”

Ratchet slumped in his chair. “Well, Optimus. I guess we are about to find out.”

Knock Out heard the excited chatter in the corridors of the Nemesis. Reflectors’ three components were excitedly talking to Rumble and Frenzy. They were disgustingly cheerful.

Megatron had lead their combined forces on Cybertron to victory, and most of the Autobots on the Ark had been cured by the Matrix.

His spark constricted, hearing just how happy they were.

Reflector could become fertile. The three parts were already discussing finding a mech to serve as sire for them. Like the Constructicons, their sparks and CNA were identical so there was no way they could spark one another.

Symbiots could not procreate, but the tiny terror twins were excited because Soundwave would soon be able to carry. They had no doubt he and Blaster would be creating a litter as soon as their Dock was cured.

There was peace and soon every mech that could be sparked would have a belly full of bitlets.

The medic looked down at his lover. It was not fair. Everyone else got to be happy.

Almost everyone. He sighed, glancing at Vortex. The Combatacon was sitting on the nearby berth holding Wildrider’s servo.

Why had they been singled out? Why had Primus forsaken them?

On a day of miracles, they were forgotten.

Without even realizing is, his servo squeezed the servo he held. To his surprise, he felt a slight pressure in return. His spark quickened. That tiny movement was the first sign of life he had felt from Breakdown in days.

Looking down at his lover, he was shocked as his broad chest plates began to part. Knock Out jumped back as the horribly dim light of Breakdown’s wounded spark cast a pale light on the darkened room.

“They are dying,” he gasped, as realization hit. The pure white light was beginning to dim.

Vortex whimpered and clutched at Wildrider, who’s spark was also exposed. Drag Strip and Dead End’s chest were also beginning to part.
Knock Out’s own chest plates quivered. The red Decepticon watched in horror as Breakdown’s spark beginning to gutter.

‘No! Can’t lose you!’

Knock Out was moving before he realized it. The only sound in the room was from his own vents as he straddled Breakdown. Unable to stop himself, his chest plates opened.

The Stunticon’s fading spark reached out to him weakly, seeking a lifeline.

As their sparks merged into one, Knock Out heard a frail, but somehow still cocky voice. ‘I knew you would not abandon me.’

The medic found himself wondering what he had been afraid of. This was not something terrible to be feared. This was perfection.

He felt all of them. Breakdown was the strongest, but he could sense the consciousness of the other three drawing him into the gestalt.

They were rough and crude, and yet, surprisingly innocent. Their love of destruction and chaos was not even malicious. The Stunticons were immature. They were sparklings, forced into adult frames and told to destroy. They needed someone to guide them. To protect them.

Motormaster had tried, in his own way. He was no more mature but had been larger and stronger. They looked to him as a sire figure.

Knock Out thought he laughed out loud as they all embraced him. He was not exactly mature and responsible himself. But he would try to keep these unruly mechs out of trouble.

Breakdown sighed as their sparks parted. His chest plate closed. The other three were still open. Stronger, but not completely healed.

“You must merge with each of them,” confirmed Vortex.

Chest plates still wide open, Knock Out smirked. “I kind of figured that one out on my own.” With the rotary mech’s encouragement he climbed onto Wildrider’s berth. With a little smile, he looked over at the peacefully recharging Breakdown. “The things I do for you, Breakdown. I just hope the reformatting of my chassis does not make me look fat.”

There were over three dozen humans outside the Ark when Megatron, Galvatron and Cyclonus landed three hours later. All three massive mechs made very impressive landings for the cameras.

The News Networks had returned in force after the excitement of the last few days. Now there were more new mechs showing up. Kup’s arrival had turned a few heads since every Cybertronian currently on Earth was well known.

The appearance of two new Decepticons was greeted with some trepidation. Even though the Autobots did not appear nervous. The ones working around the Ark seemed merely curious.

What really surprised everyone was when the Decepticons found themselves confronted by four of the Dynobots. Megatron did not sense any hostility in their fields, and the other Autobots appeared as perplexed as he was.
“Me Grimlock want to speak to you Megatron.” He stood before the Decepticons in his massive robot form, as did Slag, Sludge and Snarl.

Megatron nodded. “You need something, Grimlock?”

“Me Grimlock never seen anything like you smashing bad drones. You good fighter. You Megatron teach us Dynobots to fight like you?”

“Grimlock, Megatron is very busy,” said Wheeljack, rushing over to keep his creations from causing an incident. “You should not bother him.”

“He is not bothering me. He has made a simple request,” said Megatron as he looked to the almost reverent optics of the beast former. “Grimlock, once details of the peace treaty are worked out, I would be happy to train you and any other Autobots that are willing to learn.”

If he was to lead these mechs in battle, he wanted them all to have the best training possible. He also intended to ask Bluestreak and Ironhide if they would help his mechs with their marksmanship.

The Quintessons were coming. Both Autobots and Decepticons needed to be ready to fight monsters.

The warlord’s very reasonable attitude seemed to take the nearby Autobots by surprise, but none spoke as the three Decepticons continued towards the Ark’s entrance.

Thundercracker and Skywarp met them just inside the base. “Lord Megatron, I am with spark,” blurted out the purple Seeker excitedly.

“That is wonderful news,” Megatron said, sounding genuinely pleased. Although he was not surprised. Besides being kept informed of the updates Blaster had been sending Soundwave, the Insecticams were still sending back data from the Ark.

He already knew which Autobots that First Aid had confirmed were sparked. And, considering how much fragging was going on, several more would likely join them soon. It was a shame they were going to have to put a damper on it.

Optimus and Prowl sat across from Megatron as he introduced the new mechs. “This is my brother, Galvatron and his second in command Cylonus. They also heard Elita One’s message and traced it here.”

Optimus nodded. “I had no idea you had any surviving siblings, Megatron.”

“Neither did I, until he contacted Shockwave,” noted the Decepticon. “They have important information that you and your tactical officer need to know.”

“Our ancient enemy, the Quintessons, are coming,” said Galvatron.

Neither Autobot had personal experience with the Quintessons. Of the surviving Autobots only Kup, Ironhide and Ratchet were born before Alpha Trion had rallied the people and driven their oppressors from Cybertron.

The others knew only what all younglings were taught in the learning centers. That the Quintessons were disgusting techno-organic beings that had once conquered and enslaved Cybertron.
Optimus looked at the newly revealed Decepticons quizzically. “To our knowledge this is the first contact any of our kind has had with the Quintessons for over thirty million years. After all this time, you believe they intend to try to enslave our people again?”

“Two of the five-faced freaks and a dozen Sharticons found us,” growled Galvatron. He did not need to lie or even exaggerate about anything that happened on Chaar. “The first thing they did once my mechs were surrounded was order us to get on our knees, saying that was where slaves belonged.”

“That certainly seems to confirm their intentions,” sighed Optimus sadly. He had heard the stories of course, but they were just stories. Until now, he had no real context for them.

“How did you overcome them?” asked Prowl. He was interested in their tactics and the enemies’ weaknesses. His battle computer was already gearing up to find a way to fight these strange new (to them) adversaries. He needed whatever data they had.

“I was on patrol with four other mechs when they arrived,” explained Cyclonus.

“Since they did not know this, the Quintesson did not think to jam our coms,” added Galvatron. “I was able to contact him. I still lost three mechs to those cursed Sharkitcons, but we destroyed them all. We brought back the carcasses of a Quintesson and Sharticon in stasis and copied their database. Shockwave is examining everything we brought.”

“I have already instructed Shockwave to forward whatever he finds in his examination to your science team,” said Megatron. “They are also free to go to Cybertron to examine the chassis and data for themselves.”

“We appreciate that, Megatron,” said Optimus.

“You realize what this means, Optimus,” said Megatron. He had been watching the Autobot intently while Galvatron relayed his experiences. “The Quintessons will come to Earth. Whether it takes months or if we are lucky, years, there is no doubt that they will come for us.”

“I have made a study of the Quintessons, Optimus. If both Galvatron and Ultra Magnus picked up Elits’s signal, we must assume the Quintessons did also,” noted Prowl. “It was encrypted and apparently broken up into fragments, however, eventually they will decipher it and come to Earth.”

“Because of our presence here, the inhabitants of this world are in great danger. We now have another reason to put aside our differences and work together,” said Optimus. “We should speed up our efforts to complete the final treaty and begin working with the humans on a joint defense of this system.”

“It also means, things may become more complicated in the short term,” said Prowl. “A number of our mechs are sparked. That effectively takes them out of any combat role in the upcoming conflict. We should ask our mechs, particularly heavy fighters and special ops, that are not sparked to either wait on being cured or have transfuid barriers set up to prevent conception. At least until we can get some idea of how close the Quintessons are to finding us.”

The thought caused his spark to constrict, but Optimus nodded in agreement. “It is regrettable that our mechs can now become fertile, but circumstances mean they cannot create. It is a bitter pill to swallow, but they will understand. Our mechs will make that sacrifice to ensure every sparkling can grow up safe and free.”

“You are one of those that are barred from combat, Optimus,” said Megatron. “It will be several
solar cycles before Orion could survive for long without your carrier bond. Your experience and expertise will be needed in planning military actions. However, it would be best if I take over operational command of our combined military forces.”

Shocked, Optimus started to object until Prowl held up a servo.

“I was about to suggest the same thing, Optimus,” the tactician informed him. “For Orion’s sake, you are now a non-combatant.”

The Prime was a little sullen as the other mechs continued their plans. He knew they were right. Orion needed him. But Vector Sigma had reformatted him into a warbuild. The thought of letting others put their function on the line while he stayed behind was frustrating.

After another hour of processor storming they had the beginning of a defense plan for the entire solar system mapped out.

When the discussion reached an end Megatron turned to Optimus. “It is very important that I speak to you alone, Optimus.”

Prowl froze in his track. He knew something of what happened on Cybertron. His tactical computers instantly concluded that Optimus being alone with Megatron for any length of time was a very bad idea. But before he could object, his Prime laid a servo on his shoulder. “It will be alright, Prowl.”

“As you wish.” Prowl inclined his helm.

As soon as the door shut, and they were alone, the warlord turned to Optimus.

Megatron smiled.

Red Alert sat in his monitoring room. He had just had a visitor. Megatron’s brother. His processor was still reeling from that little tidbit. And then Galvatron had asked him the whereabouts of Ironhide.

When asked why, he simply said that they had met on Cybertron and he needed to speak to him. He had no grudge and intended no trouble. He just wanted to speak to him.

Galvatron had been a little dismayed when the mech left without a word while he and Chromia recharged.

The Decepticon parted with the femme on very good terms, with a promise to continue their liaison another time.

He was not sure why the old warrior’s departure affected him so much. It was not as if they were more than passing acquaintances. The three of them had shared a nice after battle frag. That should have been sufficient.

It was not.

The purple Decepticon received a few stares as he made his way to the target range. He could hear the weapons’ fire before he stepped into the enclosure.

Ironhide’s aim was flawless. He seemed to know exactly where each of the darting, hovering drones
would be. His liquid nitrogen gun froze each one in place. Each paused for an instant, then dropped to the ground.

When the wave of targets finished, Galvatron applauded. “Your form is magnificent.”

The Decepticon did not flinch as the weapon snapped up to point at his helm. “As are your reflexes.”

With a frown the gun transformed back into a large servo as the weapons specialist lowered his arm. “What’re yeh doin here?”

“Chromia and I awoke to find you gone. You left without a word.” He tried not to sound petulant. Galvatron was not even sure why the mech’s disappearance had affected him so.

“Look, Con. I… Weh were enemies till a couple weeks ago. Yer good lookin. Pit, yer pretty hot. But when I came outa recharge, somethin just felt…” Ironhide ex-vented. “I’m an old mech. It’s hard ta think bout Decepticons as,” he stopped short of saying ‘lovers’. “As anythin but enemies.”

“You looked at the face plate of someone you are supposed to hate, or even fear and instead you felt desire.” Galvatron understood. Not long ago the thought of sharing pleasure with an Autobot would have made him laugh. Now he found himself liking this new dynamic.

“Yeh want ta go another round. I get it,” Ironhide looked away. “Like I said, yer good lookin. But.. Aw, Pit. It ain’t yeh, its meh.”

“You are afraid?”


“Except enjoying a Decepticon’s spike?” Galvatron took a step closer.

“Maybe I want ta do the spikin.”

Their optics locked. Each dropped into a fighting stance. “Winner tops,” said Galvatron.

Ironhide’s voice was somewhere between a growl and a purr. “Yer on!”

Meanwhile inside the Ark, Cyclonus quickly found the mech he sought standing outside the rec room.

He had been attempting to track down Ultra Magnus since he awoke alone on a medical berth of the Lost Light.

The big blue mech’s optics were anything but happy Cyclonus stepped into his path. No words were spoken as Ultra Magnus, massive shoulders slumped in defeat, motioned him to follow. This was not something to be discussed in a public hallway.

Moments later in the quarters the Wrecker had been assigned, he shivered as a servo touched his arm.

“Dion,” Cyclonus said softly, as the door closed behind them. “You thought you could leave me again?”

The Autobot knew he was not going to escape this time. Taking a deep invent he explained. “What
happened between us on Cybertron, it was a mistake. We cannot allow it to happen again.”

Cyclonus blinked. “That is a load of zap-horse waste. It was not just our chassis that touched. We merged sparks. I felt the core of your being. You may go by another designation and you are larger, but you will always be my Dion.” He reached out a servo to touch the unfamiliar face plate.

Blue optics shuttered at the touch, but the Autobot did not pull away. He (sort of) wanted to. He knew that he should. But he could not. “How can you still want me? Want this,” he gestured over his frame.

“I have had other mechs in my berth during the war, but none ever made me feel the way you do, my beautiful, Dion,” Cyclonus let his fingers caress their way down his chest plate. When they brushed lightly over his interface panel Ultra Magnus found himself spreading his legs and leaning into the touch.

He could feel Cyclonus’ spark pulsing in time with his own.

“I…” Words obviously stuck in the other mech’s vocalizer until he finally blurted out, “It would not be right. I have responsibilities now. I am commander of the Wreckers. We are on different sides.”

“Our leaders are working on a treaty as we speak. And Megatron and Optimus will be bonding soon. Soundwave and Starscream are already trying to rekindle relationships they shared with Autobots before the war. There is no reason we cannot also.”

Ultra Magnus could feel his spark swell, and it frightened him. He knew that he should tell Cyclonus to leave. So much had changed. He could never go back to who and what he was before. But the words simply could not get past his glossa as Cyclonus turned him around.

A few others did manage to slip out as a hot intake boldly nibbled the back of his neck cables. They were barely above a whisper. “I am off duty until morning.”

“You will not be in any shape to report in when I get through with you,” the Decepticon said hotly, rubbing his codpiece against the blue mech’s aft.

The Autobot gasped as he leaned forward against the wall, legs spreading as his interface panel slid aside. Cyclonus kissed his lover gently. “I have heard that many of the mechs here were cured?” he asked, teasing the slick folds.

“Yes,” Ultra Magnus said. “Several are already sparked.”

Cyclonus smiled, fingers slipping into his lover’s valve. “One day, I will put my bitlets into you.”

“Please, just frag me.”

The pair were well into round three when Kup came looking for his old friend. Unfortunately, he had missed Orion. Blurr told him the little mechling was having a nap with his sire.

It was disappointing, but he would see the bitlet soon enough. Right now, he wanted to speak to Ultra Magnus. The big mech had been behaving rather oddly since the battle at the space port. If the older bot was not mistaken, his usually prim and proper commander was acting like someone unexpectedly running into an old flame.

One that had gotten deep under his plating.

When he came to the door he commed. Nothing. “Magnus?” he said aloud. Maybe he was wrong,
and his friend was not there. He pushed the door control experimentally. It opened. He peeked inside, about to call the other mech’s name, only to see Ultra Magnus pinned down on the floor beneath a Decepticon.

After so long at war, his first thought was that he was being attacked.

Until he heard that familiar, deep voice begging to be taken harder. Kup realized that their chest plates were open.

They were merging sparks.

By the sound of the moans and pleas for more, it was obvious that everything happening here was consensual.

Smiling, the old mech locked the door on the way out, as the oblivious lovers had forgotten to do.

Once the two of them were alone in the suddenly stifling small conference room, Optimus had to force himself not to back away. He could feel the heat radiating off the warlord’s frame. “What is it you would like to discuss?” asked the Prime, trying to keep his voice and field even.

The smile on the handsome face plate was both frightening and arousing at the same time.

In answer, the Decepticon moved like lightening, lifting the shocked mech off his peds and dumped him onto the conference table. Before Optimus could even protest, Megatron was climbing over him. “I saw you there on Cybertron as I battled, Optimus. I heard Primus himself declare me your Lord High Protector.” As he spoke he pushed a knee between the shocked Autobot’s leg struts.

“Megatron, please wait!”

“I have waited nine million years. Now I will claim what is mine!”

To be continued…

Chapter End Notes

Time for the plot threads to start to be tied up in nice little bows. Some of them anyway.
Claiming

Chapter Summary

Megatron arranges a little private time with Optimus.

Chapter Notes

Warnings: Dub Con-ish at first, Sticky Sex, Oral, Anal, Fingering, teasing, and extremely pervy (and happy) Megatron.

As always, I do not own the Transformers etc. and any mistakes are my own.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“I have waited nine million years. Now I will claim what is mine!”

Megatron’s face plate moved within inches of the foreboding mask that had always stood between them. “Open for me, my mate.”

Optimus let out a little whimper as his mask and interface panel both slid aside without his permission or intent. It was as if his chassis had, like Primus, decided that he belonged to Megatron.

The Decepticon smirked, looking at the very impressive spike that was now trapped snuggly between their chassis. He only meant for Optimus to open his mask, not his modesty panel.

Well, his request had not been specific. He was certainly not complaining.

He invented, breathing in the heady scent of cyber-pheromones.

Megatron’s own panel opened, freeing his erect spike. The Decepticon growled, tightening his hold on Optimus wrists. The Prime was ready, all he needed to do was draw back and ram his spike into…

The trembling, terrified mech beneath him.

Optimus was aroused. He could smell it, feel it in his field. But he was also afraid.

And Megatron realized in that moment that the fear in those beautiful blue optics was not what he wanted from his former enemy.

Before Orion’s emergence, he would have enjoyed it. Savored it like fine high grade.

But after seeing those same azure optics gaze up at him shining with gratitude and desire, fear was the last thing he wanted.
The realization of why Optimus was so frightened struck him like a shower of freezing cold water.

Optimus Prime did not remember anything of his night of interfacing with Jazz when Orion was conceived. His seal was gone, but in a way, he was still a virgin.

This time, here and now with Megatron, would be the interface that he remembered as his first time with another mech.

The warlord shuttered his optics and took a few deep vents. Optimus was Megatron’s mate, his partner, not a war prize to be broken.

Primus had given Megatron this beautiful mech to protect. To pleasure.

Not to use like a cheap rent bot.

Slowly, his mind came into focus.

It was true that the Lord of the Decepticons had been waiting a very long time for this. The moment when he would finally claim Optimus Prime as his own.

He was not going to destroy what should be something beautiful.

Once he had mastered his desire, Megatron found himself gazing into a pair of bright blue orbs. He then really looked at the face plate below them for the first time in nine million years.

Optimus looked so innocent, the warlord felt a swell of tenderness in his spark.

The face plate before him was not quite that of Orion Pax. The shape was different. More angular, and it was perfectly in proportion to his increased size. The features were exquisitely chiseled and somehow, he looked just as young as the Decepticon remembered.

Optimus also still had the same full, so very kissable, lip plates.

“Jazz was right,” he said, leaning in for a gentle kiss. “You are beautiful.”

The Decepticon felt a little quiver in Prime’s field at the mention of the sire of his sparkling.

Megatron stroked the red and blue mech’s cheek. “You have feelings for Jazz. Feelings deeper than friendship.”

“Yes,” Optimus admitted. “But the Matrix chose you, Megatron. Primus himself decreed that you are my Lord High Protector, my consort. And,” he blushed. “I cannot deny that I desire you.” His chassis ached for Megatron’s touch. His valve was wet and his spike hard from the nearness of him.

“I can feel it.” He slid a servo between them and caressed the other mech’s exposed spike. He shuddered with pleasure at the needy whimper that his touch elicited from the Autobot. Prime’s frame was already near to overheating. “However, there is an alternative to him stepping aside,” said the Decepticon. “If Jazz is willing.”

_Soundwave had been waiting when he stumbled out of the Space Bridge beam. Once he had regained his footing, the Host spoke._

_“Information,” he said simply. Megatron had been surprised by the emotion he felt in his TIC’s field._
“What is it?”

‘Shockwave’s research on Lord High Protector: Incomplete.’

“What? That was a surprise. Shockwave was always so very thorough.

“Searching database for source of weapons: Soundwave discovered relevant data. Histories of Primes confirms: Trines common.”

“Trines?”

The spymaster nodded. “Sentinel Prime: Aberration in many ways. Before Sentinel: Prime, Lord High Protector, Conjux Endura was the norm.”

Megatron’s optical ridges furled. Now that was something to consider. He knew Optimus cared for the saboteur. Perhaps even loved him, and Jazz’s feeling for his Prime were obvious. It would surely make Optimus happy to be able to bond with them both. And there was Jazz’s sire bond with Orion to consider. This gesture, if Jazz was amiable, would please not only Optimus, but help win over the other Autobots. “Soundwave, do you believe that Jazz can be persuaded to become Conjux Endura to us both? He is a very dangerous mech and, I admit, I have been pushing him harder than I should.”


“I hope you are right, Soundwave.”

“According to everything I have found out about Primes and Protectors, it was once common for the two of them to have a Conjux Endura. I would be amenable to accepting Jazz as part of a trine.”

He would be very agreeable. Jazz was a sexy mech and Megatron did enjoy threesomes.

“You want the three of us to be a trine?” asked Optimus. He shuddered with intense pleasure that radiated within his chest and went straight to his interface apparatus.

‘Yes!’ chimed the voices of the Primes happily.

‘Primes can bond into trines? You knew?’

‘We wanted to tell you, but it was necessary for Megatron to be the one to suggest it,’ they told him. ‘Had you done so, his ego would have taken it as a rejection. To his jealous spark, you would make Jazz your true mate and he would be secondary. The timelines we saw ended with Megatron and Jazz killing one another. Orion would not survive the loss of his sire. Broken, you would follow them into the Well. Angry, distraught mechs on both sides would begin the war anew. This way, Megatron knows first and foremost that you accept him as your consort. By allowing Jazz to share you, he feels that he is being generous to you both. That he the one in control.’

‘Jazz would want this?’ said Optimus. “I suppose he might accept this arrangement for Orion’s sake.”

‘Come now, Optimus, you are adorable when you are obtuse. You refuse to acknowledge what is
so obvious to everyone else, even the Decepticons. That Jazz loves you more than life itself. This is what we have been hoping for. You need them both. They will protect and love you. They will protect and love Orion and all the sparklings the three of you will create together. With their help you will rebuild Cybertron.’

A picture formed before his optics. ‘This is what the future can be,’ assured the Matrix.

Optimus himself sat on the Primal throne in a fully restored Grand Hall. It was stunning. Beautiful multicolored crystal inlaid walls formed an intricate mosaic of the deeds of the original 13 Primes. The throne itself was made of pure white marble. More extravagant than he would have liked. But he had to admit, it did look very impressive.

It took a moment for the Autobot to realize what he was seeing. He appeared to be posing for a portrait.

And he was not alone.

Optimus’ future-self had a newborn mechling cradled in each arm. One’s chassis looked like Optimus, although the mechling was black and white. The other was the image of Megatron in chassis and coloring, but with large innocent blue optics.

Standing at his right, absolutely radiating happiness and pride was Megatron himself. His large black servo affectionately caressing Optimus’ shoulder. In his other arm, the warlord carefully cradled a third mechling. It had a frame that looked like a mix of Optimus and Megatron. The little one had Megatron’s face plate and helm, while the rest of his chassis and all his coloring was more like Optimus. His optics were red. He looked the same age as the ones Optimus held.

To his left stood Jazz. The Saboteur had a broad grin on his face plate. His right servo was on Optimus’s thigh, giving it a playful squeeze. He held a sleek little femling on his hip. She was the same age as the mechlings. She closely resembled Jazz although her coloring was light blue and black instead of white and black.

Beside Jazz stood Orion. Optimus recognized his mechling’s markings. It was so bizarre to see the little sparkling he knew was at that moment recharging with his sire, suddenly become a lanky youngling of perhaps ten to twelve years old. His helm almost reached his sire’s shoulder. He held what had to be a sibling against his chest plate. A tiny mechling, much smaller than the others. That one resembled Optimus in form, but his coloring was black and white.

Optimus gasped as the view widened and he saw that there were six more younglings that looked to be only a little younger than Orion sitting cross legged on the floor before them.

Two were scaled down copies of Jazz, complete with mischievous grins. The only real difference besides their size was their bright, ruby red optics. The next pair looked more like Orion, but one had red optics the other’s optics were so dark blue as to be almost black. Their chassis were mostly red, but where Orion and Optimus were blue, they were silver gray.

The last two were quite unique. The first was slimmer and taller than the others. His chassis closely resembled Megatron’s. His optics were blue and his coloring, black and white, with sliver accents.

The final sweetly smiling youngling was another femling.

Her sleek frame also resembled Megatron, except for a crest on her fore helm, which was very much like Optimus’. Her coloring was silver with deep blue accents. The most striking thing about the young femme was her optics. They were gold. A very rare color even before the war. That was
said to be the color of the optics of several of the original thirteen Primes.

‘Primus, it looks like we are trying to repopulate Cybertron on our own! Surely I did not birth all of them?’ he thought. ‘No, I could not have. Some were obviously produced by Jazz and Megatron. But according to his medical file Megatron’s gestational chamber was removed. He cannot carry. There must be true love in our bond for Jazz to consent to carry for a mech his size.’ He could feel the contentment radiating from his future self, sparklings, younglings and his mates.

‘You see what can be?’ said the Primes.

Optimus Prime did not even have to think about it. ‘If you had showed me this before, the three of us would already be bonded!’ Optimus chided. He wanted the future in that vision with all his spark. He loved every one of those sparklings already and could hardly wait to meet them.

“You like the idea?” whispered Megatron, feeling the happiness in Optimus’s field as he stroked his helm.

“Yes, as does the Matrix,” said Prime, still reeling.

‘Even better,’ thought Megatron. Of course, the Matrix did not want them to fight.

It was not as if his plans would harm the Autobots. In fact, he would make sure they were very well protected. Especially Optimus and his sparkling.

“Our people are so few, the Matrix knows that for us to survive our two factions must again become one,” said the warlord.

“That sounds like something I would say,” said Optimus, feeling a little nervous even as the Matrix purred in agreement. While he wanted the future he had seen, he did have reservations. “Primus chose you, but there is one thing I want to make clear. My mechs will accept you as my Protector, but the Autobots will not become fodder for your conquests or do harm to the humans.”

“And I do not intend for them to. Come now, Optimus. We once numbered in the billions. Between our forces, Velocitron and a few smaller colonies, Shockwave’s most generous estimate of the number of living Cybertronians is about three hundred thousand. And many of them will not be able to produce sparklings. The larger transports and citiformers were created sterile and many Decepticons were either completely, or like me, partially sterilized while we were slaves. We teeter on the edge of extinction. Even if all that might be able to breed become fertile, for the safety of the carriers we will only be able to produce so many sparklings at a time. And, it will be nearly a century before Orion or any of the other new sparks’ interface protocols come on line. It will take millennia to bring up our numbers to a point where we can fully restore Cybertron.”

“That is true,” said Optimus, cautiously optimistic.

“Also, it would be best if Autobots, Decepticons and eventually Neutrals came together to create sparklings. The more variety in our CNA pool the better. I know several of my mechs had relationships with Autobot before the war.”

Starscream and Skyfire had already rekindled their relationship. From the reports Soundwave was getting, the Seeker was very happy. And relaxed.

It was a shame that Skyfire could not be made fertile. Their offspring would have been magnificent flyers.
He was also aware that Soundwave was making overtures to Blaster. His Third-in-command had admitted to Megatron that they had been lovers before the war. Had been close to bonding when they suddenly found themselves on opposite sides of the conflict. He would not keep such a thing from his Lord.

Megatron had happily given his blessing to Soundwave to pursue a relationship, as he had his brother and Cylonus to court the Autobots they had chosen. He did not doubt his brother’s charms, but who would have thought any Decepticon could get under Ironhide’s plating?

After what happened on Cybertron, there were already some new inter-factional relationships forming. He was very interested in the creations of the Constructicons and Warpath, once they were cured.

He intended to encourage any of his mechs that were not already mated to seek partners among the Autobots.

What better way to eventually bring them all under his control?

“I want this to be real, Megatron. I want to trust you.”

The Decepticon looked deeply into Prime’s optics. “I never thought I would admit this to you, Optimus. A large part of the reason for continuing the war was despair. All of us knew that we would be the last generation of Cybertronians. Now we can plan for a future that does not include eventual extinction. We must concentrate on rebuilding our population and our world. There will be no wars of conquest.”

‘Not for a few thousand years,’ he added to himself. He could be patient. With luck once their numbers were sufficient to start looking outward, he would be fully established as the Leader of Cybertron, with Optimus busy caring for their sparklings.

Besides, why should he lose troops fighting for Earth or Cybertron when being Lord Protector would place both worlds in his lap?

If he allowed the humans to believe that Optimus was fully in charge they would hand over all the resources necessary to rebuild Cybertron without a single protest.

With the looming threat of the Quintessons hanging over them all, it was in their own best interest.

And as warlike as they were, when the time came that he could start planning for expansion, the humans might even be persuaded to join them. True, they were small, but also wonderfully violent.

They would make perfect shock troops.

He would rule both worlds, and he would have Optimus. And with luck, Jazz as well. Most definitely a win, win situation for Megatron.

“You and Jazz can discuss it and contact me with his decision. We can proceed from there.” He leaned down and kissed him. “In the meantime, I know your chassis burns with desire. Primus himself has decreed that we are mates and we are not leaving this room until we consummate our union,” he whispered the last part in Prime’s audio.

He kissed his way slowly down Optimus’ frame with a very specific destination in mind. Licking his dermas, he leaned down between those lovely leg struts and let his glossa taste the wet, swollen valve. Optimus moaned as he licked and nipped at his sensitive mesh.
The Decepticon purred, savoring the pale blue fluid thoughtfully. He found most mech’s lubricants inoffensive, if bland. Prime was different. And that was not just because this was something he had wanted for so long.

Optimus Prime’s lubricants were delicious, having the same taste as the liquid center of a sweet energon treat.

Megatron adored those treats. A craving he could rarely indulge when he was young. His carrier saved for weeks just to get him a few of them. It was not until later that he realized the sacrifice she made to give him that small pleasure.

The taste of the Prime gave him a warm, happy feeling deep in his spark.

Optimus was beautiful, sexy, and he tasted delicious. It was as if the Prime were created solely to please him.

Like every other Cybertronian he had heard stories that the Matrix reformatted its chosen down to their protoform. It was said that Primus intended to make his avatars powerful warriors and the most desirable of mates. Megatron had believed those rumors to be just that. Rumors. Perhaps it was the Matrix itself that had upgraded Optimus? Megatron would never have thought that the repository of the wisdom of the Primes would give its bearers the same interface upgrades as high class pleasure bots.

His respect for the relic went up exponentially, along with his arousal.

Optimus raised his aft, seeking more contact. Megatron growled, lifted Prime’s legs over his shoulders and pulled those sleek hips against his intake.

As Megatron lustily devoured the exquisite valve, Optimus arched against him.

“Yes, please, ooohhh…” Prime continued to moan and beg. His servos clutched clumsily at Megatron’s helmet, wanting more.

The Decepticon nipped and sucked the sensors at the opening, then on impulse he slid two fingers deep inside Prime’s secondary port.

Optimus stiffened and cried out in overload.

Optimus gasped when he withdrew his fingers from the tight port. Megatron growled, moving over him again. Prime’s optics went wide as his servos came up to push the other mech’s chest plates. “Megatron, no! I’m not healed,” gasped Prime.

“Much as I want to feel my spike in your valve, Ratchet already informed me that you were not ready. Have no fear, I will not hurt you, Optimus.” A very tiny, extremely unfamiliar twinge of guilt slipped into his spark as he recalled that it was he that had triggered Prime’s premature labor and caused the damage. It did not matter that there was no way that he could have known at the time. This exquisite mech and his sparkling could both have perished.

“I am sorry about that,” he said, gently stroking Prime’s face plate. On impulse, he nuzzled Prime’s cheek strut. “Carriers should be protected. Cherished,” he purred, slipping his already slick fingers back into the rear port. He felt the Prime arch up as their spikes slid against one another. “This will not harm you.”

Prime trembled with pleasure, although he still looked a little unsure. “Megatron?” Optimus gasped, biting back a moan.
“Shh, my beautiful one, this will feel so good.”

‘Listen to your Protector,’ counseled the Primes. ‘He needs to claim you, as you must claim him.’

“That is right. Relax for me,” Megatron said softly as he added a third digit. Prime ceased his feeble protests and began to move in counterpoint to his fingers. The port was wet and clenching. Megatron could hardly wait.

He withdrew the fingers and guided his spike. As soon as the head breached the entrance, he began to move gently in and out. It was amazingly tight. The grip of those calipers around him was better than any valve he had ever had. And Prime’s moans of pleasure went right to his spike.

Optimus whimpered and wrapped his arms and legs around the other mech, holding onto him as if his function depended on it. “Oh!” he gasped, canting his hips to allow his Lord Protector to take him deeper. His confused processor had no idea exactly what was happening, but it felt so good that he did not care. He just wanted it to continue. “Megatron! Please, more!”

Megatron was ecstatic. To have Optimus beneath him, clutching at his back struts, gasping his designation in pleasure was better than any of his fantasies. And he reveled in the thought that this opening had still been virgin. Jazz had not taken Prime’s port.

He was the first.

They were both so aroused that it did not take long to feel Prime begin to tremble as electricity crackled around his form. “Let go, Optimus, my beautiful mate. Overload for me.”

“Oh, Primus… Megatron!” Optimus cried as his climax overtook him.

Cooling fans straining, the Decepticon slowly got up on his knees. A tiny part of his processor was amazed that the table was still standing, let alone not covered in deep gouges.

Impressive construction.

The other thing he noticed was Optimus’ spike. It was still hard as titan-steel.

Very impressive construction.

He ran a servo over the lovely rod, teasing the ridges. The mech beneath him arched up, pushing up through his fingers.

Megatron smiled and straddled the prone mech. Optimus moaned at the strange new sensation of a hot, slick valve sliding along his spike. He had used his servo on it while creating the Matrix pulse, but this was another magnitude of pleasure.

“What are you doing?” he gasped.

“I have claimed you, now it is only right that you claim me,”” Megatron purred, guiding that sweet spike to his entrance.

It was a very good thing the room was soundproof, or every Autobot on the base would have come running to find out why their Prime had just roared!

Helm thrown back, Megatron rode his spike. The ridges were doing wonderful things deep within him. Soon, he had his optics shuttered and was chasing his overload when suddenly the Decepticon found himself flipped over onto his back. Optimus caught his wrists, pinning him down on the table
and pounding his valve.

No bot had ever taken him in this way. Megatron was no stranger to being spiked, but he had never been so completely dominated. Optimus’ engine rumbled as he held the Decepticon down, controlled him.

Soon it was Megatron that was begging.

When the pair climaxed, they were both knocked offline by the force of their mutual overload.

It was several moments later when a groggy Prime shook himself awake.

“Megatron?” gasped Optimus once he had completely rebooted. “Please, forgive me. I lost control. Did I hurt you?” he asked, voice full of concern.

The Decepticon pulled him down into a kiss. “You, are an adorable idiot, my sweet, innocent mate. You did exactly what I desired. And you did it masterfully.”

“I did?” Optimus favored him with a slightly confused, but pleased, if slightly loopy smile. “I was not too rough? You really liked that?”

Megatron laughed. “That was one of the best, most intense overloads of my life. Which is saying something,” said the warlord. “You may free to lose control with me anytime you like.”

“It felt so good,” admitted Optimus. “It was nothing like when I…” His face plate burned with shame.

“Like when you touch yourself?” Sadly, he had not seen it, but he had read the reports the Insecticams got from the Autobots’ computer systems. He had to masturbate while overcharged to cause the effect.

Unless Primus himself was involved, as he apparently was the last time the pulse occurred.

“It is always better to share this kind of pleasure,” said Megatron, coaxing Optimus onto his back. “Speaking of which.” He rubbed his recovered spike against his mate’s interface array. “I want your port again.”

Jazz had been laying beside Orion for over two hours and he was not a happy mech.

He loved his mechling, and he understood that the little one could not recharge without one of his creators nearby. The poor thing started to whimper and cry if he was not touching either Optimus or Jazz the entire time.

The saboteur wanted to comfort his sparkling. However, the fact that Optimus was meeting with Megatron and he was stuck here did not sit well.

For the tenth time, he considered comming Prowl when Orion finally decided to wake up. “Jass!” he cried, wrapping his little arms around his sire’s neck cables and kissed his cheek strut. The black and white mech felt his spark melt all over again.

“What did I ever do ta deserve such a sweet mechlin?” he asked, hugging the little bundle of adorableness.

“Let’s go back ta the rec room ‘n see if weh can find out when yer carrier’ll be free,” he said,
heading for the door.

Once they reached their destination, they were, as always, the center of attention. The only new development was that many of their admirers were sparked mechs and soon to be sires. They were cooing over Orion and picturing what their own new sparks would look like.

Jazz was very happy that Orion decided to let Bumblebee feed him some sparkling energon from a cube. This was the first time since he was freed from the humans and had his memories erased that he refueled with anyone but Optimus.

Orion was cuddling on the couch with Bee. Prowl had entered and was getting some energon for himself. Jazz was about to ask the SIC where Optimus was when Kup walked in.

The antient mech’s vents hitched at the sight of the refueling sparkling.

“So, what do yeh think ‘o the bitlet?” asked Jazz, grinning. He could stop and talk for a moment. Just to be sociable. It was not that he wanted to show off his sweet little creation.

“Precious beyond words,” whispered Kup, gazing at the adorable sparkling in awe. His knee joints were weak and his spark pounding in his chest.

Bumblebee saw him and smiling, patted the cushion next to them, inviting the old warrior to sit with him and be close to the sparkling. Utterly captivated, Kup walked over and sat down beside them, just as those huge blue optics found him. The mechling released the nipple on the cube, held out his arms to Kup and squealed in delight.

Ratchet was being nuzzled by Sunstreaker. He sighed as a hot glossa traced over his closed panel. The gold twin was teasing him mercilessly, while Sideswipe kissed him on the intake. Their glossas tangled as their lip plate’s parted.

“We missed you,” Sideswipe said, letting his servos roam the older mech’s chassis.

“Less talking, more licking,” Ratchet commanded.

“Me or him?” asked Sunstreaker.

“Yes,” said Ratchet. His spike was pushing insistently against his codpiece. He was going to let them play for a while, then he was thinking, the three of them should form a circle, each with a spike in their intake.

He was not going to be spiking either of them until they had transfluid barriers set up. They were fertile now and he could sire sparklings. Ratchet already had over half a dozen sparked mechs to look after. The last thing he needed was the twin terrors sparked with his own bitlets.

Maybe one day, when things calmed down he might consider it, if his lovers really wanted sparklings. But right now, he just had too fragging much to do.

Ratchet was just about to open his interface panel when he received an urgent comm. ‘Ratch, get yer aft ta the rec room, NOW!’

‘Jazz? What is wrong? Is someone hurt?’ he asked, shutting off his interface protocols. He was mad, but Ratchet knew Jazz would not do this if there were not something very wrong.
Ratchet stormed into the rec room with a pair of annoyed front liners in tow.

“Holy scrap,” he gasped, completely unprepared for the scene before him.

Jazz was standing beside the big couch, where a very stunned Kup was sitting with Orion on his lap. The mechling was rubbing the older warrior’s chest plates and purring. The pale blue mech was just staring straight ahead. Ever other bot in the room was standing there, intakes hanging open like landed cyber-carp.

Everybot but one.

Prowl was laying on the floor, his chassis occasionally twitching.

“What the Pit is going on here? What made Prowl glitch?” growled Ratchet.

“You tell ’m, bitlet,” sighed the Porcha.

Orion grinned at him and pointed to Kup. “Bright Spark, Little Spark!” The Autobot CMO did not move, unless you counted his intake dropping open.

“Bright Spark, Little Spark,” the mechling repeated insistently.

Orion was a little confused at the lack of reaction. Everyone was usually so happy when he said that?

“Holy, Primus,” gasped Ratchet as he scanned Kup. Orion’s record for identifying sparked mechs was still perfect.

Shaking his helm, the medic then scanned Prowl and concluded that he was going to be needing a hard reboot. After initializing this, he turned to look up at the old warrior.

“Do you have any idea how this could have happened, Kup?” gasped Ratchet. “The Matrix pulse has definite limits. No mechs on Earth outside the Ark were cured. How the Pit were you cured when you were on Cybertron?”

The older mech just looked up at him and shrugged. “I’m as much in the dark as you are, lad.”

“I have a theory,” said Perceptor. “Although, I did not put any real credence in it at the time, Optimus once told me that the heart of the Matrix is a piece of Primus’ spark. If that is indeed true, and it is a piece of Primus’ spark that creates the Matrix pulse this makes sense.”

Everybot just stared at him blankly, so the scientist explained, “The core of Cybertron is Primus’ spark.”

Sideswipe shook his helm. “Are you saying that everybot on Cybertron is cured?”

“We will have to examine them, but it is likely that everybot that has reproductive equipment that can be made functional will have been cured,” confirmed Perceptor.

“If that is the case, at least from everything I have heard, a lot of them are already sparked,” said Bluestreak.

“We must find Optimus,” said Ratchet. “He needs to know what is going on.”
“Where’s the Boss Bot?” asked Jazz. “I thought he was meetin with Prowl ‘n Megs.”

“He was,” confirmed Ratchet.

‘OP?’ Jazz commed. He had hesitated before, not wanting to disturb Optimus and Prowl if they were making progress with Megatron on the peace treaty. But now… His spark went cold when he received no answer.

He switched channels. ‘Red, where’s OP?’

‘As far as I know, he is still in the conference room.’

‘Megs still there too?’ he asked, already heading towards the door.

‘Yes… No, sorry. I can see him now. Megatron has reached the main entrance to the Ark. He is going outside.’ answered Red Alert. ‘And, he just took off. Jazz… Is something going on? Megatron had a very odd look on his face plate. Kind of… smug. Should I go check on Optimus?’

‘I got this, Red,’ replied Jazz.

Orion beeped in surprise as Jazz ran to the door. When he hit the corridor he transformed and, headless of the mechs in the hall, raced full speed towards the conference room.

‘Please be alright. Please be alright,’ his processor chanted like a prayer.

To be concluded.

Chapter End Notes

Just one more chapter to go.

Next time, Jazz finds out what happened in the conference room and decides it is time he and Megatron to have a serious talk, mech to mech. Will Optimus, Megatron and Jazz become a trine, or will Jazz shoot Megatron’s spike off? (Bets?)
As soon as the Autobot TIC found out that Megatron had been left alone with Optimus, he almost went ballistic. Add to that the smug look Red Alert reported on the warlord’s face plate as he exited the Ark and Jazz was near panic.

A very dangerous combination.

He literally sent mechs in the halls diving for cover as he raced past without slowing.

What was Prowl thinking, leaving Optimus alone with the Decepticon? Megatron’s picture should be in the dictionary beside the definition of ‘untrustworthy’.

Optimus was so innocent and vulnerable. The slagger could not help but try to take advantage of the sweet mech’s trust.

Yes, Prowl had told him that the odds of Megatron harming Optimus were so low as to be almost nonexistent, but still this was Megatron.

Sunstreaker or Sideswipe might joke that his ‘Spidey-Sense’ was tingling. But he had a feeling of dread twisting his tanks. Especially since Optimus had still not left the conference room and he was not answering his comms.

The sight that greeted him when he burst through the doors was just as bad as anything his imagination could have conjured up.

Optimus Prime was sprawled on the conference table like a forgotten toy. His interface panel was still wide open.

Jazz gasped as he realized transfluids trickle from his Prime’s obviously used rear port.

“Megatron!” Jazz growled. “That son of a glitch, he… Oh, Primus!” But the anger was shoved aside as concern for the mech he loved overwhelmed him. He rushed over and crawled up onto the table beside him. Trying to keep his field calm, he touched the beautiful, bared face plate gently.
“Optimus, speak ta meh. Did he hurt yeh? Should I call Ratchet?”

Optimus looked up at him, cycling his optics sleepily. He reached up and took Jazz’s servo and favored him with a beatific smile. “There is no need. I am alright, Jazz. Everything is alright. Please, let me explain…”

Megatron took his time flying home. The warlord was almost giddy, reveling in the feel of the Earth’s bright sun on his plating. For the first time in his function, he truly felt that he did not have a care in the world.

He could not keep a smile from his lip plates as he replayed the memory of Optimus Prime’s tight port and that amazing spike.

Megatron was one very happy mech.

Finally, after so many centuries, Megatron had claimed the reluctant Autobot leader. Apparently, Primus himself was willing to accept his ambitions as long as they included protecting Cybertron and its Prime.

Something he intended to do with all his considerable might.

Eventually, he meandered his way towards home and was pinged by the Nemesis. Without slowing he sent the code to raise the air lock. A very surprised Barricade was on duty monitoring the area. He gave his leader a sideways look as he breezed by with a very uncharacteristic smile on his face plate.

Once he reached the bridge, Megatron walked over to Soundwave. “How are the patrols going? No incidents, I trust.”

“Meetings between factions: No longer tense. Rumble and Frenzy: Continue watching outside the Ark.” Soundwave knew the Autobots would get suspicious if they stopped sneaking around. The last thing the Decepticons wanted was for their new allies to speculate if they had other means of spying on them. “Sniper Bluestreak: Gave them rust sticks.” Megatron was surprised to feel a little fluctuation in the other bot’s field. This was the spymaster’s equivalent of doing a happy dance!

“Supplementary report. Video feed received from Insecticams confirms: Cyclonus and Ultra Magnus together. Galvatron and Ironhide: Frenemies with benefits.”


“Autobot and Decepticons on Cybertron: Still interfacing.”

“This is good news indeed,” said the Decepticon Lord. “Let us hope this new-found appreciation for one another will help ease tensions while we integrate our forces.”

Megatron was not yet aware that any of those on Cybertron had been cured or he would be much less pleased about it. With the Quintessons coming, they would need every soldier.

Soundwave had not viewed the video of Orion and Kup in the rec room. In his defense, he was a very busy mech and could not constantly monitor every Insecticam’s feed.

And admittedly, he was somewhat distracted by the sheer volume of videos of mechs interfacing.
The spymaster had a bit of a voyeuristic streak. It came with the job.

“Keep an optic on things here, Soundwave. I am going to my quarters.”

Megatron lay back on his berth to watch the Insecticam’s video footage of he and Prime interfacing on the conference table. His servo slid slowly over his spike as he enjoyed a perfect view of himself as he glossa fragged Prime’s valve. Too bad he would have to delete it later. The last thing he wanted was for word of its existence to get back to Optimus.

Megatron did not want his mate to be upset. Primus, the mech’s’ I’m disappointed in you’ voice was his most potent weapon. Explaining about the Insecticams might be worse than the existence of the tape itself. The little mechanisms were technically (alright, blatantly) a violation of their agreement.

He was stroking his spike while watching the vid, and getting very close to overload, when a very familiar voice interrupted his private fun time.

“Yeh should be glad I ain’t the vindictive type, Megs.”

Megatron stilled the servo on his spike and turned his helm to see the black and white Autobot Third in Command leaning casually against the wall. The mech had a surprisingly large gun propped on his shoulder. Not threatening as such, but he had no doubt it could very easily be pointed at his helm before he could even release his spike.

Megaton was too shocked at the premature end of his pleasure to be outraged at the corruption of his designation.

“Prime ordered you and the other special ops mechs not to enter the Nemesis,” the Decepticon noted indignantly.

Autobots were supposed to be the honorable ones!

“OP said weh can’t come ta spy on yeh. I’m here ta talk ‘bout that proposition yeh had fer meh. Whole different mech-animal.”

Megatron had to laugh, recalling Optimus’ own words. “My Special Ops team have been known to use rather broad interpretations of my orders.”

“Speakin ‘o that,” Jazz glowered. “Even an uncouth scavenger from the Badlands like meh knows when a mech wants ta form a trine with a couple o’ bots, he talks ta ta ‘em both first. He don’t give one some slag bout how ‘Primus says weh gotta ‘face’ then frag him up the aft. Not cool, mech. Not cool.”

“Would it help if I said I was deeply sorry?” asked Megatron, eyeing the Scatter Blaser nervously.

“Pull the other one.” Jazz shook his helm. “Yeh’ve had a hard-on fer OP since the first time yeh laid optics on him. I think he’s the only one that didn’t know.”

“Can you blame me?” countered Megatron.

“Naw, be kinda hypocritical o’ meh since I had the same problem. Ain’t happy bout what happened, but Optimus told meh what you said. And the Matrix wants yeh ta be Lord Protector. Never was
big on religion, but when you spend enough time with the Matrix Bearer, yeh get an education. I seen some pretty amazin’ slag. If it wants ta give yeh the job, I’m down with it. Just remember, the Matrix approvin is ‘bout the only reason yeh still got yer spike attached.” Jazz smirked. He enjoyed seeing just how uncomfortable the other mech was.

And of course, there was the fact that he was still holding his spike. That made it even better.

Surprisingly, it had yet to start to go down. If anything, Megatron was even more aroused.

(Hmm, exhibitionism kink…)

“Leaving the question that you came to discuss. How do you feel about becoming part of a trine, Jazz?”

“Boss Bot’s gonna do whatever it takes ta end the war. If that meant sacrificin his function, he’d do it in a sparkbeat. If it means sharin yer berth, he’ll do that too. An’ I’ll be there ta protect him. But before yeh go near OP again we’re gonna have us n’ understandin.” Megatron started to sit up. The weapon was pointed at his helm before he could blink an optic. “Ah, ah, ah. Yeh just stay put. An’ keep yer servo where it is.”

With a sigh, the silver mech lay back down. “I feel a bit exposed.”

“But I feel safer, n’ that’s what’s important.” Slowly the Autobot raised the gun back to his shoulder. “Besides, yeh got a nice spike. I don’t mind lookin’ at it awhile.”

“Really?” Megatron was willing to admit he enjoyed being the center of attention. Between the danger and the saboteur watching him with lustful optics he was extremely aroused. “Would you care to join me?”

Jazz shook his helm wistfully. “Weh’ll get ta that part later. Just need ta set some ground rules first.”

“Such as?”

“When it comes ta interfacin weh both know Optimus is bout as innocent as a new spark. N’ weh ain’t gonna abuse him. Yeh and me, we’re gonna be real gentle ‘n patient. Yeh understand? I know yeh ain’t no sadist like Shockwave, or yeh wouldn’t be gettin anywhere near him. But yeh like ta spice up yer interfacin. Restraints, a little pain, role playin, dominance ‘n submission. Yer partners are willin, but yeh’d like Optimus bound ‘n on his knees. That ain’t happenin. Least till he’s real comfortable with yeh, ‘n only if he wants ta.”

The Deception glared. “You certainly know a lot about my interface preferences.”

“Made it past six a’ yer mechs on patrol, Soundwave’s top o’ the line surveillance system ‘n I’m standin in yer private quarters watchin yeh play with yerself. Do yeh really think this is the first time I’ve been here?”

He and Mirage had seen a few roleplaying sessions with Motormaster in the part of Optimus Prime. What had surprised them both was that Megatron had never been particularly rough during those times. No energy whips or beatings. He wanted submission, but once his substitute Prime agreed to be his berth slave the Decepticon was surprisingly gentle. It was nothing like the violent rape fantasy either expected upon realizing what was happening.

Megatron happily fragged Motermaster in every conceivable way, but he wanted to make ‘Optimus’ overload. To make him beg for Megatron’s spike, not hurt him. It was all pretty fragging hot.
Though the memories were now tainted by Motormaster’s sudden, violent end.

Jazz never thought he would feel sorry about the loss of a Stunticon.

“Good point,” admitted Megatron, bringing Jazz’s attention back to the prone mech on the berth.

The warlord realized that he was really going to have to review the base security procedures. “So, I take it you will not object to Optimus joining in the more adventurous games, eventually?”

“Optimus is innocent, but he won’t stay that way. An’ I’m glad of it.”

Megatron raised an optic ridge. “Really?”

“Like I said, I been wantin’ him even longer than yeh. I got mah fantasies too. But I’m gonna make sure he gets ta learn bout just plain interfacin’ n’ pleasure before either o’ us even think o’ doin’ any o’ the kinky stuff with him. Till I think he can handle it weh keep the games strictly between us.”

Megatron’s spike twitched. “You are willing to indulge in a little… spice?”

“I’m Special Ops, baby. Seduced a few mechs in mah time. Can get off on some things that might surprise yeh. Restraints can be kinda relaxin’. An’ I can go dom or sub. Don’t worry, I’ll keep yeh satisfied. OP’s gonna be left completely outta that stuff or I’ll give yeh a personal demonstration on how I took out Megazarak.” Jazz looked him square in the optics.

“That was you?” gasped Megatron. “He was guarded by fifty of the most dangerous Decepticons ever sparked.”

“Also had a security system so sensitive it could hear grass grow. Yeh’d think he’d try ‘n make it difficult. I was a gentleman ‘bout it. Let him finish ‘facin the guard he seduced first.”

“Not to push my luck, but, if you could do that, why do I still function?”

“I started out doin’ Wet Work fer Sentinel. He ordered assassinations by the dozen. When Optimus became Prime he nixed that slag. Right bout the time yeh took over the Decepticons and woulda been on the top o’ the list. I obey his orders, Megs. I love Optimus, but maybe even more important, I respect him. He don’t want us taken down enemy commanders while they self-service in the wash racks, so that’s the way I roll. But, if anythin’ ever happens ta him, I’ll consider that order null an’ void. Ain’t the only one either. Yeh think us Autobots is all sweetness ‘n light, but we been at this a long time. Without Optimus, this war’d be a whole lot uglier.”

“I think you and I will be well matched,” noted the Decepticon. He had thought of the saboteur as a bonus. Just another valve to frag. But he would have to rethink that assessment. Jazz was a lot more dangerous than even he suspected.

This could be a very enjoyable arrangement.

“Just remember, Optimus is lookin like he’ll be a submissive in the berth…” As he said that Jazz’s optics had strayed to the screen. Optimus had flipped Megatron onto his back. He was holding the Decepticon down and fragging him strutless.

Jazz’s core temperature rose dramatically. He could not help but imagine himself on the receiving end of all that power.

Megatron smirked as Jazz’s engine revved at the sight of his Prime dominating the warlord. “Re-writing a few of those fantasies, are we?”
Jazz was doing just that when he shook himself. He needed to focus on the prone mech on the berth. Business before pleasure.

“Anyway,” Jazz said, getting his processor back on the matter at servo. “I’ll lay down fer yeh, but I’ll expect yeh ta return the favor. Always liked spikin’ big mechs, an’ Optimus ain’t the only one with upgrades. He ain’t mah first Prime, either. I could make Sentinel purr like a cyber-kitty.”

That was why his spike had been upgraded. Sentinel had been enamored with Jazz. He always said no one could satisfy him like his sweet death dealer.

“You spiked Sentinel Prime?”

“I was his favorite.”

“Assassin or berth mate?”

Jazz flashed him a seductive smile. “Yes.”

Megatron was shocked. Like everyone else on Cybertron he had heard the stories. Sentinel Prime was reputed to have been insatiable. Of course, in the stories he was always the one doing the spiking.

Quite suddenly the warlord wondered if he might have some competition as the dominate partner in this trine. He had expected to have no trouble making Prime and Jazz bend to his will.

Strangely enough, he found the idea that neither would just submit to him intriguing. After all, he did love a challenge. (And of course, there was the thought of Optimus pounding his valve like a Cyber-Stallion.) “Will I endanger my mech-hood if I tell you that I find this conversation very arousing?” asked Megatron.

“Glad ta hear it,” said Jazz with a grin. “But, I gotta get back ta base. Contact us tomorra. Yeh, me ‘n OP can set up a meetin ta talk bout details on bondin. Just remember, ain’t no valve interface with OP till Ratchet gives the OK. Believe meh, yeh don’t want ta torque off the Hatchet.”

“Are you sure you would not like to stay for a little while?” Megatron really wanted to get that mech into his berth.

Jazz grinned. “Maybe next time.” He glanced up at the recording that was still playing. The Megatron on the screen was slowly thrusting in and out of Prime’s port for their third round. “Make sure yeh delete that once yeh finish. I’ll be real upset if I find out my Prime’s bein used as self-service fodder by those pervy Seekers ‘o yer’s. And just so yeh know, I used Soundwave’s terminal ta send the recall code on yer army ‘o little Peepin Toms.”

Megatron looked a little guilty. “Will you tell Optimus about them?”

“First rule ‘o Spec Ops. OP’s a busy mech. Don’t need ta bother him with the small slag. Long as the Ark stays insect free, we’re good. Now, if I see any ‘o them little pests once I get back… Well, let’s just say, yeh don’t want meh ta have ta send in the exterminators.”

Jazz’s optics strayed up to the view screen again. He had trouble tearing them away from the erotic sight of Optimus writhing beneath Megatron. Once he did, the saboteur winked at the Decepticon. “Lookin forward ta gettin ta know yeh better, Megs.”

“Don’t call me…” His voice trailed off when he realized Jazz was already gone. Megatron took his hand from his spike and sighed. “By the Unmaker, what have I gotten myself into?”
And it is done. Thanks to everyone that made the journey with me all the way to the end.

Here is the good news. As I said earlier, there is going to be a sequel. I have already started writing it. I can promise that there will eventually be many more baby robots. Including the six older sparklings that were shown in Optimus’ vision. I can also confirm that Silas, Dr. Arkeville and the Quintessons, will be making their presence felt.

And here is what some might consider the bad news. It looks as though I will be posting another story (or two) first. I have a couple of very noisy muses demanding my attention. One is pushing a Barbarian AU. The other is championing a story that takes place on a not very nice post war Cybertron.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!