Summary

Suddenly, you called this hell 'home'

Notes

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Sometimes, when things are calmer, you’d lie on your back and stares at the dark ceiling.

You’d fill your vision with darkness, pretending that you’re still in your home, safe and sound in your own room. That you were never got kidnapped by a giant robot when you’re taking a stroll in nearby woods; that you are not being held a prisoner in an alien base somewhere on this planet surface—it’s all just the bad dreams. Giant alien robots don’t exist, they never do, and you definitely never met them. Your room is dark and cold because the power got cut off and you’re waiting for it to get back on so you can turn on the heater again.
And then the fresh purple tattoo on your chest throb would along your heartbeat, reminding you of its existence.

Your little fantasy shattered and breaks into thousands of pieces, throwing you back to reality. Giant alien robots do exist and you’re not in your room. His name is Optimus Prime, the leader of Autobots, the possessor of the (stolen) Matrix of Leadership, and the foulest being ever existed.

You didn’t know what you did to make him capture you. You’re just walking around in nearby woods, looking for fresh air, when suddenly this huge ass metal palm grabbed your entire body and you’re being carried into an alien’s base.

Your first time was far, far away from what you would describe as ‘comfortable’. There were lots of enraged wails, desperate pleads, chafed skin, and blood stains—but those are not what makes you wanted to die. You’re degraded, bedded against your will and treated more like a pet than a sentient human being; still, he’d have you begging for release later. No matter how rough he is, or how many bones he has cracked, he always has you as an incoherent mess on his pedes. Afterward, Optimus would lie beside you, acting as the big spoon and being all cuddly right after he used you as a cock-sleeve, whispering sweet nothings and lots of ‘love you’ as if you’re lovers.

However, no matter how good it is, no matter how sweet he would be afterward, you’d still fight back on any chance you got; refusing to make it easy for him and make him lose his temper so he’d kill you on impulse by wrath. That’s the only way for you to keep your sanity in place.

(And then Optimus would laugh at your attempts and strokes you lovingly, like a sick fuck he is.)

In the first months, you noticed that your skin is starting to lose its original color. You lose so much weight, you could trace your ribcages bones through your skin. Your hair, strand by strand, fell from your head every time you run your hand through it. And sometimes, if you cough hard enough, you would cough out your own blood. Your organs are shutting down from constant stress—you’re dying.

Optimus didn’t handle it very well when he found out the blood stains aren’t from your session or your menstruation period. He straight up takes you to a lab, ordering that Doc Bot and the other bot with winglets on both sides of his helmet to manipulate your DNA structure or anything to lengthen your lifespan. Sounds like a cheap sci-fi plot, right? Fucking guess what; those mad scientists succeeded, and now you’re a sex toy with lifespan million times longer than what you originally had. Congrats.

Did you ever try to escape? Of course, you did, and you failed.
It was a pure miracle when Optimus is too busy to drop by and your bedroom doors glitches, opening and closing by its own. At the fifth closing, the sliding gears stuck and left a canny that just as wide as your body width to slip out, and slipping out you did.

Outside, the corridor is empty, but you can hear the other giant robots talking somewhere a little bit far from you. Guided only by your memory, from when Optimus first brought you here, you crept down the corridor, trying to be more quiet and smaller than you already are, and then you ended up at the control room.

The Doc Bot is there, with one servo holding a jar of bright green liquid and the other is typing on the holographic keyboard beside the table. He paused to hold his finials, before continues to type something on the keyboard again. Seconds later, a green vortex of the portal is spiraling from thin air, the same portal Optimus walked through into the base after kidnapping you. It’s their teleportation gate, you realized. It’s your exit.

The risk is too big, a tiny voice in your head said, Doc could see you and you probably will end up in a cage or something like that. Or worse, getting your limbs amputated for ‘misbehaving’. You knew how mad they could be.

Yeah, but look at it, another imaginary voice appeared, it’s opened for a reason. Probably someone is about to get here to use the portal and the Doc is preparing it for them. You really wanna miss out your chance?

You look at the Doc Bot again. He’s still busy stirring the green liquid, staring the jar as if something would jump out of it. It’s now or never.

You’re tumbling for the first seconds, a result for not using your legs for a quite long time, still you ran through a 10 m distance in 5 seconds. The inside of the portal is too bright for you who had been locked up in dark room for so long, but that doesn’t matter—in fact, nothing is matter when your freedom are only steps away from you. You saw the end of the portal—a white dot in a green sea—about 20 m ahead, and you picked up your speed. Closing up, you can see the trees from here, blue sky and all. Just 10 meters more and you’re free, you thought.

So imagine the horror, when you saw a pair of gigantic pede that stepped into the vortex from the freedom you’re so ambitiously after. The pedes’ owner mass displaced and you’re too late to hit the brake, causing you to fly right into his awaiting servos.
The impact was hard. You face hit his metal chest, and if your body weren’t ‘fixed’ like now certainly you’d crack your skull open. You wiggled, struggled, trashed and screamed, but he only holds you with one servo while the other is stroking your hair. Optimus is grinning finial to finial, tightening his embrace around you so endearingly while your heart is frantically trying to burst out from your ribcage. “You must have missed me that much.”

He carried you through the portal like a baby, your trashing is nothing to his metal body frame. Optimus called the Autobots to the control room as he pins you onto the floor. Once they’re there, what happened to you is worse than amputation.

He fucked you, on the floor, in the Control Room, in front of all the other bots. He’s giving them a practical presentation about ‘How to Fuck a Naughty Human Properly’, he said, and the Autobots are watching the whole presentation intensely as their Leader hammer you like a fucking bull.

If that wasn’t humiliating enough, you can clearly see two Autobots are jerking off to you, and one of them is kept staring you in the eyes even when Optimus flipped you to your stomach, thrusting his spike deeper into you. Why the fuck you even exist.

Your punishment didn’t stop there. After the show’s done, Optimus tattooed you with Autobot Insignia above your left breast. Bright, purple, ugly alien face, permanently branded on your skin, to remind you who you truly belong to. To remind you that he, Optimus Prime, owns both your body and soul.

You’re kidnapped, raped, downgraded, and you couldn’t even die from it—you cried and throwing tantrum in the bedroom, but being a human in a room that built by stronger material than a tank, there’s nothing much you can do aside from screaming and clawing the sheets, like an angry feral cat. You destroyed the bed sheet on the next day of your failed escape attempt, and Optimus is not amused by it.

Optimus’ reply to your tantrum is replacing the daily solid food and water by a glob of nutrient goo as your food. It’s doesn’t have scent nor taste, just a glob of see-through sticky goo. It’s disgusting and you refuse to consume it, being stubborn once again.

Optimus fixes it by shoving a feeding tube down to your throat and pumps the goo into your stomach, pays no heed to your struggles and muffled cries.

“Why is it have to be me?!” you screamed once he pulled out the tube, “Seven billion humans out there and you picked me! Why?! Just let me die and get a new one, how hard is that to you?!”
“Unimaginably hard,” he calmly answered, “Seven billion humans out there and you’re the only one matter to me. Just to be honest, you’re not the most obedient pet, and I’d let you know that there are lots of humans that would gladly take your place,” a smile that is too innocent for this jerk bloomed on his faceplate, angering you even further, “But no, I would not replace you. Do you know why?”

Your answer was a spit to his faceplate and that fucktard didn’t even twitch. He grumbled out a laugh and runs a thumb across your cheek endearingly, “Because I wanted you and you alone, and nothing would be able to replace you, dearest.”

Optimus craned his neck to kiss you and you swatted him away. He looked at you with a raised optic ridge, not amused by another incorporation of yours. “You call me pet, yet you torture me every day. You call me dearest but never bother to be dear to me. You said I’m irreplaceable and look,” you extended your arms, showing him your scars and blackish bruises, all from his doings, “you hurt me every time we’re together. What do you want Optimus? What is it? What have I ever done to deserve this?!”

Your throat hurts once you stopped talking, and you can feel the hot pricks on the corner of your eyes. You’re crying now, with your hands pulling out your hair, covering your face, and tears streaming from both eyes, unable to stop it all after pouring all your feelings from three months long holding it in. You’re so tired from all of these.

He didn’t leave. He just sat there, watching you hugging your knees while leaning on the head of the bed. Optimus is still there when your cries turned to sobs, and you can feel his optics boring out an imaginary hole in your hands. As your sobs ceased down, he pried your hands from your face, thumbs wiping your trail of tears and snots. Your body is tired from crying and you’re not really in the mood to claw out his optics, so you let him be. Optimus took your hands to his, examines them. His digits are tracing your bruises, surprisingly being very gentle and careful.

Optimus held your hands in his, twirling his thumbs on ugly purple bruises on your knuckles. He stayed like that for a while before suddenly dives in for a kiss. Instead of the gonna-peel-off-your-face-with-my-metal-lips kiss like the usual, this one is just a quick peck on the lips—and it left you stunned more than anything he has ever done before.

“Very well then,” he said. Before you could ask what the fuck was that mean, he stood up and left.
Optimus’ answer kept you awake all night, thinking what did he meant by that ‘very well’. What’s so ‘very well’? Is it means he understands your ramblings or he just used it as mock-acknowledge? Or is he planning something else? You had been fucked in public and an ugly symbol is permanently inked on your skin, what possibly could be worse than those?

Time passed faster when you’re not expecting it. Hours passed and the sun has arrived—you knew this because your breakfast always delivered at 8 at the morning, and you can hear the stomping noise of metal peds walking on the metal floor, approaching your bedroom.

You turned your back and pulled the blanket past your head. You don’t want to see Optimus today.

But it wasn’t Optimus. It’s another Autobot with dark pink armor and metal boobs as her chest plate, and she has your food tray on her servos. She woke you up, waiting until you’re sitting properly and placed the food tray on your lap, being careful as a vet handling a traumatized animal. On the tray, that disgusting goo of nutrient is not there, but a cup of milk is.

It’s milk. It’s not that snotty looking translucent thing. It’s a cup of milk. It’s warm. It’s real.

It’s wrong.

“Why?” you asked, eying the milk like it had wronged you in the past. Yesterday Optimus left with riddled words. Then, today you’re given a cup of milk instead of that disgusting goo as usual, and Optimus is not around. Something is going on, and you don’t know how to feel about this. You craned your neck to look at the small faceplate of lady bot, trying to sound as serious as you could, “Where’s Optimus?”

You were serious despite how weak you must’ve looked to her. Still, her optic ridges lower like how someone looking at a lost puppy would, and her helmet shook elegantly, “I’m afraid I don’t have any idea about it, Sweetspark. His business isn’t ours to interfere.”

You bit your inner cheek and stares back to your milk. It’s still warm, but you know it’s about to get cold. After throwing one last suspicious look to her, you drank your milk in one, big gulp. You slammed the cup once you’re done, waiting for any kind of drug she could have slipped to your drink to react. You waited and nothing happened, so you gave the cup back to her and she left.
The next day, and days after that, your consumption supply gradually become more solid—so does your anxiety.

Thirty-two days came and gone, and it’s almost like Optimus is no longer exist. He used to be the only one who brought you your food and drinks, three times a day, no matter how busy he is. He once entered your bedroom with one dangled servo, twisted to the wrong direction and energon dripping from his sliced armor, staining the floor. His face was half burnt—almost melted—on the same side of his servo. Still, he sat on your bed edge, feeding you your lunch with his good servo. The sight was so disturbing you opted to comply so he would leave faster.

(But of course he didn’t. He became giddy at how good you’re that day he decided to give you extra cuddle after you finished your lunch.)

So when he’s not anywhere in your sight for that length of time, you’ve become completely paranoid. Every time you heard someone walks past your door, you always listen carefully, considering their weights from how loud the pede steps they made, always looking for the loudest, because you know damn well Optimus is the biggest bot in the base. Every time your door slides open, you always looked up to see if it’s him or not, and it’s always not. It’s always the other Autobot, and every time, it’ll be a different Autobot.

Beside that lady bot, Arcee, they never actually talk to you. They mostly only stares at you as you eat, watching you finish your meal, and then there’s some of them just /stares/ at you in eerie silence. Even Arcee become less and less chatty, only smiles and watches you eat. Not even those two jerk-off bots (Smokescreen and Bumblebee) ever bother to answer your questions. Bee, you figured out, cannot talk at all, as he’s the only one who only makes beeping and buzzing noises instead of static ones like his comrades, and although you can see Smokescreen is really itching to talk to you, he’s doing his best to not to. He only opted to stare at you with maximum focus, like an oversized owl in the room.

But he’s nothing like Wheeljack. If Smokescreen was an owl, the freak was an eagle. He did working together with Ratchet when they manipulated your DNA, but guess Ratchet didn’t let him cut you open because he always looks at you like he wanted to. His optics are glued to your mouth and face, watching every expression for every food. Sometimes you heard him mutters about how he’d give off his left servo just to see how your digestion organs work from inside, or a pede for full permission to cut your head open to see what’s inside.

You missed Optimus.
Today’s breakfast is two pieces of sandwich and a glass of orange juice. Ratchet, the medic in black and green stripes, put your food tray on your lap once you’re sitting comfortably on your bed. He stood by your side, servos behind his back like a British butler.

He stares at you. You stare at your food.

Now, Ratchet is a patient mech. He has been serving under another mech that has an extreme issue in mood swings for millions of human years, and has spent half of his lifespan patching and fixing ungrateful bots even before the war has started—his patience could level an earth monks'. But right now, he has a project that has been testing his limit since a week ago, and he really needs to take care of it right now, after making sure that Optimus’ pet is well fed. The problem is, the little human has been staring at her food without any intention to touch it, and it’s already ten minutes since he entered the room.

“(Y/N),” Ratchet finally said, “Are you not going to eat?”

You shook your head.

“(Y/N), you need to eat,” Ratchet nudged the plate, “Breakfast is the most important meal for humans.”

You watched as the plate clinked with the metal tray, the orange juice’s surface slightly rolls when the medic’s digits moved the plate. You are not moving.

“(Y/N). Eat, please.”

“No.”

“(Y/—“ Ratchet’s vent hitched and you almost can hear his internal gears stops with smoke streaming out as the medic try to redeem his frustration. He took a good number of seconds to calm down, palming his face and drag his servo down. His master is not in the base, he has a project to do, Wheeljack won’t answer his comm., and the young bots are probably poking at his tools again…
After he’s done listing off his frustration sources, Ratchet speaks again. “(Y/N), look. I am aware this environment would cause you unimaginable kind of frustration, but you need to take your breakfast. I understand that—“

“No, you’re not,” you hoarsely said, pushing the tray away, “You don’t understand anything.”

Ratchet caught the tray, his mouth-plate fell into a flat line. He put the juice on a nightstand beside your bed, leaving the room with sandwiches still on the tray. You pulled your knees to your chest, hugging them. There’s an empty hole gaping in your chest and you don’t know how to refill it.

Today, you skipped breakfast and lunch too.

Bumblebee looked like he was ready to pull off his own helmet when you refused your lunch, before stormed out of the room with tray he tried not to throw away so much. You don’t want to eat, or anything else in general. For some reason, you just don’t want to do anything but lying on your bed without doing anything. You spend the whole day sleeping, thinking, and sleeping, before your stomach starting to hurt in the afternoon, grumbling like a grumpy Decepticon’s Medic, scolding you about skipping your meals.

Thankfully the Autobots still hasn’t given up feeding you, as you heard someone is coming closer to your room. By how heavy the pede steps, it’s probably Bulkhead or Ultra Magnus, walking to your room with your dinner on servos. You’re too hungry to muse about that stupid hole you cannot refill, too languid to remember that neither Ultra Magnus or Bulkhead are that heavy.

You were ready to apologize and promise to finish your food to whoever that opened the door, but once you see who was it, your words vanished.

Optimus stood there, on the door, food tray on his servo. The sweet smile that never matched him made its way to his faceplate, “Good evening.”

A little demon’s hand grasped your tongue, glued your lips, and holding your eyelids open. Your blood freeze and the hungry feeling in your stomach turned into a colder one. Your mind went blank and your lungs stopped, but your heart beats like it’s about to explode. A month without Optimus had made you forgot how powerful his presence is, and now you’re overwhelmed by it.
The ground shakes as he walked closer. His servos are holding your food tray protectively, but the water and the soup still swirled a little as he bends to sat on the bed. You pulled yourself into a sitting position before he sat down, leaning your back to the wall to put more distance between you and him. You took the blanket and put it around like a cape, hugging your knees inside the thin tent you made. If Optimus noticed how jumpy you are, he said nothing.

“How are you today, Dear?” Optimus asked out of blue, stirring your misted, creamy looking soup, “The Autobots said they had taken a good care of you, but I’d like to hear it myself.”

“You were gone for a month.”

Optimus ignored your statement; instead, he took a spoonful of soup to his mouth, blowing air carefully to cease the heat before he took it to you. His optic ridges rose expectantly, and you opted to comply, taking the whole thing in. He stirred the soup and you asked again, “Where were you?”

“It is a little complicated,” he said, tone inked with playfulness. “Did you miss me?”

You don’t answer. Optimus only shrugged and continues to feed you another spoonful of soup. “Have they taken a good care of you?” he asked again, with a tone, I dare to say, a soft as a mother would use to her children. Once the soup poured passes your throat, the answer came out on its own. “I don’t think I like Wheeljack.”

A low chuckle escaped his lip plates as Optimus idly stirred the soup again, “That is not unusual. Even among Autobots, he is not a company you would miss,” he said, eying the exposed skin you failed to cover. Unconsciously, you pulled the blanket tighter. It caught his attention, “Are you cold?”

Your head shook, yet you curl into a smaller ball. You’re cold, but not that kind of cold.

“Well why so shy?” he put the half-empty bowl aside and moved to reach you, “It’s not like I never see you wholly before.”

Instinctively, you flinched and your hold your breath, eyes widen and you scurried backward until your back is completely glued to the wall. The cold you felt earlier spread in your stomach, and the back of your head hurts after you slammed it to the wall, but you don’t have time to think about it—you’re too busy preparing yourself for a pounce he about to do.
Except it wasn’t a pounce.

He palmed your cheek gently, his smile faltered a little and his optics lowers, the soft whirring noise emitted from inside of his frame. “You always flinched every time I touch you.”

“Maybe if your touch actually feels good, I won’t be that paranoid.”

Only when Optimus’ optics widens and brightened you realized you said it out loud. “Forget it.”

“No, no, you’re right,” Optimus interrupted, the sad look he displayed before quickly swirled into a brighter one. He reached and actually took your hands, clutching them in his own, “I have been hurting you for my own pleasure. I heard your rejection yet I keep pushing myself to you. It’s just—it’s you,” he spat out, almost looked ashamed as he vents in, “Every time you fight, every time you’re angry, there are these bright, fiery lights in your eyes. I love them; I love how you fight,” he confessed, “how you kept spitting out your hatred even though you know very well it is impossible for you to outdo me. How you keep trying to push me away in anger than fear.”

Optimus was smiling the whole time, as if his sadism tendencies confession was love poetry. You’re no longer in fear—you’re just too marveled upon his aberration. You took back your hands to pinch your nose bridge, “You are one twisted son of a bitch.”

“I know,” Optimus said, still smiling sweetly as he takes your hands again and kissed your knuckles, “Therefore, let me fix everything, yes?”

He didn’t let you refuse. Optimus’ thick servo managed to slip between your back and the wall, using the smooth surface of a silky sheet to drag you off the wall, laying you gently on the bed. He let your arms sprawled on your sides instead of locking them above your head as usual. He pecked your lips softly, like he did a month ago, before nipping your lower lips with more playful manner.

It’s all so annoying. His face is annoying. His smile is annoying. You wanted to dig out his red optics and crush them in your hands, spit on his smug face and put a good dent on that stupid fake smile.

But you can’t. Not when he’s touching you so gentle like this—not when you have him again in your arms after a month of absence. You missed him so much.
He tried to deepen the kiss. Optimus asked for permission by lapping your lips with his glossa, and you let him in since he asked so nicely. His glossa, a piece of soft metal that usually only scrapping against your teeth like a sandpaper is now rolling and rubbing against your own, touching spots that makes you shiver and inhale deeply in pleasure.

When you moaned audibly into his mouth, Optimus rumbled out a chuckle that actually is not that annoying for your ears.

Slowly, you play along too. You flicked his glossa, toying with the tip before you start sucking and nibbling at the wet appendage. Your arms sneaked and looped around his neck cables, pulling him even closer to you.

Funny, how you used to fantasize about strangling him to death and now you’re making out with the very same person.

Almost telepathically, Optimus pulled away without warning. Your previous thought flew out of the room since you could only think about your loss and how fast he pulled away. You almost got up to reach him, but he’s getting further away from you, as if he’s going to leave again. And then, to your relief, he stopped right between your legs.

Your thighs spread on reflex as his glossa dipped into your soft folds, dragging it up and down, up and down while sometimes touched your clit. While he used to scratch your pussy lips with his dentas, now you almost couldn’t feel them. He dips into your folds like a chip to dipping sauce—only the tip, never fully. Fucking teaser made your hips moved on its own, bucking onward to his face, the foulest being ever existed, fucking bast—

Optimus’ glossa extended, so suddenly it’s felt as if he just stabbed you with it. You’re about to scream and kick his face if he didn’t start to suck your pussy sloppily, creating ‘slurp slurps’ noises when he’s doing it. He holds your thighs each beside his helmet, holding on them firmly as he licking your inside, fucking your pussy with his glossa.

“No, wait- stop-!”

Too late. Your orgasm was so hard you actually squirted and he keeps sucking it, drinking everything you milked out for him. You’re screaming in pleasure, face is wet with tears and sweat—you wanted him to stop and keep going in the same time, tried to get away but Optimus wouldn’t let your thighs move. He lapped and drank everything like his life is depended on it, not letting even a
Optimus’ face plating is glistening with your juice by the time he sat up again, an endearing smile plastered on his face. You’re too exhausted to get up, as if he was just drained your life through your pussy, but you can see his interfacing panel from here. The piece of armor looked like it’s about to bust, shaking slightly from his spike pressure alone.

Optimus leaned down again and you stuck out your lips to kiss him, but his lip plating landed on your forehead instead, before rolled off to your side and covering your body in a blanket. He leaned beside you, turning you around to face him and pulled you into his embrace. He closes his optics and ex-vent contently, ready to recharge with spike still trying to bust out from its panel.

“Optimus, uh, your—”

“That is nothing you should bother about right now, Dear. Just sleep—things are going to be better tomorrow.”

Probably not if he keeps interrupting your words, but who are you to say what’s going to be what tomorrow?

Later, as Optimus said, things are changing.

Optimus is still touchy as usual, occasional kissing and random groping, but sex is only when you wanted it too. He also stopped calling you ‘pet’ and gave you a shit ton of clothes, with undergradaments and all, but he’d still place you on his lap, shoulder, or palm, sometimes stroking your head and play with your hair. He can’t resist it, he said. You’re too cute to be left alone.

The rest of the Autobots also starting to socialize with you, and if you’d ignore their occasional lingering glances or hinted sex puns, they’re actually quite nice. So far, you’re pretty close with Ultra Magnus, Arcee, and Ratchet. Coincidentally, they’re also the only ones that actually sees you as another sentient being instead of an ex-frag toy.

And today, Optimus still managed to surprise to even more.
You held the piece of paper in your hand. It’s a blue piece of paper, smaller than your palm, with a topless mouse on the front, wearing white gloves smiling widely with no teeth. Suddenly you forgot how to talk, so you simply held it out to him, hands moving in jazzy moves. “A holomatter with a handful of ‘dollar’, Sweetspark,” Optimus answered your inaudible question, smiling gently upon your adorable confusion. “You have been so nice lately, and I think such a sweet little thing like you deserve a worthy reward—a ticket to the happiest place on earth!”

“But,” you read the ticket again, “this is only for one person.”

“It is,” he nodded, “a whole day, just for yourse——”

“You’re not coming?”

Your question caught him off guard, but it was your shaky tone that stupefied him. The bright red optics dimmed upon you, the similar strange soft smile appeared as his engine whirred weakly, “Surely you are capable to take care of yourself, are you not, (Y/N)?”

“I don’t want to be alone,” you said, almost whining, “Can’t you come along too?”

The Prime shook his head, “Apologize, Dearest, but you have to be on your own today. I have datapads piling up on my desk, and the Autobots are quite busy too.”

Your frown only deepened. Optimus ex-vents loudly upon your reaction, then his servo reached to a compartment in his frame. “This was meant to be your birthday present,” Optimus said, reaching into his compartment “But I think I’d find something else later.”

He pulled out something and handed it to you. It’s game console, with super cool Cybertronian-ish design and Autobot’s insignia on the back. You tried to maintain your upset face as you flipped the switch on, but it’s a little hard when you see the inside is just as amazing as the outside. “Touch the main button. Done? Now, do you see that logo on the corner? Yes, that Autobot logo. This ‘game console’ also acts as your communication device. If SOMETHING happened, hold it down and call me. I will be there in a klick.”

As soon as your frown neutralized, he transformed into a semi-truck and drive you through the Bridge.
The world would only look good when you are on the top of it.

The sight you see from Ferris wheel suddenly reminded you of a quote you once hear from a movie you watched a long time ago. A 90’s movie, something about young kung fu master trying to understand the true meaning of life. It’s quite an odd movie, something Optimus might interested into if he’s here with you to discuss it.

(Despite his kinky trait, you found out Optimus used to be a data clerk who still onto good stories and stuff)

But he’s not here and you don’t want to look like an oversized whiny frowning brat, so you looked away and try to enjoy the ride as much as you could. After Ferris wheel, you’re smart enough to ride the roller coaster first before taking a lunch, and now you’re in a Mirror Maze because Haunted House ride is full for the next two hours.

There’s fat (Y/N), skinny (Y/N), tall (Y/N), and short (Y/N); all looking silly enough to make you twirling around while walking on the path. It made you feel dizzy, walking wobbly as you try to trace the right path that leads to exit. You heard voices from afar but can’t see a single body on sight, so you must be close. Then, out of nowhere, someone walked right into your path and your nose collided with their torso.

You stumbled back and losing your balance, but that person is quick to catch your flailing arms and pulled you back on your feet. You almost thanked the stranger once you gained your balance back, but then your eyes met, and your words vanished before they could make it. From how wide his eyes went, I think it’s fair to say Jack Darby lost his words too.

Decepticon’s Base
Saturday, 21.39 p.m.
Medical Bay
“Doc.”

“....”

“Doc Knock *snorts*.”

“...”

“Docdocdocdocdocdocdocdo—“

The blue medic released a heavy ex-vent as he turned to face the source of his daily helm-ache. The twitchy thing is still vibrating like an electric mixer, so Knockout held her in place before her brain turned to a smoothie. “I heard you the first time, Miko. What is it?”

“I got a message from Jack.”

Had Miko been a Cybertronian, Knockout would be throwing wrenches to her. But she’s not a Cybertronian or an adult, even in human standard, so instead of screaming and yelling at her, Knockout count backward in his processor before he finally regained back his self-control. “And what would it have anything to do with me?”

The girl didn’t answer and handed him her flip phone instead. Knockout gently picked it up and read Jack’s message. Later, the Medic transformed to his alt. mode with the girl inside, driving above his usual speed to Megatron’s office room. He has to report this immediately before it’s too late.

Jack Darby has seen many weird things in his life.

Well, not that many, but quite many to baffle anyone who would believe him. Aliens, giant robots,
alien wars, crystal energy, and stuff—he had seen it all. He and his gang also had been experienced many things, be it kidnapped, lost in another dimension, traveling with teleportation portal… you name it. Jack Darby thought he has seen it all, and then he met (Y/N).

The young lady was the new librarian in his school. Young, witty and charming, she got everyone wrapped in her fingers within no time. Jack wasn’t an exception, and sometimes he feels like cheating on Sierra whenever he spent more time with the librarian than her. She even punched Vince one time for him, and her popularity only rocketed even higher—everyone now has crushes on (Y/N) (L/N). And then, on one school trip, she disappeared without any trace.

The last time he saw her was when she helped the teachers to set up their tents, and then she went to the woods. They thought she went to collect firewood, so no one batted an eye as she’s gone for more than an hour.

Later, the sun had settled in the west, and everyone is there but (Y/N). The teachers told everyone to grab a flashlight and start looking for her in groups; they don’t need another missing person. Hours passed and the sun is rising, the students are exhausted so does the teachers. Everyone thought she got eaten by a bear or somehow hit her head and now is lying somewhere, unconscious, so they called the rescue team for help, but then Raf, pale and slightly shaken, crept up to Jack and Miko and spoke in a very tiny voice.

“Optimus Prime took her.”

Fowler and his Mom are the first adults they told, and they immediately alarmed the Decepticons. Megatron and others are quick to take an action, but then days turned to weeks, and weeks become months, and still they cannot retrieve her back. Optimus guarded her even better than he guarded his own spark.

And now he’s here, with half-drunk coke on hand and sitting on a bench, with (Y/N) (L/N) sat beside him, drinking her own coke. She’s still looked the same if you ignore her paler skin and longer hair, no trace of torture or anything else, but he still has to make sure. The last time he checked, (Y/N) had no idea about Autobots or Decepticons, so he shared about the Decepticon first, and then about the evil ones, the Autobots, and then about their millions of years of wars that somehow got them to Earth. He also emphasizes that she has nothing to about Autobots or anyone in particular now. You were gone for months, are you okay Miss (L/N)? The school is fine, there’s a new librarian but I’m sure you can find a new job. Did they hurt you? It’s okay, I’d understand. I too would wet my pants if a building-sized robot swoop me up out of nowhere, but it’s fine now. The Decepticons are on their way, we will get you b—

“What?” she scrunched her forehead, not liking to where is this conversation heading, “Who’s on what?”
“The cons, Miss (L/N). They will get you to safety, trus—“

She immediately got up, almost looking offended. “That’s a little too late for that, little fella. I’m not in any danger anymore. You can tell the cons to retreat.”

Just after she finished her sentence, a jet that doesn’t look like any earthling jet at all appeared in the horizon. Jack shrugged helplessly as he noticed other Decepticons also approaching, “They’re already here. I know you’re angry because we didn’t try hard enough, but Megatron woul—“

He turned around and she’s not there anymore. Jack almost panicked, whipping his head and body around like someone who just lost their wallet, and then he caught the flash of her clothes between the crowd, and he starts chasing.

Meanwhile, you hold your console beside your face and screaming to it like a mad woman. Optimus barely could hear what you are screaming about. Once you’re sure Optimus is on the way, you put the console back to your purse and run faster when you see Jack is getting closer. “(Y/N)!” the raven boy called, stubbornly running through the human crowd, “(Y/N), wait!”

You ignored him, picking up your speed and smacking people off your way left and right. You saw the exit and jump, almost flying in the process, zipping out of Disney Land area. A spark of green light materialized about a kilometer ahead, and you hope the ground bridge is faster than a Cybertronian jet. Turns out, both of them are equally fast.

The ground shook heavily as the two largest Cybertronian landed on it. You lost your balance for the second time today, fell flat to the ground. Luckily your hand managed to cover your face from the asphalt, but you’re not lucky enough to get up without a scratch. There’s an ugly bunch of scars on your left arm, a result from its friction with the frying asphalt, and they’re getting redder. ‘Ow’ slipped from your mouth without your permission, and that called Optimus’ attention.

But just as he kneeled down to check on you, the hissing noise of fusion cannon came to live just a few meters from his helmet. Megatron, with more Decepticons arrived at the scene, has his most notorious weapon pointed to Optimus’ face-plate and is growling threateningly.

“Back off, Prime,” the Decepticon Leader warned, “You are outnumbered here. Leave the girl alone and you may go unscathed.”
The purple Prime chuckled, as if he didn’t have a dozen of Decepticons pointing blaster to him, including the ex-gladiator himself, “Why, Megatron—that is very nice of you. But I am already here, so you don’t have to bother that much. I appreciate the effort, though.”

Megatron growled and shoot. Optimus dodged it, getting himself out of Megatron’s shooting range and ducked to reach you. However, when his digits only meters away from you, a blur of bright red snatched you off his sight, turned around and drove back to the Decepticon’s crowd even faster.

This, of course, enraged the fraud Prime. He charged forward to meet Megatron’s awaiting punch, sending the Prime to fell backward. As they fight, the red Vehicon immediately drives off the scene.

“Let me out!” you screamed from inside, the battle scene reflected on the car’s rear mirror. “Where are you taking me?! Let me out!”

“She’s sure got her head real messed up,” the radio box muttered out loud, and the steering wheel shook as in someone would shake their head. At first you thought it’s the sports car voice, but then another voice, coming from another place, answered, “Don’t say that, Steve. Stockholm Syndrome could hap—hey, stop that.”

You don’t listen to the red Cadillac. You just keep banging your shoulder to the window car, hopelessly trying to break it. Your shoulder hurt, but when the seat belts move to restrain you, your trashing only became more frantic. “Kid, if you don’t cut it out right now, I’ll have to gas y—”

You clawed on something that caused his speech to be interrupted by his own painful yowl. Like how your knee shot forward when doctor knocked the right spot, the seatbelt loosens up and his doors suddenly opened in a reflexive manner. You wasted no time and jumped out, curling your body into a tight ball as you roll on the ground like a loose bowling ball, and you might be still rolling if not because of you hit a big rock with your back first. It hurts like a bitch, so does your sides, arms, and legs, but when the ground shook again just after flash of shadow passed through you from the sky, and you see Optimus, lying on the ground as if someone (literally) just threw him there carelessly, you remember there’s another thing to worry that your hips.

“Optimus!” you cried, scrambled from your spot, trying to get to him as quickly as possible despite the screaming pain on all over your body, “Optim—”

“(Y/N) (L/N)!"
His voice boomed as if Judgment Day is here. The resonance rattled your entire body, into the bones, shaking your blood cells. You turned to see that alien jet again, transformed into his bipedal form a second before his pedes touched the ground. Blue optics narrowed when he realizes where are you heading to, and you can feel your insides freeze from how cold the glare he gave you. He snarled angrily, keeping something worse inside his vocalizer. His optics moved to the injured Prime, who still holding on the hole he craved on his frame. Prime wouldn’t be a problem, for now, he thought. Then Megatron averted his optics to you again, and a steam of irritated sigh escaped his vent, this girl, however...

Megatron ignored his anger, kneeled down to extend his mini-car sized palm to you. He tried to be gentle even though he wasn’t as smooth as that fraud Prime. You’re probably already scared to death, confused and lost, but when Megatron realized your body instinctively search comfort to your abductor, he knew something is wrong. “I have no idea what he had done to you, Ms. (L/N), but you need to get away from him this instant. We will escort you to your home today, and I expected you to cooperate with us.”

His optics lights as if they could shoot lasers, but even if they couldn’t, you already froze on spot. Your eyes never left his, and you see, through the glass of his optics, that he meant every word he spoke out. This guy wants to take you home; back to your old home, back to your old, normal life. To that one life where you have no idea about giant alien robots’ existence and having a war on earth—where Optimus doesn’t exist.

The last thought stirred something uncomfortable in you. “I… I don’t—“

Behind you, the devil laughed.

Optimus has finally found his balance again, the arrogant vibe emitted from him like a leaked radioactive wave. Behind him, the green portal sparked from thin air, “As I said; you don’t have to bother that much. My dearest (Y/N) is already home with me,” he said as he dropped to a knee, offered his palm to you, “Come, Dear. Let us go home—you must have been really tired by now.”

You tore your eyes from Megatron’s and hopped on Optimus’ palm right away. He cradled you to his chest, dusting off your hair from dirt gently as he walks towards the Bridge. Megatron can do nothing now, not with you too close to the target—he’d have to prepare another plan of attack, an alternate way to retrieve you back. And quickly, before it became worse than this.

Just as Optimus climbed the portal, he turned his neck to Megatron, showing enough portion of his face to flash him a smile that matched his true nature.
I’m so sorry it took this long. Thanks for reading
Works inspired by this one

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