Swerve X Reader - A Human Crewmate
by writeyouin

Summary

When you are transported from Earth to the Lost Light, you suddenly have to come to terms with the fact that you'll never be able to go home, and that aliens do exist, as insane as they all are. When Swerve sees you, he instantly wants to be friends, but his human fascination quickly makes him want more.

Notes

Hey, so this is an ongoing original story that I update as and when I can between requests, please be patient.
A button to push. There had to be a God-damn button to push that would save you from impending doom. You weren’t an astronaut, you shouldn’t have even been sent to space; it was all one big accident at NASA and now it was going to kill you. When you volunteered to be a test dummy for teleportation from one room to another under the simulation of space control, you were eager; it was a job that could have set you up from months with a comfy little nest egg and all you had to do was sit in a pod. In your wildest dreams, you’d never imagined the possibility that the teleporter could go so wrong that you’d be hurled into actual space. Now, as you panicked and screamed for help, you were all too aware that your oxygen was running out in the tiny pod.

Grabbing the radio again, you used what little air was left to send out an SOS, “Is anybody there, please, my name is (F/N) (L/N), I’m stranded in space with little oxygen, send help, please. I don’t…” You started crying, “I don’t want to die here.”

Shortly after the message was sent out, the light-headedness kicked in, you weren’t going to survive, perhaps you should just come to terms with it, then you smiled. Through the dark haze, a large white shadow passed over-head; angels did exist after all.

“For the last time Rodimus, I can’t do anything for her if you keep hovering over me like that,” an agitated voice said from somewhere above you.

“Sorry Ratchet,” the apparent voice of Rodimus said.

You groaned, feeling disoriented and somewhat dizzy.

“Thank Primus, he’s waking up.”

“She, Rodimus, she,” Ratchet corrected.

“Right, holoforms everybody, we don’t want to scare her.”

You shielded your eyes upon opening them, everything was so bright, so… white. A shadow loomed over you, allowing you to open your eyes further. It was a man with thick brown hair and black flame tattoos on his arms, hovering over you, with a frown; you had a feeling that the frown didn’t suit him, almost like he was too used to smiling.

“Hey there, I’m Rodimus, you’re aboard the Lost Light, my ship, are you okay?” He spoke slowly and deliberately, enunciating every syllable.

“Uh,” You mumbled sickly, “Ship?”

Like a flash of lightning you remembered the experiment, up to the point of sending out an SOS and then passing out. “What? How did you save me? Are we near Earth?” The questions rushed out, making you all the more nauseous in the process.

“Oh, about that… Magnus, you want to get this one?”

You were surprised when a woman stepped forward, she was wearing a tank top, skirt and a serious expression, “This is going to be a lot to take in so pay attention. You are aboard an alien ship, these are not our true bodies, we’ve simply adopted this form to make you more comfortable. We heard your SOS and rescued you, though we’re nowhere near Earth; how you even got this far out in that
primitive pod is beyond me. Do you understand?"

Despite the headache you burst out laughing at the outlandish explanation, this had to be an elaborate prank or you were a part of some other mind experiment that NASA couldn’t tell you about; maybe it was how humans would act in the event of first contact with aliens. “Right,” You giggled, “Because you must be Vulcans, no wait, Daleks right, how about Spaceman Spiff from the planet Zog? No? Stop me if I get it, I can go all day.”

Magnus frowned, looking towards Rodimus, who was smiling now; of all the humans to get, he was glad it was one with an attitude. With a small nod from Rodimus, the two shed their holoforms, revealing giant robotic creatures, who could crush you with little effort if they so deigned.

Strangled sounds escaped you, while your mind tried desperately to rationalise the situation.

“We’re Cybertronians from the planet Cybertron,” Rodimus explained, “and it’s our quest aboard the Lost Light to find the Knights of Cybertron.”

“Aliens,” You mumbled, before passing out for the second time that day.

Once again, you awoke with a groan, the unsettling feeling of dehydration setting in. Evidently, you’d been moved into a different room, this one was darker and smaller, not human-sized per-se but definitely smaller. Moving your head to your left, you saw a man with red hair and glasses in a swirlly vest, sat on a chair reading a book. He shut it upon seeing you move, waiting momentarily to make introductions.

“Cybertronian?” You asked.

“Ah, yes, I’m Rung, the ships psychiatrist,” he answered calmly.

“Oh God, this is real, I’m on a ship of aliens… no, I’m the alien, God this is so weird.”

“Now, now, uh is it deep breaths for humans?”

You nodded tiredly, pinching the bridge of your nose and attempting to sit up on the edge of the table you’d been resting on. You felt worse for it but it had to be done. “Uh, I don’t mean to be rude but do you guys have any water?”

Rung nodded, pulling up a small bottle, “Magnus warned me you’d be needing that.”

Greedily, you gulped the water down, feeling instant relief. You turned your attention back to Rung, “Thanks… You know, you don’t have to stay, uh, human, if it makes you uncomfortable; I wouldn’t want to do that to you.”

Rung smiled gently, “You needn’t worry, for now it’ll be easier to talk like this.”

“Right… Cybertronians though… this is a lot to take in. What happens now?”

“That all depends on you, is there anything you’d like to know?”

“How big is this ship?”

“15 miles long and 10 miles wide.”

“Whoa… How do I get home?”
Rung’s smile faded, he pulled his glasses off, “I’m afraid that isn’t possible, even if we could get
back to your home planet, you’d have… your race doesn’t live very long and…”

“I can’t go back,” You echoed hollowly. Very suddenly, it didn’t feel as if there was enough air, you
started breathing fast, struggling to speak between gasps, “My family- My friends- Job- Future- I-
Can’t-Breathe.”

Rung visibly panicked, he didn’t know what to do with a suffering human, were you dying? He
didn’t know. He shed his disguise, going for help while you had a panic attack in the darkened room.
Your entire life’s course had changed, nothing was certain anymore and to top it all off, you were on
a ship full of alien robots.

Eventually, with much yelling between Rodimus and Ratchet, a lot of mediating from Rung, and
several telling offs from Ultra Magnus, you managed to calm down on your own; the four bots
hanging over you nervously, afraid to do or say anything that may further upset you. Afterwards,
you’d been left in the room with Rung for more questions and answers, the others meanwhile, were
trying to decide what to tell the crew, or to tell them at all; it was all very confusing.

“Sorry for the freak out earlier,” You said to Rung.

“Quite alright,” he soothed, there wasn’t much left to say now and the mech was ready to leave upon
seeing your need to recharge or sleep as you corrected him.

“Thanks, Rung.”

“Actually it’s-” he paused, colour rising to his cheeks and cooling fans blasting on, for you’d gotten
his name right; it was such a small thing but one that meant so much to him.

“Are you okay?”

“Why yes, it’s just um, I hope you sleep well (Y/N), welcome to the Lost Light.”
Changes

After much debate between the four bots who knew of your presence, it was finally decided that they’d have to tell the crew about you; they couldn’t exactly keep you hidden like some sort of pet and you couldn’t live the rest of your life in one room, never getting out. However, with advice from Rung and Ultra Magnus, it was decided that the crew would only find out when you were ready. As such, Rodimus would visit your ‘room’, which wasn’t much more than a metal desk with a hastily crafted bed and toilet on top of it, to ask if you were ready on a daily basis. Each day for a week you gave him the same answer, ‘no’, before heading back to bed.

You realised it was somewhat pathetic that you were hiding away in your room, neglecting bodily care but you could barely come to terms with never seeing Earth again, let alone being stranded with an alien race. Fortunately, as far as thinking ahead and taking care of yourself went, Ultra Magnus had the food problem covered and while the food wasn’t amazing, it did sustain you. Rung meanwhile, also visited daily, repeatedly asking you to see him as a patient, whilst also trying to respect your request for space; when you wanted to talk, you’d ask.

Eventually, your bodily odour got the better of you. It served as a reminder that you had to help yourself or slip further into the bleakness of depression. With one more day to gather courage, you awaited the return of Rodimus.

Rodimus was ecstatic to hear that you were ready, mainly because he was having a hard time keeping you a secret; the crew would be so excited. Despite his elation, you had a few requests to make of him first.

“Sure, sure,” he answered confidently, “whatever you want. If I can get it, I will.”

“Okay,” You said, thinking of your list. “First off, I need a proper room Rodimus, I’m talking one with a fully-equipped bathroom, and I won’t go out before that because I really need a shower. Then there’s the little things like a washing machine and dryer, a proper bed, not that this one’s too bad. Also, clothes, these ones need washing,” you tugged your shirt. “Oh yeah, food. Magnus isn’t doing too bad but he’s not human and putting peanuts in butter doesn’t make peanut butter so like, I need to see what stores he has to see if it’s going to last… are you even listening?”

Rodimus’ optics had glazed over and he was grinning broadly; he was actually planning his speech to the crew and getting to the ‘Til all are one’ part when you called him out.

“Sure I am, you said bathrooms,” he answered, affronted.

“And…?”

“And some other stuff too.”

You glared at him, “Rodimus, this is important, do I need to get Magnus for this or are you going to listen?”

“Alright, fine but we’re going to need someone else for this job.”

“Who?”

“(Y/N), meet Brainstorm, he’ll build all that human stuff you need,” Rodimus introduced a blue and
white bot who had a scrutinious gaze or so you thought; the face plate unnerved you, it made Brainstorm’s emotions hard to read until he spoke, reflecting his personality in his voice.

“Magnificent,” Brainstorm marvelled, inspecting you.

“Oh, um thanks,” You replied, feeling awkward.

He laughed, “No, not you. It’s magnificent that you get to meet me. After all, I’m clearly the smartest being you’ve ever encountered.”

“And the humblest,” You added under your breath.

“Anyway, lucky for you, you get to spend your time with me while I build your room.”

“Ha, yeah, about that, I actually have to see Rung about something, unless you need me here.”

“Even better, now it’ll be a surprise.”

“…Right. Rodimus, can you sneak me to Rung please?”

Rodimus smiled cockily, transforming into a car before your very eyes. You stared, stunned and unsure of what to do or say. The door opened, inviting you in and making the situation stranger still. You weren’t concerned about yourself, for surely it would be like any other car ride but would it feel bad for Rodimus? Like a parasite that needed ejecting. Gingerly, you sat in the front seat, feeling out of sorts as a seatbelt wrapped over you. With a whoop of joy, Rodimus sped off towards Rung; you’d been wrong, it wasn’t like anything experienced before.

Fortunately, Rung was alone when you arrived, allowing Rodimus to let you out and transform back.

“Resident human here to see you Ring but first, how was that (Y/N)?”

“Uh…”

“Speechless huh, so cute. Well I don’t mean to brag,” Rodimus crowed, clearly bragging, “but that’s definitely the best ride any humans ever had.” He didn’t leave time to respond as he left the room, whistling.

“I have a feeling he’ll be quite hard to keep up with,” You noted quietly.

Rung chuckled, “Never a dull moment, that’s for sure. Now, I’m glad you’ve come to see me (Y/N), is there anywhere in-particular you’d like to start? With Earth, perhaps?”

A dull throb of pain resonated within you at the mention of the home you’d never see again, leading you to retort, “Oh no, none of that psyche stuff, not today. I just came to ask some questions, if you don’t mind.”

“Absolutely, whatever you want to know, uh, would you like to sit?”

A quick glance around the room revealed the difficulty of finding an appropriate spot. You scanned every surface, smiling at the model ships, big enough to fit you in, and what you presumed were sweets for Cybertronians. After a minute, you spoke, “I’ll take the desk, if you’d give me a lift please.”

Rung obliged, lifting you to the desk, where you sat cross-legged; he sat opposite, on his chair, waiting for you to speak.
“I guess my curiosity finally got the better of me. First off, do Cybertronians have gender constructs? If so, are you all male?”

“We do pertain to genders yes but not all bots are male. After the war however, our females were scattered.”

“War? Hang on, we’ll come back to it in a minute. How long do bots live?”

“Billions of years, our bodies simply go on with the proper care and attention.”

Your mind reeled at the possibility of living that long; it was incomprehensible what you’d do with that much time. “How will the others re-act to me?”

“I’m afraid I can’t say, just like you couldn’t say how each individual human on your planet would re-act to me; only time will tell.”

“Rodimus… he told me about a co-captain, Megatron. Why won’t Megatron see me? He knows I’m here, Ratchet told me.”

“Megatron is… troubled, especially by organics. Once you learn of our war it will become clearer.”

The answer was dissatisfying, it left too much unsaid. “Alright then, tell me about the war, the crew, the ship and its quest, no matter how long it takes.”

After hours of explanations from Rung, multiple queries from you, and several questionable snacks brought in by Magnus, you had a decent knowledge on Cybertronian history as well as the answers you’d been looking for. It was almost terrifying to think about how one bot’s reasonable disdain against an unfair system led to the destruction of countless worlds and the citizens who lived upon them. Then again, humans hadn’t been so different within their own species; one should never forget the acts of power-hungry men such as Hitler, Stalin, and Mussolini. However, nobody was asking you to meet Hitler and treat him with indifference; how could you do so for Megatron?

Before you could ask more about then mysterious co-captain, a call came through Rung’s comm-link, informing him that Brainstorm was finished and Rodimus was on his way back to pick you up; something you were thankful for because exhaustion was beginning to set in. Politely, you thanked Rung for his time, assuring him again that you’d be back if you wanted to talk about life’s deeper matters. He saw you out with a smile, hiding his worry about your mental welfare. As a psychiatrist, he had to trust that you’d keep your word and come to him, though he wished, not for the first time that he could make you stay and release any bottled-up emotions that might harm you later down the line.

“So, what do you think?” Brainstorm beamed.

You gaped at the room before you. It contained everything you needed and more. It was still set on the table so nobody would accidentally step on you if they came to visit or went in the wrong room accidentally. There was a kitchen with all the sparkling, chrome appliances you could never afford on Earth, like the kind featured in glossy magazines or on TV. The bathroom was the only room with walls added around it to ensure your privacy. Many luxuries had been added, including a TV bigger than a cinema screen against a wall across the room. Another wall had been completely replaced with glass, showing the vastness of space outside. Even the bedroom was spectacular, including several wardrobes (yet only two other outfits), the new bed was a canopy bed, like something a princess might have. Yes, the room had everything you needed and more, there was only one problem. No matter where you looked, pictures of Brainstorm were printed on every
surface. The bed spread had a full-body image of him finger-gunning, the shower curtain was him in a rather promiscuous pose, the table which served as your floor held different closeups of him; lamp shades, cushions, even a dress which had been brought in for you. Everything depicted him.

“Aww, who’re we kidding? You love it, I can tell. How could you not? I am after all, your favourite mech. Hmm… I do wonder if I should sign any of it, would that be too much?”

“I um, right now, I- I think you’ve done enough,” You said, finally finding your voice.

Brainstorm sagged slightly, “Oh.”

“No! I mean, I love it but I wouldn’t want to ruin your uh, artistic vibe, by asking you to do even more for me.”

“…Right.”

“Uh, it’s just… I mean…” You sighed, “I suppose the bed wouldn’t be complete without a signature.”

Instantly perking up, Brainstorm signed the bed with a laser pen, making it permanent. It read, “From the mech you live for, Brainstorm.”

Considering his sudden burst of energy, you realised quite how manipulative he could be; it was all an act.

“And now, as much as I’d love to stay, I have much more important science-y stuff to do, bye,” he let himself out, leaving you alone once more and very overwhelmed.

You were unsure of what to do first. Despite your need for sleep and a shower, you found yourself staring outside, to the vast expanse of space; looking out there, at the cold darkness that had come close to being your demise, you felt more alone than ever. The thought made you cry.
The Big Announcement

After a good night’s sleep and a shower, you felt phenomenally better, until there was a loud rapping at the door. Your heart raced at the unwelcome sound because the few bots that you knew, apart from Ultra Magnus and Rung, entered without knocking but it was definite, you’d never heard this knock before. You kept quiet, waiting to see if the mystery visitor would leave.

“Human, I’m co-captain Megatron, please may I enter?”

You released the breath you’d been holding, Rodimus had warned you this might happen.

Finger combing your still wet hair and attempting to look a little better than possible in the bath robe made from an old cleaning cloth, you called, “Sure, come on in.”

Megatron entered stiffly, frowning uncomfortably at the situation; he’d planned on avoiding you completely but with the upcoming announcement, it wasn’t possible. You meanwhile, were eager to be on your best behaviour, especially since the ex-warlord had overcome his previous issues with organics to visit you.

“Hello,” You greeted, almost shyly.

Megatron merely nodded in response, looking slightly more formidable with his red-eyes trained upon you.

The two of you stood in awkward silence for countless minutes until it became clear you’d have to speak first.

“I’m glad you came, it was-”

“You should leave,” he cut you off.

“Excuse me?”

Megatron hated himself for the upset expression on your face; he’d put that there. “This ship is no place for humans. I’ve met with Rodimus and Ultra Magnus, the decision has been reached that I shall offer you a choice. You may stay and go about the course that has currently been set or we can drop you off on the nearest organic planet where you would fit in more adequately. Being on an organic-friendly planet can be very advantageous. First, it would be more equipped to match your needs, second…”

Megatron started listing all the advantages of planet life and disadvantages of ship life; you realised quickly that he’d practiced this before coming to see you, somewhat like a student reciting a presentation to a teacher.

“Do you hate organics?” You interrupted after around ten minutes.

The question shocked Megatron, sending him into a silent panic under the calm exterior; had he really given the impression of hatred rather than concern?

“No human, I simply worry about your welfare here.”

“If you don’t mind me saying so Megatron, your argument is biased, you never bothered explaining the benefits of ship life, like the fact we speak the same language, or that some of you know a little
about caring for a human, not that I can’t take care of myself. Not to mention, I know people here who I can hopefully call friends, if not acquaintances and at least here, I know what I’m getting into; planet-life is a mystery. And hey, who knows? Maybe one day, I’ll find this isn’t working and need to move, if that happens, I’ll come to you and ask for advice on planetary choices; until then, you’re stuck with me just as much as I’m stuck with you. I hope you can accept that.”

There was a cheer from the other side of your door, most definitely Rodimus who’d probably been listening in from the start. Megatron sighed at the lack of professionalism and at your decision; he hated it even more that your answer seemed to be well-thought out and rational. There was nothing else to do but admit defeat, “Very well human.”

He turned to leave, you called after him, making him pause, “The name’s (Y/N) by the way, I hope I can stay long enough to learn it.”

Megatron shuffled out, wondering how he was going to deal with you later down the line. Outside your room, Rodimus was beaming triumphantly, “I told you he was sassy,” he grinned.

“She, Rodimus,” Megatron corrected, “She.”

“Frag!”

Now dressed in a plain, white, cotton shirt and pants and properly groomed, you took a few steadying breaths. You were hidden on a table behind Rodimus who was on a balcony above the crew, giving a long-winded speech that was somehow supposed to link to you.

“Without further ado,” Rodimus boomed, holding out his hand for you to stand on, and presenting you with a flourish, “Please welcome our newest crew-mate and only human, (F/N) (L/N).”

Noise erupted throughout the hall, some bots apprehensive, others disbelieving, a few furious, but most excited; it was truly overwhelming to be the centre of such attention. Questions of every possible sort were thrown at both captains which Rodimus silenced, shouting over the crowd, “Hey, hey, this is just as new to (Y/N) as it is to any of you and she is the one person surrounded by aliens and away from her home planet; try a little perspective, will ya? In the meantime, give her some room. If she approaches you and decides to tell her story, that’s fine but don’t all overcrowd her at once. (Y/N), do you have anything to add?”

You swallowed, glancing at the hundreds of bots below, Rung was among them, mouthing the word ‘breathe’ to you.

You nodded at him, addressing the crowd, “I know this is all a little new and scary but I think we can all get around this; if you have any questions later, I’ll try to answer them all, uh, thank you for your time.”

Swerve was delirious with excitement, there was a human on board. A human! Being so much smaller than the other mechs, he hadn’t really gotten a good look at you but that didn’t matter; he was going to make all the extra effort to meet you in person. He was so sure that it was going to be the best day of his life until he got to your hallway and saw the lengthy queue to your hub-suite. As far as the eye could see, mechs were lined up, the ones at the front pressing an audial to your door to see if you were even in.

Swerve’s mood plummeted; how on Cybertron would he meet you like this? Surely, there should be some kind of rule like the bots closest to your height got to meet you first, or better yet, bots with the
most Earth knowledge. Still, his desperation to meet you was strong so if it took waiting the next three cycles waiting in line, he’d do it. Despite his strong resolve, Swerve quickly found he couldn’t wait long, mainly due to the amount of regulars at Swerve’s who kept finding him and demanding he opened the bar. As much as he wanted to stay and meet you, he did have patrons to serve. Plastering on a fake smile, Swerve headed jovially to the bar, hiding the disappointment he felt in his spark.

You cowered in the oversized supply closet, wishing desperately to be back in the safety of the hab-suite. The angry bot on the other side of the door continued screaming at you, “YOU HEAR THAT FLESH-STICK?! OL’ WHIRL’S GONNA KILL YA. HIDE IN THERE ALL YOU WANT, I’LL DESTROY YOU.”

You didn’t know what you’d done or said to offend Whirl but you prayed he’d calm down, fast.

“H-Hey, I’m really, really sorry for whatever I did, can we talk about this?” You quivered.

“TALK ABOUT IT! WHAT KIND OF WEAK SLAG IS THAT? GET OUT HERE SO I CAN FRAGGING CRUSH YOU.”

He blasted a hole through the door, making you squeal as he poked his optic through. You put up your hands, stammering, “Wait, wait, wait. Is it a human thing?”

“Finally, the blood-bucket gets it.”

“R-right, then you really don’t want to kill me because you’d be missing out on a huge opportunity.”

Whirl hesitated, glaring at you with contempt. Taking the pause as a good sign, you pressed on, “You want to kill humans but do you really know the most effective ways to do it? I mean, the best place you can learn it from is me so I’ll teach you some stuff I know if you don’t kill me now. You can still kill me later but just, wait a while?”

Whirl considered this and started laughing manically, “Alright bone bag, you teach me and I’ll leave you till last but if you trick me, I’ll peel the skin off your body, got it?”

“I wouldn’t expect anything less from the… strongest bot here. Like, who else has the sheer power to blast through a door like that?” You attempted, stroking Whirl’s ego and opening what remained of the door carefully.

Whirl flexed, “Well y’know, it takes only the best.”

“Exactly, you’re spectacular.”

Whirl picked you up forcefully, placing you on his shoulder, “Keep the compliments coming Tiny, you’ve got a while left.”

“A while till what?”

“Till I get you back to your hab-suite, you’re gonna need to be well-rested for complimenting me tomorrow.”

“Right, how smart of you.”

“Yeah, just like that.”

And so, you kept bragging about Whirl, begging to hear some of his greatest accomplishments as he carried you proudly past curious onlookers to your room.
Getting back was worse than you’d thought; there was a horde of bots awaiting your return who rushed towards Whirl upon spotting you. Whirl held you above his head with one claw, firing a warning shot from his chest, “FIRST GUY TO TOUCH THE FLESH STICK GETS SCRAPPED.”

Everyone froze, examining Whirl to gauge whether he meant it or not. You squirmed against the pain blossoming in your chest where Whirl was gripping you tightly. Fortunately, the pain didn’t last long, you were lowered back to the floor as the mechs dispersed, all shooting hateful looks at Whirl on their way by. After that, only two remained, a large orange and white bot and a much smaller black and white one who wasn’t too much taller than you.

“What? You didn’t hear me?”

“Lay off it Whirl, Rewind just has a question for (Y/N),” the taller bot said, placing a loving hand on Rewind’s shoulder.

You felt comforted by the sight of the two bots, everything about them showed they were a couple; it was nice to see how some bots weren’t the different to humans in certain respects.

“I don’t know if my human even wants to talk to you. (Y/N)?”

You were quite glad to get away from Whirl after seeing how unstable he was. “For now I think it’ll be okay, you two want to come into my room?”

Despite the lack of a mouth, Rewind seemed to smile, “We’d love to, right Chromedome?”

Chromedome looked less certain but nodded anyway.

Reluctantly, Whirl turned to go, “You two are lucky she likes you, see you tomorrow meat bag.”

You let the two bots in hastily, apologising for the lack of Cybertronian sized furniture, and using the lift to raise you up to the table, closer to Chromedome’s height.

“Now, you had a question?”

“Yes,” Rewind confirmed, hardly containing his excitement. “You see, it’s my job to document history and I was wondering, if it’s not too much trouble, will you let me record some of your time on the ship? This is the only time most Cybertronians will see a human so…”

You glanced at the red light on Rewind’s helm, “Are you recording right now?”

“I’m always recording.”

“If you’re always recording, why do you need my permission?”

“Because I don’t just want to get scraps of you when we happen to cross paths, I want to be your shadow, please.”

“I don’t know… Am I really that interesting? I mean, you guys are so advanced and all.”

“Are you kidding me? You’re incredible and-” Rewind sighed, “I know I’m asking a lot but I’d love to hear about your culture, interests, philosophy, biology, everything.”

You mulled it over, ready to reject the proposal until you saw the hope in the small bot’s optics; you couldn’t deny that. “I’ll tell you what, you help me find my feet, tell me which bots to meet or avoid,
give me a bit of a tour and you can film me.”

“Really?!” Rewind practically jumped for joy, “Great, where do we start? What’s your routine now? Have you settled into one yet? What about—”

You held up a hand, silencing him, “Tomorrow you can film me. Right now, I need to sleep.”

“Sleep! This keeps getting better, can I record you sleeping?”

You stared disbelievingly, looking to the other bot for help. Chromedome took the hint, giving Rewind’s shoulder a gentle squeeze.

“Oh right,” Rewind flushed, embarrassed at his lack of manners, “Sorry, you probably want some privacy. Uh, how long do humans recharge?”

You looked at the clock, unable to read Cybertronian time measurements, “Can you give me eight hours?”

“You got it, eight hours,” Rewind babbled happily, leaving the room with Chromedome in tow, “Sweet dreams (Y/N).”

You saw them out, pressing a button on a nearby remote to lock the door afterwards. Then, stumbling over to the bed, you fell asleep within seconds of hitting the mattress.
Rewind’s documentary on you lasted weeks. No matter what you were doing, he would walk by your side, asking questions. Whenever he asked about you specifically, you’d give a vague answer that changed the subject, hoping he wouldn’t notice; he always did but never pushed it, how could he when everyone on the ship knew what it was like to lose their home? Rewind sent the interviews over the ship’s radio-waves, waiting till he could edit it to put it on video. As a result, a few members of the crew had requested that the two of you host a show together, answering their questions; although it didn’t interest you, it did make you feel more welcome aboard the large ship.

At the start of the ‘documentary’, Chromedome had taken to avoiding you completely, after a week or so he started walking behind the two of you, then beside you, and finally he started talking to you; despite his initial shyness, you quickly found a friend in him, even with his occasional, self-deprecating attitude. Having Chromedome and Rewind around helped you become more accustomed to other bots, at least to the point where you didn’t fear them and would sometimes initiate a conversation with others. It was somewhat like being a celebrity, bots would approach you in the hallway, some excited, others nervous, then they’d usually apologise for bothering you, say a fleeting comment, which you’d happily reply to, and dash off, clearly happy. Despite your newfound company, it didn’t fight off the constant loneliness that gnawed at your insides.

“Oh!” Rewind lit up, snapping you out of your daydream, “You haven’t seen where all the mechs hang out after a shift.”

“Hmm?”

“Yeah, there’s “Visages” and Swerves, which would you prefer?”

You knew nothing about either place, so you opted for the first one. The three of you started on the way to “Visages” but quickly found the route blocked by a throng of mechs, all apparently trying to get to some form of event. Chromedome picked you up and grabbed Rewind’s servo; he was used to looking after Rewind but ferrying the two of you through the crowd would be a challenge, one knock and you could fall, which distressed him to no end.

Sensing his partner’s distress, Rewind suggested heading to Swerve’s instead.

“Good plan.” Chromedome said, clearly relieved, though he didn’t let go of either of you.

Swerve had long since given up on his mission to see you, some mechs got all the luck and he wasn’t one of them; perhaps he simply wasn’t good enough to meet you.

’At least I have Rewind’s interviews,’ he thought miserably, playing one about music genres on his private audio channel between serving drinks; he always thought he knew all the types of Earth music but there were so many more genres than he could’ve imagined. Languidly, his optics scanned the bar, travelling to the entrance where, for some reason, a crowd was gathering.

“What’s going on over there?” Swerve asked Cyclonus who was sat unperturbed at the bar.

Cyclonus, who was much taller than Swerve, looked over the bots and got up to leave, “The human’s here.”

Swerve almost overheated, he was so excited it was a miracle he didn’t short circuit on the spot. He had to find a way to you, then again, with the entire bar’s patronage already bothering you, he didn’t
“Alright,” he shouted over the hubbub, trying to appear cool and collected, “Give her some room or no more drinks tonight.”

Everyone ignored Swerve, too curious to ogle you to care. You stood high on Chromedome’s shoulder, using his helm for balance, attempting to spot who was trying to help you. You saw the mini-bot behind the bar and whispered in Chromedome’s audio receptor.

Chromedome nodded, then addressed the crowd authoritatively, “We’re just here to relax, give us some space please.”

Something about Chromedome’s tone demanded respect. The crowd dispersed, each bot heading to their previous area in the bar, most eyeing you up as Chromedome carried you to the bar. He helped you down, you sat cross-legged on the table top while he sat with Rewind on the bar stools.

Swerve took a few moments to think about what he was going to say before approaching you, shooting a cool wink, “Hey there, I’m Swerve, your friendly neighbourhood bartender. For our resident human, how about a free cube of energon?”

“I can’t drink energon, sorry,” You shrugged off the offer apologetically.

Swerve grinned sheepishly, speaking faster than you thought possible, “Right, yeah, I knew that, I can get some human stuff, OJ and coke and all that other stuff, that can be free too. I mean, of course it would be, you don’t carry shanix, that’s money by the way, did I mention that-”

“Easy Swerve,” Chromedome stepped in.

Rewind’s optics lit up jovially, he’d guessed Swerve would be happy to meet you; it seemed that, after all the two of you had been through, you both needed a friend right now.

“Swerve here is somewhat of an expert on Earth,” Rewind bragged.

“I wouldn’t say an expert,” Swerve blushed.

“Maybe, maybe not, either way, he has some interesting stories.”

“If you can stand your audials being talked off,” a mech taunted from across the bar.

Swerve cringed, so far, he’d offered you a drink toxic to humans, babbled incessantly, and now been heckled; it wasn’t a great introduction.

You ignored the heckler, determined to smooth things over with the bot who’d attempted to help you, “I’d love to hear some stories,” You said.

“Really?” Swerve lit up, jumping straight into one of his tales “Okay, one time I was on a quest to find the lost ship of Starjet, an old bot from back in the day, and…”

Chromedome and Rewind left the two of you alone, getting a booth in the corner of the bar to simply enjoy each other’s company.

The hours ticked on and you quickly found that the heckler was right, Swerve could indeed talk your ears off but not in an unpleasant manner; you actually found it a nice distraction from the usual questions of home. After a while, you yawned tiredly, Swerve was horrified, the knowledge that humans only yawned when tired or bored echoing in his mind; he hoped it wasn’t because of the
“Are you okay? If you want to talk about something else we can, how about you or Earth? Your favourite movies, maybe?”

You shook your head, “Sorry, I’m just sleepy, need to recharge, y’know?”

Swerve nodded vigorously, “Yep, no problem. I can call someone to take you back to your hab-suite or um… I could take you… if you wanted,” his spark was heavy as he waited for the probable rejection.

You looked around the bar which had cleared out apart from a few stragglers. “You sure it’s not too much trouble?”

“Like you could be trouble,” he guffawed giddily, “I’ll close up here and walk you back.

"Thanks.”

If possible, your smile would’ve made Swerve blush, he was awe-struck. As promised, he shut the bar, showing the few remaining bots out before escorting you back, talking about anything and everything to do with the ship and crew; he was dying to ask some more personal questions and find out more about you but he didn’t want to push you away when you’d so clearly avoided answering them for Rewind.

Upon reaching your room, Swerve felt suddenly lost for words, instead of staying quiet though, he began babbling again, “Here we are, your room, not that you didn’t know that, you live here so yeah, you probably knew that unless you think it all looks the same or um, you know. You’re welcome in the bar anytime by the way and I can give you the number to my private channel if you need me, wait, sorry, humans don’t come with a comm-link, Primus that was stupid, I mean I’m stupid, not you, you haven’t done anything to-”

“I’d love to hang out again,” You cut him off with a smile.

“Really?”

“Yeah, it’s nice to have somebody to talk to as a friend, most bots just want to ask me loads of questions which, quite frankly, I don’t want to think about now, y’know? That and they all want to know what my hair feels like; it was nice to just talk, thanks for that.”

Swerve didn’t answer for a long time, you sighed and said, “You’re wondering about the hair, aren’t you?”

“It’s so unique,” Swerve said defensively.

“I’ll let you touch it once, that’s all, no pulling.”

Swerve held a digit over your head, hesitating momentarily before lightly grazing your hair. He didn’t linger, as much as he wanted to. “It’s soft,” he murmured, mesmerised.

“…I guess. So, I’ll drop by the bar sometime?”

“Whenever you want. How about tomorrow?”

“Can’t tomorrow, Rung makes me go to weekly psyche evaluations since I’m the only human here; how about the day after?”
“Like I said, you’re welcome whenever you want.”

You smiled, opening your door. “See you then.”

You headed to bed, leaving Swerve to go to his own hab-suite. Initially he’d intended to recharge but he couldn’t, there was too much to think about. From the second he knew you were on the ship, he’d planned on being your friend, he never imagined he’d feel anything towards you.

“No,” he reprimanded himself, “I don’t feel anything other than friendship. I mean, she was cute and all but what’s really to love other than the attentive way she listens or that cute little human yawn, maybe even how soft her hair is, or that she let me walk her home or- oh no!”

He covered his face with his servos, being your friend would either be the best thing in his life or it would destroy him from the inside; Primus, he hated himself.

Swerve’s servo stroked his interface panel, gently coaxing it open. At first, he’d felt guilty at the idea of doing anything to thoughts of you, but the more he pondered it, the more he realised you’d never want a relationship with a Cybertronian anyway; if being with you wasn’t an option, what did it hurt to pleasure himself thinking about you?

His thumb circled over the tip of his spike, softly at first as he imagined all the ways your small hands could touch him, reaching places no Cybertronian ever could. He moaned huskily, taking time to insert one digit into his valve, then two, and finally three, all the while fantasising that it was your tongue. Primus, just the word tongue was so alien, so… exotic. His cooling fans blasted on at full speed, stopping him from overheating and blacking out.

His free hand reached out, grabbing his spike and rubbing slowly up and down, picturing scenarios where he, the suave bartender would shoot you, the mysterious babe from a galaxy far, far away, a smooth line, something like, “Nice legs, what time do they open,” before sweeping you off your feet and having you do everything he was doing now and more. Could your small frame even take his spike? He’d give anything to know. However, if you couldn’t, there were multiple alternatives, equally as exciting as regular interface.

His vocaliser stuck, he was already close to overloading. He didn’t want to stop yet but the images of what you’d be like under your clothes were driving him wild; he’d never seen a naked human before but he didn’t think you’d be too different from a Cybertronian.

How would you speak during interface? He pumped his spike faster, the first few drops of trans-fluid spilling from the tip.

He could practically hear you now, “Overload for me,” You demanded and so he did.

Covered in his own trans-fluid, with even more fantasies of you floating through his processor, Swerve fell into a satisfying recharge.
Movie Night

Once again, Swerve found himself unable to concentrate. He was supposed to be serving energon but his optics kept travelling to the door. You said you’d visit today so why weren’t you there? He had something important to ask and he didn’t want to wait any longer.

Besides that, he was panicking. There were millions of things that could go wrong for a human on a large ship like this. What if you were lost? Were you injured? Was someone being rude to you? Would anybody be horrible enough to hurt you? Or was it much simpler than that? Was it possible you just didn’t want to see Swerve again? Was he too inadequate to earn your attention? Perhaps he wasn’t-

The depressive thoughts ended the second you stepped into the bar; you were being careful not to get underfoot of any bots. Swerve grinned stupidly, all too aware he couldn’t help it; you’d kept your promise and come to him. He resisted the urge to jump the counter and carry you to safety; so far, you were managing fine on your own and even some of the more overcharged mechs were being mindful of their step. Evidently, you didn’t need assistance getting up onto the counter top because you managed to get up with some rocket powered boots which had probably been provided by Brainstorm or someone of his calibre.

“Hey Swerve,” You grinned, plonking yourself down in front of him.

Swerve nodded at you, attempting to appear more composed than he was feeling. “Remember,” he told himself, “Just a hot alien babe… no need to be weird.”

He offered you a bottle of water, commending himself for not spilling it. You thanked him before slipping back into the comfortable rapport you’d shared the night before.

“I’ve gotta say though, Earth has the best movies,” Swerve concluded after about an hour.

“Oh yeah? Any favourites?”

“Too many to list but if somebody had a gun to my head, Back to the Future, servos down.”

“Nice choice.”

“You like that one?”

“Are you kidding me? I love that film. ‘When this baby hits 88 miles per hour, you’re gonna see some serious shit,’” You impersonated Doc, giggling shortly after.

Swerve stared, wide eyed, his processor almost frying as he tried in vain to regain his composure. He’d learnt something about you, not about Earth but actually about you; it may not have been the most personal fact in the world but he was the first bot on the Lost Light to find out something you liked, even something as simple as a film you enjoyed.

“R-right, yeah, g-great impression,” he cursed himself for stumbling over his words.

Excusing himself to serve a customer, Swerve collected his thoughts. He was building up the courage to ask you out, not on a date, just to a quiet night in his hab-suite with a movie, where no other bots would interrupt.

With a determined nod, Swerve came back to you, “Hey (Y/N), today I close early for movie night,
you wanna come?"

“Movie night,” Your eyes lit up animatedly, “Sure, who else is coming?”

Swerve faltered, “O-oh, um- You know, whoever can make it,” he lied, telling himself that he would simply say the others were busy if you asked.

“Sounds great.” You stood up, surveyed the bar and cupped your hands around your mouth, “HEY RODIMUS, YOU IN FOR MOVIE NIGHT AT SWERVE’S?”

“What would movie night be without me?” Rodimus yelled back obnoxiously.

You gave him a thumbs up, “CHROMEDOME? REWIND? WHAT ABOUT YOU?”

The two bots raised a glass in your direction. Soon enough, the whole room was shouting across to one-anther, everyone using their private comm-links to invite yet more bots; the meeting place was even moved to one of the relaxation rooms to compensate for the extra mechs.

Swerve observed the chaos upset but unable to do anything. As the bizarre scenario unfolded, he wondered why he felt so despondent, after all, he didn’t have a crush on you; or so he kept telling himself.

The atmosphere in the relaxation room was far from relaxed. Everywhere you looked, mechs were bubbling with excitement, chatting to each other in their groups, finding comfy spaces in the impromptu theatre, sharing energon snacks, and giving the feeling of all round general merriment. Of all bots, you were surprised to see Rung there, though upon further reflection you supposed he was there to keep an eye on you rather than watch the film. You hovered at the door uneasily as several mechs, all in different spaces, waved at you to come and sit with them. Being friends with all of them didn’t help, you couldn’t decide who to sit with.

You were doing a silly rhyme in your head to decide, one you’d known from childhood when Whirl grabbed you from behind, holding you high above his head and making you groan in pain from the pressure.

“Whirl,” Rung reprimanded, barely audible even in his anger, “(Y/N) isn’t a toy, you can’t pick her up like that, she could be hurt.”

“The flesh stick’s fine,” Whirl argued petulantly but loosening his grip all the same, “Right meat bag?”

You fought to sit up correctly, rubbing bruised ribs, “S-sure, just a little ruffled.”

“See, I told you… stupid eyebrows,” he muttered under his breath. “Oh, and did I mention, she’s sitting with me!”

You didn’t care to argue as sitting with Whirl did solve the previous predicament, not to mention, Rung had told you in confidence that your presence aboard the ship seemed to calm Whirl to some extent. All the same, you seemed to notice Swerve sag slightly in the corner of the room, or perhaps it was merely your imagination.

After a few more disputes, and seat shuffling the film finally started. You laughed along with the crew as a young Eddie Murphey got into many daring and fun escapades as Axel Foley in Beverly Hills Cop. It felt good to fit in again; you were no longer a human or an alien, you were an audience member, conversing with everyone else about the events on screen.
Little did you know, Swerve wasn’t watching the film, he was watching you and unbeknownst to him, Rung’s observant gaze saw everything. Rung saw the slump in Swerve’s frame, the melancholy sighs, the longing gaze of his optics; everything was starting to fit into place.

After the film was over, Rung waited for most of the crowd to disperse before motioning Swerve to join him.

“Something wrong?” Swerve asked, plastering his usual, confident smile on.

“If you don’t mind Swerve, I’d like to speak to you in my office tonight,” Rung requested.

“Is this about Magnus because I swear, I never spiked that energon.”

“No, this is of a more… delicate matter, one concerning (Y/N).”

Swerve swallowed uncomfortably, he’d been subtle, right? It was probably nothing, Rung was always concerned over one thing or another; Swerve was sure he’d be just fine, if not placed under too much scrutiny, besides, there was nothing to tell, he didn’t have a crush on you, right?
Rung sat on one side of the desk with his servos crossed underneath his chin while Swerve sat rigid on the opposite side with unpleasant thoughts filling his processor. Wasn’t a therapist’s office supposed to be comfortable? And why so quiet? As far as he was concerned, Swerve had nothing to tell. As such, he sat button-lipped, bouncing his leg up and down, turning the silence into something far more tense and awkward.

When it became apparent Swerve wasn’t going to speak, Rung sighed, taking it upon himself to prompt the other mech into revealing what was already obvious.

“You and (Y/N) have made fast friends,” Rung probed gently, attempting to put Swerve at ease.

Swerve half-laughed nervously, “Y-yeah, she’s really something. For a human, that is. Not that humans aren’t special, especially her, not that she’s special, I didn’t say that. I mean, she clearly is but- Forget I said anything.”

“…Yes. You know Swerve, I’ve had a lot of patients lately who’ve shown interest in pursuing a relationship with (Y/N).”

“W-wha- They can’t- It wouldn’t- W-who would want to date a human anyway?”

“So, you think a relationship with a human would be undesirable?”

“Not undesirable, just impossible. What about the physical differences? Then there’s the cultural misunderstandings and- and… Could she really be with something like me?” Swerve spoke fast as usual before realising his mistake, he hadn’t meant to reveal feelings he wasn’t supposed to have.

He fell silent, waiting for rung to call him crazy, tell him things were impossible, do anything to shoot down his delusions of a relationship.

Rung took off his glasses, cleaning them while he spoke, “Right now, though she may not realise or acknowledge it, (Y/N) is in a delicate mental state. She’s traded one life for another and had absolutely no say in the matter. Currently, any romantic relationship is impossible but in the future, it’s feasible though not recommended. Have you considered the difference in life span at all? I’m sorry to say it Swerve but I must advise against what you’re feeling and recommend that you take the time to come and see me if you need help in the process.”

Swerve shot up, his chair falling to the floor with a clatter, “I WON’T STOP BEING HER FRIEND!”

“And I would never expect you to,” Rung answered calmly. “I’m merely saying that as her friend, you must consider what’s best for her and act upon that instead of any romantic impulses you have… say, movie nights alone together.”

“H-how did you-”

“I’m a therapist and your friend Swerve, I see things others don’t. Now I can see you’ve got a lot to process and you’re eager to get away but please, come back and see me; I’d hate to see you trying to deal with this alone. Oh, and don’t do anything rash.”

“I won’t,” Swerve mumbled, hunching over sadly on his way out of the office. It was more than clear now that he had a crush on you but Rung was right, he had to stop his feelings immediately,
You stared in mute horror at the thick, black smoke coming from what remained of your hab-suite while a furious Rodimus sprayed out the remaining flames with a fire extinguisher.

Fortunately, you hadn’t been around at the time but apparently there’d been an accident with the gas main leading to your oven. Once again, you were homeless in space.

“(Y/N), you alright?” Rodimus asked, the concern evident in his vocaliser.

“Y-yeah… A little shook up but I’m fine. Is everyone else okay?”

“Don’t worry about us, it takes more than a few flames to get through this metal. I’m just sorry this happened. Hey uh, why don’t you take a walk with Chromedome there? I have to make plans to repair this.”

You nodded reluctantly, allowing Chromedome to lead you away. The second you were out of sight, Rodimus called Nightbeat on his comm-link, “You sure about this?”

Devoid of his usual flair for dramatics, Nightbeat replied, “I’m sure. Rodimus, this wasn’t an accident, somebody tried to kill her.”

“Frag! Any suspects?”

“Not yet but the bomb had some… interesting components. I’ll have a list of suspects within the next few cycles. In the meantime, you have to do something to protect her.”

“…Yeah.” Rodimus saw Megatron approach from the corner of his optic, “Talk later Nightbeat, I have to arrange something.”

Megatron waited for the call to finish before stating grimly, “I said something like this would happen, I didn’t want to be right.”

Rodimus stared at the floor darkly.

“Have you any plans to resolve this?”

Thinking through the problem, Rodimus nodded, “We’re going to get (Y/N) a bodyguard.”

“A roommate?” You asked dubiously. “I’m sorry but why can’t I just move back into my old room?”

“Because as it turns out it wasn’t a gas explosion but some weird sciency slag deadly to humans or so Perceptor tells me,” Rodimus lied confidently. “So, until we’re sure it’s safe for humans, you can’t go back there and you need a roommate. Personally, I suggest me or Magnus. Magnus would be a great choice. He’s big, he’s strong, who wouldn’t want that for a roomy?”

You frowned, “I um… I don’t think that’s-”

“Not your style huh, no problem, there are plenty of bots here,” Rodimus glanced around the rec room where he’d gathered a handful of bots he trusted, informing them of the situation at hand.

“I don’t see why we can’t just empty another-”

“HEY EVERYONE,” Rodimus yelled hastily, leaving you no time to argue your point, “(Y/N)
NEEDS A ROOMMATE, ANYONE WANT TO BUNK WITH HER OR RATHER, LET HER BUNK WITH YOU?”

All servos shot up as rehearsed beforehand. You stared at the sea of faces, more confused than anything.

“Rodimus, I don’t-”

“-Know which to pick? Gotcha, no problem, you need time, I respect that. You think about this and come back in let’s say, an hour; I know you’ll have an answer by then. Now go, mingle, meet your new roomy.”

Overwhelmed by the many mechs, you checked your watch and slipped unnoticed out of the room to walk and clear your head. Just outside, Rung and Swerve were talking, a tense silence settled over the two at your presence.

“(Y/N), what a pleasant surprise,” Rung smiled. “How are you feeling?”

“I don’t… Rung, can you talk some sense into Rodimus, he seems to think I need a roommate within the next hour; I don’t know what’s gotten into him.”

Swerve’s optics widened curiously, he wondered what he’d missed within the last few hours.

“My, that certainly is a predicament,” Rung sympathised, “but you know Rodimus, when he’s got an idea into his head, he’s fairly stubborn about it. Would it be so bad to humour him and take on a roommate?”

“You didn’t see it in there, I don’t know anyone and why those specific bots? None of it makes sense. Besides, me and you guys, we have different needs and I don’t want to explain all the things I’d need again and-”

“Move in with me!” Swerve interrupted quickly.

You gaped at him while Rung stood behind you, shaking his head and waving his hands warningly, mouthing the earlier conversation, “Don’t do anything rash.”

“What?” You squeaked. “Swerve, I couldn’t make you do that?”

“Who’s making me?” Swerve laughed, ignoring Rung. “It’s better to move in with me than somebody you don’t know, right? Plus, you don’t have to explain human stuff to me ‘cos I know most of it already.”

“I suppose that makes sense, but won’t I get in your way? What if I need to sleep but you want the hab-suite?”

“Don’t worry about it. My only concern is that you feel comfortable.”

You smiled gratefully, warming Swerve’s spark, “Thank you, you have no idea how much this means to me. Hang on a sec, I’ll go tell Rodimus.”

You headed back inside the room, leaving Rung to speak freely, “I hope you know what you’re doing Swerve, this will only complicate matters further.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about, I only did what a good friend would do.”
The Best Roommate?

Swerve waited while you examined your new “home”, situated on the desk. So far, you’d been too awestruck to speak, which was probably a good sign. Gently grazing your hand over the bed, you paused, spinning around with an unbelievably huge smile on your face; a smile for Swerve.

“You did all of this yourself?” You admired.

“Well… Brainstorm helped a bit,” Swerve answered confidently, thanking Primus for keeping his vocaliser in check.

“Oh, Swerve,” You jumped into his servo, bringing the two of you level, and pecked his cheek adoringly.

The kiss felt funny to you, you’d expected it to be like kissing a family member or friend but it sparked something more. You pulled back, frowning.

“What’s wrong?” Swerve murmured, suddenly aware of how unusually close you were.

You shook your head, pecking his lips instead. A peck turned into a kiss, the kiss turned into a lingering snog and that led to amorous making out, with Swerve on cloud nine and you discovering a connection you’d never thought about.

“Swerve… Swerve… SWERVE!”

Swerve’s comm link crackled, bringing him out of the deluded fantasy he’d been experiencing.

“Rodimus?” Swerve answered the comm-link.

“Is (Y/N)’s room ready now?”

Swerve examined the desk that had been set out for you. He’d measured it exactly so that you’d be eye level with him when you stood on it. On your own, you came up to his thighs; not a bad size difference compared to most of the other mechs, it was the one time in his life he was happy to be a Minibot. The house-like setup was much improved in your last one, fit for a queen with the advancements Swerve had pestered Brainstorm for; the one thing Brainstorm wouldn’t change or take away was the images of himself depicted on the bed, shower curtain, and cushions. Ignoring that, Swerve admired the handy work, with this you were sure to like him more.


“Good, I’ll send Ultra Magnus with her now, are you sure you can handle having a human roommate?”

“Who else would be better?”

“Me, Ratchet, Ultra Magnus, anyone else who’s been to Earth, probably Cyclonus, maybe Night-”

Swerve shut off his comm-link, grumbling. He was going to show the entire ship that he was the best roommate a human could ever have. However, despite his resolve and the underlying excitement, Swerve felt like he was going to purge his tanks. He knew there was nothing further he could do, he’d already cleaned the hab-suite, prepared your half, and been re-painted but he still couldn’t shake the fear that you’d come to hate him. Ignoring that, he watched his internal clock, counting every
second until Ultra Magnus arrived.

It was exactly 1829 seconds till the two of you arrived or rather shortly after 30 minutes. Ultra Magnus was his usual self, serious and law abiding; he made sure to inspect your new living area before you were even allowed to see it, he even made you wait outside on your own in case he needed to lecture Swerve.

Finally, you were let in after Magnus declared the room was up to human standards. You rocketed up to the table, exploring the new “house” quietly; it was a lot more impressive than the previous one. Swerve watched you, you weren’t saying much but now, outside of his fantasy, he wasn’t sure if that was a good thing.

You paced around once more, nodding satisfactorily and saying, “It’s nice.”

Ultra Magnus took that as confirmation his job was done. He walked to the exit, excusing himself.

“Thanks Maggie,” You called cheekily.

He froze in the hallway, instantly loathing the nickname, yet as long as it was from you, he supposed it had a nice ring to it; though he would have to rebuke you for using it in public later.

The door shut automatically, leaving you and Swerve alone in a new-found state of awkward silence. You didn’t know what to say, in all honesty you were afraid of being a burden to the friendly bot; did he really have any idea how much more maintenance you needed than him?

“Uhh so…” You mumbled.

“You can move your stuff in now if you want,” Swerve blurted.

“Oh, uh, I don’t actually own anything anymore so this is it really, just me.”

“Oh, right…”

The silence fell again.

You struggled for something to say, “Thanks for doing this by the way.”

“No problem.”

“Right.”

“You wanna get out of here?”

“Yes!”

“Okay, come on, I have something really cool to show you, you still have your space suit, right?”

“Y-yeah, Preceptor made me a new one, give me a minute to change?”

“Sure, great, whatever you need,” Swerve beamed; if it killed him, he was going to make you feel comfortable again.

Swerve had slipped back into his bartender rapport, entertaining you with tales of his past, news on the ship, and the crew’s latest antics. Slowly, you were managing to relax again. When you’d been in Swerve’s hab-suite earlier - **Your hab-suite** - you’d been afraid of doing or saying something to...
offend him. Swerve had quickly become your best friend on the ship and you didn’t want to jeopardise that; then you almost had by acting odd. Despite that, you were quickly realising that things were going to be okay.

The two of you stopped at a closed door. “You need to turn on your mag-boots and oxygen now,” Swerve warned.

By now, you knew you were going outside and you were more than a little frightened to do so. Yet, with Swerve by your side, you felt a little braver. After doing as told, you gave him a thumbs up, fighting the dryness in your throat.

Swerve punched in the door code, watching for your elation as you stared into open space. The elation didn’t come however. Instead, you were stuck, unmoving and unable to speak as terrifying claustrophobia took over.

“Isn’t it great?” Swerve asked, setting into a conversation about the view.

“I almost died,” You panicked, remembering the pod.

“I like to come here to think sometimes.”

“This is what it looked like before I came here.”

“I expect we’ll see a planet in a few cycles, then we can go out together, if Ultra Magnus and Megatron let you.”

“It never ends, I would have drifted forever.”

“And if you walk this way-” Swerve stopped, finally noticing that you were still in the doorway while he was far ahead of you, near what looked like a metal pier.

“(Y/N)?”

You stood shivering, struggling to breathe.

“(Y/N)? What’s wrong? Is it too boring here? Are you feeling okay? Is it too cold?”

Unforgettable images flashed before your eyes. You were in the pod again, lights were flashing and alarms blared. Just like then, you couldn’t breathe, though this time it wasn’t because the air supply was running out.

You clawed at your throat, gasping. Swerve ran over, clutching you tightly, “(Y/N)! WHAT’S HAPPENING? IS IT A SUIT MALFUNCTION? (Y/N)?! RATCHET,” he switched to his radio, “(Y/N) NEEDS HELP.”

“What happened?” Ratchet reprimanded.

“I TOOK HER TO THE OIL RESERVOIR AND SHE JUST STARTED- I DON’T KNOW BUT SHE NEEDS HELP NOW.”

“Wait there, I’m on my way!”

Swerve glanced at your pale face, panicking more at the sight of your bulging eyes. Knowing nothing that could help, he pressed his helm against your head, “It’s going to be okay, I promise. Everything will be alright.” He repeated the phrase over and over until Ratchet came, though it was unclear whether he was saying it for your benefit or his own.
“Take your time,” Rung eased, “I want you to feel comfortable, there’s no shame in here.”

You’d been sat in his patient’s chair for little over twenty minutes, searching for the right words after your visit to the medical bay. On Ratchet’s orders, you weren’t allowed to leave until you’d completed a mandatory psyche-evaluation.

“I thought…” You began hesitantly, “I thought that after seeing it – uh, space – through the windows that I’d be okay… that I was fine but- There’s only so much denial you can go through, y’know? I thought I didn’t need help but after today, I guess it was a wake-up call to come to you. Is that normal?”

“Not only is it normal, admitting you need help is the first step to recovery. I know it may seem difficult to talk about now but I’d like you to try; if it becomes too difficult, we can stop, alright?”

You nodded, forcing your mind back to before you’d been rushed to med-bay. “It was all so dark and everything real, like Swerve and the ship, it all disappeared. I’ve never felt so claustrophobic; in space, I’ve never been so cold.”
Swerve sat on the floor in his hab-suite, despondent over the way he’d hurt you. His optics welled with lubricant at the thought of your visits with Ratchet and Rung. Prior to the accident, he’d thought ‘eyebrows’ had been wrong and that he could be good for you – with you – but intellectuals were rarely wrong, and the truth often hurt. All Swerve had intended to do was share the beauty of space with you as you often shared amazing things with him, however, he may as well have thrown you out of the ship’s air-lock for all the good it had done.

Another glance at the room he’d prepared for you was enough to start the coolant flowing. Swerve’s shoulders wracked with sobs, his vocaliser crackled, and he had his first rational thought of the day; he had to let you go.

Tipping his helm to the side, Swerve saw a sharp piece of metal under the desk which held your ‘house’, something he must have missed whilst cleaning. Slowly, he picked it up, fat drops of coolant fell on it as he twirled it around in his servos. Shakily, he held it over his forearm, ready to puncture until all the energon left his body.

“This is what you deserve!” He cried, thrusting down.

He dropped the metal with a clatter before it touched him, hating himself all the more for failing.

“Unicron take me, I can’t even do this for her…”

Crumpling to the floor, Swerve opted to let himself waste away; he’d almost done it before, this time he would succeed.

On the walk back from Rung’s, you felt lighter, like a weight had been lifted off your shoulders. It was obvious that you weren’t fully recovered yet but addressing the problem was a start. You wondered briefly what you’d tell everyone about the ‘incident’; it was a secret between Rung, Ratchet, Swerve, and Rodimus, which meant that by now, the entire ship knew about it.

“(Y/N)! Are you going to die?! Can we stop it? What do we do?” Tailgate, a small, blue bot you’d grown rather fond of panicked upon seeing you; his optics filled up with unshed coolant.

“They can cry?” You were taken back by the revelation.

Cyclonus, a somewhat intimidating, larger, purple bot pulled Tailgate back slightly, “Give her some room.”

You smiled at the small exchange between the two, “No guys, I’m not dying; that’s been greatly exaggerated. I just had a human problem, no big deal.”

“So, you’re okay?” Tailgate whimpered.

“At the top of my game.”

He hugged you tightly; despite the inability to breathe properly, you noticed the hug was much lighter than his first attempt which had almost bruised several bones. “Good, I don’t want you to go anywhere. Do you- do you want to come to ‘Visages’ with us?”

If there was any air left in you, you would have laughed at how fast the bot had recovered. “Another
time maybe,” You breathed, “I have to see Swerve about something. See you later?”

“Okay, next time.”

Tailgate skipped away, Cyclonus lingered a moment, gave an acknowledging nod and trailed after him; in his own way, that was as good as staying “you’re a part of the family now.”

Deciding that the excuse ‘human problem,’ was effective in the case of questioning, you continued the journey home. You paused, had you really thought of it as home? Yes, brief as it was; perhaps the odd inhabitants of the Lost Light were slowly becoming family. You entertained the strange thought until you reached the hab-suite. You placed your hand on the scanner, mildly annoyed when it wouldn’t open.

“Swerve, are you in there?”

A shuffling of metal revealed that he was; Swerve cursed himself for the noise.

“Did- did everything go okay with Ratchet and Rung? Are you injured?” Swerve asked from the room, keeping his priorities straight.

“I’m fine Swerve, there’s nothing wrong. Can I come in now please?”

“I don’t think that’s a good idea.”

“What’re you talking about?” You laughed. “Is this Cybertronian humour?”

“It’s not a joke (Y/N), I think you should leave.”

You frowned, “Alright, I get it, you need time; I’ll be back in ten-”

“No, I mean- I think you should move out.”

“What?”

“I’m sorry (Y/N),” Swerve said solemnly through the door, shutting his vocaliser off afterwards to hide any more pain.

“Swerve, I get it, you’re upset but you need to pull yourself together and let me in to talk this out.”

Nothing happened. “Swerve, you open the door this instant!” You used the tone angry parents often used. “Alright, that’s it young bot, you won’t talk, fine, then listen! I choose you as my roommate because you’re my friend. There wasn’t a moment that I thought things would magically work out perfectly; life isn’t a TV show. There could’ve been a million complications, there probably still will be and that’s alright, you want to know why? Because we’re going to learn from our mistakes. I don’t like Space too much, we know that now and can act accordingly. So, you’re going to let me in and we’re going to move on from this, happier that we learnt something. Now, open the damned door.”

You had to wait a few minutes before Swerve complied, he barrelled out, crying, “I’m sorry, I didn’t know. You could’ve died; I’m sorry.”

You hugged him as best you could, “Hey,” You soothed, “I’m made of stronger stuff than that. Come on, where’s my best Swerve? The one who has a joke about everything? I’d tell a space pun to start us off, but I need a bit longer to planet.”
Swerve managed a weak laugh, “That joke was out of this world.”

He held your back lightly, you smiled sympathetically. “Roommates?”

“Roommates,” he agreed.

The next few weeks passed by almost easily; there were many instances where you and Swerve learnt about each-other’s species and had to adjust accordingly. However, after almost a month, the two of you got into a routine. He learnt not to attempt cooking for humans, just as you learnt not to touch the power cables near his side of the room. Sometimes he would recharge when you were sleeping but mostly, he’d leave the room and tend the bar; personally, you liked it when he recharged with you, the two of you would swap stories till you fell asleep.

Since the routine acted like a guide, settling you further into ship life, you didn’t know whether to be concerned or excited when the routine was broken.

A ship-wide announcement woke you from a deep sleep. Rodimus’ voice boomed ecstatically over the speaker, commanding that everyone gather to the main hall for a meeting. Although you were half the size of him, you sat on Swerve’s shoulder, mainly to stop his panicked ramblings about the many, many, many ways you could get hurt.

“Alright, is everyone here?” Rodimus asked, running energetically on the balcony. “Good? Good! We have great news everyone; I know some of us have been going a bit stir-crazy lately, but there is no need to worry; there’s a planet nearby and we’re going to PARTY there.” He banged a gong with his face on it.

Cheers exploded through the hall, echoing wildly until Megatron stepped forward, bringing a hush over the crowd.

“What I believe my co-captain meant to say,” Megatron glared at Rodimus who was looking very impressed with himself, “is that we may visit this planet, not party on it. We will conduct ourselves to our best behaviour, and we will do nothing to offend the locals there. On another note, the planet is hostile towards non-organics, that means holo-forms for everyone. Anyone who misbehaves shall be punished accordingly. We will reach the planet in three cycles. Is everything clear?”

There was a general murmur of agreement, leaving Megatron free to excuse himself.

Swerve had stopped listening halfway through the speech, he was stuck trying to think of how he could ask you to go with him without making things seem like a date. If he could make you see how good he was as a potential boyfriend, then surely your relationship would come together more naturally. Should he ask now? Should he wait a while? Would it be funnier if he made a joke out of it? Would you even want to go?


“YES!” Swerve shouted elatedly. “I mean- uh- Yeah, I could use some new stuff in the bar, maybe I’ll find something there.”
A Play-Date with Megatron

Swerve watched as you paced the bar, speaking excitedly of the planet Hacathar which you would all soon visit. He loved seeing you like this, as did most of the crew. By now, quite the crowd had gathered to hear what you wanted to see upon visiting.

“I wonder what kind of people live there,” You beamed.

“It’s a space-port.” Nightbeat answered, happy to show off his knowledge. “Ships from all over the galaxy refuel in the port while the planet itself is for people to get a break from ship life.”

“Cool… Hey, will stuff there be too small for you?”

“No need to worry about us short stuff,” a slightly overcharged Chromedome laughed, patting your head with a servo which you playfully swatted away. “We’ve got to use our holoforms.”

“Holoforms?”

“The illusion that makes us look human,” Rewind explained. “We also use mass displacement to reduce our weights.”

“Oh yeah, I saw some of those when I was brought aboard. Rodimus, Maggie, and Rung used them.”

“They’re stupid,” Whirl complained loudly. “They don’t want us there! Then why fragging go?!”

“If you hate it so much, why are you going?” A mech called Wrecker asked angrily.

“Maybe I’m going to trash the place.”

“Oh yeah? How ‘bout you scrap off before I trash you?”

Whirl stepped forward threateningly, “You piece of scrap, I’ll-”

“I’ll bet,” You interrupted loudly, “that this planet doesn’t accept non-organics because they’re jealous; I would be too if I was faced with someone way more awesome than me. Never meet your heroes, right?”

Whirl laughed obnoxiously, “You’re right meat sack, smart fragger.”

“So, you’re not going to break anything?”

“Not when they clearly idolise me. Gotta keep the worship coming.”

Everybody watched in awe, all wondering the same thing. How had you stopped Whirl from fighting? Nobody could control him; it was a fact he was immensely proud of. If anyone bothered to ask Whirl why he’d acted so out of character, he would have lied or shrugged it off. In truth, Whirl was afraid of disappointing you. You were a clean slate, someone who didn’t know or care about his past. You understood him without trying to change him; in short, he respected you. Without showing affection or anything that would jeopardise his reputation, Whirl made the effort to find ways to listen to you, even if it meant taking the bait to obvious lies aimed at stroking his ego.

“Great because I’m looking forward to a little window shopping,” You chimed.
The conversation resumed at a normal pace once again. Meanwhile, when everyone else was in jovial conversation, Swerve worried between serving drinks. He’d spent so much time planning everything the two of you would do together that he hadn’t even considered his holoform. Swerve was no stranger to what passed as handsome on Earth and that concerned him. He wasn’t tall, slim, or remotely muscled and up until now, he hadn’t minded but what if you saw him and were repulsed or expecting more. There wasn’t time to change the holoform now but Primus, he wished he could.

Swerve opened his mouth to shoot a casual question about Earth shops but before he could, the ships’ PA came on, calling you to Megatron’s office.

When you reached the right corridor, Rodimus stomped out of the office. Upon seeing you, he pointed and yelled, “Just so you know, this isn’t my fault,” before storming off again.

You frowned, confused until Megatron called you in with a stiff, “Enter human.”

You stood awkwardly I the doorway, looking up at Megatron who’s discomfort showed. Despite his displeasure, Megatron spoke solemnly, “Thank you for coming, we have something very important to discuss. Tomorrow we arrive at Hacathar and it has come to my attention you intend to go to the planet’s surface. Unfortunately, I cannot allow you to do that, instead you must stay here with Ratchet. You have my humblest apologies.”

“What?!” You exploded. “Why can’t I go?”

“A foreign planet holds many dangers for… one of your kind,” Megatron lied. He couldn’t tell you the real reason; that a Cybertronian aboard the Lost Light was trying to kill you and the planet would provide too many opportunities to do so.

You sighed heavily, “Megatron, I’m afraid I can’t stay on the ship tomorrow. I mean, I didn’t want to bring this up and panic anyone but- but- I’ll die if I don’t get onto a planet soon.”

“Excuse me?”

“Human’s need exposure to natural pathogens to survive, we store them in our blood streams for ages but I’m beginning to run low; if I don’t top up soon, I’ll- I’ll-” You managed to start crying.

Megatron shuffled uncomfortably, unsure of what to do; your lie was taking a heavy toll on him. He couldn’t leave you unprotected, nor could he let you die; his processor was working hard to come up with a workable solution.

“Very well human,” Megatron said tiredly, “we shall reach a compromise. You may visit the planet to replenish your pathogens however, I shall be there to accompany you for the entire day.”

“I mean, can you believe it? Megatron actually told me I can’t go with anyone but him. Does he really think I’m that bloody fragile?” You ranted at Swerve who was feeling more and more crestfallen. Once again, all his plans to make you happy had been foiled. It was almost like there was a force keeping the two of you apart.

Despite his despair, Swerve slapped on a false smile and hid behind humour, “Hey, it could be worse, I can’t believe you managed to trick him like that. I mean, enzymes? That’s hilarious.”

You grimaced guiltily, “Gosh, I’m sorry Swerve. I’ve been bitching at you this entire time but you’re right, at least I get to go out now. I wish I could still go with you but there’ll be lots of time to spend together afterwards. Hey, how about we get a few bots together for a game night when we get
Swerve gave an enthusiastic thumbs up, “You got it.”

You beamed and stretched, “Alright, I’m gonna get some sleep before we hit the planet. Night Swerve.”

“Right and I’ll be right here… recharging.”

Swerve laid on the berth, thoughts once again consuming him. Did he have a problem? He’d already considered this time and time again, constantly switching between conclusions. It was very possible that he needed to get over you, for you were the impossible; despite that, he didn’t want to get over you. It was near impossible to stop thinking about you except for when he talked with friends, providing a distraction to his overworked processor. The only problem with that method was that very few people considered him friend enough to converse with; in all honesty, he was lonely before you came along.

“Damn it, why can’t she go back to just a hot frag fantasy? At least then, I didn’t care.”

You pouted as various bots went to the ship’s docking bay and you awaited Megatron who had delivered you a set of rules while you slept. Never had you felt more patronised than when you read them.

Rule 1: You must wait till everyone else has left before we leave.

Rule 2: You will stay in sight at all times.

Rule 3: No wandering off.

Rule 4: No outside communication without my permission - that includes other crew members.

Rule 5: There will be no mention of Cybertronians on the planet surface.

Rule 6: There will be no consumption of alien foods so as to avoid injury or disease.

Rule 7: No visiting of bars, clubs, or any other such rowdy areas.

Rule 8: No participation in dangerous events.

Rule 9: No usage of the name Megatron upon the planet’s surface so as to avoid conflict.

Rule 10: You will follow my instruction at all times.

You tapped at the datapad keyboard adding to the document.

Rule 11: No fun.

Megatron cleared his vocaliser at you, “I see you’ve been studying the code of conduct I’ve given.”

You turned the datapad screen off, hiding the addition, and forced a grin, “I sure have, Megs.”

“Megs?”

“Rule nine, no use of your name on the planet; I was just practicing.” You said innocently.

Megatron frowned coolly; you were almost sure his face had only one setting by now.
“So… can we go now?” You asked.

Megatron nodded and applied his holo-form.

“Whoa… dude, you look awesome.”

Megatron ignored the praise, mainly because he didn’t know what to say; very few had praised him unless out of fear and now, nobody did, not that he felt he deserved it. He walked to the docking bay with you by his side where he could keep an optic on you.

You gasped upon reaching the ramp. The planet below was similar to a rainforest, with thick foliage of the lushest blue creating a tall canopy over the sandy floor. Buildings were scattered under the bushes and trees in a random order; they were seemingly made of sharp, long slabs of crystal. You briefly found yourself wondering if they were onyx. Various market stalls outside the buildings had thatched roofs made of yellow, straw like flowers. With a mix of odd foods on one, clothes the likes of which you’d never seen on another, and technology on a third, you were reminded of old bazaars seen on films. Then, there were the people, all organics like you, yet wholly different. There was a person who looked like a humanoid caterpillar with a long body and multiple hands. Then there were hulking elephants of people inching their way through the crowds with polite exclamations. Somebody examining jewellery had a large maw with razor teeth and apparently no eyes or nose; that person was actually licking the necklace it was holding.

You beamed excitedly at Megatron; it was like nothing you’d ever imagined. You ran straight for the first stall, a clothes stall with labelled racks that indicated not size but species. Megatron glared, he should have made another rule, no running. He paced towards you, maintaining a dignified speed while you listened to the shop keep, a sort of moth man, speaking with a customer; you were amazed by the ship’s translator that Perceptor had previously explained. Eventually, the moth man caught you staring.

“Can I help you?” He harrumphed disdainfully.

“Uh yeah, sure,” You breathed, attempting to calm your boggled mind. “Do you have any clothes for humans?”

“You can’t read?”

You glanced sheepishly at the signs, “Oh yeah, right, sorry.”

“(Y/N),” Megatron glowered, appearing by your side.

“What?”

“The rules.”

“Oh come on Megs, I haven’t done anything yet.”

“Your communication says otherwise.”

“What that? I didn’t know you meant I can’t talk to anyone, I was only asking.” You faltered at Megatron’s scowl, “You know what Megs, when you’re right, you’re right, sorry.”

“Well, at least you behave better than Rodimus.”

Usually, you would have argued your point, but you weren’t willing to push Megatron too far lest he took away your outdoor privileges.
It took only a minute to find the rack for human section and when you did, you were disappointed to find only one hideous, mustard coloured jumper that was much too small anyway.

“What a bust,” You murmured, looking around for the next store.

Your excitement was quickly restored upon spotting a music store which was playing a song you knew well.

“Oh my God,” You laughed. “They have the YMCA in space.”

You grabbed Megatron’s hand, pulling him quickly to the music stall, where you started to dance, much to his consternation.

“Dance with me,” You giggled.

“I do not dance.”

“Come on, every ex-warlord should know how to dance. Besides, this one’s easy, you just have to make the letters. If you don’t like this one, I can see if they have the Macarena.”

“I have no idea what you just said,” Megatron deadpanned.

You danced with even more enthusiasm, and started singing along with your own words, “Old man, you can’t help yourself. Old man, do it for your good health. Old man, old man, come and dance with me, after that I will set you free. It’s the YMCA, come and dance to the YMCA.”

As you crooned, Megatron suffered; as it turned out, you didn’t behave better than Rodimus.

While you danced, Swerve was miserable. He’d visited all the places he’d planned to take you… alone. None of it meant anything without you; he was once again friendless. Now, it was approaching the planet’s early sunset and Swerve was stood by himself on a curved, wooden bridge which overlooked a flowing river; in a few short minutes, it would also have the perfect view of an effect known to occur on Earth, aurora borealis, more commonly known as the Northern Lights.

Light moaning revealed that Swerve wasn’t alone as he’d first thought. He looked around and quickly spotted a pair of the planet’s native Lepoterans (the very moth people you’d discovered earlier) making out amorously in the side alley. Swerve sighed despondently, sloping off in another direction; he couldn’t catch a break.

“Oh my God, look over there!” You pointed.

“What now?” Megatron asked wearily. He had been out with you for less than two hours and was feeling more exhausted than when he was a warlord. You’d already managed to break most of the rules, even eating some questionable food that fortunately wasn’t poisonous.

“Even Starscream would be easier than this,” Megatron thought tiredly.

Despite his tiredness, Megatron looked to the sign you were pointing to, it was a book symbol on one of the crystalline buildings.

The two of you walked in and you became ever more bewildered by the amazing sight in front of you. Inside, the stone glowed with light blue hues that followed the position of the people below. Books of every kind from Earth lined naturally glowing shelves; as part of natural formations, none
of the shelves lined up, leaving gaps between them.

Unlike the clothes stall, the book store mostly consisted of items originally from Earth. A lot were falling apart but had clearly been well loved by the store’s owner, a Lepoteran woman who was attempting to salvage the binding of ‘Romeo and Juliet’ when you entered.

She didn’t look up from her task upon hearing you enter, instead she said, in a thick Romani accent, “Feel free to ask about any of the books but don’t touch unless you want to buy; they’re all very delicate.”

“Amazing,” you whispered, watching the woman work; she was plucking fine hairs from her wings and using them to make more thread for the binding.

She made a high-pitched screech of anger that made you cover your ears, to little effect; it was more painful than anything you’d ever heard.

“Sorry,” she said, regaining her composure, “The front page has been removed; I can no longer find the authors name to alphabetise this.”

“It’s by William Shakespeare,” You answered, rubbing sore ears.

The clerk looked up, her pink galaxies of eyes widening upon spotting you; humans in her shop, it was a proud and rare sight indeed. Lepoterans were a proud species who held disdain for others but not her because, from a young age, she’d learnt the joys of human literature and salvaged what she could; business was slow but she just managed to survive by adding other repair jobs to her shop. The lady’s name translated to Esperenza and she’d never been more excited to have somebody in her shop; humans were extremely rare this far in the cosmos. Esperenza threw herself up, offering a hand in what she understood to be a human greeting, unfortunately, she offered it to Megatron who didn’t respond.

You reached over him to shake her fuzz covered hand, “Hi, I’m (Y/N) and this is Megs.”

“Welcome, I am Esperenza, proud owner of the Book Nook.”

As she said it, a shelf in the corner collapsed under the weight of some books.

“Ignore that,” she waved it off. “You are sure it’s by William Shakespeare?”

“As sure as the day I was born. ‘There never was a tale of more woe than that of Juliet and her Romeo.’”

Esperenza clapped her hands delightedly, “Very good, please do more.”

Spurred on by her excitement and under Megatron’s scrutinious gaze, you continued, “Romeo, Romeo, where for art thou Romeo?”

“Yes! Where are you Romeo? You do know it.”

“Yeah, somewhat but it isn’t where are you Romeo, that’s a common misconception. It actually means, why are you called Romeo? Juliet is asking a question of compassion since she’s fallen for him but won’t be allowed to do anything about it since she’s a Capulet and he’s a Montague. I-”

“Esperenza!” The clothes clerk from earlier barged in like he owned the place, “You were supposed to repair my roof earlier; what do I even pay you for?”
“Ah, yes sir, I’ll be right there.” She turned to you, “Please, feel free to look around while I’m gone.”

With a flourish of her wings, she was out the door, leaving you alone with Megatron once more.

“You certainly know your literature,” Megatron complimented, flicking through the pages of the book admirably.

“Name an Earth kid who doesn’t know Shakespeare,” You laughed. “I much prefer J.K Rowling or Phillip Pullman, people like that. Still, you’ve gotta respect the classics.”

“You read?”

“Don’t sound so surprised. Books are friends, escapes, wisdom, and movement. They take you places.”

Megatron stared in shock.

“What? I read!”

“My apologies, I presumed you liked practical jokes and films.”

“Wow… What a two-dimensional personality you stuck me with. People can have more than one hobby you know.”

“Of course.”

“What about you? Do you like books?”

“In partial to writing poetry.”

“Really? That’s awesome, I’d love to hear some.”

“You would?”

“Yeah, that’s what friends do.”

Megatron was gobsmacked. Over the course of a day, you’d annoyed him ceaselessly, been almost impossible to keep up with, and had virtually no conversation from him; more than that, he didn’t know how to respond, you were quite possibly his first friend.

At the sight of him gaping, you grinned, “Come on, I’ll show you some cool books you’ll like.”

When you got back to the hab-suite you didn’t know what to say. You finally knew why there were no human clothes on the planet; they’d already been bought and were piled high among other things on a now full second desk.

“What in the world happened here?” You asked Swerve who was perched on his berth with a small box on his lap.

“Uh, well, it seems everybody got you a present…” he grimaced.

“What?” You rocketed up to where there were even some mannequins sporting new outfits. Some gifts were really sweet whereas others were downright inappropriate. Some had tags, such as a brand-new pool table from Chromedome and Rewind whereas others, the edible underwear for example, were anonymous. There were several iPods, new computers, some books, a bucking bull,
one hoverboard from Tailgate, and that wasn’t even half of what you saw.

“Ultra Magnus got Perceptor to take away any weapons or items considered dangerous… so everything from Whirl and Brainstorm,” Swerve explained.

“This is… my word, this is too much.”

Swerve got up and approached you meekly, holding out his box, “This… this is from me. Not that you have to take it, I mean, you’ve actually got eight now so it doesn’t really matter but you can have it if you want, not that you know what it is yet, maybe I should just get rid of it and-”

“I’m sure I’ll love it,” You silenced him gently, taking the box.

Inside was a data-pad of your very own with. The back was embossed with a picture that Rewind had taken at the movie night; all the bots were in rows according to size and right at the back Rodimus held you proudly in his servo where you were finger gunning.

“It’s so you can write about life on the ship and stuff,” Swerve said, suddenly shy. “It’s also been set to monitor Earth events and stuff.”

“Swerve… I love it.”

You thrust up upwards, using your boots to hover by Swerve’s face where you kissed his cheek. His plating dusted lightly red at the action.

“Now, if you’ll excuse me, I have much to sort through and many to thank, wanna help?”

“S-sure,” he squeaked, hiding his face behind the mound of offerings.
You slumped in a beanbag despondently. You’d only been awake for around twenty minutes and the day already sucked. Before you could contemplate your depressing scenario further, the hab-suite door opened to Swerve who peered around cautiously to check if you were even awake yet; he was always careful not to wake you up.

“Hey (Y/N),” he greeted jovially.

“Hey,” You mumbled.

Swerve frowned, “What’s wrong?”

You got up, shaking your head and throwing out a quick, imitation smile that paled in comparison to the real thing, “Nothing, I’m fine.”

“Come on, slumped shoulders, low mood, something’s up. Is it that shark week thing you warned me about?” He sounded vaguely panicked, though he wasn’t actually sure what you meant by shark week.

“No, nothing like that, I just… Something I found out.”

“Let’s hear it, or do I have to talk your ears off first because I will, you know I will.”

“Alright, alright, it’s um… My datapad shows the date back on Earth… it’s getting close to Christmas. Christmas is kind of a big deal back on Earth, y’know? I’ve never not… I’m gonna miss it all.”

“(Y/N),” Swerve murmured, lost for words at the hurt on your face; he couldn’t imagine the pain you were feeling. You couldn’t go home and nobody else on the ship knew Earth holidays like he did, not to mention it was a time spent with family and friends who you’d also lost.

“Forget it,” You said glumly. “I’ll see you later, I think I need a walk… on my own.”

Swerve didn’t stop you from leaving. He couldn’t, not when a bright idea was firing through his processor. He couldn’t fix the Earth problem, but he could distract you from it; the whole ship could distract you.

Little over an hour later, even in your quiet nook of the ship, the Rodimus gong rang loudly through the halls; it didn’t need the PA for that.

“Attention everybody,” Rodimus chimed over the speaker. “In honour of our resident human, I would like to announce the Lost Light’s first HOLIDAY EXTRAVAGANZA.”

You stared, slack jawed at the speaker, did he mean what you thought he meant?

Muffled echoes came over the speaker, “Why aren’t they cheering? They’re supposed to be cheering.” Rodimus cleared his vocaliser and continued, “Since you obviously don’t know what it means, we’re celebrating the Earth holiday of Christmas… what do you mean Hanukkah? Does she celebrate that too? What do you mean you don’t know? Fine, whatever. Christmas and Hanukkah. Ultra Magnus has prepared… ugh, pamphlets on the subject because he managed to ruin holidays too but please, take the time to learn all you can about what I’m told is ‘the most wonderful time of
the year.’”

Rodimus heaved a loud sigh at the lack of enthusiasm, “Alright, fine, it’s a big chance to party and get overcharged…. Sure, now they cheer. Rodimus out.”

The speakers fell silent once more and you sat lost for words in the corridor you’d been hiding in. Your new communicator rang with the Friends theme tune which was reserved for Swerve.

You answered it dazed, “Swerve?”

“(Y/N), did you hear the announcement? What do you think? I asked Rodimus this morning and he was totally on board with it. We can decorate the bar, and set up a movie night, and teach everyone the songs, and-”

“It’s wonderful Swerve, you’re the best, thank you,” You were glad he couldn’t see you crying, even if they were happy tears.

“No problem (Y/N), really.”

“What’d Maggie and Megs say?”

“Ultra Magnus got weird and mumbled something about Verity, whatever that is, then he took off and said he had to decorate and told me not to get into trouble. Megatron couldn’t get a word in over Rodimus.”

You sniffed back more tears.

“(Y/N)? Are you okay?”

“Yeah,” You wiped your face with the back of your hand, “meet you at the bar?”

“Can’t wait.”

“So, what’re we thinking?” Swerve asked, standing next to you in the bar; for once, with the lack of bots, you could stand on the floor with him.

You framed the corner of the room with your hands, holding them out, “What about a huge tree over there? Wait, do we even have a tree… or any decorations for that matter?”

Swerve sputtered, faking offense, “Pfft, do we have decorations. What kind of cave dwelling cretin do you take me for? I mean, you may as well ask if the sky has a moon or-”

“So, we do have decorations?”

“Well, maybe not here but we’ll get some soon, right after you decide what we need.”

“Alright soldier, are you willing to follow orders and commandeer any supplies we need?!”

Swerve saluted, “SIR, YES SIR!”

“AND ARE YOU WILLING TO WAGE WAR ON ANYONE WHO STANDS IN YOUR WAY!”

“SIR, YES SIR!”
“EVEN IF IT MEANS INFILTRATING THE ENEMY CAMP!”

“SIR, YES SIR!”

“THEN BEGIN SOLDIER, TELL ME WHAT YOU THINK WE NEED.”

“START WITH A WREATH.”

“GOOD, AND?”

“LIGHTS THAT TWINKLE?”

“And?”

“A SKELETON?”

“YES- Wait, a skeleton? Why a skeleton?”

Swerve held his hands up. “Sorry, I was thinking of Halloween, got excited.”

You grinned, “Fair enough, I’m honestly impressed you got that far, I was hoping you’d screw up sooner.”

Swerve bumped into you playfully, you returned the gesture, laughing as you did so.

“Now,” You commanded, “logistics. I think we’re going to need some help on this one. You got anyone in mind?”

“Tailgate would be good, maybe Chromedome and Rewind, Nautica.”

“Who’s Nautica?”

“Oh right, you two haven’t met yet but she’s awesome and-”

“She? There’s another she on the ship and you didn’t tell me? Go, go get her, I must meet this other she, go.”

You pushed against him, making no difference at all, “Okay, I’m going. I suppose I should bring Velocity back here too if you’re going to meet all the she’s on the ship.”

“Yes,” You squealed, clapping your hands together. “Oh, and bring Rung too.”

“Ring? Why Rang?”

“I swear, you all do the name thing on purpose. Rung has to come because he’ll be happy to be invited, be considerate and invite him before I’m forced to kick your can.”

“Riiight, because you did so good moving me just then.”

“I swear, I could actually destroy you. I’m barely keeping my dangerous animal ferocity contained right now. Us flesh sticks are monstrous, have you never seen Freddy Kreuger or Jason?”

“Frag, if you’re as dangerous as those two, I should run. I’ll leave you to the logistics while I gather the team.”

You saluted once more, and Swerve was out the door, practically bubbling over with excitement.
Boosting yourself up, you sat on one of the barstools, writing a list of what you needed on your datapad.

“Ten!” A mechanical voice gargled.

You squealed, almost falling off your seat, then turned to face the very mech who’d scared you. You’d met Ten before briefly. As far as you knew from the others on the ship, he wasn’t very intelligent, and he served as hired muscle to Swerve.

“Ah, hey Ten. How’re you doing?”

“Ten.”

“Hodor.”

“Ten?”

“Groot?”

“Ten?”

“You’re a mech of many words… Want to keep me company while I plan?”

“TEN!” He threw himself on the stool next to yours enthusiastically.

“Great, first I was thinking a wreath at the door with a red bow. Green and red are the colours of Christmas.” You showed him some pictures on your datapad.

Ten tilted his head, examined the picture, and opened a storage space in his chest panel. He pulled out some pieces of flat silver metal, folding them expertly. It soon became clear that he was making a wreath of his own, albeit devoid of colour.

“Ten, that’s incredible!” You praised as he made a bow with the metal.

“Ten!” He smiled.

“You know, whichever idiot said the thingy about the Ambus test needs their head checked; you’re way smarter than any dumb old test.”

When Swerve came back with the party, minus Nautica who was busy, Ten had piled decoration upon decoration on top of the surrounding tables, each waiting to be placed around the room.

“Whoa…” Swerve marvelled, “What happened here?”

“Ten’s a crafting genius.”

Nautica pushed past everyone to meet you, “Tell me something I don’t know. Hi, I’m Nautica, it used to be Nautical but that didn’t sound right and I babble when I’m excited. You’re a human!”

“And you’re female!”

The two of you squealed excitedly before regaining composure and shaking hands, though Nautica started inspecting your hand, turning it over in hers and making observations.

“What are the lines on your arms?”
“Veins and arteries, they carry blood to and from my heart.”

“Incredible.”

“Right?”

“What else does your body do?”

“Loads of stuff, it can—”

“(Y/N)!" Rewind called impatiently. “Christmas stuff.”

“Right, okay.” The bots gathered around you waiting for what you had to say. You held up your datapad again, showing various images of what each item should look like. “As you can see, Ten has made just about everything we need but silver is so boring on its own. What I need all of you for is a painting spree. Ten, Chromedome, Nautica, you’re the tallest, so you’re on tree painting duty and decoration hanging when that’s done. Rewind, the tinsel really needs to sparkle. Rung, Tailgate, you’re painting the baubles and banners. Swerve, you’re on snowflakes, and I’ll get anything else. Everyone okay with that?”

Everyone agreed enthusiastically and began their duties. Rung proved invaluable, painting over the base coats of the decorations with incredible detail due to his time spent on model ships. With three people working on the tree, it was done in no time, leaving them free to join the hubbub of the decorations table. Swerve was sprinkling liberal amounts of glitter in your hair, claiming you were the angel for the top of the tree. While you laughed hysterically, Rewind filmed, saying he was making a Christmas documentary and asking you every question he could think of on the subject. You started from the beginning, telling any and all traditions that came to your head along the way.

“What’s that? Is it a mini tree?” Rewind zoomed in on the decoration you were painting.

“This is mistletoe, you hang it from the ceiling then when two people step under it, no matter who they are, they have to kiss.”

Chromedome looked lovingly at Rewind; it was a look of so pure and strong that you felt lucky simply to witness it.

Tailgate grabbed the unfinished mistletoe from you, holding it above his head jokingly when you came to get it. “So, like this?”

“Oh, that’s how it’s gonna be is it?” You giggled. “Very funny.” You kissed his faceplate and grabbed the mistletoe back from him with a rocket boot thrust. “Keep playing like that and I won’t give you one for your hab-suite which would be a real shame; think of Cyclonus, all handsome under the mistletoe.”

Tailgate practically glowed at the comment; he was clearly wondering whether Cyclonus would humour him in such an odd tradition. The conversation flowed on as the bar was decorated beautifully. While everything had been made of metal, it served to give the decorations a unique Lost Light look. Swerve kept a box of leftover decorations to use in the hab-suite where the two of you headed after everyone parted ways, babbling excitedly about anything that came to mind.

“I was thinking,” Swerve said, hanging around your kitchen nook while you prepared a Christmas film on the other side of the room, “we should create a Christmas tradition for the Lost Light.”

“Got anything in mind?” You asked, absentmindedly.
“How about naming some new energon cocktails? We could make them seasonal specials, like that eggnog stuff I’ve heard about.”

“So, stuff like, Red Nosed Retro Energon.”

“Yeah, and Santa’s Sleigh-er.”

“Elf-ergon.”

“Jingle Juice.”

“You know, you should really write these down before we forget them.”

“Don’t worry, I remember everything you say.”

You turned around to face him, raising a curious eyebrow, “Pardon?”

Swerve tapped his helm, “G-great memory.”

“Oh, then can you get your great memory over to the berth, so we can start the film?”

For film nights, Swerve always moved the berth into the middle of the room where he’d lay on one side and you’d get the other since he didn’t fill it even when laid out. You’d already prepared a small mountain of pillows to make the hard metal comfy as usual and were awaiting him to start the selected film.

“Here,” Swerve held out a steaming mug of hot chocolate he’d prepared in your tiny kitchen; manoeuvring the small items was much more of a struggle than he’d guessed, and he’d made more of a mess than he cared to admit but the result was there and for that he was proud.

You blinked back surprise, “Thank you.”

“No prob Bob. What’re we watching?”

“Love Actually. It’s the absolute best Christmas film ever, if you can hack the sad parts.”

Swerve’s vocaliser crackled and his cooling fans span quietly, a film called *Love Actually* was sure to be a romance; it would be the first romance the two of you had watched alone. Were you trying to tell him something or was he imagining things again?

As Swerve laid comfortably on the berth, you started the film and took a sip of the hot chocolate.

“How is it?” he asked hopefully.

You struggled to swallow the thick gloop that was congealing in your mouth. “Like cement,” You garbled.

At the despair on Swerve’s face, you burst into laughter, ungracefully spraying remnants of hot chocolate which brought Swerve into your gales of laughter. You cleaned yourself up and settled into the film. Swerve sat, enchanted with the film until you got up and laid on top of him.

“Wh-Wh-” he tried to speak but couldn’t.

“I love this part,” You said enamoured, getting comfortable on his warm frame. Your head rested against his spark casing and your legs were curled up, limiting you to his chest panel.
While Swerve’s mind reeled, you thought nothing of the small action; it was something you did to friends and family on Earth constantly. Your leg stretched out, accidentally gliding over his interface panel. Swerve threw himself up at the sensitive touch, knocking you to the floor underneath the berth.

“Ow! Swerve, what the hell?”

“(Y/N)! Are you okay?” He’d gotten over the initial shock and was now concerned for your safety; it was at least a four-foot fall.

“Yeah, I landed on the pillows you threw. What happened?”

“I uh- I got scared.” The sentence wasn’t entirely a lie, feeling the pressure of your foot against his interface panel was terrifying; did you even know how much you were torturing him?

“You got scared?”

“Y-yes.”

“Of a child playing the drums?”

“Yes? I mean, w-what if the girl rejects him? After a-all he’s done, it’s too scary to t-think about.”

“Right… Well, if you’re okay to continue, I promise it works out okay for him.”

“Y-yeah, we can continue.”

Swerve didn’t know whether to be relieved or hate himself when you took your usual place on the other side of the berth. He was either a genius for resolving the situation or the galaxy’s biggest idiot for ruining what could have felt wonderful, even if you had no idea what you were doing.

Swerve was restless. He’d made up the excuse that he needed to recharge when you went to bed because he couldn’t face anyone the way he was feeling; too much would come spilling out concerning you. Now, he hated himself for lying because the dull throb of his interface array was almost painful. You’d pressed against the containing panel; you’d started this, yet you got to sleep without a care or trouble in the world.

Yes… You were asleep. The realisation hit him hard. He’d pleasured himself to thoughts of you more than once before. He’d also promised himself that he wouldn’t do so again now that you lived together. Then again, what you didn’t know wouldn’t hurt… him.

Swerve’s interface panel opened seemingly of its own accord. He gritted his dentae together, slowly angling his head to see you, all wrapped up in blankets; the small sound hadn’t bothered you, you didn’t even stir.

Swerve grabbed hold of his already pressurised spike, pumping at it quietly, sensually. He shouldn’t be doing this. Seeing you asleep in a cute poodle tank top should have made him feel worse, he should be guilty watching you and sure a part of him was; a miniscule part which went easily ignored. The rest was more aroused; you were right there, in front of him.

He shut off his vocaliser seconds before a loud moan erupted; going this slow was torture as much as pleasure. As he rubbed his spike with one servo, he used the other to circle around his valve, finally inserting only one digit in; it was his smallest digit and the closest he had to imitating you.

If you only opened one eye, you’d see him in all his disgrace. You’d probably be disgusted, maybe
even hate him. Instead, you were stuck in a deep slumber, oblivious to what was happening only feet away.

Before sharing a hab-suite with you, Swerve masturbated to various fantasies varying from fucking you over his bar, to being tied up while you dominated him; each scenario was wilder than the last and he could still see your underwear around your ankles as if it had been real.

Now however, he couldn’t see you as some exotic fantasy; not this time. You weren’t screaming his name. He wasn’t using toys on you or making you use them on yourself. He wasn’t imagining whether you could take the full length of his spike. No, this fantasy was different... tamer. In it, you were cuddled up on his lap, while the two of you told each other future hopes and dreams. It wasn’t a fantasy of lust but of love. Swerve couldn’t fully comprehend his feelings for you as his cooling fans blasted and an upcoming overload jumbled his thoughts but as he jerked off into the final stages of an overload, he loved you.

Looking down at the mess of trans-fluid covering him, Swerve wasn’t concerned with cleaning up the mess or making his cooling fans quiet down. He was even more aroused than before; he’d done it and you hadn’t woke up. He had to do it again.

Christmas Eve finally arrived and Whirl was hanging around your hab-suite pestering you to hurry up with whatever the hell makeup was. Swerve had long since gone to set up the bar for the party and you were planning to meet him there shortly.

“What will it take to keep you entertained Whirl? I’ve already explained that nails only take a few minutes to dry if you can just be patient.”

“So?”

“So, get into the Christmas spirit and be patient for like three seconds.”

Whirl grumbled, “Christmas spirit huh... fine. Did you get me something nice.”

“There’s a gift in your room which you’ll have to wait till tomorrow to open.” You had in fact got a gift for all the bots you knew; Whirl’s was a sword which you’d pestered Brainstorm to make.

“What am I supposed to do while I wait?!”

“Sing a Christmas song?”

“I DON’T KNOW ANY AND THEY’RE ROBABLY TOO STUPID TO LEARN.”

You rolled your eyes, “Give it a chance Whirl, you might like them.”

Despite Whirl’s complaints and threats of murder, you persisted, teaching him the songs even during the walk to the bar.

“Wait, wait, what was that last line?” Whirl sounded mildly disturbed.

“He sees you when you’re sleeping, he-”

“HE DOES WHAT?! LET ME AT THIS GUY, I DON’T CARE WHAT KIND OF BRIBES HE BRINGS TO ME, NOBODY WATCHS OL’ WHIRL SLEEP!”
“M-maybe we should try a different song, how about Deck the Halls again?”

Swerve burst loudly into the bar, making his own lyrics up now, “Deck the halls with blood of my enemies fa la la la la la. Tis’ the season to come fight me, fa la la la la la la.”

You shook your head and searched the room for Swerve. Everywhere you looked, bots were singing, dancing, and talking with full-on merriment. Finally, you spotted your roommate waving enthusiastically at you from the DJ’s booth where he was taking a drink to the DJ himself. You waved back and were about to approach him when you were pulled aside by Brainstorm.

“(Y/N), you’ve got to help me, you know more about this Christmas junk than anyone else,” he demanded.

“O-okay, sure, what’s wrong?”

He spun you around, “Please tell Perceptor what kind of technology Santa’s sleigh uses to fly. I said it had to be a basic jet engine like your planes have but he insists it’s something more complex to travel around the world in one night.”

“It cannot be anything other than turbo power,” Perceptor stated.

“Humans don’t even have the kind of technology that would provide a turbo engine.”

You stared back and forth between the two as a heated argument began. “GENTLEMEN!” You shouted over their argument, forcing them to look at you. “Two things are obvious here.”

“What?” They asked in unison.

“One, the sleigh flies by magic.”

They looked bemused at your explanation but before they could argue, you continued, “And two, you’re under the mistletoe so you have to kiss. Bye.”

You walked off, wishing you could have stayed longer to see Brainstorm’s awkward expression and if they’d do it. Once again, you headed to Swerve but were dragged away by Tailgate who wanted to dance. After that, every attempt to see Swerve led to another mech dragging you elsewhere.

You’d played every game, danced to almost every song, answered a million questions, and been force fed some questionable attempts at Christmas food by well-meaning bots.

Finally, when there was a noticeable lull in the party, you forced your way to Swerve. He’d planned all the things he wanted to say to you but was silenced upon seeing you in a lacy red Christmas dress with your hair (that had grown considerably since you’d come aboard) in a high ponytail with a small Santa hat hairband.

“Hey, how’s it going?” You beamed, then a little more seriously, you touched his arm, “Please tell me you haven’t spent the entire night playing bartender instead of having fun.”

Swerve struggled to form a sentence, “Bar good. Drinks selling. Me here.”

You laughed, “Have you been at the high-grade?”

’Say something.’ Swerve thought, stuck for words. ‘Anything. Tell her she’s pretty for God’s sake. JUST. SAY. SOMETHING.’

A large green mech, Roller, approached, breaking the silence, “Hey (Y/N). You. Me. Dance floor.”
You smiled awkwardly, while Swerve internally screamed.

“Hey, uh, how about later?” You said. “I was actually about to dance with Swerve, right?”

“Y-yeah,” Swerve squeaked, thanking Primus he managed to say something.

“Oh. Later then.” Roller left, shrugging off the hit to his pride.

“Nice cover,” Swerve forced himself to laugh. “He really went for it.”

“Swerve, are you feeling okay? You’re acting a little odd.”

“Huh, yeah I’m fine, it’s nothing. I uh- you know what, you were right, a little too much high-grade.”

“Too much to dance with me?”

Swerve stared slack-jawed at you. “I can dance. That sounds amazing. You know who’s a good dancer though, Rodimus. Rodimus is a good dancer. But why am I telling you about him? We should dance. This is a good song, isn’t this a good song?”

You pulled Swerve onto the dancefloor, where he was careful to make sure nobody stepped on you. Mariah Carey’s “All I Want for Christmas Is You” faded out, changing into Wham’s “Last Christmas.”

You grabbed Swerve’s servo, holding it in your hand and grabbing his arm with your other hand. Swerve hesitated momentarily before placing his free servo on your waist and spinning you around to the beat. Throughout the entire scenario he was on cloud nine; he could almost pretend that you were a couple.

Unfortunately, as all good things must come to an end so did the dance. You glanced up laughing ever more as you did. Swerve followed your gaze, turning redder as he did so; he’d moved you under the mistletoe during the dance.

“I’d say this is as good a time as any to follow the rules,” You giggled.

Swerve was already thinking the same, ready to seize the golden opportunity with both hands. As he dove to kiss your cheek, you moved to kiss his. The two of you met in the centre, locking lips instead.

“Oops,” You smirked, pulling away.

Swerve was frozen on the spot. It was undoubtedly the highlight of his night and you clearly weren’t offended. If this was your reaction, maybe it was time for him to ask you out on a real date. Under the twinkling glow of Christmas lights, Swerve gained a wavering confidence which he knew would disappear if he didn’t ask now.

“(Y/N)!” Swerve almost shouted. “Would you like to maybe go-”

The PA system blared with Megatron’s voice, cutting Swerve off. “Attention all crew members of the Lost Light, we have a stow-away. Somewhere on the ship, there is another human. Please be on the lookout for him and bring him to the Captain’s office upon retrieval.”

You stared at the bots around you, “Another human?! Here? Swerve, we have to find him.”
The search for the other human turned out to be a relatively easy one. As it turned out, Perceptor had created a tracking device for organics, originally intended to be used if you got lost. Megatron and Perceptor took you so they knew which signal to follow, and so you could talk to the other human upon finding them. Swerve didn’t know what to say; like everybody else, he’d been sent to his hab-suite while the search continued.

Sitting on Megatron’s shoulder, the distance between you and the other human was covered in minutes. Ratchet had already been contacted over comm-link and told the other human’s location within one of the ship’s storage rooms. By the time your party caught up, Ratchet and Rodimus were standing over a crate with a clear beaker on top containing an angry man; the man himself looked gaunt, with sunken cheeks, and a definite wobble to his posture. You suspected that the only thing powering him was pure adrenaline.

“See,” Rodimus said proudly, “we caught her.”

“**Him** Rodimus,” Ratchet corrected.

“For frags sake!”

Megatron stepped forward, ignoring the pouty Rodimus, “Have either of you found out why he’s here?”

Ratchet shook his head, “Other than some choice phrases, he won’t tell us a thing, but maybe…”

Everyone looked to you and you understood what they wanted; it was why they’d brought you along in the first place.

“Sure,” You agreed. “Put me in with him.”

Megatron held out his servo for you to climb on. He didn’t trust the crazed look on the other human’s face, so he put you outside the container instead. The human stared vehemently at you, coiled tensely as if ready to fight, not that he could.

You waved awkwardly, “Uh, hi there.”

There was no response.

“I’m (Y/N).”

Silence.

“This is the part where you say your name.”

“Shut up!” He rasped, his voice dry like sandpaper. “I know about your holo-forms, don’t try to trick me.”

“So, you do speak. Good, I was afraid the cat had your tongue… Okay, so not a fan of the jokes. Moving on, those guys up there, they have holo-forms, but I’m human like you so this is really all you’re getting.”

“What do you want?”
“I’ll settle for your name.”

“Show me your real face and I’ll consider it.”

You sighed irritably, annoyed to be going in circles, “Watch, I’ll prove I’m human.”

You bit down hard on your thumb until there was a fresh trickle of blood at the tip. Rodimus’ optics went wide with shock as if you’d been shot, and Megatron looked uncomfortable, but the two quickly relaxed when they saw you were okay.

The man slumped slightly, his previous adrenalin rush ending when he saw you were telling the truth.

“I’m Jake…” he ran a hand through greasy back hair which ran down to his chin.

“Good start. Care to tell us what you’re doing here Jake?”

“I…” he swayed tiredly, resting a hand on the glass for balance. “I was on the space port at Hacathar. My ship was stolen, and I didn’t know what to do. Then I saw a load of humans coming aboard here and I figured it had to be a colony ship like the one I grew up on. By the time I realised my mistake, it was too late.”

You frowned, suddenly understanding why he looked so unhealthy, “Hacathar? That was weeks ago. My God, how haven’t you starved to death?”

“I had a backpack with some rations in it; they got me this far.”

“Ratchet,” You glanced up at the medic. “Can you bring some water and bread please?”

“What?” Jake questioned.

“I may not know much about anything here, but NASA taught me a thing or two, and one of them was caring for the human body in rough situations. You’re dehydrated, and your stomach won’t be able to handle anything too rich right now so you’re on bread until you’ve built up a bit.”

“Who’s Nasa?”

“Space company back on… back home.”

Ratchet left, mildly impressed with your medical knowledge and no-nonsense attitude.

“Okay, so now you know we’re friendly, can we trust you to behave?” You asked.

“Lady, you give me access to a bathroom, some shaving gear, and a bit of food, and I’ll be your best friend,” Jake answered with a charming grin.

“We’ll show you to my room.”

With no planets in the immediate vicinity, Jake was offered the same courtesies as you. He had a hab-suite of his own, albeit closely guarded by its neighbours under Megatron’s instructions, should the attacker who’d bombed your room return. In one day, Jake had everything a human could need, and you’d lent him a few home comforts of your own to help him settle in.

After the exhausting day, you went back to your hab-suite where Swerve bombarded you with a million questions; none of which you managed to answer over his continuous babble.
“SWERVE!” You shouted, stunning him into silence; his mouth hung open slightly. “Okay, yes, we found the other human. His name’s Jake, he stowed away here after his ship was nicked. I don’t know anything else and I’m tired… I’ll talk about this in the morning, okay?”

Swerve nodded sullenly, “Yeah, okay.”

You nodded thankfully and clambered into bed, not even bothering to change clothes. Upset to have annoyed you, Swerve put himself into a fitful recharge.

You opened your eyes tiredly, it couldn’t have been long since you went to sleep. You became alert upon realising you weren’t in the hab-suite but instead in a darkened hallway of the ship. A few paces ahead, Jake was staring out a window into space. Your voice caught in your throat as if glue was filling it.

“There can only be one,” Jake rasped.

You frowned, unsure of the cold that was spreading through your body.

Jake started laughing darkly, then spun around to face you. His previously green eyes were now black and starry, reflecting the void outside. His hand snaked out, choking you. Suddenly, you were in the vacuum of space, suffocating.

You jolted awake, gasping for air, and turned the bedside lamp on, feeling safe in its bubble of light. As your breathing slowed, exhaustion threatened you once more. After such a vivid nightmare, sleep felt like a danger within itself; although it was inevitable, you didn’t want to sleep alone tonight. You glanced at the recharging Swerve, feeling an unusual urge to hug onto him the way a frightened child clings onto a teddy.

Quietly, you gathered your blanket and pillow, slipped on your hover boots, and flew over to Swerve’s chest. Had he not looked so peaceful, you might have woken him. As it was, you decided to leave him be and settled into a comfortable sleep.

Swerve woke up groggily a short while later upon feeling pressure on the sensitive casing of his spark. He startled at the sight of you, but controlled himself quickly. He didn’t know why you were there, but he wouldn’t move you when you were where you belonged; next to his spark.

Rodimus rubbed his aching helm in exasperation, “Nightbeat, I need something. Anything! We can’t be completely clueless on whoever made an attempt on (Y/N)’s life. I’ve tried to be patient-”

“You’ve called twice every cycle,” Nightbeat corrected, equally tired.

“But,” Rodimus ignored the comment, “with two humans aboard, we need to know now.”

“Rodimus, I’ve run every test I know, I’ve drove myself crazy searching every inch of this ship and do you know what I’ve found?”

Rodimus looked hopeful.

“Nothing. I’m no closer because there’s nothing to find other than ingredients anyone could’ve put together.”

“Ugh… we have to do something. I can’t have their lives on my servos.”

Nightbeat observed Rodimus with mild concern; this was the most distressed Nightbeat had ever
seen his captain.

“I’ll check again,” Nightbeat said with conviction.

“Good, call me if you find anything.”

It was ten days into Jake’s stay when people started to notice your blatant avoidance of him. Finally, Rung found it best to intervene during your next session. He waited till you were comfortable, laying on a mass of cushions atop his desk, before presenting his case.

“(Y/N), it’s come to my attention that you haven’t seen much of Jake. May we discuss that?”

“I see him,” You said defensively.

“Really? When?”

“I uh… Well… There was that one time when um… This doesn’t prove anything.”

Rung cleaned his glasses, putting them back on to speak again, “Has it occurred to you that he may be seeking you out? Or that he may need someone of his own kind to ease him into such a life-changing transition? He may be even more bewildered than you were when you came aboard. (Y/N), I think it would be healthy for the two of you to talk. Is there a reason you haven’t?”

You gritted your teeth. You couldn’t tell Rung about the nightmare; it was too stupid and childish.

You avoided Rung’s gaze, “I guess something about Jake strikes me as… off.”

“Off?”

You didn’t elaborate, merely shrugging in response.

“I don’t believe that those are grounds for ignoring him. Can I count on you to talk to him? I could set up a meeting myself or come with you if you’d like.”

You knew Rung wouldn’t drop the matter, “Sure, I’ll talk to him tonight.”

“Thank you, now is there anything else you’d like to discuss? Perhaps we should pick up where we left off last time.”

“Not today Rung. How about a friendly chat instead?”

“That would be quite lovely.”

Swerve watched you cook a meal for two, something you called spaghetti. You’d invited Jake to dinner, and ever since you’d sent the invite over the data-pad, it seemed to Swerve like you were just going through the motions. Swerve had offered to stay but you’d rejected his offer, claiming that you needed to speak to Jake alone. Reluctantly, he conceded, reiterating that he was only a call away, should you need him.

When Jake arrived, you were surprised by the difference ten days had on his appearance. He was still thin, but his skin no longer looked pallid and sunken. He’d cut his hair, leaving it wavy and thick but neat; he also sounded better, with a deep voice reminiscent of old western films.

You showed him in, riding the neglected elevator up to your miniature house of sorts. All the while,
you tried and failed to make small talk.

“I uh, this is a nice set up you’ve got…” Jake responded, much in the same position as you.

“Thanks… I made spaghetti, is that okay?”

“Spaghetti’s nice.”

“Good,” You said in a strained voice, leading into the dining room which looked like it had been plucked out of a medieval castle; that was more of Brainstorm’s humour at play.

“So…” You rolled on the balls of your feet.

“Look,” Jake ran a hand through his hair, “I don’t know what I did to offend you but if you don’t want me here, that’s okay, say the word and I’m gone.”

Guilt coursed through you, making you feel slightly queasy. “No, I’m sorry, you deserve an explanation. It’s been ages since I’ve really talked with or even seen another human; I didn’t think there were any this far out in space. Then you came along, and I built it all up in my head, what I was supposed to do or say, and it became easier to avoid you.”

“I see.”

“Please let me fix this? There’s still spaghetti.”

Jake exhaled a small laugh, “And here I thought it was me. Sure, I never turn down a good meal, especially one with such dazzling company.”

You recognised the compliment but let it go unanswered, instead focusing on what you would first like to ask about the human colonies Jake had mentioned earlier to one of the bots.

“Forgive me for jumping right to it, but how many human colonies are there?”

“Don’t know exactly, but somewhere around sixty, maybe more. They didn’t teach you that in yours?”

“I’m not from a colony.”

“Not from a- Say, these guys didn’t raise you, did they?”

You stifled a laugh, bringing the food from the kitchen, and settling down to eat. “No, I was raised by my parents.”

“Loners then?”

“No.”

Jake frowned, “Scavengers? Pirates? You have to be from somewhere.”

“Oh, I’m from a- a small planet.”

“Janryl? Telox maybe?”

“Earth.”

He shook his head, “You’re yanking my chain. That would make you hundreds of years old.”
“Unless some idiot scientist screwed up teleportation so bad that I got sent into deep space instead of the next room.”

You expected a big reaction, maybe to be called crazy even, but Jake mulled it over and gave an accepting nod; he’d seen too much in his life to discredit such a story.

“So, what’s Earth like? There are stories from our history, but I’ll bet it’s changed a lot since then.”

“Where to start? It’s-

You never got to finish that sentence, the sound of the hab-suite door exploding replaced the words with a frightful screech. Jake pulled the table down, dragging you down with him for cover. You peeked over the edge of the table to see a Cybertronian you barely knew. What was his name? Atomic? Atomfryer? Atomizer! Yes, it was Atomizer holding a large blaster and looking ready to kill.

“HUMANS, COME OUT AND I’LL MAKE IT QUICK,” He demanded powerfully.

You reached to one of the fallen chairs behind you, pulling a small handgun from underneath the seat; it was one of many weapons from Brainstorm and you knew it packed one hell of a punch.

“What the hell do you want Atomizer?” You asked coldly, standing up and pointing the gun straight at his chest plate despite Jake’s protests for you to get down.

Atomizer laughed at the paltry handgun, “While I admire the bravery, you’re still going to die; both of you.”

“Why?” You were amazed that your voice sounded strong and calm; much like someone else was controlling you until the confrontation was over.

“Because you aren’t worthy of being here. You provide nothing, do nothing, are nothing but a parasite to this ship and its inhabitants. I’ll take care of that, I tried to before but you were never where you were supposed to be. Ah well, you’re here now.”

As he monologued, you took small steps towards your communicator which you’d left at the end of the table when you were setting it earlier; it had a silent alarm which you could press if he just kept talking.

“You think you’ll get away with it?”

“There are a million ways in which I get away with it, especially now there’s no one here to save you.”

You’d managed the alarm in his last sentence, “Fortunately, this isn’t a story and I don’t need saving.”

Before you could pull the trigger, Jake pushed you off the desk, onto the floor near Swerve’s berth where he came tumbling after. In his attempt to save you and himself, you lost the gun. Atomizer grinned at the pathetic attempt, shooting at the floor where you stood. You pulled Jake up, barely making it as the blast threw you off your feet.

Atomizer didn’t care that he’d missed; as far as he knew, he had all the time in the world. You got up again, running as far and as fast as you could with Jake in tow. Another blast hit the circuits of the wall, behind you. A ship-wide alarm blared, and you sent silent thanks that your message had been received, though the battle wasn’t over yet. Atomizer growled, firing many more random shots.
which you and Jake dodged by hiding under or around Swerve’s furniture.

“YOU GOT LUCKY,” Atomizer screamed upon realising his time was up.

He clung onto the blaster, running from the room, into the hallway. Your heart pounded heavily as you and Jake cautiously made your way from behind a metal cabinet.

Rodimus, Ultra Magnus, and most surprisingly Whirl ran into your room, giving you a look that only wanted answers.

“Atomizer,” You explained, pointing out the direction which he’d ran down.

The three wasted no time, leaving you and Jake alone once more.

Shortly after, Swerve ran in screaming your name, his optics softened upon seeing you unharmed on the floor, catching your breath.

“(Y/N), are you okay?” He asked tentatively.

You and Jake shared a glance as the adrenalin rushed out of both of you, then you both laughed hysterically. Swerve didn’t know what to say or do as you clutched onto Jake laughing; he had a feeling it didn’t bode well.

Shortly after the battle, Ultra Magnus came back around to tell you that Atomizer managed to escape in a stolen shuttle. After that, there were a lot of questions that left you drained. Swerve was given special instructions not to leave your side after such a dangerous night, not that he had to be told; he had no plans to leave you for the next millennia. Jake meanwhile had been moved into a room with a bot called Crusher, much to Jake’s chagrin; a name like Crusher didn’t exactly instil the feeling of safety.

Finally, some maintenance bots came in to assess the damage to the hab-suite. Nothing was harmed in your half and the damage to Swerve’s part of the room was mostly superficial other than the temperature circuits which were permanently stuck on a high heat; it was more of an irritant to you than anything, but an irritant you could live with. It was decided that the temperature circuits would be repaired the next cycle, after you’d been allowed some well-deserved rest.

“(Y/N), are you sure you’re okay?” Swerve asked for the millionth time.

You pulled the dining room table back up, and started cleaning the mess beneath, “Swerve, really, I feel fine, good even; you know, I’m not made of paper.”

“I know, but like, what if-”

“Don’t start with the what ifs. What if Rodimus hadn’t found me? What if Atomizer had succeeded the first time? What if I got crushed in your bar? Swerve, what ifs don’t help, that’s what alternate universes are for, okay?”

“Yeah,” Swerve sighed defeated. “You’re right.”

“Of course I am. I’m gonna hit the hay, it’s been a long day. You don’t have to wait around if you don’t want to.”

“No, I’m not leaving, not tonight.”

“Alright,” You held your hands up in surrender and went into your walk-in wardrobe to get
changed.

Initially, you tried your regular pyjamas but even in the protection of the wardrobe, you could feel the blazing heat outside thanks to the damaged temperature circuits. You rifled through different outfits, hoping to find something cool enough to handle the heat. You bit your lip upon finding the only outfit thin enough to wear; surely it wouldn’t matter because you doubted anyone would know what it was, least of all Swerve. You were going to decide against it but upon slipping it on, you felt instant relief as cool air hit bare skin.

You stepped back out into the open room, where Swerve was talking your ears off, something about extra protection, though you’d long since zoned out from tiredness; he stopped dead upon seeing you. You wore a green, silk bra which attached to a black, semi-transparent nighty with lacy underwear beneath. The sight of you in lingerie was too much for Swerve’s cooling fans to handle. He overheated and went crashing to the floor.

“SWERVE!” You cried in panic.

He didn’t move. You grabbed your communicator and rushed to the lift, going down to him.

“SWERVE!” You climbed atop him, straddling his chest and hit his face lightly.

He came to for a moment, then saw you in the same outfit he’d thought he’d imagined; you were on top of him like a teenage fantasy. He passed out again.

You called Ratchet on the communicator, “RATCHET, IT’S SWERVE, SOMETHING’S WRONG WITH HIM, COME QUICK.”

And with that, you waited, staying by Swerve’s side as you knew he would if it was you in the same position.
Shameful Things

Swerve’s face burned with embarrassment upon waking up to the stern, bemused face of Ratchet looming over him; you were only a few short steps away at Ratchet’s orders. Ratchet was an old bot, but he wasn’t blind, he knew why Swerve had overheated, and Swerve knew he knew, though neither of them were saying it.

You frowned, confused at whatever was being silently communicated between the pair. “Guys… is everything okay?” You asked uncertainly.

Swerve stared desperately at Ratchet, taciturnly pleading him to keep the secret.

Ratchet sighed irritably, “Everything’s fine (Y/N), Swerve just needs a maintenance check in med-bay; he’ll be fine after that.”

Ratchet frog-marched Swerve out of the room. As much as he didn’t want to, it was his job as chief medical officer to give Swerve, “the talk.” Normally, he wouldn’t have done so unless asked but if Swerve was considering a relationship with you, or if he was already courting you, then he should at least know about your biology and limitations; one thing was certain, it was going to be a long cycle.

Ashamed by the night’s events, Swerve risked a glance behind him. He quickly wished he hadn’t done so upon seeing a small crowd gathered; they weren’t there to see him, they were there to admire your scantily clad body. Reluctantly, Swerve let himself be led off to med-bay where he knew a hellish talk awaited.

After his night in the med-bay, Swerve came to hate the following weeks. Everywhere he looked, bots had pictures of you in your lingerie, and there was nothing he could do about it; he loathed the idea of you being regarded nothing but a “hot piece of aft” as some of the bots had taken to calling you. The one thing he was thankful for was that you were oblivious to it all; if you were kept out of it, Swerve thought he would be okay.

Unfortunately, it was only a short while later that one mech went too far. You’d just walked into Swerve’s when a flashy gold and silver mech known as Starshine called you over to his booth which you approached happily, always eager to talk.

“Hey doll, Valentine’s day’s coming up right?” Starshine asked impishly.

“Yeah, tomorrow,” You answered.

“Lucky I’ve done my research. So, how’re you going to spend it?”

“Swerve’s throwing a party here, how about you?”

The mech ignored your question, smirking. “I’ve got a better idea, how about you spend the day sucking my spike like the little slut you are?” He rubbed his interface panel invitingly.

“TEN!” Ten crashed into him, grabbing his neck and dragging him out of the bar.

You barely had time to register what had happened. You looked at Swerve who was stood behind the bar and your heart pounded at the thunderous expression on his usually smiling face; if looks could kill, Starshine would have been eviscerated. Nervously, you approached him while the bar’s patrons watched you silently; everyone had seen what had happened and they were all curious to see
what would happen next. Blushing furiously, you took your usual seat on the corner which had been adapted to your smaller stature.

Swerve’s expression softened, “Are you alright?”


“Do you want to talk about it?”

“No, I want a rum and coke.”

Swerve was taken aback, you rarely drank alcohol unless at a party. “(Y/N), if you need-”

“Swerve, I was just humiliated in a situation I could’ve handled. Rum and coke. Now.”

Swerve did as asked, though his concern remained apparent as he hovered around you. Eventually, you couldn’t stand it anymore, you grabbed the rum from behind the bar and left for the hab-suite where you’d be left alone and away from the nosy optics of everyone else. Throughout the rest of his shift Swerve couldn’t concentrate. He’d never meant to embarrass you, only to shelter you from fraggers like Starshine. He’d seen red and acted upon it and now you were mad at him. He groaned, chagrined by the scenario, vowing to make it up to you when he got back to the room.

As soon as Swerve got to the hab-suite door, he hesitated. Although it was also his hab-suite, he wasn’t sure whether he should knock, after all, you had been furious.

He knocked lightly, “Uh (Y/N), can I come in?”

You giggled girlishly, “Sure you can, w-we both live here silly boy.”

Swerve entered the room apprehensively, it was pitch black and he quickly crashed into the berth attempting to reach the light switch which was on the wall just behind it, “Ow, (Y/N), what’s going on?”

He reached for the light, muttering a scared “Frag,” at the sight that met him.

You were lying on his berth, dressed once again in the lingerie and laughing giddily, an half-empty bottle of vodka beside you, next to the empty bottle of rum.

“(Y/N), w-wha-” Swerve stammered.

“I got really drunk and you know what I found out?” You slurred. “I’m not m-ad any- anymore. You were helping me.”

You tried to stand up and tripped, almost falling off the berth until Swerve caught you.

“Nice catch,” You shot him finger guns and winked.

“(Y/N), I think you need to sleep this off. Like right now.”

“Nah! I don’t need sleep, I- I’m way too wired, like in my brain-hole.”

“(Y/N), please,” Swerve begged.

“I don’t wanna sleep… ’s lonely.” Your eyes widened, “I know! Stay with me!”

“W-what?”
“Come on, lay with me until I fall asleep, like this,” You laid down on the berth, patting it for him to join.

“I-I’m not tired.”

“Please, at least until I fall asleep.”

Swerve sighed, he had no idea what to do with a drunk human. Perhaps joining you would be a good idea, so long as it got you to sleep. Swerve wavered momentarily, before laying down stiffly next to you.

“Yay,” You cheered, hugging onto his arm; Swerve became even more ridged at the touch. “Hey Swerve,” You said, “Do you think I’m sexy?”

“W-WHA!” Swerve sputtered, sitting abruptly up.

“Earlier, that mech, he was sayin’ stuff.”

“(Y/N), I- I think you need to rest.”

You staggered up, kneeling in front of Swerve who watched you nervously. “I’ve thought about it y’know. What it’d be like to um, to do it. I bet it’d be fun, but like, only if you think I’m sexy. Do you?”

“I- I-”

You leaned forward, rubbing his interface panel as Starshine had done earlier. Swerve’s panel quivered, struggling against its desire to open. Swerve lunged forward, grabbing your arms, “(Y/N) NO! Y-you have to stop.”

“Why?” You whined childishly.

“P-please, go to sleep.”

“Okay, just for you babe,” You kissed his lips, laying back down when he let go of you.

Within minutes you were asleep, leaving Swerve free to exit the room. He knew he couldn’t face you while his processor was so muddled. As soon as he was out of the room he rubbed his face anxiously. What would he tell you when you woke up?

As it happened, when Swerve got back hours later, he found you awake, slumped over a large glass of water at the dining table. He didn’t want to come back so early but he’d researched the effects of human intoxication and the results terrified him; the idea of you choking on vomit or having a seizure was enough for him to rush back to your side.

“(Y/N),” he whispered tensely.

You grumbled in response, holding you head.

“Are you… Is everything okay?”

“God… Did we talk last night? Can’t remember.”

“Talk? Us? No, uh, no, you left the bar and I- I stayed out. You don’t remember anything?”

“I remember vodka and rum being a bad combination. I remember…. Nope, I must’ve blacked out.
God, my head hurts. Ugh, I wish I was dead.”

Swerve slumped relieved, if you didn’t remember then maybe things would be okay; he never wanted anything to jeopardise your friendship like that again, the fear was too much for him to handle.

“Well uh, if you don’t need anything,” Swerve smiled weakly, “I’ll be going.”

“Wait Swerve,” he froze at the sudden urgency in your voice. “I never said sorry, for Starshine… you were only trying to help, thank you.”

Swerve nodded, “No problem.”

“And uh hey, I don’t think I’m going to make the party tonight if that’s okay, this hangover is a killer.”

“Yeah, ha forget the party, we’ll have loads of chances to do stuff like this right? So what if we miss this one.”

You gurgled a pathetic laugh, “Thanks.”

Swerve attempted to leave once more before you called his name again, “What’s up?”

You smiled tiredly, “Happy Valentine’s day.”
“Right hand red,” You instructed Tailgate in the large game of Twister that was taking place in your hab-suite.

The game had started with Tailgate, Rewind, Chromedome, Swerve and Nautica. Nautica was now leaning against the wall, having lost the previous match and talking with you between spins. The game had been suggested as an impromptu miniature party since you hadn’t attended the Valentine’s celebration. It was pretty obvious that everyone was worried about you after Starshine’s appalling behaviour a few days prior. Since then, you’d had a few chats with Nautica who was one of the few bots professional enough to educate you on various sexual innuendos and how Cybertronian sex, or what they called interface worked; in return, you answered plenty of questions on human behaviour and lifestyle.

“Swerve, left foot blue,” You called when sure Tailgate wasn’t going to fall.

He laughed, placing his pede under Rewind’s back, “Too easy, give me something harder.”

“Bets on Swerve to lose,” You rebutted.

There was a chorus of agreement.

“Non-believers,” Swerve hooted.

You took a swig of cider, ready to call Chromedome’s move when you were interrupted by a knock at the door. You passed the spinner to Nautica, “Keep this going, I’ll be a sec.”

With that, you answered the door, finding Jake on the other side, “Oh, hey Jake, do you wanna come in?”

He peeked past you at the gathering, “I’m good, I just wanted to check up on you. You weren’t at the Valentine’s thing and I wondered if you were okay. I mean, I heard some rumours but…”

“Oh, right yeah, well I just kind of had a bad day and well… let’s just say it’ll be a while before I look at Rum again.”

Jake chuckled boyishly, “Been there. It’s a shame though, I was hoping I’d get to see you. Anyway, I was wondering whether you’d like to come over tomorrow, you know, on a date?”

There was a loud crash behind you as Swerve lost his footing, falling on the twister mat, though you barely noticed. You brushed your hair back, “Gee, I um, I don’t know Jake. I haven’t really thought about it.”

“You do like guys-”

“It’s not that I don’t like guys-”

“Then what’s the problem? Look, I get that you’re nervous but I’m not asking you to marry me. Just one little date and if you don’t like it, that’s fine, I’ll back off, but don’t you think we owe it to ourselves, hell to humanity to give this a try?”

You held your breath, feeling the pressure of his words as well as the prying optics staring at you
from behind. “I… Yeah, you’re right, what’s the harm?” You agreed, though the weight that settled in your stomach made you feel all the worse. “You sure you don’t want to come in?”

“I would, but now I’ve got to plan a date with a hot babe,” He leaned in to kiss your cheek and you had to fight the urge to pull away. You pondered what might be wrong with you that you still felt odd about Jake after he’d proved himself to be nice. You waved him off, then went back into the room, receiving several suggestive looks as you did so.

“(Y/N) and Jake, sitting in a tree, K-I-S-S-I-N-G,” Tailgate chanted as he’d seen in a film.

You smirked, nodding amiably, “Alright, get your jokes in now, while it’s still fresh.”

“So, will we be invited to the wedding?” Rewind beamed.

“Me and Rewind want seats together,” Chromedome added.

“I think it’s sweet,” Nautica smiled.

“Thank you,” You said.

“So, will you be living together tomorrow or the day after?”

“Should’ve seen that coming.”

And so, the jokes went on, though Swerve said nothing. How could he when a million fantasies were ending in his processor? By the end of the night, when everyone had been seen out, you talked to Swerve while getting ready for bed, “What a night, right?”

“Yeah,” he replied weakly.

You walked out of the closet in fluffy dog pyjamas, “Hey, you feeling okay? You’ve been a little quiet tonight.”

He smiled widely, “Sorry, just lost in my own thoughts. You’re right though, big night for you. I’ll bet you’re excited for your big date, right? I mean, I’m no expert but that Jake seems like a real dish.”

You swallowed a lump in your throat, feeling instantly guilty that you didn’t want anything to do with the date and wondering what kind of person you’d be to admit that. You slapped on a less convincing smile than Swerve, “Yeah, it’s going to be great, no doubt about it; I can’t wait.”

“Yeah, well if you want someone to sit and pick outfits with you, I’m right here. And you can tell me all about it afterwards.”

“Great,” Your smile felt so tight now that you thought your skin might split with it.

“So, do you want to talk about anything?”

“I’m good for now, great even, no, fantastic. I was just going to go to bed… so I can dream about my date… that’s happening tomorrow…”

“Alright-y then, I’ll see you later, I’ve got some stuff to catch up on so uh… yeah, see you later.”

“Yep, you most certainly will, roomie.”

The second Swerve was out of the room, you flopped down on your bed, anxious about the evening that lay ahead of you. You were simultaneously glad and miserable to have Swerve. He was such an
amazing friend to want to hear about your date, but you didn’t want to talk about it; how would he possibly understand?

As you contemplated your situation, Swerve did the same, just outside the room. He didn’t want to hear about your date, he wanted nothing to do with it. As your friend however, he had to be there for you, one-hundred percent; after all, that’s all he was to you, a friend. How could he have not foreseen such a development? There were only two humans on the ship, it made sense that you would seek each other out eventually. Despondent in the situation, Swerve wandered the ship aimlessly until he found himself at “Visages.” Upon entering, he hated the decor, the music, the atmosphere, yet somehow being somewhere he hated helped his case of deep malady. He ordered some kind of exotic energon cocktail and sat in a booth in the corner, observing the happy mechs around him. Somewhere in his lamenting, he didn’t notice another bot approach.

“Hey, you look down, can I join you?”

Swerve replaced his downtrodden frown with an upbeat grin, “Hey Skids, sure feel free to join, things are great over here.”

Skids smiled sympathetically, taking the seat opposite Swerve, “You don’t have to do that, y’know. It’s better if we talk about how we’re feeling and don’t bottle it away.”

“Thanks,” Swerve sighed. “It’s nice to hear that.”

“You want to talk about it?”

“Wouldn’t even be sure where to start. Until I can sort it in my processor, I don’t think I can. Is that alright?”

“It’s fine as long as you’re acknowledging it. Seriously though, if you need to talk, my audials are open, even if you don’t think it’s important.”

Swerve smiled his first genuine smile since the night began, “Thanks. Hey, do you want a drink? It’s on me.”

Skids accepted the offer graciously, and the pair chatted long into the cycle. Swerve felt a weight off his shoulders as he became even more comfortable with Skids. Finally, an idea came to him that would solve his problems of you indefinitely.

“Skids, I’ve gotta ask you something,” he blurted. “Would you like to go on a date with me!”

“What? Swerve, slow it down some clicks.”

Swerve took a moment to compose himself, thoroughly embarrassed but continuing all the same, “Would you like to go on a date with me? Say tomorrow?”

Skids was taken aback, though he quickly collected himself, “That sounds nice. Meet in one of the rec-rooms?”

Swerve was thankful to have been relieved of the plan, “Yeah, I’ll call you on private comms?”

Skids winked, getting up, “Sounds like a plan.”

Swerve’s mind lingered unpleasantly on you; perhaps if the date was a success, he would be free of that.
You brushed your hair which had grown unruly in the short time you’d been aboard the ship. “God, I should just cut it all off; it’d save me the trouble of this every day,” You moaned, imitating the video on your PADD that was supposed to teach you how to pin it in an updo; all you’d managed so far was to tangle it up further.

Swerve looked up from the cupboard he was searching, “You shouldn’t cut it, it looks great on you.”

You couldn’t help smiling at the compliment, “It’s easy said when you don’t have to deal with it.”

There was a crash behind you as Swerve pulled out a buffer to shine up his paint job, you’d seen Rodimus with one plenty of times but never Swerve.

“Ooh, paint buffer, what’s the occasion?” You asked, finally giving up on your hair and turning all attention to your room-mate.

Swerve blushed slightly, “I uh… I actually have a date too… with Skids.”

“Good for you,” You cheered, despite a sinking feeling in the pit of your stomach. Swerve was your safety net; to not have him as a back-up plan was nerve wracking. “When did this happen?”

“Recently.”

“Ah yes, recently, that would be sooner than sometime and later than a while ago.”

“Mock all you will brave lady, remember who can film you sleeping.”

You held your hands out in mock horror, “Ah the shame, you would be so cruel as to bring dishonour on my name.”

“Dishonour on you, dishonour on your cow.”

You giggled, banging your hands to swear at him like in ‘Friends’.

He flapped his elbows behind his head, carrying on the charade, then checked the time and started buffing his paint job while you straightened your tangled mass of hair. Eventually, when Swerve was ready, you asked him to help you pick an outfit, starting with a little black dress, traditional for any first date, though it made you feel uncomfortable; a fact you hid easily.

The dress was stunning, and Swerve hated it for being so, he shook his head disapprovingly, “I just don’t think it gives out the right vibe.”

You didn’t argue, switching into a tank top and shorts which looked so cute it set Swerve’s spark aflame. “How about this?” You suggested.

“Do you really want to go with that? I mean, if you think it’s okay, then I guess so but…”

You looked down, suddenly unsure about the outfit in question.

No matter what outfit you picked, Swerve rejected it until finally you gave up, simply bringing your clothes out for Swerve to inspect. He picked out a pair of jeans and a hideous green kitten jumper which said ‘ALWAYS PURRRFECT,’ in magenta letters.

You stared at Swerve sceptically, “The kitten disaster, really?”

“Why not? You said it was comfy.”
“Yes, then you called me an old biddy. Do you even know what a biddy is?”

“I’d like to resend my insult for tonight because it’s important to be comfortable on a first date.”

“No. No way! I cannot have you looking all hot with your nice paint job while I look like a disaster, not a chance.”

Swerve gave you finger-guns, doing his best Rodimus impression, “Nobody can beat how smokin’ my paint is.”

You snorted. “Chill out hot wheels, I’ll go on my date comfortable but not in the knitting disaster of ‘83. How about this?” You held out a pair of black jeans, the blue tank-top from earlier and a leather jacket.

Swerve could see the ensemble in his mind’s eye, it would be gorgeous; still, he had to give in at some point. “It’s perfect.”

Swerve chose to meet Skids earlier than your date begun so he wouldn’t have to see you off. It was only ten minutes later that Jake showed up at the door, wearing one of the few outfits in his pack, a white shirt that accentuated his muscles, jeans and army boots. “Looking good, pretty lady,” he praised, pulling an origami bouquet from behind his back.

You took them gently, once again displaying your easy-going facade, “Thanks, they’re lovely.”

He waited for you to put them aside before linking with you and walking you out, “You’ll be happy to know, I’ve explored every nook and cranny of this ship and you know what I’ve found?”

“A fast talker, I like that but no, I’ve found the best place for a relaxed date with no pressure.” He circled around, leading you back to the hab-suite.

“What? I don’t-”

“Just go with it.” He led you onto your desk and over to a pool-table which one of the mystery bots had got you on Hacathar. “Think fast.”

You caught the pool cue, thankful for the one time in your life reflexes hadn’t failed you, “Pool?”

“First dates shouldn’t be hard, they should be something that puts you at ease. Tell me you know how to play.”

You smirked, “Lucky for you, I’ve had plenty of practice.” You took the first shot, breaking the set balls well and potting a stripe.

“Looks like I’ll have a run for my money, y’know, if we were betting.”

“A-ha, and what would we bet?”

“Let’s say a second date. I win and I get to take you out again.”

“We’ve just started this date. What if I turned out to be a pig and you won? It’d be awful for you.”

He leaned in breezily, “I’ll take my chances.”
“And if I win?”

“You get the honour of taking me out instead.”

“Either way you win.”

“Good terms, glad you agree.”

“Wha- I didn’t agree, I was just saying-”

“Stating more like. The terms have been set. Oh, and your honour as pool player is on the line, I expect a lot pretty lady.”

You shook your head, “Fine, for my honour.”

The second shot went in easily, as did the third and fourth, after which it was finally Jake’s turn, and he was equal to your skill, though a lot cockier about it. Several games in, the two of you had fallen into easy conversation about anything and everything that came to mind. Finally, it was Jake’s chance to win the shot that would break the tie, putting him on top. He lined up his shot, a tricky one at best, then put his cue down, turning to face you, “I have a feeling we can make this even more interesting, raise the stakes a little.”

You leaned against the wall casually, “Sure, I could use a trophy when I beat you; you’ll never make that shot.”

“Good, so you have nothing to fear. How about if I lose, I.. hmm what would be humiliating enough? I know, I have to be your servant for an entire day, and you can make me do whatever stupid crap you want?”

“I can think of some good uses for that.”

“But,” he held up his fingers, beaming eagerly, “if I make this impossible shot, you have to kiss me.”

You sputtered, “K-kiss you?”

“But just any kiss either. A world ending kiss, on the lips. A kiss that make all other couples ashamed. Deal?”

Suddenly, you didn’t feel confident, it was like the nightmare Jake had returned and was cajoling you. Another part of your mind however, wondered where the fun had gone. Were you sabotaging yourself and a chance of happiness? Maybe you were right, and Jake was asking for a lot or maybe you were over-reacting. After all, what was the worst that could happen? It was just one kiss.

“Deal.”

Jake lined the shot again, bouncing the ball right over your remaining one, into the corner pocket; he’d won the impossible shot. “Pucker up buttercup, you owe me a world-ending kiss.”

You took a deep breath as Jake approached, hiding your discomfort like a clown hides his face. You shuddered slightly as he rested one hand against the wall, then deciding it was best to simply get it over with, you pressed your lips against his, jumping in with both feet. Jake grasped gently at your hair, pressing his tongue against your lips in the hopes of gaining entry. You parted your lips slightly, hugging onto his waist as if hoping to make up for your past misgivings about him. The kiss wasn’t bad, in fact it would have been rather pleasant had there not been a nagging sensation in your mind. You ignored the warning sign, giving in to what could be the apocalyptic, world-ending kiss.
Skids smiled empathetically at Swerve as the two sat over the oil-reservoir where their date had led them. Overall, they had done everything one was supposed to do on a date, they had talked, flirted, joked, and shared a few light touches; the problem was that Swerve had been somewhat distracted, like the lights were on but no one was home.

Skids held Swerve’s servom, “I think it’s time we called it a night.”

Swerve gaped at him in confusion, wondering what he’d done wrong to call it quits so early, “Are you not enjoying yourself? I can be better, I can do better, just tell me what you want to do and we can-”

Skids shook his head, “No Swerve, the date was great, I can just tell that you’re thinking of someone else.” Swerve scrambled to explain but Skids shook his head, “Don’t worry, I get it, you don’t have to explain. I hope that whoever it is realises how great you are.” Skids kissed Swerve’s helm and got up to leave. “The mech that caught your eye sure is a lucky one, I wish you the best. Oh, and my offer to talk still stands.”

Swerve stared into the oil-reservoir, lost for words once again. Skids was right, Swerve knew he’d been vacant despite the handsome company; he was simply stuck on you. He wondered whether he should call ahead to the hab-suite but decided against it; he’d soon find out whether you were still on your date.

When Swerve got back to the hab-suite, he was relieved to find you alone, playing an odd game with a stick, a table, and some balls.

“How was the-” “How’d your night-” The two of you spoke simultaneously, chuckling afterwards.

“You first,” You insisted.

Swerve sighed, “Skids is nice and all, but I don’t think it’s in the cards for us. How about you? Do I need a wedding invite?”

“Ah,” You grimaced at the joke. “It was a good night but I’m not sure, I’ve got another date in a couple of days though; maybe I’ll know by then.”

“I’m telling you, you’d know if you wore the kitten jumper.”

You snickered, missing a trick shot, “Yeah, I’d know because he’d have ran away screaming. You uh, you wanna play?”

The question was to distract from the looming second date you didn’t want to discuss. Swerve took the bait, happy to drop the subject, “Sure, not sure how though.”

“Get into holo-form and I’ll teach you. Mass displacement too please.”

Swerve rubbed his servos together nervously, he’d avoided his holo-form since you’d come aboard and now he’d trapped himself into using it. He wondered whether he should make up an excuse to get out of it, discarding the idea when he thought of the alternative; use his holo-form or talk about Jake? Holo-form won hands down. Taking the plunge, he changed, programming in mass displacement and standing before you for inspection.

You wolf-whistled appreciatively, “Hello handsome.”
Swerve blushed, burying his face in his hands at your off-handed comment, glad that there was no joking involved for once.

“Hands up Swerve, you’ll need them for the cue.”

He held the stick you handed him, listening intently as you explained the simple rules. You gave Swerve the first shot which was unsurprisingly weak, not hitting anything. After that, you encouraged him, giving him shot after shot, each one missing in new and unique ways you hadn’t expected.

You giggled at his inexpert technique, demonstrating for him so he had a visual aid. “Got it?” You asked at the end of your demonstration.

“I think so,” Swerve bent over the table.

You could already see that his hand was raised too high behind him. Swerve’s spark raced as you rested on top of him, placing one hand on top of his front one and the other on his forearm.

“(Y/N), w-what are you doing?” He almost whispered.

“Your shot was off, I’m teaching you. Relax, you’re too tense.”

Swerve did as you said, his mind racing uneasily. You helped him pull back the shot, the white ball bounced lazily ahead, successfully potting the orange five ball. You removed yourself from Swerve, bouncing up and down excitedly, “See! You did it!”

Swerve beamed from ear to ear, living in the moment; pool had just become his favourite game.
“Any idea why Perceptor called us here?” An extremely bored Rodimus asked Ultra Magnus and Megatron, whilst pacing around Perceptor’s lab, awaiting the bot himself.

Megatron shook his head and Ultra Magnus went into a full-blown speech, concluding that he too, didn’t know. Rodimus stopped listening somewhere after the first three words and entertained himself by playing with a spanner, tapping a tune against the table. When Perceptor finally arrived, Megatron snatched the spanner away from Rodimus who in-turn pouted, mumbling that he wasn’t a sparkling.

Perceptor waited till all attention was on him before calling the meeting to session. “Thank you all for coming,” he said formally. “What I have to say is about (Y/N), or rather the vessel in which she arrived. As you all know, I’ve taken to examining the outdated technology in my spare time and-”

“I didn’t know that,” Rodimus interrupted.

Ultra Magnus sputtered, then glared at Rodimus disapprovingly, “I wrote a seventy-page report about Perceptor’s request to examine the pod.”

“Oh, you did? I must have missed that one.”

“You signed it!”

Megatron huffed impatiently, bringing their attention back to Perceptor who was observing the scene bemusedly.

“Sorry P. Carry on,” Rodimus winked.

Perceptor placed a datapad on the table in front them, “These are the results of my investigation, as well as something else I found.”

The mechs watched a video file, curiosity turning into a vile realisation that filled Rodimus with unbridled anger. “WHAT KING OF SLAG IS THIS?!” He exploded, his servos denting the table itself.

Megatron meanwhile, in a quiet state near shock, murmured, “She needs to know.”

Ultra Magnus addressed the three solemnly, “I’ll tell her.”

“KICK HIS STUPID AFT, MEAT SACK,” Whirl screamed, breaking the tense silence in the bar as he cheered you on.

Every other bot in Swerve’s watched intently, wondering who’d win the intense battle between you
and Jake, though most had hedged their bets on you. You glared dead-on at Jake, who was beginning to realise his mistake. Then, in one swift move, you slammed his hand down on the table, winning the arm-wrestling match. Most of the room cheered, the rest grumbled upon losing their bets and having to transfer the shanix they’d lost.

“Thank you,” you bowed extravagantly to the room. “Yes, I am the champion and always will be.”

Swerve smiled as you blew kisses, pretending to catch one that flew in his direction with a wink. His smile even remained in place when Jake clapped your back because he was sure whatever was going on between you was sure to fizzle out any day now. So far, the two of you had been on a cumulative total of seven dates, but since you never mentioned anything about them afterwards, Swerve was confident that things would return to normal.

Jake sat by you in your corner of the bar, announcing loudly to anyone who was listening, “Sure, but she only won because I let her win.”

You punched him lightly, “Yeah right, not with those noodle arms.”

“I’m telling you, I let you win.”

“And why would you do that?”

“Because that’s what you do for your girlfriend.”

Your laughter died, but it went unnoticed as everyone waited for your response. You tried to smile but found it impossible, “P-pardon?”

Jake wrapped his arm around you, “Don’t tell me you’ve gone all shy now? After seven dates, I think it’s safe to tell people, right?”

You panicked, torn between your real feelings and the weight of everyone’s expectations. The pressure of disappointing your friends weighed too heavily for you to carry.

“Y-yeah,” You squeaked. “We can tell people.”

A loud chorus of “Love is in the Air,” ensued as bots clamoured around to congratulate the two of you. Over the noise, nobody even noticed the sound of the shattered energon cube Swerve had crushed.

Ultra Magnus watched the festivities from the doorway with a heavy spark. Each step he took towards you was filled with unwanted responsibility, though he took it in his stride. “Miss (L/N),” he said formally upon reaching you. “There is a matter we need to discuss. Please come with me.”

“Excuse me,” You mumbled to the curious onlookers as you jumped down from the bar, leaving Jake to brag on his own.

You had to jog to keep pace with Ultra Magnus but away from the crowd, you felt much more relaxed. “Where are we going, Maggie?” You asked.

“To your quarters for a private conversation.”

“Right, because we’ve missed out on a lot of gal’ pal time lately.”

You never expected any kind of reaction from Ultra Magnus at the joke, however his silence wasn’t the usual comforting one you’d grown accustomed to; instead it felt heavy and laced with
implications.

Upon reaching the hab-suite, Ultra Magnus made sure you were at optic level atop the desk before speaking, “Perhaps you should sit down first.”

Suddenly, you were on guard and Ultra Magnus recognised so much of Verity in your set jaw and suspicious gaze; in fact, it was because of Verity that he’d chosen to tell you the bad news himself.

“Magnus, what’s wrong?” You asked.

“I suppose I should get straight to the point, but first, please tell me how much you knew about your former employers and the trial you participated in on Earth.”

“NASA? They’re pretty much the future of science on Earth. All they wanted me to do was sit in the transport pod and wait to be teleported to another room. Magnus, you know this already, what’s going on?”

Ultra Magnus sighed heavily, “Perceptor was researching your teleportation pod to see how humans had got you so far; he also rebuilt it into a functioning ship which you can learn to fly at your own leisure.”

“That’s good news, isn’t it?”

“That is, yes. What Perceptor found along the way however…”

Ultra Magnus pulled a datapad from behind his back, placing it next to you on the desk and opening a video file. He stood rigid while you watched the tape where an aged man in a NASA lab coat settled at his desk, shuffling papers and clearing his throat.

One more adjustment to his black-framed glasses and he was ready to address the camera. “Doctor Angus Wilkerson reporting. ID 004856. Journal entry nine. Experiment A113 - Teleportation. So far, tests are going well. We’ve successfully teleported live-animals and even several humans to different buildings with a one hundred percent success rate. The armed forces have since shown great interest in our successes and would now like to gain the upper hand in more… tactical uses of the technology. With that in mind, we will be bringing in another test subject.”

Wilkerson held up your picture to the camera, “(Y/N) (L/N). If all goes according to plan, this unassuming girl will be the first human teleported to outer space, and more precisely the moon. There are of course drawbacks to such an ambitious test, for example we won’t be able to retrieve her; such an endeavour would be a waste of resources. One girl shouldn’t matter too much though; it’s simply the price of progress.”

You lurched forward, switching the video off lest the scientist ramble on further.

“(Y/N),” Ultra Magnus said, concerned.

“I- I’m collateral,” You spat. “Oh my God. It all makes sense now. They didn’t put me through training or anything, but why would they? I was an inexpensive toy to further the path of science. They were going to let me suffocate in space.”

Although you longed to be angry, fear and sadness took over, racking your body with sobs. Ultra Magnus placed a gentle servo on your back, unsure of what exactly he should say that would help. The hab-suite door opened, and Ultra Magnus’ optics zeroed in on Jake who was smiling sympathetically.
“What are you doing here, Jake?” Ultra Magnus inquired firmly.

“Calm down, it’s nothing sinister. (Y/N) must’ve left her communicator on or something because I got a call and heard everything that just happened here. I rushed over ASAP to make sure my girl’s okay. That alright?”

Ultra Magnus considered the story, then nodded. He left upon deciding that perhaps another human would do a better job than he ever could in taking care of you. Jake took the elevator to you, hugging you close to him on the bed and rocking comfortingly back and forth. Just a few short minutes ago, you would have hated such an act from him, now though, things were different. Just to be held and told everything was going to be alright was sorely needed, so you let him console you, crying into his shirt.

Finally, the tears subsided, and you felt minorly better than before.

“‘Atta girl, no more crying now,” Jake murmured.

You nodded, thinking nothing of it as Jake traced circles on your arms, until his hands travelled lower, resting on your hips. You frowned, “What are you doing?”

“You’ve been so stressed lately, I think it’s time you relaxed.” He pushed you down on the plush mattress, wasting no time leaning over you to kiss your neck.

You pushed against him, “J-Jake, I don’t want to do this.”

“Sure you do,” he said, grabbing your breast and squeezing it eagerly.

You gasped and shoved him harder, to little affect. “Jake, get off me, I said I don’t want to do this!”

“You’re my girlfriend, shut up and let me enjoy this,” he reached for your pants zip.

Letting fury power your moves, you brought your head forward, smashing it against Jake’s. Despite the sharp ache in your head, you wasted no time in throwing Jake off you and onto the bedroom floor.

He rubbed his head, getting up quickly, “WHAT THE FUCK IS WRONG WITH YOU?!”

You kneed him in the groin, enjoying the way his eyes bulged out as he flopped to the floor. “I’ll spell it out for you, dumbass. I’M. NOT. YOUR. GIRLFRIEND. Now, get the hell out of my room before I call security.”

He writhed in pain, and you had to wait a short while until he managed to stagger away. The second the hab-suite door closed behind him all strength left your body and you flopped back onto the bed, crying tears of humiliation and fear. Reaching behind you to the bedside table, you grabbed your communicator, needing only one person right now.

Swerve sat despondently in the empty bar which he’d closed so he could be alone. Nothing in his long-life could have ever prepared him for you. He felt like a plaything, bouncing up and down on a whim for your attention. How couldn’t you tell that he wanted to be more than friends? He knew it wasn’t fair to ask such a thing when he hadn’t been clear about his intentions, but staying just friends was becoming harder by the day, and now you’d chosen to be with Jake… Of course you had. Once again, Swerve found himself wishing he could be a human, if only to be with you; then he could show Jake a thing or two.
Your name pinged up on Swerve’s optics as an incoming call. He recoiled, falling out of the booth he’d been sitting in as if he could get away from the message. As much as it pained him to do so, he ignored the call, knowing that he couldn’t stand to hear whatever you had to say without breaking down. He shuddered at the voicemail icon that popped up shortly thereafter; it was probably a message about how wonderful things were going with Jake, all things he didn’t want to hear.

Reluctantly, Swerve opened the voicemail, if only to remove it from sight. He sat rigid as the sound of your sniffing resounded over the line, “S-Swerve, please- I- Can you come home when you get this… I- I need you.”

The line clicked off, and that was all it took for Swerve to transform and drive to the hab-suite at top speed, just three simple words; I need you.
Swerve held you close as you cried into his chassis, it had taken awhile but you’d finally managed to show him the video, explaining exactly what the scientists had done to you. On top of that, he learned exactly what Jake had done, and although the attack had been easily avoided, it was clearly your pride which had taken the damage; while Swerve had wanted your so-called “relationship” to end, he never meant like this.

Your breath repeatedly caught in your throat as you tried to calm down and speak, “J-Just once I wanted to- be treated r-right. I wanted the f-fairytale and- I know life’s not all sunshine and rainbow’s but- but- I want what C-Chromedome and Rewind have. I k-know that’s hard work, all re-relationships are, but is it too much to ask for?”

Swerve stared down at your tear-stained face, his spark breaking on your account. Every part of him ached to make you feel better. Gone was the time for romantic gestures or revenge on Jake; all he wanted now was for you to stop hurting. He held you close, knowing that he’d simply have to put aside his loathing of Jake for later.

Swerve stroked your hair, murmuring whatever came to mind, “(Y/N), I don’t know as much about humans as I pretend to, but if you’ve shown me anything, it’s that you survived space, you made a life for yourself here, you even got through one of Megatron’s poetry nights. You’re resilient and I know you’ll make it through this too.”

“How Swerve?” Your tears leaked through the seams of living metal.

“By being the woman I lo- know. By continuing to be kind and generous and not letting this cloud who you are. Everyone aboard this ship loves you like family and if you want, we’ll all be there to help you through it, you ask anyone, and they’ll be all like, '(Y/N) wants help? No problem, we all love her here.’”

Swerve had hoped the impression would help, but it did nothing to improve your mood; suddenly the idea that jokes were meant to help you feel better seemed stupid and immature and he wondered why he’d been dumb enough to try and do so.

“(Y/N), if nothing else I say gets through to you, then it’s okay to be like this and just cry; I’ll be here, as long as you need me.”

You snorted back gloopy snot, looking up at Swerve with sad eyes, “What if Jake was the only other human I’ll ever meet? What if that was my only chance?”

“Then you’ll spend your life knowing that you were the better person and that’s worth much more than any relationship where you’re not treated with the upmost respect.”

You didn’t have a response to Swerve’s words, but you did hold on to him a little tighter all the same. The two of you remained, letting time pass by while you slowly settled from crying into weak sniffles. All the time Swerve was there, he couldn’t help but wonder why you’d called him of all the bots on the ship. Surely, Rung or Ultra Magnus would have been better equipped for such a situation, yet you’d chosen him. Then again, maybe it didn’t matter at all, and quite frankly Swerve didn’t want to ask in case he offended you or looked like he didn’t care to hear your worries.

Only four days later, the entire ship was talking about the obvious distance between you and Jake.
Some mechs wondered whether it was commonplace for humans to end relationships so quickly due to their short life-spans, others were speculating how it had ended, a few wondered why Jake was no longer allowed in Swerve’s, and most were curious about how you and Jake would react if put in the same room together. All in all, it meant that when you walked anywhere on the Lost Light, all optics were on you as hushed conversations took place; quite frankly, you couldn’t wait for some other scandal to take place, so everyone would forget about you. Despite all the unwanted attention, you couldn’t stand to be in your room with only your thoughts. As such, you were making your way to what had seemingly become your second home; Swerve’s.

In one of the ship’s many hallways, Whirl spotted you. He dropped a claw in front of you, ordering in his voice like rusted metal, “STOP IN THE NAME OF WHIRL.”

You couldn’t help but smile upon seeing your large friend, the two of you hadn’t spoken in quite some time and it would be nice to talk to him again. “Hey Whirly-Bird, what’s up?”

“I don’t care to listen to fragging rumours, what’s the deal with you and the other flesh stick?” He lifted his servo, staring you down for the truth.

Your stomach clenched, and you took a deep breath to calm it. “I um- Let’s just say we had an argument, ‘kay?”

“About what?”

You wrapped your arms uncomfortably around yourself, averting your gaze to your feet, “It doesn’t matter. Hey… I uh, I have to go, please excuse me.”

Whirl’s optic narrowed as you sloped away, he didn’t know much, but he knew that Jake was going to die for it as soon as he had all the facts; nobody hurt his blood-bag.

Whirl ran straight to Rung’s office, assuming he would know what was wrong with you. Banging on the door hard enough to shake it, he roared, “HEY GLASSES, GET OUT HERE AND TELL ME WHAT THAT LITTLE WEASEL JAKE DID TO (Y/N)!”

Rung opened the door, his soft features showing his shock, “Whirl? What are you talking about? I-”

“What did Jake do to her? She’s not acting right? I swear, if he broke her, I’ll scrap him where he stands.”

“WHAT DID JAKE DO TO HER? SHE’S NOT ACTING RIGHT? I SWEAR, IF HE BROKE HER, I’LL SCRAP HIM WHERE HE STANDS.”

“Whirl,” Rung almost raised his voice, “You are drawing a crowd, please control yourself. I assure you, I don’t know anything that may have transpired between (Y/N) and Jake; in fact, (Y/N) didn’t even turn up for her weekly meeting, though she did send me a very polite email explaining-”

Whirl had long since stopped listening and was now turning to the small crowd before him, “HEY, YOU SLAG-HEADS ALL CARE ABOUT (Y/N)? IF YOU DO, I’M GOING TO FIND JAKE AND MAKE THAT LITTLE FRAGGER TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED! WHO’S WITH ME?”

There was a general murmur through the attending bots and Whirl forced Rung’s door shut before the psychiatrist could intervene. Whirl had always wanted to start a mob, but he’d never been popular enough for it to work; now it was for you, he knew that people would join him, even if it was against one puny human.

“ALRIGHT, YOU’VE HAD ENOUGH TIME TO DECIDE, ARE YOU WITH ME OR NOT?!”

Before the crowd could answer Whirl’s call to arms, Chromedome ran in, standing in front of Whirl,
“NO! Nobody here is with you Whirl. Break it up everyone, that’s enough now. You can all go back to your normal lives now, that’s it, get going.”

Slowly and somewhat reluctantly the crowd dispersed, leaving Chromedome and Whirl alone in the corridor.

“WHAT THE FRAG WAS THAT ABOUT?” Whirl hollered.

“Whirl… what do you think you’re doing?” Chromedome said quietly. “Do you really think (Y/N) will thank you for being an idiot?”

“She might.”

“Look, we don’t know what’s going on with (Y/N) right now, but if she is hurting this won’t help. If you trust her at all, you’ll let her decide when she needs help; we’ve got to trust that she’ll ask for us when she needs us, okay?”

Whirl grumbled disagreeably.

“Whirl,” Chromedome said warningly.

“Alright, fine, whatever… I’ll do it the wimpy way.”

“Thank you.”

“Hey, don’t go getting any weird ideas, I ain’t doing this for you.”

A silent agreement fell between the pair as they stood stoically. Finally, the silence was broken by Rung’s meek voice behind the door, “Excuse me, but please may I come out now? I’d rather like to visit (Y/N) myself for a chat.”

Whirl banged the door with his heel, “HEY, IF WE AIN’T ALLOWED TO SEE HER THEN NEITHER ARE YOU.”

Chromedome facepalmed; that wasn’t what he’d intended at all.

You swam another length in the pool Perceptor had finally gotten around to building, letting the cool water calm your racing thoughts until all you could focus on was the breathing required in the exercise. Upon hearing Chromedome’s voice calling your name, you paused, treading water to call out to him.

“IN HERE,” Your voice echoed through the room, which was little more than a small maintenance closet to the bots.

Chromedome followed your voice, entering the room with what appeared to be a sheepish grin, that quickly turned to shock as he saw you in the large water bowl. “SCRAP!” he plucked you out of the pool, bringing you to optic level for closer inspection. “Are you okay? Are you hurt? How did you even fall in? And what about your clothes?” He glanced at your swimming costume, continuing his rant, “where are they? You must be freezing, and-”

“Chromedome, calm down, I’m fine, I was just swimming,” You smiled sympathetically, eager to calm down the worried bot.

“Swimming? What do you mean swimming? Do humans float?”
“Well, yeah, kind of.”

“So, I should… Put you back?”

“If you don’t mind.”

Chromedome did as asked, though not without caution, then as you started swimming again, his optics grew wide in surprise. Forgetting why he was there, he shouted behind him “REWIND, GET IN HERE AND START FILMING. HOLY FRAG, SHE’S SEMI-AQUATIC!”

Rewind, having clearly been stood outside, rushed in for the exciting footage, and you couldn’t help but laugh, floating in the pool as the two mechs watched you avidly; the feeling was somewhat akin to when your parents first saw you swimming without the use of armbands.

You made your way to the edge of the pool with a knowing grin, holding on to the side to keep your balance, “Alright guys, what’s up? I know you didn’t come here to watch me swim.”

Rewind and Chromedome shared a glance, their brief joy changing to concern. In a supporting gesture, Rewind held Chromedome’s servo, ushering him forward.

Chromedome cleared his vocaliser awkwardly, “I um… I saw Rung earlier and well, you see uh… he told me you cancelled your appointment this week and I- Well, we were worried that you may have cancelled it because of something to do with Jake.”

You laughed, hoping that they wouldn’t detect the fakeness of it, “Oh, that’s it? Guys, there’s no need to worry, like at all, ever. I cancelled my appointment because I don’t need it, in fact, I doubt I’ll need one ever again. I’m cured, or whatever, but hey, thanks for the concern. You can go now.”

The pair didn’t look convinced, and so Chromedome tried again, “(Y/N), I don’t mean to challenge you but… what if you’re wrong? I mean, it wouldn’t really hurt to see Rung one more time, would it? Then he could give you the all clear.”

You struggled to keep up the facade of happiness, under the strain of annoyance. You smile felt stretched as you spoke, “Chromedome, I really don’t need to see Rung. Drop this please.”

Rewind frowned, “Why are you avoiding him?”

“I’m not avoiding Rung, I just-”

“If you’re not avoiding him, then go see him.”

“Next week maybe.”

“Today (Y/N).”

“God, why is this such a big deal to you?” You growled, clambering out of the pool to square up with Rewind, even though he was still a good four feet taller than you.

Chromedome watched with mounting tension as you and Rewind bickered on, until he finally exploded, “ENOUGH. (Y/N), WHY IS THIS SUCH A PROBLEM FOR YOU?”

“BECAUSE IT’S RUNG’S FAULT!” You roared back, pent up fury finally surfacing, only to be quickly replaced with guilt as the two mechs stared at you in bewilderment. “It’s… It’s his fault. What happened between Jake and me started because of him; he pushed us together, and why? Because I needed another human to talk to? Well, I didn’t. I’d be happier if I never saw another
human again, alright?”

Rewind bent down, pulling you into a gentle hug, “I’m sorry.”

Fresh tears sprung from your eyes at the surprising gesture, mingling with the pool water that dripped off you. Chromedome soon joined in, encircling you and Rewind in his long arms.

Eventually, the three of you disentangled. Rewind looked at you with sad optics, “(Y/N), I know you’re mad at him, but Rung’s your friend as well as your therapist. Don’t forget that he needs you just as much as you need him. I know it’s easier to blame him, but don’t throw away his friendship because you blame him for something we’re all guilty of.”

You sighed, sniffling back messy tears, “Alright guys, if it makes you both feel better, I’ll go and see him, I promise.”

You stood outside Rung’s office, silently willing yourself to move and knock on the door, yet your body remained stubbornly still. At the rate you were going, you’d either spend the night outside Rung’s office or he’d come out and find you standing there, which would lead to a rather awkward conversation in the hallway. Frankly, neither option was appealing. Reluctantly, you knocked on the door, unsure whether to be annoyed or relieved by the ever gentle, “Come in,” that followed.

Rung was mildly surprised to see you enter, though he was happy that you’d come to the cancelled appointment.

“(Y/N),” he smiled. “I’m glad you’ve come, though I must ask, is this a friendly visit or a professional one?”

“I… We need to talk… About Jake.”

“I see.” Rung offered you a servo to the desk which you ignored, using your boots to rocket up instead and pacing rather than sitting in your usual spot. Rung watched you for a few, quiet minutes, before speaking up again, “Would you like to start by telling me what he did to upset you so much.”

“No.”

“Then how about-”

“How about you tell me why you pushed me to talk to him.” You knew the accusation was unfair, yet it felt better to have someone to blame, especially if it meant that you didn’t have to talk about the humiliation and shame that Jake had burned into your very core.

Rung sat down in front of you, “You are looking for someone to blame. Very well, if that’s my burden to bare then I’ll tell you. I put the two of you together for much the same reason you would have done for me if I was in the same position; I was concerned for your social and mental wellbeing.”

“I was doing fine Rung. I was talking to people here. I have Swerve, Chromedome, Rewind, Rodimus, Tailgate, Brainstorm Mega-”

“I never doubted that you have friends, I was simply worried that we as Cybertronians wouldn’t understand some of your human needs, and for a while it seemed I was right; do you deny that you got along with Jake initially?”

The truth burned your throat like bile, yet you still didn’t want to admit that Rung was right. You
wanted him to know exactly how much Jake had hurt you. You wanted him to feel guilty. You
wanted him to understand how awful humans could be. Yet, you also wanted to keep your pride
intact. Maybe that’s why you dodged the subject completely, telling him about the treachery of the
scientists who’d abandoned you in space instead. Rung of course saw the way you avoided one
problem, moving to one you could process easier, but as a therapist and your friend, it was his job to
help you in any way he could. So, he listened, asking questions where he should, comforting you
where he could, and overall, making you see that you didn’t just need him, but that you wanted him
there too. You felt guilty about your earlier accusations, though you weren’t quite ready to apologise,
not when the Jake problem was still unresolved; one problem at a time was quite enough however, as
you listened to Rung’s advice.

“I suggest,” Rung concluded, “that you need closure on your current predicament.”

“How do I get that Rung? It’s not like I can go back to Earth to beat the shit out of the dickheads that
put me here.”

Rung ignored the violent comment, filing it away for a later conversation. “Have you been to the
space pod that brought you here?”

“No.”

“Why not visit it and see how it makes you feel. From there you could yell at it, write a letter or make
a voice recording to sum up your feelings for further assessment, or come back here to talk about it. I
could even come with you, if you’d prefer.”

While you didn’t think shouting at a machine would do you any good, you longed to get out of
Rung’s office, having talked enough for the time being. “Sure, why not. I guess I can do that.”

“Very good. Would you like company?”

You hopped off the desk, “No thanks. I think I’d like some alone time now.”

“As you wish, though please remember that my door is always open to you, should you need me
outside of office hours.”

Following Rung’s advice, you let yourself into the hangar bay to examine the NASA space pod
which had brought you to the Lost Light. Under Perceptor’s hand, it looked a lot different than it
used to, now a fully functional ship for you to one day learn to fly. The idea of going into space was
daunting and looking at the small ship now, you held only contempt for it. It had been designed with
the sole purpose of your demise and you glared at it for the trap it was.

“I hate you,” You spat, lowly. “It’s because of you that I-”

The lab door whooshed open, silencing you from your would-be rant. You hid behind the pod on
instinct, not wanting to be caught talking to an inanimate object. Surprisingly, it wasn’t a
Cybertronian in the room with you, but Jake. He slunk towards your ship, not seeing you behind it,
then opened the newly fitted door and climbed in. You would have got out from your hiding place
had Jake not begun speaking to someone on his communicator.

“Yeah, yeah, settle down, I got what I came for, and I’ve even found a way out of this shit-hole.”
There was silence as he listened, then he cackled smugly. “You really think you’re in control here?
Sure, I came here on your orders, but I think you need to re-evaluate here. I give you the USB and
you give me what? 1500 shanix? That’s peanuts and I don’t work for peanuts. No, this is going to
the highest bidder… Oh really? I don’t think you’ll make that much of an enemy to me but thanks for
Your heart pounded as Jake ended the call; you had no idea what was going on, but you were sure that you’d soon find out. There were a few beeps and clicks from the pod as Jake used its stronger communication systems to set up a group call. You risked a peek over to see plenty of anonymous callers coming in, then Jake started talking again.

“Hello everyone and welcome to another Bounty Hunter Bid. As you can see,” He held up the USB to the screen where there were a few impressed murmurs, “I’ve been aboard the ship known as the Lost Light undercover and I now have a database of every freakish Cybertronian aboard. That’s right folks, over six hundred Cybertronians for you to hunt and kill at your leisure. This little stick also has a tracking device for each individual Cybertronian should they leave the ship at any point. So, whether you want revenge, the thrill of the kill, or just to wipe out non-organic scum, now’s your chance. Let’s say we start the bidding at 25,000 shanix, any takers?”

“25,000? You ask too much,” a deep voice retorted angrily.

“Do I?” Jake sneered coldly in a voice that barely seemed human. “Did I forget to mention that the one and only Megatron himself is on this database?”

“Megatron?!” A pitchy voice squawked. “I’LL PAY 50,000.”

Several other voices chimed in, each bidding a higher amount than the last. You covered your mouth to keep quiet as the nightmare went on. Why didn’t you have your damned communicator on you? All because you’d had enough of people asking you about Jake, the very man you needed to stop right now.

You couldn’t be sure how long you stayed there, debating what you needed to do, but the auction soon came to an end, the winning bidder a large caterpillar-like creature with several heads protruding from his long body.

“That concludes the latest Bounty Hunter Bid. The winning bid at 785,000 shanix” Jake said triumphantly, cutting the other viewers off so he was only speaking with the victor. “How would you like this sent sir? Through an encoded message perhaps?”

“No,” One head chimed. “You will deliver it in person, which is how you shall also be paid,” Another head concluded stuffily.

“Half now or no deal, then we’ll talk meeting arrangements.”

“Very well,” there was a lull in the conversation as the money was sent. “We will meet on Chevas Disberg, when can you be there?”

“From my current position, two days. I’ll set off immediately.”

The caterpillar creature signed off, leaving Jake to input the coordinates into the pod’s navigation system. You took a deep breath, unsure of what exactly you could do to stop him from taking off.

Without thinking, you stepped from behind your hiding place, voice wavering, “You’re not going anywhere.”

“Wha-” Jake chuckled upon seeing you. “Really? You? God, that’s rich. I put in all the effort to work the security cameras, and someone still manages to catch me, then of all people, it’s you.”

“Give me that database. Now.”
“So cute,” Jake hopped down from the pod, sticking the USB in his back pocket and standing face to face with you. “But you’re in no position to threaten me.”

“I beat you before and I can do it again.”

Jake shook his head in disbelief, “Seriously? You think you won that little fight on your own. Please, I let you win that.”

“What? No, I-”

“You what? You defended yourself from the big bad man? No. You want to know what really happened?” He didn’t wait for an answer. “I just wanted to hurt your feelings enough so you’d avoid me, which was working fine until now; I never expected anything from a frigid bitch like you.”

“I- I-”

“You’ve been played toots. Now, run along before you really get hurt.”

“I’ve already sounded the alarm, you won’t escape.”

“Puh-lease. If you had, I’d already be behind bars right now. I don’t have time for this little girl, now run along before I change my mind.”

Jake turned back to the ship. His complete dismissal of you served only to infuriate you further and before you’d even weighed up your options, you found yourself charging at him screaming. Jake flipped you onto the floor, evidently trained in combat. His hands wrapped around your neck.

“That was really stupid,” he spat as you struggled beneath him.

You tried to remember anything that would help, but it was becoming increasingly difficult as your body wheezed for much-needed oxygen. In a desperate reach, you managed to grab Jake’s ear, pulling it hard and making him roar in a mix of fury and pain as he lost his balance over you. Scrambling up, you found it hard to stay balanced as you lunged at him again. Jake easily dodged but that didn’t matter, you’d managed to reach the chain that the USB was on, yanking it out of his pocket. Jake’s face contorted in fury when he realised what you’d done, but you didn’t give him time to yell whatever profanity was about to come from his lips. Instead, you ran, straight out of the hanger and into the corridor.

In your panicked state, you couldn’t remember the layout of the ship, but surely that wouldn’t matter on a ship of six hundred Cybertronians, so long as you ran into one. Yet, even as you thought that, there wasn’t a bot in sight. On and on you sped, uncomfortably aware of how close the much fitter and faster Jake was; the only thing keeping him at bay was your unpredictable twists and turns, until finally you reached a dead-end, the only thing ahead of you an airlock which you didn’t have the access code to.

“I’ll admit, the ear thing surprised me; not bad for an amateur.” Jake said coolly, not even the slightest bit out of breath, unlike you.

“Back off Jake,” You croaked.

“Y’know, I didn’t want to kill you, but you’ve went and got in my way now; oh well, it’s all in collateral. Just tell me this, why go through all the trouble to defend them? They’re not even organic.”

You stared him down, scared but defiant, “They’re my friends.”
“Wow, you truly are pathetic.”

He moved a step forward, but you held out your hands frantically, “WAIT!”

He paused, amused by your actions, “Something else?”

“Yes… Don’t I get to say my last words?”

“Ah, ever dramatic. Sure, why not.”

“Do you like cats?”

“Do I… What?”

Before Jake could contemplate the meaning behind your words, Ravage pounced, landing on him, metallic claws poised at his neck. Annoyed at being disturbed from his stasis nap in the ship’s vents, Ravage had come to see the commotion, only to find the two humans sparring; usually he wouldn’t care for such matters, but things being as they were, he knew Megatron and the other bots on the ship were fond of you for some reason.

“Thanks Ravage,” You murmured, stumbling slowly over to him as the adrenalin left your body.

Ravage growled lowly, “Whatever. Do you want me to kill it?”

You glared darkly at Jake who was already deathly quiet because of the claws scraping his neck; could you really be accountable for someone’s life? “Best not,” You said quietly. “Wait here and I’ll get Ultra Magnus; he’ll know what to do.”

“Do not make me wait long human.”

You risked a quick scratch at Ravage’s ears, making his tail lash back and forth impatiently, “I’ll be right back; hold him until then.”

Ravage hissed but complied all the same; he was curious to see exactly what this other human had done to warrant such a chase, it was bound to be entertaining, after all.
The Old and the New

Chapter Notes

Based on a lot of head-canons from tumblr users rocksinmuffin and straightouttacybertron so extra special thanks to them for that. This one also has an OC by endangeredmind who asked very nicely, but that’s the last time I’ll do anything like that, because it was extra work on my behalf.

I’d also really like to thank everyone for their supportive messages, the house is finally done and pictures are up on my tumblr, for those of you who were interested in seeing it. Y’all were super awesome and I send virtual hugs by the truck-load.

Swerve returned from the hab-suite door, having just apologised to yet another mech who came to pass their condolences to you about Jake; much like the others, the mech brought a small gift, some music from Earth that he’d heard you liked. Swerve put the offering to the side with the other mounting gifts, knowing you wouldn’t care to take it anyway. It seemed to Swerve that something in you had changed of late, like your trust had been broken once too many times; he remembered that same feeling from long ago, when the war first begun and mechs were learning the true nature of those thought to be their brethren. He approached you cautiously where you sat, legs dangling off the desk as you read a message left by Ultra Magnus on your datapad.

“So…” Swerve began nervously, “How’re we feeling today? You look better. Not that you ever looked bad, I mean, the bruises are fading, and you can barely even see them now.” That was a lie, but Swerve was willing to say anything that would make you feel better. As it happened, he was sure that the taunting bruises on your neck had grown darker, creating a ghostly re-telling of the scene that had played out. He wanted those bruises to disappear there and then, not just because he hated the reminder that nobody had been there to help on the day of your attack, but also because they were the reason you wouldn’t go out. Any mech who saw them would brandish you as the hero who saved the lives of many a Cybertronian, but all you saw was a mark of betrayal by the only other human you’d seen since leaving Earth; those bruises were a reminder that you’d lost your faith in humanity, a metaphorical collar to which Jake held the leash.

You didn’t reply, your eyes simply scanned over the datapad with stern concentration.

“Right, yep. Silence is golden or, so they say,” Swerve babbled. “Then again, I never much cared for that saying. I always thought silence was over-rated, but you know me. Besides, what kind of bartender would I be if I wasn’t there to dole out the ol’ gossip, Y’know? I mean, what if it was like on CSI and there was a bartender who didn’t have all the answers the detectives need? There’d be no show right, so I really like to chit-chat, but I’m sure you know that by now, being my roomy and all… You know what other saying I like-”

“Swerve,” You looked up at him, the sudden vulnerability in your eyes silencing him more than your voice. “I’ve been called to attend Jake’s trial as a witness.”

Swerve didn’t know what to say, though his speech circuits were fighting against his processor, dying to say anything and everything that would fill the deafening silence around him. He struggled against natural instinct, finding the best words to fit the situation instead of his usual hurried banter, “I’ll be right there with you, if you want me.”
You smiled, it was your first one since locking yourself away and although it was small, Swerve’s spirit lifted upon seeing it; for once in his life, he’d said the right thing.

“Thanks, but I um- I need to know, are Cybertronian trials like human trials? What’s going to happen from here on in? I mean, Jake’s guilty, we all know it, so why don’t we just skip the trial and go straight to the sentence?”

“Because Ultra Magnus is an aft and everything is ‘rules, rules, rules’,” he did his best attempt at impersonating Ultra Magnus, bringing about your small smile once again.

“Okay… Should have seen that one coming.”

“What um, what are you going to say at the trial?”

You got up, pacing the table back and forth, “I don’t know, the truth I guess, but what if it’s not enough?”

“(Y/N), you said it yourself, everyone knows he’s guilty. This is just a formality. Primus knows, if Jake was a Cybertronian he’d already be off the ship, or worse.”

You nodded tiredly, rubbing your eyes between your thumb and forefingers, “Yeah.”

“When is the trial?”

“Tomorrow.”

“That soon huh?”

“Yeah.”

“You should probably get some sleep then, and no arguments, it’s late and I already know you haven’t slept properly since everything kicked off.”

You looked to the floor, daring not to argue because Swerve’s tone held an unusual sternness to it, somewhere between caring and concern. “Swerve,” You said meekly, never looking up, “Will you stay in tonight?”

“I won’t leave your side until you tell me too,” he answered solemnly.

“‘Kay… Swerve, can I, um- Can I sleep with you tonight, on the berth?”

Under any normal circumstance Swerve would have been flustered by the request, but upon hearing the frightened plea in your voice, he didn’t have the spark to turn you away, “Sure.”

“Thanks, you’re a great friend.”

Swerve nodded, his spark heavy at your wording. He slumped onto the berth, waiting for you to change and lay beside him. You moved your quilt and pillows along with you, throwing off your rocket-boots once you’d jumped the small height to the berth.

Initially you thought it would be uncomfortable to lay next to Swerve who laid on his back while you rested on your side, staring across the dark room, but much to your surprise, his living metal was warm and not as hard or sharp as regular metal, though certainly stronger. He kept his arms to his side, being careful not to move or jostle you, though it served to be a great discomfort to him.

When he was sure you were asleep, you shocked him again, speaking in a low, over-tired voice,
“I’m scared.”

He turned on his side, wrapping an arm gently around you and hugging you close to his chassis where he was sure you’d feel his quivering spark. “I know,” he murmured, "but that’s okay, because you’re allowed to be scared. Fear makes us brave.”

You hugged his arm tightly, “Thank you.”

Swerve felt your grateful tears drip on him. He kissed your head gently, knowing that you’d take it as a comforting gesture from a friend, rather than what it was, “Go to sleep, tomorrow, we’ll be brave together.”

You didn’t let go of his arm as you fell asleep, but Swerve didn’t mind. For the first time in a long time, he felt that he was right where he belonged; holding you.

You sat gravely in front of the attending court. It all felt like a play, some childish act at justice. Everyone knew Jake was guilty, all that was really left to do was decide the sentence and to be frank, you simply wanted to make him pay. But no, Ultra Magnus insisted on a proper trial, bringing forward each piece of evidence to be examined by a court of randomly selected Cybertronians, as if the bruises on your neck weren’t enough to convict Jake already.

Evidently, the attendees also had little patience for the charade, and every so often someone would be escorted out of the court for heckling or screaming abuse at Jake. Whirl had been the first to be escorted out for trying to take Jake’s head clean off with home-made shuriken; you almost wished he’d succeeded before being taken to the brig, it certainly would have made the trial more interesting.

In the meantime, you hated the sympathetic looks from the other Cybertronians, but at least you could focus on Swerve who was in the front row, giving you the occasional thumbs up in support. You’d be sure to thank him for that later because it was that kind action that kept you together, settling your nervous stomach and mild nausea for the rest of the trial.

Finally, the time for the sentence came, but Ultra Magnus hesitated, asking for everyone’s attention as he motioned to a large blank com-screen.

“Since Jake is of a human colony, it shall be them who decide his fate, we now turn to a Miss Lola from human star-ship colony 103-A, reporting on screen as Human Justice Secretary.”

The screen turned on and a woman sat, grinning as if the situation was no more than a game; somehow, despite her pale skin, curly black hair which was pinned up, and studded black dress, her expression reminded you of Rodimus.

She addressed the court cheerfully, her heavy British accent contrasting Jake’s American one greatly, making you wonder how many accents had survived the journey from Earth, “’Ello loves. ’Ow you doin’?”

Despite Lola’s bright demeanour, you didn’t trust her; perhaps it wasn’t fair, but if she was part of Jake’s colony, that made her your enemy. What if she’d been part of the plan against the Cybertronians? And if not her, someone else maybe. Sufficed to say, you didn’t like it.

“Well, if it isn’t her holy grace,” Jake, who’d been quiet up till then sneered from his transportable prison cell.

Lola’s eyes narrowed sharply, “Oy, shut it. You’ve caused enough trouble already Jakey-boy.”
Ultra Magnus, sensing an oncoming argument, spoke quickly, “Miss Lola, the court has come to find Jake guilty as charged. Since he has been tracked back to your colony, you shall oversee his punishment. Is this a fair solution?”

Lola smiled sweetly, “Aye loves, we’ll be there in about ten minutes to pick ’im up. He’s gonna spend a lifetime in manual labour by the time I’m done with ’im. That alright?”

You wanted to scream. If Jake had succeeded, he would have been responsible for the deaths of hundreds; a life of servitude seemed like a mere slap on the wrist in comparison. All the same however, you knew the political implications of further disagreements with other species; Megatron had explained it a while ago, which was presumably why he was staying away from the camera trained on the Cybertronians.

Ultra Magnus nodded in agreement, and Lola smiled, “And tell that human lass of yours that we’re sorry for the attack against ’er and you. It ain’t right what Jake done and I’d like a drink with ’er later if she’ll meet with me.”

You cringed in your seat, glad that you weren’t on camera. Clearly, Lola had been sent the evidence prior to the trial. Well, one thing was for sure, friend or not, you wouldn’t meet up with her. Right now, you didn’t want to see another human if it killed you.

Somewhere, among your hurt feelings, you stopped paying attention to the goings on around you. Time seemed to pass you by as you waited for the charade to end so you could go to your hab-suite for some much-needed alone time. Yet, as you attempted to leave the court-room, Cybertronians came from every direction clamouring your name, congratulating you, pulling you back and forth between them, and saying a million things that you couldn’t distinguish as they shouted over one-another.

Despite his small size, Swerve tried to push his way through to you, finally getting annoyed enough to transform and force his way through the crowd, running over a few pedes on the way. His driver’s side door opened to you, admitting you passage before he whizzed off, navigating the hallways expertly back to the hab-suite. You imagined this is what celebrities felt like when they were hounded by the paparazzi; it seemed whenever you watched the news on Earth, some actor or other was being bundled into the safety of a waiting vehicle.

“Thanks,” You stroked Swerve’s steering wheel tenderly, grateful for the rescue.

“No problem,” Swerve replied, somewhat giddily. “You feeling okay?”

“Thanks to you I am.”

“Then can I just say how awesome that rescue was? I mean, I ran over someone’s foot! Can you believe it?! Me! I bet if that was caught on camera it would look just like an action movie, probably James Bond or Batman. Yeah, rescuing someone from the clutches of death, I mean, it wasn’t death, but… Ah why not, it’s my fantasy. It was totally death.”

And so, you let Swerve babble on, occasionally adding to his story. Honestly, it felt liberating to laugh and joke with him again, much like when the two of you had first met; it was nice to break free of the sullen attitude that had overtaken you of late. While you were sure the bad times weren’t completely over and even though you weren’t completely satisfied with Jake’s sentence, he would soon be far away from the ship and you; things were looking up.

“Swerve,” You smiled as you got out from him, watching him transform back, and entering your shared room, side-by-side, “Thanks. I don’t think I could have done this without you… You’re my
rock.”

Swerve hugged you into his chassis, grinning sincerely, “(Y/N), I promise, I’ll always be here for you, one-thousand percent.”

“Always?”

He tilted your chin up, so you were staring into his warm blue optics, “Forever and ever.”

That night, while Swerve was tending the bar, you rested in bed, unable to sleep. Swerve’s promise repeated in your mind, ‘Forever and ever.’

As you thought about it, you realised that Swerve really had been there for you since you’d met him. For the first time, you were seeing him in an entirely new light. Before, he was your friend, a comedian, and a confidante. Now, he was still all those things, but also your protector. Yet, as the discovery was made, you couldn’t help but feel the stirrings of something deeper. You were actually finding Swerve… attractive.

Even as you lay in bed, you blushed, staring at his berth where the two of you had spent many nights watching films, telling stories, and joking around. You could practically see him there now, laying peacefully in recharge, during which he often moved around, never staying in the same position, unless you were there with him. You bit your lip, he was living metal, and you the complete opposite. The two of you were wholly incompatible, but you found that you wanted more from him all the same, especially in light of the ordeal with Jake.

You hugged your knees into your stomach, scrunching your eyes shut tightly as if it would banish the image from your mind’s eye as well. Swerve was a Cybertronian and you were a human; he could never feel anything romantic towards you, right?
An Error of Judgement

Your heart raced as you sat at the empty bar with Swerve. You’d tried everything to get him out of your system, but watching him joke and laugh, while you responded at appropriate intervals having no idea what he’d said, simply made it clearer that somehow, you’d grown feelings for him. He was beautiful, kind, caring, and funny to boot; you’d never be so lucky to find someone like him on Earth. Then again, that was the problem, you weren’t on Earth and he wasn’t human. After everything the two of you had been through together, it would be selfish to throw it all away for the tiniest chance that he might be interested in you, yet that’s what you were doing anyway; employing all your subtle hints to show him your interest.

You’d done everything, flirting with him the best you could via body language in the hopes that he’d notice and do something about it; even if he had to awkwardly mention that he wasn’t interested, you could live with that. Employing your next trick, you giggled girlishly at whatever he’d just said, leaning in so he could just slightly see your cleavage. Swerve excused himself to get some more cleaning rags before the bar opened, much to your disappointment.

Once in the safety of the supply closet, Swerve’s shaky legs gave way, leaving him on the floor, struggling against his aching spark. He’d thought he knew everything about human body language from movies, but he couldn’t understand what you were doing. Everything he knew suggested you were flirting, but that couldn’t be it; there’s no way you’d want a romantic relationship with any Cybertronian, least of all him. All the same, he couldn’t get the sight of your breasts peeking from your top off his mind; what would it be like to touch them just once? He’d never know.

He pressed a servo to his optics, ashamed that he still thought of you like this. He wanted to let you go, but every time he tried, he’d have days when he couldn’t resist pleasuring himself to delusional thoughts of the two of you together. His fantasies had long since gone from you being a hot alien babe, to you and him simply being together as a couple, hugging, and talking about everything dates talk about. Primus! He disgusted himself.

Quickly grabbing a pack of cloths from the nearest shelf to keep his cover, Swerve left the closet, wearing his best façade of happiness like the true pro he was; meanwhile, you moved to reveal just a little thigh, and inside Swerve was dying.

You flicked through your clothes in your walk-in wardrobe, searching for the perfect set of pyjamas that might catch Swerve’s eye at the movie night. He’d went ahead of you with the excuse that he was helping pick out the film; in reality, he simply had to get away from you because you were driving him crazy today, though he kept telling himself it was because he just needed to blow off some steam.

Finally, when time was growing short, you grabbed a pair of blue silk pyjamas consisting of a tank top and shorts. Ever since you’d got on the ship, you made a habit of running daily to stay in shape; maybe now that work would pay off, you thought as you admired your reflection, quickly applying some makeup and styling your hair before running to the rec-room.

When you arrived, all optics were on you. Nobody had expected you to be there so soon after Jake leaving the ship, especially not looking the way you did. Sure, you were in pyjamas as usual, but there was something different about you, like you were trying to impress someone, though most of the mechs put the makeup and new haircut on a display of recovery, especially since you still wore a light scarf to hide any bruising.
Eventually conversation resumed but Swerve continued to stare, his spark buzzing the entire time you made your way over to him. You’d never wore makeup before. How he wished it were for him, rather than the obvious cover up it had to be. He longed to touch the gentle application of lipstick, or run his servos through your hair, instead he tried to play it cool.

“Glad you could make it,” he beamed, “It’s horror movies tonight. How’d you feel about Scream? I’ve never seen it so I’m super excited, plus Drew Barrymore right, wait! DOES SHE DIE?! No, don’t tell me, I—“

You ignored the stab of pain to your chest; after all that extra effort, he hadn’t even noticed. Trying to impress a Cybertronian romantically, was evidentially impossible.

“Hey, where are you going?” Swerve asked as you wandered away from him.

“Oh, I was going to sit with Whirl tonight,” You answered nonchalantly.

“Oh… okay, yeah, sure, no problem.”

You knew that attempting to make Swerve jealous was as childish as you could get, but you were left with few options since he didn’t seem to get your other methods of seduction; it seemed that this was your last resort.

Whirl’s single optic tracked you as you climbed onto the large sofa next to him. He picked you up holding you in front of him to examine you closely; honestly, you were used to being picked up by him now, but he’d never put you under such scrutiny before.

“Damn, flesh-stick, if you wanted to bone you could’ve just said so,” Whirl said loudly before putting you down.

“Whirl,” You laughed. “C’mon, I’m not trying to-”

“Yeah, yeah, modesty, I get it. HEY, IF YOU’RE LISTENING, (Y/N) DOESN’T WANT TO FRAG, WINK, WINK.”

You covered your beet-red face with your hands, shrinking into your seat; perhaps Whirl hadn’t been the best choice after all. As the film played, your communicator kept buzzing with many texts from bots offering a ‘night of passion’ as they so called it. Sullenly, you switched it off as spike picks flooded your phone; evidently, Cybertronians weren’t too different from humans when they knew someone was out on the prowl. The more serious bots didn’t even take notice of Whirl’s earlier comment, putting it down to his usual rowdy behaviour, but every so often, Swerve would stare at you with the queerest of expressions; he hoped things would return to normal after a good night’s recharge.

As the film finished and everyone got ready to leave, Swerve waited for you at the door, ready to collapse into his berth and wait for you to fall asleep before he would undoubtedly pleasure himself. The two of you walked back in uncomfortable silence which Swerve felt he had to end, lest he explode, “That was something from Whirl, right?” He laughed awkwardly. “I mean… you don’t want to… y’know?”

“Oh God!” You blushed. “No, I don’t want to sleep with Whirl.”

“Good,” Swerve sighed in relief, then noticing your unusual gaze, he started rambling, “I mean it’s good you didn’t choose Whirl, he’s probably one of those weird guys with kinks or something, unless you like kinks, then I don’t know, you should go for it, but you really shouldn’t, that was bad advice and-”
“I need a drink.”

Thankful for the escape from his stammering, Swerve jumped on your suggestion, “Yes! You know, I have a drinking game we could play; do you know the Twilight films?”

“Who doesn’t? They were all anyone talked about for ages,” You scoffed.

“Good, then we drink any time anyone says ‘vampire’, whenever anyone sparkles, and whenever someone’s shirtless.”

“Expert mode, we also drink whenever there’s an emo song in the background.”

“Deal,” Swerve held out his servo for a fist bump which you gladly gave.

Once in the hab-suite, the two of you grabbed your drinks of choice, setting up the film for the game.

“How do we decide a winner?” You asked.

“Hmm, first one to pass out or give up.”

“Okay, and the prize?”

“Loser has to steal something from Megatron’s office as a trophy without him noticing straight after the movie.”

“You’re on,” You smirked, letting Swerve help you up to his berth where the two of you sat comfortably, watching the film.

Only half an hour in and the two of you were laughing uproariously as only drunks do; the challenge was too hard to beat and Swerve quickly turned the film off, too distracted with anything else to compete.

“I give,” he whispered loudly, almost tripping over on his way back to the berth.

You chuckled and tried to stand and claim yourself victor, quickly falling on top of him, resulting in a cheer from Swerve. You tried to push up off his chassis to no avail, then quickly gave up, resting on him instead. Swerve patted a comforting servo on your back, holding you close. You stared into his electric blue optics, stunned by how beautiful you found them now. Unable to stop yourself as you might have done if sober, you kissed his lips sloppily.

When you pulled away, Swerve looked upset, he held your shoulders, keeping you at bay. “W-why?” He asked.

“‘Cos I’ve wanted to for a while,” You answered breezily.

“Cos I’ve wanted to for a while,” You answered breezily.

Swerve’s servos shook as you kissed him again, though he never resisted. Instead, he found his hands wandering over your body, settling on your hips; every hasty touch felt like electricity to him and, overcharged as he was, he found that he had to feel every inch of you, though there was little time for it as you threw your clothes off.

His interface panel slid open of its own accord, revealing his stubby, pressurised spike. In your drunken state, you wasted no time, seating yourself on top of him, glad that he wasn’t too large for you to take. Swerve found that he couldn’t do much but sit back, moaning your name as he felt your wetness around him. Finally, he had the real deal and it was so much more than he’d ever fantasised. While he wanted to watch you bounce up and down on top of him, he couldn’t keep his optics
online as he came to a quick overload, soaking your insides and thighs with trans-fluid. Intoxicated
dizziness mixed with the sweet allure of sex and Swerve thought he’d never felt anything better in
that moment.

“Fuck!” You breathed, climaxing shortly after, toppling off him, where he hugged you into his
chassis.

“That-” Swerve panted. “That was incredible.”

“Wait till you see what I can do when ‘m sober,” You mumbled, drifting off to sleep in his arms.

Swerve joined you in recharge, comforted by your scent next to him.

The next cycle, Swerve sat frozen in fear, watching you sleep on the berth next to him. You were
naked, and that was undoubtedly trans-fluid that had dried between your thighs. What had he done?
You’d surely hate him now. It was his idea to play that infernal drinking game, it was his idea to
share the berth, and was it his idea to frag? He couldn’t remember, but you were bound to hate him
for taking advantage of you anyway.

He felt sick. There was no way of playing this coolly off, or pretending that it never happened, and
worst of all, he could hardly remember how it had happened. What if he’d hurt you? This was it, the
end of your friendship; he felt it in his spark.

Silently, Swerve slipped off the berth, sneaking out of the hab-suite. He had to fix this, before it
became a bigger problem than it already was, though honestly, what could be worse than the
catastrophe before him? Running as fast as he could, he aimed to go to Ultra Magnus’ office,
stopping in the hallway three times to purge his tank, though he could hardly think of the mess he’d
made when he had so much more on his processor.

Stumbling into the office with a crash, Swerve banged his fists on Ultra Magnus’ desk to get the
larger bot’s attention. Ultra Magnus was about to reprimand Swerve for the disruption, until he saw
the fear in his optics.

“Swerve, is there something you’d like to report? A Miscarriage of justice, maybe? Or would you
like me to contact med-bay, you look unwell and it is my top priority to isolate any -”

“I NEED A NEW ROOM,” Swerve cried out.

“Excuse me?”

“I can’t- I can’t live with (Y/N) anymore. Please,” He reached over to grab Ultra Magnus’ forearms,
“move me somewhere else, as far away from her as possible. I need to be moved, now!”
Questions and Answers

You groaned, mumbling incoherently to yourself and stretching on the cool metal of the berth. A light breeze ran over your naked body and you shuddered slightly, regretting the action soon-thereafter because of the dull ache between your legs. You struggled against tired eyelids that wanted to remain stubbornly closed, yet as you remembered the night before, you knew you had to wake up properly.

You smiled in your tired state, daring to speak, “Morning handsome.”

You reached out to touch Swerve, only opening your eyes when your hand found nothing but air. The room was empty, save for you and the evidence between your legs, reminding you that the night before hadn’t been a dream. “Lights on,” You commanded the dark room’s control panel, shying away from the brightness until your eyes adjusted.

You sat up, wrapping your arms around yourself and finding that you were cold all over, though not because of the temperature. You’d expected that Swerve would be with you, but evidently, he’d left you to go about his own devices, without so much as a note. You climbed off the berth, searching discarded clothes for your communicator in case he’d left you a message that way, disappointed when there was nothing from him.

“Oh well,” You consoled yourself. “Rodimus probably called him to order another party at the bar or something… He wouldn’t have just left for no reason, right?”

Dissatisfied with the silence, you decided to get showered and dressed, if only for something to do temporarily. You couldn’t help smiling in the shower, thinking of Swerve. You couldn’t wait to see him, and once you were ready, you set off towards the bar.

While walking, you twirled your communicator around in your hands, debating whether to call ahead or simply surprise him. You flicked your communicator open, regretting it when you found another fifty or so spike picks, thanks to Whirl… then again, if it wasn’t for Whirl, Swerve wouldn’t be your boyfriend now; you snickered at the thought, it seemed so foreign to call your best friend your boyfriend.

‘Sorry guys,’ You thought, deleting each individual image, ‘I’m taken.’

With that one delighted thought, you skipped on.

Swerve sat hunched in his new hab-suite, leaving it devoid of any personal touches; this was his punishment to bear, he would make it as painful for himself as possible. He’d already blocked you from his communicator, fearing whatever you would say to him. The he had proceeded to destroy the recharge slab and cabinet that came with every hab-suite. Now, he would have to sleep on the floor if he ever wanted to recharge, just as he felt he deserved. Under normal circumstances, he wouldn’t have thought himself to be so destructive, but these were no normal circumstances.

He wished he could get the sight of you naked and cold out of his processor, but it was yet another punishment for his selfish actions, for now he was convinced that he had been the instigator in such a horrendous act.

No doubt you were now crying in the arms of a bot like Rung or maybe Nautica; someone who wouldn’t take advantage of you like he so selfishly had. Swerve snarled at himself, the idea of you
sobbing apparently pushing him into another fit of rage. He got up, grabbing the warped metal of the berth and tearing it from its stand, leaving exposed wires limp against the bottom, and throwing it against the wall with a scream; if he was to live with the memory of being a monster, he decided he may as well act like one. You deserved a prince, not the beast; as such, Swerve was confident you’d never see him again.

You had long since passed disappointment through your journey of emotions. When you hadn’t been able to locate or contact Swerve, you had been furious, then he didn’t come back to the hab-suite that night, or the next, or the one after that; that’s when concern hit. Concern quickly became fear, and fear gave way to paranoia. You’ heard stories of the few Cybertronians who had died or disappeared before you’d came along, but it had never occurred to you to worry about Swerve in that respect.

On day four of waiting alone with only melancholy thoughts for company, when dread for Swerve filled every second that passed, you found that you had to do something, even if it was only to alert everyone else that he was missing. You glanced around the hab-suite, so full of Swerve’s life, yet devoid of any personality without him to show off his film collection or laugh at the multiple pictures of you and him that covered one wall; it would be enough to make you cry if you hadn’t already sobbed yourself dry.

You grabbed your hoverboard, gifted by Tailgate and ran out of the room. Jumping on the boar and piling on the speed you headed to the one place which would likely hold answers; the captains’ deck.

When you arrived, you slipped in unnoticed due to an argument between Rodimus and Tailgate. Megatron stood nearby with his head in his hands, evidently sick with whatever was going on. Ultra Magnus tapped away at his datapad, ignoring the argument altogether.

“We’ve been through this before Tailgate,” Rodimus groaned, “There can’t be a co-co-captain.”

“You say that now, but has it ever been tried?” Tailgate pointed out in his best attempt at persuasion.

“For the love of- That’s it! I’m calling Cyclonus.”

“Oh sure, blow the whistle on me. Is that what you’re going to do whenever anyone asks you a tough question? Not very good leadership if you ask me. Now, if I was a co-co-captain, we wouldn’t have this kind of problem.”

“Megatron, get Cyclonus. Now!”

Usually, you would have found such a spectacle amusing, but you had other things on your mind. Seeing as both Captains were busy, you approached Ultra Magnus solemnly, clearing your throat to announce your presence when you were close enough.

Ultra Magnus lowered his datapad, looking slightly uncomfortable upon seeing you, though hiding it behind a stern gaze. Hopefully, this would have nothing to do with the cryptic way Swerve was acting whenever you came to topic in the few times Ultra Magnus had attempted to get him to open-up.

“Miss (L/N), how can I be of service?”

“Magnus, I’m worried about Swerve,” You said urgently. “He hasn’t come home or been to the bar in four days. Nobody seems to know where he is- I don’t know how it works here, but I’m here to file a missing person’s report or-”

“I beg your pardon!” Ultra Magnus spluttered. “I believed that Swerve would have told you…”
“Told me what?”

“That he has been moved into another hab-suite per request.”

“What?” You asked confusedly. “By who’s request?”

“His.”

You nodded bitterly as you tried to take in the new influx of information. What had happened was becoming glaringly obvious. What you thought had been a budding relationship had clearly been a cheap one-night stand. Not one to be used, you decided things weren’t over with Swerve until you had the chance to tear him apart verbally; had you been five feet taller and made of metal, you would have knocked his head off.

With all the composure you could muster, you made one last request of Ultra Magnus, “Please can you tell me where Swerve is? I’d like to return his items.”

Thinking your intentions were as stated, Ultra Magnus nodded, “Very well, he is on deck 7A, room 24.”

“Thanks.” You spun on your heel, casually getting on your hoverboard and planning exactly what you would say to hurt Swerve half as much as he’d hurt you.

As you got closer to Swerve’s new hab-suite you wondered whether he had personally chosen the room or whether it had simply been assigned to him; either way, it was unlucky for Swerve since it was on the same floor as Brainstorm’s lab and Brainstorm had the most unfortunate habit of leaving random weapons out. That was where you had found a Cybertronian handgun that felt more like a large rifle in your small hands.

Honestly, stopping by Brainstorm’s lab had been an impulse, then before you knew it, you found yourself with a gun; its blueprints showed that Brainstorm had yet to add anything to it that would make it more than a pistol, so it wasn’t likely to do any unnecessary damage and that wasn’t your goal anyway. You weren’t planning on hurting Swerve, but simply scaring him a little.

You expected that when you reached Swerve’s room you would shout at the door, scream an angry speech, maybe say something cool or eloquent instead, then leave without looking back. You certainly had a lot to say, yet when you finally reached the looming door that was hiding Swerve, the words died in your mouth.

Slowly, you aimed your gun at the door, shakily lowering it again when a wave of heartache coursed through you, blurring your vision with unwanted tears. The gun hindered your movements as you tried to wipe your eyes, though you refused to let it go. You fell to your knees, frustrated with the way things were turning out. It wasn’t supposed to be like this. You were supposed to bust in powerfully and demand an explanation, not sit outside crying over someone who had used you in the worst way. ‘This is all his fault,’ You told yourself, trying to find your previous rage.

Although you were sure the gun was called for, you found that you didn’t have the heart to use it; all you wanted now were answers, not revenge.

“Swerve,” You called out, pleased with how steady your voice was. “Swerve, get out here.”

Inside the room Swerve was sprawled on the floor, having been there for hours. His offlined optics came back on with a start and he pushed himself up, leaning against the door to listen to what you would say next; he knew he should answer you, but he had no idea what he could say that would
make the situation less painful than it already was.

You gritted your teeth, anger rising at the lack of response. ‘He’s probably in there laughing right now.’ You blanched at the hideous thought. “SWERVE, I MEAN IT. COME OUT HERE THIS INSTANT.”

Swerve swallowed nauseously, scared by your rage. If you were angry, it meant that he had given you a reason to be.

“FOR FUCKS SAKE SWERVE. ARE YOU REALLY GOING TO DO THIS? YOU’RE A FUCKING COWARD. DO YOU KNOW THAT?”

Swerve offlined his optics again, letting your words beat against his audials. He knew you were right, he was a coward, there was no reason to argue it.

“SON OF A BITCH, GET OUT HERE!”

The doors of surrounding hab-suites opened, and a few bots stuck their heads out to see what was going on. You were losing control of the situation and you knew it. Any minute now and you’d burst out crying again, then it wouldn’t be long before everyone figured out what was going on.

“FINE…Fine… Whatever,” You brushed your hair back, losing steam as you wondered how to proceed. “Whatever man,” You murmured under your breath. Gripping the gun tighter you walked away, slowly forming a plan because you refused to leave without answers.

Once you were out of sight of the gathering crowd, you looked around the walls of the hallway until you found what you were looking for, an air vent, perfect for a covert journey into Swerve’s ‘fortress.’ You planted your feet sturdily on the floor, preparing yourself for the inevitable recoil, then pulled the pistol’s trigger, blasting a jagged hole through the metal grate of the vent. The pistol had clearly been designed for small, precise shots as opposed to the wide spread of something like a shotgun; as such, you had to shoot the grate several more times till the hole was big enough to fit through. Your impatience to finish your task got you in trouble when you tried to climb through the hole, only to be burned by the hot metal. You jerked back with a hiss, checking your arm and finding an angry red mark which would undoubtedly sting for a few days.

It took a little while for the heated metal to cool down, but the second it did, you were straight in the vents, making your way back around to Swerve’s hab-suite. Shimmying through the vents, you were surprised to cross paths with a Roomba, though on second thought you should have guessed that Ultra Magnus would have the compulsion to keep the entire ship remarkably clean, including the ventilation system.

When you reached Swerve’s room, you gasped at the mess inside. Whatever had happened to Swerve in the last few days was clearly a lot more complex than you had previously thought.

“What the hell happened here?” You said loudly, spotting Swerve crumpled against the door. His eyes lit up in shock at the sound of your voice nearby, “(Y/N)”

His head swivelled round dramatically as he searched for you apprehensively.

“Down here,” You directed him to your position at the bottom of the room. “You can’t avoid me now.”

“Primus! You were- You were supposed to leave,” He bit his knuckles.
Although you had much to ask, your previously planned conversation fell apart at the sight of him. Not only was the room a mess, he was too. His previously bright paint had been scraped off and there were rough dents on his helm and shoulders. “What on Earth have you done to yourself?” You breathed, gripping the slats of the vent to get a closer look.

Swerve’s optics avoided your gaze as he stared down at the floor. “What needed to be done,” He answered sombrely.

“You make it sound like a punishment or something…”

Swerve remained silent.

“Oh God… Tell me you didn’t- Swerve, why? You don’t deserve to-” You lost your train of thought in a moment of impatience, “Swerve, let me in. I’m not having a conversation through a grate and I left my gun out there; please let me in.”

He shook his head, “No… I might hurt you again.”

“What?” You frowned. “What the hell are you talking about? Swerve, I don’t understand. I thought we were-” A lump came to your throat as you struggled to find the right words. “I’m trying so hard to understand what happened Swerve, where it all went wrong, but I just don’t know… I mean, we… We had some good times, right?”

“(Y/N), please,” He whimpered, “just go.”

“And leave you like this? Not a chance in Hell. Now, help me understand… We had sex, it was my idea, then you- you left. Did I… Did I take advantage of you in some way, because if I did-”

“Wait,” Swerve held his head, struggling against memories repressed by too much high grade energon. “Wait, what? It was your- You mean you- You weren’t hurt?”

“Well, I mean, I burnt my arm just now but-”

“No, no I mean during the- When we- When we did ‘it’. You were okay, and it was your idea?” Swerve’s words rushed out in a blur, and you had to listen carefully to keep up with him. He shook his head again, “No, no way, you wouldn’t- couldn’t…”

“Couldn’t what?” You asked, confused.

“ Couldn’t like someone like me that way,” Swerve stammered exasperatedly.

“Well I do, okay!” You huffed, annoyed. “NOW GET ME OUT OF THIS FRIGGIN’ VENT SO WE CAN TALK PROPERLY.”

Swerve jumped up, tripping on his way over to you and tearing the grate away, letting you in to his wreck of a room. In the new light, you saw quite how serious his injuries were. “Swerve… what did you do to yourself?”

Swerve didn’t answer the question. To him it wasn’t important to mention that he’d thrown himself against the hab-suite’s walls on a nightly until he passed out from the pain each time. Instead, he spoke hastily, “What does this mean? For us I mean. Like are we dating? Did the relationship start while I was away? Is this our first fight? Do you hate me now? Frag, is our first fight also our break-up? Unless it doesn’t count as a break-up because we never dated. How many other bots know about this? Scrap, this will end any credibility that you-“
“QUIET!” You yelled, ending Swerve’s ramblings as quickly as they had begun. “Jeez… Give me a minute to speak.”

Swerve blushed, averting his gaze once more.

“Right, so I’m sure we need a long talk about whatever this is,” You gestured to the air between the two of you, then took a deep breath, preparing yourself to answer the multiple things Swerve had just asked, “If you want to date then yes, I’m happy to. I don’t technically know when it started but I’d say somewhere around sex. I’m not sure this is a fight, but if you don’t do everything I say in a minute it will be. We aren’t breaking up because I’m still not sure that whatever this is can be broken up. Nobody else knows about this, and we aren’t going to discuss this further until you’ve seen Ratchet because good God, I can’t stand seeing you like this.”

You took a moment to catch your breath, and Swerve stared at you, awed by everything you were to him. “Can I… Can I speak now?”

You nodded.

“I lo- I would love it if we could… If we could um- give this,” He mirrored your gesture, fanning the space between the two of you, “a shot.”

You smiled softly, “It’s all I want right now.”

Swerve’s battered face lit up in a toothy grin, “Really.”

“Yes, but not until you haul ass to Ratchet, now get up and go.” Swerve rushed to the door, stopping only when you called him back, “Hey. See you back at the hab-suite, roomie.”

“Yeah you will,” he replied giddily.
At Last

Swerve stood outside the hab-suite for a long time, mentally preparing himself to not only reunite with you, but also to move in with you once more, as a couple this time. He tried to force his pedes to move, but they remained stubbornly cemented to the floor.

He couldn’t help thinking about how the last few cycles felt like a hyper-realistic dream instead of reality. The two of you had spent a drunken night together, though Swerve regrettably couldn’t remember it. He’d run away from home, which sounded terribly juvenile when put like that. You’d come to his rescue, saving him from himself. It was only within the last hour that Swerve had gotten out of the med-bay, though he would rather forget that part, considering the telling off he’d got from Ratchet, and now, after what felt like an eternity of laborious repairs, Swerve was about to have all his dreams fulfilled; he would finally have a real relationship with you, in place of the one he’d built up in his imagination.

In all honesty, Swerve still couldn’t believe it and that was exactly the problem stopping him from opening the door, taking you in his arms, and never letting go. Although he would never be able to forget the words you said to him, those enchanting words ‘It’s all I want right now,’ it was still hard to believe you were referring to a relationship with him.

The problem was, it would have been all too easy for those ever sweet, yet terrifying words to have all been a lie to save his life. If that was the case, Swerve wouldn’t blame you, you were a good person, and what good person wouldn’t say exactly what someone suicidal needed to hear to save them from themselves? If the positions had been reversed, Swerve would have said exactly the same things to save a sorry aft like him.

He pressed a servo to the door, as if touching it would make going in any easier. For all he knew, Rung was in there, waiting to hold an intervention at your request and what would Swerve do then? Try and laugh it off probably, then he’d pretend everything was A-Okay, though he wouldn’t be able to be your roommate anymore, and life had already proven that he was clearly unstable without you. Primus, he dreaded the currently imaginary meeting with Rung, despite knowing you would never call for such a thing if you thought he was going to be alright.

Swerve tried once again to bring himself back into the present and enter the room, but as it turned out, his paranoid thoughts were not done with him. It wasn’t so much that he thought you couldn’t be with a mech, it was that he didn’t believe you could want him of all mechs. If anyone, you ought to be with someone cool like Blurr, or somebody respectable like Rung, or even somebody rich like Cyclonus; those were mechs who could offer you the galaxy. What did Swerve have to offer? A mediocre bar and a bit of Earth knowledge; scrap, he was a joke.

Shivering, Swerve opened his communicator, replaying a voice-mail that he’d got from you while in the med-bay.

‘Hey Swerve, how’re you doing? Ratchet told me that they’re going to be operating on you today and let me tell you… you better come home soon… I miss the best bot on the ship.’ You chuckled, and it sounded as though you were doing so to dispel your own concerns. If Swerve had to breathe, his breath would have caught in his throat right then, knowing that you were worried for him; it was more than he ever could have asked for. You sighed and Swerve could almost see your face, trying not to cry on his behalf, ‘Look, I mean it when I say come home safe and sound, I’ll be waiting for you.’

The message alluded to so much, yet it left much more unsaid. To anyone else, it would have been a
message of the purest love, but to Swerve it could have just been a worried friend. All the same, his spark pulsed rapidly whenever he heard you say that you were waiting for him. He’d replayed that message repeatedly while he was in med-bay; he could have recreated it perfectly from memory alone if he wasn’t so lucky to have it stored in his personal files.

He smiled bittersweetly, yes, whether as a friend or something more, you were waiting for him. Apprehensively, he opened the door, ready to discuss all the things the two of you had put on hold until this moment.

The second Swerve entered the room, coolant sprung to his optics and for once, he was speechless. A giant sparkling banner hung up with the traditional ‘Welcome Home’ painted on it, surrounded by hearts and stars. As if the banner wasn’t enough, you were asleep on his berth in your day clothes, hugging to a photograph of him and you together as if your life depended on it. It was clear that you’d waited up as long as you could before exhaustion took over. Swerve examined you with devoted optics, crying with happiness as he noticed that you were covered in more glitter than the banner was. Between the banner, you on his berth and the photo in your arms, Swerve knew everything was real, he loved you, and you were at least willing to give a relationship a chance with him; it was an opportunity he would not waste, he would cherish you every click of every cycle.

He took a picture of you, storing it in his memory files before thinking about what he should do next. Part of him wanted to wake you up, but the other part wanted this moment to last forever. Carefully, Swerve held his servo over your shoulder, preparing to rouse you gently awake. He hesitated, spotting an angry red burn mark on your arm. He bit his lip, guilt worming its way into his spark, unwelcomed but unavoidable. He’d seen that injury when you came to him, you’d burnt your arm when climbing through the vents to get to him; it was his fault that you’d been hurt both physically and emotionally. Swerve pulled his servo away from you, the burn serving as a tiny reminder of what would happen when you eventually did wake up. Sure, you would initially be happy to see him, but then the hard-hitting questions would come, and Swerve wasn’t prepared to answer them.

He desperately wanted to talk to you, but he knew you wouldn’t share his view that he’d spent enough time wallowing in sadness and that it was time to be happy; you deserved answers to the questions you were bound to have, but Swerve hoped to avoid them, at least for a little while. Gently, he brushed a finger against your hair, remembering the first time you’d allowed him to do so; it all felt so long ago now. You stirred slightly at the touch, mumbling in your sleep before rolling over with a yawn and settling back into your dreams.

Thinking of all the things he wanted to have with you Swerve had a wonderful idea, one that he wished to share with nobody else but you. Making as little noise as he could, he grabbed your datapad, leaving a short message on it and placing it beside you. Barely resisting the urge to kiss your forehead, Swerve left, looking forward to the moment you would wake up and go to him.

With a yawn and a stretch, you woke up, somewhat achy from the hard berth beneath you. You hadn’t meant to sleep there, you had just been waiting for Swerve to come from whatever nerve-wracking operation Ratchet had him in and you’d felt so close to him being where he recharged, then you must have fallen asleep because you didn’t remember anything else after that.

It was only when you stood up for one final stretch that you noticed the Datapad beside you. You knew you hadn’t left it there the night before so decided to take a look at it, your heart fluttering when you saw a message from Swerve.

(Y/N), I didn’t want to wake you. Please, come to me at the bar.

Yours always, Swerve.
You were simultaneously ecstatic that Swerve was recovered from his injuries, exasperated that he’d chose to go straight to the bar, curious at what he was planning, and anxious about whether he was faring well mentally; it was a difficult amount of emotions to keep up with. Deciding not to waste any more time than you had to, you hopped over to your wardrobe and grabbed the first items of clothing at hand, a plain green shirt with a lemon on it and some jeans. You grabbed your hoverboard and sped hastily to Swerve’s.

Upon reaching the bar, you were glad to find it still wasn’t open to the crew. Maybe Cybertronian recovery wasn’t the same as human recovery, but you still hoped Swerve would take things easy for a while; it also meant you would be able to talk to him one on one without any unpleasant interruptions.

At the sound of the door opening, Swerve looked up from the table he’d been cleaning during his wait for you. Although you weren’t wearing anything particularly fancy, he couldn’t take his optics off you, finding you even more bedazzling than he usually did. A goofy grin spread across his face. He was about to approach you, but you beat him to it, running straight at him as fast as you could and jumping into his arms, hugging him as tightly as possible, only able to reach halfway around his body with your small arms.

“H-hey there,” Swerve stammered, caught off guard by the warm welcome. “I wasn’t gone that long, was I?”

“Oh God,” You cried bittersweet tears. “I know Ratchet said you’d be okay, but I was so worried and then it took forever, and I didn’t get a call or anything and I couldn’t call him because what if he was still fixing you and-”

“Hey, hey,” Swerve patted your back, leaking coolant once again at your unexpected reaction. “Don’t you go crying over me, ’cos now we’re both at it-”

You burbled an ungraceful laugh, burying you head in his chassis and mumbling, “Sorry, I don’t mean to be a mess right now. I just- I missed you.”

“I missed you too,” Swerve croaked, resting his head in your hair and delighting in the touch and scent until you finally pulled away, wiping your eyes with the palms of your hands.

“Then you come back, and I cry like a baby,” You laughed, stepping away and trying to clear your mind and remember all the things you wanted to talk about. “Hey… I um- We have some pretty important things to discuss. Should we sit down or- I don’t- I don’t know where to start but- um Gosh I wish I’d prepared myself for this- Uh do you-”

Swerve pressed a digit to your lips, “Shh, not now.” He pulled away anxiously, awaiting your reaction.

“What? Swerve, sweetie, we have to talk about this. You could have died-”

“I know! I do and I promise, we will talk about it, it’s just- Primus- Is it alright if we have just one night to ourselves? Please… I think after everything, we at least deserve one good night together, right?”

In your heart you felt that you shouldn’t avoid such a heavy topic, one that had endangered Swerve’s very life, but the way his optics bored into you tugged at your confused emotions. You sighed, “You better keep your word, Swerve, I mean it!”
Swerve nodded somewhat giddily, glad that you were about to go along with his idea, however unwitting you were to it. “I will, you have my word as a bartender.”

You couldn’t help the small smile that formed to see Swerve so lively again, though you promised to never forget just how good he could be at hiding his emotions. “Alright then, so… I can see you’ve got something planned, what is it?”

“Well, if you’ll come with me my lady, I have the best seats in the house booked,” He offered his servo which you took gladly, and Swerve couldn’t help wondering if this was how Chromedome felt when he held Rewind’s servo because of the height difference.

“Why thank you kind sir, though I must wonder how you managed to get us booked into the best bar this side of the galaxy.”

Swerve winked, glad you were joining in his game, “Well, it’s a little-known fact that I know the owner.”

“You don’t say.”

“Oh yeah, me and him go way back, we were sparklings together.”

“Well, that explains how you managed to book the entire place.”

An uncontrolled high-pitched laugh escaped Swerve as he escorted you to the booth in the back. It had been decorated with a string of fairy-lights and roughly folded metal flowers which had been hastily painted presumably while you were sleeping. There was also a faint earthy aroma coming from a wet pot of mud under the table, which you knew Swerve had put there to remind you of home. Overall, it didn’t look like the most romantic setting in the world since Swerve was no great craftsman like Ten, but the effort he’d put into everything threatened to make you cry again.

Fortunately, you managed a grateful smile that lit up your entire face, “It really is the most beautiful place this side of the galaxy.”

Even though you were perfectly capable of climbing onto the chair yourself, Swerve played the roll of the perfect gentleman, saving you the effort by lifting you onto it before seating himself. From under the table, he pulled a large platter, lifting it to reveal what you could only assume was his first attempt at food. Despite the questionable items before you, you didn’t want to insult Swerve’s hard work so when he offered you a plate, you took it.

“Ah, so your super-secret plan was-”

“A dinner date!” Swerve beamed, though a shadow quickly contorted his face into a fearful mask, “That is if you were still up for trying this that is. I mean, I probably should have asked first and stuff. Primus! Are you here because you feel pressured? I mean, if you are then don’t worry about me, I’m a grown bot, I don’t mind if-“

“Hey,” You reached over the table, grabbing his hand with both of yours, “I’m glad to be here; it’s just you and me tonight Swerve.”

He swallowed, feeling both nervous and excited now that you’d confirmed it was a date. ‘Don’t screw this up, for once in your life, do not screw this up,’ He reminded himself, and yet, despite your comforting tone, something was still bothering him.

You couldn’t help but be thankful for whatever Swerve was going through in his processor because it meant you didn’t have to eat the lumpy, charred food in front of you that seemed to be bubbling, at
least not for now. “What?” you asked. “What’s wrong?”

“It’s just…” Swerve pulled his servo from yours, holding it to his helm where it wavered slightly, “We’re up here.” He moved it to his chassis, “Like we should be down here, but we’ve gone past that,” he raised his servo back up to his helm, “But we’re here already.”

“Um, Swerve… what do you mean?”

“I mean-” Swerve blushed and rushed his sentence out in a hurried mumble, “We already did it.”

“I’m sorry, what was that?”

“We already did it.”

“Um, I didn’t quite get that either.”

Swerve buried his face in his servos, “IT! We already did it! We interfaced and I can’t even remember doing it. Primus, I shouldn’t have said anything.”

He pressed his face against the table, ashamed he’d brought up such a delicate subject at all, and so tactlessly at that.

You said nothing and Swerve heard a small thud as you got off your chair. He resisted the urge to sob, knowing full well that he’d scared you off with his crude complaint. Of course you’d left, any sane person would have. He cursed himself; you hadn’t even been there a few clicks and now it was over. Then, much to his surprise, he felt you press against him, having just climbed up to his side of the booth. He didn’t know what to say, so he bit his tongue before he could say anything else stupid.

“You know… I get it. You’re a good guy Swerve and as far as I can tell, you have a lot of ideals about how relationships should work, and to be honest, you’re probably right. Most people would call it old fashioned, but I think it’s romantic. Um… Maybe, we could just forget that we um… did ‘it.’” You said, careful to use the same term as he did in case you embarrassed him further.

“Primus, why are you so damn perfect? I just said I can’t remember ‘it’ and you’re okay with that? Like what if I did something wrong and… Wait! Did I? Did I do something wrong or was it um… FRAG!” He lifted his helm up in shock, “First I ruin the date and then I make it worse by asking how I was? What kind of self-obsessed dumb-aft am I?”

You bit your lip, glad he was distracted because you didn’t really want to answer the question. What would you say anyway? ‘Yeah Swerve, don’t worry, both of us were too shit-faced to have any control so it was pretty short-lived, but it did scratch a well-developed itch. Next time if we’re not drunk, we’ll get it right.’

You didn’t know what to say to get things back on track and Swerve continued babbling about interfacing throwing in some self-depreciating comments that you longed to distract him from. Hastily, you did the first thing that came to mind, standing up on the chair and crushing your lips against his. Swerve’s body went limp momentarily, his processor stating numbly, ‘Oh, this is happening now.’

In all the time he’d known you, he’d planned a world ending kiss, under the view of the stars which would make the entire universe sing and dance, but as it turned out, you’d done it first and all to shut him up.

Finally, his mind came back to him, practically screaming, ‘KISS HER BACK IDIOT!’
He quickly wrapped his arms around you, resting one on the small of your back and the other on your waist. He felt dizzy at the taste of you so sweet and exotic, yet familiar, your lips like everything else about you were wonderfully soft.

It was over much too soon as you pulled away for breath. “Feeling better?” You asked with a playful smile.

Swerve giggled somewhat idiotically, nodding so fast you thought his head might come off.

“Good, because if you keep kissing like that, you have nothing to worry about.”

You kissed him again, daring to slip a little tongue in, and feeling warm and bubbly, delighting in the fact that kissing Swerve felt so wonderfully right, like he was what you’d been missing all your life.

Swerve rolled his tongue over yours giddily, trying to memorise every part of you. His processor no longer roared at him, instead he only had one relieved feeling as he leaned back into the booth, bringing you with him so you rested atop his chassis; that thought was, ‘At last.’

Rewind giggled to himself, going over the prank again in his processor. It was quite funny that Riptide of all mechs could have come up with such a great idea, and even better that it would be such an easy task for a TV expert like Rewind; all he had to do was change all the ship’s monitors to one of those hilariously bad Spanish Earth dramas, no big deal and there was only one place left to hit up.

Forgetting stealth for much preferred speed, Rewind laughed hysterically, the sound dying in his vocaliser upon running into Swerve’s where Swerve himself had you pressed against the bar as the two of you made out.

“(Y/N)!” Rewind screeched.

Swerve pulled away from you, and the two of you looked guiltily at the small bot in front of you.

“REWIND!” Swerve squawked, annoyed to have been disturbed in his sanctuary.

“Oh my God,” You breathed, embarrassed to have been caught at something that was supposed to be secret at least until things were under control.

“YOU,” Rewind pointed at you, “AND HIM,” he jabbed his finger at Swerve. “YOU’RE A THING! PRIMUS IT’S HAPPENING- IT’S HAPPENING!”

“REWIND,” You jumped from the bar, grabbing Rewind’s arms and shaking him, “Stop freaking out.”

“But you were doing stuff! You were doing stuff with Swerve! Swerve was doing stuff with you!”

“Yeah we were,” Swerve said somewhat dreamily.

“Not helping Swerve,” You reprimanded, though Swerve still looked a little smug about the revelation.

You pinched the bridge of your nose, turning your attention back to Rewind, “Look, you can’t tell anyone about this Rewind! Me and Swerve, we’re uh- we’re trying to keep things under wraps, y’know? Until we figure things out a bit more. Promise me you’ll keep this secret, ‘kay?”

“Uhhhh,” Rewind shuffled from your grip nervously, “I um- I can’t.”

“‘Cos well uh- It’s kind of funny actually-”

“What is? What’s funny Rewind?”

“Well I um- It was Riptide’s idea and uh- I was in here to do a prank and um-”

“SPIT IT OUT, REWIND!”

“I WAS LIVE-STREAMING THE ENTIRE THING, I’M SORRY,” He covered his face-plate, ashamed.

You took a deep-breath, afraid of what Rewind was saying, “Rewind… Sweetie… Who um- Who’s seen this?”

“Uh well, pretty much everyone at “Visage’s” right now… Do you um… Do you want to say hi? We’re still live.”

“OH MY GOD, GET OUT, NOW!”

Rewind didn’t have to be told twice, he ran faster than he knew he could, fearing your wrath despite the fact you were only human.

You glanced at Swerve, sighing exasperatedly, “Look, I get it, you’ve always wanted to be on TV, but do you have to look so damn proud of yourself.”

Swerve tried to look a little remorseful at his actions but found it impossible. “Hey, you’d be proud too if you pulled a total babe, now come on, let’s get back to the hab-suite before things get crazy.”

“Too late for that,” You mumbled, waiting for Swerve to transform, then climbing in and letting him drive you to your room.
A/N – There is a sex scene in this one so if you wanna skip it, it starts at the line, “Where were his fantasies of being the debonair hero who would romance you without fault?” and ends at “It had been hours and the two of you still hadn’t moved from the floor” so just control + F the last line and it’ll be over.

Your communicator flashed with another message, undoubtedly more demands or questions from the other bots on the ship, prying into your relationship with Swerve. Ever since Rewind had caught you and Swerve making out, the messages hadn’t stopped. Some were from concerned friends, checking on your mental state, others congratulated you and Swerve for making it as a couple, and a few were down-right inappropriate, often suggesting you let Rewind film the two of you doing more than just kissing; well, at least the other bots had finally stopped knocking on the hab-suite door, demanding that the two of you come out to explain everything.

“Noooooo,” You groaned at your communicator. “When will they stop messaging? It’s been three days, they have to stop talking about us eventually, right?”

Swerve scoffed cheerily, still on cloud nine that the two of you were officially a couple. “Yeah, if some bigger news comes along. If it was me and I found out you were dating a Cybertronian, you know I wouldn’t shut up about it.”

You glanced up from your communicator sympathetically, “Swerve, sweetheart, you haven’t shut up about it. I’m pretty sure you’ve asked me more questions in the past hour than I’ve got on my communicator in the last three days.”

“Hey, there’s a lot to ask about a new relationship.”

“You asked me what my favourite soap is.”

“I want to know everything about you. Wait,” Swerve frowned uncomfortably, “that sounded creepy and stalkerish like I want to wear your skin or something, which I don’t, because that would be weird and how would I even manage to because-”

“Ohay, I love it when you ramble, but I don’t think now is the time.”

Swerve chuckled sheepishly, “Yeah well… Uh, who’s it from?” He pointed to your communicator.

“Take a wild guess,” You said exasperatedly.

“Not Ultra Magnus again?”

“Yep. It is yet another amendment to the long book of rules he’s written on inter-species relationships.” You read part of the ninety-eight-page document silently. “Oh well, this just puts a damper on things doesn’t it,” You said sarcastically. “Well Swerve, I think you’ll be as disappointed as me when you find out we aren’t allowed to ‘canoodle’ in public. He even defines what constitutes canoodling.”
Swerve laughed light-heartedly. “Hey, you think you can complain? At least your communicator isn’t built into your head. I got so many calls from Rodimus, I had to shut it off.”

You got up pacing like an animal in a cage, “Ugh, when can we go outside Swerve? I want to go out without being mobbed, I want to see people without anyone asking about our love-lives, I want to go out on dates, I want life to go back to normal, I want-”

Swerve stopped you, holding you by the waist, secretly admiring that he could now. “Hey, I know it’s weird right now, but things will go back to normal eventually.”

You chewed the inside of your cheek, thinking of something that you’d repeatedly put off asking Swerve. He stroked your cheek tenderly, “What’s wrong?”

“We haven’t talked.”

“(Y/N), you said it yourself, we’ve done nothing but talk.”

“No… I mean we haven’t talked about you… About the way I found you.”

Swerve drew his servo back, glancing down to the floor, “(Y/N)…”

You grabbed his servo, drawing it back to you, “I know it’s a tough topic, but we have to talk about it.”

“Yeah… I guess you’re right, I mean, when you start seeing rabbits in top hats and imagining you have the best girlfriend in the universe, I think you have to have to have a nut-case talk.”

You nodded slowly, leaving him to laugh awkwardly at his own joke, prepared for his humorous cover-ups. You’d fallen into that trap far too many times and you weren’t prepared to let Swerve drown in his emotions whilst he pretended to laugh it off.

“Swerve, I need you to talk to me. Please, I get that it’s easier to joke about things when they’re hard, but I don’t want to lose you like that. When I found you-” You covered your mouth to hide your quivering lip, silently begging yourself not to cry.

Sudden guilt overwhelmed Swerve. How had he allowed himself to make you feel this way? You were already committing yourself to yourself to him, whether the relationship lasted or not and he couldn’t even be honest with himself, let alone you. Was it possible to change after millions of years pretending everything was okay, especially when it wasn’t? He had to wonder what would have happened if he died before you found him? How would that have affected you? Swerve’s spark filled with regret, shame, and contrarily love. You were only fresh in your relationship, but he longed to tell you he loved you, the only thing that had stopped him from doing so until now was the fear of scaring you away.

A wave of nausea washed over him as you continued your speech about his welfare. He was going to tell you he loved you, damn the consequences. He opened his mouth, willing the words to come out, hoping they would be eloquent or if not that, then at least reciprocated.

“I- You- **Be my Conjunx Endura!”**

You stared at him blankly, “Wait, what?”

Swerve froze up, cursing his idiocy. He wanted to tell you he loved you but instead he’d somehow proposed. He thanked Primus that you at least didn’t know what a Conjunx Endura was. If he was lucky, he could pass it off as some kind of Cybertronian term for therapy buddy.
You shook your head, blinking fast, “Um- I- Yes.”

Swerve mirrored your previously blank look, “Sorry what? I don’t think you know what I just-”

“I said yes Swerve. I’ll marry you.”

Swerve’s cooling fans blasted loudly, the weight of the situation hitting him. You understood what he said, and you’d said yes. “(Y/N), no.”

“No?” You frowned.

“Are you insane?! You can’t marry me. I didn’t even mean to ask. You’d be trapped with me and we both know I’m not good enough for you. What if you want to get divorced? That might be easy enough by human terms, but it is lengthy for Cybertronians. Oh, and if you think the crew are bothering us now, they’ll kidnap you for trying to marry me. We haven’t even dated properly. One date (Y/N)! One date! And we didn’t even get through that. The making out was great for me, but you can do better, and you shouldn’t waste your life on-”

You smiled tenderly, finding the only words that would possibly fix Swerve’s self-deprecating ways for the moment. “I love you.”

Swerve croaked, reached twice for the berth, failing both times, then he fainted, falling to the floor with a heavy thud.

Swerve opened his optics an inch, waiting for them to focus before opening them fully. He frowned, glancing downwards to find a blanket covering his chassis. Groaning, he searched for you, finding you just a short way away, sat on the floor, reading a book.

“Remember the last time you fainted?” You said, closing your book with a satisfying thump. “I asked Ratchet what to do in case that happened again. He told me if it wasn’t an emergency then I could just let you sleep it off.”

Swerve sat up slowly, letting the blanket slide off him as he cradled his aching head, “It’s funny, I had the weirdest dream.”

You glared at him, offended, “Hey, don’t pass this off as a fever dream. You proposed and I said yes.”

Swerve froze where he was, replaying the files from his memory bank before he’d fainted; his internal clock revealed that he’d been out cold for almost an hour. For once in his life, couldn’t he just be smooth? That was no way to propose, and he should know; after all, he’d spent more than enough time imagining a universe in which the two of you had been courting where he would pull out all the stops for the most beautiful proposal the galaxy had ever heard of. Angels would weep for the marvellous ways he’d planned that exact moment, yet he’d blurted it out at the drop of a hat and for some reason you said yes.

You softened up, smiling to show everything was okay, “I would love to marry you Swerve, whether tomorrow or in ninety years if you’d still have me, but I know you didn’t mean to ask and if I’m rushing you, or this is too scary, I get it… I just think we’ve wasted enough time, wishing to be together. If this is what you want, I’m all in. I love you.”

Once again, Swerve’s cooling fans whirled on and he was lost for words.

“Please don’t faint again, otherwise this could be an endless loop.”
Swerve reached out for you, “I- Nobody has ever made me feel the way you always manage to. How do you do that? How do you make me feel like I’m...”

You walked over to him, caressing his cheek gently, “Like you’re what?”

“Like I’m worth something.”

You drew him towards you in an almost hypnotic way, kissing him tenderly and resting a hand over his spark. Swerve felt like he was still dreaming. Sure, he’d kissed you before, but this felt different, like you were trying to convey your emotions through the sheer touch of your lips.

All too soon, you pulled away. “Nobody is worth more to me than you Swerve. If I had to live my life a thousand times over, I’d still choose to get stranded on this ship, because if I hadn’t, I wouldn’t have met you.”

You kissed him again, and Swerve found his hands acting of their own accord, pulling you onto his chassis as he felt the need to hold you close to him. He ran his fingers through your hair, taking a moment to gently push you away. “I’ve gotta do this right or it’ll just kill me,” he said, forgetting any previous nerves. “(F/N) (L/N), will you forever be my Conjux Endura and wife, for as long as we both shall live?”

“Hmm,” You pulled a face like you were thinking about it, “Well, since you’re asking, I guess I can do that.”

Swerve chuckled, “Even though I’m only a bartender?”

“I’ll become an alcoholic,” You sighed, nodding. “Still, I suppose it’s one way to cope.”

“And if I tell a bad joke every single day?”

“Only one? Swerve, for every bad joke you tell, I’ll tell two more.”

“And even if you have to live on a ship forever?”

“I’ll steal the ship and trust you to fly us somewhere beautiful.”

Swerve’s spark felt lighter than it ever had, lifting him far beyond the realms of cloud nine, “I think that’s a yes.”

“What can I say? I’m a sucker for a joke-loving, Minibot bartender with a visor.”

“Ahh, you must mean my identical twin, I’ll get him for you.”

You pressed yourself against Swerve’s chassis, “Nope, you’re not going anywhere.”

You peppered his face with kisses, all of which Swerve laughed off, his amusement dying when you moved slowly downwards, pressing your lips against his neck, his chest, and still further down.

“(Y/N),” he croaked.

You paused, “Do you want me to stop?” Swerve shook his head, and you smiled, staring lustfully at his Autobot insignia. “You know, I always thought this,” You traced your fingers delicately over the insignia, “was in a really unique place. It’s kinda hot.”

“(Y/N),” Swerve whimpered. “When you touch me there I-”
You kissed the badge on his interface panel, “Shh. I know.”

Swerve shook his head again. “Is this really happening? I think it is, it’s too real to not be, right? But on the off chance it isn’t and I’m in a coma or something, I don’t ever want to wake up. Is it a dream? You’d tell me right ‘cos I-”

You peeled your shirt off, removing the bra underneath with it. “You tell me, you think you could imagine this?”

“No!” Swerve blurted. “Boy, I tried but I could never get it right and- and Primus, why can’t I shut up when I want to? Like, my processor is telling me to shut the hell up right now but you’re so damn beautiful and wonderful and sexy and-”

“And I think we can find a few better uses for that silver tongue of yours,” You giggled, climbing on top of him, and pressing your lips to his, slipping your tongue in his mouth and becoming quickly addicted to the taste of him.

Swerve felt words forming on the tip of his tongue, despite having it restrained by your own. This was not a talking moment, yet he struggled against his mind and the million things it wanted to say. He could be quiet, right?

“I love you,” he gurgled against your mouth.

You pulled away from him, laughing uncontrollably, and falling off him. “Oh my God, you had to say it then?”

Swerve blushed embarrassedly, hating that he’d somehow killed the mood with his uncontrollable need to speak. “’s not funny,” He pouted, somehow making you laugh harder.

Where were his fantasies of being the debonair hero who would romance you without fault? He didn’t know, but in their place was an idiot who couldn’t keep his mouth shut. Summoning his inner Casanova, Swerve pulled you back to him, digging his fingers into the waistband of your pants. He hesitated momentarily, searching your now serious face for affirmation. Once he knew he had your permission, Swerve dragged your pants down to your ankles, laying you against the floor where he carefully parted your pussy lips, flicking his tongue hungrily in your folds.

You moaned, arching your back as he hit your clit, withdrawing occasionally, before flicking it again teasingly. “Where’d you get so good at that?” You breathed, causing Swerve to smile against you.

He pulled out momentarily, “Not telling.”

“Please, God, don’t stop.”

Feeling powerful, Swerve grabbed your thighs, pulling you toward him and fucking you with his tongue.

“Holy shit,” You bucked involuntarily, feeling the wetness of your own arousal escaping you.

“And to think,” Swerve stopped to speak again, “I thought your mouth tasted amazing. I guess that was just the appetizer.”

You stared into his optics, finding a tantalising new side to the bot you thought you knew so intimately. You were faced with the very image of confidence and though you had no idea where it was coming from; you hoped it wouldn’t go away soon.
You raised an eyebrow, finding that Swerve’s interface panel was open, and his valve was leaking his own arousal, a fully pressurised spike just above it.

“Glad I’m not the only one horny as fuck right now,” You purred, eyeing him hungrily.

Swerve trailed his hands over you affectionately, staring at you with all the love he had to give, “Are you sure this is okay?”

“I want you to spend all day between my legs,” You smiled devilishly.

Swerve almost forgot his suave persona at your answer. All too eagerly he entered you, groaning immediately at the sensation. “Frag- You feel so damn good.”

He rocked into you, going slow at first, ever careful to check that you were okay and gaining further confidence with each second he knew you were. “I never want to be with anybody else,” He panted, loving how soft you were compared to a Cybertronian.

“Think of the future later,” You moaned, “Fuck me now.”

Swerve didn’t need to be told twice as he held onto your hips, feeling his spike twitch inside you. He bit down on his lip hoping he wouldn’t overload too soon, yet somehow knowing he would. You breathed heavily, “God, fuck, ahhh~”

“(Y/N),” Swerve groaned embarrassedly, feeling how close he was to cumming.

“’s okay,” You tried to comfort him, but it was getting harder as your mind became hazy. “I want you to- to- Fuck! Just fill me up.”

Swerve wasn’t prepared for any kind of dirty talk, and he found that hearing it from you was one of his new favourite things. “Frag!” He panted, feeling your inner walls tighten around his spike.

You cried out, cumming around his spike and if Swerve had time to think, he would have been ecstatic that you’d cum before him. As it was however, he didn’t have time to do anything other than scream in elation as his own overload hit, a mass of transfluid filling you up and spilling down your thighs.

He pulled out of you, grabbing the blanket you’d laid on him earlier and bundling you in it so he could hold you close to him without you feeling cold. The action felt very domestic to him and he loved it dearly. Neither of you said a word, content to cling onto one-another, surrounded by the after-scent of sex and love.

It had been hours and the two of you still hadn’t moved from the floor, though your attitude had changed greatly from exhaustion to romantic excitement. Swerve ran his hands gently up and down your arms and you traced lazy patterns on his chassis with your thumb.

“What kind of wedding should we have?” You asked.

“Whatever kind you want,” Swerve answered dreamily.

“I think it should be a combination of whatever you do for an Endura ceremony and a wedding.”

“And I think we should invite the entire ship. I want the entire universe to know I scored an absolute ten.”

You giggled happily, “If that’s the way you feel, I’ll be the maid of honour when you and Ten get
married.”

Swerve hugged you tightly, “Shut up.”

“Hey, you could do worse than Ten, I’ll have you know.”

“Yeah, yeah. Really, who is gonna be your maid of honour?”

“Well typically it’s the best friend so how do you feel about doubling up?”

“Think I can pull off a dress?”

You kissed his chest, “Way better than I could; you certainly have the legs for it.”

“…Sparklings,” Swerve said hazily, as if he was looking far into the future. “Or babies. I want at least a hundred.”

“A hundred?”

“Yeah, then there’s a chance at least one might get into the family business. Statistically one’ll have to be a bartender.” Swerve paused, frowning, “That is, if you want kids I mean? I didn’t mean to push that on you. Frag- What was I thinking? I can’t be a creator and I didn’t even-”

“Two hundred,” You smiled. “Then one might take an interest in Earth Studies too.”

Swerve pressed his helm against your forehead, glad you were the perfect height for him to do so. “Are we crazy to be doing this?” He asked.

You nodded your head slowly, “You’ve always been crazy, but that’s a good thing. All the best people are mad.”

“(Y/N)?”

“Yeah?”

“We’re getting married.”
Rodimus pouted from his position on the balcony overlooking the entire crew. This was where he usually made announcements, but no, this time you had called for an announcement and Megatron had simply agreed to whatever it was you were about to say. If you only relayed what you were going to say then Rodimus would say it for you, but no, apparently you were going to take one of the best parts of his job away. You assured him it was only going to be this once but he highly doubted that, once you found out how great it was to say anything you wanted while everyone else was forced to listen.

You glanced over to Rodimus sympathetically as if reading his thoughts. He gave a sarcastic thumbs up, indicating you were to start, although he already knew what you were going to say with Swerve stood by your side. Everyone already knew you were dating, thanks to Rewind. This was clearly an announcement to say so officially, probably to save face after the week’s earlier embarrassment. It’s not like he couldn’t say that for you. On his spot. On his ship. As Captain. But it was fine, he wasn’t jealous or anything, so long as you would hurry it up already so he could get back to actually following his quest… as Captain.

While Rodimus heaved a dramatic sigh, which you ignored, you looked at Swerve, silently affirming that he was ready. Swerve grabbed your hand, giving a small squeeze to let you know he was as prepared as he could be, though he was secretly more frightened than he’d ever been in his entire life, including all the years he’d spent in the war; war was inevitably something all Cybertronians were used to, commitment and marriage were much scarier. In war, you could choose to rely only on yourself if it was so desired, in a marriage, you suddenly weren’t alone anymore and as such had so much more to lose.

“You sure you want me to do this?” You whispered to him as the crowd below started to get restless; it reminded you of your first day on the ship, when you had to be publicly announced for the crew to assimilate to you.

“They’ll take it from you better,” Swerve said supportively, but what he really meant was that he had to hear it from you, if only to further prove the wedding was still happening and he wasn’t forcing you into it somehow.

You took a deep breath, not needing to ask for the crew’s attention as all optics were trained on you; even those who couldn’t leave their posts were undoubtedly watching you over the vid-screens. “Hi,” You waved somewhat awkwardly. Rodimus rolled his optics and came over with a microphone, thinking about how he never needed one when it was him making the speeches.

“Hi,” You waved somewhat awkwardly. Rodimus rolled his optics and came over with a microphone, thinking about how he never needed one when it was him making the speeches. “Okay everyone, so it’s pretty obvious me and Swerve are dating but that’s not what I’m here to announce. Look, before I say what I’ve got to say, well… I’m-Uh, we’re not here to seek validation or for you to ask a bunch of questions or anything like that, it’s just, me and Swerve… Well, um, we’re getting married.”

You nodded in thanks, hefting the heavy microphone that was made for Cybertronian size and was almost the same length as your torso. “Okay everyone, so it’s pretty obvious me and Swerve are dating but that’s not what I’m here to announce. Look, before I say what I’ve got to say, well… I’m-Uh, we’re not here to seek validation or for you to ask a bunch of questions or anything like that, it’s just, me and Swerve… Well, um, we’re getting married.”

You bit your lip, waiting for an uproar or maybe some cheering or even a deafening silence. You got neither the reaction you expected nor wanted, as almost the entire crew burst into fits of laughter.

You looked to Swerve for support, but he simply shrugged his shoulders, unsurprised that the crew thought it was all some kind of epic joke. You glanced at Rodimus, who was also in hysterics.
Speaking into the microphone again, you said, “Hey, this uh, isn’t a joke, I’m serious, we really are getting married.”

Nobody heard you, but deep in the crowd, Rung, Chromedome, Rewind and Whirl were watching you very closely, knowing that you spoke the truth.

Whirl shook his head, deciding to take control of the situation once and for all. He blasted a loud shot into the ceiling from the one gun he’d managed to hide from Ultra Magnus and always carried around with him for such events that might be made more entertaining with bullets. The room fell silent as Whirl shouted, “THE NEXT PERSON TO LAUGH GETS VENTILATED. NOW, I DON’T KNOW WHAT (Y/N) SEES IN THAT IDIOT, FRAG, SHE’S PROBABLY JUST IN IT FOR THE FREE DRINKS BUT IT’S CLEAR THAT SHE’S NOT JOKING. YOU ALL SAW HOW SHE KISSED HIM ON THAT DAMN TAPE. SWERVE’S GOT GAME, I GUESS.”

You didn’t know what to say now that your entire speech had been derailed. You half expected things would get even crazier or that Ultra Magnus would interject, and it would turn into another debate about gun control. Instead, the entire room turned to you for confirmation and Ultra Magnus was too distracted to help as he cringed at the burn mark on the ceiling, clearly upset that his none of his Roomba armada would be able to reach the ceiling to clean it; besides that, he’d already lost far too many Roombas to the ‘secret’ fights the crew held.

“Yeah…” You said anxiously. “What Whirl said.”

Nobody said anything for a long time and finally Rodimus stepped forward, placing a comforting servo on your shoulder and smiling confidently. You thought he was the first to congratulate you in his own way, but little did you know, he was simply happy to be back in control with what he planned to do next.

“You heard the happy couple,” He beamed. “WE’VE GOT A WEDDING TO PLAN!”

Finally, there was a small cheer as everyone came to terms with what was happening. “Okay,” Rodimus said, “So I’m thinking we’ve got a lot to do and little time. Seven cycles sounds about right.”

You glanced at Swerve, seeing how everything was completely out of your hands; in seven days the two of you would be married. Everything in your life since joining the Lost Light had happened in whirlwind time, it should have been no surprise that your wedding would be no different.

“Allright,” Rodimus continued as he began pointing out people in the crowd, “Brainstorm and Perceptor, you two are on the (Y/N)’s bride outfit. Ultra Magnus, catering detail. Rewind, I want all kinds of documentation, I’m talking films, interviews with the bride and groom on their take on the love story, get everything you can. Blaster, you’re on music. Ten, Tailgate and Cyclonus, You three are on decorations.”

Cyclonus scowled, but before he could argue, Rodimus shouted his name, “HEY, DON’T LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT! YOU NEVER USE THAT SWORD FOR ANYTHING USEFUL ANYMORE ANYWAY… Primus, at least use it to cut up some origami or something. What does that leave… Mirage, you’re on bartending duty since Swerve can’t be and, let’s see, um…”

Swerve stepped forward to protest his distaste for Mirage, his chief contender, serving drinks at his wedding, but you held him back, “You really wanna serve drinks at your own wedding?”

Swerve sighed, and wrapped his arm around you, “I guess not, but the reception will be at my bar,
“Whatever you need to sleep at night, handsome,” You patted his chassis.

Rodimus practically glowed as he made his final announcement, “And last but certainly not least, only I can be the priest or whatever as the Captain of th-”

“CO-CAPTAIN,” A voice from the throng called.

Rodimus leaned over the railing, curling his fist angrily, “WHO SAID THAT?!”

Nobody answered, and Rodimus straightened up, pouting. “Fine, as Co-Captain I will officiate, Megatron can… I dunno, Megatron can be Swerve’s best man I guess.”

Megatron gritted his dentae and while he and Rodimus argued it out, Swerve looked at you pitifully, “Should I even try arguing this one?"

You gave his servo a squeeze, “Honestly, I don’t think you’d win.”

“Yeah. Me neither.”

The two of you held onto one another, the calm in the eye of the storm until Rodimus said, “Till all are one,” marking that the speech was over.

“Hey,” Swerve said, “You okay to be on your own for a while? I’ve got to sort something out… It’s a surprise.”

You smiled, “How intriguing. You think you can keep a secret?”

“Every once in a while,” Swerve chuckled.

“You know, it’s bad to keep secrets in a marriage, this could very well destroy us.”

“We’re not married yet.”

“Fine,” You said playfully, “Keep your secrets. It’s just as well, I’ve got to see Rung anyway.”

Swerve kissed your head lovingly and the two of you parted ways, each on your own little mission, preparing to begin a new adventure, together.

It was taking you much longer than usual to get to Rung’s because every time someone saw you, they stopped to congratulate you, and more than once, you found your path blocked by various wedding preparations. You even heard talk that some of the bots were struggling to rearrange Swerve’s; you hoped that wasn’t true because if it was, Swerve was going to have an aneurism.

Finally, your goal was in sight and you foolishly thought you were going to make it to Rung’s office until you were once again plucked out of the air by Whirl who threw you into a supply closet, locking the door behind himself.

You remembered the days you used to be afraid of such a situation, now they had become your normal. Although breathless by the impromptu kidnapping, you decided you still had to thank Whirl
for his earlier rescue in the speech, if it wasn’t for him, none of the ship’s hubbub would be happening right now.

“Whirl, I-”

Whirl waved his claw casually, “Yeah, yeah, can it fleschie, I got something important to say. ‘Kay, now I’m not saying that marrying Swerve is bad but I’ve gotta ask, you sure you don’t wanna switch to a real mech?” He pointed to himself. “I’m a real prize, y’know. Nobody can take me in a fight. Tell me, what’s better than that?”

You couldn’t help yourself as you doubled over laughing, holding onto his leg for support, “Whirl, what the hell man?”

“Don’t blow this off so easily, really think about it, this is a one-time offer, trading Swerve for me.”

You wiped your eyes with the back of your hand, still snickering. “I’m afraid I’ll have to pass, but hey, if you would do me a favour and be my mech of honour, that’d be great.”

Whirl had seen enough of the films in Swerve’s bar to know what you were asking. He rolled his optic sarcastically, “You have no idea of what we could’ve had but sure, go with the orange guy. Fine, I guess I can be the mech of honour… Does that mean I get to kill Swerve if he runs?”

“I- Um- Maybe try not to do that.”

“What about stabbing him a little?”

“I’d uh- rather have him kept whole.”

“Gotcha,” Whirl attempted a wink, which ended up being one unusually long blink. “Phycological torture and a light-beating only.”

You patted his leg in a supporting manner, “Sure, that sounds like a deal.”

Turning around, Whirl unlocked the door, letting you out first. “As your mech of honour, I’m gonna go train. Gotta get buff if that orange scumbag tries to run. Primus, I hope he runs.”

You blew Whirl a kiss, which he tried hard to ignore blushing slightly anyway, “You do that big guy; you’ll be the best mech of honour a girl could have.”

Whirl walked away, leaving you to finally get to Rung’s office. You jumped up to the door buzzer, taking three attempts before you managed to press it, silently cursing yourself for not wearing your rocket boots.

Rung opened the door, a look of surprise contorting his features. He thought he’d be the last bot you would want to see, considering his slightly strained relationship with Swerve. “(Y/N), what a pleasant surprise. Is this a professional meeting or a social call?”

He highly doubted it was the latter, becoming further shocked when you claimed it to be just that. Settling himself down in his chair, and giving you a boost to the desk, he waited for you to set the tone of the conversation, ever conscious that if he spoke first, he would blur the lines between patient and friend. Although he didn’t fully approve on your and Swerve’s hasty decision, he was determined to be supportive, afraid that if he wasn’t you would stop visiting him in both personal and professional terms.

When it became clear that you weren’t sure how to start, Rung found it impossible to ignore his
processor, and spoke up quietly, “Presumably, you’re set on your decision so I’ll spare the lecture and simply ask, is this definitely what you want?”

You tucked a strand of hair behind your ear, looking Rung in the optics, “More than anything I’ve ever wanted in my life. I love him Rung. He makes me feel safe and God, so, so happy.”

Rung nodded, satisfied with you answer, “Very well. Then I suppose congratulations are in order.”

“Thank you. I um- Excuse me for getting straight to the point but I need to know something, how much do you know about human weddings?”

“Not a lot, I’m afraid.”

You paced the table, taking time to find the right words, “Right… well, me and Swerve have decided that we’re going to somehow mesh our traditions, one wedding with the Endurae Ceremony thrown in. In human weddings there’s this role I need filling and it’s super important to pick the right person.”

Rung observed you, waiting for you to ask his advice on who to pick. He sighed, deciding to intervene before things got out of hand, “(Y/N), I cannot influence your choices on who to choose during your ceremony. It would be unethical-”

You grabbed his servo, “I want you to walk me down the aisle like the father of the bride is supposed to.”

Although Rung didn’t know what the significance was behind your request, he could tell from the tone of your voice that it was an important role. He took off his glasses, wiping away some coolant, “(Y/N), you’re sure about this?”

“Rung, you’ve guided me since my first steps on this crazy ship. You’ve made me a better person, and there is nobody I’d rather have giving me away than you. You’re the closest thing I have to a dad here and I want you by my side on my wedding day.”

Graciously, Rung bowed his head, “It would be my honour and a pleasure.”

You grinned, jumping to hug his chassis, feeling the comforting warmth of his arms wrapping around you, “Thank You.”

Rung stroked your back, waiting till you pulled away from him before speaking again. “The pleasure is all mine, though if you could tell me more about my role and how I am to fulfil it, that would be greatly appreciated.”

“Yeah, sure. Well, to put it-”

You were interrupted by the sound of a gong echoing over the ship’s announcement system, followed by Rodimus’ impatient voice. “(Y/N), how many times have I gotta tell you to carry around your communicator? Honestly, it’s zero, but you’re slipping, forgetting it in your room. Do you know how rude that is? What if we needed to track you? Like we did, right now, today, for a VERY important thing.”

You stared at Rung, silently begging him to tell you your communicator hadn’t really been bugged with a tracking device like you would give a dog or child. Rung raised his servos sympathetically as Rodimus continued his rant.

“What? You think I’m gonna tell you what the super cool thing is. Guess again. But if you’re not in
rec-room 2B in ten minutes- wait, scrap that, make it twenty, gotta account for those tiny little legs… so cute. Anyway, twenty minutes, or I make no promises on what I’ll do to your room. Captain out!”

You shook your head disbelievingly, “I uh, I guess I have to go. Sorry Rung, rain check?”

Rung chuckled light-heartedly, “Yes, of course. Go find out what Rodimus wants, and don’t worry about me. I’m going to do all the research I can into human weddings.”

He helped you down from the desk, wishing you well as you ran down the hallways, trying to beat the timer Rodimus had set, and cursing the entire time as a cramp formed, hitting you like a needle every few seconds.

When you finally got to rec-room 2B, Rodimus was waiting outside, tapping his pede. “Primus, did you skip leg day? I’ve been waiting here forever,” He whined.

You held your hand up, ready to argue, but quickly let it drop, still trying to catch your breath.

Rodimus shook his head, placing a servo on the small of your back and guiding you into the room where a table was waiting with three seats. Cyclonus sat on the left seat and Nautica on the right, leaving the tall, middle seat for you. With Nautica’s assistance, you clambered up, watching Rodimus as he ran out of the room.

“What’s going on?” You asked worriedly.

“Don’t know,” Nautica said. “Rodimus dragged me in here as quickly as he could. Told me if I waited long enough, he’d get me a whole set of new tools… I think that was a lie.”

You nodded thoughtfully, turning to the ever stoic Cyclonus. “Tailgate,” He answered curtly, as if that was any kind of explanation.

Rodimus, re-entered the room, placing both servos on his cheeks, his mouth forming into a socked ‘O’ as if he never knew you were there. “Why, what have we here?” He asked loudly, strutting in front of the table like a peacock. “Well, if it isn’t our table of judges for the brand new, one-time-only, mech of honour contest! Today, for our three judges, we have a line a mile long, full of hopeful contestants to be (Y/N)’S MECH OF HONOUR!” He revved his engines excitedly.

“Uh, Rodimus,” You squeaked, thinking of Whirl. “I already-”

“AND HERE’S CONTESTANT NUMBER ONE!”

Tailgate skipped in, clearly having been trained by Rodimus on exactly where to stand. His visor flashed eagerly as he waved at you.

Rodimus patted him on his shoulder, “Tailgate, why don’t you tell our panel a little bit about yourself and why you deserve to be (Y/N)’S MECH OF HONOUR!”

“Are you gonna shout that every time?” Nautica asked almost boredly, thinking of the tools she would never get.

“Withhold any comments until after the audition please, judge Nautica,” Rodimus commanded, his optics still trained on Tailgate who began his audition.

“Hi, I’m Tailgate and I’d make a great mech of honour for the same reasons I’d make a great Co-Co-Captain.”
A few other mechs peaked in from outside, trying to determine what they were supposed to say during their auditions.

“Rodimus,” You smiled awkwardly, feeling it stretch too far across your face.

“Not now judge,” Rodimus waved you off.

You sighed, seeing that there were no other options. “I already have a mech of honour!” You told the room, “I picked Whirl earlier.”

Riptide booed from outside, and Tailgate began muttering to himself, “Don’t get to be mech of honour, don’t get to be Co-Co-Captain, don’t get to be anything.”

“Look, I’m sorry, but I didn’t know you were planning any of this,” You gestured at the line of mechs who were blocking the door to listen in.

“(Y/N),” Rodimus held his helm in his palm. “(Y/N), (Y/N), (Y/N)… You know how impulsive I am, why didn’t you tell me?”

“Don’t blame me!”

“I blame you!”

You pinched the bridge of your nose, feeling the disappointment surrounding you. “Ugh, fine, I guess I can have two bridesmai- uh bridesmechs.”

Upon hearing this, Tailgate pushed Rodimus away from you, “As I was saying. I would be the best candidate for a tonne of reasons, right Cyclonus?” He winked.

“I’m not going to be a part of this,” Cyclonus deadpanned, leaving the room solemnly.

“Wha- CYCLONUS, COME BAAAAACK,” Tailgate whined, chasing after him.

Nautica pulled out her datapad, making a note. “Hmm, chases after his own personal problems instead of focusing on the bride. Not a good quality in a bridesmech. Too bad, he was doing so well until then.”

You smirked, amused with how scientific she was even now; it looked like most of the decisions of the contest would be up to her for the rest of the game Rodimus had dragged you both into.

“Contestant number two, we are waiting for you,” Rodimus called, in a game-show host kind of voice.

Riptide stepped forward, “Hi, I’m Riptide, but all my friends call me… uh Riptide.”

You snickered into the palm of your hand, finally beginning to see the appeal in Rodimus’ game, even if it was to be a long one, judging by the ever-growing queue outside.

Swerve hugged you close to him, wrapping you in your blanket that he’d moved over to his berth along with an assortment of pillows. You had already told him of your long day and how it ended with you picking Nautica, Tailgate, Rewind, Chromedome, and Riptide as your bridesmechs, mainly
because everyone kept complaining until you did.

“A gaggle,” You groaned. “I have a gaggle of bridesmaids.”

“Bridesmechs,” Swerve corrected you playfully.

“They’re like Gremlins! Spill water on one and it multiplies.”

“Primus, I love you,” Swerve murmured at the reference.

You peeked up at him, frowning suddenly, “Hmm, you’re awfully quiet tonight. What’s going on?”

“I’ve been talking.”

“Yeah, talking but not babbling. What’s with that? I mean- Wait!” You sat up, “Are you trying to keep your secret thing quiet by not talking.”

Swerve blushed, going ridged, “NO!”

You slapped his chest, grinning idiotically, “You totally are. What is it? Come on, tell me!”

Swerve mimed zipping his lips and throwing away the key.

“So that’s how it’s gonna be?”

He nodded vigorously.

“I bet I can get those lips open.”

He shook his head. You placed a single finger under his chin, drawing him close to you and kissing him, slipping your tongue in to rub against his metal one. He moaned into your mouth, accepting defeat, even when you pulled away.

The two of you laid down again, and Swerve finally spoke, albeit quietly, “Are you happy?”

“Of course, why do you ask?”

“It’s just… in Mork and Mindy, they waited four years for the slow burn until Mork proposed to Mindy. Four seasons, that’s like four years for you guys. Are you sure I’m not rushing you?”

You stroked Swerve’s cheek, “I think this is more like a Sam and Diane kind of thing in Cheers.”

“Sam and Diane… (Y/N), are you breaking up with me?”

“What? No, they get together in like, season one.”

“And then they repeatedly break up and they finally stop seeing each other after breaking off their engagement in the season four finale.”

“Really? God, I have got to see more of that show.”

Swerve let go of you, “You haven’t seen all of cheers?!!”

“Save it for the honeymoon babe. What I meant was, they spend ages beating around the bush until they’re finally together and then it’s a full-on relationship, in season one at least. Now come on, no more Cheers talk, tell me at least a little bit about your day, pretty please.”
“Fine,” Swerve huffed, “But the Cheers thing isn’t over, it’s just on hold.”

You nodded agreeably.

“What to tell you, what to tell you… Oh, I chose our song for the first dance.”

“Is it one of those funny ones where we pretend to slow dance then pick out a hip-hop number?”

“W—well, not uh, not really,” Swerve stammered, feeling heat rise to his cheeks as his cooling fans kicked on. “I-I mean we could do that if you want, but I was thinking something more traditional?”

“Really? I thought you’d like an opportunity to show off.”

“I uh- I guess we could. I’d have to pick a different song but if that’s what you want then…”

Seeing how much Swerve wanted his traditional dance made your heart flutter. You pecked his lips, “No, whatever you’ve picked will be perfect, I just know it.”

“I’m still not telling you what song it is,” Swerve smiled.

“Oh, come on,” You pouted, “I’d tell you. Man… I cannot believe you can keep a secret.”

“Speaking of secrets… I’ve been thinking about how to integrate the four acts of The Conjunx Rites into a human wedding and, uh… how much do you know about the Conjunx Rites, by the way?”

“Between my vast knowledge of everything? I know… nothing.”

Swerve vented his fans anxiously, “Um, the first act is the act of intimacy.”

You bit back a laugh, thinking of the night before with Swerve between your legs. Reaching over and tracing your fingers lightly over his interface panel, you winked, “Pretty sure we already got that one covered.”

Swerve blushed and stammered on, “I-I was thinking we c-could just hold hands or something, for the crowds.”

You giggled, and stopped teasing him, keeping your hands to yourself, “Alright, then what?”

“I’m gonna save Act 2 for last because I dunno, we’re rebels and kinda screwing with tradition as it is, so next is the act of profference. We have to give each other a gift of some kind.”

Reaching behind him, Swerve pulled a small orange metal box from underneath the mountain of pillows. “I want to give you this officially on the day, but I think you should see it now.”

Wordlessly, you took the box, opening it to find a plain purple ring, the likes of which you’d never seen before. While you stared at it, Swerve started explaining.

“I don’t know if you’ll get it, but it’s made out of my innermost energon… Percy found a way to stabilize it into a metal, so, uh, well, it’s important to me and I’ll explain if you need me to.”

As it happened, you didn’t need Swerve to explain; you already knew that receiving inner-most energon was the highest form of love and respect you could receive from a Cybertronian.

“I get it.” You said quietly, wiping your eyes free of tears.

Trying to alleviate the sombre, yet joyous mood, Swerve said, “Brainstorm wanted to make it, but he
was planning to inscribe it with ‘One Ring to Rule Them All.’ There’s still a good chance, he’ll put something like that on your dress.”

You bit your lip, trying not to laugh. Closing the box gently, you handed it back to him, “I don’t know what I can possibly give you that could ever match up to that.”

“You’ve already given me something though (Y/N).”

“Please do not say that boxset of ‘Three Men and a Baby’ I found.”

“(Y/N), you’re exempt from act three because you’ve already given me something nobody else could; a reason to live.”

You looked up, shocked and afraid, despite his happy tone. You were about to say something when Swerve got the ball rolling again with act four. “The final act is the act of devotion, which is to perform a spectacular demonstration of love. I think we can both agree that’s the wedding.”

“So, then what’s act two?” You whispered, feeling an almost electric atmosphere once you asked.

“The Act of Disclosure, which I think we should do here and now, otherwise it kind of defeats the object of telling an intimate secret… We can’t really do that in front of a crowd.”

Swerve waited with bated breath to see your reaction; asking someone who wasn’t prepared to reveal something intimate about themselves wasn’t exactly comforting.

“I…” You took a deep breath. “On Earth, there was always so much pressure to find someone who you’re meant to be with. They don’t really show it on TV, but we are told all the time that we have to find somebody or die alone, there’s never any time to relax or be free under so much damn pressure and it is terrifying to think that we- that I was brainwashed into it just like everyone else.”

“I never trusted anyone enough to think of them as someone I’d want to be with. When I got here, I acted more confident and mature and, I um, guess it was kind of a clean slate for me. I never actually expected that I’d find someone to spend my life with but suddenly, when the pressure to fall in love was off, I met you. Swerve, you are my happy ending, when I didn’t think I could have one anymore. I don’t um- Is that what you were thinking? Is it intimate enough? I don’t really know what I’m supposed to be do-”

Swerve pulled you into a hug, his entire body convulsing in silent sobs. Suddenly, you knew why this step was so important, and so you held him, until he was ready to share his secret.

Swerve shook himself, as if trying to physically shake his nerves away, though it was evident he couldn’t as his vocaliser filled with static when he spoke. “Um, I’ve… Let’s face it, I’ve lived through a war. I’ve seen horrible things, done worse sometimes but that’s no secret of any Cybertronian. My secret is- W-What I’m trying to say… When war lasts that long, you have to expect that people, even the most desperate are going to be pushed into relationships, some of which last, most of which break. Some are intimate, but a lot were purely sexual… My point is, that even though I looked for anything in either of those categories, nobody ever loved me- Scrap, nobody even liked me enough to well… Y’know, uh- You were my first.”

Swerve half-expected you to laugh, despite the sober atmosphere. Instead you drew him close once again, staring into his visor, “Then all those others were idiots and I got lucky. I love you and I am so damn proud to be your first.”

Swerve looked away, “You’re not embarrassed by that?”
You shook your head, feeling your way over to his interface panel, a misty glint to your eyes. Swerve grabbed hold of you gently, still not meeting your gaze,

“Then… Then you won’t be embarrassed if I ask to wait till after the wedding? I know we already did it before but now… I want to wait till we’re married, and you are Mrs. Swerve.”

You drew back scowling, “What the hell, Swerve?”

He shrank back from you, wrapping his arms around himself.

“Why? Why would I be Mrs Swerve? You don’t even have a last name, if anything, you’d be Mr (L/N).”

Swerve’s jaw dropped as he stared at you, soon grinning goofily. “Is this how it’s gonna be from now on?” He asked. “You giving the orders and me just obeying like the mindless idiot who worships you?”

“Pretty much.”

“Thank Primus,” He laughed, grabbing you and rolling back onto the berth so you were on his chassis again.

You woke up, with a nauseous stomach, finally afraid now it was your wedding day. How had seven days passed so quickly?

“Swerve?” You mumbled. “You awake?”

You turned over, finding the berth empty, aside from a note that had been messily scrawled over the rest of the berth.

*Hey fleshbag, it’s bad luck to see the groom on the wedding.*

*Swerve will be returned, mostly in one piece at the wedding.*

- M. O. H. *(MECH OF HONOUR)*

You smiled, the message alleviating your nerves slightly. All the same, you wanted to call Swerve and make sure he wasn’t getting cold pedes. Had it not been for a banging on the door, you would have.

“Who is it?” You called, falling off the berth ungracefully and hissing as you rubbed your sore hip.

“It’s your fairy godmother,” Brainstorm answered cheerily. “With your carriage and might I say, a very glamorous ensemble for you.”

You opened the door wide, “…Does it have your face on it?”

Brainstorm gasped, covering his faceplate playfully. “Y/N, this is your big day and you think I would make it about me? How dare you? I’ll have you know that this is a traditional Earth wedding outfit that I have lovingly synthesized with you in mind.”

“So Perceptor wouldn’t let you?”
“Not even when I offered to put his photo on it too, talk about selfish.”

You nodded almost mournfully, playing along with his game, “That prick.”

“Yeah… Anyway, here it is,” He stepped outside, bringing your outfit back with him. It was in the traditional white, but instead of being a dress or a tuxedo, it was both. There was a small white zip for you to tear away either the skirt or the pants so you could choose your style. You teared up slightly.

“Yeah,” Brainstorm said sympathetically, “I mean it is good, but I’d cry too if my face wasn’t on it, where it clearly should be. No time for that now though, your carriage awaits.”

You tore your eyes away from the outfit, peeking through the door to see a giant truck with a bow on it; the bow had Brainstorm’s face on it.

“Magnus?” You asked, somewhat dazed.

“(Y/N), it’s almost time for your wedding and you have not even done your hair yet? This is going to throw everything off schedule,” Ultra Magnus reprimanded, proving that it was indeed him. He sighed, switching to his communicator, “Rodimus, (Y/N) isn’t ready yet… I already told you- No I will not use those ridiculous code names and furthermore- You will refer to me as Ultra Magnus or else- Fine,” Ultra Magnus said defeatedly, apparently losing whatever argument he was in with Rodimus. “Flaming Cupid, Princess Perfect is running late. Keep Lucky Orange calm and where he is, we will be there soon.”

You giggled quietly to yourself.

“I heard that Princess- I mean (Y/N). Get inside and get ready. Schedules wait for nobody.”

“Oh, I’m going, but real quick, are you comfortable doing this? You’ve never driven me anywhere before.”

“(Y/N), this may well be the most important day of your life, I would not be here if it wasn’t.”

Brainstorm leaned over to you, covering his mouth-plate and whispering, “He was afraid anyone else would speed.”

“Speed laws are to be obeyed,” Ultra Magnus warned you exasperatedly.

With that, you skipped back into your room to get ready for the first day of the rest of your life.

Swerve waited at the end of the aisle with shaking legs, the only thing that kept him from pacing was Megatron’s servo on his shoulder; the action was supposed to be supportive, but coming from Megatron, it only felt intimidating.

“I’m gonna purge my tanks,” Swerve whimpered.

“Do it glitch, I dare ya,” Whirl warned from opposite him, throwing a metal, painted bouquet at Swerve and hitting him square on the head, much to Megatron’s chagrin.

“Hey!” Rodimus picked up the bouquet, shoving it at Whirl’s chassis. “Remember, we’re here for
“And me too, right?” Swerve squeaked, feeling faint.

Rodimus rolled his optics, “Yeah, yeah, you too, whatever you need to tell yourself.”

Suddenly, music began playing, and everyone stood up as they’d been told to do. Nautica, Rewind, Chromedome, Riptide and Tailgate ran to the front where they were supposed to be just in time for Ultra Magnus to drive around the corner and let you out. Ultra Magnus transformed, spotting his Brainstorm bow for the first time and tearing it off in disgust. He took his place in the back, while Rung went to your side in his holo-form, so he could link arms with you.

You barely had time to look around at all the intricate decorations as you were walked down the aisle towards Swerve who looked completely dumbfounded that you’d actually showed up.

“Are you nervous?” Rung asked you quietly.

“Absolutely,” You whispered back.

“Don’t be, from everything you’ve told me over our messages this past week, you’ll do great.”

You squeezed his arm in thanks.

“I believe it is customary for the ‘father of the bride’ to offer a compliment. I may not be your creator, but I must say, you are glowing. I am truly happy for you (Y/N), ah, but here is where we part ways.”

Rung went to take his seat, but you pulled him back slightly, pecking his cheek, “Thank you. For everything, I mean. I wouldn’t be here without you.”

Rung put a hand over his spark, bowing his head humbly and leaving your side, as you went to join Swerve.

“Finally,” Rodimus groaned, “That took forever.”

Chromedome nudged him warningly, giving Whirl just enough time to lean close to you, “Told you I’d get the glitch here in one piece.”

You nodded, holding back a laugh at the already unconventional wedding.

“Alright,” Rodimus boomed, “Let’s get on with it so we can get to the P-A-R-T-Y!”

Megatron glared at Rodimus, silently telling him to tone it down, but Rodimus didn’t care as he went into a full-on impression of an over-the-top-preacher. “I have been told that Act two of the Conjunct Rites has been completed, can I get a HALLELUJAH?!”

The entire room cringed and Rodimus scowled, “Ugh fine.” He grew semi-serious, facing you and Swerve with a smile, “Swerve, (Y/N), if you would like to initiate Act One of the Conjunct Rites?”

You reached out for Swerve’s servo, smiling radiantly the entire time. Thankful that you had made the first move, Swerve grabbed your hand gratefully, squeezing a little too tight, though you didn’t mention it.

“Very good, and I believe you have something to give one another?!”

Once again, you surprised Swerve by holding out an orange metal box, identical to his. He reached
out carefully, “(Y/N)... What-”

“Open it.” You said.

He did, finding a locket that would fit perfectly in one of his sub-spaces. He flicked open the locket, finding a lock of hair inside. He stared at you, mouth slightly agape at the unexpected gift.

“I may not have any inner-energon, but I figured this is close enough.”

Rewind leaned forward to get a better view, his camera displaying a live-feed to all the vid-screens on the ship, including two large ones for all the attendees.

“Ha ha,” Riptide laughed, “Gross.”

Nautica nudged him and Swerve ignored the pair as he tucked the locket delicately into his subspace, offering you his own box shortly afterwards, letting you put on the energon ring yourself because his servos were shaking so badly.

“Great,” Rodimus clapped his servos together, “Then that leaves act four, Swerve, I believe you’ve prepared some vows but I looked at them and they were long, so here’s a queue card that I wrote and believe me, it’s an improvement.”

He pulled a card from behind him which Megatron firmly snatched away, glaring the entire time, “Let. Him. Speak.”

Rodimus grumbled, stepping back, “Fine. Bet he doesn’t say ‘Till we are one’ though.”

All optics and Rewind’s camera went onto Swerve who stood dumbly, unsure of what to say now that he didn’t have his datapad with the speech on it. “I um-” His voice filled with static and he had to wait a minute to clear it. Ratchet creeped behind him, turning a fan on in case he overheated; you withheld a wry smile.

“(Y/N),” Swerve began, “You- You’re the Monica to my Chandler. You listen to me even when I get crazy and I know I’m not good enough for you, Primus, this whole ship does, but you’re here anyway. I want to spend every nano-click with you, in the non-creepy way. You’re my universe.”

The static began again and Swerve had to take a small step back, though he still held onto you, more for support than anything else.

“(Y/N),” Rodimus said, “Care to add anything to that?”

“What can I say other than what I’ve already said?” You mused. “You’re my happy ending Swerve, and if you can deal with all my gross human stuff, that’s good enough for me. I love you, you’re my lucky star... and I’m totally in it for the free drinks,” You laughed and the crowd chuckled along with you.

“Then by the power vested in me,” Rodimus went back to his preacher voice, “as Co-Captain of this ship, I present to you, these Rodimus stars for the Lost Light’s first ever interspecies marriage.”

Seemingly from nowhere, he pulled out two gold stars, passing the human-sized one to you and handing the other to Swerve. “I now pronounce you Conjunx Endurae and mech and wife.” He looked at Swerve, “What are you waiting for? Kiss your lady love!”

You didn’t wait for Swerve as you jumped into his open arms, kissing him while the crew cheered.

The two of you were broken up by a loud shot from another gun Whirl had managed to smuggle in.
Once again, Ultra Magnus stared mournfully at the ceiling, wondering exactly where Whirl had got the other gun from; he had confiscated last week’s after the first incident.

Whirl picked you up, “FIRST ONE TO THE PARTY GETS A PRIZE KISS OFF (Y/N).”

A mass of Cybertronians transformed, each trying to beat Whirl to the bar while Swerve was left alone, wondering how he was still left competing with the crew over you, even now that you were married.

After you’d given a victory kiss to Whirl, the party kicked off to a roaring start, with you being dragged off in every direction while Swerve tried to catch up. Finally, you managed to reach him at the bar, which he glared at enviously, hating that Mirage was serving drinks, even on the happiest day of his life.

“How courteous of you,” You smiled, then paused to listen to the current song. “Yep, I always wanted my first dance to be to Wrecking Ball.”

Swerve snickered, “I’m afraid not.”

He led you to the dancefloor then waved at Blaster, who instantly switched the song off. Frank Sinatra’s ever sweet melody, ‘I Love You Baby,’ played instead and you bit your lip, fearing your face would practically split open from smiling too much. Swerve led, matching the pace of the song, and gazing at you adoringly the entire time.

“Not as much as I love you,” Swerve responded extatically, picking you up bridal style. You squealed, letting him twirl around, helpless to stop him anyway. All around, the night was perfect and you would never dream of asking for anything more.

Later on, when you were distracted once again by many a bot who wanted to congratulate you, Swerve received a comm on his private channel. He checked his messages, finding a text from Brainstorm and Perceptor, telling him his request was ready. Checking on you once again, Swerve slipped out, transforming so he could be at Perceptor’s lab in record time.

He let himself in, finding the two bots talking about you and the ethics of the project Swerve had asked them to complete. “It’s ready?” Swerve asked. “And you’re sure it will work?”

“Of course,” Perceptor said almost offendedly. “We invented it. It works.”

“Can I see?”

Brainstorm grabbed a remote control, pressing it with flair so one of the flooring panels lifted up as well as thick plumes of smoke.
Perceptor waved the smoke away casually, “Was the smoke machine really necessary?”

“Well you wouldn’t let me have the laser show,” Brainstorm explained. “Where’s your sense of presentation?”

Swerve didn’t listen to either of the pair, he was too focused on what had come out of the floor to care.

Perceptor turned his attention to Swerve as the orange mech stroked a lifeless mini-bot model that looked remarkably like you yet worlds different at the same time. “Are you sure (Y/N) will agree to this? We are talking about moving her consciousness from one body to another.”

“Human life is too short,” Swerve said as if it was an answer. “She doesn’t have to say yes today. Primus! I want her to stay human as long as she can but… But I just got her, I’m not losing her in the blink of an optic. Make sure this will work, I’ll get her to agree. She’s everything to me.”

He walked out of the lab, transforming so he could get back to the party. Finally, things were going his way.

THE END.

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