Run

by CzarnaArcher

Summary

Decepticon Justice Division comes to Earth summoned by Megatron to catch Airachnid. Will they be more successful than with Overlord? Or will she escape them?

Notes

See the end of the work for notes
The Devil May Care

Run.

“Run my baby run my baby run
Run from the noise of the street and the loaded gun
Too late for solutions to solve in the setting sun
So run my baby run my baby run” – Garbage “Run”.

Warnings: Violence, explicit language, maybe some sex (but I’m not sure) – you know, the usual.
Timing: Post season 2 finale, in my very own Beauty of the Beast Prime timeline.

Rating: T to M (and possibly even MA).

Pairings: multiple.

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The Devil May Care.

“Well the devil may care
You toss ’em back and be a man
With the last time
Black ice
End of it all, end of the line
End of the road
Black ice
Black ice
(…)
My life - Black ice - My life - Black ice - My life
When the devil come a callin' I ain't gonna be around
I'll kick, I creep crawl down your street and gouge your eyes out
Black ice.” – AC/DC „Black Ice”

oOo

Earth’s Orbit. November 1st – All Saints Day.
Tarn wasn’t surprised by the fact that Airachnid finally deserted… or rather confirmed her desertion. Rumours about her leaving Decepticons’ ranks appeared not long time after her disappearance shortly before the Exodus started for good and Megatron wasn’t that interested in pursuing the mystery of a missing interrogator. It did relieve him of some trouble. There was suspicion that the femme broke Tyrest Accord, and her absence meant that there was no way of investigating this case. Especially that her Vehicons died by Autobot servos.

After Airachnid re-appeared Megatron was in no mood for asking questions about reasons behind her going AWOL or care about her possibly breaking the Accord. He needed officers and question could have been asked at some other time.

That was of course a mistake, as everyone found out soon enough, and the Undergrounder showed her true colours time after time. The fact that Megatron finally lost his patience (which was extremely vast, but when it ended – it ended with fireworks… coming straight from his fusion cannon) and ordered the Decepticon Justice Division to add her designation to their List was no surprise. But the reason why their One True Lord and Master demanded their immediate presence and undivided attention was complete shock. Well, at least to them.

All five members of the D. J. D. glared at Megatron with their optics perfectly round and their jaws hanging (even though in Tarn and Vos cases it could not be seen). The Pet sitting safely in his master’s arms, had his mouth shut tight, but his large optics were opened wide giving him the look of a baby seal.

The news about events that has unfolded since Nemesis reached Earth was more than they were prepared for.

“Forgive me, Lord Megatron, I have forgot my manners.” Tarn was first to recover from the state of mild shock. “Felicitations upon obtaining a Consort, My Lord.”

“Immo etiam. Gratulationes mea. Nos esset honorabilior omnium domina occurrit June.” Vos bowed as he spoke his own congratulations to the Decepticon Warlord. “Sed quid traditoris?” He asked.¹)

“Yes. You mentioned the Insecticons and local militant group, Lord Megatron.” Kaon managed to regain his composure. “Is there any chance she managed to gather any more Insecticons?”

“Doubtful. The last time she was seen she only had two Insecticons at her disposal.” Megatron narrowed his optics at the memory of his last battle with Airachnid's Insecticons. “And we know of no more Insecticon hives on this planet. Soundwave didn't detect any Cybetronian activity other
“Not to mention that rusted traitor would attack already if she had enough force.” Motormaster growled from his spot behind Megatron. He hated Knockout for ‘stealing’ his underling, but he hated Airachnid even more, for murdering him. Breakdown was his former subordinate, but Motormaster still felt like no one had the right to mess with him... except for Motormaster that is.

“Yes. That backstabbing wretch would raid us the moment she only could.” Starscream winced.

“You would know something about that, Starscream, wouldn't you?” Megatron sent his SIC a cold stare.

The answer was silent yelp as Starscream ducked his wings behind his back and around his turbine. The Warmonger's comment could have been understood in two ways. Starscream was backstabbed by Airachnid, so he knew how she was. But Starscream was one to backstab as well, and the Air Commander clearly took the second meaning of his Master's comment.

“So she most probably does lack any serious resources.” Kaon stroked the Pet's head absentmindedly.

“She probably does not lack energon. She is an Undergrounder and she can dig by herself, in addition she has two Insecticons who also are good diggers.” Barricade shook his helm. “There's enough energon on this planet, though most of it is scattered in very small deposits that are hard to detect. She will rather start with one of our old mines and go from there, digging deeper and deeper.”

“So, she is not starving.” Tarn tapped his face mask. “Could she by any chance team up with that militant group of locals again?”

“It is possible, though very unlike.” Starscream dared to speak again and glanced nervously at his One True Lord and Master. “Like we said before, the organisation changed after its original leader died.”

“Do you wish for us to deal with these skinjobs as well while we're here?” Tarn asked Megatron.

“No. Leave MECH to us, the Autobots and their human allies.” Megatron narrowed his optics.
“You are to focus solemnly on Airachnid, catch her and deliver her alive to me. She will be dealt with officially.”

“Yes Lord Megatron.” Tarn bowed. He would rather subject the traitor to the usual Decepticon Justice Division treatment, but he also understood and appreciated the need for official trial in certain cases and if Lord Megatron saw this as such a case, then Tarn was not the one to question his will.

“However if she will resist arrest don't hesitate to rip that spidery legs right off of her back.” Starscream hissed.

“Soundwave will deliver you all the information you will require to complete this mission.” Megatron pointedly ignored his SIC’s comment.

Soundwave silently nodded his helm, confirming his readiness for cooperation but no one needed it. Everybody knew he would obey his orders.

“More thing, Lord Megatron, if you allow.” Tarn stepped to his other pede. “Your medic said that he requires your approval for the transplantation... “

“Ahhh... Yes. He was already told to be prepared for it.” Megatron smirked slightly and commed his CMO. “Knockout! You were to complete the procedure...” Megatron started, but was not allowed to finish.

::Forgive me, My Liege, but should I provide them with the Size Shifters?:: Asked unheard by others Knockout.

“Do you have enough of them prepared?” Megatron asked.

::Of course, My Liege, the only question is if you want D.J.D. equipped with them?::

“In that case you are authorised to perform the surgery along with the upgrade.” Megatron decided. “If your patients will be willing.” Megatron refocused on the D.J.D. “Go to the Infirmary, Knockout will be having a new T-cog for you, Tarn. And proposition for upgrades for all of you. When you will be done, report to Soundwave for the information he will have for you. You are dismissed.”
The Infirmary, moments later.

The D.J.D. returned to the Infirmary immediately after they were dismissed. They were quire curious about what kind of upgrades the Medic could have for them, but weren't sure if they were willing to accept anything. Knockout was considered a good medic, but also a bit of a sadist and not in the same way as them.

When they entered the medical ward they were met with the strangest sight ever. A miniature Vehicon sat on one of the tables and was accompanied with strange creature that was roughly the same size as the trooper. The thing was built like a Cybertronian – two legs, two arms one head. It had dark strands on its head and was lightly pigmented (at least in comparison to the purple Vehicon), except for what seemed a cloth wrapped around it – it was red.

They immediately recognised the creature as organic and concluded that it has to be the local life form called human. They came closer unnoticed, the Vehicon was turned back to them and the creature was focused solely on him.

At that moment the organic female noticed them and gasped which resulted in the Vehicon turning his head and jumping to his pedes. But instead of saluting to them – as he should – he growled and moved to stand between the D.J.D. and the organic female while pressing brand new polish rag to his crotch.

“What were you doing, soldier, and why are you so small?” Kaon asked curiously. “And what is this creature that accompanies you?” He added while stretching his neck to peek above the miniature soldier.

“Sir, I would greatly appreciate if you stopped staring at her.” The Vehicon spoke in rather angry tone while stepping back to obscure as much of his female companion with his form. “We are waiting for Doctor Knockout.”

“And why, pray tell, Kaon shouldn't look at your obviously female companion?” Tarn asked, slightly amused with the display.
“Because América is nude, aside of the bed sheet she's wrapped in.” Came delicate voice from far corner of the ward. “It is as if she stripped to her bare protoform.” The voice added and everybody stared at the voice owner.

It was a Vehicon with medical markings, obviously a nurse.

“And before you will ask, sir, América is Greg’s... let's say romantic interest.” The Vehicon nurse added. “Greg suffered from a personal accident. Doctor Knockout will be here shortly, he just went to storage room for some supplies.”

“And you are?” Helex stared at the Vehicon nurse with more interest than usual. There was something off in this Vehicon.

“I am Nurse Daisy.” The Nurse said in a tone that suggested that it was the most obvious fact in the known universe. “I will be assisting our Good Doctor today during your upgrades. But for now, I am tending to Greg and his problem.”

“Carry on then.” Tarn took a step back and signalled his team to do the same. It seemed that there was more to Nemesis than met the optic.

As they waited, the Nurse focused entirely on the miniature Vehicon – which they didn't know why was so small yet – and ignored them completely. They quickly figured that the one called Greg had his private part pinched by his code piece during, what they assumed, some quality time with the tiny organic female named América. Another thing they figured was that the Nurse was clearly a femme – they knew that there were female Vehicons, but usually it was darn hard to tell. In this case it was easy, especially that they noticed an image of organic plant – a flower to be exact – on the Nurse's aft.

“Ahhh, my patients are here already!” Knockout entered his Infirmary and startled everyone with his sudden appearing. He carried a box with unknown contents. “But first things first! How is Greg?”

“The... depressurising medication has brought the effect already.” Daisy declared.

“Splendid. Any injuries?”
“Only slight abrasion.”

“Good.” Knockout beamed. “Greg, you're released, but no naughty activity for you I'm afraid, the medication will hold for a couple of hours.”

“What a shame.” The Vehicon replied but there was relief in his voice. “Can we get some help here?”

“Sure. You can walk yourself back?” Daisy helped the Vehicon and his companion to the floor.

“Yes, we'll manage.” Greg nodded and they walked away to the exit.

“Now, seeing that this little crisis is solved, let's focus on you.” Knockout turned to the D.J.D. “I have the T-cog, but before that, let me introduce you to the modification that Shockwave invented... “

oOo

Bridge, at the same time.

Megatron watched as the D.J.D. left. He was glad that they finally arrived to solve his problem with Airachnid. But he also knew that their presence could and probably would bring complications. He knew that Tarn and his happy bunch would obey his orders but that didn't mean that they would not cause any trouble, not serious one like ruining the cease fire, but smaller ones like starting arguments with the Autobots. And on top of that he was certain that Tesarus with his short attention span would cause fights with Insecticons and possibly aggravate or try to seduce (or both) the Vehicons. And then there was Helex and his own bullying personality, Vos and his obsession with language, Kaon and his infernal Sparkeater and Tarn. They were all sadists but that was just a nuance, on top of everything else, they were bunch of nut cases with odd quirks and even odder deviations.

“I assume you wish to contact the Prime, My Liege?” Raoul decided to break the silence. “To warn him?”

“Yes, that is a good idea. Soundwave, contact me with the Autobots.” Megatron ordered.
The silent mech nodded and before anyone knew, the connection was already established. They only waited for someone to answer, which happened after slight delay.

On the others side they saw Blaster's not amused glare. “I'll call for Prime.” He said pointedly ignoring Soundwave who pointedly didn't noticed it.

Megatron decided to ignore the 'I'm not talking to you, you dork' treatment the both presumed adult mechs were given each other and after a short moment the Prime was present on the other side of the line.

“Yes Megatron?” The Autobot Leader asked.

“Decepticon Justice Division has arrived.” Megatron said in gravely tone. “They were informed of the cease fire and to not engage you. They will start looking for Airachnid shortly.”

“Good to know, I will warn my Autobots.”

“Tarn should not cause any problems.” Megatron assured. “But I don't expect them to be joy filled, especially that they're on the hunt and won't take disturbance well.”

“Like I said, I will warn my Autobots. In case they will meet the D.J.D. they will be ordered to cooperate.” Optimus nodded. “To reasonable degree of course.”

“Of course. That is all.”

“Until we meet again then.” The Prime ended the connection.

“So, the hunt has begun.” Megatron turned back to the console and looked around the bridge. He hoped it would end soon and that he would be rid of the renegade femme threatening not only Autobots or Decepticons, but also his June, especially that while his Decepticons and Autobots well strong enough and equipped to fight Airachnid back, June was defenceless (even though she had a Vehicon guarding her).
Sorry for taking this long. I had to re-write half of the chapter. But now it is ready, so enjoy.

1) “Yes, indeed. My congratulations. We would be most honoured to meet Lady June.” and “But what of the traitor?” - At least that’s what Google translate told me it should be. Yes, I still use Latin as representation of Primal Vernacular. It will be replaced with Cybertronian font in the PDF version, but for now I need to use Latin.

2) América – such a pretty name, I wanted Greg to date a hot girl with pearly smile, great hair and legs so long that they reach the skies and somehow I imagined a Latino girl with coal-dark eyes and hair that looks like some South American soap opera actress or model that could make grown man cry and howl to the moon. And somehow I decided that the name América was super sexy on such a girl.
The Devil May Care

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The inevitable return ¹).

“One part the Fuehrer one part the Pope,
The inevitable return of the Great White Dope,
Great White Dope,
Great White Dope,
Great White Dope,” – The Bloodhound Gang „The inevitable return of the Great White Dope”
Greenland. October 31st.

Nemesis hovered low above the glacier thick for over two kilometres. Several powerful spotlights were directed at much smaller ship sitting in the ice and snow below the Decepticon flagship. Nemesis was the only source of light in the polar night, its light caused the crisp snow layer on the glacier to sparkle like diamonds, but the air was crystal clear. It was absolutely dry and thus no ice crystal formed in it. Above them the sky was clear but the weather casts were not optimistic, it would change quickly and a snowstorm would come soon, the already strong wind was increasing and at the moment it became powerful enough to start to moan and wail. It didn’t howl like it would in chimneys of household or even caves. The sound was mournful and eerie as if cries of damned souls.

Nemesis lowered its lift and three figures landed softly on the glacier surface just next to the smaller ship with ‘Peaceful Tyranny’ written on its hull. Peaceful Tyranny looked almost like smaller version of Nemesis only sleeker. Where Nemesis was graceful but certainly sturdy battle ship, Peaceful Tyranny was clearly made for speed not for fight.

The hatch of Peaceful Tyranny opened and released the ramp to allow the crew to meet with the welcoming party.

“Charming planet indeed.” Tarn looked around as he and his crew approached the rest of Decepticons. “Is this entire mudball is such barren wasteland, Lord Megatron?”

“No, and it is good to see that you finally managed to make it.” Megatron eyed the D.J.D. They haven’t change a bit since he saw them last time. Though Tarn had some scarring around his left optic that wasn’t there before.

“Apologies, Lord Megatron. Peaceful Tyranny suffered from bad case of cracked eccentric shaft in the ventricular pump of the left transmission liquid tank 2).” Tarn explained. “We were forced to wait for replacement.”

“You should move your ship to a different location before you will be forced to unfreeze it from the glacier.” Megatron cast one long look at Peaceful Tyranny. “There are blizzards coming and soon this place will be too much even for Cybertronians. Soundwave will navigate you to safer location.” The Decepticon Tyrant turned to Starscream and Soundwave who stood behind him.
“Of course, Lord Megatron.” Tarn looked back at his mechs. “Also, I assume that Knockout is still your medic?”

“Yes, he is still. I assume that you require new T-cog?” Megatron almost smirked; Tarn could be so predictable at times. “Luckily we have plenty to spare. “ The Warmonger looked back again and Starscream shifted uncomfortably under his gaze. “Starscream will make sure that Knockout is prepared for surgery.”

“Yes Master.” The Air Commander bowed his head. The presence of D.J.D. was deeply unsettling, taking his recent transgressions, but he knew that Tarn wouldn’t touch him as long as he was Megatron’s Second in Command. Or at least he hoped so.

“Soundwave, lead them to some dry place and make sure that Peaceful Tyranny is out of reach of any humans or Airachnid.” Megatron instructed his Communication Officer. “And then bring them to Nemesis.”

Soundwave nodded and stepped forward. Unlike most Decepticons, he felt absolutely at ease around Tarn and his loony crew. Mostly because he was one of the very few Decepticons who could actually order Tarn and his mechs around, also because The Pet liked him, and finally because he was one of the founders of the Decepticon movement, one of the very few original Decepticons. The fact that he, just like Megatron, was an ex-Gladiator also helped. It was nice to know that Kaon – being D.J.D.’s own Communication Officer – both envied the silent Spymaster and admired him.

oOo

The Moon.

Tarn gave a long, sceptical look to Soundwave. It was true that Megatron told Soundwave to take them out of reach, and the Moon was definitely dry place. But… The Moon? Seriously? The planet’s satellite seemed a little bit of overkill.

“I honestly believed that you would lead us to some mountain area, or perhaps a desert of sorts.” Tarn gestured to the Earth that was now directly over their heads.

Soundwave cocked his head and replied with Megatron’s own words ‘Soundwave, lead them to some dry place and make sure that Peaceful Tyranny is out of reach of any humans or Airachnid.’
“We’re definitely out of reach.” Helex crossed his secondary arms. They were safely hidden in one of the craters.

“A little bit too out of reach for my taste.” Tesarus growled loudly. “We’re not fliers, safe for Kaon and Vos; we’re heavy weight ground pounders.”

Soundwave looked at Kaon, who just shrugged. The Spymaster transferred his attention to Tesarus who still looked annoyed. ‘And then bring them to Nemesis.’ Were next words of Megatron that Soundwave played back. Then his visor came to life with graphs and equations only to result in bright swirl of soft blue, light violet and blue-green lights.

“A Groundbridge!” Helex grinned.

“No, we’re out of Nemesis’ Groundbridge range.” Kaon shook his head. “This is Spacebridge. Soundwave has remote connection to control devices in both Spacebridge itself and Nemesis. This way he can open the wormhole from here.”

“Mother Science be blessed³).” Helex stepped to the portal without any hesitation. The rest followed him with Kaon carrying The Pet like he was a puppy. Soundwave was the last to disappear. Then the Spacebridge closed leaving the Peaceful Tyranny in darkness… and peace.

Nemesis. Somewhere above Atlantic Ocean.

It was the usual route that any new arrival had to take, minus the refuelling – D.J.D. was well fuelled and not very hungry. Infirmary check went rather quick for everyone except Tarn, who had to endure a session of prodding and poking by Knockout to determinate the exact kind of damage to his T-cog, only to be concluded it was simply damaged by prolonged overuse.

To Tarn’s disappointment he wasn’t provided with replacement right away. Instead he was informed by very cocky Knockout that all transplantations had to be approved by Megatron, and that he had to prepare new T-cog anyway.
The first excuse was 100% legit, the other one not so much. Knockout just wanted to torture Tarn, the known and sworn morphist\(^4\) by keeping him unable to transform a little bit longer. It was true that cleaning and lubricating the bio-mechanism before implanting it greatly improved its quality and in Tarn’s case would indeed prolonged its life, but it wasn’t necessary.

Before they knew, D.J.D. found themselves outside of the infirmary and on their way to the bridge where they would be informed of the events that lead to their presence on Earth. There were only few cases when they’re were required to have detailed knowledge of not only their target’s transgressions against the Decepticon Law, but also what led to the fact of them being pursued by Tarn and his team. Such cases were usually those that included higher ranking Decepticons, those most dangerous ones or those who dared to break the Tyrest Accord. At the moment they only had three targets that fell into that category: Overlord (also known as Gigatron, though there was at least one more mech calling himself that, wanted dead for treachery and desertion in the midst of a battle because he didn’t liked to be ordered around), Airachnid (currently on top of the List) and Drift (an ex-Decepticon called Deadlock, wanted for defection to the Autobots and vandalism though his sentence was suspended due to the cease fire). The rest was simply plankton, bunch of deserters and cowards.

TBC

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1) Because, frankly, I had no idea what to use for this chapter.

2) See Spiderwoman.

3) “Mother Science” or something like this was used by Animated Bumblebee and I liked the expression enough to use it. It fits the Cybertronians who definitely have no “Mother Nature”.

4) A step further after MTMTE issue 32 where Skids mentions Tarn’s “morphing addiction” which according to Transformers wiki is deliberately similar to “morphine addiction”.

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“(...)” – Franz Ferdinand ,,Michel”
Earth’s Orbit. November 1st – All Saints Day – later.

The presence of D.J.D. rendered the Bridge unusually silent. Normally it was quite silent, but every now and then a whisper could be heard when one Vehicon needed to communicate to another one, now no one dared to do as much as vent a loud sigh.

The moment Knockout released the D.J.D. from his ward they rushed back to the Bridge where Soundwave awaited them with the data they needed. Moment ally they were all huddled around a console while Frenzy and Rumble played with the Pet (which was more than happy to receive extra attention from the twins).

An hour or so passed before Megatron returned to the Bridge followed by Starscream who was doing his best to grovel and argue with the Warlord at the same time.

“... far as I am from questioning you wisdom, Master, I truly am, but I still see no point in...” The Seeker almost bumped into the towering form of Megatron, when the Tyrant stopped and looked at the five mechs.

He didn't have to ask if Soundwave provided them with necessary data, he could've been certain that his TIC did exactly what he was told to. The Spymaster was focused on his own duties anyway, but knowing him, he probably also observed the bridge.

“Tarn.” Megatron boomed suddenly causing everyone but Soundwave to jump.

Tarn along with his team instantly turned to focus on their One True Lord and Master and Master. Few Cybertronians wouldn't leak their transmission fluids while having undivided attention of Decepticon Justice Division focused on them. Megatron only blinked and stepped closer.

“Were the information provided by Soundwave sufficient?” The Decepticon Warmonger asked calmly.

“As much as they can be, given that there's not that much of it.” Tarn replied. “Airachnid did her best to give as little about herself as possible.”
“That's sounds just like that wretch!” Starscream growled maliciously. “That eight legged glitch...” He added and began mumbling further insults while stepping away from the group.

“She left behind more than she intended. It is always the case, the deserters and defectors always leave behind more information and clues than they think they did. It is merely the matter of analysis.” Kaon explained. “It is how we usually track them down.”

“Though in this case it may prove a bit challenging. Airachnid is skilled tracker and hunter herself.” Tarn admitted. “She knows how to cover her tracks efficiently. We should like to consult our research and conclusions with someone who will approach them with pure logic.”

“Ah, you refer to Shockwave.” Megatron nodded. It was reasonable step for Tarn to cross-check his findings.

“Yes. Where can we find him?”

“Soundwave, is Shockwave on the construction site?” Megatron asked his Communication Officer, if Shockwave went somewhere Soundwave would know.

Soundwave turned away from the console he'd been working at and moved his head signalling no but also displayed Autobot symbol.

“Ah, he has a visitor.” Megatron smirked. It wasn't uncommon for Shockwave to combine his duties with pleasure.

“Ahh, yes, Arcee.” Starscream growled while turning sharply on his elevated heel. “That accursed two wheeler. She and the double damned eight leger, banes of my existence both of them!” He spat and stamped his pede down with force which caused the Pet to get startled and bark in eerie way.

Starscream yelped and jumped when he heard the Pet yapping at him angrily which caused the twins to laugh and Kaon to smile. The Seeker didn't show it usually, but he was scared of small yapping turbo fox-spark eater. But because the critter would eat his spark, but because he didn't want to have his ankles bitten or scratched. Nor he wanted to hear the noisy barking that sounded a bit like squeaking toy and a bit like hic-upping puppy.
“Soundwave will send you to the construction site. Just remember that we hold the cease fire and
do not attack nor aggravate the Autobot.” Megatron instructed. “Arcee is known to have short
temper and Shockwave for some reason treats this relationship very seriously, he does not take
anyone insulting his femme friend well.” The Tyrant informed smirking. “Isn't that right,
Starscream?”

“Gah!” Was the only answer. The Seeker stepped away trying to get away from the Pet. It wouldn't
do him any favour if he kicked the damned thing in front of Kaon.

“Soundwave?” Megatron ignored his SIC's struggles.

The Spymaster nodded and instantly opened the 'Bridge. Kaon grabbed his beloved cosset and
followed his team into the swirling vortex.

The moment the Groundbridge closed there seemed to be collective sigh of relief and the tension
dropped from all the Vehicon crew. Megatron eyed the Vehicons but decided to just ignore it all.

“Soundwave, inform me when Tarn will return. I wish to brief them about their plan of action.” He
instructed.

Soundwave nodded once and returned to his previous task.

“Now, Starscream, where were we?” The Warmonger raise one opticbrow at his Air Commander.

oOo

*The Autobot Base Omega – 3.*

“So, the way you put it, the Decepticon Justice Division is some kind of dead squad?” Fowler eyed
Optimus Prime as if the Autobot leader just told him location of Lost Land of Atlantis, or
Eldorado.

After Megatron informed them that D.J.D. was on Earth Autobots decided to hold a briefing with
their human companions. They needed to warn the children and June, and inform Fowler about
“You can say that.” Ratchet confirmed in deadpan voice. “They were trained by Megatron himself, so you can imagine they're professionals in every inch. Though I probably should say sadists.”

“They're charged with providing justice to all deserters and defectors.” Blaster nodded. “Though by justice I mean 'unmarked graves'."

“Yeah, but you know, they also kill Autobots if they have a chance too. No worries.” Rewind chimed in. “Their fame reaches so far and is so gruesome that deserters prefer to off-line themselves before the D.J.D. can reach them. Anything is better than the end at D.J.D.'s servos.”

“There are five mech in the D.J.D. they changed their designation to the very first five cities that fell under Decepticon rule.” Wheeljack begun to explain. “Tarn, Kaon, Vos, Helex and Tesarus. Wreckers never fought against them, but we did fight against mechs on their List, these people preferred to face us than them. Pit! They preferred to go one on one with Whirl than get into D.J.D. paws.”

“I don't know if that was the best thing to do.” Bulkhead laughed. “Whirl was pretty much on the same crazy level than the D.J.D.”

“Whirl's crazy, but I don't think he's that crazy.” Jazz grinned. “But back to the D.J.D. Few saw them in action, if you know what I mean. But those who did, mech, they needed some real help to get back to reality.”

“What do you want me to do with this all?” Fowler asked.

“We need you to be aware of their presence.” Optimus spoke again. “Megatron informed me that they have been informed about the cease fire but you should know that they’re set loose after Airachnid.”

“But even though Decepticon Justice Division never showed much interest in local life forms, they’re not known for being discreet or considerable about locals.” Ratchet added. “They never hunted locals for sport but I do not trust them.”

“Do you want to say that June and the kids are in danger?” Fowler’s eyes turned round.
“I think they should be careful.” Optimus explained. “While I am certain that Megatron can keep Tarn and his mechs in line and they would never hurt anyone who is under Megatron’s protection, I would recommend caution.”

“What does that mean?” Jack asked. It was the first time he spoke since they were told about D.J.D.

“It means that the D.J.D. most probably won’t pay you no mind or simply ignore you.” Wheeljack crossed his arms. “But that also means that they will stomp on you if you’ll get between them and Airachnid.”

“Yeah, that crazy bunch never loses their track.” Hot Rod shivered. “Once you’re on their list, you’re as good as gone. They will find you and then they will deal with you. Not ‘if’ but ‘when’.”

“I don’t know if I should feel bad for Airachnid or cheer for the D.J.D.” Raf smiled weakly.

“I know what you mean, Raf, but remember that Airachnid worked long and hard to get them on her back.” Bumblebee beeped to his charge. “You know that she killed Tailgate, tried to kill Jack and his mum, and set her aim on Arcee.”

“Yes. And she also killed Breakdown, I know that he was a ‘Con and evil and he was Bulkhead’s enemy, but even if he was it still doesn’t feel good.” Raf frowned.

“You got that right, buddy!” Miko cut in. “Breakdown was a creep, but he was Bulk’s creep and no one had right to deal with him but Bulk!”

“It’s not what I meant.” Raf gave Miko troubled look.

“Yeah, bro, we know, we know.” Jazz slowly nodded. “Airachnid likes playin’ dirty and now she’ll have to deal with a bunch that knows how to play her game.”

“Yeah, no need for you to feel bad for her.” Smokescreen flashed one of his widest grins. “You know how they say, what comes around goes around.”
“And she had it comin’ a looooong time.” Jazz nodded with his own grin, much wider and brighter than Smokescreen’s.

“Regardless of what Airachnid had coming, please be mindful and careful about the D.J.D.” Ratchet ended the discussion. “And you, Agent Fowler, please inform your superiors so your forces and allies will be forewarned.”

“I will speak with Megatron.” June decided. “Ask him about the D.J.D. and their hunt.”

“When will you be seeing him?” The Prime asked.

“He said he will come today in the afternoon.” June smiled. “He and Jack go out to shoot some cans every now and then, just to show that they get along for me.”

“It’s mutual agreement.” Jack shrugged and smiled shyly. “It makes our lives easier.”

“Not to mention that you do enjoy shooting cans.” Miko laughed. “At least ever since Megs taught you how to aim.”

“Oh, just be quiet Miko.” Jack blushed. He didn’t want to admit that he already got used to the Decepticon Lord.

“Not a chance Jack Ol’boy!” Miko ejected herself from the couch she sat on. “Bulk! ‘Jakie! You mentioned about that Whirl person yet again! You have to tell me more!”

“Sure, Kiddo. Whirl’s still alive and kicking, but he was a crazy Turbopuppy ever since we knew him.” Wheeljack started ad he, Miko and Bulkhead walked away. “He was one of the members that had combiner modifications needed whenever some of us combined into Ruination, with Springer being a must be as the head component… 2”

Bumblebee only sighed and offered his hand to Raf to take him home. It was getting late and Raf had to go back.
To Kaleia:

No, the D.J.D. didn't meet June, they were told about June, if they met her I would write the scene down (because seriously, not writing THAT scene down would be a crime). I wrote: “The news about events...” which means “They were told about stuff that happened”, but they were not shown – this is why they didn't know how humans look like.

Also, yes, their ship is called Peaceful Tyranny; it is canon information (IDW's MTMTE). And if you think this name is funny, well, you have a lot of reading to make up for, because at one point the D.J.D. and their magnificent ship were after a deserter named Fulcrum who teamed up with group of Decepticon Scavengers that owned a ship named... Wait for it... Weak Anthropic Principle. Yes. You read it right. Where it came from? I have no idea; I know where Peaceful Tyranny came, but WAP? Nope, no idea.

1) Not my words, I am actually repeating/quoting/paraphrasing Transformers Wiki here.

2) The same Whirl that is responsible for teaching Megatron that pacifism won’t work against someone bent over beating your teeth into your skull. And yes, Wreckers combined into Ruination.
Autobot Red Decepticon Purple

Run.

“Run my baby run my baby run
Run from the noise of the street and the loaded gun
Too late for solutions to solve in the setting sun
So run my baby run my baby run” – Garbage “Run”.

Warnings: Violence, explicit language, maybe some sex (but I’m not sure) – you know, the usual.

Timing: Post season 2 finale, in my very own Beauty of the Beast Prime timeline.

Rating: T to M (and possibly even MA).

Pairings: multiple.

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Autobot Red Decepticon Purple.

“Overall length: 870mm
Length of barrel: 415mm
Length of sighting line: 378mm
Weight of magazine empty: .42kg
Weight of magazine loaded: .92kg
Overall weight with loaded magazine: 4.8kg
Chamber pressure: 4550psi
Despite those specifications, its ....

Extensive experience ... approx 800 rounds per minute.

Destroy personnel
Destroy personnel
Destroy personnel” – The Sisterhood „Finland Red Egypt White”¹

oOo

New Kaon's construction site, late afternoon.

Few long rods stuck from the hole in the ground that marked foundations of New Kaon, there was number of Miners wielding some elements inside of the hole. They weren't visible from the surface, but the light from their wielding equipment cast sharp flashes of light, some Vehicons patrolled the perimeter while their colleagues in flight alt modes lowered some thick girders to insert into foundations. From the air the outline of the internal structure was starting to be visible and recognisable. But from the ground it was just couple of random rods.

The Groundridge opened at a distance from the construction and spat five mechs and one turbo fox into Nevada desert. The first thing they did was to look around and compare this place to the one they landed on. It was definitely warmer, and seemed like a nice place to erect a citadel.

The second think the D.J.D. did was to look for Shockwave who should be there, or so they were told. And there he was, supervising the construction work... or what apparently had to pass for supervising of the construction work when the Autobot femme (they were told about) was around.

At the first impression each of them would have to admit that she surely looked attractive, especially with her streamline frame and shapely winglets. On top of that she was considered one of the best soldiers on Autobot side. No wonder Shockwave paid her so much attention, Shadowplay or not, one had to be dead to ignore her.

They slowly began to approach the conversing couple, observing both Shockwave and Arcee. The pair looked perfectly relaxed but engrossed in their conversation. The D.J.D. moved fast yet silently, until Shockwave raised his head and looked straight at them, his antennae suddenly rigid.
“Decepticon Justice Division.” He announced. “Soundwave informed me that you will come.”

Tarn blinked in surprise while Tesarus only smirked, the rest carefully hidden their surprise in their own ways, only The Pet voiced his feelings by yapping in excitement.

The moment the words left Shockwave’s vocoder Arcee turned her head to look at the intruders, not too happy with their presence. She narrowed her optics at them but said nothing.

“Then, knowing Soundwave, he also informed you what we need?” Tarn stepped closer.

It was quite a peculiar sight to see Shockwave and Tarn giving each other a stare. Both mechs were the same height and both were sturdy, both transformed into tanks, both had large cannons, both were scholars and both faces could not be read (although for completely different reasons). Tarn seemed challenging Shockwave, who in turn while far above such show-offs would not accept anyone challenging him especially on his own turf. Logic dictated that appearing weak would not serve his rank and position of one of Megatron's most competent and trusted Generals. Nor it would look good in Arcee's optics.

“We concluded that your analysis would be hugely beneficial to completing our mission in as short time as possible.” Luckily Kaon didn't care who had larger cannon or held higher rank so he had no problem in stepping in between the two dominating mechs.

“It is only logical that you would reach such a conclusion.” Shockwave answered while Tarn's right optic twitched. “My analytical skills are superior.”

“We already analysed the data provide by Soundwave.” Kaon decided to inform the Tarnian noble. “But we want to hear your analysis as well and then cross-analyse our conclusions.”

“Indeed. Cross-analysis would be natural next step.” Shockwave agreed without so much as antennae twitch while Tarn's optic was still twitching as if he had some sort of seizure. It was yet another situation when he considered the Shadowplay to be a blessing (or would be blessing if not accompanied by the Empurata).

“Let us not waste time.” Tarn growled and stepped back. “We deduced that Airachnid is most likely hiding in some underground lair that she prepared in direct proximity to small energon deposits sufficient enough to fuel her and her minions... “
Elsewhere.

The place was dark and silent. The only sound that could be heard every now and then was some metallic shifting, and sometimes a click or two. The cavern would seem completely empty if not for the occasional noises.

Then a pair of bright, light-violet eyes appeared in the seemingly impenetrable darkness. They seemed to be compounded eyes due to very visible division into hexagons, though it could be an illusion just as well and the pattern could have no other purpose than decorative.

The shining eyes narrowed slightly and blinked lazily.

“My minions!” A strong feminine voice spoke and two glowing red bands appeared, both turned to the source of the voice. “It has happened, Decepticon Justice Division has arrived.” The voice spoke in disturbingly calm way. “It is time to act... carefully.”

New Kaon.

“To my best knowledge, she will not waste time and resources for tedious searches of energon deposits, especially that such tactics would increase danger of meeting us or Autobots.” Shockwave lectured in monotone voice. “She will find an abandoned energon mine and either adapt it as her lair, or dig herself a hiding place near it. Such solution could allow her to easier find small amounts of energon that will not attract anyone.”

“That would also make her easy to find, we just need to search through old mines.” Tarn pondered. “Isn't that reckless on her part?”

“No. There are too many mining sites that had been depleted and left behind. There may be small deposits and thing veins of energon there, not large enough for us to mine, but enough for small group to survive on it for a while.” Shockwave explained. “And even if we would return to every
mine, some of them collapsed. It is not problem for Airachnid and her Insecticons for they can dig. She could be even collapsing them on purpose, but we have no way of saying if collapse is natural or provoked by Airachnid. Also sound of us digging would warn her and she would simply flee.”

“This is a problem.” Kaon frowned. “Currently her group is so small. It makes her easier to defeat but also makes her more mobile in danger situations.”

“I am also suspecting that she already knows about your arrival.” Shockwave added. “Airachnid is very intelligent and she knows more than well that being well informed is crucial for her personal security.”

“Notitia Servitium” Vos hissed under his mask.

“Yes. Decepticon Radio.” Tarn nodded. “Usually they keep silent about us, but they just had to blurt out that we have been summoned by Megatron. That had to warn her.”

“If she was able to hear the broadcast here.” Helex pointed out. He wasn't much of a speaker, but when he spoke, he meant every word he said.

“She was and still is.” Shockwave answered without any further explanation.

“That leaves us at disadvantage then.” Tarn crossed his arms. “She knows we're here, she knows we're after her. But we do not know where to start looking. We will have to consider what kind of strategy she might take in this situation.”

“In this case it is good that Arcee has joined me today.” Shockwave gestured at the silent Autobot femme at his side. “She knows Airachnid well and encountered her many times in the past. She was the one to capture her last time.”

That caused the five mechs and one turbo fox to concentrate their attention on the femme. The Pet whimpered slightly while the rest of the group studied her grumpy face.

“How did you manage to capture her the previous time, Autobot?” Kaon spoke first. He didn't sound hostile but rather official, not knowing how to refer during the cease fire to an enemy who seemed to be rather close to one of their own.
“During a fight I tricked her into stepping on deactivated Insecticon Hibernation Pod, the Pod activated and imprisoned Airachnid inside.” Arcee answered with surprising calm.

“This tactic may not be possible this time.” Kaon pondered. He had to admit that it was cunning idea and impressive feat.

“It will not be possible for certain.” Tarn vended deeply. To capture Airachnid like that, it was matter of luck, skill and circumstance. Such combination would not repeat itself any time soon.

“If you want to know what to do, then just look for her, be active.” Arcee decided to speak out. She refused to show intimidation to any of these mechs. “Knowing you're here she will not stay hidden for long. She isn't the type to just idly wait for events to unfold around her. She will do everything in her power to make it play for her benefit. She will use your presence to complete her own plans.”

“I agree. Airachnid is not a passive participant.” Shockwave agreed. “Her approach to this situation will be an active one in order to obtain the desired end result. From all the information at our disposal the conclusion is that Airachnid wishes to leave this planet.”

“That is also my understanding of her motives.” Tarn nodded.

“And cause as much of havoc in her wake as possible.” Arcee growled coldly.

TBC

1) The Sisterhood was a side project of Sisters of Mercy made by its vocalist and leader Andrew Eldritch, the SoM's drummer (drum machine) Dr. Avalanche and guest musicians. The Sisterhood was consequence of the band splitting and the former members began to form new band called “The Sisterhood” (which was too similar to Sisters of Mercy for Eldritch liking) and wanted to play SOM’s songs at their concerts. Eldritch had to claim the name before his former band mates could, so he recorded a single “Giving Ground” then another one “This Corrosion” (it is now known as SoM's song) and then an album “The Gift”. It's quite a story actually, especially that Eldritch snatched 25 000 GBPs from before his former band mates noses (it was from a contract from
before the band split and it was fee for releasing an album, the recording studio wanted to split the cash but Eldritch by beating his former colleagues in composing and recording an album) and bragged about it in the song “Jihad”.

The former members eventually ended up as The Mission and are still active as well as SoM, but they recorded more albums.

The song “Finland Red Egypt White” is actually arm dealer's catalogue details for AK-47 Kalasznikow.

\[^2\)] Just in case you'd wondered how she knows... well, from the exact same source she knew that MECH captured and “experimented” on Breakdown. You can say that she's well-tuned in.

Also I know that doesn't sound like Airachnid, she never does anything carefully, but hey, this is D.J.D. even Overlord is avoiding them and he is... well... Overlord – that speaks volumes about how well known and feared the D.J.D. is. On the other hand, this is Airachnid, so she's not so much into panic as seeing this as an opportunity. Dangerous opportunity, but opportunity none than less.
Embrace whatever may come

Run.

“Run my baby run my baby run
Run from the noise of the street and the loaded gun
Too late for solutions to solve in the setting sun
So run my baby run my baby run” – Garbage “Run”.

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Embrace whatever may come.

“(...)
Over thinking, over analysing separates the body from the mind.
Withering my intuition leaving all these opportunities behind.

Feed my will to feel this moment urging me to cross the line.
Reaching out to embrace the random.
Reaching out to embrace whatever may come.
Arcee emerged from the Groundbridge with tired expression on her face plates. The D.J.D. wasn't expected and it wasn't pleasant even though she wasn't as scared of them as most people tended to be. Still, it was unnerving.

“Yo ’Cee.” Jazz grinned from his spot, where he was reading some news on the internet. “How the date went?” All he got was pretty grim stare. “Whoa, that bad?”

“D.J.D. came to pay us visit.” Arcee revealed.

“Ouch!” Jazz winced. “Bad.”

“Did they do anything threatening?” Hot Rod snapped to attention the moment the femme mentioned the D.J.D.’s name.

“No.” Arcee shook her head. “But it’s still unpleasant company.”

“As unpleasant as it comes.” Hot Rod pulled a face. “Learned anything?”

“Only what we already knew – they're after Airachnid.” Arcee shrugged. “They came to ask Shockwave if he had any ideas about how to find her.”

“And they just couldn't take a hint 'bout need of privacy?” Jazz shook his helm. “Two is a pleasant company, seven is a crowd.”

“You forgot about a turbofox sparkeater” Arcee smirked. “Kaon had his beloved pet.”
“Oh yeah, my bad: seven plus half tamed turbofox.” Jazz corrected himself with grin.

“Don't worry. There's always the next time.” Blaster raised his optics from his console where he sat and listened to the conversation while scanning Cybertronian frequencies. “You know, there always could be worse.”

“Yeah, they could walk in on you.” Hot Rod giggles like a naughty youngling. “Arcee and Shockwave sitting on a tree, K.I.S.S.I.N.G. First come love... “

“Hold on, quiet, I have something!” Blaster interrupted Rodimus' mocking. “It's Decepticon Radio... they're transmitting!”

“Put it on a speaker and record everythin'!” Jazz commanded immediately. During the War on Cybertron he was Autobot's Third in Command and he kept his rank after they fled into space. It meant that in absence of Prowl – Autobot Second in Command, he was Prime's right servo.

“You got it.” Blaster grinned and followed the order. “Here we go.”

There was painfully loud screeching sound at first but then the words become clear, someone was speaking Cybertronian with faint Praxian accent.

:: …spare parts for long and short distance transmitter array. The works will include removal of the outer aerials and reinstallation of the drivers resulting in complete lack of remote control of both the Ground and Spacebridge for next four days. Consequently, all personnel are requested to use manual access console in Groundbridge control room. ::

“Oh mech, Prime has to hear this as soon as he's back.” Jazz exclaimed after the bulletin ended, replaced with some static and 'normal' dull chatter of some random Decepticons.

“Speaking of which, where's everybody?” Arcee looked around; the base was too empty for her liking.

“Optimus went out to stretch his axels, Wheeljack and Smokescreen are still out, patrolling. Bulkhead and Bumblebee are on their curb duty and Ratchet is recharging.” Blaster said while disconnecting the speaker. “Rewind is back in our quarter re-organising his newest recordings and Steeljaw is prowling in ventilation system.”
Elsewhere.

A pair of light violet optics snapped open and shone brilliantly in otherwise impenetrable darkness. They widened for a second and then narrowed dangerously, then their owner uttered silent chuckle.

“How convenient.” The feminine voice whispered. “This was to be expected. That fool, Megatron, only dare to risk such an operation because he thinks that I will be too preoccupied doing all that is in my power to avoid being noticed by Tarn and his goons... “

“How will you know, My Queen?” Another gruff voice asked, or perhaps it was the same one as before.

“After they will dismantle their own short range transmitters they will have to rely on this planet’s communication network making their signal easy to track. We will wait for that to happen.” She explained. “If it is a trap, the D.J.D. will be guarding Nemesis pending my arrival. If this is not a trap then they will be in the field searching for me.”

“And if it is a trap, My Queen?”

“Then we will wait. Nemesis cannot stay deprived of the means of communication forever. They will have to restore their transmitters eventually and the D.J.D. will have to revert to their usual methods of hunting in which case we will simply wait for them and eliminate them one by one. The last one to fall in our servos I will simply interrogate and find out where Peaceful Tyranny is, then we will commandeer it and leave this mud ball.”
“Hey, mum, you're alive in there?” Jack Darby leaned against a wall next to the bathroom door. His mother was inside and it sounded as if she was puking her insides out.

“Yes. Sorry, Jack, I know you want to get in, but give me one more moment.” June called from inside.

“No hurry mum, I have plenty of time.” Jack answered. “Just wanted to know if you're all right.”

“I'm fine. It must've been that pizza I ate yesterday when I returned home.” June called and then made some unpleasant noises.

“What pizza?”

“The one in refrigerator.” June replied panting.

“There was... Mum, that pizza was ancient.” Jack pulled a face remembering old pizza. He was planning on throwing the thing away before it grew some legs and marched out on its own.

“I know, but it was late and I was hungry, and didn't feel like making anything myself.” The woman called. “And it looked okay enough, Miko ate some of it yesterday morning and she was fine.”

“Mum! Miko has a titanium stomach; she could eat a whole skunk alive and be fine!”

“I know it now.” June moaned and flushed the toilet. “I think I'm done for now... There's nothing left in my stomach anyway.”

“You wash yourself and I'll make you some bitter tea.” Jack offered. “It should help you.”
“Thank you Jack.” June sighed tiredly, grateful to have such a thoughtful son.

TBC

**To Kaleia:** Yes. Shockwave and Tarn are roughly the same height and weight, they're both tank-formers, they're both purple and they're both have cannon arms (though Tarn has double fusion cannon on his right forearm – as a homage to Megatron, his unquestioned leader and role model; while Shockwave has a cannon instead of his left hand that was taken away by empurata along with his right hand and his head, making him the One-eyed Purple People Eater that we all love and appreciate XD ).

Oh, come on, this is Airachnid, have you ever seen her scared? P!$$eD, sure. Flirtous, probably. Surprised, at times. Murderous – always. But scared? Never. She's not scared of the D.J.D., perhaps she should but she isn't. It's probably because she can be just as murderous as Tarn, or perhaps she is just that though. Or perhaps she's not a coward. It doesn't mean that she underestimates the D.J.D., she knows how dangerous they are, it's just that she refuses to be intimidated. All in all, with the D.J.D. (which is deadly but not omnipotent) only cool mind can save you, you can best them but you can't make a single mistake (it was proven by the Scavengers – you know the crew of Weak Anthropic Principle, they only lost Flywheels to Tesarus – and Rewind that indeed, you can escape Tarn and his merry band of sadists if you know what you're doing and/or you're lucky).
Policy of Truth

Run.

“Run my baby run my baby run
Run from the noise of the street and the loaded gun
Too late for solutions to solve in the setting sun
So run my baby run my baby run” – Garbage “Run”.

Warnings: Violence, explicit language, maybe some sex (but I’m not sure) – you know, the usual.

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Policy of Truth.

“You had something to hide
Should have hidden it, shouldn’t you
Now you’re not satisfied
With what you’re being put through
It’s just time to pay the price
For not listening to advice
And deciding in your youth
On the policy of truth.

Things could be so different now
It used to be so civilised
You will always wonder how
It could have been if you'd only lied
It's too late to change events
It's time to face the consequence
For delivering the proof
In the policy of truth. (...)” – Depeche Mode „Policy of Truth”

oOo

An old energon mine. African equator rain forest.

The air was humid, thick and unmoving. The rain forest was green, the colour was intense beyond simple colour, this intensity filled the very air. Everything buzzed with life; it seemed to contain more organic matter that anyone could imagine. Everything seemed to feed on everything else. The place had more insects that biologically possible. Various sounds, from buzzing to bird songs filed the space. Though all that animal life seemed to be concentrated near the ground or high in the thick, green canopy of tree tops.

The animals generally ignored small group of trespassers but some of them silenced when they walked near only to resume their noise making as soon as they left their immediate vicinity. Finally after short stroll they reached their destination, it looked nothing like in the description they received but they have been warned that rainforests grew fast and that in short period of time the place would be overgrown with vegetation.

Tarn looked at the old energon mine, it used to have visible entry and was cleaned of all trees, but now it looked like the jungle started to re-claim it the moment last Decepticon left the place. The group of eight Decepticons moves slowly to the entrance hidden behind few young trees and a lot of bush that would soon die out smothered by the growing trees blocking their light.

Tarn took his entire team and three pyrotechnics to the old mining site. They cautiously entered the mine and gave it brief and quick inspection. It was clear that no one was there since it was
depleted.

“Honestly, I never thought that any planet can be so... organic.” Helex looked around after they emerged.

“Too organic for my liking.” Tesarus winced. “And it's all green, too much green, it's boring.”

“It's not here for your amusement.” Tarn interjected. “As soon we're done here, we'll leave for another site. Not very far from here.”

“How long will it take?” Tesarus started to look around. “And will it look like this one?”

“It will look pretty much like this one, and it'll take as long as our pyrotechnics will need to rig the place.” Tarn explained.

“You think our boys already aired the first news feed?” Tesarus cocked his head. He was curious; also it was far more interesting than just standing there and observing everything green.

Kaon only smiled. He was without his precious turbofox, leaving The Pet back on Nemesis under Soundwave's care in fear that the small Sparkeater would get lost in the forest. “Yes, they should be transmitting it as we speak.” He said with satisfaction.

oOo

Elsewhere.

Airachnid chewed on a small piece of energon deep in thought while she sat at her lair entrance enjoying fresh air cooling her plates. Her two remaining minions preferred staying underground and she couldn't blame them, they were Undergrounders after all, just like her. Only she also liked large spaces and remembered that Cybertron's Underground was not just few caverns, but entire labyrinth of passages and halls.

She swallowed her last piece of energon and rose to her pedes to return into the darkness of her hiding place when she detected a transmission. It appeared to be a Decepticon Radio broadcast, but
the frequency was different. Airachnid easily tuned on it and instantly realised that this was not yet another technical section bulletin like the last one. She identified the waveband as the military section.

:: … I repeat: Today at 10 00 GMT Decepticon Justice Division with assistance of pyrotechnic team will commence operation of searching and closing all depleted and abandoned mining sites and their immediate vicinities. All personnel without proper security clearance are ordered to remain in safe distance from the mining sites for safety reasons. All requests at entering the mining site must be issued to Tarn of the Decepticon Justice Division.::

Airachnid swore under hear vent. This could have been trap set to lure her out of her hiding place, but she doubted that the D.J.D. would just stand idly and wait for her move. She was sure they would really search and probably rig with explosives if not collapse the mines they would search, and she knew they would search the mines – it was the only logical track that they could follow to find her. She needed to move, she didn't knew where they began the search and this planet had few old energon mines. Chances were that she had plenty of time, but just as well they could arrive any moment now.

She summoned her minions through their link and they launched without as much as a single word. The two Insecticons already knew their orders and will of their Queen. They needed to be moving, none of the D.J.D. members was a flyer and if confronted with a Vehicon patrol they could fight. She knew that if they met Starscream or Soundwave, they would be in trouble. While Starscream wasn't match for any of them on land, he was more than a challenge in the air. Soundwave was equally dangerous on land and in the air but she hoped that having two Insecticons at her disposal she could match the Spymaster and his flying minion. She didn't want to think what would happen if they met Megatron but chances for that were slim.

The best way to avoid any kind of trouble, and that included bumping into any human aircraft; she set her sensors on maximum while still listening on to any Decepticon radio transmissions. Sensors would allow her to detect any approaching object while listening to the Decepticon Radio could proof useful as a forewarning to any Decepticon activity, it was often filled with Vehicon chatter and while mostly void of any significance, it could serve her purposes at times.

oOo

They were in the air for quarter of ah hour now and all was quiet. There was few gossiping Vehicons on the radio; they detected two human aircrafts in a safe distance and luckily no sign of a single Decepticon on the perimeter. Airachnid knew that they couldn't stay in the air forever, they were not starving but their tanks would run dry at some pint. They needed to land somewhere safe so she could make some plans in peace and quiet.
She was running the list of mines in her memory; the perfect spot would be as far from nearest energon mine as possible. For now the energon was not a problem, they could search for some later, at the moment they needed a place to hide.

It was then when she has detected another transmission, this time again of the technical section. Taking the previous transmission it was no surprise. She tuned on it, it wouldn't hurt anyway.

:: Due to the previously announced works on the transmission arrays, all personnel is reminded that remote access to the Groundbridge and Spacebridge has been suspended until further notice. All requests for the Groundbridge must be submitted to the operator on duty. At the same time we inform that the Spacebridge will remain out of Nemesis reach and can only be operated manually. The duty operator's hailing frequency is... ::

Airachnid smiled internally. The message in itself didn't bring her any new knowledge, she already knew about it all and she had no need for hailing frequency of the Groundbridge operator. But apparently along with losing their transmission array and switching to use the humans satellite grid, they have lost their signal protection because she was able to locate Nemesis. And it wasn't very far away. This was her chance. And she already knew how to use it.

TBC
Hard Life Easy

Run.

“Run my baby run my baby run
Run from the noise of the street and the loaded gun
Too late for solutions to solve in the setting sun
So run my baby run my baby run” – Garbage “Run”.

Warnings: Violence, explicit language, maybe some sex (but I’m not sure) – you know, the usual.

Timing: Post season 2 finale, in my very own Beauty of the Beast Prime timeline.

Rating: T to M (and possibly even MA).

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Disclaimer: Transformers Prime © Hasbro. Story’s plot and OC’s © me. There may be some OC’s that aren’t mine – they belong to their respective creators.

Hard Life Easy.

“You are my secret lover
And so I took you undercover
You ask me "How you doin' tiger?"
I say, "My hard life just got easy"
Big mountain Colorado
Small island Fiji
I take you everywhere I go because
Abandoned energon mine. African equator rain forest.

Tesarus was sitting on a large boulder with his elbows on his knees and his face resting in his servos. Every now and then he would vent heavily and ask if they were done yet. Helex would only sigh heavily; Vos would ignore him and Kaon answer with simple 'No'. Tarn was oblivious to his team and observed everything around him while the pyrotechnics worked inside.

After what seemed eternity to Tesarus but was closer to an hour three Vehicons emerged from the dark cave-like entrance to the mine. They carried a detonator that looked like TV remote.

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“Yes sir.” Another Vehicon said and pressed a red button on his detonator. Nothing happened.

They waited patiently for couple of seconds before the Vehicon with the detonator pressed the button again. And again nothing happened.

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“Then why it doesn't work?” The third one asked.

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“I do hope that this was one-time problem?” Tarn narrowed his optics. He didn't appreciate being swept off his pedes by exploding mines (he didn't mind being swept off his pedes by nice company, or better yet series of transformations followed by nice company).

“Now that we have fresh batteries, that's shouldn't be an issue.” Sheev shrugged. To him it was just an opportunity to blow stuff up even if technically, he was blowing stuff down.

“That's a good thing to hear. Music to my audios, you may say. Now we move to the next one. Kaon, how is the communication?”

“All channels are silent, Tarn.” Kaon smiled slightly. “For now, all is clear.”

“Inform me immediately if you will receive anything.” He activated his comm.link. “Operator, the next set of coordinates, please.”
Before the Groundbridge opened, Tesarus smiled to his companions. “At least this one didn't end boring.”

“You need professional help.” Helex shook his helm but there was no malice in his voice.

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Nemesis location, somewhere above Caribbean Sea. Night time.

Airachnid could spot Nemesis from pretty far distance. The Decepticon flagship was easy to see for someone who knew what to look for: its position lights giving it away. The landing deck was well lit for all flyers to safely touch down. The dark shape floating in the night seemed ominous, a massive leviathan floating slowly in its aimless journey, but Airachnid knew the ship well and she was not intimidated. After all Nemesis was a ship, magnificent but just a vessel. If there was anything to be concerned about it was the crew... Though rather not the crew itself, but its certain members. The She-Spider knew that she could avoid them and she had two Insecticons to command in case of emergency. She had her goal and was determined to reach it at all costs. Arcee and Jack be damned, she wanted off this accursed planet.

The trio approached the landing deck and gently touched down. The door was closed, but not locked, they entered without being disturbed. The upper hangar was empty, but that wasn't a surprise, it was only used during missions or operations. Remembering that the Nemesis functioned according to Greenwich Universal Time, Airachnid quickly figured that it was still night shift, meaning that the corridors would be mostly empty. She and her two Insecticons quickly navigated their way through insides of the ship.

Neither of them noticed slight shift as the ship changed its course.

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Small military base. Nevada USA. Darby household. Late evening.

Megatron stood leaning against the door frame to June’s bathroom with his arms crossed, looking as casual as a Decepticon Warmonger in human house can. He never expected to find himself in such situation, but he guessed that entering relationship with an organic woman would sooner or later end with him waiting outside while his lady was being more or less violently sick inside. He
wasn’t an expert in medicine, organic or otherwise, but he knew that it was not exactly healthy.

“Are you sure you don't need to see a doctor?” He asked while glancing at the door.

“No, it is not that serious.” The door answered in voice of one rather tired June Darby. “And I think that it has passed for now.”

“Do you know what could cause you such problems?” The Tyrant asked. In Cybertronian purging tanks was just as common as vomiting in humans, ingesting bad energon was most common cause with tank or intake malfunctions a close second.

“I know what could cause that!” Miko peeped from the living room where she passionately slaughtered hordes of zombies.

“Really Miko...” June groaned from the bathroom. She didn't realise that they were talking loud enough to be heard.

“I know, I know. But give me a second!” The girl said as she paused the game and ejected herself from her spot only to race to her room where she started to make some rustling noises.

“Miko?” June asked opening the door. She managed to get herself presentable again by washing her face, but she still looked tired.

There was triumphant 'got it' and then the door to Miko's room opened and the teenage girl matched back with proud face of someone who just conquered half the galaxy. “Here you go Mrs D.” She said and handed a small box to the nurse.

“What is it?” June asked looking down at the box.

“I keep one just in case, you know, after that one incident.” The girl explained. “Not that I need it right now. ‘Bee and I learned our lesson.” She quickly added.

“Really Miko, a pregnancy test?” June didn't seem amused.
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“Can it be?” Megatron asked with stunned face. He was more than well aware that technically it was possible if less than likely. Human organic DNA and Cybertronian CNA matched perfectly thanks to Unicron's input, and there were rare cases of techno-organics created in unions with species less genetically compatible than humans and Cybertronians. The key word here was: 'rare'.

“In theory.” June stared at the pregnancy test. “It's not impossible, but the chance is slim.”

“Do you have any symptoms?” He pulled bewildered face. Suddenly he looked more innocent than anyone sane would be willing to give him credit for.

“You mean other than puking my insides out?” June asked but couldn't get irritated at that face “I do not have the main symptom. 5”) She said and disappeared behind the door. “But then again, I didn't have it in first three months when I was with Jack. It happens in some cases 5).”

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::I am positive, My Liege. General Soundwave is on the move as we speak.:: That was more than Megatron expected to hear. If Soundwave was on the case it could only mean that the Spymaster detected the eight legged traitor.

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“And you should be in bed already.” June addressed Miko when Megatron pulled away.

“I'm almost finished. I just need to beat this boss so I can save the game.” Miko called. “And good
luck with the Spider Hag.”

“Heh.” Was the only reply they got from Megatron as he left the house.

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"As your bony fingers close around me
Long and spindly
Death becomes me
Heaven can you see what I see
Hey you pale and sickly child
You're death and living reconciled
Been walking home a crooked mile
Paying debt to karma
You party for a living

What you take won't kill you

But careful what you're giving” – Depeche Mode „Dream On”

Nemesis. Somewhere above Caribbean Sea.

Airachnid silently dropped from the ceiling that she and her minions choose to move on for better concealment in case of meeting some sort of sentries or just random crew members. The corridor was empty, the morning shift didn't start yet which improved her chances of succeeding. She approached the nearby computer station and decided to try to localise the Peaceful Tyranny first, having a ship of her own would certainly be preferable over having to use the Spacebridge. A short moment of typing revealed that the ship was on the Moon, well away of her reach at the moment. The femme only narrowed her optics. She could set the 'bridge to send her to the Moon and get the ship, but the data did not reveal Peaceful Tyranny's precise coordinates, so she would have to look for it and while the Moon was smaller than the Earth, it would still take too much time – precious time that she didn't have. She had to use the Spacebridge and get herself a ship when she'll be free again.

Airachnid tried to open the Spacebridge, but all she got was an error message stating that the operating system did not detect Spacebridge's drivers. She decided to try and open a Groundbridge, but just as she expected, all she received was yet another message stating that she could not operate the device from this console. It looked like the news feed was true; she needed to go to the Groundbridge control room. She had the sinking feeling that it could be some sort of a trap, but so far everything seemed fine. Perhaps it was simply her paranoia?

"Minions, follow me." The Spider Femme ordered and moved in the direction of 'bridge's control room on full trot. It was few corridors away and she wanted to be there as fast as possible.

They were almost there and Airachnid was already smiling at the very thought of leaving Earth, when Soundwave slowly walked out of one of the adjoining corridors. He was as usual silent and moved with sense of purpose.

"Soundwave" Airachnid hissed with as much venom as she could elicit from her voice. There was nothing she would love more at the moment than just rip the TIC's spark out, preferably with her dentas, but she knew that she couldn't afford wasting precious moments that the fight would take.

Soundwave stopped in place and looked at the fast approaching party. His entire body went rigid as he took his fighting stance and clenched his fists.

"BETA!" She called her second Insecticon. "Deal with him! Join us when you're finished!"

The Insecticon walala-ed and moved at the Decepticon Spymaster while Airachnid and her first Insecticon passed in a hurry.
Beta jumped at Soundwave but the TIC moved away in swift and graceful motion that looked more like dance than actual fight. The Insecticon snarled, flaring his mandibles in atavistic manner and launched himself at his opponent taking a wide swing with his left, dominating arm. Soundwave dodged the hook easily, his movements fluid and seemingly casual, as if it cost him no energy whatsoever. But the second blow – right straight reached its aim and sent Soundwave back with enough force that the Communication Officer collided with the wall behind him.

Beta murmured silently and jumped to finish off his victim but Soundwave deployed his tentacles and grabbed the Insecticon with one of them only to lift the intruder up and smack him back on the floor. The Insecticon groaned but Soundwave did not release the iron grip of his tentacle, instead he lifted the bug-former again and released devastating punch with his other tentacle. This time it was the Insecticon who collided with the wall.

Soundwave silently retracted his tentacles – the appendages seemed frail and rather willowy, not fit for heavy lifting or combat, but was just deceiving looks. And Soundwave was a Gladiator for a long time and had plenty of experience in hand to hand combat, or in this case: tentacle to hand combat.

Insecticon rose to his pedes but this time instead of launching blows, he decided to charge at his enemy with all he got. Beta was not the largest Insecticon, but he was larger and heavier than Soundwave. In theory this should work perfectly. And it would on most mechs, ones that were not ex-Gladiators.

Insecticon rammed Soundwave who took the hit of the armoured shoulder on his epigastrum, just above the area where his tentacles emerged. Beta wasted no time and grabbed Soundwave in half, trapping both of the smaller mech's arms in the process. His own arms began tightening around the slimmer mech in attempt to crush him in an iron grip.

Soundwave instantly knew what was happening, he tried to break the grip but the massive Insecticon arms held him like a vice. The Spy began to squirm but it did nothing, finally he released one of his tentacles but the beastformer managed to catch it with his ventral arms and squeeze hard. Soundwave felt a white-hot flash of pain followed by wave of heat spreading from his tentacle. The flexible appendages were very strong but also highly nerved which made them extra sensitive, especially that they were bare protoform unprotected by durable armour.

Beta felt his prey tremble slightly when he caught the tentacle, he knew it had to hurt but Soundwave despite obvious pain didn't make a sound, not even the most silent grunt or squeak. He only squirmed in discomfort.

Soundwave allowed the pain to flow through him, he was through much worse in his time and no pain ever stopped him before, so he wouldn't allow it now either. He deployed his other tentacle, this time knowing that both ventral arms of his enemy were busy. The movement was swift and before the Insecticon realised what happened, Soundwave connected the second tentacle and shocked the Undergrounder.

Beta felt something making contact with his armour but before he could react, he felt intense pain of being zapped and then all went dark.

Soundwave felt satisfaction and relief when the Insecticon went limp and released his tentacle. The electric charge wasn't that strong, but it was applied into just the right spot to have the desired effect. The Bug-former was out cold and it would remain that way for a long enough time. Soundwave gave the unconscious Insecticon one long look and decided to let the rouge live just in case Lord Megatron would have some use for him.
Airachnid ran at her full speed closely followed by her only remaining Insecticon. Even though she said to Beta that he was to join her when he was done, she held no delusions. Soundwave was more than capable of defeating the Insecticon. The Spymaster was an ex-Gladiator just like Megatron and he too hones his skills in Pits of Kaon. Of course Beta, like all Insecticons, was strong enough to pose a challenge to even the strongest mechs, but strength itself could not win a fight, one also had to know how to fight. Beta was smaller than most Insecticons, but she saw Insecticons smaller than he subduing much bigger opponents. Beta just wasn't the champion fighter. None than less he would still serve, even if merely a distraction to buy her time.

The sounds of fight behind them could still be heard when a tell-tale blue light shone from one of the side corridors, Airachnid stole a glance as she passed and noticed a sight that chilled the energon in her veins. There, from the Groundbridge, emerged no one else but Tarn of the Decepticon Justice Division in his very own self. She didn't caught much details of his looks, the fact that he was there was enough to give her some extra speed. Tarn was not invincible, that much she knew, but she wasn't eager to find out how to defeat him. Not in a fight... A fair one at least.

But she still needed to get to the control room and she had the feeling that Tarn would pursue her. She couldn't afford that.

"Leader!" She addressed her last remaining Insecticon. "Defeat the one we just passed. Swiftly. I will secure the control room, if you won't join me in one breem1) I won't be waiting for you!"

"Yes, My Queen!" Leader answered and left behind.

Now Airachnid was left alone. And she indeed had a control room to secure. She was sure she could do it though. But she also knew that she had little chance to ever see any of her Insecticons again.

Tarn managed to catch a glimpse of something feminine speeding on six 2) spider legs, followed by an Insecticon in his bipedal form. It would be quite interesting if not for the fact that he knew that the femme was Airachnid – his target, and that the Insecticon would probably stand in his way.

The D.J.D. leader jumped to the main corridor in attempt to give a pursuit but instead of nice, empty corridor he met a large fist colliding with his mask and then another, connecting to his midsection.

"HRRK!" Tarn's optics grew round as he bent. 3) For a moment he wondered how come it always happens to him. But a split second later, he re-focused on his opponent and the fact that he really, really hated when people served him combos.

"WA LA LA LA LA LA!" The Insecticon cried with enthusiasm.
Tarn narrowed his optics and used the moment to deliver a mighty high kick to the beastformer's chest. Normally high kicks and even low kicks were easy to block because the kicking party had to move their weight centre to one leg and that movement was easy to spot. But hollering Insecticon wasn't focusing his attention on his opponent's stance nearly enough. This cost him a powerful kick to the chest that sent him couple paces back.

"Tarn, duck!"

Tarn risked a quick glance behind and instantly fell forward, just fast enough to not being in a way of not very impressive looking electric arch as Kaon released his charge.

The electric arch might not look impressive, it was just thin, blue line of light with few forks that grounded themselves into the corridor's walls; but it had just enough juice to painfully fondle the Insecticon into a halt.

"And that would be it." Tarn rose to his pedes. This Insecticon was not a prised victim. He was not a rewarding challenge. Tarn was not about to waste precious time to talk this Insecticon's Spark into blissful deactivation.

He lifted his arm and aimed his double fusion cannon at his opponent's chest. The problem with mech sized (or in other words hand held/arm welded) fusion cannons was that they were not as powerful as those gigantic ones mounted at fortresses' towers. Such a snub nosed dwarf had great demolishing power but their penetrative properties were limited because the charge could not gain enough speed in such a short barrel.

There were two ways of compensating such a flaw. Megatron had short but wide barrel that generated slow yet devastating charges that had to be perfectly aimed at the weaker spots to cause proper damage and were ineffective with thicker armour. This option was preferable for short distance shooting. Tarn had thin barrels that provided smaller but faster charges with better penetrative properties due to the fact that thinner barrel meant smaller but more numerous coils. Such a solution was better for long distance shootings and for sharpshooters.

Tarn compensated smaller 'calibre' by doubling his cannon but this was still Insecticon, and Insecticons could survive even a point blank shot with minor damage (though it probably still hurt like Pit itself). Of course Tarn wouldn't be Tarn if he allowed such a detail as Insecticon durability to stop him. His solution to this problem took form of short series of three shots from his double barrel fusion cannon directly to the middle seam of the chest plates of his opponent.

The third shot did the trick and the Insecticon fell down with a small, irregular, smoking hole in his spark chamber.

"Now, for the main prize." Tarn lowered his arm.

"She said something about control room." Helex approached his leader calmly. This fight was almost boring. He looked at the now dead Insecticon being poked with one digit by Vos.

"Soundwave caught us a prisoner. Perhaps we could interrogate him?" Kaon noted and Tarn spun around only to notice that the Spymaster approached them silently while dragging a completely out cold but still living Insecticon.

"No time for that." Tarn decided. "We still have a traitor to catch."

Soundwave nodded and displayed image from the surveillance showing Airachnid trying to open a Spacebridge.
"To the Groundbridge control room then." Tarn announced after taking a close look at the image. His crest copying that of Soundwave and his mask mimicking the shape of Spymaster's visor.

"Hey, where's my Pet?" Kaon asked the TIC.

Soundwave looked at his D.J.D.'s counterpart and displayed a life feed from the mess hall where The Pet sniffing around the tables with the twins following his closely while Laserbeak and ravage observed the scene. The meaning clear: 'Safe'.

"Now that you know, Kaon, let's go." Tarn turned and walked around the dead Insecticon's body. "Helex, you stay with the other Insecticon, make sure it stays unconscious."

"As you say." Helex smiled and leaned against the wall. He was of the patient kind, making him perfect for this type of tasks.

Nemesis' landing deck at the same time.

Megatron approached his ship in a wide arch, his engines hummed louder when he slowed down and transformed directly above the landing stripe. The Decepticon Tyrant landed with a thud and immediately ran to the hangar door only to disappear inside.

TBC

I have seen the newest Transformers cartoon: Robots in Disguise aaaaaannnd... well, it has its moments, that's for sure (I even caught few "eye winks" for older audience). Grimlock surely is charming. And it certainly has the air of Tf: Prime in it, It's a bit too infantile for my liking though. I understand that it is so because the cartoon is aimed at younger viewers and it can't be too dark or "serious", but seeing as I am hardly a kid and I have been legally adult for some time now (not that it stopped me from watching cartoons, no sir) I have preference for more "substantial" contents. It gave me few moments of laugh (Grimlock, who else) but I believe that upon seeing Underbite and his antics our beloved Megatron would consume his own cannon in grief.

Also, do not confuse Steeljaw the Decepticon wolf with Steeljaw the Autobot lion/deployer/minicon/Blaster's co-worker. They're just namesakes, because, you know, there's only so many cool names to go by and all the best ones are taken – there are confirmed cases of two Cybertronians going by the same name, these include: two Prowls (one ex-cop and one that changed his name to Dent – IDW's MTMTE issue 4 "Life after the Big Bang"), two Skydives (one Aerialbot and one Decepticon – IDW's RiD, issue 4 "Devisive") and now two Steeljaws in Aligned Continuity; to name three such cases.

1) 1 Breem = 8, 3 minutes.

2) Yes, I know Airachnid is an eight-leger and Spiderformer (and arachnids have eight legs) but in
her battle/spider form she has six thin spider legs and a pair of arms, which sums to four pairs of limbs = eight limbs. You will say that it still means that she only has six legs (because the eight pair is a pair of arms) but she still has four pair of legs – there's the catch, she has another pair of legs, hidden – her actual legs. So in the end, she had eight legs in total: two in her bipedal form, and six more in her battle form plus one pair of arms. And then comes her helicopter form, but that's a whole new story.

3) Anyone who read More Than Meets the Eye, issue 8, "Scavengers, part 2: Who's afraid of the D.J.D.?" will know where it came from. And, those who didn't, well, all I can say that Grimlock packs a punch.
Warning

Run.

“Run my baby run my baby run
Run from the noise of the street and the loaded gun
Too late for solutions to solve in the setting sun
So run my baby run my baby run” – Garbage “Run”.

Warnings: Violence, explicit language, maybe some sex (but I’m not sure) – you know, the usual.

Timing: Post season 2 finale, in my very own Beauty of the Beast Prime timeline.

Rating: T to M (and possibly even MA).

Pairings: multiple.

Disclaimer: Transformers Prime © Hasbro. Story’s plot and OC’s © me. There may be some OC’s that aren’t mine – they belong to their respective creators.

Warning.

“This is a public service announcement, this is only a test
Emergency evacuation protest
May impair your ability to operate machinery
Can’t quite tell just what it means to me
Keep out of reach of children, don’t you talk to strangers
Get your philosophy from a bumper sticker
Warning. Live without warning
Airachnid jumped into the control room with such a hurry that she almost collided with a Vehicon who was spending his shift serving there. The Vehicon jumped back and transformed his servo into blaster buy Airachnid was faster, three well aimed shots of her spider webs glued him to a wall and fourth one successfully gagged him.

“Be silent Genericon \(^1\), you may consider yourself lucky that I am in so much hurry.” She said with clear irritation in her voice while she transformed back to her bipedal form and turned to 'bridge console. “Otherwise we would have so much fun... or rather I would have so much fun with you.”

“Mmmffff!” The Vehicon seemed to protest, but the femme ignored him in favour of the control device.

Airachnid tapped on the console and brought up schematics of the Spacebridge, opened a dialog box and began typing the coordinates for the location she wanted to go. The computer bleeped and compared the coordinates with its star charts for confirmation. The she-spider smirked and hit the OK button. The progress bar for establishing connection reached 99% and stopped for a moment. Then an error message popped out.

“What? What in the Pit does 'Error 503 \(^2\)’ mean?” She growled angrily. “I need a Spacebridge. Now!”

She tapped on the keyboard and brought the newest status report of the Spacebridge to see what happened. She quickly read it and cursed. It was in the broadcast that she overheard, it was only operable manually. She just wasted precious moments to try to connect to the device that was out of range. It seemed that the broadcast was entirely authentic after all.
Flashback – the previous day.

Soundwave opened the admin account in the Nemesis operating system and pulled the Spacebridge settings to disconnect the device from the ships control system. The operation was easy and quick. The next thing the TIC did was to switch Groundbridge to operate only from the console in Groundbridge control room.

“Good, Soundwave.” Megatron allowed himself satisfied smirk. “It is just temporary; soon you will regain full control.”

Soundwave nodded one, but it was clear that he didn't felt all that happy about the situation. It was unpleasant necessity to him.

“Why do we even bother with all this guile and games?” Tesarus asked while looking around, clearly bored and impatient.

“So Airachnid couldn't just enter and use the first console she'll see to get out of here.” Kaon explained patiently. “She will have to get to the control room leaving us opportunity to catch her en route.”

“Yeah, then why sent us to those blasted mines? Why not just say we're out there but stay here and set traps?” Tesarus didn't give in.

“Because she may not buy our ruse. We may be lucky and find her down there in one of the mines and we do not know how many of them we will be able to collapse before she will take the bait, if she will.” Kaon sighed, he admired patience that Tarn had for the team, he really did. “And because just in case she'd manage to stay free and on this planet, we need to lessen the number of her possible bolt holes.”

“But how will we get back in time, if the Groundbridge will be operated from the control room and not by Soundwave?” Tesarus was still full of doubts. “The Vehicon technicians don't have administrator's access codes and can only access pre-programmed 'bridge coils in chosen corridors.”

“There's the beauty of the plan.” Tarn's eyes shone brightly. “They won't have to... “
Nemesis. Groundbridge control room. Present.

Airachnid smirked triumphantly. She was always resourceful and no minor disadvantage could ever hold her back. She turned slowly as the familiar blue-green swirl of light appeared behind her. One of the accessible Groundbridge coils was located in the control room and could serve as a solution to her problem.

The femme approached the vortex when the doors to the control room were force opened by Helex and the D.J.D. poured in. She hissed and jumped into the wormhole but before she took off she turned back and shot the console. She could not afford them to follow her.

The Groundbridge flashed and whined; it had just few seconds before it would collapse without console feeding the coils with power. It was just enough for Airachnid to get through and be ejected on the other side.

Before any of the D.J.D. members could catch her, the Groundbridge closed.

Tarn calmly approached the console and examined it. It was fried, but not entirely. The keyboard and screen were beyond hope.

“Soundwave? Could you have a look at this?” The leader of the D.J.D. asked the Spymaster who silently joined the group.

Soundwave walked closer and stared at the console for a split second, then released his tentacles; one of them had a set of lighter, slightly blue-ish spots: a bruising forming after the fight with Insecticon. Both tentacles latched to the console and began flashing their bio-lights.

“I don't get it. Why not use the spare console?” Tesarus asked and pointed at the other console in the room.

“It is not operational. It had to be connected to the network.” Kaon said in a tone of a teacher talking to extremely slow student. “And even if we could set it on-line, the last 'bridge coordinates are in the buffer of console that was used to open the Groundbridge. You won't find them in the off-line one.”
“Ahh, I see.” Tesarus scratched his helm in thought. He wasn't stupid, but his attention span was short and he was easy to bore.

“If you like to be of use, you could help that Vehicon.” Kaon pointed out. “Maybe he can tell us something useful.”

“Good call.” Tesarus smiled.

However before the easily bored mech could release the Vehicon, Soundwave unlatched from the console and turned to Tarn.

“Do you have something?” The D.J.D. leader asked and carefully observed the display. “This looks like something Megatron should be informed about.” He decided and tapped his comm.link. “Lord Megatron, this is Tarn, this is urgent.”

oOo

Megatron took a sharp turn and almost tripped over a dead Insecticon when his comm.link chimed.

“This is Megatron.” He answered and stopped in his tracks only to turn on his heel and ran in opposite direction. “Impossible, we're out of reach for Earth at the moment.” He listened for a moment. “That sneaky glitch!” He roared. “I'm on it. Tell Soundwave to restore normal control of the 'bridges.”

The warmonger ran as fast as he could in an enclosed space. He wanted to transform and fly, but he knew that it was a bad idea inside of Nemesis; he didn't want to collide with anyone.

“Starscream!” He yelled when he saw familiar frame creeping in the corridor before him. “With me!” He ordered grabbing the Seeker by upper arm and dragging behind him.

“Uhh, Master, where to?” The Air Commander asked while doing his best to match Megatron's pace. The Tyrant could run really fast when he wanted to.
“Airachnid!” Came the reply and Starscream didn't need anything else.

“At your side, Master.” Starscream optics narrowed and his lips widened in smile.

TBC

Well, my darlings, two more chapters to go for this story. The next one will reveal Airachnid's plan and few details of the operation against Airachnid.

And the last chapter will be epilogue, we will learn about June, plans of the D.J.D. and will contain – wait for it – a guest star!

1) Genericon is a slur word for some nondescript, meaningless Cybertronian, you know, cannon fodder.

2) I am so evil, no? OK, for all those who do not know the HTTP codes (not that I know them all, I only know few, which includes the 418 “I'm a teapot” and the ever hated 404 “file not found”), error 503 is “service unavailable” which usually means that the server is out for some reason (like maintenance for example, or it just got overloaded) but in some time should be available again soon.
A little less conversation

Run.

“A little less conversation, a little more action please

All this aggravation ain't satisfactioning me

A little more bite and a little less bark

A little less fight and a little more spark

Close your mouth and open up your heart and baby satisfy me

Satisfy me baby” – Elvis Presley vs. JXL

1) „A little less conversation.”
Nemesis. Outside of Earth's atmosphere. Somewhere between Earth and Moon...

Megatron sped to the landing deck quickly followed by Starscream, who was trying to keep up with his Master. Starscream was one of the fastest Cybertronians when it came to atmospherically flight and was one of the best in space flight, but when it came to running Megatron could best him easily. It was partly because of the Seeker's high heels, but mostly because Megatron was taller and as such had longer legs and longer steps as a result.

The Decepticon leader didn't look back when he reached the landing strip, Starscream would catch up soon. He jumped and transformed into his jet mode. Few seconds later Starscream was next to him in his own alt mode.

They took a sharp turn in the direction opposite to Earth.

Airachnid emerged from the Groundbridge in the middle of empty space. At first there was no landmarks, no points of reference for her, all she saw was space. There was no air there, her alt mode was useless, rotors needed atmosphere to be on any use. She blinked once, she needed to be calm. She used the proper coordinates so she should be exactly where she wanted to unless there was some sort of malfunction, which was unlikely. The trick was that she could not tell in which direction the Groundbridge would spit her out since there was no ground here to begin with, so she needed to look around assert her position.

The femme looked to her right and left and saw nothing, then she looked up and down and noticed Earth being slightly 'above' her. This confirmed that she was more or less in the right place. She looked over her shoulder and smile. There it was. Waiting for her.

Megatron did not pay much attention to Starscream; he knew that when it came to flying the Seeker was more than able to handle himself. The Warlord was focusing on the object directly before them.
Airachnid reached with one of her servos and released a string of web. The momentum of the cyber-silk string was enough for it to make it to its mark. It would not harden as fast as it would in atmosphere, but she didn't need it to be even half as strong as usually, in space there was no resistance, all she needed was a gentle pull to make her move.

She reached her goal without any problems. She magnetised her pedes and strolled the construction to the nearest panel with the access terminal. These terminals were used during construction and left there to serve maintenance purposes. And now one of them would serve her purposes.

Megatron saw the Spacebridge come to life. The brilliant light danced inside of the circular construction in whirlpool of blue, green and traces of violet. The Warmonger knew he was out of time, the traitor was about to escape. He was determined to catch her even if it meant following her into whatever location she chose. He pushed his engines to the maximum of their capabilities. It didn't matter where he would end up as long as he caught the eight legged betrayer, he knew that Soundwave would get him back in no time.

He was almost there, he saw the slight flash of white marking someone entering the event horizon, it had to be Airachnid.

He was mere seconds from reaching the wormhole when the Spacebridge deactivated, he flew through the centre of the inactive construction, he transformed into his bipedal form while coming to halt and uttering mighty roar of anger – yet again she slipped from his grip. In vacuum of space his roar could not been heard in traditional sense of the word, but the short range radio transmission of the roar reached nearby Starscream and gave him migraine.

Perhaps a minute later they were approached by Soundwave who monitored the whole incident. The Silent Spy landed on the Spacebridge and plugged into one of the terminals. It took him few seconds before he disconnected.

“What happened, Soundwave?” Megatron asked. “Why haven't you opened the Spacebridge to the last coordinates?”

Soundwave simply displayed something on his visor; the image was worth thousands of words.
Starscream approached and looked at the display without any visible emotion.

“Is there nothing you can do about it?” Megatron questioned his TIC. “How she even managed to do that?”

In response Soundwave displayed the menu of the Spacebridge, opened settings box and pulled out security tab. He highlighted one option: 'always use private mode of dialling.' It was as clear answer as possible.

“You included such an option into the Spacebridge?”) Starscream asked in disbelief. “And whose brilliant idea was to put an internet browser option into Spacebridge operating system?”

Soundwave looked briefly at Megatron, but it seemed that he did not found any inspiration in his leader so he returned his attention to Starscream and displayed photo of Airachnid.

“Why I am not surprised?” Starscream pinched the protrusion of helm between his optics.

“She probably planned it to serve her as an emergency escape route.” Megatron growled. He was mad but mostly at himself for not foreseeing such an outcome when Breakdown brought the Spider Femme back to Nemesis.

“I always knew she could not be trusted.” Starscream pointed out.

“Silence!” Megatron barked at his SIC, he didn't need the Seeker to rub it in. “Soundwave, can you retrieve the coordinates?” He turned to his trusted Communication Officer.

Soundwave shook his helm 'no'.

“It is not simply 'delete all history after the Spacebridge closes' option.” Starscream decided to elaborate his esteemed colleague's answer. “In 'private mode' the Spacebridge does not save any data in the first place so there is nothing to retrieve.”
“Then we go back. There’s nothing here for us.” Megatron decided and transformed with the two other Decepticons following immediately.

oOo

*Nemesis.*

The news of their failure reached the ship faster than them. Activation of the Spacebridge could have been clearly seen. Whoever didn’t saw it was told about it. The bridge was filled with the officers and two triple changers. Everyone wanted to know what happened.

With the arrival of the D.J.D. Megatron, Starscream and Soundwave the place became crowded. None of the new arrivals looked pleased, except for Soundwave who looked about the same as always and his mood could not be determined.

“Lord Megatron. We have the surviving Insecticon locked in the brig.” Barricade reported. “He is awaiting interrogation.”

“Good. But I do not believe Airachnid told him much.” Megatron shook his helm. “Has the influence worn off?”

“Yes.” Knockout confirmed. He wouldn’t bother with this situation and left the entire mess for Decepticon Justice Division to deal with, but he was wanted for his medical expertise and to give the Vehicon from control room a check-up.

“Do we know where she went?” Motormaster asked. At the moment there was nothing more that he wished than to catch the Undergrounder glitch.

“No. She left no records of the coordinates she chose.” Starscream said with a grimace.

“So it looks like she made it yet another time.” Barricade grumbled with distaste. “How can one femme has so much luck?”

“It has nothing to do with luck. It is combination of planning, cheating and backstabbing.”
Starscream bared his dentas in anger.

“We were this close.” Tesarus sighed. “If not for that stupid Insecticon engaging Tarn and hogging the corridor.”

“Forget the Insecticon, what just happened?” Astrotrain asked, not being an officer meant that he was not included into the planning.

“We have set up a trap for Airachnid.” Kaon was kind enough to explain. “Tracking her down would take too long so we decided to lure her to Nemesis.”

“Curious. How did you manage to persuade her to come?” Blitzwing's Icy persona asked while rubbing his chin in thought.

“It was Shockwave's idea actually...“ Kaon shrugged.

oOo

New Kaon construction site, November 1st.

Shockwave watched Arcee disappearing in the Groundbridge and concluded that if not for the need of discussing the case with the D.J.D. he'd rather have them retreating and Arcee staying with him. He considered it to be only logical that he'd prefer the company of an attractive femme over that of five known sadists.

“As we established, Airachnid wishes to leave this planet.” Tarn spoke when the Groundbridge closed. “Her desire to depart is strong enough that she even attempted to take over Nemesis upon Megatron's absence.”

“Indeed, extremely illogical behaviour considering that Soundwave was not only on board but on the bridge when she attempted that feat.” Shockwave offered his opinion. “Moreover, she was well aware of his presence.”

“This proves how strongly she wishes to leave this planet.” Kaon nodded. “Or she's an idiot.”
“Either way, this gives us something to work with. Possibilities.” Tarn was smiling underneath his mask and it could've been heard in his voice.

“Ideally we should lure her out in the open where we could snatch her.” Helex agreed with his leader. “Make her come to us.”

“Setting up bait would be preferred.” Shockwave pointed out. “One she would not resist.”

oOo

Nemesis. Present.

“And it worked.” Helex crossed both sets of his arms. “She did come.”

“And you still failed to catch her.” Starscream sneered.

“At least we weren't trapped by her webs, nor mauled by her Insecticon.” Tesarus grinned. “You know, like some Seekers of Vos that we know.”

Starscream was about to reply something that he would likely regret later, but Barricade saved the day with his curiosity. “So, how did you make sure that she would come to Nemesis and not start to search for Peaceful Tyranny?”

“It was easy. When we arrived Soundwave directed us to this planet's moon to hide our ship there and that made it impossible for Airachnid to simply go for a ship search.” Kaon nodded to the Silent Spy. “All we had to do was to make sure that Airachnid would know where to look for Nemesis.”

“All right, but how did you know that she won't just get back to Earth after finding that she can't open the Spacebridge on Nemesis?” Barricades inner cop needed to know more.

“We took precautions...” Helex gave the former law enforcer one raised opticbrow; he did not
expect being interrogated.

Nemesis location, somewhere above Caribbean Sea. Night time.

Airachnid could spot Nemesis from pretty far distance. The Decepticon flagship was easy to see for someone who knew what to look for: its position lights giving it away. The landing deck was well lit for all flyers to safely touch down. The dark shape floating in the night seemed ominous, a massive leviathan floating slowly in its aimless journey, but Airachnid knew the ship well and she was not intimidated. After all Nemesis was a ship, magnificent but just a vessel. If there was anything to be concerned about it was the crew... Though rather not the crew itself, but its certain members. The She-Spider knew that she could avoid them and she had two Insecticons to command in case of emergency. She had her goal and was determined to reach it at all costs. Arcee and Jack be damned, she wanted off this accursed planet.

The trio approached the landing deck and gently touched down. The door was closed, but not locked, they entered without being disturbed. The upper hangar was empty, but that wasn't a surprise, it was only used during missions or operations.

Lieutenant Raoul and Soundwave observed the upper hangar through the surveillance cameras from the bridge. The image was clear and showed three easily recognisable figures entering the hangar through the doors leading to the landing deck.

“Helmsman, set the course to leave the atmosphere.” Lt. Raoul turned to one of his fellow Vehicons. “Be sure to assume low degree, we do not wish them to realise what is going on.”

“Aye aye, sir.” The helmsman immediately changed the course of Nemesis.

Soundwave nodded to Raoul in acknowledgement of his exemplary performance, turned away and left the bridge. He was needed elsewhere.
Remembering that the Nemesis functioned according to Greenwich Universal Time, Airachnid quickly figured that it was still night shift, meaning that the corridors would be mostly empty. She and her two Insecticons quickly navigated their way through insides of the ship.

Neither of them noticed slight shift as the ship changed its course.

Present.

“Airachnid's alt mode is a helicopter, she does not have jet engine.” Kaon pointed out. “Both Airachnid and Insecticons are only capable of atmospheric flight. Once out in the open space, she could not return to Earth nor just fly around.”

“Unfortunately we failed to predict that she would use the Groundbridge to travel to the Spacebridge.” Tarn did not take failure lightly but he never allowed them to deject him. “We assumed that the moment we would be out of range to reach Earth, she would be well and truly trapped.”

“Speaking of which. How did you reach Nemesis if you were on Earth blowing mines up?” Astrotrain asked with pure curiosity. “Neither of you are flyers and three of you are heavy weight ground pounders with aerodynamic properties of a steel ingot. Only Kaon and Vos are lightweights and even they can't fly. How did you get to Nemesis?”

“Habuimus auxilium.⁵) Vos shrugged as if it was the most obvious thing in the Universe.

Earth. Africa. Equatorial Rain Forest.

The Decepticon Justice Division watched with pleasure as the mouth of the second mine they attended to closed. There was no delay this time. The Vehicons simply rigged the entrance with explosives and then detonated the charges. It was an easy job but entertaining, he could never have enough explosions.
He was waiting for the dust to settle down to asset how the entrance looked like now when his comm.link came to life. He wasted no time in answering it, it had to be important, no one would call him otherwise.

“Tarn here.”

::Sir, Airachnid is on board. I have informed Lord Megatron, he is on his way already.:: It was Raoul, the newest addition to the Decepticon officer body.

“Splendid.” Tarn glanced at his team. “We will arrive presently.” He ended the connection and focused on Kaon. “Kaon, call the Autobots. “

oOo

Present.

“Wait!” Blitzwing almost jumped when his Hothead persona took over. “Since when are you on speaking terms with ze Autobot scum?”

“Since when Shockwave and Tarn devised the plan.” Tesarus shrugged. Normally he didn’t take questioning the D.J.D.’s decisions or tactics but he knew that the triple changer didn’t mean any offence. That and he considered Autobots to be scum himself. “Shockwave is dating that hot two wheeler Autobot. The babe and Airachnid are on war path and Autobots consider her to be a threat to their fleshy allies.”

oOo

New Kaon’s construction site. November 1st.

“... This way the traitor won’t be able to escape us once she’s on board of Nemesis.” Tarn summarised his brilliant plan.
“Indeed. She will be trapped.” Shockwave agreed, then his antennae moved slightly up. “But tell me. How do you plan to get to Nemesis if you're on the planet surface and out of Nemesis' Groundbridge range?”

“Scrap.” Tesarus spat and his grinder moved slightly in his irritation.

“I didn't consider this.” Tarn's optics narrowed. “We would require transportation. Perhaps Astrotrain would be of use here?”

“It would take too much time.” Helex shook his helm. “He's got the power to reach escape velocity, but he won't be able to outrun Nemesis. His engines just can't match those of a battle cruiser.”

“True.” The D.J.D.’s leader deflated slightly. He solved one problem but created another.

“Maybe we could just stay on Nemesis?” Kaon proposed. “We can send the pyrotechnics alone.”

“And what if Airachnid will find them and see that they're alone, she will know it's a trap.” Helex quickly cut the idea down.

“We would need a Groundbridge with higher range.” Tarn tapped his mask in thought.

“Stationary, planet mounted Groundbridges tend to have higher range and stronger signals due to them being attuned to the planet's electromagnetic fields.” Shockwave pointed out.

“Eh, if only we had such a Groundbridge.” Tarn completely ignored stared his team mates started to give him; he was too focused on his own thoughts.

“But Tarn, we do have such a 'bridge!” Kaon exclaimed with happy grin.

“Harbinger's Groundbridge had been dismantled by the Autobots.” Tarn waved his servo dismissively.
“Yes. And they used it to build their own.” Kaon ignored his leader's gesture. “Autobots have fully
operation Groundbridge that has planet wide range. It should easily reach almost to the
Spacebridge!”

“But they would have to allow us into their base.” Tarn rubbed his helm tiredly. Kaon's enthusiasm
was lost on him. “Can you imagine Autobots willingly allowing the D.J.D. into their own base?
Organic foliage will grow on my palm before that will happen.”

“Not necessarily.” Shockwave's antennae and winglets were high and in sharp angles. If the D.J.D.
didn't know better they would think he was excited. “Nemesis has fully operational Groundbridge,
the remote control will be deactivated but coils will be functional. Autobots can connect their
Groundbridge with ours, using theirs as a relay station instead of a receiver. The wormhole will
pass through their Groundbridge and will be sent to our coils instead of theirs.”

“How can you be sure that it will work?” Tesarus asked. He didn't feel all that confident about
security of such a makeshift patchwork.

“Soundwave does that with Spacebridge when he opened it remotely on Nemesis.” Shockwave
focused on the still unsure mech. “He uses the Spacebridge itself as rely and opens the wormhole
directly on Nemesis with use of its coils.”

“Autobot Groundbridge's longer range solved our problem.” Tarn nodded. “Shockwave, call your
lovely companion.”

Nemesis. Present.

“Now, that all questions have been answered and all doubts dispelled.” Megatron spoke. “How do
you plan to proceed?” He turned to the Decepticon Justice Division.

“We do not know where the traitor went, which leaves us at great disadvantage, but she will
surface somewhere like all of them do. Most planets more or less enthusiastically allow
Cybertronians but only some of them possess resources required for our sustenance and other basic
needs. This is where we look for our other targets and this is where we will look for her as well.”
Tarn bowed slightly to his Leader. “But before we will leave we will finish searching and
collapsing old mines just in case Airachnid left something behind.”
“Do that.” Megatron agreed. “And enjoy your small hunt break while you're here. Dismissed”

The bridge quickly emptied, it was busy morning and most 'Cons were yet to begin their shifts. While everybody was busy leaving and minding their own business no one noticed Starscream's gloomy face – presence of the dreaded D.J.D. wasn't making him feel comfortable for obvious reasons.

TBC

1) It's the version you could hear in Ocean's Eleven, I used it because I reveal parts of the plan that I deliberately omitted earlier, a little bit like in the film.

2) In space they still use the short range radio transmissions (but I write it as if they would speak normally for the convenience sake), because you can't talk in places where there is no air of any kind to carry the sound waves. Basically the space itself while filled with various kinds of radiation (including radio waves) is completely and utterly silent, soundless, quiet. Yes, this means that all the cool engine sounds from Star Wars could not be heard in reality and all the space battles would have to happen without the neat sounds of explosions and laser fire. If you would like to know how it would be like, just watch some space opera battle scene with your TV set on mute.

3) It is the Spacebridge that Decepticon built while Starscream was rouge, in “Orion Pax p.II” he express his surprise upon learning that the Decepticon managed to finish it without him. At first I planned to go for 'clear history when Spacebridge closes' but it would not work well for my needs, so instead I chose 'always use private mode of dialling' (in original it is private mode of browsing) which was just what I needed.

4) Transformers: Prime, season 1, episode 18 “Metal Attraction”, it is the episode with Polarity Gauntlet and Arcee being stuck on Bulkhead's back, and later on Airachnid being stuck on Breakdown's back. I wonder how did they separate these two?

5) “We had help.”

6) Actually in the show Soundwave opened the Spacebridge remotely on top of Megatron's tower when Shockwave came to Earth for the first time, and later when Shockwave summoned Predaking. But the principle stands.
The Fallen are Virtuous Among Us.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Run.

“Run my baby run my baby run
Run from the noise of the street and the loaded gun
Too late for solutions to solve in the setting sun
So run my baby run my baby run” – Garbage “Run”.

Warnings: Violence, explicit language, maybe some sex (but I’m not sure) – you know, the usual.

Timing: Post season 2 finale, in my very own Beauty of the Beast Prime timeline.

Rating: T to M (and possibly even MA).

Pairings: multiple.

Disclaimer: Transformers Prime © Hasbro. Story’s plot and OC’s © me. There may be some OC’s that aren’t mine – they belong to their respective creators.

The Fallen are virtuous among us.

“Some say you’re trouble, boy
Just because you like to destroy
All the things that bring the idiots joy
Well, what’s wrong with a little destruction?
And the Kunst won't talk to you

Because you kissed St Rollox Adieu

Because you robbed a supermarket or two

Well, who gives a damn about the prophets of Tesco?

(...) 

Some say you're trouble, boy

Just because you like to destroy

You are the word, the word is 'destroy'

I break this bottle and think of you fondly

(...) 

We've already seen

That the fallen are the virtuous among us

Walk among us

If you judge us

We're all damned” – Franz Ferdinand „Fallen”

oOo


June sat on a sofa in the human area of the rec. room with Ratchet leaning on the railing that secured the place. The woman was twirling a piece of plastic between her fingers. The room was empty save for the two. It was early and safe for Ratchet and Hot Rod everyone was either recharging or having a curb duty.

When June called and asked if she could have a private talk with Ratchet, Hot Rod was politely asked if he could go and check if he was not in his room, while Ratchet sent a Groundbridge to June's house.

“But how sure can you be?” Ratchet asked with scepticism.
“I did the home test and it gave me positive result.” She held the piece of plastic for Ratchet to inspect. “It's reliable enough to give me 90% of certainty on its own. Add my other symptoms and in my case, it’s pretty much confirmed.”

“And the menstruation?” Ratchet asked. He learned more than he wanted to know when he and June had 'The Talk' with Bumblebee and Miko.

“I bled in the first three months when I carried Jack; it was caused by hormonal changes during the time when I would normally menstruate.” June explained. “I was told by my doctor that it was harmless and would pass, and it did. It may be the same case this time.”

“I see.” Ratchet nodded. Humans and Cybertronians might have had their similarities, but there were also certain differences. Hormonal cycles and all things related to them were one of them.

“Later today I will go to the doctor to have it confirmed.”

“Is that a good idea?” Ratchet asked with slightly startled expression.

“Why would that be a bad one?”

“With Megatron being its sire, the sparkling will be half-Cybertronian.” Ratchet pointed out. “And I assume that it is Megatron's because you do not strike me as an adulterous type.”

“The doctor is from Area 51 and has full security clearance, so it is safe.” June assured the Autobot Medic. “And for the record, I most certainly am not an adulterous type.”

“Does Megatron know?”

“He does know that I did the test, but he doesn't know what the result is.” June sighed and eased back. “He was summoned back to Nemesis when Airachnid arrived.”

“In that case, after you got confirmation I will want to schedule a scan of my own in some time.”
Ratchet decided.

“Why not now?”

“In such an early stage your own EM field, as feeble as it may be, would drown the EM of the new Spark and I would not be able to detect it.” Ratchet explained. “And I would not dare to perform any more invasive examination; such a thing could put harm on the developing Spark.”

“Will ultrasound examination will be safe?” June suddenly paled. She never suspected that such a young Spark could be so fragile; she assumed that if it was safe for an embryo it would also be safe for new Spark.

“Since it is just sound then it should be harmless.” The Medic furrowed his opticsbrows. “You should however avoid any MRI scans due to use of magnets.”

“Oh, no, no such thing is being done to confirm pregnancy.” June smiled with relief. “Just ultrasound. And perhaps a blood test.”

“Then all should be fine.” Ratchet nodded.

He wasn’t thrilled that the first Sparkling to be born since Allspark was launched into space would be Megatron’s, but he wasn’t about to blame the Bitlet for sins on its Sire. But the strongest feeling he had was curiosity, he knew of similar cases of crossbreeding, but in this case it was different. Human DNA and CNA had identical structure despite being different substances. Never before CNA was combined with DNA of species related so closely to Cybertronians, all because of Unicron, brother to Primus. Humans were the closest relatives of Cybertronians despite being organics. Ratchet knew that it would be a techno-organic, but he daren’t imagine how strongly both sides of its nature could be integrated.

Nemesis. The bridge.

All excitement after the night action evaporated the moment Tarn and his team left Nemesis to continue their task of collapsing depleted energon mines and search for any possible remains of Airachnid’s activity on Earth.
Megatron left immediately after the debriefing ended, he had places to be and thing to do but he did not explained what exactly he would be doing and where. Those who knew weren't talking, and that was probably why they were told in the first place. That group was limited to three (and one of them only because he had to know and there was no other alternative): Shockwave who was one of the most trusted and successful officers in Decepticon ranks, Knockout who had to know due being a medic and out of necessity, and Soundwave whose competence and loyalty were unquestionable. Noticeably Starscream was left out of that group (and was now pouting in some dark corner).

Soundwave (who a little bit earlier patiently ignored Starscream's rant about being underappreciated) was now monitoring Decepticon Justice Division's position in the Udzungwa Mountains where they were busy collapsing two mines (and passionately hating the place).

The TIC was calmly waiting for their request for a Groundgridge (and silently enjoying the fact that it was not him who was stuck in incredibly moist and insect infested forest) when he received a call, but it did not came from the D.J.D.

It was Shockwave requesting a Groundgridge to Soundwave's current location. This was not typical for the mono-optic Decepticon. He was spending most of the time on the construction site and when he needed to get back to Nemesis he was never picky about the exact location as long as he got on board.

Such a request could only mean that Shockwave wanted to have a word with (or rather to) Soundwave, probably some sort of deal to strike. And since Shockwave was one of the most serious mechs Soundwave knew, he immediately opened the Groundbridge.

Soundwave never considered Shockwave a friend, but he was competent, knowledgeable and dependable so being on good terms with him paid, and paid well.

Shockwave didn't waste any time arriving on the Bridge. The moment he stepped out of the Groundbridge he approached Soundwave without paying any attention to Vehicons working at their consoles.

“I have a favour to ask.” He addressed Soundwave without any further ado.

Soundwave turned fully to the mono-optic mech signalling that his interlocutor had his full attention.
“I request you to replace me on the construction site for one day.” Shockwave explained.

Soundwave stood motionlessly for a moment and then gently cocked his head in question.

“In three days.” Shockwave answered the silent inquiry. “I need to be elsewhere at that time.”

Soundwave stared at Shockwave for another moment and then his stance changed as he slightly relaxed and nodded once, understanding the reason behind such a request and why Shockwave came with it to him and not someone else.

The TIC moved his head and his visor displayed an ID picture of Kaon as he established connection. After a moment Kaon answered and Soundwave sent short message to his HUD. The D.J.D. Communication Officer read it and immediately answered. Soundwave straightened and nodded to Shockwave again. All has been set and ready.

“You have my gratitude.” Shockwave thanked. “Now, if you could send me back, I would no longer take your time.”

Soundwave nodded and opened Groundbridge to the New Kaon construction site. Shockwave was dependable and being on his good side paid, and Shockwave knew how to show his gratitude in most gracious way. Soundwave knew that he would definitely not regret doing this favour to Shockwave.

With Decepticon Justice Division. The same time.

The D.J.D. watched as the pyrotechnics disputed if they were at safe enough distance from the mouth of the first mine they were about to collapse in the region. Seriously, how come Africa was considered to be such a dry place while the continent was clearly moist enough to make them cover in mould even though they weren't organic?

The pyrotechnics finally agreed that they were indeed far enough to just blow the place up, or rather blow it down, when Kaon heard his comm.link chime with incoming connection. The
comm.link identified the caller as no one else than Soundwave. Kaon immediately answered and just as he expected, instead of hearing the Nemesis Communication Officer's voice (which Kaon had the privilege of hearing on few, rare occasions), he received a short message that displayed on his HUD. He couldn't see as such, but he still had access to his HUD as it was not connected to his optic array but rather some of his sensors (and allowed him to read for example, after all he was in charge of The List and that required him to be able to be able to read).

“Of course, I will be happy.” Kaon answered the call and received a silent 'ping' as confirmation that he was heard and understood, a kind of 'over and out'.

“What was it?” Helex glanced at his team mate. He wasn't that interested but Kaon seemed excited and that could mean something important.

“That was Soundwave.” Kaon replied. “In three days I will replace him for an entire day on Nemesis.”

“Oh, so you're going to spend a day in comfort of Nemesis and we're just struggle on this Primus forsaken mud ball?” Tesarus winced. Earth was far from being boring but in that wicked way of things that could drive a grown mech into insanity. At least it was so to Tesarus.

“I will be performing all the duties of Soundwave.” Kaon's face turned into serious, slightly annoyed mask. “I will not be spending my time in comfort but in work.”

“Tesarus is simply irritated because of the humidity of this place.” Tarn glanced at the Walking Metal Grinder. “But we all congratulate you and wish you fascinating day. But now it is time for out pyrotechnics to finally detonate so we can move to the other mine and then out of this place.”

“Where's the next site?” Helex asked silently hoping for some place dryer.

“Same continent, Namib dessert and then two smaller ones in Swatberg Mountains, all three far south from here.” Kaon recited. “But first the second mine on this site.”

oOo

Area 51. Infirmary.
June emerged from behind the screen while buttoning her blouse. She was a little pale but other than that she held on pretty well.

“Well, Mrs Darby, I suggest that the next step should be calling your partner and telling him he will become a father.” The Doctor gestured for June to seat down.

“I will. He already knows that I was suspecting that, but he could use a confirmation.”

“Good. And just like I said before, the bleeding is not dangerous as such, and is caused by the same hormonal changes as in your previous pregnancy. But I still recommend you to be cautious and not to strain yourself.” The Doctor opened June's medical folder and peered inside. “You haven't turn 40 yet\(^3\), but you are 39 and these few months left don't make much of a difference in your case, especially that this is no ordinary pregnancy. Furthermore I have no idea what to expect from such an exotic embryo.”

“The Autobot Medic that I have spoken to says that Cybertronian–Organic hybrids are not unheard of they had to be common enough at some point to be considered a separate sub–group of Cybertronians called Techno–Organics. I could ask him to contact you.” June offered.

“That would be helpful. I have no experience in Autobot medicine and I know next to nothing about their genetics.” The Doctor smiled and quickly wrote something in June's folder. “Contact with their doctor would be most helpful.”

“I will ask him to call you when I see him.” June promised and rose from her seat. “Is that all?”

“Yes. Just remember to take care and not stress yourself. This is a very early stage and combined with your age makes this pregnancy vulnerable. For now there are no anomalies, aside from parentage that is, so just proceeding as you did with your previous pregnancy.”

The Doctor watched June leave her office and wrote few more notes in her patient's folder. She had security clearance, but she never actually met any Autobots, let alone that other group. The closest she ever came to contact with any of them was when she saw two Autobots from a distance some time ago\(^4\), it was one black and yellow sports car and one red and blue articulated lorry, looking like more colourful version of “Smokey and the Bandit” scene.
Airachnid slowly sneaked out from the dark blind alley where she emerged from the Spacebridge. She looked around to determine if she was in any of the planet’s ‘Organics Only’ zones, but she was able to quickly ascertain that she was not in one of the restricted areas.

The night life on Hedonia pulsed with life; the darkness was lit up by colourful neon glow and bright light of billboards. The broad variety of space faring species flooded the streets, some were just locals minding their own business, some were tourists looking for entertainment and some were entertainers looking for tourists. Airachnid had no problems with mixing into the crowds of most wild shaped creatures, fitting well between furs, feathers and scales of various volumes, colours and shapes, tentacles, spikes and claws.

Her plan was simple and easy to apply. She knew that the colourful crowds she found herself in meant that this was a tourist spot and that meant that there had to be a space port somewhere and that in turn meant space ships. Not all people visiting Hedonia came for sightseeing and ‘negotiable affection for reasonable prices’ and by extension arrived in a liner ship rented by travel agencies. Some of these tourists were here on their own accord, and some others tourists were here for business (Hedonians were peaceful and ‘people-loving’ not because they were bunch of hippies, but because it gave them great trading opportunities, especially when it came to weapons of all kinds – provided that said weapons were not utilised on their planet, that is).

All she needed was to find her way to the nearest docks and steal herself a nice, comfy ship, the comfier the better. A full tank of fuel would an additional bonus. But first, she felt like she could use some fuel herself. All this running away from Megatron was tiring.

The place she walked in was clean enough but not too flashy. A kind of a place where you went to have a little something in peace and quiet, and perhaps to meet some shady arms dealer without some lone socialists whining behind your audio sensors.

The room was clean and filled with patrons, but every single being there minded their own business, usually the kind of business that you knew about only if you were a businessman yourself. Airachnid instantly felt better. No one would bother her there, well, unless they were drunk enough to want to ask her out that is. But she knew how to deal with individuals who wanted to get close to her in the nearest dead end (just behind that large dumpster, there's a nice crate to lean against, eh missy?).
She sat at the bar and ordered herself large cube of something composed from thin energon and nightmare fuel with two rust sticks in the cube for additional fancy look. She was glad that they didn't add any Old Corroder to it as well. She wanted some energy and perhaps some additional bravado but she didn't want to get wasted.

She was in the middle of her drink when a large, blue hand reached from behind her, gently picked one of her rust sticks in between two mighty looking digits (surprisingly, not claw shaped) and lifted it from her cube. Airachnid blinked once and looked behind only to face someone's armed abdominal area.

The dull blue plates that she looked at were literally armed, not armoured, but armed. There were (closed now) gun nests there, looking disturbingly like some organic 'six–pack'. She looked up (mighty looking chest plates), and up. And finally she saw her rust stick sticking from between pair of glorious looking tell–tale lips. There was only one mech she knew of, who had such lips, and it was her fellow Decepticon renegade. She was either in a heap of trouble or in world of luck, depending on what he thought of her, and if he liked her.

“What? I have a sweet denta.” Overlord spoke in most innocent voice ever and smiled. “You're Airachnid, aren't you?”

“I happen to be.” Airachnid answered with smile of her own. She decided to play it cool.

“I don't think I have to introduce myself.” The large mech said sitting next to her. He was ginormous in comparison to the small femme. “I believe we met back on Cybertron, sometime in the middle of the war.”

“I believe we did.” She gave him a closer look. He still looked the same, minus few scratches here and there.

“I have overheard on the Decepticon Radio that you have deserted our 'One True Leader'.”

“I have. And I did it a long time ago, no one just told him up until recently.”

“And yet you were back for a moment?”
“It served my purposes.” She shrugged and took a sip from her drink. “I crash landed; an old enemy and her new pet destroyed my ship and trophy collection which left me stuck. At some point I regained my independence and finally found my way out.”

“Ah, now I fully remember you. You like trophies and hunting.” Overlord gave Airachnid one closer look.

This was not your usual Cybertronian; she was an Undergrounder and one of the most dangerous femmes in existence. This was not just a toy to fiddle with, this was an almost equal.

“Right now I am hunting something else.” Airachnid finished her drink. “Where were you, I haven't seen you when I walked in?” She paid, spun on her bar stool and got up.

“I was in a little mech's room.” Overlord grabbed the remaining rust stick from her cube as she slowly sauntered away. “I've heard metallic pedes steps and decided not to take any risks. With the D.J.D. on my tail I need to take precautions.”

“You? You are scared of Tarn?” Airachnid stopped and turned to give him amused look.

“Tarn's an equal match and just like me, he was trained by Megatron himself. I may have a small advantage for having some Arena experience but he has his team as a back-up. Taking my modifications and theirs, I do not like the odds.”

“For now, you do not have to worry. Tarn and his merry bunch of loons are with Megatron at the moment. He summoned them to capture me.”

Overlord stared at the femme for a moment with round optics and the rust stick hanging from his mouth like some half chewed tooth pick.

“I must have missed that part on the Decepticon Radio.” He finally choked out and got back to his pedes. “So, Tarn is out of the field for a moment? That sounds like good news.”

“The key word here is 'moment'. I need to get myself mobile before they're back on their hunt.”
“Mobile? How did you get here then?”

“Spacebridge.”

“Megatron has a working Spacebridge again? That may be a problem. They might track you here.” Overlord caught up with the femme in two small steps (which meant good six or seven steps for her).

“No, I took care of that; otherwise they would have me already.”

“You had to work on his nerves really hard. Didn't you?” Overlord looked down at the femme beside him.

“Hard enough for him to call the D.J.D. back from hunting you down.” She answered looking up. “The question is: what do you want from me? You usually ignore other Cybertronians unless you fight or kill them, so why approach me?”

“I could say that I longed for some Cybertronian company, but you wouldn't believe me.” He answered holding the door for the smaller Cybertronian. “I was hoping that you had a working space ship to get away from here. Not that it is a bad place if you look for a drink, nice company and good quality guns. But it is also a place known to accept Cybertronians which means that the D.J.D. comes here every now and then to look for their targets.”

“What happened with your ship? You had to get here somehow.”

“It died on me just two local days ago.” The tall mech shrugged. “I asked local mechanic if it could be fixed, but he said that I could get myself a new ship for what I would have to pay for the spare parts alone. I spared him for his honesty; it's hard to find good quality help these days.”

“Why didn't you get yourself a new ship then? This is Hedonia; you can buy more than just guns here.”

“The problem is that I'm broke.” Overlord gave her his most charming smile. “I sold the broken ship for spare parts but it's not enough for new one. I was just considering getting myself some job as a mercenary when I saw you.”
“That would explain what you did in that den.”

“What were you doing there?”

“I stepped in to grab some fuel before going around my ‘hunt’.”

“Hunt?” The mech asked rising one if his barely visible opticbrows.

“I was heading to the docks to steal myself some ship.” She answered sighing.

“Ahhh, good plan. Why haven't I thought of that?”

“Because you're gigantic oaf and you easy to spot.” She said with brutal honesty.

“Yes, I knew there was a reason why that thought never occurred to me.” Overlord laughed silently. He wasn't easy to offend, especially that he was all too aware of his size. “I have a proposal then.”

“I'm all audials.” Airachnid said in bored tone of someone ready to say 'no'.

“This is Hedonia, this planet never recharges, sleeps, meditate, or whatever else people do to rest. Docks are just as full of various creatures as the rest of this town.”

“Your point?”

“A lone femme wandering around, looking for a ship to steal will stick out of the crowd making the port authorities watch you closely. No matter how stealthy you are, they have surveillance cameras everywhere and they will spot you.” He explained. “Instead I propose to hide in plain sight.”

“How?”
“A lone Cybertronian stick out, but this place is filled with groups of various kinds. Two of us will be immediately classified as some couple wandering around. In addition, no one aside Cybertronians really speaks Cybertronian around here, so we can talk about our possible targets openly.”

“That seems sound. And in turn, you want a place on that ship?”

“Obviously.”

“Hmm. I guess I can work with that.” The femme agreed. “But after we get the ship, we go to McColamo\textsuperscript{10} to sell it and get ourselves our own ships.”

“You think you can pull that? I highly doubt you could sell one ship and get enough cash to buy two other.”

“It all depends on a ship you have.” Airachnid smirked. “There are plenty of nice yachts in here. We’ll grab one, not too large but luxurious and sell it on McColamo’s black market. You know that on a Quintessons’ world you can trade anything on a black market and it will be legalised before you can count the money they paid you. And then you can buy two smaller, less luxury but legal ships without much problem.”

“Spoken from experience?” Overlord answered her smirk of his own.

“Perhaps.”

“I elect to go with your plan then.” He agreed. “Let’s go then.”

“With pleasure, ‘darling.’” She replied in Cybertronian.

“So, what do you plan when you’re mobile again?” He gave her his arm.

“Back to what I always do. Hunting for trophies, sometimes hinting for money.” She accepted it
and they began to walk to the space port. “You?”

“I usually keep a low profile and sometimes work as a mercenary.” He admitted. “It's a pitiful existence for someone who likes thrill of challenge.”

“You have the thrill of challenge from Tarn and his merry bunch.”

“That's just hiding; I want to hunt something down... Hey, how about I could hunt with you for a while?” He asked. He was curious if there was any beast large enough or strong enough to pose any threat to him.

“You? Hunt with me? Don't be ridiculous. What do you know of hunting?” She laughed while they passed the space port gate.

“I'm a fast learner.” He stated. “And I am stealthier than I look. I am, after all, a Warrior Elite Member.”

“Yes. You are. And so was Killmaster who ended killed in his sleep with his famous wand shoved up his... “

“Oh please, Killmaster is such a lame example. He only got into Warriors Elite because he was big and hulking. I don't know how Megatron could even consider allowing him into the Warriors Elite someone who ran around holding a sparkling and glowing Wand like it was some sort of lucky charm. And that Pansy got himself killed in his sleep by a former clock maker who looks like a twig and has no depth sense.”

“You're so cold.”

“Like you care.”

“No, I don't.” Airachnid laughed.

“The rest of us were much better examples.”
“Still, I do not like to hang out with mechs.” Airachnid insisted.

“Well then, it is settled, I'm a carrier mech\textsuperscript{13}.” Overlord stated. “Aren’t you lucky?”

Airachnid sighed. She wasn’t in the mood for arguments but she hoped she could drive Overlord away from that idea. True, sticking together could give them better chances if they were found by the D.J.D. but on the other servo, staying together would make them easier to find by the D.J.D. in the first place. In the end, she knew she would have to have a serious conversation with her temporary associate and convince him to bug off, or get convinced to stick together (however unlikely).
Nemesis. One week later.

Collapsing of the mines became an easy job for the D.J.D. after they hold a catch of it. Routine was easy and fast, and they were finished before they even noticed. After that they decided to get three more days of rest before they had to leave to continue their hunt for Airachnid (and Overlord, and a bunch of other scum lingering on their list).

The three days of just resting passed quickly however and before they knew, they had to leave. They congratulated Megatron on his happy news (even though the mech himself was more worried, confused and nervous about that), Vos chirped his own congratulations in Primal Vernacular and then turned to have a quiet word with Shockwave, who had no problem with answering in the 'Old Cybertronian' as well.

After saying their good byes (including implied 'behave of else') they were taken by Soundwave back to the Moon where Peaceful Tyranny awaited them.

The Moon's surface was calm and silent; it looked like some sort of desert. The peace was amazing and they looked up to see the Earth once more. After they nodded their respects to Soundwave, they began to pack themselves into their ship.
“Go, I will join you in a moment.” Kaon called. “I want to have a talk to Soundwave.”

They nodded and went in while Kaon with the Pet in his arms approached the Silent Spy.

“Thank you for opportunity to see how it feels to be Communication Officer on Nemesis.” He said and detected that Soundwave cocked his head slightly. “It was an honour. And, no offence, a horror. I never suspected it would be like that. I honestly do not know how you do it, but you deserve much respect for managing that mad house.”

Soundwave stood motionlessly but Kaon was able to sense his electromagnetic field and could feel slight waved of amusement. He knew that Soundwave was a telepath and that he had his emotions 'removed' though it wasn't appropriate term for the procedure he went through. Kaon was able to tell that such a reaction was equivalent of loud laughter from anyone else.

“I used to envy you for holding such a prestigious stance, but I do not anymore.” Kaon smiled. “Not with all the crazy Vehicons around.”

Soundwave nodded and reached his thin arm to pet The Pet, who whimpered happily, enjoying the attention.

A moment later Kaon was back on board of Peaceful Tyranny with the rest of Decepticon Justice Division, returning to their duty of incinerating, smelting, electrocuting, defacing and destroying Sparks (followed by T-Cog removal).

To Be Continued in the Next Fic.

1) Mountains in eastern Africa, part of Eastern Arc Mountains.

2) Namib desert is on the coast of southern Africa. The Swartberg Mountains are in the South Africa, quite the very south of the Africa.

3) June is 39 and at the moment Jack is still 17, this means that she gave birth to Jack when she was 22, which correspond to her story from Beauty of the Beast that she had to abort her medical
studies due to childbirth.

4) That happened during Hammerhead, when Optimus and Bumblebee returned from their repaint.

5) A very peaceful planet where everyone lives in peace and it is great place for tourists which make the locals unsurprisingly well-connected arm dealers. For reference see More Than Meets the Eye issue 13 “Cybertronian Homesick Blues”.

6) They call themselves “Entertainers”... ehm ehm... or as Terry Pratchett used to claim in Discworld: they call themselves “Seamstresses” ehm ehm. Anyway, you get it, right?

7) Nightmare Fuel is a Cybertronian booze of the more potent kind, it was mentioned few times in MTMTE, but in MTMTE, issue 11 “Shadowplay, part 3: An Intimate Beheading” it was showed in a bottle with a label on it indicating that it is produces and bottled, meaning that you can buy it somewhere. The same goes with “Old Corroder”.

8) This is the promised Guest Star. I just couldn't help myself, I had to introduce one Decepticon Justice Division target no another one.

9) Overlord is seen as one of the Gladiatorial Arena spectators in Megatron: Origin. But he's also seen to spar with Megatron in MTMTE issue 14 “Remembrance Day” so chances are that he fought once or twice himself.

10) McColamo is a planet from Spotlight: Drift. It is a Free Trade Zone (pretty much like Hedonia, only less of a holiday spot and more like a trade centre, or in other word, less like Caribbean and more like New York) and a part of Quinesson Pan Galactic Co-Prosperity Sphere.

11) Killed by Whirl, and mentioned few times in IDW's comics. You can see how he looked like in Spotlight: Trailcutter “The Reluctant Specialist”, and he has his wand with him (this was taken before it was shoved up his... you know).

12) That's Whirl. In IDW's MTMTE it was established that he was once a flight instructor and then a chronosmith, meaning he was a watchmaker only to become a law enforcer (he then beaten Megatron who was cuffed and couldn't fight back, and was till a miner and not a Gladiator at that time). Plus, he's rather slim and he's an amputee, meaning he went through Empurata and only has one optic (hence the depth sight problems).
I decided to make Overlord a carrier mech based on the fact that his G1 version transforms into two halves called Gigatank and Megajet, with Gigatank being clearly the more masculine part and Megajet being more feminine half. So, Overlord having feminine and masculine halves makes him perfect carrier mech in my story.

On another note, Airachnid statement that she doesn't like to hand around with mechs doesn't make her a lesbian, because I'm not even sure if such a term applies to Cybertronians (who have three sexes and each Cybertronian can choose theirs). Instead, Airachnid's statement is connected to her calling Decepticons “Boys' Club” in the TF: Prime.

Chapter End Notes

The image in this chapter was made by me - it is my re-draw of Overlord into Primeverse (mind that I have kept his glorious lips).
Overlord does not belong to me but this re-design is mine.

End Notes

The cover image was made by me.
The disclaimer in the story applies to the cover image as well.

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