Invictus

by RoboticDragon

Summary

Sequel to Ancillam and Filia - Starscream's life had become a living hell, but his trinemes refused to give up on him and rescue him from his cruel fate. Now, Starscream must save himself from his own mind, heal his brokenspark, and seek revenge against the one he once considered his idol. Contains rape, torture, abuse, strong language, and slash.
Author's Note: *Invictus* is the sequel to *Filia* and *Ancillam*. If you have not read those two in order than do so immediately or else you will be very confused.

*Invictus* is filled with rapes, drinking, interfacing, BDSM, drama, slash, suspense, gruesome fights, torture, and mentions of prostitution, robots drugs, brothels, and addiction.

Have some tissues at the ready 'cause you might need them! And please, fav, leave reviews, and share with friends!

Cybertronian Units of Time (according to IDW):

- Astrosecond $\approx .273$ of a second
- Breem $\approx 8.3$ minutes
- Cycle $\approx 1$ hour 15 minutes
- Decacycle $\approx 3$ weeks
- Joor $\approx$ hour
- Klik $\approx 1.2$ minutes
- Megacycle $\approx 93$ hours
- Orbital cycle $\approx 1$ Earth day
- Orn $\approx$ 13 days
- Stellar cycle $\approx 7.5$ months
- Vorn $\approx$ 83 years

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OCs are created by me for the sole purpose of this story and any names or scenes similar to other fanfics are simply coincidental. Any ideas or names intentionally taken from other fanfics will be noted at the beginning of any chapters to which the occurrence shall take place.

Enjoy. :)

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds, and shall find me, unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
Chapter 1

One Stellar Cycle After the Ending of Filia :

Pain. That's all there ever was these orbital cycles. From dusk to dawn, dawn to dusk. Insurmountable, unadulterated, nightmarish pain. Physical pain, emotional pain, pain of rejection, of regret, of tragedy, of sorrow, of beatings, of rapes, of a broken soul.

Gentle touches were long gone. Friendly vocalizers, a thing of the distant past. Smiles, laughter, humor, love, kisses, hugs, soft words, and hope… luxuries lost to him. No, only pain existed, only pain kept him going, only pain surrounded him.

The words he had read on the datapad she had left him… Always circulating through his processor. Only sorrow filled his broken spark. He couldn't continue on, and so had stopped trying.

He had accepted his place, and so was no longer Starscream. No, he was nothing. He was a failure to everyone. He wasn't worth anyone's time. He was a waste… a disgrace… a failure… He was nothing…

He panted softly, strong arms firmly wrapped around his waist holding him in place. His wings forever lowered, helm hung low, optics barely online. The clanking of their frames were the only sounds in the washroom. The conqueror's heated exhales gently beating against his nape, the painful, fierce, and fast thrusting into his frame, hurting him so.

He didn't cry. Not anymore. He had accepted his fate, his place in this world. He just allowed it to happen, never spoke, never did anything but submit. Everything he had ever fought for… gone. Destroyed. Forgotten.

He looked up, seeing them in the mirror. He looked so tiny… securely held by the tyrant, being used, unable, unwilling to fight back. His position now that of berth warmer.

He growled with gritted denta as his overload erupted through his systems, his servos grasping the arms wrapped around his waist. He panted, feeling the excess fluid leaking down his thighs before the thrusting resumed. Faster, harder… No consideration for his suffering, for his feelings. Just what the warlord wanted. What he felt like.

His sole purpose in life was to be here, beneath this grounder, used by this grounder, hurt by this grounder. He was not meant to have a happy life with a mate, with creations, with trinemates. No, he was just meant for this. Only this. Always this. Just this.

Starscream offlined his optics, defeated, conquered, dominated, submissive, vanquished, beaten… broken. Ripped apart, torn down, no more. Nothing more. Forever a slave to fate, forever a frag toy, forever a pathetic weakling. Forever conquered… Forever defeated… Forever broken… Forever tamed like a beaten beast… Forever his…

Or so, that's what he believed.
way fast enough found themselves shoved into a wall or thrown to the floor. Everyone avoided the blue Seeker like humans avoided the plague. He was no longer the calm, quiet, and thoughtful Seeker, but now was like a grenade, just waiting for someone to pull the pin and set him off. A few had, and Hook was their new best friend after that.

Thundercracker stopped in front of the door to Megatron's office and sat down on the floor. He leaned against the wall, glaring at that forsaken door, his audio receptors picking up the distinct sounds of his trineleader crying in pain and moaning.

His wings twitched, trying to keep himself from doing anything that would only worsen the situation. If that was possible.

He and Skywarp rarely ever saw their trineleader in the last stellar cycle. Starscream had basically just moved in with Megatron, recharging with him, almost never leaving Megatron's residence. The few times he did step out he was either in Megatron's office, in medbay, or in his room back at his house.

He never spoke, never worked, never did anything but seemingly exist. He was always covered in dents, whip marks, damage from chains, and always so low on fuel.

Ever since returning to the house to find out that Dawnstar had left, the Air Commander basically had given up on life. He was on the edge of hopelessness before her departure, but after reading that datapad, after crying his optics out and screaming his spark away... he had been shoved over the edge and plummeted to the bottom.

They had searched for her. Oh, yes, his loyal Seekers had immediately set out and soon had checked under every scrap of metal in Kaon, but still had not seen her. After orns, it was determined that she had managed to escape the city, but Megatron had commanded that no Seeker was to leave the city. Orders had been given to guards to shoot on sight any Seekers who flew outside of the city walls, bringing their search to an abrupt halt.

Starscream was inconsolable. And now was no longer the Seeker Thundercracker and Skywarp had known for so long. He was more like a living corpse, with no purpose or will to continue on.

Thundercracker would have tried to sneak out his trineleader decacycles ago, but it was now near impossible to escape. No Seekers were to leave the city without risk of being shot, and Starscream was on the verge of tipping over to the side of death.

Thundercracker was desperate to get the Seekers away, but they needed help. More subtle help than Devastator charging through, since the Constructicons had made it clear they were with Starscream. No, they needed someone in control to do something.

But who would help a bunch of Seekers?

Thundercracker's optics glowed with the fires from hell when the door opened and Megatron stepped out. The two just watched each other, a silent death battle unfolding as it always did between them. Megatron finally smirked before turning and walking away.

Thundercracker's wings twitched, watching the ex-gladiator walk away. He leaped to his peds and rushed into the office, quickly approaching his trineleader. Starscream sat on the desk, trembling, optics offline, cycling air heavily as his systems cooled.

Thundercracker sat beside him, his gentle servos loving touching his trineleader, soon embracing him in a hug. Starscream didn't seem to notice, just kept shaking, silently weeping. Thundercracker
kissed him on the cheekplates, then on the lip plates.

"I love you." Thundercracker said softly. "I'm going to take you home and give you some energon, alright love? Just get you away from him for a time." He paused just stroking his trinemate's arm. "You're cold." He vented a sigh. "Is your regulator damaged? Do you need to see Hook?"


"It's alright. I got you. You can talk to me." He waited for a moment but still nothing. "I love you, Star. Hey, sweetie, can you say you love me? I just want to hear you talk again." He kissed his cheekplates again. "He's not here. He won't hurt you for talking. Say, 'I love you, TC.' Just that." Thundercracker paused to lift his trineleader's helm up and make him look at him. Faintly glowing optics powered on and focused on him. Thundercracker offered him a weak smile. "You're beautiful. Primus, I still can't believe I got to trine the most beautiful mech to ever be created." He kissed him on the lip plates again. He held his trineleader's helm, his thumbs stroking his dark cheekplates as he just studied him. "So beautiful."

Starscream kept trembling, his servo reaching to touch Thundercracker's faceplates. Thundercracker kissed his palm, smiling at his trinemate.

"That's it. It's me. Not him. Can you say you love me? Can I hear your vocalizer?"

"I-I lo-love you." Starscream stuttered, his vocalizer dry, weak, barely audible.

"That's a good mech." Thundercracker then kissed him on the lip plates. "I'm going to take you and get you all cleaned up, and give you some energon, and then I am going to take you to see Hook about your regulator, alright? And after that 'Warp and I are going to hug you, and kiss you, and tell you how much we love you."

Starscream didn't seem to really have heard him. His servo lowered, weakly feeling Thundercracker's chest piece, then his cockpit. He was still trembling, still silent.

"Yes, it's me. Are you having trouble focusing? I'll have Hook look at your optics, too."

Starscream's servo then reached for his own chest piece, touching just above where his spark was. He made a soft moaning sound in his throat before grabbing one of Thundercracker's servos and pressing it against his chest piece.

"Does it hurt there? What's wrong, love?"

"I-I fe-fe-feel- kzsht- hurt." Starscream said so weakly, his vocalizer momentarily giving out on him.

"It's from all the sparkbonding and your spark not being strong enough to handle it. I know, it hurts. I'll have Hook look at it. Hey, keep looking at me. Anything else?"

Starscream reach up and felt his trinemate's faceplates, trying to better focus on them, but his optics just couldn't. Thundercracker gently took his servos and kissed them on the knuckles.

"I'm going to carry you, alright love? I'm taking you home and going to make you feel better. Okay? Don't shake. Hey, who loves you?"

"Kzsht- Y-you a-and 'W-warp."

"That's right, love. And we are going to take good care of you. I know everything hurts. Hook will
make you feel better. Here, I'm going to pick you up now, alright?" He said in the same soft, loving vocalizer as he stood up.

As if he were made of glass, Thundercracker picked up his trineleader and carried him bridal style out of the tyrant's office. Thundercracker swallowed, his trinemate felt so light, so vulnerable and weak. He held him close and kissed him on the brow.

"You know, you are so precious to me and 'Warp. We love you so much. We would never want to be with anyone else. You going into recharge on me? Alright, you can rest until we get home." Thundercracker said gently, trying to hold back his tears. It just tore him apart to see his brother like this.

He brought him back to their house and took him to Starscream's room. He set him down on a stool they had placed in the washroom, and turned on the water. Starscream's optics offline as the comforting water sprayed on his back plates. Thundercracker then set to work wiping his trineleader clean, going slow and gently. He paused every so often to kiss him on the cheekplates, never stopping telling how much he loved him.

He finished cleaning and drying the Air Commander before leading him out of the washroom. He made him sit on his berth and gave him another kiss on the lip plates.

"I'm going to go downstairs and get your energon prepared, okay? After that we'll go see Hook." He paused to kiss him again. "I love you, Star. Who loves you?"

"Y-you- kzsht- luh-love me." He said quietly.

"And so does 'Warp. I'll be right back, sweetie." Thundercracker gave him a kiss on the brow before walking away.

Starscream watched him leave, his trembling now finally ceased. He looked around the room, nothing having changed since last time he was here. Nothing ever did…

He stood up and walked slowly around the room, his joints creaking and straining from lack of use and maintenance. His malfunctioning optics made it difficult for him to clearly make out everything, so he had to feel about, touching everything on the shelves, on the furniture.

He stopped when he was at his desk, feeling through the drawers as he opened them. Searching for something. He pulled out a datapad, held it close to his faceplates so he could make out the words, and then subspaced it. He went back to work going through the drawers looking for something else when his servos landed on something familiar. His digits wrapped around it and he pulled it out. He felt it all over, weighed it, studied it best he could with his underpowered optics.

He started to tremble again, coolant leaking from his optics. He staggered back before his knee joints gave out on him and he fell on his aft. He sat on the floor, shaking so hard, holding it up, swallowing.

It would be so easy…

Thundercracker opened the door and walked in, carrying the device for delivering energon to his trineleader. His optics widened and he tossed it aside, rushing to Starscream.

"No! Starscream, give me that!" The blue Seeker frantically exclaimed as he swiped the pistol away from where the tri colored Seeker held it to his lower jaw, pointing up.

Starscream didn't react, just clasped his servos together and continued trembling. Thundercracker
subspaced the pistol before kissing Starscream on the cheekplates repeatedly.

"Don't ever even consider doing that." Thundercracker said sternly, coolant in his own optics as he embraced his trinamate and held him close. "Primus, don't ever do that again, Star. I love you, 'Warp loves you. We can't live without you. I'll get you away from him. Just, please, don't do that."

Starscream didn't say anything, just allowed Thundercracker to hold him, rocking him gently.

"Looks like some rust has collected on your vocalizer, Starscream." Hook said as he checked over the Seeker in an isolation room, those two being the only occupants. "Your optics won't be a difficult fix. Just need the light sensory replaced and enough energon powering them. I'll oil your joints this time, but you'll have to let Thundercracker keep up with it since I know you won't."

Starscream nodded his helm slowly, his wings drooping and optics barely online. Hook studied him for a moment before venting a sigh.

"Well, I suppose we better begin. Is there anything else bothering you, commander?"

Starscream reached up and touched his chest plates. Hook raised an optical ridge.

"Your spark hurts? Move your plates. Let me see."

Starscream did so, his trembling starting up. Usually opening his spark casing meant he was about to sparkbond, which meant pain, which meant he was with... him. He swallowed, keeping his optics on Hook to remind him that he was with Hook, not the other.

"Your spark isn't as bright as it should be... Nah uh, I'm not going to hurt you. Let me just see. Hmm, I can activate some pain dampeners so it doesn't hurt so much when you, ahem, when you have to, you know. Will make it easier until you... Well, anything else?"

Starscream slowly shook his helm.

"Alright. Lie down, commander. I will fix you right up and make you like new. Just, don't avoid me for another orn like that again. I'm your doctor and its my job to make sure you don't deactivate yourself."

Starscream slowly nodded his helm. Hook vented a tired sigh before connecting wires to the Seeker and putting him in a medically induced stasis lock.

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**The Next Orbital Cycle:**

Starscream entered the Control Room, fully repaired and even repainted. He had not interfaced with Megatron last night due to being kept in medbay, and he did not want to return to the tyrant so soon. Nor did he wish to be around his trinmates or seen by anyone else. No one was ever in the Control Room. Well, almost no one.

Soundwave looked back at him for an astrosecond before returning to his work. Starscream's wings flicked, his servos wringing slowly. He approached the Communications Officer and stood by.

"Anything unusual to report?" He asked softly.

"Negative." Soundwave intoned.

Starscream nodded his helm slowly. He turned and leaned against a nearby console, just thinking.
His thoughts turned where they always did: On his daughter. Her gorgeous faceplates, smiling at him. Her laughter, her energy, her adorableness. From a tiny sparkling that he could hold in one servo, to the grown femme she had become. He missed her. Primus, did he. But more so, he was worried for her. She was out there, somewhere, and he had no idea where.

He had failed her as a sire. If he hadn't she would still be here, safe and happy.

"Remember, all those stellar cycles ago, when Moonstar was still carrying Dawn, and I asked you if I would make a good creator?" Starscream asked so quietly, his vocalizer a little rough still. "And you said 'yes."

Soundwave turned to him, inclining his helm ever so slightly. Starscream swallowed.

"You were wrong. I didn't make a good creator. I was never meant to be a sire."


"And yet I am here… Alone. My daughter who ran away from me a stellar cycle ago."


Starscream bit his lower lip plate. "I just wish she would forgive me and come back. I wish she knew how much I love her."

"Processors of femmes: Difficult for mechs to understand."

Starscream nodded his helm slowly. "Damn, right."

Soundwave returned to his work, the two just minding their own business for almost a joor when Soundwave stood up and left. Starscream watched him leave from where he sat on a chair, not doing anything else but musing. It was almost a cycle later when the door opened and Megatron entered. Starscream looked up, beginning to shake so hard.

"Where were you last night?" The warlord demanded.

"I was in medbay. H-Hook was repairing me." Starscream said weakly.

"I see. Well, I suppose we have to catch up then." He lustfully smiled as he approached.

Starscream swallowed just before he was forced to stand. Megatron turned the chair around and pushed Starscream against the back of it.

"Lean over it. Do not let go." Megatron ordered as he took his position behind the Seeker.

Starscream did as instructed, holding the back of the chair and leaning forward. The cruel servos stroked his waist and hips, savoring the smooth plates of the Seeker. His codpiece slid aside, valve leaking fluids profusely. Megatron entered him and immediately started to thrust hard and fast. Starscream gasped, panting as he was taken.

He didn't cry, didn't moan, didn't make any sound other than pained gasps. He had become used to the pain, to the sensation, and now it was simply something he had to participate in every orbital cycle. Sometimes more than once.

He growled through his overload, gripping the chair a little tighter. Only a few astrosecond were
given to him to pant before the thrusting continued. He lowered his helm, submissive and broken.

The door opened and Soundwave walked in, stopping when he say them. Starscream looked up, pleading and hopeless optics meeting the unreadable visor. Megatron didn't notice, his optics offline as he just enjoyed using his Seeker.

Soundwave cocked his helm ever so slightly to the side, studying the faceplates of the Decepticon SIC. How submissive he was, how beaten, how… conquered the once feared Air Commander had become.


Then, the images appeared, flooding him. His optics widened behind his visor, realizing that for the first time Starscream had removed his firewalls, his protection. Everything was exposed. Soundwave was in his mind.

He grasped it, diving in, twisting, searching, analyzing, feeling the memories, the emotions, the sounds. They came at him like a tidal wave, breaking against him, shoving at him, wanting to be seen.

The nightmare of a sparkling-hood, seeing his carrier raped before his optics as he helplessly watched. The beatings if he tried to stop them, the pain. Onlining to find his carrier gone. The loneliness, the rejection, the desolation.


Soundwave's visor brightened, having gone through all of Starscream's life story in just astroseconds. All the horrors and pain. The miserable existence that was the Air Commander's, only to have the only good stripped away from him and be turned into a broken, beaten, interface toy.

He saw Starscream for who he really was. The Seeker was still a Decepticon, only wanting to achieve the true Decepticon goal. Only wanting a family to love and they love him. Only wanting to be accepted. To not be despised.

He saw the true Starscream.
Above all the memories, emotions, and sounds he was struck with, one word kept returning. Kept throwing itself at him. Latched on and screamed at him to be heard.

"Help."

Soundwave slowly inclined his helm in silent acknowledgment before turning and walking away.
Starscream watched him go, not sure if he had done the right thing.

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**A Few Orbital Cycles Later:**

Skywarp's thrusters clacked loudly as he walked down the corridors looking at the floor. He just wandered about these orbital cycles, not sure of what to do anymore. He was starting to not refuel properly himself, and thus was having trouble teleporting. He could sometimes, but most orbital cycles he could only do short jumps. So, instead he would just walk aimlessly about.

He suddenly collided with another mech, the two anticlimactically falling on their afts.

"Hey! Watch where you're going, Seeker!" The large grounder growled.

"Watch where you're going, bolts for a brain module!" Skywarp exclaimed as he scrambled to his peds.

"What you call me, pipsqueak?"

"Frag off. I don't have time to deal with slag like you." Skywarp growled as he started to walk away.

"Frag off? But fragging is all you Seekers are good for! That's how Starscream got his position. By fragging Megatron!"

Skywarp stopped, and slowly pivoted on a thruster heel to face the grounder. "What did you say about my trineleader?" He demanded dangerously.

"Oh, now do you have time to deal with me?" The grounder said mockingly.

Skywarp's optics narrowed. "Watch it, slag sucker. I rather not have to punch your faceplates inside out."

"You don't scare me, tiny."

"Slag off." Skywarp growled before turning and stomping away.

"I bet I could get Starscream to moan louder for me than he does for Megatron!" The grounder called out.

Skywarp's wings twitched. "I will not be provoked to fight. Go frag yourself."

"Coward! Come on, we're Decepticons! A little fighting is what we do."

"Shove a grenade up your aft."

"Violent, aren't we?"

"Just leave me alone!"
"Fine, be that way. Maybe I'll bump into Starscream and frag him senseless. Find out exactly how much he keeps to his designation." The grounder laughed.

Skywarp turned around. "You touch my brother and I will kill you!"

"Fine, I'll skip on the 'touching' part and go straight to the fragging." He gave a predatory smile.

And that was when Skywarp lost his self control. Activating his thruster heels, he slammed into the grounder and tackled him to the ground. The two started to wrestled, punching, kicking, even biting the other until a crowd started to grow around them.

Skywarp was furious that anyone would say such things about his trineleader. He was his brother, and it was his job to take care of him. So, he would.

Energon leaked from dented plates and tears over their frames, both refusing to give up. The larger mech suddenly got the advantage and pinned Skywarp to the ground. The Seeker couldn't escape, couldn't move away. The grounder then started to punch him in the faceplates, repeatedly, mercilessly. Skywarp cried from every brutal strike, trying to block the blows, but just couldn't.

No one was helping, no one was going to stop this fight. And even if Skywarp commed for help, by the time anyone arrived it would be too late. He was alone on this.

Skywarp pressed his servos against the grounder's chest piece and concentrated, trying to ignore the blows to ensure he did this just right with his lower fuel levels. His servos started to glow purple, disappearing before his optics, replaced by the grounder's chest piece.

The grounder's optics widened, clutching at his chest piece. Skywarp bit his lower lip plate, his optics narrowed. Then, his servos reappeared, holding the grounder's spark casing and several vital cables. He held them before the grounder as an evil smirk crept over his visage.

"Missing something?"

The grounder didn't move, his optics offlining before he collapsed to the side, the Seeker pushing him off. Skywarp stood up, tossing the empty spark chamber aside with the wires, his servos covered in energon.

"I just warped my servos in you. Bet you didn't like that, huh, afthelm!" He exclaimed with a furious kick to the deactivated mech's side. "And leave my trineleader alone!"

He pivoted on a heel and started to stomp away when servos grasped onto him. He looked up, his wings lowering when he saw Motormaster glaring down at him.

"He started it." Skywarp pointed out before he was suddenly dragged away.

Skywarp swallowed, his servos wringing as he was left alone with Megatron in the tyrant's office. Motormaster had just explained what he had witnessed and the ex-gladiator had dismissed him. Now, Skywarp was to face his punishment, something that used to always be done by Starscream.

"So, you just attacked and deactivated this mech?" Megatron asked slowly.

"He-he threatened Starscream, sir. I-I just lost control of myself and attacked. I didn't mean to deactivate him, but when he had me pinned to the ground… I reacted out of self defense. I didn't mean for it to escalate so." Skywarp explained quickly.
"Regardless if you meant it or not, you still deactivated a warrior, someone we need to fight the Autobots with, and now you will be punished for it."

Skywarp's wings drooped so low, looking like a kicked puppy. "Please, just lock me in the brig. Don't beat me."

"I have something else planned for you." Megatron said ominously.

Skywarp swallowed, nervously wringing his servos. The door opened and Starscream entered.

"You summoned me, my lord?" The tri colored Seeker inquired softly, ignoring Skywarp's presence.

"I did. Your trinemate attacked and deactivated one of my warriors and so will be punished for it." Megatron explained nonchalantly, as if this happened every orbital cycle. "But, being your trinemate I know you rather not see him go through pain, but instead taking the beating for him."

"Please, don't hurt him in my stead." Skywarp said softly.

Starscream didn't say anything. Didn't react. He just waited for Megatron to move in and hurt him.

Megatron rose from his seat and approached. "Skywarp, tie Starscream to that wall."

"What?"

"Do it." Megatron growled.

Skywarp's optics filled with static. He took his trineleader's servo and slowly led him to the indicated wall. He grabbed the chains already attached to the wall and tied Starscream's servos above his helm, tightly securing him to the wall, facing it.

"Come here, Skywarp." Megatron ordered.

Skywarp did so, trembling when Megatron handed him the multi-tailed energon whip.

"W-what?" He stuttered in horror.

"Whip him. I will tell you when to stop."

"I-I can't! Please, he's my trinemate. My brother. I can't hurt him." He begged, coolant beginning to leak from his optics.

"Do not and I will only make his suffering worse." Megatron snapped.

"Please."

Skywarp yelped when Megatron backhanded him.

"Do it!" The tyrant roared.

Sobbing softly, Skywarp took the energon whip from Megatron and powered it on. He was trembling so hard, looking from it to his trineleader's exposed back.

"Please, please, don't make me do this." He cried, wiping away coolant.

Megatron grabbed his wing and maliciously bent it, causing Skywarp to shriek in pain.
"Would you rather me scourge him?" He said dangerously.

Skywarp swallowed. He took a step towards Starscream, shaking so hard. His optics white with static, he raised his arm. Starscream didn't make a sound when the first lash struck him, didn't move. Coolant continued to flow down Skywarp's cheekplates as he kept lashing his trineleader, being made to hit the back, wings, and aft.

Starscream remained silent, optics offline, as his plates were torn apart. After two breems he started to hiss in pain as his inner wires were now exposed. Skywarp only started to sob, just wanting to stop this.

Nearly a joor in and Starscream was crying out with every lash, his back plates almost nonexistent. Energon oozed out of the hundreds of whip marks on his frame, dripping and gathering in small puddles around his peds.

"Please," Skywarp begged again.

"I haven't said you could stop yet." Megatron snapped.

"H-he's low on fuel. He can't handle-"

"He can. Continue."

Skywarp wiped away coolant, softly sobbing as he turned to do so. He swung his arm and allowed another lash to tear across his beloved trinemate's torn back. He kept going for another breem until Megatron finally spoke.

"That's enough."

Skywarp immediately powered down the whip and threw it aside. He rushed over to his trineleader and untied him. Starscream collapsed to the ground, Skywarp grabbing him and pulling him onto his lap, cradling him as he held him close. Starscream's optics were barely online, not focusing on anything. Skywarp kissed his servo, coolant pouring out as he cried.

"I'm sorry. I'm so, so sorry, Scree. Please, don't be mad at me. I love you. I'm sorry. I didn't want to hurt you! Star, please, don't-don't go into stasis lock. Star, stay with me. Star! Please! I'm going to get you to Hook, okay? Just stay with me."

Skywarp hugged his trineleader close, concentrating all his remaining energy into his warp generator. In a flash of purple, the two disappeared and rematerialized inside of medbay.

Hook attached Starscream to an energon drip before setting to work repairing the damage. Scavenger and Scrapper cleaned off the wounded Seeker from energon, the only sound in the medbay of Skywarp's sobs.

Hook had been slightly hesitant to comm. Thundercracker, but finally did so. As expected, the blue Seeker barged in with barely contained fury, his frame emanating instant death to anyone who dare even look at his trinmates the wrong way.

"What happened?" He demanded with that deep, terrifying vocalizer of his.
"I'm sorry! I'm so sorry! It's my fault!" Skywarp wailed, looking up at Thundercracker as if he was expecting some type of blow to the faceplates.

"What is your fault? What happened?!"

"I k-killed someone. He threatened Star and I-I attacked him. He was going to kill me so I killed him. M-Megatron p-punished me by forcing me to-to use an energon whip on Star. I d-didn't want to. He made me keep hitting him! I-I'm sorry. I didn't want to do it." He said as he loudly sobbed.

Thundercracker's optics momentarily widened before narrowing again. He marched straight over to Starscream, leaving Skywarp still crying on the floor.

"Well?"

"He'll continue to function." Hook said. "If I hadn't repaired him the other orbital cycle I doubt he would have survived. But, thank Primus I'm good at my job."

"This is going too far." Thundercracker growled, his servo gently taking Starscream's.

Thundercracker just held his trineleader's limp servo, the Seeker oblivious to the events unfolding in his stasis locked form. Thundercracker pulled up a chair and sat there, watching Starscream's faceplates as Hook worked. After a bit, Skywarp finally managed to calm down enough to join Thundercracker, hugging him closely as he sat on his lap.

It was several breems later when an unexpected guest entered. Everyone stopped and turned to him, not sure why he had arrived. Thundercracker just shot him a disdained glare from the corner of his optics before returning his attention to Starscream.

"Seeker Thundercracker: Plans to leave with Seekers. Plan if unaided: Doomed to fail. Plan if assisted: Attainable." Soundwave intoned as he stood by, looking over Starscream's beaten frame.

"What are you blabbering about, jukebox?" Thundercracker growled, not looking at Soundwave.


"You help us? Last I checked you had a rivalry with our leader. How am I certain I can trust you." Thundercracker grunted.


"And what if you're lying?"


Thundercracker's optics widened and he twirled his helm around to stare at Soundwave. "The frag you just said?"


Thundercracker just eyed him for the longest moment, then he slowly inclined his helm. "I need to
get in contact with every Seeker and send them a message."

Soundwave inclined his helm, his visor momentarily brightening.

Thundercracker rushed through the house with Skywarp subspacing all their necessary items. Thundercracker grabbed the device for giving Starscream energon, Skywarp grabbed energon, and weapons.

The two teleported back to the medbay where Hook was preparing Starscream for travel.

"He'll be in stasis lock for a while so it won't hurt while you drag him about." Hook said as he covered healing slabs all over the wounded areas.

"Just got a comm. call from Hotlink. Says they are ready." Thundercracker said.

::You ready, Soundwave?:: Thundercracker commed him.

::Soundwave: Ready:: Soundwave answered back as he sat at his console in the Control Room, glowing, blue hologram screens surrounding him as his digits danced around, expertly pressing buttons, selecting commands, and manipulating the city to his will.

Ravage sat on his lap, calmly watching it all.

::Are we good to go?:: Thundercracker inquired.

Soundwave kept messing with the computers, holograms appearing, disappearing as he touched them, the only light in the room from their glow.

::Commence: Now::

Thundercracker pressed two digits against the side of his helm and spoke into his comm. link.
"Seekers. This is Thundercracker of the Elite Trine, Commander Starscream's trinemat. Commence operation 332015. Repeat. Commence operation 332015."

Seekers across Cybertron heard the order, Soundwave amplifying Thundercracker's comm. link so that he could reach them all. They knew what it meant. It was one of the first commands Starscream had informed them to do if things ever went… bad.

It meant they were leaving.

Soundwave pressed the necessary commands and the city went dark. All power, all cameras, all lights, all communications - except for the Seekers' - went out. Chaos would soon ensue, and the Seekers had to get out before then.

"Come on, we need to get him out!" Thundercracker exclaimed as he picked up Starscream bridal style and swiftly carried him out, Skywarp right behind him.

"We're coming too." Hook said suddenly.

"What? No. You will only slow us down." Thundercracker grunted.

"You go your way, Seeker, we'll go our. I'll find him. I have repaired him so many times I know the scent of his energon from anyone else's! Besides, I know where you plan on going."

"Whatever." Thundercracker said as he and Skywarp exited and walked down the hallways.
The roar of Seeker engines sounded all about, making their escape. Sonic booms tore through the night sky, signaling the departure of the flyers from the Decepticon base. Skywarp swallowed. He reached over and touched his trinmate's before they disappeared in a flash of purple.

"So, how much further?"

"Primus…"

"My peds hurt."

"I'm the one carrying Star and my peds are just fine."

"I'm hungry."

"You just refueled."

"I gotta pee!"

"What?"

"Something humans say to make long trips end."

"I don't think-Never mind…"

"I think I left the stove on."

"I think you need to be quiet."

"I forgot to turn off the light in my berthroom."

"Sky, please, stop complaining."

"Noooooo-ooooo-oooooo-oo!"

Thundercracker rolled his optics, hoisting Starscream a little higher in his arms. Skywarp trailed behind, his arms and wings dangling as if he was absolutely exhausted.

They had been traveling for five orbital cycles now, being forced to stay on the ground since they couldn't fly fast enough with having to carry Starscream. And with their limited supplies, they couldn't just make Skywarp teleport them to the other side of the planet. No, the excess had to go to Starscream in order to keep him alive and healing from his damage.

The other Seekers had all made it out from all their bases across the planet. Back when Starscream had moved his family to Cybertron, he had pulled all his Seekers to the metal world in order for them to be close and able to guard Moonstar and Dawnstar. With their relative close proximity, it was also easier for them to escape, although they were now scattered about.

They were in hiding, waiting until they got the call to return to their leader wherever his new location might be. It was something Starscream had planned for, had hoped he never would have to order. But, the safety of his Seekers was above anything else, and he was willing to do what he had to to protect them.

Thundercracker stumbled over rubble as he walked through ruins. They were nearing their destination, and so he had to be alert. His optics darted everywhere, looking for a sign of hostility. But so far there was nothing.
The sun was high in the sky, beating its warming rays on the lonely travelers. Skywarp was groaning, Thundercracker's arm joints were creaking from constantly carrying Starscream's stasis locked form, and their thrusters were being damaged from debris.

Thundercracker stopped and jerked his helm up, narrowing his optics as he studied a tower, looking for a sniper. Skywarp didn't notice and bumped right into Thundercracker's back.

"Ow… Why you stop?"

"Thought I heard something."

"I heard nothing. Just the sounds of my empty tank processing nothing."

"Listen."

Skywarp raised an optical ridge and did so for a klik. "Yeah, it's just your imagination. I hear nothing and am picking nothing up on my scanners."

"We're not alone, 'Warp."

"Just some stray petrorabbits. No one's here but us and Screamer."

"We're being watched."

"You're paranoid." Skywarp said dismissively as he started to walk away. "It's the lack of energon and constant walking. Making you hallucinate. Just need some high grade and a few femmes, and then you'll be-" He stopped, optics widening as a barrel of a gun was held in his faceplates, aimed directly between his optics. "-Fine." He finished in a higher pitched voice.

"Told you." Thundercracker grumbled as Autobots appeared all around, their guns pointed at the Seekers.

"Can you like not point that at me?" Skywarp said as he pushed the gun away with a single digit.

"Well, well, well, what do we 'ave here?"

Thundercracker's optics flashed as he looked up at the black and white Autobot. His wings flicked, holding Starscream closer to his frame.

"A li"le odd ta see Seekers on da ground."

"We seek asylum. Please, we need a medic. We mean no harm. Just medical attention, some energon, and protection from the DJD." Thundercracker said, no fear or any emotion in his vocalizer.

"An' in return?" Jazz inquired as he crossed his arms.

Thundercracker's optics narrowed. "Information. And the might of the Seekers on your side."

Jazz eyed him for several astroseconds before smiling. "Follow me."

Skywarp stayed right next to Thundercracker as the two were led deeper into Iacon. Now stripped of their weapons, they were vulnerable, prisoners of the Autobots, but there was no turning back now. The Autobots could protect them. Help them heal their true leader, and things would improve.
Starscream stirred in his arms, groaned softly before falling back into recharge. Thundercracker pressed his brow against Starscream's before lovingly kissing the top of his helm.

"Almost there, love. Just rest a little longer." Thundercracker said softly.

"You sure they will help us?" Skywarp asked quietly.

"Yeah, 'Warp. They're help us." Thundercracker said, secretly hoping that he had not made a big mistake.

They entered a large building, the ground finally smooth beneath their thruster heels. Blue optics watched them past, whispers being said when they noticed the limp Air Commander.

Jazz led them through hallways, into an elevator, and through more hallways until he signaled for them to stop. The Autobots waited by the Elite Trine as the Autobot TIC trotted ahead towards a certain mech.

"Ooooooh Prowler! Ah brought ya somethin'!" Jazz practically sang it.

"It's not my creation cycle," Prowl said in the emotionless vocalizer of his.

"Consider it an early creation cycle gift!"

"Belated would be more appropriate."

"What!? Ya mean ah missed it? Why ya didn' tell me?"

"Reasons."

"Anywho, ah got ya something."

"What?"

"Looksee," Jazz smiled as he grabbed Prowl and made him turn around. "Ta-da! Seekers!"

"Is that Starscream?"

"Yee-yup!"

Prowl raised an optical ridge before marching over to the Decepticons. Thundercracker's optics narrowed, his wings raising as he held Starscream closer. The Autobot SIC stopped right in from of the larger mechs, scrutinizing them. He optics scanned over the still damaged form of Starscream, the once proud Seeker looking so small and helpless in the arms of his trinemate.

"Where did you find them?" Prowl inquired, as if the Seekers could not understand him, but were instead unintelligent beasts.

"Came ta us."

"Oh?"

"They wan' asylum."

"Really?" Prowl said looking at Jazz from the corner of his optic.

"Not to be rude, but my trineleader requires a medic. Now." Thundercracker said abruptly.
Prowl's optics narrowed. "What happened to him?"

"It's a long story. I prefer it if he told it. Now, a medic, please?" Thundercracker said obviously agitated.

Prowl eyed Thundercracker for a long, tense moment. His optics turned to Starscream for an astrosecond before reverting back to Thundercracker.

"Take Starscream to medbay and lock the others in the brig. Leave several guards with Ratchet."

"No. 'Warp and I will stay with our trineleader. You will not lock us away from him in some brig."

"Last I checked you were our prisoners and therefore had no rights." Prowl said in that monotone vocalizer of his, no concern for the Seekers' wellbeing.

"What? This is slag. We came to you for help, not to be treated like turbofoxes!"

"You will be treated as deemed appropriate until you are no longer considered a threat. You came to us and therefore willingly gave up your rights as free mechs in order to receive our hospitality."

"This isn't hospitality, this is-"

"Thunder…?" Starscream said softly as he started to online.

"Go back to recharge, Star. You're almost safe." Thundercracker quickly shushed him.

"It hurts… I… He'll take me… It hurts…"

"Go back to recharge. I'll wake you up in a bit. You need to rest. Hook wants you resting, remember?"

"Rest? I don't… rest…"

Thundercracker returned his optics to Prowl once his trineleader had drifted back off. "Medic. Now." He growled with gritted denta.

Prowl was about to say something when Jazz spoke up. "Ah'll take 'em all to medbay and they all can get checkups. Then we'll le' Ratch decide what ta do with 'em."

Prowl looked at him for a moment before speaking. "Alright. Make sure you don't assign Sideswipe as Starscream's guard, though."

Jazz cocked his helm before getting it. He smiled as he waved a digit at Prowl. "Riiiiight." He then turned to the Seekers. "Alrighty, then. Let's get this show on da road!

The door to medbay hissed open and Ratchet rolled his optics. "Sideswipe, if that is you again… I'm going to just kill you. I've shouldn't have to see you nine times in one-" He stopped when he had turned around and saw the Seekers. "Well, I would love to hear this story."

"Got some presents for ya, Ratch!" Jazz said with a large smile as he jabbed a thumb at the Seekers.

"I can see. Set him down on that medberth… Thundercracker. That's what it is."
"Yes, it is." Thundercracker replied as he did as instructed, gingerly setting his commander down.

"These two wan' ta watch ol' Screamer get fixed." Jazz said quietly to Ratchet as the Autobot medic retrieved his scanner. "Where can ah tie 'em off?"

"To those medberths. Should keep them out of my way." Ratchet grumbled.

"Bluestreak, Mirage, Streetwise, cuff 'em to the berths dere." Jazz instructed.

The mentioned 'bots did so, soon the two Seekers were securely restrained by chains tied to their wrists. Skywarp climbed over the medberth he was tied to and sat next to his trinemate on the other medberth. The two held servos as they watched Ratchet run a scanner over their brother.

Ratchet reviewed the results, raising an optical ridge. He then looked up at Thundercracker and Skywarp for a klik before looking back at the scanner.

"Streetwise, go get First Aid." Ratchet said slowly.

"Sure thing." Streetwise said before pivoting on a heel and walking out.

Ratchet reached over and began to manually remove Starscream's chest plates. Soon, the spark casing was exposed and Ratchet stopped, his shoulders sagging.

The dainty handwriting of Moonstar's still clearly visible on his spark casing revealing her designation. Next to it was another signature, rough, childish, with a little "heart" next to it. It read, "Dawnstar, Daddy's Precious Princess."

Ratchet exhaled heavily, knowing that Moonstar had long since past. The CMO removed more plating, seeing the poor state the Seeker was in. He retrieved the necessary equipment and inserted an energon drip into the Air Commander.

Jazz placed two digits against the side of his helm as he listened to a comm. call. "Alright, be right there." He said into it before turning to the others. "Apparently we 'ave more guests. Ah gotta go and see wha' dis ones about."

"You do that. I don't think this ones going anywhere anytime soon." Ratchet remarked.

Jazz gave a sharp nod of his helm before quickly exiting the medbay. After the door slid shut, everyone was just silent. The two Seekers quietly watched their trineleader worked on by the skilled medic, while the other Autobots watched the Seekers and whispered amongst themselves.

First Aid entered the medbay and went straight to Ratchet. Ratchet grumbled something to him and the young medic left to rummage through some datapads until he found the right one. He returned and handed it to Ratchet. The CMO snatched it away, read through some of it, handed it back, then resumed working on the tri colored Seeker. Thundercracker's optics narrowed when he noticed Ratchet kept having to read the datapad before doing something more on his trineleader.

"They are asking for asylum as well." Prowl informed Jazz as the latter approached.

"Surprised ta see 'em following the Seekers' example." Jazz commented.

"It is odd."

"I'm only to ask once more." Hook said as he held his servos up along with his gestaltmates as guns were aimed at them. "Take me to my patient, Starscream. I know he's here."
The door to medbay hissed open and the most unwelcomed of guests to the Autobot medbay entered.

"Hey, Ratch, I know this is the ninth time this orbital cycle, but you think you could fix my-" Sideswipe stopped, his optics widening when he saw the Seekers. "Where did they come from?"

"Sides, come over here." Bluestreak quickly waved him over.

Sideswipe just dumbly stared at Starscream. She really did look a lot like him… Then he snapped out of it and trotted over to the others.

"What's up?" He whispered as he pulled up a seat and sat down next to Bluestreak.

"They came asking for asylum."

"What?"

"Yeah."

"No way."

"Yes way."

"Was Dawnstar with them?"

"No, just them."

Sideswipe bit his lower lip plate. "He doesn't know, right?"

"I don't know. He's been knocked out the whole time he's been here."

"Good."

"Ratch is trying to repair him but I think there's a lot of internal damage." Bluestreak continued to whisper back.

"Weird."

"Yeah."

Starscream heard vocalizers speaking all around him, but couldn't discern who they were. Everything was dark… cold… dizzy… Then, he started to feel. He felt… servos touching him. Gentle servos. Not his servos. But, not his trinmates' servos. He knew their servos all too well. Perhaps Hook's? They were gentle like his… but they weren't touching him right. Hook had habits with his servos. These servos didn't occasionally tap against his plates in frustration. No, these were unknown servos. These were servos of someone he had never been touched by before… at least, not like this.

Then, he heard their vocalizers clearly, light began to be detected by his optics, barely onlining from lack of energon. The world was a bit fuzzy, but clear enough for him to recognize faceplates. Faceplates of… Autobots.

Starscream's optics widened as he tensed up. He felt servos grabbing his wrists, strapping him down as voices raised. He was on a berth… They were tying him to a berth… They were touching him… Megatron tied him to berths… Megatron touched him. He was going to be taken.
Panic. Raw, unadulterated panic swept over him. It wasn't rational, it was instinctual. Fight or flight response at its finest. He reacted to what his frame had become adjusted to knowing what would happen to him. He couldn't take it anymore, especially not by Autobots.

He kicked, managing to get a servo free from a unfinished job of tying it down, and reached to free the other servo. More shouting, more servos touching him, roughly grabbing him, trying to pull him back.

He yanked the energon drip out of his arm, kicking, squirming, his thrusters activated for but a moment temporary freeing him. He fell to the ground, scrambling, somehow getting to his ped's, almost falling over his own thruster heels, trying to escape.

He didn't want to be taken, he didn't want them touching him. They were yelling, he was backed against a wall, they were nearing, he started to tremble.

"Please," He said softly, his wings lowered, seeing those lustful, blood red optics before him, not the blue ones. "Please, don't."

Ratchet roughly shoved Sideswipe and Mirage aside to stand in front of Starscream. "It's alright, Starscream. We're not going to hurt you." He said gently. "I just need to check you to make sure everything is alright."

"Please, please, don't… I…" He swallowed trembling even harder, his frame, conditioned to servos touching him roughly and being afraid, reacted how it had recently been taught to react. Starscream's optics widened. "Oh, Primus, not now, not now. Please, Primus…" He said quickly, frantically, as he held his legs together and lowered his servos, his valve leaking heavily, the fluid passing between transformation seams and down his thighs. "Please, please, stop."

Everyone's optics widened while Ratchet's only narrowed. "Back away, you idiots!" He ordered the other Autobots as he pushed them away. "Stand over there!"

The others did as ordered, quickly getting away from the medic before he could throw anything at them. Ratchet then turned back to the Seeker.

"It's alright, Starscream. I'm not going to hurt you." Ratchet said slowly, holding his servos up to placate the terrified Seeker. "I am just trying to fix you. You're damaged and I want to help."

"Please… It hurts… All of it… I don't… I can't… Please… Oh, Primus, stop leaking, stop it. Please." He kept saying, trying to cover himself up.

"I think I know what's going on. Here, let me help you."

"Stay away. Please… I… It hurts…"

"Starscream, he won't hurt you." Thundercracker called to him.

Starscream swiveled his helm to try and focus on his trinmates. He swallowed. "TC? I… Please…"

"Just, let the medic help you. He'll help you like Hook does. You can trust Hook, remember? Hook's nice, somewhat. He fixes you, not hurt you." Thundercracker said gently, pulling at his chains to be as close to Starscream as he could get.

"Hook? I… It hurts. Make it stop."
"Shhh, shhh, I know you're confused right now. I got you out like I promised I would. You're safe now, Star. Megatron is never going to hurt you again. Hey, look at me. Good mech. Go with Ratchet. Don't keep talking. Your vocalizer isn't done healing yet, remember? Need to take it easy."

"Yeah, Scree, you're safe now. We rescued you." Skywarp added.

"Rescued?"

"Come on, Starscream. I just need you to sit down over here." Ratchet said in that calming tone of his.

Starscream's wings twitched, hesitating for a moment before stepping forward. He paused, looking back at his trinemates before slowly making his way to the medberth. Trembling still, he sat down, not looking at anyone.

Ratchet patted his shoulder reassuringly before pressing a thumb on the Seeker's chin and making him open his mouth.

"Vocalizer isn't fully healed, eh? Let's have a look at it." He said as he unsubspaced a device and shined a light down the Seeker's mouth.

The medic's thumb just entered the Seeker mouth to force it a little wider so he could see better. Starscream's optics widened. Megatron always put his thumb in his mouth and hurt him. He was on a berth too. He was about to be taken. He reacted instinctively.

Ratchet yelped as he jerked his servo away from the Seeker suddenly biting down on it. Ratchet grumbled some pretty colorful curses as he inspected his hurt servo. Starscream's optics narrowed, his wings flicking.

Ratchet gave him a dirty glare. "I don't have slagging time for this scrap." He growled.

"Don't take it personally, Ratchet. He always gives medics a hard time." Thundercracker replied.

"I can see that…"

"Need us to hold him down?" Sideswipe offered.

"No. You idiots would only make it worse," Ratchet snapped. He then turned back to the Air Commander. "I don't want to be here fighting you, and you don't want to be fighting me. So how about you just lie down and let me work on you. Kapeesh?"

Starscream's wings flared. A silent "hell no" directed at the CMO. Ratchet wasn't an expert on the language of wings and what they represented with all of their little movements, but he had plenty of experience with doorwings. And they weren't all that much different when it came to the universal "go frag yourself" response.

Ratchet's optics narrowed. "Starscream, I'm only going to say this once…"

"Frag yourself." Starscream suddenly said venomously.

"OOOOo000OOOOOh!" Sideswipe said as he snapped his digits. "Oh, no he di-dn't!"


"I apologize for his poor behavior." Thundercracker said quickly. "It's how he makes friends. I'm
serious. Just… Just give him a moment to calm down."

"Or, you could hand him over to me." Hook said as he entered with Sunstreaker, Jazz, and Prowl.

"Oh, thank Primus." Thundercracker sighed.

"What is he doing here?" Ratchet grunted.

"He demanded to come and work on Starscream himself. Claims that only he can properly repair Seekers." Prowl intoned.

"I doubt that. This Seeker is a mess." Ratchet said as he jabbed a digit at Starscream.

"Of course he is. You would be too if you refused to listen to your primary care physician." Hook said calmly as he was allowed to approach. "Starscream is my best, and worst, patient. Best in how often I see him and that he only trusts me to work on him, and worst in that he refuses to ever do as I tell him to."

"How do you explain all the internal damage in him?"

"Rather personal, don't you think?" Hook said before stopping in front of Starscream. He roughly forced the Seeker's mouth open, holding his jaw as the Constructicon inspected his mouth. "Will need to repair eight and nine, and looks like you made a new friend. Bit his servo?"

"He did." Ratchet grumbled.

"You get used to it. He does that quite a bit. Now, how's that vocalizer?"

"Hurts." Starscream said softly.

"And it will continue to do so if you raise your voice, but now since you are no longer around him it should be able to properly repair itself. Open up your chest. Good Seeker. Ah, everything as I had left it. Now, lie on the medberth for me so I can check your back plates."

Starscream glanced over at Ratchet before doing so. His entire back and wings still covered in the healing slabs, hiding the awful wounds. Hook quickly, and carefully, removed them, exposing the horrible whip marks. Blue optics widened, Skywarp looked away, not wanting to be reminded of what he had done to his brother.

"Healing nicely, as always." Hook commented. "Wing plates will need to be replaced, and so a few black plates. Does this hurt, commander?" Hook inquired as he put pressure on a section of Starscream's back.

"Yes. It all does."

"Pain dampeners going out, then. How are your optics?"

"Fuzzy."

"Will need to check those. Commander, do you feel anything else?"

Starscream bit his lower lip plate before answering. "It… All of it… hurts…"

Hook looked at him for a moment. "I understand." He then turned to Ratchet. "Is it possible to take him to an isolation room and work on him in private? My patient… would prefer it."
"I would prefer it if you did it here." Prowl interjected before Ratchet could speak.

"My patient is a rather private mech. It goes much easier for everyone if he gets his privacy." Hook replied.

"I don't care. Repair him enough so he won't deactivate in the brig. Anything undone you can finish tomorrow."

"No, you will not force my trineleader to suffer all because you're paranoid about us trying to escape!" Thundercracker roared, his wings raised threateningly. "He has gone through enough!"

"Prowl, Starscream is badly injured. I would prefer it if he at least spent tonight in my medbay." Ratchet said as he crossed his arms. "Hook can perform the primary repairs now, and tomorrow finish up on whatever is left."

"The medbay is not secure enough to hold Starscream." Prowl said in that cold, emotionless vocalizer of his, his optics narrowing as his doorwings raised.

"He isn't going anywhere. His thrusters are slag, he's too low on fuel to even be able to transform, he's unarmed, his joints are too stiff for him to move for very long, and his tank would be empty by the time he got outside if he did manage to escape." Ratchet grunted.

"Can we stay with him?" Skywarp blurted, his servos wringing.

Prowl glanced at them from the corner of his optic before reverting his attention back to the CMO. "Ratchet, deactivate Skywarp's warp generator and Thundercracker's sonic boom generator. Sideswipe, Sunstreaker, you two will escort them to the brig once Ratchet is finished. I will have Trailbreaker and Mirage take Hook away in four joors. Bluestreak, you have the first watch over Starscream. Ratchet, Starscream is to be locked in an isolation room, manacled, and secured to the medberth."

"Smiley, Starscream will not be able to handle that in his current mental state." Hook explained to the Autobot SIC.

"Too bad. Jazz, you and I must report all of this to Prime." He started to turn to leave but stopped. His optics momentarily brightened as he glared at Ratchet. "I mean it, Ratchet. I will not allow Starscream to escape all because you took pity on his wounds."

"These are no ordinary wounds, Prowl." Ratchet grumbled.

"I look forward to reading all about it in your report." Was the curt reply from the strategist.

Prowl pivoted on a heel and walked out. Jazz looked at Ratchet as he shrugged, then followed after Prowl.

"What did he shove up his tailpipe?" Skywarp remarked.

"Starscream won't be able to handle being alone and bond in an isolation room." Hook said to Ratchet as he began to work on Starscream's back plates. "If he must spend the night so, let him be in stasis lock."

Ratchet eyed him for a moment before venting a sigh. "Seeker Claustrophobia?"

Hook didn't answer immediately. "That… and other concerns," HE vented his own sigh. "Doctor to doctor, my patient has been through some very… traumatizing experiences of late." He said softly
so only Ratchet could hear. "His processor is not... is not registering things properly. He is terrified. He... he has severe depression, anxiety, PTSD, and, well, triggers that set him off to the point he believes he's about to be put through much misery." He paused. "I am one of the few he feels comfortable enough with to allow to touch him, or for him to speak to."

"What happened?" Ratchet asked softly.

"I won't say. That's his decision."

"I think I have a good guess."

Hook looked up at him, his visor brightening. "You can't even imagine the half of it."

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Oh, and check these educational papers I have written! Abuse and concepts seen in my fics are better explained in them. **Notes Below!**

**Educational Journals**

- [Supermeat Can End Animal Suffering](#)
- [Why God Tells Us to be Vegan](#)
- [Human Overpopulation is Real and Why Birth Control is Good](#)
- [Homosexuality, Chromosomes, Anti-Vaccers, and Autism](#)
- [Pet Overpopulation, Dog Breeds, AKC, Pitbulls, and Dog Training](#)
- [Hunting, Conservation, and Poaching](#)
- [Human Starvation, Deforestation, Pollution, and Extinction](#)
- [Dairy is NOT for Humans](#)
- [The Harsh Reality of Zoos, Aquariums, and Circuses](#)
- [Rodes, Racing, Fighting, and Animal Entertainment](#)
- [Fur, Leather, and Wearing Animals](#)
- [TCM, Poaching, Exotic Pet Trade, and Shark Finning](#)
- [The Reality of Meat](#)
- [Eggs Are Simply Not For Humans](#)
- [Vivisecting and Animal Experimentation](#)
- [Videogame Violence, Cyber Bullies, and Suicide](#)
- [Abortion, Raising Children, and Sex Education](#)
- [Pet Health, Tips, and Helpful Information](#)
- [Let'S Talk Religion](#)
- [Small Pet Mills, Pests, and Wildlife Tips](#)
- [Bestiality, Porn, and Trafficking](#)
I wrote these thirty-two pages in one day...

So, the third and final part of this trilogy has begun. This is gonna be fun. ;)

You will learn a bit more of what's going on in Screamer's helm and why he's acting so around his trinemates, but it has to do with the abuse. He also talks little because not only does it hurt with his damaged vocalizer from screaming in pain all the time, but because Megatron would hurt him if he made too much sound.

Soundwave was willing to kill Megatron in the IDW G1 comics for going against
the Decepticons, so I think he would be willing to help Starscream despite his loyalties to Megs. Plus, being inside of Screamer's mind and almost feeling the suffering himself. Yeah... That gotta make you sympathetic.

Prowl is such a prick. I love it and yet hate it. XD And Sideswipe is so gonna get his aft whooped when Starscream finds out what he did to his daughter. :P

Next chapter is gonna get deep.
Prowl and Jazz made their way to the Prime's office. The Autobot SIC palmed the door opened and entered with the head of special ops.

"I hope I am not interrupting anything, sir." Prowl said as he stopped before the Prime's desk.

Optimus Prime looked up from what he was doing. "I'm rather busy, Prowl. What is it?"

"I apologize, sir, but this cannot wait."

"Continue."

"The Elite Trine and the Constructicons have both come to us seeking asylum."

Optimus raised an optical ridge. "Really?"

"Yes, sir. I don't believe they are simply here for asylum, though."

"Oh? And why is that?"

Prowl raised his doorwings a little higher. "This is Starscream. He is a master at manipulation. I believe he and the others are up to something."

"Nah, man, you saw da damage on 'im!" Jazz piped in. "Ah think dat something iz up. Why else would dey be 'ere and risking demselves like dat?"

"Where are they now?" Optimus asked.

"The Elite Trine and the Constructicon Hook are in medbay under heavy guard. The other Constructicons are in the brig." Prowl informed. "The Seekers Thundercracker and Skywarp, along with Hook, will be escorted to the brig in a few joors, while Starscream shall remain in medbay for the night."

"Is he that bad?"

"I believe Ratchet is overreacting."

"He looks bad, Prime." Jazz replied.

"Well, since he is in Ratchet's care I will comm. him to see when would be a good time to visit Starscream. Otherwise, I think the rest is being appropriately handled." He paused. "Is his daughter, Dawnstar, not with him?"

"Negative." Prowl intoned. "I am not certain where she is."

Optimus rested his elbows on his desk, his digits lacing together as he pressed the sides of his index fingers to his battlemask in thought. "Interesting. I look forward to speaking to Starscream about all this."

"Sir?"
"Yes?"

"I may sound like Red Alert, but I fear something is up. I will have security doubled until we know for certain what is going on." Prowl informed.

"Sounds good. I am also curious to find out what is happening." He was silent for a moment before continuing. "Anything else?"

"Negative, sir."

"Very well. I will speak to Ratchet in a few joors. Dismissed." Optimus said with a wave of his servo.

"Yes, sir." Prowl said with a dip of his helm.

"See'ya, bossbot." Jazz gave a two digit salute before pivoting on his heel and walking out with Prowl.

Optimus watched them go, venting a tired sigh when the door hissed shut. "This is going to be interesting." He grunted as he onlined his datapad and resumed doodling images of petrorabbits.

"There you go, Skywarp. No more teleporting for a while." Ratchet said as he finished deactivating the black Seeker's warp generator.

Skywarp slowly sat up, his wings drooping and looking like a kicked puppy. He slowly slid off the berth and walked over to where his blue trinemat now stood beside Sideswipe and Sunstreaker. Thundercracker placed a servo on Skywarp's shoulder and gave him a comforting squeeze.

"It's only for a little while, sweetspark." Thundercracker said gently. "You'll be able to warp again in no time."

Skywarp slowly nodded his helm, not looking up as he wrung his servos. Sunstreaker palmed the door open and motioned for the two to follow him out. They did so, not liking how the yellow twin kept his weapon pointed at them. Sideswipe glanced back at Starscream before following after them.

Starscream flicked his wings, anxiously watching his trinematies go. A soft, groaning sound emitted from his weak vocalizer, his optics trying to focus, but only became worse from the strain.

"Easy, commander. You'll see them again." Hook said softly as he finished replacing plates on the Seeker's back.

"See... I... kzsht... hurt." He said so softly, his vocalizer barely holding together.

"No talking. You will have to go into a CR chamber for that to heal properly if you keep talking."

"I... Thunder... hurt... kzsht... talk now... No hurt."

Hook vented a soft sigh. "You won't be hurt for talking any more, with your trinematies' presence or not. It's okay to talk around them again."

"He... hurts... I... kzsht... Please."

"What? What is it?"
"Take… He takes… I'm… I'm nothing…" Starscream mumbled softly, his trembling starting up.

Hook stopped what he was doing and placed his servos on his hips. "Stop talking like that. You are no longer around him so don't have to act like a beaten turbofox. No, not another word from you. We went through a lot to get you out and you better not give up on us." Hook said suddenly sternly, his visor brightening as he spoke. "Now, sit up. I'll finish your wings tomorrow. Let me see your spark."

Ratchet raised an optical ridge as he quietly listened. Mirage, First Aid, and Bluestreak were whispering to each other, watching the Decepticons as if they were the most fascinating of things.

Starscream sat up and slowly opened his chest plates. "Please… It hurts… Please…" He said in almost a whisper, shaking even harder.

"You're fine, Starscream. I'm fixing you, not… you know." Hook said gently as he started to clean inside of the Seeker where dried energon and oil was smeared about.

"I… I am… Please… I am nothing… I am… I am y-yours… I am… I am a dis-disgrace t-to the Dec-Deccepticons…. Pathetic…. w-weak… kzsht… Disgrace… I am… nothing… I am… I am yours… kzsht… T-take me…" He muttered, his optics offlining, his frame shaking so hard, wings lowered, and servos wringing. "T-touch me…kzsht… Lay-lay your s-servos on me… Nothing. Please… Please… M-my trinmates d-don't… don't care for m-me…. kzsht…They… they left me… ab-abandon me… hate me… M-my daughter… kzsht… please… please… it hurts…" His weak vocalizer started to become brittle, coolant pooling in his optics.

"Stop reciting it. I know he made you do it every time he hurt you, but you are no longer with him." Hook said quietly, never ceasing in his work.

Ratchet crossed his arms, his optics narrowing.

"I…" Starscream reached forward, a servo touching Hook on the faceplates, feeling him to make sure who he was with his optics getting weaker. "Hook? Please…"

"Yes, it's me, commander. Your systems are calming down so you are reverting back to… It's not going to happen this time. No one is going to hurt you."

"Where… where is… please…"

Hook vented a sigh. "I don't know where she is. I still don't know the answer to that one."

Ratchet turned to the other Autobots. "Bluestreak, Mirage, First Aid, please wait outside."

"But, we are supposed to-" Mirage started.

"Nothing is going to happen. Get out."

The three exchanged confused glances before standing up and leaving. A pissed off Ratchet is something they rather avoid than a pissed off Prowl.

Once the door hissed shut, Ratchet turned to Hook. "Guessing by how his systems reacted to being afraid and how he's mumbling… Megatron did some 'questionable' things to him?"

Hook exhaled heavily. "One of the words used to describe the many atrocities he has committed against my patient would be 'rape.' A lot of it. But, that is as much detail as I am going into. I won't disclose any more of my patient's privacy."
"Of course. I wouldn't ask you to." Ratchet paused to study the trembling Seeker. "So, what is it like operating on Seekers? Not that I have no knowledge on Seeker inner workings, I just haven't had the chance to work with many." Ratchet added the last part quickly.

Hook smirked. "Don't lie. You haven't worked on a single one."

"I actually worked on three. But, they were all for very simple fixes."

"Well, they are certainly a servo full. Seekers, as you probably already know, are very arrogant, narcissistic, and stubborn. They think themselves above any grounder and thus hate being operated on or touched by one. But, Starscream takes the energon cake. He, by far, is the worst patient when it comes to cooperating or caring for himself." Hook paused to smile. "When I first met this slagger he bit me, like how he did to you, only he made me leak. He also kicked me. And we kept this violent relationship for many vorns. I could never strike back for he was my superior, but I did make up excuses that he needed his antivirus updated and always ensured that it hurt extra."

Ratchet grinned. "That's a method I've used once or twice on a certain pit-spawn I have to deal with."

"Ah, us medics always have one of those. They come in often and are the bane of our medical existence. Starscream is mine. Yours?"

"Sideswipe. Has a good spark, just isn't the brightest when it comes to taking care of himself."

"Neither is this one." Hook grunted as he jabbed a thumb at Starscream. "This slagger always is getting himself damaged for doing something stupid. Whether it's from pissing off Megatron to charging helm first into battle. And then he never does what I tell him to do in order to heal quickly or stay healed."

"Have you tried throwing things at him? Seems to work well with my patients."

"I would if he wasn't my superior. But, I have slapped him a few times. Primarily on the wrist. Problem is, he's so stubborn he would fly directly into a sun if it meant getting his way."

"So, why are you Starscream's primary doctor? Not questioning your skills as a medic, just seems odd that a Constructicon built would be working on a Seeker, let alone the Decepticon Air Commander."

Hook smiled. "I was good at my job, and being part of a gestalt meant I would always be nearby the Decepticon brass. So, naturally, it made sense for me to be the one to deal with Starscream. But this slagheap is too stubborn to die. Even if I didn't care for him he would still find a way to pull through." Hook paused, swallowing as he remembered something. "I have kept this ungrateful, arrogant, slagging, creation-of-a-pleasurebot alive for so long… He almost deactivated on me more times than I could count over the thousands of vorns I've been stuck with him. But, recently, there was an incident that..." He exhaled heavily. "The worst injuries I have ever seen on him, and that's saying something." He paused. "He deactivated three times on me in the same night. Took me until morning to get him stabilized and in a CR chamber." He looked up at Ratchet who was biting his lower lip plate. "I don't know if I could handle that again. Starscream… the last thirty or so stellar cycles Starscream has become a good friend of mine, and almost losing him like that..." He vented another sigh. "Well, he shouldn't be doing that to me again. Right, commander?"

Starscream didn't say anything, just kept his optics offline as he held Hook's servo, idly feeling him to reassure himself that he was not with… him. That he was safe now.
"I'm glad you were able to keep your patient, and your friend, online." Ratchet said finally. "Sideswipe deactivated on me once… It was almost a vorn ago… But, I still think about it every time I see him."

Hook nodded his helm slowly. "Yeah, same here." He was silent for a klik before smiling again. "I have rebuilt this Seeker so many times I could take him apart and put him back together blindfolded, with my servos tied behind my back, in the middle of a battlefield, while fighting off Dinobots."

Ratchet grinned. "Yeah, Sideswipe is the same with me. Although, I would be fighting off the Constructicons rather than the Dinobots."

Hook's smile broadened. "You know, Ratchet… I think we are going to get along just fine."

"You think?" Ratchet grunted.

"Since we are going to be possibly working together for a while…" He motioned for Ratchet to approach. "Let me show you how to care for my Seekers."

"Really?" Ratchet raised an optical ridge.

"I practically wrote the book on repairing these flying scrap heaps. I probably should share my knowledge in case anything were to happen to one when I am not around."

"Well, alright. What's lesson number one?" Ratchet asked as he stood beside the two Decepticons.

"Lesson one is knowing their weak points. Now, I'm sure you've heard that Seeker wings are delicate and quite sensitive to allow them to receive information concerning their flight and whatnot. Well, there's a certain point on their wings, that when you apply the right amount of pressure…” He stopped to study the wings of the tri colored Seeker, trying the locate said place. Starscream didn't really seem to notice the change in behavior. Hook smiled when he found what he was looking for and barely pressed two digits against the spot eliciting a sudden squeal from the Air Commander as he jumped in his seat. "It tickles them and makes them squawk like little femmlings."

Starscream suddenly kicked Hook right in the abdominal plating, but the Constructicon acted as if he hadn't even felt it.

Thundercracker and Skywarp were led into the brig, their clacking thruster heels making their presence known before they were even seen. Autobots watched them closely as they passed, whispering amongst themselves.

"Hey, there he is!" Bonecrusher called from within a cell with Scavenger. "The Seeker who had the crazy idea of coming to the Autobots for help!"

"Could be worse. He could of lead us into a cannibalistic cult." Mixmaster grunted from his cell with Scrapper.

"There could be no energon, either." Long Haul pointed out from his lonely cell where Hook would soon be joining him.

"Yeah, just us living in tiny cells… separated… and I'm stuck with Bonecrusher…” Scavenger grumbled.
"Hey…" Bonecrusher said as he crossed his arms.

Sideswipe put in a code and unlocked a cell door. The Seekers walked in and the red twin locked them in. It didn't take long for Skywarp to start to feel uncomfortable. The black Seeker turned to his trinemate shaking hard, his wings rattling against his back as his optics darted about. Thundercracker vented a tired sigh.

"Excuse me, Autobots," The blue seeker called to the twins who stopped and turned to face him. "Can we have something to distract ourselves, like a holoboard game or something? Skywarp is… He tends to be more susceptible to claustrophobia than other Seekers."

The twins exchanged glances before Sideswipe shrugged. "Prowl never said anything about not giving them games."

"If you want to go get them something than do so." Sunstreaker grunted.

"I'll be back in a few kliks." Sideswipe said quickly before turning around to leave.

Sunstreaker grabbed his arm, stopping him before he spoke. "You're only being nice to them because of Dawnstar." He said quietly so only Sideswipe heard.

"No! Maybe… Possibly…"

"I thought you didn't care for her." Sunstreaker gave his brother a wry smirk.

Sideswipe's optics narrowed. "Course I don't. She's just a Seeker. I am just trying not to be a complete slagger."

"Mhmm," Sunstreaker grunted as he released his red half.

"You should try it some time, Sunny. It's not as hard as it looks." Sideswipe flashed that lopsided grin of his at the yellow 'bot before trotting away.

Starscream was put into stasis lock and then strapped to a medberth in an isolation room by Hook. The Constructicon was then led away by Mirage and Trailbreaker, leaving Ratchet, First Aid, and Bluestreak behind.

The Autobot CMO stood by the resting Seeker, studying the upset faceplates. The Air Commander was still hooked up to an energon drip and many wires connected him to machines displaying his vitals. So little energy going to his optics, vocalizer, T-cog, limbs, and other senses. The small amount of power just stayed in his vitals, trying to keep him alive and functioning. Trying to fill his empty reserves back up.

Ratchet exhaled heavily before walking out of the room. Hook was certainly right about one thing: That Seeker was too stubborn to die. Most mechs would have already drifted away with damage like that and such a weak, fading spark.

But not Starscream.

Starscream slowly onlined the next orbital cycle. His vision was still blurry, but a little better than it had been before. He was still exhausted, weak, and it hurt all over, but functioning. It was bright, and he heard someone talking. Someone moved just above him, but his optics didn't want to focus in on the visage so close to him. He reached out, gingerly touching the faceplates, trying to see who
it was… Then he lowered his servo and felt the chest piece. His optics widened and he began to
tremble before the memories of yesterday rushed back into his processor.

"It's alright, Starscream. I'm just checking on you." Ratchet said gently as he allowed the flyer to
feel him. "It's me, Ratchet. I'm not going to hurt you."

"I-I feel… Primus…" Starscream mumbled, his servos still touching Ratchet's faceplates.

"I have some energon here. Sit up and drink."

"H-he's not here? I… it hurts… He… please."

"It's just you and me. First Aid is in the other room getting some things ready so I can finish fixing
you."

"I… don't… please. I… Where is s-she? She… ran away. Is she… is she here? Please, he'll kill her.
Oh, no… No, no, no, no! Please, please, where-where is she?!" He started to shout, his frame
shaking, his servos grasping at Ratchet's servos and squeezing. "I have… I have to keep the deal.
He'll kill her! He'll-he'll send them after her. She'll die. Please, where is she?"

"Your daughter?"

"Yes, please, where is she?"

"She's not here, Starscream. None of us have seen her since that time she came to us and you traded
all your prisoners for her."

Starscream's frame tensed, coolant beginning to pool in his optics. "No, please… Please, she'll die.
I-I have to find her. I have to save her. I-I promised Moonstar… I… p-please."

"Calm down, Starscream. Your systems need to relax in order to heal faster." Ratchet said softly as
he held the Seeker's servos. "Hook and I will finish fixing you, and then you will go into a CR
chamber for a few orbital cycles until fully repaired."

"I-I can't. I have to… He'll kill her. I have to uphold the deal. I-I am his. I am… please… He'll hurt
them all. My trinemates… I have to… have to protect them. My Seekers… My Seekers need me.
Where are… where are they? Please, I can't…"

"Easy, Starscream. Your trinemates are safe. I don't know where the other Seekers are, but I
imagine they are fine as well. here, sit up and drink some energon. It'll make you feel a bit better."

The medic helped the Seeker to sit up before handing him an energon cube. Starscream looked at it
for only an astrosecond before reverting his barely online optics back to the medic.

"Thunder… where is…? Please…"

"He's in the brig with Skywarp. They're both fine. Here, drink this."

Starscream pushed the proffered cube away. Ratchet vented a tired sigh.

"Starscream, you have to refuel."

"I'm not hungry."

"Like slag you are. You are only at seven percent. You most certainly are hungry. Take it."
"Where's… where's Thunder?"

"I just told you."

"He… please."

"You will see him soon enough. Drink."

Starscream's wings flicked. "Please, I want… don't… please…"

"I don't have time for this, Starscream, and your systems need this energon. Take it and drink."

Ratchet growled.

Starscream's wings lowered, his optics offlined, and he turned his helm as if waiting for a blow. "Please… don't… it hurts already."

Ratchet's shoulders sagged as he pinched the bridge of his olfactory sensor. "No one is going to hurt you, Starscream. I am trying to make you feel better. Please, drink your energon and get some fuel into your tank." He said gently.

"I don't… I want Hook. Please…" Starscream said in almost a whisper.

"He's on his way. Would you like your trinemes as well?"

Starscream started to nod his helm before suddenly shaking it while coolant pooled in his optics. "I can't… They would be hurt… No, I have to… I have to protect them…"

"No one is going to hurt them, Starscream. You are all safe now." Ratchet reassured him.

"He'll hurt them… He… he has to take me. He'll kill them if I don't… if I don't submit."

"Starscream-"

Ratchet was cut off by the door hissing open and Hook entering with Hound and Skids escorting him. The Constructicon went straight to his patient and patted his shoulder. Starscream's wings twitched and he reached out, feeling Hook's chest piece before a faint smile appeared on his dark faceplates.

"Yes, it's me, commander. Anything bothering you this morning?" Hook inquired.

"Him." Starscream said softly as he pointed at Ratchet.

"What?" Ratchet snapped as he placed his servos on his hips.

"Why is he bothering you?" Hook asked as he roughly grabbed Starscream's mandible and forced his mouth open.

"He… He was forcing energon… I can't…" Starscream managed to say as his mouth was inspected.

"Your vocalizer is doing better. Let me see your spark." Hook instructed. Starscream did so and the Constructicon checked over him. "Oh, Ratchet, my patient has not consumed energon orally for quite some time. About, two stellar cycles or longer, right, Starscream?"

"Why hasn't he been drinking energon?" Ratchet asked.
"He is simply depressed and stopped taking it. I have been keeping him alive my injecting it directly into his fuel lines. His refusal to refuel has also been made worse after a certain incident." He paused to run a scanner over Starscream and view the results. "Well, commander, you seem to be slightly better than yesterday. I am going to finish working on you than lock you away in a CR chamber and see if that can fix your stubborn-aft self. Nah-uh, do not talk. If you want to be able to insult and shout at Skywarp you have to let your vocalizer rest. Alright, lie on your front and I will get your wing plates replaced."

Starscream glared at him for a moment before doing so. His optics narrowed as they latched onto Ratchet, watching the Autobot closely. His wings hiked up, flaring threateningly.

"You know, you really should be nice, Starscream." Hook said as he began to remove damaged plates from the delicate limbs. "Ratchet has offered to help you."

"I hate doctors." Starscream grumbled.

"I could just leave you like this. And what did I say about talking?"

"Frag yourself."

"Watch the language. We have Autobots present."

Ratchet rolled his optics before turning and grabbing a device to manually give Starscream energon through his fuel lines. The red and white medic prepared it with energon and approached the Seeker. Starscream tensed, not wanting Ratchet to come close to him again.

"Starscream, just cooperate for once." Hook sighed tiredly as he closely watched the flyer.

Ratchet reached for Starscream's arm and manually removed the plating. Starscream's optics never wavered as he intensely watched the Autobot medic. The Autobot CMO pulled the syringe needle out and neared it closer to the fuel line. That's what Starscream lashed out.

Using his last reserves, he swung his leg around, kicked Ratchet in the side, activated his thrusters for an astrosecond, and fell off of the medberth on the opposite side of Ratchet. Hound and Skids rushed forward, but Ratchet called for them to stop. Hook growled several colorful curses.

"Guess what, commander? You get to go into stasis lock until you are either completely repaired or deactivate." Hook grunted as he reached down and grabbed Starscream's arms and hoisted him back up.

Soundwave worked at his console, remaining silent and as unemotional as ever as he listened to the pacing of the tyrant behind him. Ravage was on his lap, pretending to be in recharge, but still listening to the angry stomps of Megatron. Rumble and Frenzy played their videogames, Laserbeak and Buzzsaw perched on the vid screen, and Ratbat read through a datapad. The Communications Officer and his cassettes played the part of innocents perfectly, even when Megatron had come storming in demanding what had happened to the power and where the Seekers had all gone to.

Soundwave, of course, had remained his calm, quiet self and claimed he was looking into the power outage, but had yet to find the reason for it. Megatron had bought the lie. Why would his most loyal servant have gone against him? No, surely the Seekers were solely behind this. That, and the Constructicons.

Soundwave stroked Ravage along the spinal strut, eliciting a soft purr from the spy. His visor flashed when Megatron ceased his pacing. The warlord stomped over and stood beside the silent
"Send out a bounty for Starscream and any information regarding him. I want him and his little Seekers found and returned to me." Megatron growled, his fury barely contained.

"Query: Do you want Seeker Starscream alive or deactivated?"

"Alive."

**Several Orbital Cycles Later:**

Thundercracker and Skywarp cuddled against each other as they recharged on the floor of their cell. The berths were far too small for winged beings such as themselves, and even without their wings wouldn't allow them to be able to be together. So, instead, they had been staying on the floor their entire time in the cell, holding each other close when not trying to distract themselves with a game or talking to the Constructicons on the other side. Hook was their only method of learning about Starscream's condition, and they eagerly waited to drown the medic with questions whenever he was returned to his cell.

Thundercracker hugged his trinemate a little closer, savoring knowing that at least this one was safe and beside him. Skywarp moaned softly in his recharge, his servos gripping a little tighter to Thundercracker's frame. Thundercracker kissed his brow, and Skywarp burrowed his faceplates into the blue Seeker's chest plates. Thundercracker smiled faintly.

The energon bars dispersed and Ironhide spoke.

"Will ya to lo'ebirds quit yer hugging an' get yer afts outta dere."

Thundercracker looked up, instinctually holding Skywarp closer to his frame. Skywarp stirred, his optics powering on.

"W-what is it, TC?" The black Seeker asked lazily.

"We need to get up, sweetspark." Thundercracker said softly before kissing his brother on the brow.

"Why?"

"We're going somewhere." Thundercracker said as he started to get to his peds.

"Where?"

"I don't know."

The two Seekers were led through the Autobot base, following Ironhide. Sideswipe, Sunstreaker, Smokescreen, and Crosshairs surrounded them, armed and ready to fire should the Seekers try anything.

Ironhide palmed open the door to medbay and entered. They walked to the back, passing empty CR chambers until they came to the one with Starscream. Hook, Ratchet, First Aid, Bluestreak, and Cliffjumper were there as well.

"What's going on?" Skywarp asked quietly.
"Starscream is about to be released from his typical dwelling place." Hook informed.

Skywarp beamed. "Scree is gonna be free and all better?!"

"Physically, at least…"

Ratchet and First Aid finished pressing all the necessary buttons before the CR chamber drained out its liquid. Then, it opened up, wires disconnecting from the Air Commander as he collapsed to the ground. Weakly, he got to his knees, liquid still dripping and pouring off his frame.

Ignoring the weapons trailed on them, Skywarp and Thundercracker rushed over and grabbed their trineleader, helping him to his peds.

"Stop it, slaggars. Primus, why do I always online to such hideous faceplates all the time. For once I would like a hot femme or two… or a dozen to be putting their servos all over me." Starscream grunted as he was hoisted up and managed to stand on his newly repaired peds. "Ugh, everything is still stiff. Hook… you suck at this doctor thing. Should just stick with putting buildings together."

Hook grinned. "Glad you are all better, commander." He ran a scanner over the tri colored Seeker. "Everything fully repaired and you are full on fuel."

"Oh, Scree, I'm so happy you are finally better and will stay so!" Skywarp squealed as he hugged Starscream, his wings fluttering.

Starscream swallowed. "Um, yeah… Hey 'Warp." He said softly.

"Everything is going to be better for now on, sweetie. You're finally safe from him." Thundercracker said as he hugged Starscream as well.

"I suppose so…" Starscream said in the same tone, not looking at his trinemates.

"How are you feeling mentally, Starscream?" Ratchet inquired.

"Why does that concern you, Autobot?" Starscream said with his usual stern voice, his optics narrowing and wings raising.

"Because, Optimus would like to speak to you if you feel well enough to."

Starscream's wings flared, his optics momentarily brightening. He eyed Ratchet for a long, tense moment before talking.

"Lead me to him."

Starscream walked down the hallways, his trinemates in formation behind him, all three Seekers with their wings raised and arrogantly marching like prideful peacocks. They ignored everyone they passed as they followed Ironhide, their heavily armed escort surrounding them.

Ironhide palmed open a door and led them into the large Conference Room. Starscream did not hesitate and approached the long table. His optics narrowed when seeing the Autobot brass before him.

Optimus Prime was at the head of the table, Prowl to his right and Jazz to his left. Ironhide took his seat next to Jazz, Rodimus across him next to Prowl. Beside Rodimus was Red Alert. Across from Red Alert was Ultra Magnus, and next to Ultra Magnus was Ratchet. Across from Ratchet and next to red Alert was Xaaron.
"Glad to see everyone was invited to this little colloquy." Starscream said casually as he took the seat at the opposite end from Optimus, his trinmates standing on either side of him. "So, will there be actual discussing or am I to be sent straight away to have my processor rummaged through and then publically executed?"

"Starscream, we would simply like to hear as to why you and others have come to us for asylum." Optimus said politely, ignoring the Seeker's comment.

"'Asylum?' You have me confused, Prime. That's not the word I would use to describe my reasoning for being here."

Optimus raised an optical ridge. "Oh?"

Starscream's wings flicked. "May we discuss this in private without your guards' presence? Wouldn't want them to let anything confidential slip."

Optimus eyed him for an astrosecond before waving away the guards. They did so, the door locking shut behind them. Starscream visibly relaxed some.

"What is you have to say, Starscream?" Optimus inquired, his servos lacing together on the table before him.

"I am a Decepticon, Prime. My Seekers and I are all Decepticons and have not cast aside our political beliefs or prejudice towards Autobots. We did not become Decepticons because we felt rebellious towards the Senate or we had a lust for battle. No, my Seekers became Decepticons because I, their trusted leader, became one and told them to follow me. As always, they were faithful to me, believed that I would lead them to a grand future and protect them, as is my duty to them. Whatever their reasons for staying with me, believing in me, are theirs alone, and shall not be brought into question for this meeting. No, I am the reason they are where they stand in this grand fraggery of a political war. I shall be the one questioned for my own actions." He paused to look each of the Autobots in the optics before continuing. "I had reasons for joining the Decepticons. And to understand them will help you to understand why I am here before you now."

Starscream swallowed. "The Senate never cared for the lower class. Never did anything to help those in need nor create laws to stop certain crimes. Crimes that could have been prevented if the law was more concerning towards those who did not have the most significant of roles." He vented a soft sigh. "My sire was never a part of my life. He was deactivated when I was only a few stellar cycles old. I grew up with my Seeker femme carrier and a grounder mech. This mech was supposed to help care for us both, but didn't. He would beat me and my carrier every orbital cycle, often raping her before my optics. I tried to fight, to defend both of us, but was just a sparkling, unable to do little more than scream and beg. My carrier was the one to care for both of our injuries, even broken or torn off limbs at times.

"The Senate failed us in never ensuring that the constant screaming emitting from that house wasn't an abuse situation. No, no one ever came by. No one ever spoke up. Not even when I or my carrier were beaten in public… even in front of police.

"One orbital cycle I onlined to find my carrier missing. I never found out what had happened to her, whether she had been deactivated by him and her frame hidden, or if she had finally managed to escape and had left me. Regardless if intentional or not, I was left with that madmech, and abused. It took two stellar cycles before I escaped. I lived off the streets, stealing for survival. I was attacked simply for being a Seeker model. The Functionalists failed me there. I was falsely accused of crimes and sent to jail just because I was a warrior model. I was left beaten and broken in the middle of the street, passed by many before finally being taken to a medical facility. There I
learned about science and decided that that was what I wanted to do with my life. I studied, I read everything I could on anything concerning science, mathematics, history, whatnot. I tried to enroll in the Science Academy, but was rejected simply for being a Seeker built. I was told that Seekers were meant for fighting, not thinking. The Functionalists had failed me yet again.

"It took a while, but I got into racing, quickly winning every one I competed in. The scientists became interested in my unusual speed for a Seeker and took me to the Academy to study my inner workings. It was then I made a friend with Skyfire. He got me into the Science Academy and soon we became very close. As you probably already know, I soon lost him during an exploration trip to new worlds. We were separated in a blizzard, and despite my best efforts to find him, I couldn't. I returned to the Science Academy and was blamed for murdering him simply because I was a Seeker built. I was kicked out of the Academy and decided to join the War Academy since I was only meant to be a killer.

"That's where I met these two slagheaps." He said as he gestured to his trinemates. "We courted, we trined, and I thought everything would be better for me. I, of course, was wrong. We were forced to bekillers, to fight and execute. Not the life I had wanted. I was tired of it all and just wanted to do what I wanted to do. Then, I read Towards Peace and I became inspired by those words. I watched Megatron compete in the gladiatorial arena, and he soon became my idol. I was beyond ecstatic when Soundwave approached me with a proposition. I met Megatron, I pledged myself to him, I helped him, and we formed the Decepticons. I killed the Council in Kaon, and it felt good. I wanted to kill more senators who had made my life so horrible, and so I did.

"It wasn't long before I found myself as Megatron's Second and air marshall. I did what he told me to do, I helped him strategize, lead the Decepticons, create them into the feared force we are now. And I never felt guilt over the thousands I slaughtered. But then, the beatings began. It was just a simple punch or kick here and there, but Megatron kept becoming more and more violent. More and more confident in his position and that no one would leave him if he abused his own officers.

"My punishments evolved over the vorns. More punches, more kicking, tearing my limbs off, my plates, scourging me, burning me, pouring acid on me, forcing me to drink acid, locking me away in a dark brig and beating me, and doing other things to me…" He swallowed. "It just became the norm. I fragged up or he was simply pissed, I was beaten. I even took the punishments of my trinemates to protect them, and lied about my relationship with them so he wouldn't hurt them to get to me.

"Then, one orbital cycle, I went to Cybertron to test a new weapon I was creating. Autobot prisoners were being led away to be targets for this weapon I had invented and that's when I saw the femme who would forever change my life." He vented a sigh. "I saw Moonstar. Primus, she was the most beautiful thing I had ever laid optics on. I wanted her. I ordered her to be given to me. And she became my property. I led her away on a chain and collar, took back to Earth, and raped her. She begged me not to. She begged every time, even would cry and scream. I didn't listen. I didn't care. She was my property and I would do as I pleased with my slave. I would beat her if she misbehaved. I locked her away in my hab suite and never allowed her to leave unless with me. I even shared her with my trinemates and allowed them to rape her. It felt good to me. I enjoyed it. I didn't want it to change.

"Then, that femme had a brilliant idea to ease her suffering. While I was recharging one night she plugged my nanite wires back in and had me secretly spark her."

"She wanted you ta spark 'er?" Jazz asked a little surprised.

"Femmes. They find the strangest solutions to problems." Starscream grunted before continuing.
"Anyway, I was relaxing one evening with my trinemates when she started to purge her fuel tank all over my hab suite. Not wishing to have a faulty interface slave, I took her to Hook and found out that that femme was carrying." He swallowed. "She was carrying my daughter.

"I was furious. I was a complete, slagging idiot. I flogged her with an energon whip and left her crying on the floor for several joors in a pool of her own energon. I ordered Hook to remove the sparking the moment she was strong enough to handle the procedure. And then this slagging aft of a trinemate came in." He grunted as he jabbed a thumb at Thundercracker. "This piece of slag somehow talked sense into my stubborn-aft helm and had me agree to keep the sparking. I went to convince Megatron, and he agreed, after I had to sit on his lap and pleasure his frame with touches. Something I had been doing to him for a long time."

Starscream vented a tired sigh. "I tried to make up for my stupidity and took Moonstar for a flight, but then you Autobots screwed that up and took her away from me for a time. I was beyond relieved when she came to me. I was severely punished for leaving the battlefield to retrieve her after she had commed me. After that, I couldn't interface with her because she was carrying. I instead had to treat her well. I talked to her, told her stories, listened to her, and learned all about her. It became clear to me that she was the perfect mate for me.

"Then, everything, my entire **existence** changed when Dawnstar arrived. I think I seemed calm, but inside I was panicking while Moonstar was in labor. Terrified might be more appropriate a term. But when I held that little one… When I saw her tiny, delicate form…" He paused, looking at his servos for a moment. "I don't know how to explain it. She was… I had helped to create that little spark. That beautiful, perfect life. She was part of me, she was my creation… My little femmling that I never knew that I wanted… That I needed in my life. I fell in love instantly, and never wanted to be separated from her.

"That little one was something else to raise. She was always smiling, always so happy, always just wanting to be around me and telling me that she loved me. I wasn't used to being loved… or liked. No one ever treated me like that. No one ever… She was perfect, and I was so angry at myself for ever wanting to end her before I got to meet her.

"Then Moonstar told me that she wanted to become a Decepticon. Not because she agreed with the Decepticon ideology. No, it was because she never wanted to be separated from me. Because she loved me as much as I loved her. And so she became what she hated and feared all because of me."

He inhaled heavily before slowly exhaling it out. "My little femmling kept growing, kept making me happier and happier. And then, I finally plucked up enough courage to get on my knee and ask Moonstar to join with me as Conjuges Endurae." He smiled, his optics looking down. "She said 'yes.' I was so nervous about joining, but I kicked myself enough and did it. I said my vows to her and she said hers to me. It was… Primus, words can't even begin to describe how amazing it felt to finally say those words to her. To see her smile like that. To have held her like that knowing that she was mine, for now and always. And that night, when we were consummating, she forgave me. She forgave me of everything I had done to her. Of the raping, the beatings, everything. She only wanted to be my Conjunx Endura, my world, and I still can't believe she did that. I still haven't forgiven myself for what I did to her."

He swallowed. "My life was near perfection with her, my daughter, and my trinemates. Just the war and his Royal Slagheaded-ness fragging up everything. Moonstar and I wanted another sparking. I was the one who brought it up first. I was nervous she would say 'no,' but she was just as eager about a second creation as I was. We tried for seven stellar cycles… but nothing. She was sparkbroken, and I was desperate for more options. But then, we had our prayers answered and she was sparked. She was carrying a little mech. My son. I could barely contain my joy. I was nervous
about it, having done barely a good enough job with Dawn, but I was still excited.

"I was ordered back to Cybertron with no plans of ever returning to Earth. Dawnstar and I left first, leaving Moonstar behind with Hook until Hook's replacement could arrive. It all seemed simple... I never imagined..." He swallowed, his optics starting to fill with static. "Her ship was attacked by Autobots. It was shot down, destroyed by the time I reached it. I-I don't know what it was, but something led me to her..." He paused. "I found her deactivate frame amongst the debris. Her and my son... They were both gone. I never felt so empty before. I cried. That was the first time I had cried since losing my carrier." He exhaled heavily. "And then I had to inform my daughter of the news." He bit his lower lip plate. "She blamed me for Moonstar's death. I was depressed, I stopped being around my daughter hoping that it would make things better. It didn't. Dawnstar started to sneak out of the base. She was drinking high grade without my knowledge, and speaking to strange mechs. She would bring some home and I would chase them away. But then... Primus," He paused to rubbed his faceplates tiredly. "I found her one orbital cycle on my berth, with some mech I had never seen before fragging her." He said with gritted denta. "He was inside of my daughter, and she was moaning like some pleasurebot. I reacted. I pulled him off of my creation and tore him apart. I dragged her to Hook and found out she was infected with two ITVs and had been taking circuit boosters. I was furious. I shouted at her. I ended up tearing apart prisoners to calm myself down.

"I tried punishing her with house arrest... A lot of good that did. She kept sneaking out, meeting with mechs. We got into fights... She told me that she hated me and punched me." He vented a sad sigh. "My spark felt like it had shattered right then. And then Thundercracker shows me a video that Laserbeak filmed when following her around for several orbital cycles." He inhaled deeply. "It was of her... dancing in front of mechs. Of her whoring herself out for Shanix. Buying circuit boosters, taking them, fragging the dealer, fragging with random mechs on the streets, getting high, getting over energized. Destroying herself. I was... I don't know how to describe my emotions. I had every mech she had ever interfaced rounded up and ordered her to kill them. She didn't and I did it instead in front of her. She ran away and somehow learned from someone all the secrets I had been keeping from her. She found out that she was an accident, that Moonstar had been my interface slave, and everything I had done to her and others. Dawnstar fled, escaped the city, and then you morons got her.

"When I finally got her back... I found out that she had interfaced with over fifty Autobots." He said darkly.

"Wait, what?" Prowl said suddenly, his doorwings raising.

Rodimus quickly looked away. Everyone else looked shocked. Optimus rubbed a servo over his faceplates and sighed.

"Did she say who she had interfaced with?" Prowl inquired as he unsubspaced a datapad and prepared to write down the designations.

"All I know is that your spy, Mirage, was one of them." Starscream grunted.

Prowl scribbled it down, his unholy wrath burning in his optics. Jazz slowly shook his helm. Rodimus swallowed.

"What happened next, Starscream?" Optimus asked quickly seeing the wrath in some of his officers' optics.

"Oh, that's when things get 'fun.'" Starscream growled. "Megatron found out that my daughter had been treacherous to the Decepticons. He was going to kill her, but I stepped between his fusion canon and my creation. I tried to talk him out of punishing her in the privacy of his office, but he
would have none of it. I touched him, I kissed him, I did what I could with my little tricks, but no change. Then…” He swallowed. "I made a deal with him. My frame to be used as he so desired in exchanged for her life." Starscream paused. "He accepted. He fragged me. I screamed. It hurt. He told me he would only keep to the deal if he fragged me every orbital cycle. I did as he commanded. Every orbital cycle I returned to him, and he took me. He used me. It was simple interfacing at first, just me submitting beneath him as he used me, sparkbonded with me, but then he wanted more. He overloaded me far too much. He wanted us to have our sessions more than once every orbital cycle. Then… He started to tie me, gag me, blindfold me, whip me, and even made me try to wrestle him off for 'fun.'

"My depression kept getting worse. I stopped taking energon, I stopped doing my work, I stopped living. I tried to make things better between my daughter and I, but she never told me that she loved me. Then, I started to feel unusually ill. I saw Hook, and guess what? I was sparked. I was carrying Megatron's creation." He paused to look at the surprised faceplates of the Autobots. "I wanted to keep the little one. I wanted another so bad… I know the rules concerning warriors and carrying, but my creator instincts overruled common sense. I went to Megatron and asked if I could keep the little one. I even offered to keep it away from him if he didn't want to deal with it. And you know what he did? He attacked me. He threw me to the ground, stomped on me, kicked me, beat me until… until my gestation tank ruptured and the sparkling died inside of me. I was-Primus, I'm sorry." He said softly as coolant began to leak from his optics and he quickly wiped it away. "I apologize."

"It's quite alright, Starscream." Optimus said gently. "I understand this is hard for you."

"'Hard' is an understatement." Starscream said bitterly as he removed the coolant from his optics. "After that… After that Megatron wanted to try something new. He-he forced me to give him oral. It was disgusting. He tastes horrible on both ends. I was forced to swallow, and it made me sick. He then took me, fragging me senseless as I felt nauseous. I-I purged my fuel tank on him… twice."

Everyone's optics widened, even Thundercracker and Skywarp's, hearing this story for the first time.

"He didn't take that so well. He forced soap down my throat and made me swallow it. Then, he started to beat me. He punched me, kicked me, threw me across the room, tore my wings apart before taking them off my back entirely. I begged him to stop, screamed, cried. He didn't listen. Didn't care. Then he tied me down. He took a metal rod and with the sharp, jagged end he… he-" Starscream swallowed, beginning to tremble as the memories flooded his processor. "He sodomized me. Shoved it into my valve so far that my internals were completely damaged."

"He did what!?” Thundercracker roared, turning horrified optics to his trineleader.

Starscream ignored him. "He must have enjoyed himself because he didn't stop for a while. My vocalizer broke from my screaming. When he was finally through with me he had the Constructicons get me. I died on Hook three times that night before I was stabilized. I was in a CR chamber for five decacycles, but not even that was enough to fully heal me.” He swallowed, his optics looking down. "Due to the severity of my damage and what he did to me… He permanently damaged my gestation tank so that it could no longer support a fetus. Nothing can be done for it. My repair systems can't fix it, and there are no replacement parts for a gestation tank. I will never be able to carry a sparkling." He paused to wipe coolant tears away. "But what's worse, is I can't even spark someone else. My nanite production unit was completely destroyed. I can't make nanites. Not ever again. I will never have another sparkling. I will never sire another creation. I'm completely sterile. Dawnstar is the only one I will ever have, and I don't even know where she is!"
Starscream covered his faceplates as he broke down into loud sobs, coolant tears streaming down his cheekplates. His wings lowered, and frame trembling from his broken spark.

Thundercracker and Skywarp exchanged horrified glances before placing their servos on Starscream's shoulders, trying to comfort him. The Autobots all sadly watched, except for Prowl who was still steaming about who the other criminals were for interfacing with the enemy.

Jazz stood up from his seat and approached the bawling Seeker. He unsubspaced a cloth and held it to the tri colored Seeker. Starscream finally looked up, his crying calming down enough for him to regard the Autobot before accepting the proffered cloth. Jazz bit his lower lip plate before hesitantly returning to his seat. Starscream wiped away his coolant tears with the cloth, his trinemates lovingly holding his shoulders.

"Megatron took me again the next orbital cycle I was released from medbay. He whipped me. Told me he didn't care for me. It was a while after that that he told me to touch myself. To self service. And while I did it… He filmed me. He started to film us a lot. Of him whipping me, tying me, using me, forcing me to give him oral. He told me… He told me that if I didn't pleasure him well enough he would release the videos for all to see what a slut I was. There were already two videos circulating amongst the ranks from those who had caught us in the act, but they did not show all that much." Starscream swallowed. "Those I once led into battle saw me as a mockery. They drew things on my office door. Images of Megatron taking me. They wrote things. Called me horrible things. One mech told me to my faceplates that he was going to rape my daughter and I attacked him. I killed him. Megatron took me and forced my trinemates to watch. He made my trinemates torture me. He had them hold me down as he took me. He forced me to say things to him every time he was inside of me. To tell him how I was nothing. That I was a disgrace, pathetic, weak, useless. That my trinemates hated me and would leave me. That I was his to be used however he wanted to use me. To tell him to lay his servos me, hurt me, to take me. And I started to believe it all. I think I still do even though I keep telling myself that it's all a lie.

"And then my daughter ran away from me a stellar cycle ago. I have not seen her since." He quickly wiped the new coolant tears away with the cloth. "I have sold my very spark to keep her alive and safe and she ran away from me. I have been torn down and almost deactivated all because I love her and she left me. I-I gave up for a time after reading the note she left me on a datapad. I almost shot myself. Almost ended it all. I gave up and fully became his. I recharged with him every night. He would even chain me to the berth for orbital cycles in a row. I never spoke, never fought him. If I spoke, I was hurt. If I spoke to my trinemates… He did terrible things to me. I was made to fear my own brothers… And I still do.

He swallowed, his wings raising. "No, Prime. I do not seek asylum. I do not wish to hide, to live out the orbital cycles as a witness. I desire to see the Decepticon cause prosper. For there to be peace without the Functionalists, the corrupt Senate, the discrimination. I seek revenge on the one who I once considered my idol. To tear his spark out and stand over his broken frame. Above all, I only want to find my daughter and bring her home. To bring this damn war to an end and keep her safe. To protect my Seekers. To finally lay my Conjunct Endura to rest where her frame won't be at risk of blowing up from bombs.

"We share a mutual goal, Prime. We both want peace, for this war to end, and for Megatron to be destroyed. Whether or not you choose to work with me does not matter. I will take my Seekers and Devastator and round up what others I can find who are loyal to the Decepticon cause, and we will tear Megatron apart, with or without the Autobot's help. But, if you choose to accept my aid, you will have the aerial might of the Seekers at your side and Devastator. It's your choice, Prime."

Optimus' optics narrowed as he studied the Seeker. Everyone else was watching him, anxious to
"If we do choose to become your allies and help you, what would you do if your goal of destroying Megatron was achieved?" Optimus asked slowly.

"Take over the Decepticons and do things properly. End this fragging war, make peace, and find my daughter." Starscream paused. "After my daughter was born... My lust for battle came to an end. I don't want this damnable conflict lasting any longer, Prime. I'm tired of it. I want to end it and concentrate on my duties as a sire and leader of my people."

Optimus leaned back in his seat, crossing his arms as he thought. He looked over his officers' faceplates, trying to read their thoughts.

"Call your Seekers, Starscream. We have much that must be done." The Prime finally said.

Starscream smirked that sexy, sly smirk of his, his optics momentarily brightening. "Good choice, Prime."

"Ugh... This is so boring..." Scavenger moaned as he leaned against a wall of his cell.

"Oh, shut up. We're all bored." Scrapper grunted.

"Wait, hear that?" Mixmaster piped up.

"Sounds like they are returning the Seekers to their cell." Hook grumbled.

The Elite Trine entered, their clacking thruster heels echoing loudly in the prison. Jazz and a few other Autobots were with them. The Autobot TIC put in his code and the three cells for the Constructicons opened simultaneously.

"Get up, slaggers." Starscream ordered. "We have work to do."

"Wait, are we free?" Bonecrusher inquired.

"As long as you do as I say and play nicely with the other grounders, yes. Otherwise, you will be returning here."

"Woo! Freedom!" Long Haul exclaimed as he leaped to his peds.

"Huzzah! Yeah, way to go Screamer convincing the Autobots that we aren't gonna fight."
Bonecrusher said as he trotted out of his cell with his gestaltmates.

Starscream stopped and pivoted on a thruster heel to face them, his wings held high. "Not fight? No, you are misinformed. We are going to fight. We are going to slaughter, destroy, pillage, and weak havoc. But not to the Autobots. We are going to end Megatron, and any Decepticon who does not choose to stand by my side."

"Ooh, sounds dark and dangerous. I'm in!" Scavenger proclaimed.

"Hell yeah!" Long Haul fist pumped.

"When do we begin?" Bonecrusher asked eagerly.

Starscream smirked his classic smirk. "As soon as we are ready."
Starscream entered the Control Room with his trinemates, Jazz, Sideswipe, Sunstreaker, and Scrapper. The Seeker leader made his way to Prowl who was standing beside Blaster.

"I'm ready." Starscream said simply.

"Wait, getting everything ready. Alrighty, you are good to go." Blaster informed as he touched screens and selected commands.

Starscream placed two digits to the side of his helm and spoke into his comm. link. "My Seekers, this is your one and true leader, Starscream." He paused. "Come to me."

Sideswipe walked down the hallways, thinking about everything that had changed in the last couple of orbital cycles since Optimus had made the deal with Starscream. He kept thinking about where Dawnstar might be and if she was alright, but more importantly, he hoped Starscream wouldn't find out and possibly go "cray-cray" on him.

He stopped when he heard raised vocalizers. He snuck down the hallway and looked around the corner, swallowing at what he saw.

"You interfaced with the enemy!" Prowl shouted in Mirage's faceplates.

"It was one night." Mirage said in such a small voice, his frame against the wall.

"One night too many!"

"She flashed me."

"Yeah right."

"Come on, Prowl. A Seeker femme looking like that. And she was asking for it. Really, she asked me to frag her. Oh, is this really necessary." He moaned as Prowl put manacles on his wrists.

"Yes. You are going straight to the brig and staying there until you rust." Prowl growled as he grabbed the noble's arm and led him away.

"But, Prowl! This is-this is-"

"You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be used."

"Oh, Primus, not this again…"

Sideswipe swallowed when the two had finally disappeared down the hallway. He pivoted on his heel and quickly went the opposite direction.

Starscream onlined, feeling loving arms wrapped around him. His optics focused on the faceplates before him. His trinemates' were both smiling in their recharge, so happy to have him back in their arms and safe again. Starscream swallowed, still feeling uncomfortable around them after what Megatron had put him through.

He knew it was all lies. He knew his trinemates loved him and he loved them. They were his best friends, his brothers, his partners in crime. He couldn't live without them and they couldn't live without him. He longed to be with them like he used to be… supposed to be. To interface with them… to bond with them and love them. But the lies kept plaguing his processor.
They kept coming, telling him that he would be hurt if he loved on them, or they hurt if they loved on him. That if he spoke around them he would be hurt. That interfacing with them would hurt. That life in general would hurt.

He just wanted to be free of these lies, of his frame's instinctual acts when reminded of the abuse. To be whole again.

He wanted to feel his trinimates entirely. To just be his normal self again. But he kept finding himself fighting back the lies, trembling, even crying. Why couldn't this just be easy for him?

He swallowed before forcing himself to lean forward and kiss Skywarp's brow. He would get over this. He would fight it. If Moonstar was able to get over her abuse from Starscream, surely he could get over his abuse from Megatron.

"Mmmm, oh, hey Screamer." Skywarp mumbled as he onlined. "How's my cute trinleader doing?"

Starscream smiled. "Better, sweetie. Mmm, I love you." He said softly as he cuddled closer to Skywarp.

"Love you too, Scree."

"I think we should just stay in berth. Not bother getting up. These Autobots are loud."

"I don't know. Some of them seem kinda cool."

"Traitor. You're supposed to agree with me and cuddle forever and ever."

Skywarp smiled. "Well, I can do that."

"You're the bestest, 'Warp."

Skywarp giggled. "Yeah, I am..."

"What are you two blabbering about?" Thundercracker grunted, his optics still offline as he pulled Starscream closer to his frame.

"Just telling Star why he's so beautiful, awesome, and cute." Skywarp smiled before kissing Starscream on the lip plates.

Starscream sheepishly smiled as he looked away.

"Oh? I love this game." Thundercracker said as his optics onlined. "Don't forget to add that he has the cutest squeal when he's tickled and the brightest smile."

"And always makes everything better." Skywarp added.

"And is perfect for hugging."

"And perfect for kissing."

"And perfect for loving."

"And perfect for bonding."

"And perfect in being the greatest trinleader in existence."
"And has the best aft."

"And the best laugh."

"And the best lip plates to kiss."

"And he's so cute when you tickle him." Thundercracker said before lowering his servos over Starscream's abdominal plating and tickling him.

Starscream squealed before breaking into loud guffaws, kicking and squirming to get away. Skywarp grabbed his wrists and kissed his trineleader's brow. Thundercracker kept tickling him until Starscream had difficulty cycling air from his laughter. He hugged his trineleader, squeezing him lovingly has he listened to the tri colored Seeker pant.

"You two are slaggers." Starscream said between pants, a smile still on his lip plates.

"Yeah, but we're the best type of slaggers." Skywarp grinned that lopsided smile of his.

"True. All true."

"How are you feeling, love?" Thundercracker asked.


"Just 'alright'?"

"Yeah… I still… I'm still not better from what he did to me. And I still have my slagging depression."

"I know. That will take time to get over. But, 'Warp and I are here for you and will do what we can to help." Thundercracker paused to hug Starscream tightly. "We love you so, so, so fragging much, Star."

"For ever and always." Skywarp added.

"I know. And I love you two as well. I just…" He vented a sigh. "I want to bond with you both. It's been so long and I just want to touch you guys again. To feel you in every way and to love on you and you love on me. But, I'm scared. I'm scared of being hurt. I'm scared of interfacing because of him. I know you guys would never hurt me like that, and I remember how much I enjoyed it with you, but its just… I am just scared. I still feel like I'm going to be hurt for talking to you two, or you two will be hurt if I mess up in some way. Primus, I am so fragged up in the processor…"

"No, no you're not, Star. You went through horrible things that no one should ever endure. It'll take time for your emotional damages to fully repair. When you're ready, we'll bond again and it will be amazing as always. And no matter what happens, we are still here for you."

Starscream swallowed. "The suicidal thoughts still come to me at times." He said barely louder than a whisper.

Thundercracker vented a sigh. "In time, love. Just gotta keep reminding yourself that you are safe now, 'Warp and I love you, and your Seekers will be by your side no matter what."

"I just want Dawnstar to come home."

"We'll find her, Star. Don't worry. She's your daughter. She's too stubborn to get deactivated."
A faint smile spread over the Seeker leader's faceplates. "You sound like Hook."

"Hmm, perhaps." Thundercracker kissed Starscream's nape. "Mmmm, I can't tell you how much I missed onlining with you in my arms."

"I missed onlining with you two holding me. Being between you guys is the best."

"Being anywhere near you is the best." Skywarp smiled as he snuggled closer to Starscream.

"I can't wait until I get over some of this slagging PTSD and can bond with you two."

"Just take your time, Starscream. We can wait." Thundercracker said.

"Heh, we gotta reclaim him, TC!" Skywarp said excitedly.

"Reclaim?" Starscream asked slowly.

"You know, what traditional trines would do when a member was taken by someone outside or had otherwise purposefully interfaced outside the trine without the trinemates' consent."

"Primus…" Starscream groaned.

"Oh, come on! We won't publically shame you. We'll skip that part. We'll go straight to the fragging you constantly in public and making it clear you are ours."

"I don't think the Autobots would be too keen on that, 'Warp."

"Pshttht, who cares what they think." Skywarp waved a servo dismissively. "Your our trinemate and we will make sure everyone knows it." He then grabbed Starscream's faceplates and scrunched them. "You are sooooo cute!"

"Mmmm!" Starscream's words were muffled as Skywarp kissed him on the lip plates, quickly forcing his glossa inside his trinemate's mouth.

"Okay, be right back!" Skywarp exclaimed before vanishing in a flash of purple.

"I wonder why the hell I trine him whenever he does slag like that." Starscream grumbled.

"It's because he's adorable." Thundercracker said as he sat up.

"Yeah… To an extent."

"You're adorable." Thundercracker said before leaning over and kissing Starscream on the lip plates.

"Sometimes."

"A lot of times."

"Only around you two slaggers." Starscream said as he adjusted himself to lie on his back, Thundercracker leaning over him.

"You're cute." Thundercracker said as he laced his servos with Starscream's and held them on either side of his trinemate in the air.

"Am not. I am ferocious." Starscream smirked.
Thundercracker snickered. "Yes, so ferocious. Like a sharticon."

"No, like a sexy turbofox."

Thundercracker snorted a snicker. "The sexiest turbofox."

"Rawr." Starscream giggled.

"Wow, I really did trine the best Seeker." Thundercracker leaned forward and kissed Starscream on the lip plates. "Say something else that's dirty sexy." Thundercracker said almost erotically, his faceplates in Starscream's.

"You need a bath. How about I help you clean off." Starscream sexily smirked.

"Not that type of 'dirty.'" Thundercracker chuckled before kissing Starscream again. "But I would love to wash with you."

"Sexy bubble bath."

"Bubble bath?"

"For being fabulous."

"A fabulous, sexy turbofox."

"Rawr."

Thundercracker sniggered. "You are so cute."

"I can growl too. Wanna hear?"

"Ooh, growl like the naughty turbofox your are."

"Ferocious and naughty."

"And cute."

"This is me clawing at you." Starscream said as he moved a servo as if he was tearing at the air with claws.

"Primus, you are so precious. Is that a growl?" He laughed at the sound Starscream was making.

"Yes! Is my ferocious, sexy turbofox growl."

"Hmm, you can lullaby me to recharge with that every night."

"But… It's suppose to be scary."

"It was terrifying." Thundercracker said as he kissed Starscream on the brow.

Starscream feigned a pout. "Was not. You didn't cower from me or beg for your life."

"I was internally." Thundercracker kissed him again.

"Liar."

"Never to you." He kissed him again.
"I'mma gonna cry in a corner."

"I'll be in the corner with you."

"No! Is my corner. No trinemates who do not fear my ferociousness allowed."

"Primus, you so cute. I don't see why anyone would want to hurt such an amazing, beautiful mech like you." He kissed Starscream again. "This is why I trined you. Because you're the greatest."

"I don't think I'm-"

Skywarp suddenly reappeared. "Hey, what's up?"

"I'm being ferocious turbofox, 'Warp! Come here and let me bite you." Starscream smirked.

Skywarp giggled. "Once I get my antivirus up to date I'll let you."

"What's that?"

"Oh, this?" Skywarp held up the canisters of paint he had brought with him. "This is the first step of reclaiming you as our sexy trineleader."

"Ferocious turbofox!"

"That too."

"So, you gonna paint me?"

"Somewhat. I think we need to reclaim you and help you get over the fear of Megs hurting you."

"How so?"

"Every time you feel pain you think Megs is hurting you, so, instead, TC and I will make that redirect so you think it's us having fun with you instead." Skywarp smiled.

"Oh? And you plan on doing this… how?"

"By smacking your aft, of course! Don't give me that look. Let me explain first. So, we just play with you every orbital cycle and give you a loving smack on the aft or pinch your wings until you no longer think it's Megatron but instead realize it's just us."

"He does have an interesting idea." Thundercracker pointed out.

"You are only agreeing because you will be the one doing the hitting." Starscream grunted.

"Come on, Scree. It might help you to get over things faster."

Starscream vented a sigh. "Yeah, I guess it's worth a try. Just… don't hit me too hard."

"Oh, we have to for this." He said as he held up the paint canisters. "TC, get off him. Star, rolled over onto you front so that we can see your sexy aft."

Starscream rolled his optics but did so. He was willing to give almost anything a try to get these horrible “instincts” out of his processor and just be normal again.

"Okay, TC, take this blue paint and get the front of your servo covered in it." Skywarp instructed.
"Um, okay." Thundercracker said slowly, but did so.

Skywarp covered his right servo in purple paint before approaching Starscream. "So, now we just give him the hardest smack we possibly can on his aft with our paint covered servos. I get the left side, you do right."

"Seriously?" Starscream grunted.

"Sush. I'm concentrating for an epic glitch slapping."

"OW!" Starscream yelped when Skywarp brutally smacked his aft and left a perfect impression of his servo in purple paint.

"Wow, I've been wanting to do that for so long!" Skywarp giggled like a maniac.

"You're serving brig time." Starscream grumbled.

"My turn." Thundercracker smiled.

"Primus…"

Thundercracker raised his servo high before bringing it down for a very hard slap on his trineleader's aft eliciting a loud cry from Starscream.

"Dammit, I hate you two…" Starscream groaned.

"Wait, don't move." Skywarp said as he grabbed a paint canister and paintbrush.

"Are you drawing on my aft?"

"No. I'm writing."

"What?"

"You'll see."

Skywarp finished what he was doing and took a step back to inspect his work. He smiled broadly. Starscream's aft had the two imprints of his trinemate's servos, one in purple, the other blue, and written in black paint around it was "Property of 'Warp and TC," With "'Warp" in purple paint and "TC" in blue.

"Now, you are to wear that until we deem otherwise." Skywarp giggled.

"I don't know if this is a compliment or punishment." Starscream grunted.

"No, just us showing those stinky Autobots the rules and who belongs to who."

"I think we are going to end up traumatizing these Autobots before too long." Thundercracker commented.

"When I am better and am comfortable bonding with you two again… I want to do it at least once on the Prime's desk… Or, better yet, on Prowl's desk." Starscream said with a sly smirk.

"Primus, we are gonna end up being kicked out of this place…” Thundercracker sighed.
Now you know what Megatron did to Starscream that killed him three times. And it was really, super bad if all his insides were damaged. Think about that for a second. That was the worst physical pain anyone could go through.

Sideswipe and the others are gonna get busted by Prowl... Prowl is, well, on the prowl! XD

Having depression, PTSD, and anxiety, you know the lies/"instincts" that your body is telling you is just lies and isn't true, but it is super hard to fight. And it doesn't go away easily. People like me have our pets, but for Starscream he has his trinemates. But, it'll be harder for him since he was made to fear his trinemates and being hurt when around them, or they forced to hurt him. Things will be hard for Star. :( 

I wrote all 33 pages of this chapter in one day... Woo! go me! :D
"All Seekers are accounted for, sir." Thundercracker informed his trineleader as he held a datapad up.

"Good. One less thing to stress about." Starscream replied as he stood by the edge of the landing platform, thousands of feet up from the ground.

"I think it would less stressful if they didn't have to have so much security around us." Thundercracker grunted as he subspaced the datapad.

"They don't trust us still. It's only natural. I don't trust them."

"You don't trust anyone."

Starscream smirked. "Trust no one. Unless they are trinemates. Then trust them only in berth, but not with your Shanix."

"Or energon goodies."

"Definitely not with the energon goodies."

"At least they gave us this nice tower. Of course, it would be nicer if it was a bit better kept."

"Grounders and towers. Of course they wouldn't keep up with it." Starscream shrugged. "At least we will have something to do in the downtime."

"So, you ready?"

Starscream vented a sigh. "I have not transformed since I saved Dawnstar from those Empty rapists. That was… almost three stellar cycles ago? I have lost track."

"About. Does everything feel well enough?"

"I am fully repaired. Well, everything that can be…" Starscream paused. "No, I am just hesitant because this is a big step."

"Big step in what?"

"A big step towards my new future. My new goal. In healing from everything that has happened to me." He swallowed. "Maybe I'm just being silly, but-"

"Push you over!" Skywarp exclaimed when he suddenly materialized behind Starscream and shoved the tri colored Seeker over the edge.

Starscream gave a startled squawk as he fell over. The incredible sensation of air rushing by him, over his sensitive wings, returned to him for the first time in so long. He smiled, a true, genuine happy smile. Then, he activated his T-cog. It hesitated for but an astrosecond before going into action. His frame shifted, manipulated, readjusted itself, transformed into his sleek, Cybertronian jet mode. His thrusters activated and in just astoseconds he broke the sound barrier.
He twisted and turned as he quickly flew between spirals and damaged buildings. He was soon joined by his trinemates, flying in perfect formation behind him. They never became closer or farther way from him despite the maneuvers he led them into. It was as if they had always been practicing their formation, and not having missed out on stellar cycles of just being together like this.

Starscream shot upwards, his trinemates right behind him. He started to twisted around, twirling as he ascended. His trinemates flew beside him, their wingtips almost touching, a triangle forming in the middle of them. They kept twisting, spinning around, dancing together.

When they could no longer ascend, Starscream cut his engines and plummeted. His trinemates did the same, staying close to him as the gracefully fell. Starscream roared his engines back to life at the last astrosecond and barely missed flying into the Autobots on the ground. His trinemates pulled the same maneuver, staying glued to their trineleader's aft.

Starscream twisted and turned between buildings, his wings almost clipping Autobots. Finally, he ascended, flying perfectly vertical. His trinemates were right beside him, their wing tips almost touching Starscream's.

Starscream suddenly moved slightly to the left, his wingtip pressing against Skywarp's side.

"Tag! You're it!" He exclaimed before flipping over and quickly reaching Mach 3.

"Oh, it's on!" Skywarp giggled as he gave chase.

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Starscream entered the Control Room with his trinemates in formation behind him. There were raised optic ridges and confused glances at the Air Commander's aft, but nothing was said to him.

"Apologies for being late, Prime." Starscream in that smooth, sexy vocalizer of his as he approached the red and blue mech.

"That's alright, Starscream." Optimus said casually as he looked at the vid screens before him.

Starscream flicked his wings before flaring them, his optics narrowing. "I do not want Megatron to know about my presence with the Autobots quite yet. The DJD are undoubtedly turning the Peaceful Tyranny around and heading to Cybertron as we speak. It would be distracting to have them knocking on our door so soon."

"I don't think Megatron wants you dead, Starscream. At least, not yet." Optimus replied, his arms crossed as he eyed the Seeker from the corner of his optics.

"Hmm? And what makes you believe so?"

"He has issued a bounty for you. Here." Optimus said as he pressed a few buttons and the image of the wanted poster appeared.

Starscream's optics narrowed as he scrutinized the poster, his wings twitching in agitation. His trinemates exchanged worried glances.

"That is not a very flattering image of myself. My chin is not that large." Starscream finally said. "And my waist is not that wide. Look at me, Prime. Clearly I am thinner than that." Starscream said as he glanced down at his waist. "He's trying to make me look bad. Slagging waste of metal… And I am most certainly worth more than that."
"I'm glad to see that this doesn't bother you…" Optimus grunted sarcastically.

"Bother me? I'm appalled he chose such an amateurish and unrealistic image of me. But, then again, I was expecting a picture of my aft since that seems to be all he sees on me." His wings flicked. "Oh, good, it lists 'Warp and TC on there as well. I wonder what their pictures look like."

"Anyway," Optimus said as he selected the command to remove the poster from the screen. "You came here to share information regarding the Decepticons."

"Affirmative. I will tell you all the dirty little secrets, but do not be so quick to act on them all. It will only give away my position and then they will change everything." Starscream then hopped onto the console beside the Prime, his peds idly swinging in the air as he leaned back on his servos. Everyone was surprised by this unusual behavior, but not any of the present Seekers who were used to Starscream's behavior. He had done it plenty with Megatron. "So, Prime, I'll give you the rundown on the outer defenses. They're well defended." He paused to look at the console. "Which one brings up the map?"

"This one." Optimus said as he pressed it.

"Ah, there it is." Starscream said as a map of Cybertron appeared on the main vid screen. "Kaon is a death trap. No one in or out. The only way we managed to escape was because Soundwave assisted us. He holds the keys for every lock. I am not certain if he is with me fully or simply got tired of hearing me with Megatron every night. The basic layout is simple. The city is surrounded by a high-aft wall, aerial defense turrets, guards patrolling at all joors, sensory nets, mines, and more scanners than the number of lugnuts in Tarn's helm. In other words: Any direct assault on Kaon is suicide. If we are going to weaken its defenses, removing the surrounding bases will have to take precedence."

"Do you have no one else on the inside that you could trust?"

"Decepticons, Prime. Trust no one. But, if there were those who I suspected would be loyal to me…" He paused. "Perhaps the Combinatics, the Insecticons, maybe Soundwave… But I wouldn't bother putting my faith in anyone."

"What of the forces stationed around Kaon?" Prowl inquired as he stood nearby.

"Weakened now without my Seekers or Devastator. Four Combiners are still within the city. Decepticon forces number in the thousands. There is no easy way to get in."

"How do we know you aren't lying?" Prowl inquired in that monotone vocalizer of his.

Starscream's wings raised, his optics narrowing. "I told you why I want Megatron dead, and yet you still question my motives? This is why we can't trust anyone…"

"You were Megatron's right servo since the beginning of the war. Taking you for your word is not so simple, especially when you are very well known for your manipulative nature."

Starscream smirked. "I'll take that as a compliment. And I wasn't his 'right servo.' I was his whipping mech."

"You still served him for so long despite what he did to you. A little extra beating doesn't make it easier to believe you have changed."

"My mate and daughter are what changed me, Autobot. Not that you would understand what it is like to have a creation." Starscream snapped.
"Your daughter who you admitted became an addict and prostitute? Your creator skills certainly seem to be in need of praise." He said the last part sarcastically.

"Shut your whore mouth!" Starscream exclaimed venomously.

Everyone turned with wide optics at the drama unfolding. Prowl's doorwings raised.

"What did you say to me?" Prowl asked in that cold, calm tone of his.

"Oooooooh snap!" Sideswipe called out from where he was on the other side of the room.

"That's enough." Optimus said firmly as he gestured his servos for the two SICs to cease. "I will not allow for pointless bickering between officers."

Starscream slid off the console and took several steps closer to Prowl, his trinemates standing beside him.

"You want to repeat what you said about my daughter, shortstuff?" Starscream growled.

"Starscream, calm down." Optimus said exasperatedly.

"You better keep your pet on a tighter leash, Prime. I don't play nice with others."

"Typical of a Decepticon. Teamwork is not your forte and thus why you always fail." Prowl intoned.

"Go frag yourself. Wait, can't do that. You're lacking the necessary equipment."

Thundercracker rolled his optics before smacking Starscream on the aft, hard. Starscream yelped before twirling around to face his trinemate.

"Be nice." Thundercracker snapped.

"You just hit me." Starscream said angrily as he placed his servos on his hips.

"You are being a brat." Thundercracker said as he crossed his arms.

"I am your superior. You do not strike me outside the berthroom!"

"I'm older."

"Not by much!"

"Primus, stop arguing you two!" Skywarp exclaimed.

Starscream glanced at him before glaring at Thundercracker. "I'm out." He said as he pushed his trinemates aside and started to walk out of the Control Room, flashing a rude Vosian hand gesture over a wing before he exited.

Thundercracker sighed. "I apologize about him, Prime. He is very high spirited."

"You don't say." Optimus replied sarcastically.

"When he acts up just let me know and I'll handle him. He's not a bad mech. Really. He just… never learned how to properly make friends. He had to be a bully to everyone around him in order to survive and keep his position as the Decepticon Second in Command. It's not an easy habit for
him to break."

"He's just a ferocious turbofox, Prime!" Skywarp said with a dismissive wave of his servo. "TC and I just gotta wrangle him, tame him, and frag the slag out of him." He giggled.

Thundervacker facepalmed. "Warp, don't say… Know what, let's just go before you embarrass me any more." Thundervacker said quickly as he grabbed Skywarp's wrist and quickly led him away.

Everyone watched the Seekers leave, muttering amongst themselves when the door hissed shut. Prowl turned to Optimus.

"I feel like we signed up for a lot more than just having Seekers on our side." Optimus said slowly.

"I feel like I will have to handling more noise complaints than I already do." Prowl replied.

Starscream walked down an empty hallway, his wings flared and arms crossed. He was still angry, but mostly just tired and cranky. His depression and PTSD made it hard for him to get enough recharge, and even when he did manage to get plenty, he was still exhausted throughout the orbital cycle. He still was also not refueling properly, and so was low on fuel.

And anyone who said anything negative about his daughter was an instant enemy in his optics. He'll get that disrespectful, short grounder back in some way. Primus, he hated Prowl.

Starscream passed the corridor to another hallway, not noticing the mech walking towards him from it. The Seeker was looking down, not paying much attention to where he was going.

"Hey,"

Starscream stopped, his wings drooping at the sound of the familiar vocalizer. "I don't think I'm ready for this reunion." He said softly.

"I don't think I am either. But, I don't want to hold it off any longer either."

Starscream vented a sad sigh. "I am not sure if I can handle this. After everything… I'm not the same mech."

"I understand that. I heard you had a daughter. I was kinda hoping that I would get the chance of you introducing us."

"I don't know where she is. She ran away from me." He paused. "Some sire I turned out to be."

"Don't beat yourself up. You do that far too much."

Starscream's wings twitched. He slowly turned around and looked up at those nervous, blue optics. "Skyfire, it's not that simple."

Skyfire smiled. "Wow, you're still so beautiful. I'm sorry, I just… I haven't seen your faceplates in so long. At least, not looking like you are about to murder someone."

"That's because I usually am. I'm a killer, remember? I killed you…"

"Star, don't let the past haunt you. You clearly didn't kill me and I don't blame you for what happened. I'm just glad that I have the chance to talk to you again."

Starscream swallowed. "I don't think you want to talk to someone like me." He said softly before
turning around and walking away.

"Wait! Star, please, don't go."

Starscream stopped, not looking back as he vented a sigh. "Why waste your time with me?"

"Because you're not a waste of time. Star, please, can't we talk. I-I missed you. I've missed you more than you know." Skyfire said softly, taking a step closer to the Seeker.

Starscream bit his lower lip plate. "I missed you a lot too, Sky."

Skyfire smiled faintly. "Can we just catch up some? I have high grade. Your favorite. And energon goodies. I still remember the flavors you like most."

"Is this a date?"

"No, well, catch up date, maybe? I just… I just want to not be enemies anymore."

Starscream's wings flicked, his arms crossed as he chewed his lower lip plate. Finally, he turned around and looked into those large, gentle optics.

"I have a lot to tell. Might take a while." Starscream said softly.

Skyfire's smile widened. "I have time."

Starscream gave his own small smile. "Time for a silly Seeker like me?"

Skyfire nodded his helm slowly. "Yeah, plenty of time for a silly Seeker like you."

Starscream's wings raised back up. "Alright. Take me to where you rest that big aft of yours."

"He then ordered Skywarp to whip me. 'Warp has a good arm. It hurt. Not as much as Megatron, of course, but still damaged me pretty good. Soundwave then offered his assistance while I was in medbay. I was in stasis lock during all of it, but I heard he took out the power and security and that's how my Seekers and the Constructicons escaped." Starscream said as he lied on the massive berth, his helm to the side to look at Skyfire.

Skyfire swallowed as he sat on a chair, a cube of high grade barely touched in his servos. "I'm so sorry to hear all that, Star."

"I did." He vented a sigh. "Well, now you are all caught up on the sad, sad life of Decepticon Seeker Starscream of Vos. What about you? Anything worth mentioning or have you just been boring Sky?"

Skyfire shrugged. "Nothing as major like that has happened to me. Just been doing what I can to help out. Do some experiments, make some things, hang out and have fun."
"Ah, yes, your little Autobot friends. The same ones who raped my daughter."

"Star, please don't." Skyfire said in almost a whisper. "I know you're upset, and I know you have been fighting them for so long. But, I think things are going to get better now and perhaps you will see that not all of them are bad. And I don't think any of them raped her. At least, all the ones I've met seem to be pretty against that."

"You think you know a mech, and then they go and tear your spark out." Starscream said bitterly as he glared at the ceiling.

"Can we just forget about that…"

"I have trusted in the past. Believed that certain individuals weren't capable of certain actions… I was wrong. My idol turned out to be my greatest enemy. My best friend betrayed me."

"I never betrayed you, Star. Please, I just want to forget about that incident. Star, I was scared. I couldn't live being a Decepticon. I just…" He vented a sigh. "I want to start over. I want to be like how we were before the blizzard."

"I don't think we could ever be like that again, Sky."

"Why not?"

"I'm different. I have a trine now. I joined with someone. I have immense responsibilities. I am the leader of the Seekers. I just… Everything is so different now."

"But, Moonstar is deactivated." Skyfire said so quietly.

"Skyfire…" He vented a sigh. "I know. I know she is gone and here I am… a widower. But… It's just hard to accept that she is no longer here. I made vows to her. And I feel as if I would be cheating on her if I… I don't know."

"I understand it's hard. Just know that…" He exhaled heavily. "I-I'll be here for you. No matter what."

Starscream swallowed. "Don't take it personally, Sky. This is my own battle I must fight."

"You just fight so many on your own. Don't you ever feel like you need help?"

"I have my trinmates."

"Yeah, but… They're in a different relationship towards you."

"Please, just… just give it a break for now. I'm not ready yet. Not with this at least. I still need time to get over Moonstar's deactivation… If I ever can. And I still need to find my daughter and just heal from everything." He paused. "You don't want to be dealing with me when I'm like this."

"I don't care. I want to help you, Star. I just…" He vented a sigh. "I'm sorry if I feel as if I'm pressuring you. I don't mean to. I just… I really missed you, Star."

"Sure you did." Starscream then smiled faintly. "You just missed seeing my aft."

Skyfire gave a small smile. "That's someone else's property."

"It hurt when they did that. Slapped me as hard as they could." He paused. "I love those two slagging morons. I wish you could have been there to see us back when we were courting. Primus,
nothing but some young bachelors hopelessly in love and trying to figure out what to do with ourselves. Sometimes, I'm glad I ran out on you that night. My trining was just more special with them being the ones to take my virginity."

"I'm kinda glad you ran out that night too. Thinking back on it… We both weren't ready. Not for our relationship to go that way quite yet." Skyfire said softly.

"Well, if we do decide to pick up where we left off… at least we don't have to worry about sparking each other." Starscream said in such a small voice.

Skyfire swallowed. "I'm so sorry that happened to you, Star. I wish… I wish I could fix you."

Coolant began to pool in Starscream's optics. "It's pro-probably for the best, Sky. I'm clearly not meant to be a good sire. My daughter hates me and ran away from me. If I had anymore… I would just frag up their lives as well." He said with a brittle vocalizer.

"Don't talk like that, Star. I don't think you messed up with Dawnstar. She just sounds… confused about everything. You did your best. You never hit her or abused her in anyway and that in itself shows what a good creator you are. You clearly love her. That's something that not everyone has; a loving creator."

Starscream swallowed. "I just want to find her and bring her home. My beautiful, perfect, precious, little princess. I don't care what I have to go through to get her back. If I have to return to Megatron and lie beneath him again just to have her safe and back home… So be it. Her, my trinemates, and my Seekers come before my own wellbeing."

"And that is why you are a good sire and leader." Skyfire said gently. "I don't think you messed up with her. I think she just… she just needs to stop and analyze things before coming up with illogical assumptions."

Starscream was just silent for a long klik. Finally, he sat up, flicked his wings, and looked up at the shuttle.

"I need to return to my trine." He said in almost a whisper.

Skyfire nodded his helm slowly. "Yeah, okay. Well, will I see you tomorrow?"

Starscream didn't answer immediately. "We'll see. I haven't been feeling too social with everything that has happened. I just… I just need to feel comfortable around my brothers again."

"I understand. I know how important they are to you and I'm glad you got to trine two mechs who love and care for you so much. You deserve them. You really, truly do."

Starscream swallowed. "They deserve better than me."

"Star…"

"I'll talk to you later, Sky." Starscream said as he slid off the berth and started to walk towards the door.

"Okay. I'll see you later."

Starscream stopped in the doorway and looked back. "Yeah, later." He quietly said before walking out and allowing the door to hiss shut behind him.
Skyfire just looked at the closed door for a bit before venting a tired sigh.

Thin thruster heels clipped down the debris filled streets. Wings raised high, arrogance emanating from her proud Seeker frame, Dawnstar sauntered down the road. She had been on her own for just over a stellar cycle now, not having seen another Seeker or Decepticon since leaving the base in Kaon. She had traveled for joors that night she had left, believing she was doing what was right for everyone. She missed her sire and how easy life was with him, but so far she had been doing well for herself.

She was now in Uraya, and had been living in the ruined city for several decacycles now. When she had run out of her energon supply, she simply whored herself out for Shanix and bought more. On good nights, when she had extra clients to service, she was able to buy herself some circuit boosters or high grade.

She knew it wasn't the best life, but it felt good, and the circuit boosters and high grade helped her to forget about everything. And the Emptyis of Uraya were not as violent as the ones from Kaon. They paid better and tended to be more patient.

The city was in worse shape than Kaon, but at least there were no Decepticon patrols, no curfew, and no grouchy officers. And no one to tell her no.

One orbital cycle she would return and see if maybe her sire was better. But she couldn't do that just yet. If what Thundercracker had said was true… That she was ruining her sire's life and making his suicidal… It was best she just stay away for now and let things get better.

Dawnstar stopped, her wings raising when a large mech appeared from around a corner and started to approach. Her wings flicked in warning, just like her sire's did, as she cautiously watched him.

"A Seeker?" The grounder grunted when he was next to her. "Strange to see one all the way out here."

Her magenta optics caught the purple insignia on his arms. "Decepticon, I see. So, we are on the same side."

"Same side? Is your leader still a Decepticon?" The mech inquired.

"What are you talking about? My sire is the Decepticon Second in Command and Air Commander of the Decepticon aerial forces. Of course he's a Decepticon."

"Your sire?" The mech paused before a large smile spread over his faceplates. "You're Dawnstar, Starscream's creation."

"I am."

"So, do you know where your sire is?"

"He's stationed at Kaon with Megatron and the rest of the head Decepticons."

The mech chuckled. "Where have you been lately, femme? Your sire and the other Seekers left Kaon about a decacycle ago."

Dawnstar looked at him for a long moment. "No, he… What do you mean?"

"Your sire is not a Decepticon. He breeds with an Autobot, joins with an Autobot, and now its
rumored he went and joined the Autobots. He has a nice wanted poster for his capture and everything."

Dawnstar's optics widened. "What? No, my sire is not an Autobot. He-he's a Decepticon. All Seekers are Decepticons."

"If all Seekers are Decepticons, where is your badge? Those wings look pretty empty."

"I never took the oath. I was going to wait until I was ready." She said quietly as she started to wring her servos together.

"Uh huh. You Seekers are now the enemy. Which means…" He paused to look over that perfect, curvaceous, delicious frame of hers. "I won't get in trouble for what I'm about to do."

"W-what are you about to do?" Dawnstar said nervously as she took a step back.

"What every Decepticon has been wanting to do since Starscream brought such a fine looking thing to Cybertron. He's a complete coward and idiot, but, Primus, can he make good looking femmes." He said with lustful optics, licking his lip plates as he took a step forward.

Dawnstar's optics widened before she turn and bolted away. He gave chase, swiftly catching up. She activated her thrusters and quickly ascending, beginning her transformation into her alt. mode. The grounder unsubspaced a rifle, took aim, and fired. Dawnstar shrieked in pain when her wing was blasted in half, her flight ruined causing her to crash into the side of a building and plummet to the ground.

Gasping from the pain, her frame reverted back to root mode, not having been fully transformed. She started to drag herself up from the rubble when massive, powerful servos grabbed her. She was yanked up before being roughly dragged away. She kicked and punched at him, but his grip was iron. She started to scream for help, only for him to cover her mouth with a servo.

He slammed her onto a large, chunk of broken wall, holding her down with a servo on her back. She unsubspaced her pistol and tried to shoot him, but he was faster and yanked it out of her servo.

She activated her thrusters, powering them to the max. The grounder slammed her faceplates into the wall, eliciting a shriek from her, but she refused to give up. She was just as stubborn as her sire.

The mech grabbed her neck, jerked her up, and brutally threw her into another wall. She cried out, her other wing being severely dented. The mech stomped over and kicked her in her side again and again until her plates started to tear and leak.

Dawnstar curled in on herself, crying and screaming. The attacker then ripped the outer plates from the nearby wall, tearing out wires. He brought them over, electricity zapping from the torn ends. Dawnstar screamed, her frame jerking and convulsing when she was cruelly electrocuted with far too much voltage for her delicate frame to handle.

After nearly a klik of electrocuting her, he tossed the wires away and grabbed her. She didn't fight, too weakened from the torture to do anything. He threw her back onto the destroyed wall, ripped her codpiece off, and entered her. She cried, trying to get away still but too injured to do anything.

Coolant poured from her optics as she looked up, hoping that maybe, just maybe, her sire would come flying from around the corner and save her like he did last time.

But he never did.
"Please… Please… Primus… Please…!" Starscream cried, coolant leaking from his optics as he lied on his back on the berth, his servos covering his faceplates.

"Shhh, shhh, it's alright, sweetspark. It's just me." Thundercracker said lovingly as he sat over Starscream, slowly massaging, stroking, and touching his trineleader on the chest piece, hips, waist, abdominal plating, and thighs. "It's me, not him. I love you, sweetie. I'm not going to hurt you."

Starscream kept crying, loud sobs escaping his vocalizer as he tried to calm his systems down. He felt as if Megatron was touching him, feeling him, was about to use him. He was trying to dispel the fear, his frame's instinctual reaction, the nightmare that loving touches had become to him. His trinemates were doing their best, now trying to slowly get him over his PTSD by doing exercises like this. He was slowly improving, but it was very difficult for him to handle.

"Ple-ease… I… I am nothing… Dis-disgrace to the Decepticons… Weak… Pathetic… Primus, please!" He wailed, his frame shaking so hard.

"Say the truth, Starscream. Say how beautiful you are. How brave, courageous, stunning, smart, and incredible you are." Thundercracker said gently, never ceasing in his touches.

"I-I am b-beautiful." Starscream choked out, still crying so hard, trembling uncontrollably.

"That's a good, Scree." Skywarp smiled faintly before kissing his trineleader on the helm. "Say how much we love you."

"Y-you l-love me. Please, Primus… t-take me… Use me… I am nothing…"

"No, say the other." Thundercracker said quickly. "You are perfect. Say it, sweetie."

"I am… I am perfect. Please, I am weak… I am path-no, I am beautiful."

A small smile spread across Thundercracker's faceplates. "Good mech. That's it. Keep saying what you truly are. You are beautiful, strong, brave, incredible, the greatest."

"You're also cute." Skywarp said softly as he took one of Starscream's servos and held it.

Starscream swallowed, calming down enough to wipe coolant away. "I am… I am brave… strong… Primus, why can't this just be easy?"

"It'll get easier, love." Thundercracker said, his roving servos lowering. "I'm going to move your legs apart. I'm not going to do anything else. Just get you use to having them spread. Okay, sweetie?"

Starscream nodding his helm, keeping his optics looking at the ceiling. Thundercracker slowly, gently moved Starscream's legs apart and positioned himself between them. Starscream started up again, crying loudly and shaking so hard. He covered his faceplates as more coolant tears poured out.

"Shhh, shhh, it's alright, love." Thundercracker reassured him softly, his servos still caressing over Starscream's frame. "No one is going to hurt you."

"No one cares for me… I am yours… I am useless… I'm only good for fragging… Please… I… Primus…" He swallowed. "I-I'm strong… I am… c-courageous… Lay your servos on-No, stop it. Please… My trinemates love me. I'm beautiful."
"Good job, love."

"You get a kiss for saying positive things about yourself." Skywarp said before kissing Starscream's cheekplates.

"We love you, Star. You are our brother and we will never leave you. We are here for you, no matter what." Thundercracker said, continuing in his touches.

"I know. Just these slagging lies keep coming back." Starscream said softly, wiping coolant away. "I just want them to be gone."

Thundercracker leaned forward and kissed Starscream on the lip plates for several astroseconds. "They will leave, love. Just gotta keep telling them to slag off."

"I'm trying."

Thundercracker kissed him again. "I think that's enough for tonight. You did good."

"Did not. I kept crying like a sparkling and saying those things."

"You're getting better. You really are." He kissed him again. "Let's get you cleaned up and get some recharge."

Starscream swallowed. "I wish I would stop lubricating so easily."

"Your frame was conditioned to respond like that to such triggers. Nothing to be ashamed of, love."

"Says the one who didn't do it in front of Autobots…" Starscream grumbled.

"Star, don't beat yourself up just because you have been traumatized."

"Help me up." Starscream said as he held his servos out.

Thundercracker took them and pulled his trineleader until he was sitting up. Starscream looked down and saw how much fluid had leaked out from his valve and now covered the berth. He vented a sigh.

"Want me or 'Warp to help you in the washroom?" Thundercracker asked gently.

"I think it's 'Warp's turn." Starscream muttered as he slid off the berth.

"Alright. I'll clean the berth then."

Starscream walked straight to the washroom with Skywarp trailing behind him. He stopped and looked at himself in the mirror, studying those upset faceplates. Skywarp hugged him from behind, causing Starscream to tremble.

"Love you, Scree." Skywarp said softly.

Starscream took a moment to respond. "Love you too, 'Warp."

"Come on, lets clean you up and then cuddle on the berth."

"Alright." Starscream said in almost a whisper before finally turning away from the mirror.
realized what had woken him. Starscream was still wrapped firmly in his arms, but was trembling so hard, muttering in his recharge. Thundercracker looked up and noticed that Skywarp was online as well.

"He's having another nightmare." Skywarp whispered.

"Yeah, he is." Thundercracker whispered back.

"I hate seeing him like this." Skywarp said as he wiped away a couple of coolant tears that had leaked out. "He shouldn't be so scared or having nightmares or-or just broken like this. He's supposed to be brave and just… just not like this."

"Shhh, calm down, 'Warp. He's not broken. If he was… We wouldn't have been able to save him. Look at him, Sky. He's getting better every orbital cycle. He's scared, yes, but he'll get over it. He's strong. He's just in the transitional phase. We'll have our old Starscream back soon."

"You sure?"

"This is Starscream, Skywarp. No one can conquer him. Not even Megatron. He's unconquerable. Unbreakable. Untamable. Indomitable. He'll get through. And as long as he has us, he will come out of it sooner."

Skywarp nodded his helm slowly. "Yeah, I guess so. I just wish he would stop right now. I need my brother back."

"I do, too."

Skywarp swallowed. "His valve is leaking again…"

Thundercracker vented a tired sigh. "Don't online him. I know he's having a nightmare, but at least he's recharging. He needs to get as much of that as he can. We'll clean him up in the morning."

"Okay."

Thundercracker pulled Starscream closer to him, feeling him trembling so hard. They would get their trineleader healed, and then they will destroy the one who did this to him.

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A Few Orbital Cycles Later:

Starscream walked down the hallway with Optimus, Prowl, Jazz, Rodimus, and Ultra Magnus, the high command discussing their next move against their shared enemy.

"I'm not saying it will be fun, but Altihex is the best city to hit first." Starscream explained, his wings held high and any sign of fear well hidden. "One of Shockwave's old labs is located within and might prove beneficial. There is also a factory for mass production of weapons. The fun type of weapons."

"What is the 'fun type'?") Optimus inquired slowly.

Starscream just smirked. "The type that do not kill quickly but prolong your suffering."

"You have a sick processor." Rodimus grunted.

"No, I simply get bored."
The brass continued on their way to the Conference Room to discuss in private their plans. They were almost to it when things took a turn for the worst. Some Autobots were carrying supplies by them, which was harmless in itself until one of them accidentally bumped their crate into Ultra Magnus. The Autobot lost his footing and fell over, dropping his crate. The crate fell to the side, its lid breaking off and spilling out its contents. Metal rods, for repairing shelving units and other basic furniture, poured out.

While everyone else turned to help the Autobot up and gather back up the supplies, Starscream's processor was flooded with the horrible memories of being sodomized. The agonizing hell of feeling the sharp, metal rod shoved into his valve, tearing into his internals, stabbing and breaking all the way to his spark casing. The feeling of his gestation tank being punctured, his nanite production unit destroyed, fuel tank ruptured, T-cog stabbed, waste tank broken, fuel pump obliterated, and everything else inside of him turned to slag. His insides filling with energon, oil, waste, and everything else as he was tortured. His vocalizer snapping from his screams, energon pouring out of his mouth, olfactory sensor, and optics. Waste filling his throat before oozing out of his mouth, choking on it as he screamed with static cries. Feeling himself dying, convulsing, unable to do anything.

Fear engulfed him. His optics widened as his wings lowered. He started to back away, trembling so hard.

"Please," He said softly, his processor being taken back to that night, seeing himself in that office and those cruel, blood red optics before him. "Please, don't."

"Hey, man, wha'z up? "Jazz asked slowly as he looked back at the Seeker.

Starscream backed into a wall, still shaking, terrified. "Please, don't. Please, please don't hurt me…"

"No one's going to hurt you, Starscream." Optimus said gently as he took a step forward.

Starscream saw Megatron nearing, those lustful optics and predatory smile on his fearsome visage. Starscream's legs were trembling so hard that they gave out from beneath him and he fell to the floor. He backed himself against the wall, almost as if he was trying to become one with it.

"Please, please don't take me. Please, don't." He said so weakly, his valve leaking fluid profusely and seeping out from between transformation seams.

Optimus stopped. "Starscream, you're safe. Calm down."

"Is it normal for Seekers to go cray cray?" Rodimus asked no one in particular.

"Maybe we oughtta call da other Seekers?" Jazz suggested.

"That would be best. He is clearly hallucinating." Ultra Magnus said.

"Please, don't. I-I am y-yours…" Starscream said as coolant began to pool in his optics. "Please, don't hurt me. I am… I am ever your humble and willing servant. I am nothing… Please, please…" He sobbed crying so hard now. "Please, take me, use me… I am yours, Mighty Megatron. I am nothing."

"Megatron isn't here, Starscream." Optimus continued. "You're with the Autobots."

"I am… Please…"
There was bright flash of purple and Skywarp and Thundercracker suddenly appeared. The blue Seeker roughly shoved Optimus away before sliding on his knees next to his trineleader. Skywarp was on the other side, the two holding the tri colored Seeker as he continued to cry and recite the horrible words.

"Shhh, shhh, it's okay, sweetie. 'Warp and I are here." Thundercracker said gently.

"Yeah, Scree, it's us."

"Please, don't hurt me." Starscream said barely louder than a whisper.

"No one is going to hurt you, love. Hey, look at me." Thundercracker said softly. "Good mech. It's me, TC. Your trinemate. What scared you, sweetie? Why are you crying?"

"Please, I... He'll hurt me."

"Hmm? Megatron isn't here. He's in Kaon. We're in Iacon. Very far away from him. Oh, sweetie, don't cry. 'Warp and I got you."

"I can't do this. I can't." Starscream said in almost a whisper.

"You can. It'll just take time to get over everything."

"I can't... Oh, Primus... I'm doing it again."

"It's okay. We'll get you cleaned up. 'Warp and I are going to take you to our new quarters, alright? You just need to relax some."

"Wanna watch a movie or something, Scree?" Skywarp asked softly.

"I can't... I just... Please..."

"No, no more saying 'can't.' You can do this. Hey, look at me. Who loves you, Star?"

Starscream swallowed. "You and 'Warp."

"Exactly. And we will be here with you until we are deactivated. Trine till the bitter end."

Starscream hesitated. "Trine till the bitter end."

Thundercracker smiled. "That's my trineleader." He looked back at the Autobots. "Starscream will be with us the rest of the orbital cycle. I don't know when he will feel comfortable enough to be back out."

"It's alright. He can take his time to heal." Optimus said gently.

"Thank you for understanding, Prime."

The Elite Trine disappeared in a flash of purple, leaving the Autobots to exchange glances.

"I feel like we just brought a lot of drama by allying with the Seekers." Rodimus grunted as he crossed his arms.

Prowl looked back at him. "Speaking of drama. Do you have time later to join me in my office?"

Rodimus eyed him for a moment. "Why?"
"Oh, I just have a few questions to ask you."

Rodimus swallowed.

"Primus, that is bright." Sideswipe said as he held a servo up to the single light shining into his faceplates in the dark room.

"Sideswipe, cooperate and this will be over quickly." Prowl said as he sat on the opposite side of the desk with several datapads stacked next to him.

"Is this set up really necessary, Prowl?"

"It is."

"Why?"

"Makes me more intimidating."

"Prowl, you don't need this setup to be intimidating. I'm terrified of you already."

"If you were 'terrified' of me you wouldn't misbehave."

"True… But, wait, why am I here again?"

"It has come to my attention that approximately over fifty Autobots have interfaced with Starscream's daughter, Dawnstar, when she was last with us."

"Ooooooh kayyyyy…" Sideswipe said as he tapped the tips of his index fingers together.

"I am working on uncovering those Autobots."

"Well! How can I help? I might be able to redirect you-"

"Did you interface with her, Sideswipe." Prowl suddenly said sternly.

"What? No!"

"Don't lie to me."

"I'm not lying!"

"You were with her more than anyone else. You signed up to be her guard more than anyone else, and she spent unhealthy amounts of time in your quarters."

"How is being in my quarters 'unhealthy'?"

"Don't change the subject."

"I'm not!"

"Don't delay the inevitable, Sideswipe. If you did interface with her, I will find out." Prowl jabbed a digit at him.

"Okay, let's take a step back." Sideswipe held his servos up to placate the strategists. "Lets say, hypothetically, that I did interface with her. Hypothetically! What would happen to me?"
"Depends."

"On…?"

"The severity of your crime. Was it more than once? Did you initiate it? Was there payment involved?"

"Prowl, I think you are taking this way out of proportion. We're mechs. Lots of idiot bachelors running around here. Sometimes we do stupid things."

"So you admit to interfacing with her!"

"No! I am simply defending the actions of my peers! Prowl, we're lonely. So, lonely…"

"Uh huh…"

"When was the last time you interfaced? Huh?"

"That is none of your concern."

"Have you even..?"

Prowl gave him a death glare. Sideswipe sunk into his seat.

"Off the record, yes, I have. But with whom and when is classified."

"How about 'how often'? And were you top or bottom?"

"Sideswipe!"

"Shutting up."

"Back to the original question. Did you engage in intercourse with Seeker Dawnstar?"

"Maybe I did, maybe I didn't. Who knows, Prowl. Who are we to deny ourselves but a moment of pleasure and happiness in such a time of savagery and hate."

"Evading my question is an automatic guilty charge."

"That's cold."

"So is the brig."

"You know Prowl, you're my favorite officer. If I had to be stuck on a desert island with anyone, other than Sunny, it would be you." Sideswipe smiled innocently.

Prowl slammed his datapad down on the desk. "You did interface with her."

"Why are you always rushing to conclusions with me!?"

"Because you keep refusing to directly answer my questions!"

"Am not."

"Did you interface with her? Yes or no."

"Interface with who? There are many 'hers' I could have interfaced with."
"You are going to the brig."

"You can't do that! Where's your evidence!"

"You are going to the brig for not cooperating with authority!"

"I am cooperating! I haven't moved my aft from this seat or tried to strangle you! That's cooperation." Sideswipe nodded his helm sagely.

"How many times did you interface with her?"

"You're assuming! You can't do that in a court of law!"

"This isn't a court of law. This is my own little jurisdiction and what I say goes."

"I want my lawyer." Sideswipe crossed his arms.

"You don't have one."

"Do too."

"No, you do not."

"Wanna bet?"

"I am adding to your sentence."

"I'm calling my lawyer. RAAATCHHEEETT!"

"Sideswipe!"

"Yes?"

"Leave Ratchet out of this."

"He's my lawyer."

"No, he's your living shield."

"He's that too."

Prowl pinched the bridge of his olfactory sensor. "I don't have time for this. Go to the brig. You are to remain in there until tomorrow."

"Why?"

"For being a javelin in my side... Maybe then you will cooperate and give me a straight answer."

Sideswipe just looked at Prowl for a long, silent moment. "Prowl, I think I know what you need."

"For you to be transferred?" Prowl grumbled.

"To get laid. Ow!" Sideswipe yelped when Prowl threw a datapad at him, smacking him in the faceplates.

"Out of my office!"
"Love you too, Prowl!" Sideswipe exclaimed as he made a heart with his servos as he backed out. Prowl just gave him a glare that promised instant death. Sideswipe stepped out of the office and quickly shut the door behind him. He exhaled the air intake he didn't realize he had been holding.

"I am so gonna die..." Sideswipe said slowly.

Starscream walked to medbay, avoiding everyone he could. It had been several orbital cycles since his breakdown in front of the Autobot brass, and he was so humiliated that he had locked himself in his quarters, refusing to see anyone but his trinemates.

He had been alone all orbital cycle, his trinemates having gone out on patrol to help the Autobots with their small aerial force. And being alone allowed the tri colored Seeker to think... and cry... and do things.

He stopped in front of the door to medbay and palmed it open. He entered and stopped, his wings lowering.

"Can I help you, Starscream?" Ratchet asked as he organized equipment.

Starscream swallowed. "Where's Hook?"

"He's helping to build some things with Hoist, Grapple, and the other Constructicons." He looked up at the Seeker. "What's wrong? Do you feel alright?"

"I just... Nothing..." Starscream said slowly.

Ratchet vented a sigh when he caught sight of the Seeker's arm. "Starscream, come here. Don't think you can hide it."

Starscream hesitated before slowly approaching the CMO. Ratchet gently took his arm and inspected the damage.

"You cut yourself pretty deep."

Starscream swallowed, allowing the medic to touch him. Some coolant tears leaked from his optics, his frame trembling slightly.

"Sit down. Let me get this cleaned up."

Starscream did so and Ratchet temporary left to get cleaning solution, a cloth, and a small welder. When he returned, he started to clean the wounds, silently working before speaking.

"You shouldn't be hurting yourself, Starscream. I don't think your Seekers would want their leader cutting his own arm up."

"I know." Starscream said softly. "I don't know why I do it."

"Have you thought about seeing a therapist?"

"No. I sometimes would just talk to Hook, but not that much."

"Maybe you should. We have a pretty good one here in Iacon. I could give him a call if you would like."
"I will think about it."

"Please do."

Starscream was silent, his wings drooping on his back. Ratchet finished cleaning the wounds and begun to weld them. After a bit, the door hissed open and Skyfire entered.

"Hey, Ratchet, Wheeljack blew up half the-" He stopped, seeing the tri colored Seeker.

"Is anyone damaged?" Ratchet grunted.

"No, no is hurt."

"Then it can wait until I'm done here."

The room was silent again, only the sound of Ratchet welding the Seeker's wounds. Skyfire stood by, just watching, trying to figure out what to say.

"How are you doing, Star?" Skyfire finally asked softly.

Starscream's wings flicked. "I'm functioning." He said quietly.

"Um, well, that's good. I guess."

Awkward silence again. Ratchet finished repairing the Seeker and turned to put his equipment back. Skyfire took several steps closer to Starscream.

"Um, are you getting settled in alright?"

"I suppose so."

Skyfire bit his lower lip plate. "Need me to do anything?"

Starscream looked down at his peds. "No, I'm fine."

"You sure?"

"Positive."

Ratchet pretended to be organizing equipment, listening in on the awkward conversation.

"So, do you, I don't know, wanna-"

"Wait, I have an incoming call."

Starscream said before pressing two digits to the side of his helm and speaking into his comm. link. "Commander Starscream to Thundercracker. Reading you loud and clear. Status?" He paused. "Affirmative… Negative… Tell him to shove it up his tailpipe then… Copy that… I'm in the medbay… Don't freak out. I'm fine… Whatever. Starscream out." He then cut the call and looked up at Skyfire. "My trinemates."

"Yeah, I figured as much. How are they doing?"

"Alright I suppose."

"What are they doing?"

"Patrols."
"Oh, okay."

There was another silence before a flash of purple and the "vop" of air being displaced before Thundercracker and Skywarp appeared.

"Scree! Are you alright?! Why you in medbay!?” Skywarp demanded as he rushed over and hugged his trineleader.

"I'm fine, 'Warp." Starscream grunted, his optics narrowing.

Thundercracker started to approach but stopped, his wings hiking and optics narrowing as he glared at Skyfire. Skyfire swallowed before giving Thundercracker a small, nervous wave. Thundercracker's wings flicked before flaring threateningly. He then walking over to his trineleader.

"Hey, Star, how are you?" Thundercracker inquired.

"I'll live."

"Good. I love you, Star."

"Love you too, TC." Starscream said softly.

Thundercracker then captured Starscream's lip plates in a deep, passionate kiss, his glossa soon entering Starscream's mouth. Starscream moaned something in surprise, but quickly got over it, his arms wrapping around Thundercracker's helm, deepening the kiss. Thundercracker's servos lowered, one holding Starscream by the small of his back while the other touched his aft. Starscream moaned something again, but continued to kiss his trinemate.

Starscream's optics offlined, telling himself that this was his trinemate and he was being loved on, and to enjoy it. Thundercracker's optics stayed online, glaring at Skyfire like the fires from hell as they glowed, never ceasing in his kissing.

Skyfire's wings drooped as he swallowed, getting the unspoken message very clearly. Skywarp cocked his helm to his side, not sure why Thundercracker was being so odd, but he shrugged it off.

Starscream's wings fluttered, soon smiling as he kept kissing, oblivious to why Thundercracker was doing this for. After a couple of kliks they finally stopped, Thundercracker pulling away from his trineleader.

"Ooh, I liked that." Starscream smiled, his wings fluttering.

"I know you did, love." Thundercracker replied before kissing Starscream's brow. "I think we should get back to our quarters now."

"Alright," Starscream nodded his helm slowly.

"Go ahead with 'Warp. I gotta grab some things from medbay for refueling you."

"Okay, see you in a bit." Starscream said as he slid off the medberth and started to walk away with Skywarp. "See you later, Skyfire." Starscream said softly as he gave Skyfire a small wave.

"Yeah, see you around, Star." Skyfire smiled as he waved back.

The two Seekers walked out and the door hissed shut behind them. Skyfire's smile instantly vanished as he turned around. Thundercracker's arms were crossed, wings raised high, and death
emanating from his being. The shuttle swallowed. Ratchet silently watched.

Thundercracker approached, his thruster heels ominously clacking in the otherwise quiet medbay. He activated them so that he was optic level with the large Autobot.

"Listen and listen well, fatboy." Thundercracker said venomously as he jabbed a digit into Skyfire's chest piece. "You are to stay away from my trineleader, understand? He has had enough go wrong in his life and he doesn't need you coming around and fragging anything up. You broke his spark once already, he doesn't need you to do it a second time."

"Thundercracker, I'm not going to-"

"My trineleader deserves better than a lousy, clumsy, Autobot shuttle following him around in desperate hopes of getting him into berth. Starscream is more than something just to frag. He is an amazing, skilled, and brilliant spark that doesn't need slag like you screwing everything up. And you are so far out of his league its pathetic."

"Starscream is a dear friend to me. I would never hurt him or see him as something to simply frag." Skyfire said quickly.

Thundercracker inched his faceplates closer to Skyfire's until they were almost touching. "If I see you anywhere near him, or hear that you have violated him in any way… Your little Autobot friends will never find all of your pieces."

With that friendly note said, Thundercracker powered down his thrusters, landed, and stomped out of medbay. Skyfire watched him go, his optics wide.

Ratchet made a loud, impressed whistle. "Wow, that was something else, eh, Skyfire? Jealous mech-friend, perhaps?"

Skyfire swallowed. "I-I don't understand. I never meant to upset anyone. I just-"

"Sit down, Skyfire." Ratchet instructed. Skyfire quickly did so, exhaling heavily. "This'll all pass. He's just protective of Starscream because Starscream is vulnerable right now, from the abuse and all. Once Starscream is better he won't be so bent on killing you."

"I suppose…"

"Trust me. I've seen this before. Working with so many patients has allowed me to learn many things about drama and relationships. That's why I stay clear away from them…"

Skyfire just gave him an incredulous look. "That doesn't help me."

"You're young. You'll understand soon enough." Ratchet said dismissively.

"Please! Oh, Primus, stop! Please…!" Starscream cried as he lied on the berth going through the same exercise with Thundercracker touching him.

"Do you really want me to stop?" Thundercracker asked gently, never ceasing in his touches.

"No, I just… Primus, make these thoughts go away." He covered his faceplates, coolant leaking from his optics.

"I'm going to part your legs now, okay?"
"Okay…" Starscream swallowed.

Thundercracker did so, sitting between his trineleader's legs. He kept touching, stroking, massaging his trinamate's frame, feeling him tremble and quake. Starscream just cried, forcing himself to say positive things, but would occasionally recite what he had been forced to say for Megatron.

After a bit, Thundercracker spoke. "I think we're ready for the next step, Star. Open your codpiece."

"Oh, Primus, I don't think I can do this." Starscream whimpered.

"Shhhh, shhhh, it's okay. No one is going to take you." The blue Seeker said gently as he began to rub over Starscream's groin.

Starscream was shaking so hard, finally forcing his codpiece to open. Skywarp kissed him on the lip plates, trying to reassure him he was safe. Thundercracker started to touched around Starscream's valve, ignoring how he jumped and writhed.

"It's okay, love. No one is going to hurt you. Who loves you?"

"Y-you and Skywarp." He said between sobs.

"That's right. I'm going to touch you some more, okay? Just let you feel it. Shhh, it's okay."

Starscream cried louder, gripping Skywarp's servo and squeezing. Thundercracker caressed all around his trineleader's valve before gently urging a digit into it. Starscream jumped, sobbing so hard as coolant poured out, mumbling about how worthless he was.

"Shhh, nothing is going to happen. See? I'm removing my servos. You're fine. Nothing happened. You weren't hurt." Thundercracker said as he raised his servos up so Starscream could see.

"Dammit, this is… Please…" Starscream panted, trying to calm down.

Thundercracker licked his servos clean from Starscream's fluids before speaking. "Alright, I think that's enough. Let's get you cleaned up."

"You are getting better, Scree." Skywarp smiled before kissing him.

"I suppose so. Primus, this sucks…" He said softly.

"You're gonna get through this, Star. Just wait and see." Thundercracker smiled at him.

"Easy for you to say."

"If you are negative, I'm going to tickle you."

Starscream smiled faintly. "You wouldn't dare."

"Try me."

Starscream wiped coolant away, resetting his optics to remove the static. "You wouldn't do that to a sexy turbofox."

Thundercracker grinned. "I would especially do that to a sexy turbofox."

"You monster."
"Ah, that was negative. Hold him down, 'Warp!"

Skywarp grabbed Starscream's wrists and held him down as Thundercracker tickled his trineleader's abdominal plating eliciting very un-mechly squeals and guffaws as the tri colored Seeker kicked and squirmed.

After a klik of "torture," Thundercracker stopped and kissed Starscream on the lip plates.

"You're beautiful, Star. So precious to us." The blue Seeker said softly.

"The bestest." Skywarp added.

Starscream swallowed. "Why did I trine the best slagging idiots?" He wiped coolant tears away. "Primus, I love you two so much."

Thundercracker smiled. "We know, Star. We love you two."

Thundercracker then kissed Starscream on the lip plates for a long time before allowing Skywarp to do that same. The three just taking time to love each other amongst the chaos.

Chapter End Notes

PTSD gives you high anxiety which exhausts your body making you tired all the time. Like, falling asleep when trying to do college, draw, or write fanfics... I can't tell you how many times I've drifted off trying to write this fic even just two hours after waking up! It's no fun. :(

Well, now ya'll have found out where Dawnstar is. We'll be seeing her again before too long. :)

Thundercracker and Skywarp are just trying to be helpful. May not be the best way to handle such a situation, but they're trying. Give them energon goodies for that!

Prowl will find them all... Keep going Prowl. You can do this! XD

Aw, awkward mechs and overly protective trinemate/brother. You keep that "creeper" Skyfire away, Thundercracker! Yeah, that's a good boy. :P
Starscream was in the Control Room with Skywarp, Thundercracker not present for he was helping with patrols. Starscream was quietly working, giving the Autobots more information while Skywarp just stayed close to him.

Skywarp leaned against his trineleader, lazily watching him type things onto the vid screen before them. He hugged his arm, just savoring being near him. Starscream ignored him, concentrating on his task.

The more grouchy Autobots would occasionally glare at the two Seekers, not trusting the Decepticons at all. The rest would either ignore them or whisper amongst themselves concerning the strange behavior of the flyers.

"Scree, you're cute." Skywarp said softly as he snuggled closer to Starscream.

"Mhmm," Starscream grunted, never ceasing in his work.

"You are sooooooo sexy..."

"True."

"I love you."

"Love you, too."

"Blech..." Skywarp moaned as he burrowed his faceplates into Starscream's chest piece and offlined his optics.

Starscream ignored him, use to such distractions when working, especially after stellar cycles of dealing with a clingy sparkling. After several kliks Optimus Prime approached.

"How are you feeling this orbital cycle, Starscream?" The Prime inquired.

"Fully functional, Prime." Starscream replied, his optics still on his work.

Optimus studied the two Seekers for a moment. Skywarp lifted his helm up and kissed his trineleader on the cheekplates before resting his helm on Starscream's shoulder.

"Starscream, if you don't mind, I have a question for you."

"Fire away, Prime. What is it you wish to know?"

Skywarp's optics brightened before he looked up at his trineleader, remembering something. "Scree! Where's the large, breast-plated femme?!"

Starscream snorted a snicker, quickly covering his mouth to keep from laughing. "I-I'm sorry, Prime. That, ahem, what is your question?"

Optimus was about to say it when Skywarp interjected again. "Large, breast-plated femme! Speak criminal!"
Starscream covered his mouth again, trying to retain his laughter. Skywarp smiled his lopsided grin, Optimus raised an optical ridge.

"I apologize, Prime." Starscream said as he vented air heavily to calm down. "Inside joke with my trine. Skywarp, shut up. You were saying?" He said as he looked up at Optimus.

Skywarp nuzzled closer to his trineleader, then rested his chin on Starscream's shoulder, his wings fluttering.

"I was saying: Do you think you feel well enough to join us for a meeting tomorrow?" Optimus asked slowly.

"I don't see why I shouldn't be."

Skywarp stuck out his glossa and begun to lick Starscream's cheekplates while making very loud sounds. Starscream placed his servo over Skywarp's faceplates and pushed him away. Skywarp kept trying to get closer to him, despite the blue hand covering his visage.

"I'll be there, Prime." Starscream said as if he wasn't trying to keep his odd brother away.

Optimus gave him a look before slowly nodding his helm. "Alright, I will see you then."

Skywarp opened his mouth and started to lick Starscream's servo. Starscream gave him a hard shove until the black Seeker fell back, lost his balance, and topple over his chair with a loud crash.

The Prime quickly walked away from the very weird flyers before they could be even weirder. Starscream watched him go as Skywarp stood up, put his chair back in place, then sat down. The tri colored Seeker turned to him.

"What's your problem?" Starscream grunted.

"I love you, Screamer!" Skywarp giggled.

"Yes, well, try not to be overly embarrassing."

Skywarp scooted his chair closer, leaned against Starscream, and burrowed his faceplates in the crook of Starscream's neck. Starscream rolled his optics. Skywarp lowered his servo and cupped Starscream's codpiece. Starscream jumped, beginning to tremble and his intakes quickening.

"Just me, Scree." Skywarp said softly. "It's just me."

Starscream swallowed, forcing himself to calm down, his intakes slowing. Skywarp smiled.

"That's it, Star. See? You are getting better. You're not even lubricating."

"I s-suppose so." Starscream said barely louder than a whisper.

Skywarp lifted his helm up and looked at his trinematte. "Scree, where's the large, breast-plated femme?"

Starscream smiled before biting his lower lip plate to keep from laughing. Skywarp's smile grew.

"Aw, see? You're smiling and I'm touching you. You get a kiss for that." He then kissed Starscream on the cheekplates before removing his servo. "Love you, Star." He said as he hugged Starscream and cuddled against him.
Starscream swallowed. "Love you too, 'Warp." He said softly before resuming his work.

Thundercracker held Starscream close as the poor Seeker moaned, mumbled, and trembled in his recharge from another nightmare. He was moaning softly as if he was being thrust into, every so often he said something negative about himself. The cruel words he had been trained to say when being taken. His valve was leaking profusely, his frame jerking as if he was being pounded into, hit, and shoved.

Skywarp was silently crying, watching Starscream act so. Starscream's frame was so warm, his inner fans working so hard to keep him cool. Thundercracker kissed his nape, lovingly holding him close.

Starscream kept twitching, groaning, and overheating for another klik before suddenly onlining. He jerked himself up, quickly looking around for his attacker, but only seeing his worried trinomates. He panted, trying to cool off when he looked down. His wings lowered.

"It's okay, Star. We'll get you cleaned up." Thundercracker said gently as he sat up next to Starscream.

Starscream offlined his optics, a few coolant tears leaking out. Skywarp kissed his trinomate on the cheekplates.

"It's okay, Scree. You just had a nightmare."

"It wasn't a nightmare." Starscream said softly. "They're never nightmares. They're memories. All of them."

Thundercracker took Starscream's chin, turned his helm around, and kissed him on the lip plates. "You can do this, Star. We'll get through this." He said gently.

"Maybe…" Starscream said in almost a whisper.

"Stop it. We will. You'll see. Now, let's clean you up and go back to recharge."

Starscream sat in his seat between Prowl and Rodimus, trying to pay attention. He was exhausted. After onlining from the nightmare last night he had not been able to fall back into recharge. And with his PTSD giving him high anxiety, his systems were already exhausted from being on high alert on the time. He found himself almost dosing off multiple times throughout the boring gathering, but somehow had managed to stay online.

The worst part was whenever Prowl spoke. That little, slagging piece of law-abiding-rule-making, "I'm-so-slagging-perfect-and-smart-and-blah-blah-blah," stupid, grouchy cop was like listening to paint dry… in the void of space… while recharging… with your audio receptors turned off. In other words: His monotone vocalizer was easy to ignore and drift off. His stupid, horrendous, slag-sucking, whore mouth of a vocalizer… Stupid Prowl…

Starscream's optics narrowed just thinking about how much he hated that strategist. Maybe he would get Skywarp to spray paint "I'm a stupid, lonely cop who can't get laid and needs a good kick in my aft" on his pathetic excuse for wings appendages. Yeah, maybe even give him a mustache…

And as for that other lieutenant of Prime's… The young, energetic, and arrogant Rodimus… Starscream just knew not to trust him. The way he kept glancing over at the Air Commander… It
was as if he was hiding something… Something he didn't want Starscream to know. Starscream was a master at manipulation, lying, getting people to do things against their best interests, and he knew very well how to read facial expressions and body language. He had to in order to be good at his job. It wasn't easy to be a cunning, deceitful, conniving piece-of-slag. And Starscream took great pride in his honed skills.

Yes, Rodimus was definitely hiding something and he was going to figure out what it was. That idiot and those others who gave him similar glances… Like those Terror Twins, or that babbling Praxian, or that horned Dinobot…

Starscream's wings twitched, banging against the back of his seat. The stupid seat made for grounders… Stupid Autobots and their inconsideration for flyers… Now that munchkin Jazz was speaking with his improper use of grammar and slurring his words. He was a nightmare to listen to…

Nightmare? Slag… Starscream was reminded how tired he was. It would be so easy to just… NO! Stay online. Do not submit to the vile clutches of recharge during such a paramount meeting. Was this meeting paramount? They were just discussing possibilities, nothing major, really. No, go away recharge. He had to at least look like he was interested.

There it was again: Prowl's boring vocalizer trying to sound so sophisticated. So smart. So in control and perfect. Woo… "Special," Prowl being so fancy and smart. Frag him. He could just shove his "superior-ness" up his tailpipe. And his whole helm up there too. He could walk off a cliff. See him attempt to fly with those little stubs he called "wings." And he could take that stupid faced Rodimus with him. See how many times the both of them bounced when hitting the bottom.

And now Optimus Prime was talking. Oh, high and mighty Optimus who thinks everyone is actually good deep, deep down inside and always deserves a second chance. He could walk off the cliff with his stupid lieutenants. Maybe he would land on top of them and squash them. Yeah, although, then one wouldn't be able to see them bounce… Ah, well. Small sacrifices… Know what? They could all walk off a cliff. Into an acid river. And turn into slag. And have their molten parts collected and turned into those little devices organics use to dump their bodily wastes in. Yeah, and that fragger Megatron can join them. And Shockwave. Hate that aft. And Soundwave's little meddlesome brats, Rumble and Frenzy.

Primus, not that old slagger Ironhide… Don't make him speak. He sounds like two jagged gears that are covered in rust and have never been oiled grinding together… while crushing some poor, shrieking organic creature… While on fire. And then his poor use of grammar and word pronunciation! Primus, just shoot it and take it out of its misery already! End the torture! End the horrors!

Everyone turned their helms to the Seeker when there was loud thunk. The Air Commander's helm and arms were on the table, him slowly cycling air as he recharged. His wings twitched gently before lowering as he rested.

Optimus vented a soft sigh. "Jazz, call his trinemates. I think Starscream needs to take the rest of the orbital cycle off."

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**Several Orbital Cycles Later:**

"I'm telling you, bro, he hasn't let up at all!" Sideswipe said as he and Sunstreaker walked down a hallway.
"He didn't get anything from me." Sunstreaker grunted.

"He has interrogated me five times! I keep evading him and manage not to admit to anything, but he won't let up!"

"Speaking of which: Has anyone seen Mirage since Prowl found out?"

"No. Huffer said that he thinks Prowl took him out back and shot him. Bluestreak believes him."

"Blue believes anything."

"Hey, what are you two talking about?" Rodimus asked as he approached.

"Has Prowl tried to interrogate you?" Sideswipe quickly asked.

"About the Seeker femme? Nah, I just pull rank and say he can't order me for an interrogation because we're on the same level. I think he knows…" He added the last part quietly.

"I think he has everyone figured out, he just is trying to get a confession now."

"Rod, do you know what happened to Mirage?" Sunstreaker inquired.

"I heard something about him being taken out back and shot." Rodimus shrugged.

"Prowl's gonna kill us all." Sideswipe said pathetically as he grabbed his horn stubs.

"As long as you don't admit to it, he can't do anything. The only other witness isn't here." Rodimus pointed out.

"Primus, I never thought I would be killed by Prowl… Well, I kinda did, but not for this crime."

"Relax, Prowl ain't gonna find out. We just gotta keep our lip plates sealed and deny everything."

"Easy for you to say. You can pull rank whenever it suites you…"

"Yeah…" Rodimus smiled. "I love my job."

"You hear that?" Sunstreaker said suddenly.

"No, what?" Sideswipe turned to him.

"Thrusters. Seekers are coming this way."

"Blech…" Sideswipe said as he stuck out his glossa and made a face.

"Maybe it's Slipstream?" Rodimus smirked sexily.

"Dude, Prowl will double kill you if you interface with her."

"No, Prowl is only going to kill us because we interfaced with an enemy at the time she was an enemy. Now, Seekers are our allies so it's okay to frag them."

"I don't think that's how it works in Prowl's processor." Sunstreaker grunted.

"Well, I shall make it a rule! Where's Mags to write it down for me?" Rodimus said with a quick glance over his shoulder as if Ultra Magnus was right there.
"It's the Elite Trine."

"Oh, goodie…" Sideswipe grumbled.

"Hmmm, I wonder how Starscream would react if he found out we fragged his daughter." Rodimus mused as he stroked his chin.

"Probably not as bad as Prowl." Sideswipe said with a dismissive wave of his servo.

"Damn, she looks so much like him…" Rodimus said quietly.

"It's scary. It's like she's a clone, only a different gender, with different colors." Sideswipe added.

"They even walk the same way…"

"Shhh, they're getting closer."

Starscream's optics narrowed as he approached, his trinemates in perfect formation behind him. His wings flared, those three Autobots giving him that look as if they were hiding something…

"Out of the way, Autobots." Starscream snapped.

"Rude! Could have said 'please.'" Sideswipe said as he crossed his arms and stuck his olfactory sensor in the air.

"I don't have time to waste on you. Step aside."

"Manners, flyboy. We are civilized here. Somewhat…" Rodimus stated.

Starscream's optics momentarily brightened. "Whatever. Out of my way." He grunted as he shoved Rodimus and Sideswipe away so that he could pass.

"Hey! You don't just shove us around, Seeker!" Rodimus shrieked as he jabbed a digit at Starscream.

"Yeah! What he said!" Sideswipe piped up.

Starscream turned around to face them, his trinemates stepping behind him. "What are you going to do about it? Cry to your precious Prime?"

"Something like that. Maybe." Sideswipe said as he crossed his arms.

"You're on our turf now, Screecher. Better watch yourself." Rodimus growled.

"You are not intimidating in the slightest. You are nothing but pathetic grounders trying to make up for what you lack." Starscream said coolly before turning around to walk off.

"What I lack?! I fragged your daughter! I ain't lacking on anything!" Rodimus shouted.

Starscream instantly stopped, his wings raising high on his back. He then slowly turned around. "What did you say?" He said slowly, darkly, venomously.

"Yeah, we fragged her." Rodimus smiled as he crossed his arms. "And she feels amazing! And makes all the best sounds. And, she kept coming back to us begging for more."

The fires of hell burned within Starscream's optics before he lashed out.
"No, everything has been unusually calm. No fights, no altercations, nothing." Prowl informed Optimus as the two walked down a hallway, the Autobot SIC reading off a datapad. "The Seekers and Constructicons have been behaving well, mostly keeping to themselves, but have on a few occasions interacted positively with our troops."

"Good. I'm glad to see that everyone is getting along. Perhaps this alliance isn't such a bad idea. And once Starscream is better from everything we can hopefully get more use out of him and end this war." Optimus said.

"Yes, well, even then I am not sure how 'useful' he might be. I still don't trust him."

"Hmm."

The two kept walking when they heard shouting, and screaming, and what sounded like taunting. The two exchanged glances before quickening their pace.

The scene they came upon was less than mature...

Starscream was being held back by his trinemates, the two having to power on their thrusters just to keep the bent-on-slaughtering-everything-that-moved creator from doing so. The most embarrassing part was the three Autobots were just out of reach, taunting and mocking the tri colored Seeker, laughing about it all.

"Yeah, and your daughter has the loudest moan!" Rodimus laughed.

"I bet you moan louder, Screecher!" Sideswipe jeered.

"Is that why Megs kept you around? To frag you?" Sunstreaker added.

"Stop it!" Skywarp exclaimed. "It's not funny, Autobots!"

"I'm going to rip your sparks out!" Starscream bellowed, trying to grab at them.

"Is it true that all Seekers are whores? That's why you were Second, Screecher! Megs just wanted your aft to himself!" Rodimus continued.

"Shut up!" Skywarp shouted.

"What's going on here!??" Optimus roared, causing the three Autobot hellions to instantly turn around with horrified optics. Starscream kept trying to get away and murder them.

"N-nothing, sir." Rodimus said quickly. "Just, you know, making friends."

"These slagging creeps raped my daughter!" Starscream shrieked. "Let go! I'm going to rip their helms off!"

"We did nothing of the sort." Sideswipe said.

"You just admitted to it!" Thundercracker exclaimed. "All three of you admitted to fragging her!"

"Yeah!" Skywarp piped up.

Prowl turned optics made of ice to the three offenders. The datapad that he held suddenly snapped in half.

"We are so dead." Sunstreaker said quietly.
"How. Many. Times?" Prowl demanded with gritted denta.

Rodimus made a sound as if to clear his vocalizer. "First off, it was completely consensual. No raping involved and both parties enjoyed it. We were just making up slag to piss of Screecher."

"Answer. The. Question." Prowl said in the same slow, deadly tone.

Rodimus swallowed. "Five times for me."

Sunstreaker "popped" his knuckles nervously. "Eleven for me."

Sideswipe scratched his nape. "Twenty-eight."

The two halves of the datapad that Prowl held were crushed in his tightening grip. Starscream's attempts for freedom were renewed.

"I'll kill 'em! Let me go! I'll tear them to pieces!" He screamed.

"Well, so, um, at least we'll find out what happened to Mirage." Sideswipe smiled nervously.

"I want them executed, Prime." Starscream growled as he sat on the sill of the open window, looking out as a ped dangled over the edge.

"I'm not going to execute them for interfacing. Especially since it was consensual." Optimus said firmly as he worked at his desk.

"They took advantage of my daughter. She is young. Far too young to be going around fragging anyone. You have nothing but pedophiles in your ranks."

"She's an adult. As for taking advantage of her, I am not sure if that was the case. I have been working with these 'bots for a long time and Sideswipe and Sunstreaker certainly are not bright enough to take advantage of anyone. At least, not like that."

"Regardless of their mental capacity, they still fragged my little femmling. My femmling, who at that time was in your custody and therefore your care, Prime." Starscream growled, still looking out the window.

"I admit that I should have kept a closer optic on things, but they did not mean her harm and she never seemed upset during her stay with us. In fact, she seemed very happy."

Starscream's optics narrowed. "Happy now, maybe. But as she ages she'll be stuck with the memories of being so stupid with those slagging perverts you keep around."

"Starscream, I understand this is difficult for you, with her being your daughter and all, but-"

"No, Prime, you don't understand." Starscream snapped as he turned to face the large Autobot.

"You don't understand what it's like to have a creation or to see that creation throwing her life away, refusing to listen to you, as you go through hell for her. I don't want my daughter to have to suffer like I have or to have to learn things the hard way like I did. I want her to live a life with no regrets and only happiness. I've already slagged a lot of that up, and the least I can do is beat the slag out of those who have hurt her. Prime, I watched my daughter get attacked and raped by some fragging Empties. If I hadn't have heard her and shown up when I did…" He vented a sigh as he thunked the back of his helm against the window frame. "Words can't begin to describe how special she is to me. I just want to protect her and keep her safe. Even if that means I must eradicate every Autobot
by my lonesome and then eradicate every Decepticon."

Optimus looked up from his work and studied the Seeker for a moment. "I can assure you that Prowl is handing out a very severe sentence for them."

Starscream didn't move as he reverted his optics back to Optimus. "A slap on the wrist and ordered to write 'I shall not frag evermore' a hundred times? You Autobots don't know true discipline."

"What would you do to them? Besides deactivation."

"Sodomizing them would be a start…"

"That is torture, not discipline."

"Forced to lean over a chair and publicly scourged would be the lightest sentence I would condemn them to."

"That's still torturing them."

"They took my daughter."

"And that is all they did. They didn't hit her, rape her, or harm her in anyway." Optimus said firmly as he resumed his work.

Starscream rolled his optics. "You're soft, Prime. Perhaps that's why you are losing this war."

"You believe that what Megatron did to you over the vorns helped you in anyway? Did it make you a better warrior? Has such treatment truly aided the Decepticons?"

Starscream's optics narrowed. "Don't twist my words, Prime. I'm simply pointing out how your troops lack discipline and thus why they act like sparklings running around waving their extras out at any passing femme."

"How do you discipline your Seekers? Do you scourge them?"

"Never. My Seekers are not some common rogues. They listen to me because they already know that I am in command and if they step out of line they will be publically humiliated."

"How will they be publically humiliated?" Optimus inquired.

Starscream smirked. "By having me dominate them in front of the others. Not that I've had to do that, yet. It is mostly just a traditional Seeker thing, and I'm not too big of a traditional leader. I mostly just allow my glossa to do everything. Manipulate. Make it clear to them that they will be a hopeless wreck if they tried anything against me." He paused. "Maybe that what should be done to them. Have someone take advantage of them and see how they like it."

"No, Starscream. Prowl is handling it and I will not hear anymore of this." The Prime said firmly.

"Killjoy. No sense of imagination."

Optimus didn't respond to that. He just continued working, ignoring the Seeker. Starscream's optics flashed.

"I shall take my leave, Prime." He said before sliding off the window sill and disappearing over the edge.
Optimus listened to the sound of him transforming, the roar of engines, then the boom of him breaking the sound barrier, causing the office and desk to vibrate. He vented a tired sigh.

"Prowl better not kill them…" He grumbled to himself.

"Even if I did know who else fragged her you think I'm gonna rat them out!? Do your worse, copper. I ain't saying nothing until I speak to my attorney." Sideswipe said resolutely as he crossed his arms.

Prowl adjusted the desk lamp so it shined in Sideswipe's faceplates. Sideswipe lifted a servo up to block its cruel shine.

"Even if it will take time off your sentence?" Prowl said slowly, threateningly.

"Even so. You ain't getting nothing out of me. And I regret only getting caught."

"Don't you always."

"Listen, Prowl, I know you're gonna de-plate me alive, before throwing my mangled protoform for the scraplets to eat, but I have something I need to tell you."

"And that would be?"

"That I know, deep, deep, deep, deep, deep down inside of you, you forgive me of this transgression. And because of your love for me, as your favorite, you are willing to lighten my sentence and not brutally murder me. Or my twin. You can do whatever you want to Rodimus."

"I'm locking you in the brig." Prowl said in that monotone voice of his.

"Uh huh."

"Forever."

"Okay."

"Without parole."

"Gotcha."

"Without visitors."

"Mhmm."

"Without the sunlight or walks outside."

"Understood."

"Without videogames."

"Yeah."

"Without a chance to see your 'attorney.'"

"Yeah-huh."

"Without heat or a berth."
"Okie-day."

"Without your twin."

"Alrighty."

"Without energon goodies."

"That is going too far!" Sideswipe exclaimed.

"You lied to me!"

"Since when!?"

"Since the last five times I interrogated you!"

"I didn't lie! I evaded you. There's difference."

"Maybe on the planet you're from, but not on Cybertron."

"Hey, don't make fun of Pranksville."


"Sunny. It was all Sunny. Do I get energon goodies now?"

Prowl slammed his datapad down on the table. "We're done here. I'm not going to put up with this."

"I ratted out my own brother! I should get a lighter sentence!"

"I already know about him!"

"I want my lawyer."

"Get him out of my sight." Prowl snapped into his comm. link.

Streetwise stepped into the room and motioned for Sideswipe to follow. Sideswipe vented an exasperated sigh before following him out. Prowl waited for a few astroseconds before the door opened again and Groove led Sunstreaker in. The yellow twin sat down on the chair before Prowl, his optics narrowed. Groove walked out and shut the door behind him.

"Sunstreaker, I will give you the same offer I gave your brother. Tell me who else interfaced with Dawnstar and I will reduce your sentence. It is completely anonymous. No one will know you said anything."

"No one?"

"No one."

Sunstreaker eyed him for a few astroseconds before an evil smile spread over his visage. "Tracks."

"Are you being serious? I understand you dislike Tracks and may just be making it up to get him in trouble."

"No, Prowl, I can assure you that he most certainly fragged that Seeker femme."
Prowl scribbled it down. "Anyone else?"

Sunstreaker looked up at the ceiling as he thought. "Blades."

"I'm not surprised there."

"Slingshot."

"Not surprised there either."

"Streetwise."

Prowl stopped. He slowly looked up at Sunstreaker. "Streetwise?"

Sunstreaker's smile broadened as he nodded his helm slowly. "Yes, Streetwise."


"Slag."

Prowl snapped his stylus. "Slag? Dinobot Slag?"

"Oh, yes. Dinobot Slag."

Prowl leaned closer to Sunstreaker. "You're not lying?"

"Never to you."

Prowl eyed him for a long moment. "Anyone else?"

"Prowl, how about this: I know the designations of everyone who fragged her. If you let me and Sideswipe go and let us live, I'll tell you everyone. I don't care what happens to them. I'm not going to hold back anything. I just rather not dirty my finish in some brig or watch you tear Sideswipe's faceplates off."

Prowl studied him for a klik, his fingers lacing together. "Just like that? Nothing else?"

Sunstreaker's smile only grew. "Just like that."

Prowl unsubspaced another stylus. "Begin."

"Inferno, Trailbreaker, Skids, Hoist, Bluestreak, Smokescreen, Air Raid, Skydive, Hardhead, Strafe, Fireflight, Blaster, Brawn, Pipes, Blurr, Cliffjumper, Beachcomber, Powerglide, Swoop, Lightspeed, Afterburner, Chase, Freeway, Rollbar, Getaway…" He paused, his smile only growing. "Drift."

Prowl was steaming. His optics changing color to yellow with his intense anger as he kept writing down the designations of the guilty. Sunstreaker kept going.

Sunstreaker walked into the brig with Streetwise. The Protectobot put in his code and unlocked the cell door.

"Come on, Sides." Sunstreaker grunted. "Prowl said you can go free."

"Why?" Sideswipe inquired as he stood up and walked out.
"'Cause." Sunstreaker shrugged as he stepped aside so Sideswipe could exit.

"'Cause why?"

"Cause this." Sunstreaker said before suddenly grabbing Streetwise and shoving him into the cell.

"Hey! "Streetwise exclaimed as Sunstreaker shut and locked the door.

"Prowl told me to do it, Streetwise." Sunstreaker informed before walking away.

Sideswipe looked from his twin to the imprisoned 'bot before venting a dramatic sigh. "You didn't..."

"I did." Sunstreaker smiled.

"Primus, everyone is going to kill me." Sideswipe grumbled as he followed his twin out of the brig.

It took Prowl only a matter of joors to round up all the convicted and have them thrown into the brig. Grimlock gladly dragged Snarl and Swoop to a cell upon hearing what they had done, saving Prowl from receiving a possible broken arm or two. Despite everything being anonymous, everyone pretty much suspected Sunstreaker of being the snitch. Sideswipe sat very far away from his twin in public, just to make sure he wasn't attacked, but nothing happened. They only received death glares from the Seekers, and disappointed looks from the Autobot brass.

Sideswipe just wanted to melt into the floor and have this drama forgotten. Sunstreaker didn't seem to notice any difference. But then again, pretty much everyone disliked him already.

Skyfire swallowed, wringing his servos together as he watched the tri colored Seeker from a distance. His trinamesates weren't around. No, the Air Commander was on his own, rummaging through crates in the storage room beside the laboratory. The shuttle had heard thruster heels activating and clanking about, and came to investigate to find the flyer here. He wanted to go and ask what he was up to, to say "hi," and invite his old friend to a non-date dinner, but the harsh words of Thundercracker's kept returning to his processor.

He really didn't want to be killed by Thundercracker. He had heard stories about how vicious Seekers were in battle. How they would tear off limbs from their opponents as they flew by them, too fast to be caught. How ferocious they were in combat. How some said that they seemed to have some type of "berserker" program kick in when in the heat of battle. How the smell of spilt energon made them bloodthirsty for more. How such beautiful, delicate, thin beings became terrifying, deadly, and cruel in a matter of astroseconds. Like one flipping the switch to turn a dark room brightly lit, so did the Seekers switch from innocent to mad-fragging-insane killers.

He wasn't so sure if that was true, but he rather not risk it. Starscream seemed like he was incapable for such evilness, but then again he had read all the reports and what this little flyer had done and could do. Maybe, perhaps, there was some truth to it. Maybe Seekers really were little winged bundles of death trying to lure you in with a false sense of security with their sexy, perfect, and majestic forms... Maybe Thundercracker was a ticking bomb and would explode if Skyfire did speak to Starscream...

Or, maybe not and Skyfire should just risk his life and his frame ever being properly laid to rest by his friends and just go talk to Seeker. What was more important? Staying alive, or helping a friend and risk being mutilated beyond recognition?
Life choices were never easy.

Starscream took a step back from the crate he had been rummaging in and looked up. His wings raised and he lifted a servo to wave. "Hey, Sky!" He called.

Guess fate decided to make the choice for him... "Hey, Star!" Skyfire forced a smile, trying to forget the blue Seeker's death threat. "W-what you up too?"

"Not much. Trying to keep my processor off slag so decided to find something to do. Maybe get some scrap metal and just weld it into figurines if nothing else. Hook has commanded that I do something when I'm alone to make sure I don't end up tearing my arm off. Not that I could anyway. Thundercracker took every knife and sharp object out of our quarters and hid them."

Skyfire swallowed. "W-well, I'm glad you're trying to do something constructive rather than than hurt yourself."

"Hmm, it's a work in progress. Earlier this orbital cycle I was contemplating shooting myself in the helm." He said nonchalantly as he rummaged through a crate.

Skyfire's wings only lowered. "Please don't do that, Star. We would all be very upset if you took your own life."

"Not your Autobot friends. I bet they would throw a grand celebration upon hearing of my passing." He paused to study an object he had pulled from the crate before tossing it back in. "Nothing useful in this one."

"Starscream, they wouldn't celebrate your death. Primus, if you died I don't know how I could handle it. Just thinking about it makes me... Primus, I just can't imagine." He said softly.

Starscream looked back at him, the blood red optics so gentle, innocent, not the ones belonging to a killer. Skyfire couldn't help but smile faintly at those optics. the optics he had known so well. The old Starscream was still there. A little beaten and dented, but there non-the-less.

"You would get over it." Starscream finally said with a shrug.

"I wouldn't. Your trinemates wouldn't. They would mourn for you every orbital cycle by your grave... And I would be right beside them."

"You would be mourning by three graves, not one."

"So, you would kill yourself knowing that your trinemates would follow you?"

Starscream glared at him. "They are the reason I haven't pulled the trigger. That, and the small hope that I will find my daughter."

"You'll find her, Star."

"Says you. You've always been sickly optimistic. Unfortunately, life prefers to be negative."

"Star..."

"Have you ever had mech waste poured down your throat? Life being negative right there."

"Star... Please, don't."

"I've actually had it poured down my throat more than once." Starscream continued as he removed
the lid from another crate and began to dig through its contents. "It tastes horrible. Makes you purge your fuel tanks for joors. Takes orbital cycles to get the taste completely out of your mouth." He looked up as he thought. "I want to say the first time he dumped waste into my mouth was… Was it after the battle of…? I think it happened after the battle for Luna 2… Quite some time ago. I can't even recollect what I had done. I just remember getting a good kicking, then he pulled that bucket out, and next thing I know I was swallowing his waste."

"His waste?"

"What? You think he went and got someone else's? He has done it quite a few times."

"I'm sorry he did that to you." Skyfire said barely louder than a whisper. "No one should ever have to swallow waste."

"It's better than acid." Starscream grunted. "The waste just tastes terrible and makes you sick. The acid burns your insides and then you have to get a whole new fuel tank and fuel pump. One time I had to get a whole new glossa because the acid he used that time just burned right through."

Skyfire quickly wiped a coolant tear away. "I'm sorry, Star. Primus, how can you be so calm talking about that?"

Starscream looked back at him, pausing for a moment. "Get use to it." He said quietly, his wings lowering. "And then he upgrades. So you learn to get use to that. And then he just upgrades again." He turned back to his task of searching through the crate. "That's why he had a special energon whip designed just for me. I soon stopped screaming for the normal ones, so, he had one invented that would ensure I would learn my lesson. Tears your plating right off, then tears your inner wires. The first few breems don't really hurt. It's after your plates have been torn off that you really feel it. After a joor… that's when I am being properly punished."

"That's not 'punishment,' Star. That's abuse. That's torture. No one should go through that."

Starscream looked back at him. "I'm not saying I agree with his methods, but… I did misbehave and was disciplined for it. I just wish it wasn't so severe."

"Star, sweetie, you shouldn't be 'disciplined' for making a mistake. Everyone does. We're only autonomous robotic beings. We all make mistakes."

"I'm not supposed to. I can't when leading an army. When making stratagems. I have to ensure victory. Always. And little to no casualties. When that doesn't happen… I am the one who must deal with the consequences. I'm the one who takes the place of the troops and end up being sent to medbay." He swallowed. "Better me than my trinemates." He then shrugged. "That's the past, Sky. I shouldn't be scourged again anytime soon. Unless your Prime decides to change his policy just for me. I doubt he could strike as hard as Megatron, anyway."

"Let's talk about something else." Skyfire said quickly. "D-do you need help?"

"Nah. I don't think I'm going to find anything of use in this slagheap. I'll probably just go for a flight. Maybe cause trouble or something." He said as he started to lift the heavy crate.

Skyfire stepped forward as Starscream struggled, easily lifted the crate and placing it on the top shelf. Starscream looked up at him, then smiled.

"Show off."

Skyfire faintly smiled back. "Just thought you needed help."
"Well, since you're offering. Wanna put this one back too?"

"Yeah, sure." The shuttle said softly before picking up the second crate and setting it back as well. Starscream watched him, his wings lowering. "Well, I guess I'll go then." He then started to walk away.

Skyfire bit his lower lip plate. "Um, Star, wait." Starscream stopped and looked back at him. "Um, hey, do you, I don't know… I-I know of somewhere cool we could go to… t-together. If you want. Not-not forcing you to do anything. I just-err, if you don't want to th-that's fine. I just-

Starscream smiled. "Yeah, sure, I'd like that." He said softly, his wings raising.

Skyfire smiled as well. "Really? I mean, ahem, l-let's go then."

"Lead the way, big 'bot." Starscream just smirked.

The shuttle flew next to the smaller Cybertronian jet, the two leaving the perimeter of the city and flying far outside its borders. They were silent most of the way, only having said a few words here and there.

Skyfire transformed and landed, the sleek jet doing the same, only much smoother and faster. His frame designed for fast transformation for deadly aerial assaults. Skyfire led the way along the ruined street, the tri colored Seeker staying beside him. It wasn't long until they came to a massive ruined building.

Starscream stopped, his wings hiking. "I think I know where we are." He said softly. "Primus, I haven't been in this area in so long. Not since the Autobots took over."

"No one's here. Just us. This area has been abandoned for quite some time, I'm told." Skyfire said as he kept walking.

Starscream trotted to catch up with the larger mech. "I imagine some Empties still come this way."

Skyfire pushed aside a large sheet of ruble, allowing the two flyers access to within the structure. Starscream quickly trotted deeper within, remember all the hallways to go down. Skyfire smiled faintly, knowing that Starscream was getting excited.

Starscream forced the broken door apart and entered a room, quickly looking around its ruined mess. Skyfire followed, silently watching the Seeker.

"Last time I was here… We were doing something stupid together." Starscream smiled faintly at the memories. "What was our last experiment?"

"We were testing radioactivity and its effects on high grade. Why? I can't remember."

"Because we were young idiots. That's why." Starscream smiled as he explored the ruined laboratory.

"I wasn't the idiot. I was the victim." Skyfire said softly.

"Hey, I was a victim as well. Victim of dealing with your fat aft." He teased.

"Hey, you better watch it. I might just sit on you."
Starscream looked back at him. "I dare you."

Skyfire snickered. "Seriously? Did you seriously just dare me?"

Starscream smiled. "Be careful, Sky. I'm a vicious turbofox. I might bite you."

"Since when did you become a turbofox?"

"Since I was fabulous!" Starscream said with a feminine wave of a servo.

"Primus, you're adorable."

"No, I'm a ferocious turbofox and you better be careful. I might just bite you and give you a life threatening virus."

"I'll take my chances." Skyfire grinned.

"Sure you will." Starscream turned back to the table. "Too bad none of this equipment is salvageable. Damn, what were they even trying to do in here?"

"Are you still ticklish?"

Starscream turned around and glared at him. "If you are asking if my sensitivity is raised at the moment, I'm not going to answer that."

"It is, isn't it?"

"No, it is not. Why are you even thinking that?" He grunted.

"I was wondering if you still squeal like a little femmling when tickled."

"I never squeal like a little femmling. Less deep mech cries. There's a difference."

"Mhmm,"

"You are such a creep, Sky."

He said as he placed his servos on his hips and glared at him. Then, he smirked that sexy, smirk of his. "Please continue."

"Continue doing what?"

Starscream flicked his wings before slowly approaching the shuttle. He stopped just before him and looked up into those large, gentle optics.

"Continue…" He touched Skyfire's abdominal plating. "Being…" He activated his thrusters until he was optic level. "A…" He placed the tip of a digit on Skyfire's olfactory sensor. "Creep."

"Uhhhh, you're hot?"

Starscream's sexy smirk only grew. He moved his faceplates closer to Skyfire's his optics beginning to power down. Skyfire's optics brightened before beginning to power down as well, his lip plates preparing for the kiss. Nearing. So close. Almost kissing.

"Tag! You're it!" Starscream suddenly exclaimed as he punched Skyfire in the abdominal plating before powering down his thruster, running between the shuttle's legs, and out the room.

Skyfire just stood there. Completely taken back by the turn of events. Then, he remembered who
The shuttle turned and jogged down the hallway, following the sound of quickly clopping thruster heels. It didn't take him long to catch up to the Seeker and see the smaller mech race out of the destroyed building and into the streets. The Decepticon leaped up, transformed, and swiftly flew away. Skyfire chased after him, the two hastily ascending into the sky. Starscream started to circle around the shuttle, his wingtips almost touching the larger mech.

Then, he flew underneath the Autobot, their undercarriages almost touching. He just stayed there, so close, almost mockingly. Skyfire was doing his best not to just transform, grab his old friend, and give him a great, big hug.

Suddenly, Starscream powered his engines to the max and almost instantly broke the sound barrier, causing the shuttle to almost lose flight control. He watched the jet quickly disappear, still flying upside down. Then, the Seeker turned around, twisting and spinning in the air, so graceful and elegant.

This was his domain, his kingdom, and Skyfire was just a guest. A simple peasant in the presence of a king. He watched his friend playfully spin and race around him. Frolicking about, almost as if he didn't have a care in the world. As if he wasn't a tortured spark trying to heal from a horrific hell of a life.

Skyfire felt like crying, just thinking about the nightmares that his best, dearest friend had to endure since he had been frozen in ice. The Starscream he knew had always been so nice, laughing, and quick to make a snarky comment. Not this bitter, angry, quiet, bullying killer. The Starscream he knew deserved better. And he wanted to give it to him.

"You're so slow, Sky." Starscream said as he flew upside down above the shuttle, their cockpits almost touching. "You need to speed up!"

"Or, you just need to slow down. Take it easy, Star. Relax. Take in the scenery."

"Nah..." Starscream said after a bit. "I rather race by it at high speeds. Hey, did you ever learn how to fly upside down?"

"No, oh, no I am not doing that."

"Come on! It's easy. See?"

"You Seekers are built for that type of stuff. Not me. Primus, I don't even understand how you stay so steady when flying so close like that. You know it freaks me out."

"What? Doing this?" Starscream said as he drifted to the side, still upside down as his wing hovered just inches over Skyfire's wing.

"Yes! I feel like you're going to crash."

"I've flown missing half a wing. I think I can fly this close to you without crashing."

"How did you flying missing half a wing? What happened?"

"Shot off in battle. Had to keep flying or else crash into enemy territory. And! I had to do it at Mach 2. Don't ask how I did it. I was barely online. I also had a ruptured fuel tank and was on the verge of stasis lock."
"Are you just a magnet for injury? It's like every story about your life involves pain or some type of serious injury."

"Life on the edge! I enjoy flirting with death. Much more fun than flirting with a mere mortal."

"I would prefer if you kept to the mortals…"

"So boring…" Starscream said as he twisted himself back around and hovered his undercarriage just inches off of Skyfire's back. "Sooooo, what now? I can't stay out too long. I have things to do with my trine and need to get some recharge. Prime wants me in on something tomorrow."

"Maybe we should head back then? Don't want you missing any recharge." Skyfire said softly.

"Alright." Starscream said before lowering his undercarriage onto Skyfire's back and cutting his engines. "Carry me!"

"Seriously…?"

"Seriously." Starscream said with a voice that made it obvious that he would be smiling if in root mode.

"Fine, I'll carry you." Skyfire sighed.

"Yay!"

Skyfire continued flying, enjoying the feeling of having Starscream so close.

"Okay, ride's over." Skyfire informed as he flew to the landing platform of the tower the Seekers were living in.

"Fine…” The Seeker grunted as he powered his engines and lifted off, quickly transforming before landing on the platform.

Skyfire transformed and landed beside him, the two the only ones present.

"Well, I better get going." Starscream said. "See you later, Sky?"

"Um, yeah, later."

The Seeker started to walk away, the shuttle biting his lower lip plate as he watched. He vented a sigh as he rubbed his faceplates.

"Hey, Starscream, wait." Skyfire said suddenly. The Air Commander stopped and turned around. "Um, Primus, I was just wondering that, maybe, I don't know... C-could I have a goodbye hug?"

Starscream cocked his helm slightly as he studied the large mech, finally smiling. "Sure, why not?"

Starscream walked over, powered on his thrusters, and hugged his old friend, clinging much tighter to him than he intended. Skyfire swallowed before hugging the Seeker back, fighting off coolant tears from his joy of just holding his friend like this for the first time in so long.

Starscream nuzzled deeper into Skyfire's arms, feeling so comforted and loved in them. He never wanted to let go, finally having his best friend back. At least, he hoped he wouldn't leave him again.
Starscream finally pulled his helm away, looking at Skyfire in the optics. Blood red locked on blue, silently waiting for the other to make a move. As always, Starscream was the first. The Seeker pecked a kiss to the larger mech's cheekplates before pushing away, landing, and walking off.

"See'ya, Sky." Starscream waved to him, as if nothing had happened.

Skyfire's optics were wide, watching the Seeker depart. "Yeah, s-see ya, Star."

He just stood there, stupidly watching one of the most feared individuals in the Decepticon army walk off… After giving him a kiss and hug. When the Seeker was finally out of his sight, he smiled. A small, triumphant smile as a servo raised to touch where he had been kissed.

"Wow, Primus, he just…" Skyfire turned, his smile only broadening as he walked towards the edge. "By the Allspark… I can't believe…" He vented a sigh. "Skyfire, you are hopelessly in love with him, aren't you?" He paused as he looked up at the sky. "Yeah, you are. Don't deny it. Primus, I hope Thundercracker doesn't kill me. I don't want to hurt Star's feelings. I just… He kissed me. He actually kissed me. I-I need to sit down or something. Yeah, something."

He then stepped off the platform, transformed, and flew off. His spark happily skipping in his chest.

Starscream whimpered as he lay on his back, staring at the ceiling. Some static was in his optics, a few coolant tears leaking out, but otherwise he was calm. He trembled a little, softly sobbing every so often.

Skywarp's servos massaged and pleasured over his trineleader's chest piece, waist, hips, and abdominal plating. Starscream kept his servos clasped together, cycling air heavily.

Thundercracker's servos were touching him all around his thighs and valve as the blue Seeker sat between his legs.

"Okay, Star, love, open your chest up." Thundercracker instructed softly.

"Primus, I don't think I can do this." Starscream said with a brittle vocalizer.

"It's okay, Scree. It's just me." Skywarp said gently.

His trembling increased as he parted his chest plates, exposing his spark casing. Skywarp's servo reached in, massaging and caressing around it. Starscream started to cry loudly, shaking so hard.

"P-please…! Primus, t-take me… U-use me… I am noth-Dammit… I-I am strong… I am not w-weak. I am yours… Stop it! Frag it… I-I am beautiful. I… Why can't this be easy?!

"Shhh, shhh, calm down, Star." Thundercracker said lovingly. "You are doing so much better. Just keep cycling air. I'm going to take another step."

"Two new steps in the same night?" Starscream asked nervously.

"I think you're ready."

Starscream swallowed, clasping his servos together as he trembled. Thundercracker lowered his helm and began to lick around Starscream's valve. Starscream gasped, cycling air quickly as he panted. Skywarp kissed Starscream on the lip plates, his glossa quickly entering into his trineleader's mouth.
Starscream moaned, coolant pouring out of his optics as he tried to stay calm. Skywarp's servos continued to caress around his spark casing and abdominal plates. Thundercracker kept lapping and licking around Starscream's valve, feeling the Air Commander warm up.

Starscream wrapped his arms around Skywarp's helm, deepening the kiss as he mouthed back. The tri colored Seeker's inner fans were working hard to keep him cool as his systems heated up. Starscream began to moan louder, his frame writhing from the loving touches.

Skywarp emitted more electrical shocks from his digits into Starscream's frame, increasing the pleasure and touches. Starscream's optics offlined, just feeling his trinemates love on him, and for once not seeing Megatron's cruel faceplates or feeling the rough servos. He felt his trinemates. His best friends. His brothers. His lovers.

He jerked his faceplates away, breaking the kiss as he cried through his overload, more from surprise than anything else. The excess energy coursed through his systems, tickling the servos of his trinemates who were still touching him.

The two looked down at their trineleader, watching him pant and cool off. Finally, a faint smile spread over his handsome visage.

"Primus, that-that…" Starscream offlined his optics as he started to cry, coolant pouring out.

"Star, what's wrong, love?" Thundercracker asked softly.

"Did we take it too far?" Skywarp inquired gently.

Starscream wiped coolant tears away, trying to calm down before he spoke. "No, no you didn't. It… Primus… It d-didn't hurt. I just… I-it didn't hurt." He covered his faceplates as he started to cry again.

Thundercracker and Skywarp both smiled.

"See, Scree? You're getting better." Skywarp said before removing Starscream's servos to kiss his trineleader on the cheekplates.

"We're so proud of you, sweetspark." Thundercracker smiled as he kissed Starscream on the opposite cheekplates.

Starscream reached out, grabbing his trinemates and forcing them into a hug as he continued to cry.

Starscream sat next to Prowl as he and the Autobot brass were in a meeting discussing something or other. Starscream had lost interest a breem ago. These Autobots were so boring. Trying to figure things out with as little violence as possible. Always avoiding conflict. And being so… Autobotish…

He didn't see why he had to be part of these meetings so much anyway. They didn't ask for his input too much. He had told them mostly everything about all the defenses of the Decepticon controlled cities and bases. Now they were just planning how they would strike when they were ready. Which for some reason they seemed to keep repeating how he wasn't ready with his PTSD, depression, and whatnot. He knew he wasn't ready to go back into the fight. He knew his current mental health would probably get him fried if he heard Megatron's vocalizer or saw him. He didn't need the Autobots reminding him constantly.

The only good was that they seemed to respect that he would not send his Seekers out to battle
unless he was with them. His Seekers were itching for a fight, to get revenge for their beloved leader, but they were stuck here in this city until that leader was better. Not that Starscream thought he would ever get over all of this.

Stupid Autobots… Stupid Autobots and their perfect morals. Thinking themselves so highly. So important. So fabulous! No, they certainly weren't fabulous. They didn't even know the definition of the word! They wish they were fabulous…

And then their stupid brass. So stuck up, arrogant, and… trying to be manipulative by acting nice all the time! Except for Prowl. Prowl was an aft. He didn't even have a good looking aft… He was just an ugly afthelm… With a metal beam up his tailpipe. Thinking himself so fancy… Slagger. Should get shot in the faceplates.

And wherever that Rodimus was, he needed to get shot in the faceplates too. Raping his daughter and then making fun of him. Mocking him. Frag him… Frag them all! Stupid Autobots… So stupid… Why was he here? Stupid, slagging, waste of metal, creation-of-pleasurebots, pit-spawned, afthelmed, slag sucking, piece-of-

"STARCROCEM!"

Starscream jumped back, his optics wide and wings spreading out. "Yes, Mighty Megatron?!"

Everyone was silent, slowly turning to the surprised Seeker. Starscream swallowed, realizing his mistake. His wings lowered, servos clasping, optics offlining, preparing for the punch to the faceplates or wherever the Prime was going to strike him for saying that. But it never came.

Starscream onlined his optics and looked up, confused as to why he wasn't being punished. "Um, y-yes Prime?" He asked quietly.

Optimus didn't answer immediately. "I apologize if I startled you, Starscream. You had drifted off there. I just had a question for you."

Starscream's wings raised ever so slightly. "Aren't you going to, uh, p-punish me?" He asked barely louder than a whisper.

Optimus raised an optical ridge. "Why would I punish you?"

Starscream's wings lowered again as he swallowed. "I-I fragged up."

"How so?"

"I-I c-called you 'Megatron.'"

"It was an accident. Nothing to be concerned about." The Prime said dismissively.

Starscream eyed the Autobot leader for a moment, his wings drooping. He placed his elbows on the table and covered his faceplates, not wanting to look at anyone. He had just made an absolute fool of himself. And undoubtedly everyone was angry at him for calling their precious leader his arch nemesis. They were just being silent, hiding their fury.

He was in trouble, they just didn't want to punish him in fear of losing the might of his Seekers. Everyone was always mad at him for his mistakes, even the small ones. Hell, people were mad at him simply for existing.

He couldn't stand them judging him like this. Silently threatening him for something he didn't
mean to happen, but was deserving of a harsh discipline for. If he had made a mistake like that with Megatron the least he would have been subjected to was a few hard punches and maybe a wing bent in half or something. And a lot of yelling, name calling, maybe throat crushed. The usual things.

Starscream rubbed his faceplates before scooting his chair back, standing, and walking away.

"Starscream, please come back."

Starscream ignored the Prime's request. He palmed open the door, stepped out, transformed, and quickly flew away through the hallways. Better stay on the safe side and get away quickly before he could get hit.

Everyone was silent, uncertain of what to think about the Seeker's hasty departure.

Skyfire sat in his room tinkering with some small machine he was making when the door chime went off.

"Come in! It's unlocked!"

The door hissed open and the sound of thruster heels clacking filled the silence. Skyfire's optics widened before he jerked his helm around to see the Air Commander approaching, the door sliding shut behind him.

"Hey," The Seeker grunted as if this was an ordinary event.

"Uh, hey," Skyfire replied a little uncertainly. "What's up?"

Starscream shrugged. "Just thought I would swing by. Nothing else going on."

"I thought you were in a meeting with Optimus and the other head honchos?"

"Meh," Starscream waved a servo dismissively. "Left early."

Skyfire raised an optical ridge. "Is something wrong? Did they not need you?"

Starscream picked up a small engine for a maintenance drone and idly studied it as he spoke. "Things are fine." He said quietly.

Skyfire's wings lowered. "No, they're not. You're upset about something."

"I'm fine, Sky." The Seeker said in the same tone.

"Star, what's wrong?"

Starscream vented a sigh. He set the engine back, but didn't look up at the shuttle. "I just fragged up. Made a fool of myself. Everyone is pissed at me. As always. I just needed to get away."

"Why are they pissed? What happened?"

"I just called the Prime 'Megatron.' I didn't mean to, but I did. Primus, why did I do that?" He grumbled the last part.

"It was just an accident, sweetie. And I doubt they're mad at you. I mean, you have been with Megatron for a long time. You're gonna accidentally call someone by his designation or someone
else by some other Decepticon's designation. The other orbital cycle Ratchet accidentally called Sunstreaker 'Sideswipe' and Sideswipe 'Sunstreaker.' Just our glossa getting a little tangled in our mouths."

"Hmm,"

Skyfire swallowed, silently watching the smaller flyer. The Seeker finally looked up and noticed Skyfire's work.

"What are you doing?" The Seeker leader inquired, his wings raising slightly.

"Oh, I'm working on building a drone. Something to help me keep things organized. Wanna see?"

"Yeah, sure." Starscream said softly as he approached.

"I apologize for not having another chair. Maybe I could go and grab-" The shuttle stopped when the Seeker, without hesitation or invite, climbed onto his lap and sat down. Skyfire swallowed, ecstatic and at the same time nervous about this turn of events. "Um, do-do you-"

"You probably should use a smaller engine. Perhaps one for floor cleaners so that you conserve on fuel." Starscream said as if nothing unusual was going on, his blue servos idly messing with the pieces before him.

Skyfire was silent a moment. "Uh, yeah, I should. But, I was thinking that maybe I could make this drone be able to fly. So I was trying to see if the engine for the larger maintenance drones might work."

"No, because those engines are too bulky, in my opinion. You know what, we just should build one from scratch."

"W-we?"

"Yes, we.' You really think I'm going to let you frag up your little drone by yourself? Hand me that screwdriver. Now, Sky. Time is of the essence." Starscream grunted as he held a servo out.

Skyfire reached over and picked up the screwdriver, placing into the Seeker's servo. Starscream took it and immediately turned to taking apart part of the machine.

"Uh, I just-" Skyfire started.

"Nah huh! Not another word from you. As always, I have to go in and fix what you screw up. Primus, where did you learn to build drones? This is a mess."

A small smiled etched itself over Skyfire's visage. Starscream was always like this. He wasn't actually being mean, just his way of teasing the shuttle. Something that made so many assume that the Seeker was just a bully. No, not his Starscream. Starscream was actually capable of being quite sweet and loving towards those who he trusted.

Starscream kept grumbling and making snarky comments as the two worked together for the first time in thousands of vorns. Factions forgotten, drama and the horrors of life tossed to the wind for just a few breems of peace between friends.

Skyfire swallowed. He wanted them to be more than just friends, but Thundercracker's icy words and murderous glare kept returning to his processor. But for now, at least he could enjoy the feeling of having Starscream sitting on his lap. Content and just able to relax for once in his
Remember in Filia when Dawnstar was telling the Lamborghini Twins about the Elite Trine and their roleplays? And one of them involved asking questions about a "large breast-plated femme?" Yeah... That's the inside joke. :P

Starscream REALLY hates Prowl. Next chapter will have some epic scenes between them showing their intense hate.

Mirage was not taken out back and shot. No one was. Well, maybe Rodimus will be... I love Rodimus. Don't worry, he'll be back. Although, he really should learn to keep his mouth shut. And yes, in the IDW comics it's confirmed that he and Prowl are the same rank and therefore Prowl can't order him about, much to Prowl's chagrin.

Sunstreaker betrayed the Autobots to Starscream in the IDW comics. Snitching on the other Autobots to Prowl is nothing. He doesn't like them and most don't like him. Besides, he knew Prowl would probably do unspeakable things to his twin so he HAD to save him. :P

Waste tanks are canon. They are mentioned in the IDW comics. Makes sense when you think about where all the slag some Cybertronians eat goes to. Like the Predacons or Terrorcons...

Thundercracker is going to kill Skyfire. Poor Sky. :( He just wants some loving from his Seeker beau!

Also, I want to point out something. If you've noticed, when Megatron was interfacing with Starscream and he got Starscream's trans fluids on his digits/servos, he forced Starscream to lick it off. But, TC and 'Warp willingly lick it off their own servos. Just some of the little things showing how Megatron didn't care for Starscream but his trinemates do. I have other things like that in the story that you have to pay attention to to notice.
Skyfire dreamily looked into space, ignoring Wheeljack’s blabbering about something or other as the engineer worked at the same table he was seated at. Skyfire's chin rested on a servo, just thinking about that sexy Seeker. Starscream had been making frequent visits to his quarters the last few orbital cycles to simply help out on the drone and chat. It was mostly depressing subjects the Air Commander would bring up, as if his processor was in a constant state of melancholy. That was, until he mentioned his deceased Conjunct Endura or told stories about Dawnstar as a sparkling.

That Seeker loved that femme and daughter of his. The way he smiled, how his optics brightened, his tone of voice. They were so precious to him, and he just want to be with them. But then he always resumed his quiet, upset demeanor when the memories of Moonstar's death returned, or how Dawnstar had become a hateful troublemaker.

Skyfire wished he could just make everything better for Starscream. His friend deserved so much more than a life of misery. Than to have been so horribly abused by Megatron. Than to have lost so much.

"Cybertron to Skyfire. Hey, come in, Skyfire!"

"Oh, hmm?" Skyfire turned to look at Wheeljack. "You said something?"

"I said a lot of things. Where has your processor wandered off to? You haven't said a single word other than 'hi.'" Wheeljack grunted as he set aside his work.

"Oh, I just have a lot on my processor."

"Like?"

"Nothing. It's nothing." Skyfire said softly as he looked away.

"You sure? Is it anything bad? Wanna talk about it?"

"No, no, it's not bad at all." He then smiled sheepishly. "It's good. In a way."

Wheeljack studied him for a moment before his optics glowed. A smile would have been on his faceplates if he had a mouth. "Ooooh, don't tell me. You, my friend, are in love aren't you?! Don't lie, I see the look in your optics."

Skyfire's sheepish smile only grew. "Yeah, maybe. A little."

"Oh, ho ho! And who is the special someone? If I may ask?" Wheeljack said as he nudged the shuttle with an elbow.

"I… You promise you won't laugh?"

"Yeah, yeah, of course not! Hey, as long as you love them and accept them for who they are, what's to laugh about?"

"Well, I do certainly love him and accept him. I probably accept who he is more than anyone else."

Starscream, I Love You
Well, almost anyone else."

"Aaaand? Who is he? Come on!"

Skyfire just smiled, looking down before answering, "I am madly in love with my best friend, Starscream."

Silence. Wheeljack stared at the shuttle with wide, shocked optics for a long, awkward moment.

"S-Starscream? You mean, Seeker Starscream? Starscream who is a mass murderer, manipulative, crazy, psycho killer?! That Starscream?!" Wheeljack demanded incredulously.

"He is not! Starscream is—is a very brilliant, talented, amazing individual. He is a great scientist, incredible in the air, super sexy, and just… FraggIng beautiful. I just… He's not a bad mech." Skyfire defended the Seeker.

"Not a bad mech? Tell that to everyone he's murdered. I admit that he is smart, a skilled warrior, and can fly circles around the best of them. But, he's Starscream! He was Megatron's right servo since the beginning of the war! He helped to create the Decepticons! He-he is a rapist, he is known to brutally kill just for fun, and-and he will do anything to get his way! Even if that means doing horrible things to people. And, I've heard rumors that he is even willing to use his own frame to get what he wants. So, he's basically a prostitute too."

Skyfire's optics narrowed. "Starscream is not a prostitute. I know he has raped femmes in the past and has killed a lot, but he's changed. I think he's becoming the mech he was before the war. The mech that was my best friend. Primus, Wheeljack, I've been in love with him since back in our Academy cycle. I just… I know he has done a lot of bad slag, but I've been talking to him for the past few orbital cycles. He admits to his wrong doings and doesn't seem to ever want to do those things again."

"Yeah, sure he doesn't." Wheeljack grunted.

"You don't know him like I do." He vented a sigh. "You should have seen him before all of this. He was just… so kind. Quiet, cautious, rough around the edges, but once you earned his trust… A great friend. Well, for a time. Our relationship started to go a different way before our exploration trip. We-we almost did it."

Wheeljack studied the large flyer for a moment. "You almost fragged Starscream?"

Skyfire chuckled. "Oh, that is a night I'll never forget. We were more or less mech-friends and were talking about our relationship. For some reason we thought we should interface before anything else. Primus, we were so young and foolish. We had a glass of high grade and then went to the berthroom. Started kissing, touching each other. Completely awkward and not sure what we were doing. And then I started to make the move and that's when Starscream suddenly kicked me off and jumped out the window. I didn't see him again for two orbital cycles. He has some habit or whatever that when he gets far too stressed or feels he can't handle a situation that he just needs to get away. Far away. And stay away for a while." He swallowed. "By the sound of it, his daughter picked up the same habit."

The two were silent for nearly a klik before Wheeljack spoke up. "Well, I hope you're right about Starscream and that he does change his ways. You deserve to be happy, Sky. And if ol' Screamer makes you happy." He shrugged. "So be it."

Skyfire smiled. "Thanks Wheeljack. That means a lot to me."
"Hey, what are friends for? Now, let's get back to what we were doing."

"What were we doing?"

Wheeljack raised an optic ridge. "Wow, you have been out of it for a while. Alright, well, I'll start back from the beginning and you don't drift off on me."

"Alright, I'll try. But I'm not promising anything." Skyfire smiled.

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**Almost a Decacycle Later:**

Starscream lay on the berth, his trinemates doing the usual routine of touching him, massaging him, kissing him, pleasuring him, loving on him. He was still trembling, on the verge of tears, and occasionally muttering something negative about himself, but he was managing to not scream or loudly bawl.

There was static in his optics, a few coolant tears leaking out every so often, his cycling heavy, but he stayed still. Even when he overloaded after Skywarp gave him oral and Thundercracker touched him all over. His trinemates were going to try to overload him again and thus switched roles.

Thundercracker started to touch around Starscream's valve, getting ready to begin licking when Starscream spoke.

"Th-Thunder… Please…"

"What is it, sweetie?" Thundercracker asked gently.

"I… I think we should take the next step." Starscream swallowed.

"What do you mean? We are going to work on overloading you multiple times." Thundercracker said a little confused.

"You've been overloading me more than once for the past orn or so. I…" He paused to cycle air as he started to tremble harder. "Please… Thunder…"

"What is it, love? What do you need?"

"I need you. I-I think I'm ready for the next step."

"I'm not sure I follow…"

Starscream started to leak coolant tears. "Please… TC… Lay y-your servos on me. N-not Megatron. Y-you. T-take me, Thunder… P-please, enter me and-and frag me."

Thundercracker swelled. "You sure you are ready?"

"I don't think I'll ever be ready unless… unless we go ahead and do it now. Please, just… Just do it, TC. I need to remember… I need to feel… I just… Please, TC, bond with me. L-love me."

Thundercracker's wings lowered. "Alright, sweetie." He said in almost a whisper. "I'll bond with you. But, if you want me to stop, just say so and I will. Don't be afraid to say anything, alright?"

Starscream nodded his helm, his servos clutching as he started to shake even harder. Skywarp kissed him on the cheekplates as Thundercracker positioned himself to penetrate his trineleader. He placed the tri colored Seeker's legs on his hips and removed his codpiece. Starscream looked
down, swallowing at the sight he once welcomed and loved seeing.

As if he was the most fragile and breakable thing in existence, Thundercracker entered him. Starscream gasped, his intakes hiking and shaking so hard. Coolant began to pour out as he softly sobbed. He grabbed Skywarp's servos and squeezed.

"Want me to pull out or are you okay?" Thundercracker asked softly.

"N-no. K-keep g-going. Primus…" He managed to choke out between sobs.

Thundercracker placed his servos over Starscream's waist causing him to flinch. Starscream sounded as if he was hyperventilating, he was inhaling so quickly. Skywarp took Starscream's servos and made him hold onto Thundercracker's wrists, feeling that it was not Megatron touching him.

Slowly, gently, Thundercracker started to thrust into his trineleader. Starscream started to cry, but forced his optics to remain on Thundercracker's, reassuring himself that it was those loving blood red optics and not the lustful ones.

"Please… I'm nothing… Primus, stop it… I am s-strong… I am b-beautiful… I-I am loved…" He swallowed. "Harder TC."

"You sure?"

"Yes. Just a little bit. I-I just need… Need to remember."

Thundercracker did so, thrusting a little harder and faster into Starscream. Starscream gasped before swallowing. He concentrated on slowing his intakes, just softly panting as his systems heated up.

After a bit, the two finally overloaded and Starscream cried out while Thundercracker growled with gritted denta. Starscream moaned softly as he was filled with Thundercracker's fluids. He swallowed, just cooling off.

"Well?" Thundercracker panted softly.

"I-it d-didn't hurt." Starscream said in almost a whisper. "Primus, it didn't hurt!" He then started to cry, covering his faceplates as coolant poured out.

"Aw, Scree. I'm so happy." Skywarp smiled as he kissed his trineleader on the cheekplates.

"Skywarp, please… I-I need you, too." Starscream said as he looked up at him. "Please, I need to feel the both of my trinemates."

"You sure it won't be too much, Star? I could do it tomorrow."

"No, now. Please, 'Warp. I-I can't go any longer without you."

Skywarp nodded his helm slowly. Thundercracker pulled out and Skywarp took his place. Just as slow and gentle, Skywarp entered his trineleader and began to thrust. He leaned forward and captured Starscream's lip plates in a searing kiss as he humped. Starscream kissed back, his glossa entering Skywarp's mouth.

Starscream cried out through his overload as Skywarp growled. The two Seekers panted into each others faceplates before both smiling.
"Oh, Screamer, I've missed you so much!" Skywarp exclaimed before kissing Starscream again.

"I know. I-I've missed you too. Both of you." Starscream said quietly as he wiped away coolant.

Starscream sat on a control panel in the Control Room, his arms wrapped around Thundercracker's helm, holding him close as they kissed. Thundercracker's one servo held Starscream by the small of his back while the other grasped his hip. Their glossas playing with each others, optics offline, their kissing becoming more and more passionate.

All the Autobots in the Control Room tried to ignore them, a few glancing over either disgusted or not sure what to think. Red Alert looked like he was about to spasm or throw a fit, or something, for they were right next to his console.

Skywarp moved in, the three having a three-way kiss, holding each other, feeling each other, massaging each other. Glossas darting in and out of each other's mouths, wings clipping together from their close proximity, soft moans escaping vocalizers from the loving touches.

Cliffjumper couldn't take anymore. "Hey, 'Cons! Quit being disgusting and take it somewhere else! You think we want to see that!?" He bellowed.

Thundercracker responded by grabbing Starscream's leg and placing it on his hip as he pushed him forward. Starscream leaned back onto the console, his back soon against the vid screen just before it. His trinmates still kissing and loving, getting more and more passionate.

Prowl and Jazz entered the Control Room, the two engaging in friendly palaver when they stopped. Prowl's optics narrowed, his grip on the datapad he held tightening. He marched straight over to the Seekers, Jazz hanging back as he watched.

"Starscream. Starscream!" Prowl snapped as he stood beside Red Alert.

Starscream shoved both of his trinmates away simultaneously as he sat up. They took a step back from him and silently stood to the side. Starscream raised his wings as he looked at Prowl.

"Can I help you?" Starscream inquired as if nothing unusual was going on.

"Starscream, I would ask of you to not participate in such activities in public." Prowl intoned.

"Not participate…? And what was I doing that was so morally unsettling, shortstuff?"

"You were upsetting the workplace and workers with your display of public affection."

"'Upsetting' or 'distracting'? You Autobots simply can't concentrate when hot Seekers are getting it on?" Starscream smirked sexily.

"Hmm!" Red Alert grunted as he took a sip of his very large cube of energon. Large enough to get him through the orbital cycle without having to leave his station for more.

"Such romantic displays are not permitted within a work environment. They are to remain in the berthroom. No exception." Prowl said firmly.

"Oh, so none of this?" Starscream then grabbed Skywarp's mandible, forced him closer, and kissed him on the lip plates. Skywarp kissed back, the two soon having their glossas inside each others mouths. Then, Starscream shoved Skywarp aside and turned back to Prowl. "Just sounds like you have never been with anyone you deeply cared about."
Prowl's doorwings twitched. "I will not repeat myself, Starscream. Keep it to yourselves. No one else wants to see it."

"Megatron and the others learned to deal with it. So will you." Starscream said dismissively as he crossed his arms.

Prowl just glared at him for a moment before speaking. "I've given you a warning."

"I still don't see what the problem was. We hadn't even started fragging each other. It was simply kissing and touching each other."

"Which was exactly the problem."

"For claiming that Decepticons are hateful and love no one, you Autobots seem to be very against affection."

"It's the public display of it that we are against."

"Such a sad, lonely life you all live if you can't kiss your mate in front of everyone…" Starscream grunted.

"It would be different if it was a Conjux Endura."

Starscream's optics glowed brightly. "So, wait, the problem isn't the fact I am kissing in public. The problem is who I'm kissing in public?!"

"I understand that in Seeker culture it is acceptable to have intercourse and affectionate interactions with select individuals, but we who are not Seekers do not agree with such relationships. It would be greatly appreciated if you kept it out of our sight so that we do not have to see any of it."

Starscream's optics narrowed, his wings raised aggressively. "You don't want to see us kissing simply because you discriminate against how Seekers trine and bond? I thought your Prime preached freedom for all?!"

"You can still be indecent in the privacy of your berthroom where it doesn't have to be witnessed by us." Prowl said firmly.

"Indecent? Is that what you call it?" Starscream growled.

"Indecent, obscene, immoral, debauch, improper, sinful, licentious, odious, detestable, repugnant… Take your pick." Prowl listed in that cold, monotone vocalizer of his.

And that was taking it too far. Starscream glowered at the Autobot SIC for a hard, intense moment before reaching over and picking up Red Alert's barely touched energon cube. He held it over Prowl's helm, then slowly, meticulously poured it out in a thin, steady stream onto the Praxian's helm. Prowl didn't move an inch. His optics offline as he held still like a statue, just silently taking the immature revenge.

Everyone who was watching had wide, horrified optics. No one moved, no one cycled air, some swallowed. Jazz gaped, Thundercracker face palmed, Skywarp giggled. Red Alert looked upset about his energon being wasted.

That sexy, sly smirk of Starscream's slowly crept itself over the handsome visage of the flyer as he continued to pour the copious amount of energon onto Prowl's helm. The energon flowed down his faceplates, neck cables, and along his frame until it dripped off onto the floor.
When the cube was finally empty, after what felt like an eternity for everyone watching, Starscream gave it a gentle shake to get every last drop out before releasing it, allowing it to bounce off Prowl's helm. Starscream kept smirking as he then flicked a rude Vosian hand gesture in Prowl's faceplates before walking away.

Starscream stopped just behind Prowl and spoke. "Find someone to frag, Sunshine. Maybe then you will finally get that shaft out of your tailpipe."

Starscream then gave Prowl a hard smack on the aft before walking out, his trinimates quickly following him. Prowl never moved. His servos gently shaking the datapad he held with his growing fury. Not even when Starscream struck him did he move or react. Everyone just watched the Seekers exit, the Autobot SIC unresponsive.

Once the door hissed shut behind the Elite Trine, Prowl twirled around and viciously threw the datapad. It struck the now closed door and broke into multiple pieces, startling everyone. Prowl balled his servos into fists, his jaws clenched and cycling air heavily as his frame heated up with his wrath. He turned around, stomped towards a table, flipped it over with all of its contents scattering, then stormed out another door.

No one moved or even dared to cycle air. Everyone's optics were large, horrified and surprised at the same time from the rare show of emotion from the strategist. Jazz swallowed as he looked at the door Prowl had departed through.

"Wow…" Hound said slowly as he turned back to his console.

"That was intense." Bumblebee said almost matter-of-factly as he looked at his console as if he was fascinated about the turn of events.

"I think Prowl is going to kill someone…" Groove swallowed nervously.

"Hey, you gonna go check on him, Jazz?" Hot Spot inquired as he looked back at the head of special ops.

"An' risk my helm bein' ripped off? Nah, man. I wanna live ta see da end of dis war." Jazz said it as if it was a fact.

"Alright, tell me what happened." Optimus said tiredly as the Elite Trine and Prowl sat on chairs before his desk, a large gap between the flyers and grounder.

"Starscream poured an entire cube of energon onto my helm before slapping me on the aft." Prowl said slowly, still trying to keep from killing anyone. "He also made a very vulgar servo gesture at me and was quite disrespectful in tone and word usage towards me."

"Says you…" Starscream grumbled as he sat with arms crossed, slouching in his chair as if he did this far too many times.

"Says you…" Starscream grumbled as he sat with arms crossed, slouching in his chair as if he did this far too many times.

"Ahem…" The Prime made a sound as if clearing his vocalizer. "Starscream, why did you behave so?"

"Because I obviously wasn't raised properly, Prime. I was born into a cult with 'indecent' and 'vile' tendencies that are greatly frowned upon within this establishment of yours." Starscream said sarcastically. "I was being an immoral savage with my obscene and offensive behavior, and so Little Perfection right here decided to call me out on it. How was I supposed that what I was doing was sinful and repulsive when I was never taught otherwise?"
Optimus vented a sigh as he pinched the bridge of his olfactory sensor. "What did you do…?"

"I was kissing my trinemates in public."

"That's it?"

Starscream shrugged. "We were touching, giving some glossa, not even really getting it on."

Optimus leaned back in his chair for a moment as he thought before sitting upright again. "I will not condemn anyone at fault here. I have my own opinions on the matter but will remain silent as it is not my place to rebuke different ideologies or cultures that are not harmful to others. But, we must be respectful towards each other and be tolerable to our different beliefs. Now," He laced his digits together as he placed his servos on the desk before him. "I understand Seekers behave in certain ways that us non-Seekers may find upsetting in a public environment. To be fair to all, try to refrain from having intercourse or suggestively touching each other in public. A few kisses and a little touching won't offline anyone if it is seen." He said to the flyers.

"Understood, Prime." Starscream grunted.

"Thank you. And Prowl, I understand you have very strong opinions concerning certain behaviors, but please speak to me first before anything else."

"Yes, sir."

"Ooooh, someone got in trouble!" Skywarp giggled.

Prowl glared at him from the corner of his optic for an astrosecond before reverting his attention back to his superior.

"I want an apology." Starscream demanded.

"Fair enough." Optimus Prime replied before turning to Prowl. "Prowl, apologize to Starscream for your behavior."

Prowl's wings twitched in agitation. Starscream smirked.

"I apologize for my behavior and speaking to you so, Starscream. It was not my place to say such things regarding Seeker culture." Prowl said it in that monotone voice of his despite it being the most difficult thing for him to ever have to do.

"Yeah, thought so." Starscream said almost victoriously, causing Prowl to clench his servos.

"Apology accepted." Thundercracker said quickly to the Praxian.

"Now, Starscream," The Prime turned to him. "Just because you are not an Autobot does not mean you do not fall under our jurisdiction. You acted out of line and therefore have consequences to deal with just as Prowl."

"I'm not apologizing to that slagheap for insulting my people, Prime." Starscream snapped.

Thundercracker vented an exasperated sigh. "Optimus, if I may speak?"

"Go right ahead, Thundercracker." Optimus gestured for him to do so.

"Starscream is a stubborn-aft, glitchhelm who won't respond positively to whatever you may do to him. I was deeply hurt by Prowl's words, but I still recognize my trineleader's disrespectful and
inappropriate behavior and that he must be punished for it. If it is all right with you, I would like to be the one to do so." Thundercracker explained to the large grounder.

"What?" Starscream suddenly turned to his trinemate, confused by what he was saying.

"I'm not sure I understand fully." Optimus said slowly.

"Starscream won't listen to you, and anything you do to him will only make him angry and not learn his lesson. And the only way he learns anything is from very harsh sentences. Something you will never hand out. But if I were the one to punish him he would listen and learn." Thundercracker continued. "I even can punish him in front of you so that you know for a fact he was handled."

"No, we are not doing this." Starscream said quickly, glaring daggers at his blue brother.

"O-oh, yes, we are." Thundercracker said firmly as he jabbed a digit at Starscream. "You have been acting up again and need to learn some manners. These Autobots aren't going to knock sense into you so I have to. You don't need to be bullying anyone anymore, Star. And if you won't stop being an aft than I will do my duty as your trinemate to make sure you don't end up getting yourself killed. Don't give me that look. I've risked my life plenty of times for your slagging aft, and the least you could do is be a bit more respectful towards me."

"I will not be made a fool in front of Autobots." Starscream growled.

"You've already made a fool of yourself. Not another word from you." Thundercracker snapped.

"I would love to see Starscream punished." Prowl intoned, a small smile tugging at the corners of his lip plates.

"Shut your whore mouth." Starscream snapped venomously as he jabbed a digit at Prowl.

"And that is why you have made a fool of yourself!" Thundercracker exclaimed.

"I outrank you."

"I'm older."

"Stop it!" Skywarp shouted.

Optimus Prime rubbed his temples tiredly. "Know what? Thundercracker, do whatever. You seem to be the mature one and know what you are doing."

"What!? 'Mature?!'" Starscream bellowed.


"No."

"Star, I rather not wrestle you in front of the Prime. The sooner you cooperate the sooner this will be over."

"Not in front of them." Starscream grumbled.

"Yes, in front of them. Because maybe then you will learn something after you have been humiliated. And maybe Prowl will learn something about Seekers, since we do enjoy punishing via humiliation."
"Thundercracker." Starscream said with gritted denta.

"Starscream." Thundercracker growled right back as he waved two digits for Starscream to approach.

"I'm not going over there."

"That adds to your sentence."

"Frag off."

Thundercracker stood up, grabbed Starscream by the arm, yanked him up, and then pulled him over to his seat. Starscream struggled to get away, but Thundercracker was stronger. The blue Seeker sat down and roughly forced Starscream to lie over his lap. Starscream tried to get back up, but Thundercracker grabbed a wing and held him down. Then, the blue Seeker unsubspaced the metal switch he had left in his subspace pocket.

"I think I like where this is going." Prowl said in his emotionless vocalizer as he pressed the tips of his digits together to form a steeple.

"Ah! Primus, you creation-ah! Of a-ah! whore! Ah! This isn't-ah! Making me-ah! Learn anything! Ah! Ah! I'm just-ah! getting angry! Ah! Ah! Dammit! Ah! Ah!" Starscream shouted as his aft was brutally beaten by Thundercracker.

"You will shut up and take your punishment." Thundercracker said harshly, never ceasing in his lashing. "You will apologize to Prowl for being an aft, and you will not be such a brat! We are no longer dealing with the other Decepticons. We are with the Autobots!"

"Ah! He insu-ack! Insulted us! Ah! Ah! Primus! Ah! Why are-ah! You so-ah! Fragging strong?! Ah! Ack! Stop it! Ahh! I will-ah! Not apolo-ah! Apologize! Ah! TC! Ah! Stop it!"

Skywarp just watched as if this was something done every orbital cycle. "Be sure to hit his thighs too. " He said nonchalantly.

"I will. He won't be forgetting this punishment." Thundercracker replied calmly.


"Starscream, after you have been thoroughly punished and apologize to Prowl for being an aft," Thundercracker paused as he concentrated on giving Starscream a few harder smacks. "We can have apology intercourse all night long."

Starscream instantly stopped struggling, just yelping as he was lashed. He allowed Thundercracker to keep swatting him, whimpering and gripping Thundercracker's leg tightly.

After a klik of mercilessly beating his trineleader's aft, Thundercracker stopped and pushed Starscream off.

"Apolothesize to Prowl for your behavior." Thundercracker said firmly.

Starscream crossed his arms and slowly turned to face Prowl. Prowl's doorwings raised slightly as he watched the Seeker.

"Get fragged." Starscream grunted.
"Primus-dammit, Starscream!" Thundercracker exclaimed before grabbing Starscream and roughly forcing him to lie back across his knees before resuming the aft beating.

After another klik, Thundercracker released his stubborn trinemate and pushed him towards Prowl. Starscream glared at the blue Seeker for an astrosecond before turning to face the Autobot SIC. He crossed his arms and his wings flared before speaking.

"I apologize for my less than professional behavior and actions towards you. I should not have acted so." Starscream finally managed to say, it obviously hurting him more than the aft beating.

"There, you have both apologized to each other." Optimus said quickly as he placed his servos on his desk. "Now we can forget about this incident and move on. Dismissed."

Thundercracker stood up and grabbed Starscream's mandible before kissing him on the lip plates. "See? Was that so difficult?"

"I hate you." Starscream growled.

"Love you too." Thundercracker replied before kissing him on the lip plates again.

"So, we go to the berthroom now and get it on?!" Skywarp giggled as he leaped to his peds.

Starscream rolled his optics. "I suppose so…" He grumbled.

Skywarp grabbed his trinemates before the trio disappeared in a flash of purple. Prowl turned to Optimus.

"That was different." Optimus remarked.

"It was a mistake to allow them to have free range of the base." Prowl said.

"Well, I think we now know why Megatron felt the need to always be abusing Starscream. He certainly has his processor made up."

"If it wasn't for his skills in combat I would strongly advise we lock him away until he rusts."

"Speaking of locking away: Are you ever going to release the perpetrators?"

"Negative. Including Sideswipe and Sunstreaker, there were fifty-seven offenders. I think they all can form their own colony and stay put until their passing."

"I will need them for the next battle."

"Well have to make due without."

"Prowl, I understand you are upset with them-

"'Upset' would be an understatement."

"I hope you are at least feeding them."

"The minimum amount needed for survival."

"Do they have something to pass the time?"

"Negative."
"Prowl…"

"It's a punishment, not a vacation."

"Alright, alright." Optimus waved a servo dismissively. "Mirage is still alive, correct? I heard rumors that you shot him and would do the same with the others."

"They're all alive. For now."

"I want you to take me to them later this orbital cycle."

"Yes, sir."

"I mean it, Prowl. I want to make sure you aren't subjecting them to less than humane discipline."

"Never."

"Mhmm. Dismissed."

Prowl stood up, inclined his helm, then departed. Optimus watched him go before venting an exasperated sigh.

"The slag I have to deal with." He groused, resuming his game of solitaire on his computer.

Starscream trembled as he kissed Thundercracker, sitting on the edge of the berth with his legs wrapped around the blue Seeker's waist. Coolant tears leaked from his offline optics, soft sobs escaping his vocalizer every so often. Thundercracker gently thrust into his trineleader, holding him close as he loved on him.

The two broke their kiss to growl through their overload, gripping each other tightly. They panted in each other's faceplates, allowing their systems to cool off.

"How was that, love?" Thundercracker managed to ask between pants.

"It didn't hurt." Starscream smiled faintly.

Thundercracker smiled. "Good. I'm so glad you are feeling better, sweetie. Did it make up for beating your aft?"

"Never." Starscream grunted.

"Scree, you ready for the next step?" Skywarp inquired.

"And that would be?"

"Spiking one of us."

Starscream swallowed. "I-I guess so. I haven't… Primus, it's been so long since I've spiked anyone."

Thundercracker kissed Starscream on the lip plates. "You can do this, Star."

Starscream nodded his helm slowly. Thundercracker pulled out and stepped away from the tricolored Seeker. Starscream slid off the berth and motioned for Skywarp to sit down. The black Seeker did so, and soon he and Starscream interlocked lip plates in a passionate kiss. Skywarp's
legs wrapped around Starscream's waist, the two holding each other, massaging, pleasuring, as their glossas played in each other's mouths.

Starscream was trembling so hard when he slid his codpiece aside and prepared his spike. Skywarp moaned into his trineleader's mouth as he was penetrated, his optics offlining. Starscream started to thrust, slowly gaining speed.

"Harder, Scree. You won't hurt me." Skywarp said softly.

Starscream did so, coolant leaking from his optics still. Skywarp kept kissing, touching, and moaning as he was humped, encouraging Starscream to keep going.

Finally, the two overloaded, but it wasn't the same. It wasn't as powerful as it used to be, and there was no trans fluid from Starscream's spike. The excess energy mostly came from Skywarp's frame, surging into Starscream's and making his overload more powerful.

The two just looked at each other for a long moment before Starscream pulled out. He took several steps back, his wings lowering and optics filling with static.

"Scree, it's okay." Skywarp said softly.

"Star, sweetie, please don't." Thundercracker said gently as he approached.

Starscream hugged himself before he begun to sob, coolant quickly pouring from his optics as he offlined them. Thundercracker kissed him on the cheekplates before hugging him. Skywarp trotted over and embraced his trineleader in a hug as well.

It was nearly a klik later before Starscream spoke between choked sobs.

"S-so that's what it f-feels like to be sterile." He cried.

"Oh, sweetie, don't think like that." Thundercracker said softly as he squeezed Starscream lovingly. "So what if you don't overload like you used too when using your spike? That doesn't matter. What matters is that you are safe and we love you, and we can still bond and love on each other. It might feel a little different, but we'll get used to it."

"It's not just that, TC." Starscream wiped away coolant. "I-I won't ever have another creation. I-I just want another sparkling to call my own. Primus, why did he have to do that to me?! I just want another one!"

His trinemates held him close as he broke down into loud, uncontrollable sobs. They kept kissing his cheekplates, listening to him cry his spark out.

"I know, love. I know this hurts. I wish I could make you all better. I wish I could have done so much more when all of that was happening. Primus, I wish I could have switched places with you or something. Shhh, shhhh, just let it out, sweetspark. We're here for you. For now and always. Trine till the bitter end."

Starscream just grabbed his trinemates and held them close as he cried. Inconsolable, sparkbroken, and hurt beyond any physical pain.

Two Orbital Cycles Later:

Skyfire was in the laboratory with Perceptor and Wheeljack when the door hissed open and the Air
Commander entered. The three turned to him, the two grounders confused by the strange visitor.

"You," Starscream pointed a digit at Skyfire, his optics narrow and wings raised aggressively. "Get your slagging aft over here! Now!" He barked as if he was about to tear the shuttle apart.

Skyfire swallowed. "Uh, yeah, sure. C-coming, Star." He stuttered as he set aside his work and quickly walked over.

Starscream only spared him a glare that could instantly deactivate before pivoting on a thruster heel and stomping away. Skyfire looked back at the other two and shrugged, then followed after the Seeker.

The Air Commander led him to a storage room that was rarely visited and stopped by a crate.

"Sit down." He snapped as he jabbed a digit at the crate.

"Um, s-sure." Skyfire said as he quickly did so.

Once he was sitting, Starscream marched over, climbed onto his lap, then burrowed his faceplates into the shuttle's chest piece as his arms wrapped around him.

"Um, Star, I'm not sure I understand wha-" He stopped when he heard the muffled sobs emitting from the Seeker. His wings lowered as his shoulders sagged. "Oh, Starscream, what's wrong, sweetie?" He asked softly as he hugged the smaller flyer.

Starscream just kept crying for several more kliks before finally calming down enough to lift his helm up and wipe away coolant tears. He curled into Skyfire's frame, cycling air quickly as he cooled off his systems. Skyfire lovingly stroked his back plates, holding him close.

"Star? What's wrong, sweetspark?" Skyfire asked again gently.

"I'm just not having a good orbital cycle." Starscream said barely louder than a whisper.

"What's going on? Need me to do anything for you?"

"Just be here." Starscream said so quietly.

"I'm here. What happened?"

"I just haven't been feeling too well." He said in the same tone, keeping his optics looking down. "I had another nightmare, or rather memory, of Megatron taking me and hurting me last night. But I also had the memory of finding Moonstar amongst the ship's rubble. And I just… I just have been feeling more depressed this morning and sick. And my trinemates are gone on patrol. I just… I don't know. Primus, I feel like a pathetic sparkling."

"No. No, you are not," Skyfire said firmly. "You have been through a lot and sometimes just have bad orbital cycle. There is nothing wrong about being upset or crying over the things that have happened to you." He paused. "I'm glad you came to me. Sometimes you just need to talk to someone."

Starscream didn't say anything. He just traced the Autobot insignia on Skyfire's chest piece before tracing along transformation seams. Skyfire vented a sigh and gave Starscream a loving squeeze.

"Want to do something to feel better?" The shuttle asked.

"Normally I would carve up an Autobot prisoner or drink high grade to 'feel better,' but I'm not sure
what to do now." He said softly.

"How about we play a game?"

"No videogames."

"No, I was thinking about a holoboard game or something that requires a lot of thinking."

"Perhaps…"

"Want to build another drone?"

"Nah…"

"Want to go for a flight?"

"I am too low on fuel."

"Then drink some energon."

"I can't…"

"What do you mean?"

"I can't force myself to. Hook or Thundercracker give it to me through my fuel line."

"Alright. How about we go see Hook and he'll give you some energon. Then, we'll go for a flight and just talk. Sounds good?"

"I suppose." Starscream said not very enthusiastically.

"Come on, let's go." Skyfire nudged Starscream to get up.

Starscream started to do so, but then stopped. He turned and looked back into those large, concerned optics. "Skyfire," He said barely louder than a whisper. "Please, don't leave me."

Skyfire swallowed, knowing why Starscream kept saying that to those who he cared for. "Never, Star." Skyfire said softly. "I'll always be here for you."

Starscream just looked at him for a long moment before sliding off his lap and waiting for him to stand. Skyfire stood up and the two walked away together.

"Ever thought about actually reformatting one of them just so that they realize you're serious?" Hook inquired as he helped Ratchet organize boxes of replacement parts.

"I have, but then I consider how much they would be screaming and I rather not have Prowl come in and demand why I turned them into toasters." Ratchet grunted.

"That's why you remove their vocalizers first."

"True."

"It also helps if you give them some pain dampeners first. Makes it less dramatic in that way."

"Hmm, you do have some good suggestions."
"You guys are scaring me." First Aid said from where he was sterilizing a medberth.

"When you are a doctor for killers, you have to be." Hook grinned.

"Or for slagging idiots who would try to deactivate themselves every two joors." Ratchet grunted.

They paused when they heard the door slide open. Ratchet's optics narrowed.

"Sideswipe, if that's you, I swear…"

"It's not Sideswipe." Skyfire said as he and Starscream entered.

The medics all looked up. Hook vented a sigh.

"What did you do now?" The Constructicon grumbled as he walked over.

"Lovely to see you too." Starscream said sarcastically as he approached.

"What are you here for?"

"To make your orbital cycle fabulous, of course." Starscream replied as he sat on a medberth and waved a servo in a very feminine manner.

"Uh huh…"

"Energon."

"I'm still going to run a full scan on you. Knowing you, you probably are about to fall into a thousand pieces."

"Whatever."

Hook prepared the device for giving Starscream energon and brought it over. He manually removed the arm plates, inserted the syringe into the fuel line, and allowed it to release its contents. Once done, he removed it and pushed the plates back into place. He then ran a scanner over the Seeker.

"A little warm. Commander, did you interface with your trinemates this morning." Hook inquired.

"Are we seriously talking about this in front of everyone?" Starscream said it tiredly.

"Well, you're unusually warm for a reason. I need to know why so that I know if I need to fix your regulator or not."

"I interfaced with them last night."

"So, what did you do this morning?"

"Frag off."

"Alright. I will make a note to do a thorough checkup on your regulator later. Anything bothering you?"

"You."

"Ah, glad to see you are doing well."
"I'm refueled, so, I'm going to be going." Starscream said as he started to slide off the medberth.

"Nah uh uh! Not without your antivirus being updated." Hook informed.

"What? Why do I need it updated?"

"Because one, you have been too weak for several stellar cycles to have it done so are quite far behind. Two, I don't trust you around all these Autobots and know you will be having intercourse with someone other than your trinames."  

"Will not!"

"There are quite a few femmes running around this base, and you are no longer mated. Don't give me that look. I know you."

"Do not." Starscream grumbled.

"And three, if you are to be going into battle soon, if what Scrappertoldbeisaccurate,you need it updated for when you are swimming in other mechs' energon. I know how you fight. You seem to enjoy taking baths in that stuff."

"I'm not going to be fragging anyone outside my trine." Starscream continued on.

"There's a brothel not too far away for a Seeker to fly to. I know how much you enjoyed visiting them."

"Not anymore."

"Mhmm."

"Besides, the good whores are in Kaon. I've fragged an Iacon slut and it was less than satisfying." Starscream pointed out as Hook prepared to give him the antivirus.

"Starscream, please don't talk like that." Skyfire said softly.

Starscream looked up at Skyfire, his wings lowering. "Are you still a virgin, Sky? You were when you were frozen. Any Autobots catch your fancy? Or did you just frag a prostitute?"

"That is a rather personal question." Skyfire said uncomfortably.

Starscream shrugged. "That is the answer of a virgin. You should try it sometime. Not so bad when you are in control or are doing it with someone you love."

"I rather not talk about it in front of everyone."

"Starscream, don't upset Skyfire." Ratchet said firmly as he continued to organize parts.

"It was not my intention to upset him. I find it hard to be upset about a topic you have no negative experience in." Starscream grunted as Hook removed his arm plates and injected a syringe into his fuel line. "Word of advice, don't let Megatron get near you. I swear, that piece-of-slag has a barbed spike. Ow!"

"Apologies, Starscream." Hook said as he removed the syringe. "Just giving you one of three antiviruses you require."

"Don't need to make it hurt." Starscream said as he jerked his arm away.
"Don't fight me, commander. You have two more to suffer through."

"You know, Sky, you are far too old to still be a virgin. I'm quite surprised you haven't stuck it in anyone yet. Are these Autobots really that distasteful?" Starscream continued on.

"I, um, I rather not talk about this." Skyfire said quickly.

"Starscream," Hook said as he injected another syringe into the Seeker's fuel line. "Don't talk about Autobots like that when you bred with one and then joined with her."

"Moonstar was different."

"She was. I admit to that. But the fact remains that she was an Autobot."

"Hmm,"

Hook finished giving the Air Commander his antiviruses, then turned to him. "Commander, I would like to have a private chat with you sometime tomorrow."

"Concerning?"

"Just going over your health and checking on your specific areas of interest."

Starscream vented a sigh. "Yes, doctor."

"Alright, I shall see you then."

"Maybe." Starscream grunted as he slid off the medberth and walked over to the door.

Skyfire turned to Hook. "Thank you, Hook, for taking such great care of him." He said quietly.

Hook looked up at him. "Of course. He's my curse. I'm stuck with him so might as well make him function properly."

Skyfire nodded his helm slowly before turning and leaving with the tri colored Seeker. Once the door hissed shut Ratchet chuckled.

"Those two make an interesting couple." He commented.

Hook looked back at him. "I'm not sure I follow."

"Skyfire was Starscream's best friend before the war started, and I heard that Skyfire has a crush on him still."

"Really? Well, then he should know that Starscream is a complete slagging, stubborn-aft and not worth the time. Besides, I doubt he would ever get another Conjux Endura. He probably won't ever get over the loss of Moonstar." Hook grunted.

"I don't know Starscream very well to make any assumptions regarding his love life, but, I do know that Skyfire has a good spark, and won't ever hurt that Seeker. Primus knows that he needs someone like that in his life right now."

"A mate?"

Ratchet smiled as he slowly shook his helm. "A friend."
"And he said that to my faceplates!" Starscream exclaimed as he paced back and forth on the roof of a tower.

"He seriously said that?" Skyfire asked incredulously as he sat crossed legged watching the Seeker.

"Yes, so, I dumped energon on his helm."

"I heard that part about the altercation. And I was told you also slapped Prowl on the aft?"

Starscream stopped and smirked that infamous smirk of his. "Yeah, I did."

"Primus, Starscream, why did you do that?"

Starscream shrugged. "I'm a slagging afthelm. I bully others… And then my trinemates deal with me."

"You shouldn't be proud about being a bully, Star. That's not nice."

"I'm not a nice mech."

"Star, you can be. You're nice to me, to your trinemates. You were nice to your Conjux Endura, and-and you're nice to your daughter. You're a good mech, Star. You really are. You just need to not feel like defending yourself from everyone. Not everyone is going to hurt you." Skyfire said softly.

"Just mostly everyone."

"Star…"

"Well, you would be happy to know that TC beat my aft with a metal switch afterwards. Then we had apology interfacing."

"I didn't need to know that last part."

Starscream smiled. "Come on, Sky. It's only natural. You don't freak out when talking about sparklings emerging, so why is the process of making a sparkling so uncomfortable?"

"No, please, I rather not discuss it." Skyfire held a servo up to make Starscream stop.

"Seekers are very big on interfacing for bonding purposes, Sky. If you are going to hang out with me you better get use to it. I know, I never talked about it back during the Academy, but that was before I was trined. Now, I have trined with two of the greatest sluggers ever and bond with them often to stay close."

"I'm very happy that you have your trinemates, but I rather skip out on hearing about the bonding parts."

Starscream just shook his helm. "You are such a virgin, Sky. Once you have someone you love and start making love to them you'll understand."

Skyfire swallowed. "Well, w-we'll see."

Starscream's wings flicked. "I know that look. Who is it Sky? You are obviously thinking about someone important."

Skyfire smiled sheepishly. "Yeah, I am."
Starscream approached until he stood in front of Skyfire. "What is the special someone like?"

"Well, he is very handsome, for one." Skyfire said slowly as he looked down. "And smart, and skilled, and just incredible." He swallowed before looking up into those blood red optics. "He also is just an amazing person to be around. Always has something to say. Has the most beautiful of smiles that is just so warm, has so much personality. And then his optics just… Just draw you in like… Wow, I just can't even think of what words to use to describe it. So much life in those optics. A raging fire. Mystery. So much spirit." He paused to glance into both of Starscream's optics. "So wild and free. Never to be conquered or submit to anyone." He said a little quieter. "And he's just… a fighter. A survivor. Someone who is just so easy to admire and love."

Starscream's wings lowered as he swallowed. "You sure he's easy to love?" He asked barely louder than a whisper.

Skyfire smiled faintly. "Yeah… It's hard to stay mad at him. You just… Never want to be away from him. The problem is… He is always mad at himself and just can't forgive himself for mistakes he realizes that he made. He beats himself up about things when he's already so perfect. So beautiful. So… incredible. He's his own worse enemy." Skyfire paused. "He's a little rough around the edges and has been through a lot, but that doesn't make him any less extraordinary. He has seen things, experienced things, done things… It all has only made him stronger. Wiser. Better. He's just… When I take a step back and look at him… I just don't know how to express myself. He's stunning… divine… I look at him and just don't know what to say… I forget to cycle air. I just… Wow. That's all I can think of. Just… Wow."

"Sounds like you have a problem." Starscream said so softly, a small smile on his handsome visage.

Skyfire offered a small smile back. "I think my main problem is getting the brass bearings to just tell him how much I love him." He swallowed. "How much I've always loved him."

Starscream took a step back. "Maybe he just isn't ready to hear it yet." He said in the same quiet tone.

"Maybe. But I still feel like I should tell him."

"What if he isn't ready for another serious relationship? What if he is still broken from the loss of the last one? What if he is… scared?"

"I hope he isn't scared. I would never hurt him. How could I hurt someone I am so hopelessly in love with and just… just want to be with until the end of time?"

"What if he thinks it would be him that would ruin the relationship?"

"Well, he does always beat himself up. He just needs to realize that he isn't a magnet for negativity and bad slag. He's just a beautiful spark that has as much right as anyone for a happy life… with whoever he wishes to be with."

Starscream swallowed, a couple of coolant tears leaking from his optics. "Why would you want to be with a killer? A r-rapist? A monster?"

"Because he isn't any of those. Not anymore. He realized his mistakes, changed, and I know he would never do them again. And when I look into his optics… I don't see any of those things. I just see him. His spark. And Primus, he is beautiful… Inside and out. He just hasn't seen it for himself, yet."
"I'm not a good person, Sky. I'm really not." He said as he fought back quiet sobs. "I just don't want to be with me."

"I do, Star. I've wanted to be with you for so long. Star... I love you. I've always loved you and I just want to be with you. Star, you are so important to me. I just... I can't stand the thought of not having you in my life." He smiled nervously.

"Sky, I-I just..." He started to softly sob, coolant pouring from his optics. "I can't, Sky. I just..."

"What's wrong, Star? Sweetie, please tell me." He swallowed.

"I-I joined with someone else. I know she's gone, but I just... I-I can't, Sky." He said so softly.

"I understand you're still mourning over Moonstar. I-I can wait, Star. I can wait until you're ready." He said quietly.

"Not just that... I just... I'm sorry."

Starscream suddenly powered on his thrusters, transformed, and hastily flew away.

"Star! Wait! Please!" Skyfire called after him as he too transformed and gave chase.

Starscream didn't give him a chance to catch up. He broke the sound barrier and raced away at Mach 3, leaving the shuttle to ride off the effects of the sonic boom. Skyfire still followed after him until he was no longer on his scanner. The Autobot flew down, transformed, and landed atop another building. He vented a tired sigh as he sat down and held his helm.

"Well, Sky, you certainly slagged that up." He rubbed his temples. "I should have waited. Primus, why was I so stupid?!"

The Elite Trine panted and softly moaned as they bonded. Starscream was in the middle, thrusting into Thundercracker while Skywarp thrust into him. Starscream was trembling as Skywarp held him, his arms wrapped firmly around his trineleader's waist. Starscream held onto Thundercracker's hips, and Thundercracker rested his servos on the berthtop.

This was Starscream's first time being between them in so long, still nervous and softly crying as coolant leaked out of his optics. He gasped as Skywarp thrust harder and faster, working him back to how rough they used to be with each other. Starscream offlined his optics and just told himself that he was with his trinemates, not with him.

"Come on, Star. Harder." Thundercracker panted as he looked back at his trineleader. "Just like you used to."

"I-I'm working on it." Starscream said softly back as he thrust harder and faster.

"That's it. Oh, yeah, that's it." Thundercracker moaned.

Their frames were heating up, inner fans working hard to cool them off. Just the sound of their frames clanking together, gasps, and moans in the berthroom. Skywarp kissed Starscream on the nape, and the tri colored Seeker trembled.

"Love you, Scree." Skywarp said softly into Starscream's audio receptor.

"Love you, too." Starscream panted back.
They kept going until their chest pieces all simultaneously parted, exposing their brightly pulsing sparks. Tendrils of raw energy reaching out, tangling, wrapping, clinging to each other, powering each other's sparks, overheating their systems.

They cried out in unison as their overload erupted through their systems, excess energy coursing through their bodies and into the metal berth and floor. Electricity flowing between their frames, tickling and pleasuring.

They panted, just concentrating on cooling off. Starscream swallowed, that having been his first time sparkbonding with his trine in so long. He wiped away coolant tears as they started to pour out anew.

"What's wrong, Scree?" Skywarp asked gently.

"It didn't hurt." Starscream said barely louder than a whisper. "Primus, it just d-didn't hurt."

"I don't know why you claim your spike can't make you overload like before. That still felt amazing." Thundercracker smiled as he looked back at Starscream.

Starscream nodded his helm slowly. "Alright, get out, 'Warp." He said in the same quiet tone.

"Okay, Star." Skywarp said as he pulled out.

Starscream pulled out of Thundercracker and sat on the berth. He didn't look at his trinemates, just kept his optics lowered.

"Star, what's wrong, love?" Thundercracker asked as sat beside Starscream and hugged him.

"Nothing." Starscream said barely audible.

"Scree, don't be sad." Skywarp said as he sat on the other side of Starscream and hugged him as well.

Starscream didn't say anything, just wiped coolant away. Thundercracker kissed him on the cheekplates.

"Are you upset about interfacing? Do you want us to take a break from it?" The blue Seeker asked.

"No, I-I want to bond with you. I love you two and just-just want to be with you. I just… I'm just not having a good orbital cycle." Starscream said quietly.

"What's going on? Did someone bother you? Just give me a designation and I'll handle the rest." Thundercracker said suddenly firmly, his optics narrowing.

Starscream slowly shook his helm. "No, Thunder. I just… I just haven't been feeling well. I-I had another memory of Megatron hurting me last night… Of him…" He stopped when he started to sob.

"Shhhhh, shhhhh. Don't go into details. Just try to forget about it. You're free from him. You're never have to deal with him again." Thundercracker said gently as he stroked Starscream's back.

"I-I also had the memory of finding Moonstar in the ship's rubble. And-and her cold frame… And just… I miss her. Dammit, I just wish she was still alive!" He cried as he covered his faceplates, sobbing uncontrollably.

"I know, Star. We all miss her."
"Yeah, Scree. She was special to all of us." Skywarp said as he wiped away his own coolant tears. Thundercracker pulled Starscream closer to him and allowed the Air Commander to cry into his chest piece as he lovingly stroked his back. "Just let it out, Star. We're here for you. I know this all sucks, but we'll get through this. We love you and won't ever leave you. No matter what happens."

"You're the best, Screamer. We love you more than anything else." Skywarp said as he hugged Starscream tightly.

Thundercracker just held Starscream close, listening to him cry out his sorrow wishing he could just fix everything. No one deserved to be suffering like he was.

Well, maybe Megatron… but they would deal with him when the time came.

Chapter End Notes

Woo! Drama! This is my first time writing about relationship drama like this. I don't have romance drama in my own stories. My dragons and aliens just kill everyone who gives them trouble. :P Also my first time writing about cute awkward people. Skyfire is so cute being all awkward like that. He just is-D'awwwww! ;)

Okay, so, in the IDW comics it is made clear that Prowl is "racist." Not with humans/organics, but concerning other Cybertronians. Cybertronians who base form/root mode is basically a non-human animal, like Ravage, Buzzsaw, Laserbeak, etc. are considered lowlifes, dumb, etc. Soundwave liked Megatron because Megs didn't think like that, and Soundwave was happy that his friends were accepted by the gladiator. But pricks like Prowl remain ignorant and discriminate against frame types.

Now, I don't know if IDW made Prowl "racist" because he just seems to be the type to be a racist douchebag, or if they are trying to educate us about police brutality and how not even police officers are perfect. Either way, Prowl is a prick.

Now, since Prowl is a confirmed, canon racist prick, why wouldn't he be homophobic as well? I have yet to hear of a racist moron who wasn't a homophobe. I'm Mexican. I deal with racism a lot. Anyway, so if Prowl is a Cybertronian version of a homophobic racist, why would he remain silent when viewing Seekers being "indecent?" Especially with what a stubborn glitch he is.

And back in Ancillam, if you recall, Rumble and Frenzy told Dawnstar that Seekers were wrong for trining and interfacing like they do. Because, it isn't "right" in their optics, just as being gay isn't "right" to some humans.

Have I put too much thought into this? Maybe. :P

Moving on!
Okay, concerning Starscream and interfacing: I have done a lot of research in the past concerning castrated males and how they behave sexually/can they "do it?" Not just with humans, but other animal species. I have an alien character in my story who is castrated so I did research on how he would be thinking, acting, etc. to make the story more realistic. I also work with neutered pets a lot so have knowledge with some of this stuff too. Anyway, let me explain:

Despite being castrated, males can still have erections. This is a fact, and every castrated male, regardless of species, can still do it. No problem there. Sexual desire is where things change. Most will not want it, but there have been cases of desire in some non-human animals still, and in the past with eunuchs. And some can reach climax still, just without the mess and it actually takes more "stimulation" for them to reach climax. So, yeah, longer "bonding time" with the trine! ;)

Regarding his gestation tank and valve: Starscream still has all of that fully intact, and probably could make a sparkling, but the sparkling wouldn't survive in the gestation tank. It might last a few hours, but will inevitably die. It is incapable of keeping a fetus alive, not making one. So, Starscream is still able to get the "full package" when it comes to using his valve and everything.

Moving on again!

Emotional breakdowns are no fun. You can be depressed and feeling like slag everyday, and then just in the middle of one day you find yourself unable to take things and breakdown. For me, I usually end up thinking about all the bad stuff, it overwhelms me, and then I'm an emotional wreck. You can even have them for bad stuff that happened a very long time ago, despite your life being relatively great in the present. Just how your body does things. It's weird.

Skyfire is going to get killed by Thundercracker... :( A battle in next chapter, more Star vs Prowl, and DRAMA! Yay! Woo! This was the longest end note ever! XD
Starscream avoided Skyfire for nearly an orn. Whenever the Seeker saw him, he would slip away, just staying close to his trine or locked away in his berthroom. Skyfire was devastated. He felt as if he had just lost the only one who he truly cared for, and it was all because he had spoken up too soon. He should have waited. Should have just concentrated on getting Starscream better before doing something like that. The Seeker clearly wasn't ready.

And now he was worried he might lose that special Seeker for he was about to go into battle. He knew Starscream could take care of himself and had been in more fights than there were stars in the galaxy, but there was always a last battle, and what if this was it?

Skyfire swallowed as he sat in the laboratory, knowing that Starscream was with the Autobot brass, planning for their attack.

"Altihex is not heavily fortified again aerial assault. Once your troops have set up the distraction to lure everyone out, my Seekers and I will perform a lightning strike." Starscream explained as he and the Autobot leaders were gathered around a hologram map of the city.

"Once the Seekers have moved in and taken out the defenses, the ground units will have easy access to the city's front door." Prowl continued. "Rodimus and his team will be the first to enter for reasons."

"Hey," Rodimus grunted as he crossed his arms.

"And I shall take out their communications since I know how to get into the system." Starscream said.

"Once Starscream has effectively shut down the power with his codes, the rest is simple. We capture and incapacitate any Decepticons within."

Optimus studied the plan before him for a moment before speaking. "I'm glad you two set aside your differences to come up with this stratagem."

Prowl raised an optical ridge while Starscream bit his lower lip plate.

"Let's just say I had to replace my audio receptors." Prowl intoned.

"I had to see Hook about my vocalizer." Starscream grunted.

"Sparkling steps." Optimus grumbled.

Starscream flicked his wings. "Alright, I'm bored. Let's just go and butcher someone."

Skyfire wrung his servos as he watched the Seekers preparing to leave with the Autobot army. The sea of colorful wings swarming around their leader, patiently awaiting his command. Skyfire was glad he was so tall, allowing him to be able to just see those dark faceplates, so calmly speaking to his troops, as if they weren't about to head off into battle.
"Hey, what's up?" Wheeljack asked as he stepped beside Skyfire.

"I'm just worried." The shuttle said softly.

Wheeljack eyed him for a moment before crossing his arms. "Starscream will be fine. He's been doing this for a long time. And, not to sound like a Functionalist, but he is a Seeker, and Seekers are built for this type of thing. For war. Worse is he gets a little banged up, but nothing Ratchet can't fix."

"Yeah, I know." Skyfire swallowed. "I still worry. He's just… Everyone will be aiming at him because he's the boss."

"He always has been the boss. Everyone has always been aiming at him. Even the other Decepticons. I think he'll be just fine with over forty-eight thousand vorns worth of fighting experience in this war."

"Still… He's so small."

"Sky, he'll be fine." Wheeljack said with a dismissive wave. "Now, what you should be doing is getting ready to help carry the wounded."

"Primus, what if he's one of them!?!"

"Oh, Primus…"

The two looked up at the sound of roaring engines. Starscream transformed and powered his thrusters to the max, his Seekers following after him. They rose up in perfect formation behind their leader, quickly taking their positions around the Autobot carrier ships. The Aerialbots were soon amongst the Seekers, guarding the transports until they arrived at their destination.

Skyfire swallowed as he watched them leave.

Sideswipe dove for cover as shots blasted all around him. His twin was right beside him, taking refuge behind a chunk of wall. Smoke filled the air, filtering through the frontliners' intakes as they waited for a chance to move onward. The sound of their barrier being struck by turret fire signaling it was a bad idea to leave just yet.

"So, you figured out why we, Rods, Drift, Blurr, and Trailbreaker are the 'distraction,' yet?!" Sideswipe shouted to his brother to be heard over the sound of the battle.

"Surely it has nothing to do with interfacing with that Seeker!" Sunstreaker sarcastically yelled back.

"Okay, just thought I check!"

"Will you two cut the chit-chat and get ready to move!" Rodimus called out as he and Drift slid beside the twins.

"Aren't those damn Seekers coming yet!?" Sunstreaker exclaimed.

"Patience, Sunstreaker. You mustn't be so quick to anger. There is-" Drift started.

"Shut up!"

"Hey, watch the language!" Rodimus piped up. "We need to work together on this!"
"Frag that!" Sunstreaker said before jumping to his peds and leaping over the barrier.

Sideswipe shrugged and followed after his brother. Rodimus' optics narrowed.

"You owe me fifty Shanix." Drift smirked as he turned to Rodimus.

"It hasn't been a breem yet! They didn't do a suicidal run right at a breem!"

"It's close enough! Pay up!"

Rodimus rolled his optics as he unsubspaced the desired amount and handed it to Drift.

"Thank you." Drift smiled as he subspaced the Shanix.

"Yeah, take it from the poor mech, you who clearly doesn't need it!"

"Go cry to your carrier." Drift smiled as he unsheathed his swords and ran out from behind the barrier.

"You go cry to your carrier." Rodimus grumbled.

"Sir, I scouted the surrounding area and there is a weak point due northeast from this location." Blurr said when he suddenly appeared next to Rodimus.

"Sounds awesome! Say it again, but slower."

"Go. To. Your. Left. There. Be. Less. Fighting. Dat. Way." Blurr said it as if it was the most difficult of tasks.

"Yeah, I knew that's what you said the first time! Let's go!" Rodimus exclaimed before charging out from behind the wall.

Blurr just rolled his optics and followed after him.

Rodimus shot his arm cannons are any Decepticon he saw as he bolted, dodging behind rubble and remains of buildings until he came upon the twins and Trailbreaker. The black Autobot had a shield up, protecting him and the twins from Decepticon fire.

"So, we got their attention yet!?" Rodimus exclaimed into his comm. link.

"I believe they are all out of their hidey holes now." Prowl intoned from where he stood watching the city from a distance.

"So, are the flyboys coming now!?" Rodimus demanded.

"Get to cover. They are on their way."

Rodimus cut the comm. link and turned to the others. "Everyone, get to cover! come on!"

He led the way to a large tunnel opening, the group quickly gathering just inside. Drift appeared and joined them just as Trailbreaker released his panic bubble, protecting the group from what was about to come.

The Decepticons on the wall of their base looked up when they heard it. The thunderous roar of Seeker engines. Confused glances passed amongst them. Not sure if the oncoming Seekers were there to help them or not. No one was sure what side the Seekers were on anymore.
Prowl looked up just as the first wave of Seekers passed over him, speeding at Mach 2 in perfect formation. He kept watching until the second wave raced over, watching the lead Seeker closely.

The first wave soared across the base, releasing their bombs and missiles onto the exposed Decepticons. Explosions erupted everywhere, fire and smoke blanketing the base and all those inside. The cries of the dying and wounded was barely audible over the booms of the bombs.

"Well, I'm glad they are on our side." Trailbreaker said as he and the others listened to the deafening booms and felt the ground shaking so hard.

"I still feel like that sound is coming for us." Sideswipe grunted as the roar of engines for the second wave neared.

The second wave was right behind the first, quickly descending towards the base and entering the thick clouds of smoke. The Seekers transformed, hidden in the fire and billowing, black smoke, as they crashed down on those still fleeing, or wounded on the ground. Their arm cannons blasting, viciously killing anything that moved.

Starscream led his Seekers deeper into the chaos, running, shooting, killing. Energon splattering from their victims' crushed frames, burning on the ground, covering the flyers.

"Thundercracker! Finish up down here!" Starscream shouted to his trinemate over the sounds of battle. "Skywarp, get me to control!"

Starscream and Skywarp transformed and took off, quickly breaking the sound barrier and reaching Mach 3. Skywarp opened a warp gate before them and the two raced inside before it shut.

The warp gate opened just before the control tower and the two sped out just as fast as they had entered. They charged directly at the building, powering down their engines to make their arrival less noticeable.

The mechs inside of the tower looked up, seeing the two Cybertronian jets coming right at them. "Oh sla-" One started.

Starscream and Skywarp smashed through the window, transforming as glass shattered about. The Seeker's landed, sliding over the floor from their momentum, powering on their thrusters to max just to slow down before crashing.

A firefight broke out, the surprised grounders trying to regain themselves to fight back. Skywarp took out two with his guns, Starscream shot three, before there was servo-to-servo combat. Kicking, punching, twisting, and dodging.

Skywarp grabbed the helm of the mech he was fighting, powered on his thrusters, and ripped it off. Starscream grabbed an arm of a mech, twisted it, powered on his thrusters, and yanked it clean off.

The Air Commander unsubspaced a cluster bomb, threw it, then grabbed Skywarp. The two disappeared in a flash of purple just before the bomb went off, finishing off those still remaining. The Seekers reappeared, only smoke and the groans of the dying greeting them.

"Guard the door." Starscream ordered.

"Okie dokey!" Skywarp smiled as he skipped over to the door, energon covering his frame.

Starscream stopped at the console and began to type in his code. Denied.
"Of course." He grunted before trying Megatron's. Denied. "Ah, so you are smarter than you look." He tried Shockwave's code. Denied. He put in Soundwave's code. Accepted. He smirked. "Ah, I take back a quarter of the nasty things I've said about you, Soundwave."

He begun to type onto the console, entering commands until the automatic turrets were shut down and the doors to enter the base were open. He then shut down all communications, leaving the base unable to call for backup.

::Commander Starscream to Prowl::

Prowl touched the side of his helm with two digits. "Prowl to Starscream. Reading you." He said in that emotionless vocalizer.

::Defenses and communications are down. Proceed to phase two of operation. Don't trip on your way in, shortstuff."

Prowl's optics narrowed. "Copy that. Prowl out."

::Slagger::

Prowl ignored the last comment before turning to Optimus. "We're good to go."

Soundwave entered Megatron's office, his visor brightening as the door slowly hissed shut behind him. He approached the tyrant seated at his desk, his helm cocking ever so slightly to the side.

"Lord Megatron. Earlier this morning: Altihex: Attacked. Communications: Cut off. Received final message prior to shut down." He then held up a device that displayed a holographic message of a Decepticon soldier.

"We need backup! The Autobots are attacking! Seekers are attacking! They're bombing the city! They're-Primus, no!"

The hologram soldier started to back up as he raised his gun, just before a Seeker appeared and attacked. The hologram blurred before going out.

"Seeker Starscream: Believed to have been part of attack."

Megatron's optics narrowed as he glared daggers at his desk. The tips of his digits tapping against each other in rhythm, silently musing on this new information.

"Double Starscream's bounty, and that of his Seekers." He said slowly. "And send in reconnaissance to find out what is happening in Altihex."


Megatron raised an optic ridge. "What does he want?"

"Query: Concerning Seeker Starscream."

Megatron finally looked up. "Patch him through."

Skyfire watched Starscream hanging out with his trinemes, trying to keep from being seen. He
just wanted to go over to that Seeker and apologize for being an idiot, and just try to be friends again. But Thundercracker's constant presence was what kept him at bay.

Starscream was kissing his trinemates on the lip plates, their servos touching each other, caressing, massaging. Wings fluttered as their kissing and touches became more passionate, trying to almost become one with each other.

Skyfire bite his lower lip plate. He knew that this was simply how Seeker trines interacted and bonded, and that Starscream had been doing this for so long, but he couldn't help but feel jealous. Jealous that Thundercracker and Skywarp were getting all of *that* to themselves. That they could touch that perfect, curvaceous frame, speak to him without worry of repercussions, and recharge with him every single night. To be able to hold him, kiss him, and just always be with him until the end of time.

Why couldn't he have been born a Seeker? Why couldn't he have been able to trine with Starscream and just be able to be with him forever and always? Why did Thundercracker have to be such a jerk about things he knew nothing about?

Skyfire quickly looked away when the Seekers started to get it on. Those perfect, beautiful moans of Starscream's. Like a heavenly voice from above. That wondrous cry he made when he overloaded. His adorable giggles and squeals when his trinemates tickled him.

Why would anyone want to hurt such a perfect being? And why could Thundercracker see that Skyfire meant no harm to that Seeker? Why couldn't Starscream just stop avoiding him and talk to him?

The shuttle looked back up when they had finally finished. They were just talking now, as if nothing had happened. Their wings flicking, lowering, and raising as they discussed something or other.

Skyfire swallowed when the Elite Trine suddenly transformed and took off in perfect formation. He vented a sad sigh, not sure of what he should do.

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**A Few Orbital Cycles Later:**

Starscream sat on a console in the Control Room as Prowl, Jazz, and Rodimus stood by, the four discussing their potential next move.

"Polyhex or Uraya would be the best cities to strike next. Unfortunately, that will be expected." Starscream said as he idly swung his peds in the air, his trinemates standing next to him.

"I believe Stanix would be a better target. Less expectant, and will get us closer to Kaon." Prowl intoned.

"True, but I don't think Stanix would be as easy to take as Polyhex or Uraya. Remove the weaker cities, stop the energon and weapon supplies to Kaon, and then move on to the tougher targets."

"Taking over Stanix will give us the momentum to push onward. It would also aid in disrupting the flow of energon from the north."

"The problem mostly lies in the defenses. Stanix is heavily fortified due to its proximity to Kaon. I rather not risk losing so many in the early parts of this campaign."

"I hate to say it, but I'm kinda agreeing with Starscream on this one." Rodimus grunted as he
crossed his arms.

"Lovely. The one who raped my daughter likes the way I think." Starscream grumbled sarcastically.

"Hey! I did not rape her!"

"Enough." Prowl held a servo up to stop them. "Rodimus, do not start up or else I will send you back to the brig."

Rodimus just glared at him.

"I wish you would send him and the others back there." Starscream said as he crossed his arms.

"I would if Prime wasn't in the way." Prowl said slowly.

"A pity."

"I feel so loved." Rodimus sarcastically grunted.

"Hey, Prowler! "Sideswipe smiled as he walked by with a friendly wave.

Prowl just glared at him from the corner of his optics. Starscream's wings flared.

"As we were discussing: Possible next targets." Prowl said, trying to get them back on track.

"Yes, well, I think we should send the criminals in first to Stanix or wherever we finalize as our next target." Starscream replied.

"I concur."

"Okay, seriously, it was just interfacing!" Rodimus exclaimed. "Consensual interfacing!"

"It was my daughter. Get your own creation and then see how you feel when they are taken by your enemies." Starscream said dangerously.

"Your daughter who asked me."

"Alright, dat's enough o' dat." Jazz said as he raised his servos to placate the two.

"Starscream, let's return our focus on the matter at servo and not on your daughter's whoring activities." Prowl said in his monotone voice.

Starscream turned optics that promised death and immense suffering onto the Autobot SIC. Jazz facepalmed.

"Prowl, why yah have ta say dat?" Jazz moaned.

"'Whoring activities?" Starscream said slowly. "What makes you think she was 'whoring' herself out? What if it was your little Autobot minions who were coercing her? No, wait, I get it. We're just Seekers who are filthy, indecent, little sluts going around and fragging with everyone and anything. I bet you believe we would frag a turbofox."

"I have yet to find evidence that states otherwise."

"Oooooooooooooooooooh!" Rodimus exclaimed as his optics widened.
Starscream stood up, his wings flaring as his servos balled. "You slagging, creation-of-a-pleasurebot." He growled with gritted denta.

"Starscream, calm down." Thundercracker said quickly.

"Stop eht!" Jazz shouted, getting the attention of everyone in the Control Room. "Will you two jus' kiss already an' stop fightin'?!"

Prowl's optics narrowed. "I would never kiss a Seeker, Jazz. I imagine their mouths are more unsanitary than a waste pit."

Starscream's optics flashed as his wings twitched. Then, the sexiest, slyest of smirks spread over his handsome visage.

Before anyone could say something or make a move, the Air Commander grabbed the Praxian and captured his lip plates in a hungry kiss. Prowl's optics widened as he struggled to get away, moaning something loudly when Starscream's glossa entered his mouth.

Everyone present stared with optics the size of their alt. mode "tires," all gaping in shock, horror, and complete confusion. Thundercracker watched uncertainly, Skywarp scratched the top of his helm.

Prowl kept trying to get away, shoving at the larger mech's chest piece, pushing his neck, even slapping him across the cheekplates. Starscream never stopped, his one servo holding Prowl's helm while the other snaked around his waist.

After what felt like an eternity, Starscream simply released the strategist who stumbled a few steps backwards before ungracefully falling on his aft. Starscream crossed his arms and thoughtfully looked up at the ceiling as he quietly ran his glossa around his mouth, studying the taste of Prowl.

"You-you just-" Prowl touched his lip plates before getting over his initial shock. "What the frag is wrong with you!?" He bellowed furiously.

"You know, Prowl, you are the second mech grounder I have ever kissed. And I must say... You don't taste that bad." Starscream said with a thoughtful nod of his helm.

"You stuck your glossa in my mouth! You-you assaulted me!" He roared as he stood up, doorwings flaring.

"So sad a life to be confusing 'assault' with 'kissing.' Now, we shall see if you get some type of incurable virus from me and deactivate."

Prowl's servos were balled into tight fists at his sides, his entire being emanating death. Starscream just smirked as he cocked his helm to the side.

"Dat's enough!" Jazz said as he stepped between them. "Prowl, why don' ya jus' go ta ya office an' cool off. Starscream, ya go ta yours an' jus' stay away from Prowl for a bit. Alright?"

Starscream shrugged before sauntering off, snapping his digits for his trinemates to follow. Prowl watched the Seekers leave. Once the door hissed shut, he shoved Jazz away and stomped through the other door.

Everyone was quiet for a long, uncomfortable klik.

"That was, like, the craziest thing ever." Rodimus pointed out.
"Well, I ship them!" Sideswipe exclaimed.

"This is better than any of those human soap operas!" Smokescreen chuckled.

"Prowl is going to kill Starscream, and then this entire deal is going into the ground, and then the Seekers will kill Prowl, and then we are going to go out into an all out war and all deactivate!" Bluestreak said quickly.

"Ah'm gonna go an' check on Prowl. Make sure he doesn' do anything… Extreme." Jazz said slowly to Rodimus before walking off.

"Jazz! Don't die!" Rodimus called after him.

Drift entered the room just as Jazz was leaving. The former Decepticon eyed everyone, noticing them all whispering and excitedly blabbering about something.

"What I miss?"

Rodimus' smile was much too large for his faceplates as he placed a servo on Drift's shoulder. "Oh, do I have something exciting to tell you! Come on, let me pull up the security footage."

"All ah'm saying is: Don' kill anyone." Jazz said as he leaned a shoulder against the doorframe to the washroom, watching the Autobot SIC.

Prowl was standing in the washrack as water poured down onto his frame. His helm tilted back, mouth open as he poured soap into his mouth. Then, he took a scrub-like brush and began to vigorously scrub the inside of his mouth, primarily his glossa. Jazz just silently watched him for a klik.

"Ya know, ya keep going like dat and ya will remove da protective coating of ya mouth."

Prowl spat out the soap, then held his mouth open so that it filled with water before spitting that out too.

"That was absolutely disgusting." He grumbled.

"Yeah, soap does taste pretty nasty."

Prowl's optics flashed as he glared at Jazz. "You know what I mean."

"Energon poured on ya helm, or a li'le glossa action?" Jazz held up his servos as if he was weighing the options.

"Both are equally unpleasant and disrespectful."

"Gotta admit, though, ah never thought ah'd see ya get a kiss! 'Specially not one from ol' Screamer!" Jazz smiled.

"I'm not in the mood for jokes, Jazz."

"Are ya ever?"

Prowl didn't respond. He poured more soap into his mouth and resumed scrubbing. Jazz watched him for several astroseconds before speaking.
"Ah never thought I would see ya make a face like ya did when he was kissin’ ya. Man, dat was great!"

Prowl ceased his scrubbing to glare daggers, bullets, nukes, and other deadly weapons at the Autobot TIC. He spat out the soap before speaking.

"I advise you to leave, Jazz." He said in that monotone vocalizer of his.

Jazz raised his servos in a peaceful manner. "Alrighty, Prowler. Ah'll go before ya deactivate me."

Prowl watched him leave before scrubbing his mouth again.

Optimus' optics were narrowed as he and Prowl entered the tower where the Seekers were residing. Prowl looked like he was going to kill anything that moved, while the Prime just looked like he wanted to quit his job and leave it for someone else to deal with all the drama.

"Excuse me, is Starscream currently here?" Optimus inquired of Hotlink who stood by his trine.

"Yeah, the boss is in his office." The purple Seeker replied. "Need us to take you to him?"

"No, I know where he set up his office. Thank you, though."

"No problem."

"Hey, Prowl!" Sunstorm called out. "Don't cha wanna stick around and watch a Seeker trine bond?"

"Oh, yes, we are gonna love on each other!" Bitstream said as he pulled Sunstorm closer and firmly held the gold Seeker's waist.

"And get so hard and indecent!" Sunstorm said it with gritted denta before madly interlocking lip plates with his trinemate and greedily kissing him.

"Hey! I want in!" Hotlink said quickly as he turned to his trinemates.

Prowl and Optimus quickly walked away. They ignored all the Seekers they passed, some kissing each other when they saw the Autobot SIC.

The Autobots stepped into the elevator and patiently waited for it to take them to the level where Starscream's office was located. They stepped out and briskly walked to the Air Commander's office.

"What are you doing here?" Ramjet grunted as he and his trinemates sat outside the office door.

"We are here to speak with Starscream." Optimus explained politely.

"He's in there." Dirge jabbed a thumb lazily at the door.

Optimus and Prowl approached the door, but stopped. They could hear shouting from within. Very angry, hateful shouting.

Optimus turned back around to face the coneheads. "You sure he isn't busy?"

"Nah, he's not busy. They are like that all the time." Ramjet said dismissively. "Just walk on in. Your presence is probably more welcoming than Megs.'"
Optimus and Prowl exchanged glances before the larger grounder palmed the door open. They entered, only to stop at the sight before them. Their optics widened, and Prowl's doorwings raised.

"Hello, Prime… Prowl." Starscream greeted casually. "What can I do for you?"

"S- Starscream, I apologize for, uh, interrupting you." Optimus stuttered awkwardly. "We will just leave-"

"Nonsense. You two aren't interrupting anything. And I can multitask. What do you want?"

"Harder, Screamer!" Skywarp exclaimed as his front rested over the desk, Starscream thrusting into him as Thundercracker thrust into Starscream.

"Shut up!" Starscream growled as he grabbed Skywarp's nape and held him against the desktop.

"No! Ack! You're repressing me! I did not consent to this! Prime! He's raping me! HELP!"

Skywarp shrieked.

"I am not! Shut up!"

"Stop screaming you two!" Thundercracker roared. "Why can we never bond like normal trines!?"

"Because we aren't 'normal!'" Skywarp giggled.

Optimus and Prowl quickly reverted their optics elsewhere.

"I think we better just-"

"Stay, Prime. Don't feel embarrassed. What is it you wish to speak to me about?" Starscream managed between pants, Thundercracker's arms tightening around his waist.

"We actually came here to discuss what happened earlier between you and Prowl." Optimus said as he kept his optics on the wall.

"Oh, the little glossa action? Oh, oh, ah, yes, what about that?"

"We… ahem… We came here to-to apologize to one another and forget about the entire incident."

"I am not apologizing to him." Starscream growled, thrusting harder into Skywarp with his growing fury. "That little piece-of-slag you keep around you insulted my daughter and us Seekers. He, oh, ah, he called my daughter a whore and said that Seekers would frag a turbofox. Then, he claimed that a Seeker's mouth was dirtier than a waste pit. All I did was call him a 'creation-of-a-pleasurebot' and kiss him. Do you know how many femmes, and mechs, would want to trade places with him just to say that they were kissed by a Seeker, let alone by the leader of the Seekers? I did nothing wrong, oh, and that slagheap can go frag himself. Just not while watching us."

"I would do anything to trade places and be kissed by you!" Skywarp giggled.

"Better yet, trade places and be fragged by you." Thundercracker pointed out.

"Ooh! Let's do some of that!" Skywarp laughed like a maniac.

"It was still… Vector Sigma… It was still not acceptable behavior given the situation." Optimus said, just wanting to get this over and done with.
"Hold that thought." Starscream said quickly.

The Seekers’ chest pieces parted open, exposing their vibrant, pulsing sparks. The tendrils of raw energy interlocked and tangled together just before the flyers powerfully overloaded. They stood there, panting heavily, their inner fans working so hard to cool them off. Starscream watched the Autobots as he cooled off before speaking.

"What your little pet did was not 'acceptable' behavior, Prime. I was just trying to educate him on how Seeker mouths aren't disgusting."

"You were disrespectful and assaulted me." Prowl growled.

"Assault? Are you seriously using that argument again? Last time I checked the Autocracy was crushed and their little, ridiculous laws cast away. So, legally, I did nothing wrong. And there is no rules in war that state I can't kiss allies."

"You violated me!"

Optimus vented an exasperated sigh. "I am about to lock you two in the same cell until you set aside your differences! But, I can't do that without fear of you deactivating each other!"

"Could chain us to the walls." Starscream said as if he were speaking about the weather. "Oh, wait, no, because then you will be 'violating' Prowl."

Starscream gasped, trembling slightly as Thundercracker nibbled and licked his nape and neck cables. The Air Commander swallowed, reminding himself that he was with his trine and not with the other. Thundercracker's servos began to rove over his trineleader's frame, massaging, pleasing, feeling him over his hips, waist, abdominal plates, and chest plates. Starscream whimpered softly before finally relaxing, enjoying being loved on.

His servos began to knead and pleasure Skywarp's back plates, causing the black Seeker to softly moan. Then, Thundercracker started to thrust again, causing Starscream to thrust into Skywarp.

"We will come back when you aren't so-" Optimus quickly started.

"You're fine, Prime." Starscream said dismissively. "Say what's on your processor now or don't say anything at all.

"Just slagging apologize to each other and quit wasting my time acting like sparklings!" Optimus exclaimed, about to reach the limit of his patience.

"Fine, oh, ah, I'll apologize." Starscream growled. "But Prowl has to go first since he insulted me first."

"I am not apologizing to you when you are being grossly obscene with your licentious trinemates." Prowl said firmly.

"Hear that, TC? He wants you to pound me harder so I can moan louder." Starscream smirked that sexy, sly smirk of his.

"Then, shut up!" Thundercracker said angrily as he grabbed Starscream's nape and forcefully held him down against Skywarp's back.

Starscream started to moan louder as he was thrust into harder and faster, and, in turn, thrust harder
and faster into Skywarp making him moan more.


Prowl raised an optical ridge at his superior before turning to the Seekers.

"Ahem, Starscream, I… apologize for what I said concerning your daughter's interface lifestyle and the intercourse desires of Seekers. And I take back what I said about the cleanliness of Seeker mouths. It was improper and rude of me to say such things." He managed to say calmly despite it being so difficult.

Starscream smiled as he was still pinned down and humped. "I apologize for my seemingly unprincipled method of revenge. It was not my intention to terrify you, oh, oh, hah, terrify you with the potential risk of receiving a life threatening virus from a little glossa action. Mmmmm, I'll let you know that I haven't given oral in some time, so you should be fine. Well," He paused. "I have been kissing these two after they've given oral, and I must confess, I don't wash out my mouth. Oops."

Prowl's optics narrowed and his doorwings raised.

"Well, there, you have both apologized." Optimus said quickly. "Now, we can forget about all of this and leave."

"Doesn't Prowl wanna stay and watch?" Starscream said suggestively. "$\text{See some } sinful \text{ action?}"

The Autobots quickly exited the office and shut the door behind them, still hearing the obvious sounds within.

"Let's never come here again." Prowl said slowly.

"Agreed."

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**A Few Orbital Cycles Later:**

"Okay, Scree, let's get you better." Skywarp said as he sat down next to Starscream at a small table in the Rec Room with a cube of energon.

"High grade?" Starscream asked softly.

"No, silly. Normal energon. You need to start drinking it again."

"I don't want to..." Starscream swallowed.

"Hook said you have to drink because it helps to keep things clean and functioning as it should. Whatever the technical terms are." Skywarp said as he placed the cube before Starscream.

"'Warp, I don't."

"Don't feel like it? Or still upset about having to swallow liquids?" Skywarp inquired as he cocked his helm.

"Both." Starscream said quietly.

"Scree, you got this. It's just energon. Not waste or trans fluids. Look, see?" Skywarp said before taking a sip of the energon. "Just good ol' normal energon."
"I don't know if I can do this…"

"Take a sip, and you get a kiss." Skywarp smiled. "Just one sip for now. We'll work on drinking more later."

Starscream nodded his helm slowly. He carefully took the cube from Skywarp and held it before him. He swallowed as he just studied it before bringing it to his lip plates. His optics started to fill with static as his servos trembled.

"You're fine, Scree." Skywarp said softly.

Starscream nodded before forcing himself to take a sip. He slammed the cube back onto the table, placed a servo over his mouth, and finally managed to swallow. He panted, shaking nervously.

"Aw, that's a good Screamer!" Skywarp smiled as he hugged Starscream tightly. "You get kisses for that!" He then started to kiss his trineleader on the cheekplates several times before just snuggling against him.

"Yeah, okay, I can do this." Starscream said quietly.

"Course you can. You're the bestest trineleader ever!" He then burrowed his faceplates into Starscream's chest piece. "I love you!" His muffled vocalizer exclaimed.

"Love you too, Sky." He said softly, then his optics widened.

He looked up, seeing Skyfire on the other side of the room getting his own energon. Starscream bit his lower lip plates before venting a tired sigh.

"What is it, Screamer?" Skywarp asked as he lifted his helm.

"Nothing, love. Just thinking." Starscream said as he turned to his trinemate.

"Oh, well, you should be thinking about how much you love me and TC!" He giggled before grabbing Starscream's helm and passionately kissing him on the lip plates.

Starscream kissed him back, their glossas soon darting inside each others mouths. The Air Commander placed a servo on the back of Skywarp's helm while the other touched his waist. Skywarp moved his servos so that one held Starscream's nape and the other cupped his codpiece.

Skywarp's optics offlined as he continued kissing Starscream, playfully making loud smacking noises. Starscream's optics stayed online, watching the quiet shuttle retrieve his energon and then walk out.

Starscream's wings lowered, his optics offlining as he concentrated on kissing his trinemate, ignoring all the grumbling Autobots.

Starscream palmed open the door to the medbay and entered. His optics narrowed when he saw Ratchet working on Sideswipe, Sunstreaker sitting nearby.

"Where's Hook?" The Seeker demanded.

"He's in the back." Ratchet said without looking away from where he was welding a large gash on Sideswipe's arm back together.

Starscream's wings twitched before he stomped to the back.
"Hook! Where the frag are you?" He growled as he slid a door open.

"I'm right here, commander." Hook said as he set aside the datapad he had been reading.

"Can we talk?" Starscream asked softly, his wings lowering.

"Of course, Starscream. Go to isolation room three."

Starscream turned around and walked to the indicated room, Hook following him. The Seeker sat on the medberth as the Constructicon closed and locked the door.

"Alright, what is the problem?" Hook questioned.

"Feel free to tell me to get the slag out if you don't think you can help, but, Primus," Starscream rubbed his faceplates. "I feel like a slagging idiot…"

"Most orbital cycles you are." Hook shrugged as he took a seat beside the flyer.

"Ah, well, I'm glad you are not in shock." Starscream replied sarcastically.

"What's wrong?"

"Alright, let's put out a hypothetical situation. Let's say that you knew someone very well and possibly had romantic emotions towards them for quite some time before they vanished from your life."

Hook raised an optical ridge behind his visor. "Okay, I can play along. What then?"

"So, this significant person is out of your life for a very long time and you decide to move on. You find a new person to love, you-you have a creation with them, join them, and just love them, and then they are taken from your life. And then… then some time later, while you are still in mourning, you run into that one person you used to love so long ago and find out they still love you. And-and they confess their love for you in-in kind of a really sweet way and-and you kind of-don't know what to do so you run away like a little femmling and don't talk to them for quite some time. Would-would you go and talk to them, or just ignore them and pretend they don't exist?"

Hook just eyed the Seeker for a moment before smiling. "And this is all hypothetical?"

"Completely. No-no mirroring any real life events."

"Mhmm. And, why not ask your trinemates this?"

"Because they are my trinemates. They don't understand relationships outside of the trine. They just know that it's fun to hump each other and you don't need anyone else. And, of course, humping the occasional prostitute or whatever." Starscream looked up at Hook. "I'm desperate here. It's a rare occurrence I require assistance in love affairs. Even rarer when I ask for a grounder's input."

"Alright, I'll bite." Hook said as he looked down for a moment before looking back at his superior. "I think the main thing you should be doing is asking yourself, if you are thrown in such a situation, is 'do you love them back?' Are they really someone worth your time? Do you still care for them like you used to?"

Starscream bit his lower lip plate. "What about having been joined with someone?"

"What about it? If they are taken from us all we can do is mourn for them and move on. Sure it
sucks, but if they truly did love you, they would want you to be happy. And being alone for the rest of your life is not being happy. Being happy is doing what you want and living with who you want to live with." He paused to study the Seeker's faceplates as the flyer looked down.

"Starscream, Moonstar loved you a slag lot, but she wouldn't want you holding back simply because of her. I knew her pretty well, and if she was here, she would give you a hard kick in the aft and tell you to let go. You will never stop mourning over her loss. I'm still mourning over it. But, that's all we can do." He paused. "Commander, there is nothing wrong with loving someone else after your Conjuncx Endura has passed. Your spark has been through enough sparkache. Go be happy, even if its not with Moonstar."

Starscream swallowed. "Moonstar would kick me pretty hard." He said softly.

Hook smiled faintly. "See? She wouldn't be mad if she was watching us from the Well. I bet she is screaming at you right now to get off your lazy aft and go be happy."

"What about Dawnstar?"

"What about her?"

"She might not want me to be with someone else."

"Pshht, she'll get over it. And if she ever gets a mate, she'll understand how it feels to be with someone you truly care for and can't live without. Even if that means getting another Conjuncx Endura."

Starscream looked up at him. "Since when did you get good about all this romantic and philosophical slag?"

Hook smiled. "Since I have to read the thoughts of my gestaltmates. You'd be surprised of how much Bonecrusher thinks about these things. I think reading about that human playwright, Shakespeare or whatever, is what got him into it." Hook paused. "Why are you still here? Don't you have someone to go and talk to?"

Starscream smiled sheepishly. "Hypothetically I have someone to talk to."

"Of course you do." Hook grunted sarcastically. "Well, hypothetically, you should be running off to hypothetically talk to this hypothetical person and hypothetically confess your undying love to them. Hypothetically."

"Hypothetically, you would be correct." Starscream said as he slid off the medberth and walked to the door.

"I'm always correct."

"Mhmm," Starscream said as he unlocked the door, palmed it open, and walked out.

Hook silently watched him leave. "Well, this should prove interesting."

Skyfire sat in his room idly messing with the drone he had built. He was replacing a faulty gear when the door chime sounded.

"Come in!" He called, never looking away from his work.

The door hissed open and the clanking of thruster heels sounded. Skyfire's optics widened as he
dropped the tools he held. He twirled his helm around to see Starscream standing just within the room, shutting the door behind him.

"St-Starscream?" Skyfire asked softly.

"Yes, Sky?" Starscream looked up at him, those blood red optics so gentle, looking at him just as they used to before the war.

"I, um, I-I didn't expect you to, uh, want to speak to me again after-

"Forget about it, Sky." Starscream waved a servo dismissively as he approached. "You did nothing wrong."

"But, I-I thought-

Starscream climbed onto the shuttle's lap and sat facing him, his legs on either side of Skyfire's, straddling him.

"You thought?" Starscream cocked his helm slightly to the side.

"I thought I, err, pissed you off or something." Skyfire swallowed.

"No, you didn't piss me off." Starscream said softly as he traced along the Autobot insignia on the shuttle's chest.

"Then why did you fly off like that?"

Starscream vented a loud sigh, never looking away from that red symbol. "I was just being silly. I don't know… Guess I wasn't ready to hear those words yet."

"I'm sorry for upsetting you." Skyfire said quietly.

Starscream looked up, red optics locking on blue. "You didn't upset me, Sky. I'm just still emotional from losing Moonstar and just… everything that has happened to me. But, I'm getting better."

"Still, I probably shouldn't have said that quite so soon."

"No, no you didn't do anything wrong." He then smiled sheepishly. "Besides, what you said was kind of really sweet and adorable."

"A-adorable?"

Starscream moved his faceplates closer to Skyfire's almost touching. "Yes, adorable. I think I needed to hear something that nice for once." He said barely louder than a whisper.

Skyfire faintly smiled. "I-I'm glad I made you happy from that."

Starscream smiled. "You make me happy in a lot of ways, Sky. I'm sorry I was ignoring you. I just… I was just being a big sparkling. But, I got a good, hard kick in the aft and now I am here doing what I should have done so long ago."

"W-what you mean?"

Starscream grabbed the sides of Skyfire's helm just before capturing the Autobot's lip plates in a searing kiss. Skyfire's optics widened, surprised by this suddenly action. He held his servos up, not
Sure what to do as the Seeker kept kissing, soon urging the larger mech to open his mouth and allow Starscream's glossa access within. Starscream's optics were offline, his kissing getting more and more passionate, mouthing, lapping his glossa in and out of the other's mouth.

"Come on, Sky." Starscream said in almost a whisper. "Don't be shy."

"I-I don't want to hurt you, Star." Skyfire stuttered.

"You won't hurt me. I'm not scared of you. Trust me."

Skyfire swallowed. "I do trust you, Star." He said quietly. "I-I'm not sure what I should do."

Starscream chuckled. "You are such a virgin."

"Star, are you sure you're ready for-for interfacing?"

"I've resumed interfacing with my trinomates a while ago. It's not the interfacing that hurts. At least, not when you do it with someone you want to." He paused to study Skyfire's faceplates. "Don't be afraid, Sky. You're not gonna break me. I want this. I want you. Besides, I think I owe you a bit of some apology interfacing, anyway."

Skyfire swallowed. "A-Alright... Um, w-what do you want me to do?"

Starscream smirked before bringing his faceplates even closer. "Touch me. Feel me. Lay your servos on me." He whispered seductively into Skyfire's audio receptor. "Kiss me. Take me. I am yours, tonight."

Skyfire shivered from the words. "Oh, Primus, I-"

Starscream silenced him with a kiss. Skyfire moaned something as the Seeker's glossa invaded his mouth, encouraging his glossa to play. Starscream's servos lowered and grabbed Skyfire's wrists, forcing the large servos to touch his waist. Skyfire trembled as he touched Starscream like this for the first time in so long. Feeling him, savoring those smooth plates and perfect curves.

Starscream's arms wrapped around Skyfire's helm, deepening the kiss as their optics offline. The tri colored Seeker's wings fluttered as his frame was pleased, stroked, felt by those servos once again.

Their frames were beginning to heat up, inner fans kicking on to cool them off. They kept mouthing, faster, hungrier, ravaging each other's mouths with their growing passion. Starscream moaned as Skyfire's servos massaged his wings, electrical currents flowing from the large digits over the flat, sensitive planes.

Skyfire wasn't sure what drove him to do it, but next thing he knew he had cupped the Seeker's aft and lifted him up as he stood. He carried the smaller mech to the berth and gently laid him down, never breaking the intense kiss. He climbed onto the berth with the Decepticon, servos still pleasuring the delicate frame.

Starscream's valve was leaking profusely, ready to be entered. He reached down, rubbing over Skyfire's groin, never letting up on the kiss. He smiled when he heard Skyfire's codpiece slide aside, his quickly following.

Skyfire stopped kissing and looked down, swallowing nervously.

"Oh, why hello there." Starscream sexily smiled as he touched Skyfire's impressive spike. "Haven't
seen you in quite some time. Maybe this time we will be properly acquainted."

"St-Starscream… Oh, Primus, y-you sure about this?" Skyfire asked anxiously.

"Sure about what, sexy?" Starscream giggled.

"Oh, um, y-you sure I-I fit?"

Starscream snickered. "You are such a virgin! Oh, Sky, I love you. If a slagging sparkling can get out of that hole you can slagging stick Little Skyfire inside. Trust me, I was fragged by Megatron for three stellar cycles. He widened me up. You're fine." He said dismissively.

"I don't want to hurt you, Star." He said softly.

Starscream cocked his helm to the side as he propped himself up by his elbows. "Sky, you're not going to hurt me. Look at me, Sky. I'm submitting to you right now, lying beneath you and allowing you to spike me. I would never submit to anyone, other than Megatron, that I didn't trust. I trust you, Skyfire. I want this." He swallowed. "I've always wanted this."

Skyfire nodded his helm slowly. "Alright, but if I hurt you, just-just say so."

"I've been doing this for a long time, Sky. I'm not afraid to say something."

"Um, safety words, right?"

Starscream chuckled. "That is usually reserved for bondage, which we can get into that some other time."

"Well, w-what do you and your trinemates say if you hurt each other?"

"'I submit.' Seeker thing." Starscream shrugged. "But, you won't hurt me. I know you won't"

"Alright, I-I'll be careful." Skyfire said slowly.

"Don't ruin the experience, Sky. This is your first time." Starscream paused. "I'm glad I'm your first."

Skyfire looked at him for a moment before speaking. "I'm glad too, Star."

His large servos then gently grasped the Seeker's waist, holding him in place as he positioned himself to enter. Starscream's legs wrapped around Skyfire's waist, his servos resting on either side of his helmet.

He gasped as Skyfire slid in, slowly going deeper.

"Is-is that too much?" Skyfire asked.

"Mmmm, I think you can go deeper, Sky. Ooooooh, yes! That's it!" Starscream lollled his helmet back, trembling slightly as he reminded himself who he was with.

"Primus…" Skyfire said quietly. "Wow… This feels… You feel… Wow."

"Wait until you start pounding me into the berth." Starscream smirked. "Here, before you start."

Starscream grabbed Skyfire's wrist and pulled on it. He made it so that the large servo held his smaller wrists and pinned them to the berth over his helmet.
"Hold my arms down. That's it. Don't let me move them no matter what." Starscream instructed.

"You sure, Star?"

"Positive. And with your other servo, just keep touching me. Don't be embarrassed, Sky. Touch me everywhere. On my hips, waist, chest plates, abdominal plates, aft, thighs, codpiece, wherever! Pleasure me, feel me. And as you do that, hump the slag out of me!"

"It sounded romantic until you said that." Skyfire smiled sheepishly.

"I've been doing this for a while. You kinda stop caring about word usage after the first few times." He paused. "Why aren't you thrusting into me yet?! Come on, make me forget my own designation! I want noise complaints from at least twenty Autobots. If I'm not moaning that loud enough… We are going to have a serious problem."

"Alright, I'll try." Skyfire nodded his helm slowly.

He pressed Starscream's wrists against the berthtop, his one servo stroking over Starscream's perfect frame. Then, he started to thrust. Starscream gasped, his back strut arching, frame writhing beneath the larger mech. The large spike barely fitting inside of his valve as he was carefully taken. The Seeker bucked into the spike, urging Skyfire to go faster, which he did. Starscream's frame was heating up faster than it had in so long… Never feeling this turned on since being with Moonstar.

"Come on! Faster! Harder! Oh, oh, yeah! That's it! Oh, oh, oh, hah, make me scream!" Starscream moaned. "Kiss me, slagger! Oh, yes! Kiss me and frag the slag out of me!"

Skyfire leaned forward and captured Starscream's lip plates in a searing kiss, never ceasing in the thrusting or pleasuring his frame with his servo. Starscream loudly moaned into his mouth, their glossas soon playing with each other.

Their systems were dangerously overheated now, warnings beginning to flash on their HUDs, but they ignored them. Skyfire's roving servo grasped Starscream's hip, holding him firmly as he thrust harder. Electricity was flowing between their touching frames, their inner fans working far harder than they were meant to.

Their chest plates folded away revealing their bright, pulsating sparks. Raw tendrils of energy reaching out, grasping, pulling, entangling together ferociously. Power surging between sparks, into the lovers' frames, and onto the metal berth.

The two flyers kept kissing, their servos now grasping at each other's frames, pulling, denting, scraping, desperately trying to become one with the other. Everything else forgotten but the here and now. This kiss, their touches, their love making. No more fractions, drama, life, designations, fear, hate, anger, war, Cybertron, universe, nothing. Just them. Always them. Only them.

The two pulled away as their powerful overload erupted through their frames sending them into the greatest rush of ecstasy they had ever felt. Well, the greatest since Moonstar, for Starscream. They cried throughout it, their servos gripping, denting, tearing into each other's frames as they tensed. Unrelenting, violent waves of raw energy coursed through their systems and into the metal berth. Their sparks viciously bonded, grasping, pulling, and yanking onto each other as power passed between them. Skyfire filled Starscream with too much fluid, it pouring out and covering the berth and their inner thighs.

When their overload finally passed, the two just looked at each other, panting heavily for a long
klik. Finally, Starscream smiled, Skyfire doing the same.

"Oh… my… Primus…" Skyfire said slowly between loud, heated pants. "That felt… Primus… That felt… Wow…"

Starscream's smile grew. "Where's your V card, Sky? I need to rip it apart now."

"I think… I think you just burnt it."

Starscream chuckled. He reached out and touched Skyfire's cheekplates, panting a bit before he spoke. "I love you, Skyfire."

Skyfire's smile grew as he continued panting. "I love you too, Starscream."

Starscream leaned forward and nuzzled his olfactory sensor against Skyfire's. Skyfire nuzzled back before resting his brow against Starscream's.

"Glad we waited?" Starscream asked softly.

"I-I'm not sure anymore. I can't believe I went that long without… without feeling this. Primus, you're amazing, Star."

"Yeah, I am, aren't I?"

Skyfire chuckled before pressing a loving kiss to Starscream's brow. Starscream fluttered his wings, them clanging loudly against the berth. Skyfire then kissed Starscream on the lip plates, slowly mouthing him, working his glossa inside. Starscream moaned softly, his servos holding Skyfire's helm.

"Kiss my neck cables." Starscream said softly.

Skyfire lowered his helm and did so, kissing the Seeker gently on the neck cables. He ran his glossa over them before softly nibbling. Starscream gasped, offlineing his optics as he started to tremble. He swallowed, reminding himself who he was with.

Skyfire's servos lowered until they touched Starscream's abdominal plating. The Air Commander squealed when he was playfully tickled, kicking and squirming. Skyfire kept it up for nearly a klik before stopping.

The two nuzzled olfactory sensors again, just enjoying each other's presence.

"You know what we should do now, Sky?" Starscream asked quietly.

"What, beautiful?" Skyfire said before kissing Starscream's cheekplates.

"We should go for round two!" The Seeker giggled.

Skyfire smiled. "Yeah, let's do that."

Starscream sexily smirked. "Come on, big guy. Take your Seeker for a ride."

Skyfire snickered. "Damn, you're precious, Star."

"I try."

Skyfire leaned forward and captured Starscream's lip plates in a deep, searing, passionate kiss
before resuming his humping. Starscream's arms wrapped around his helm, holding him close as he moaned in rhythm with the thrusts.

"I love you, Star."

"I love you too, Sky."

"Do you hear that noise?" Smokescreen grumbled as he poked his helm out of his quarters.

"Yeah, I hear it." Mirage said quietly as he stepped out of his room.

"It sounds like it's coming from Skyfire's room." Bluestreak pointed out.

"Strange. He's so quiet." Hound replied.

"Hey, do you guys hear that?" Sideswipe inquired as he and Sunstreaker walked out of their shared quarters.

"Yeah, we do." Mirage nodded his helm and he led the small group towards Skyfire's room.

"Is that?" Trailbreaker asked as he pointed at the closed door.

"It sounds like-" Cliffjumper paused.

"Can't be." Blaster scratched his helm.

"That's…" Tracks started.

"Is Skyfire… fragging Starscream?" Skids inquired.

"That definitely sounds like Starscream." Windcharger nodded his helm.

"Is that legal?" Bumblebee asked.

"Prowl better not find out." Smokescreen grunted.

"I think Prowl would be upset it wasn't him. Oh, who should deliver the bad news?" Sunstreaker said with a small smile.

Sideswipe snorted. "Oh, I am tweeting that!" He then unsubspaced a datapad and started typing on it.

"Wow, no wonder he's called 'Starscream.'" Hound remarked.

"They better shut up in there!" Huffer growled.

"We should leave noise complaints." Blaster smiled mischievously. "Just to tease with ol' Sky some."

"Heh, I have some good ideas." Sideswipe smirked.

Starscream and Skyfire cried through their seventh overload, it being just as powerful and incredible as the first. The two lovers panted for a klik in each other's visages before Skyfire spoke.

"Alright, I think we should take a break." He paused to pant some more. "But I really don't want to
stop. I wish I could be here, inside of you, forever."

Starscream smirked. "I wish so, too. But, we probably should call it a night. My systems can't handle too many overloads like that. Seeker frames: Not the best for such things. Especially when it comes to overheating."

"Alright, I'm pulling out."

Starscream softly gasped as Skyfire slowly slid out. Their plates retracted, covering everything back up. Starscream sat up and pecked a kiss to Skyfire's lip plates.

"I enjoyed every astrosecond of that." He said softly. "For being your first time, you were slagging amazing."

Skyfire sheepishly smiled. "Thanks, Star. I suppose we better clean up."

"Nah, we'll do that in the morning." He waved a servo dismissively. "Right now, let's snuggle and get some recharge."

"Okay," Skyfire nodded his helm slowly before crawling over the berth.

Starscream waited for Skyfire to lie down on his side before cuddling against his larger frame. He grabbed the shuttle's arm and slung it over his waist.

"I look forward to seeing your handsome faceplates first thing in the morning." Starscream said softly, his visage in Skyfire's.

Skyfire smiled. "Can't wait to online to see your gorgeous faceplates, either."

Starscream kissed Skyfire's lip plates before snuggling into his chest plates. Skyfire pulled him closer, holding the smaller mech against his warm frame. He smiled as coolant tears leaked from his optics, so happy to be here with his true love for the first time in so long. So happy to see Starscream smiling, for once not plagued by the troubles of the world or his horrific past. So happy to have the old Starscream back and safe in his protective arms.

He offlined his optics, listening to Starscream's gentle intakes before he fell into recharge.

Chapter End Notes

Ah, Sideswipe... You just made all those StarxProwl shippers so happy with your comment. :p

In the IDW comics, Skywarp can open up warp gates as well as just touch people to teleport them with him. The warp gates obviously being better for when in jet mode and going too fast to touch someone without crashing.

So, my sister is a lawyer so I kind of know this stuff about the law, but, anyway! If someone kisses you without your consent, especially by grabbing and holding onto you, it IS counted as assault. At least here in the U.S.A. Not sure about other countries. So... No kissing people you hate!
Optimus is so tired of dealing with Star and Prowl's slag. So hard being the "daddy" of all these "children..."

Hook is so good about hypothetical advise giving! :P

Yeah, Thundercracker won't be too happy about Star fragging Skyfire. Which, the StarscreamxSkyfire ship is the only one I am willing to believe since it was hinted in one of the comic books (can't remember which series) that Star and Sky had, for at least a short time, been MORE than just friends. I don't ride any of the other shipping ships. I sink 'em. :P I'm very canon driven. If it ain't official... cleanse it with FIRE!
Skyfire onlined his optics slowly the next orbital cycle. He felt… tired, and yet… wonderful. As if something that he needed to get done for so long had finally been accomplished and he could just relax. He felt… happier than he ever had. He felt like he could conquer the world. He felt… warm.

He looked down and saw the Seeker cuddled against his large frame, blue servos grasping onto his chest piece. The quiet intakes of air, the soft purr of a powerful jet engine reaching his audio receptors. Optics offline, looking so content, so comfortable, so secure in his strong arms.

Skyfire smiled as the memories of the previous night rushed to his processor. Those beautiful moans, those whispered endearments, that perfect smile on those handsome faceplates.

He held the jet a little closer, savoring the warmth and happiness he brought him. Starscream moaned quietly in his recharge, clinging a little tighter. The shuttle gently kissed the top of Starscream's helm, causing him to stir.

"Mmmmm, ugh, is it time to online already, TC?" Starscream said sleepily into Skyfire's chest plates.

Skyfire's smile grew. "Yeah, love, it is."

Starscream looked up, realizing that he wasn't with his trinemes. He smirked as his optics locked onto Skyfire's.

"Hey, handsome. Primus, what did a slagger like you make me drink last night?" He teased. "You should keep giving me some of that!"

Skyfire kissed Starscream on the lip plates. "I'll give you all the high grade."

"All of it? See, this is why I like you." The Seeker giggled before snuggling against the shuttle.

"Star, sweetie, we need to get up."

"Primus, no! I hate getting up." Starscream grumbled as he cuddled closer.

"Well, you can stay here as long as you want to, my love, but I'm getting up." He said before kissing Starscream on the cheekplates.

He sat up, much to Starscream's chagrin, and crawled over the Seeker. He slid off the berth and stopped.

"Star..?"

"What?" Starscream groaned, his optics still offline as he lied on the berth.

"Do you have any cleaning solution? How are we supposed to clean up?" The shuttle inquired as he looked at the dry fluids coating his thighs and codpiece.

"We'll just go to the washroom." Starscream said in the same tone.
"Yeah, but... I don't have private 'racks. I-I have to clean up before walking all that way."

Starscream snorted a snicker. He sat up and turned to the shuttle. "Why the hell do you want to clean up before walking to the washracks? It was your first time. You should be boasting about it, Sky!" He smiled.

"Star, I-I rather not-"

"You just fragged a Seeker, the hottest mech to ever be created, and you don't want to boast about it?" He paused to just smirk at the Autobot. "Sky, no one is going to make fun of you. It's all natural. Besides, I think it just makes you look sexy!"

Skyfire raised an optical ridge. "This is why so many can't stand Seekers."

Starscream feigned a shocked gasp, his optics widening as a servo covered his mouth. "I have never been so insulted!"

Skyfire grinned. "What must I do to make up to you for my transgression?"

Starscream's wings fluttered as he smiled sexily. "I want a kiss!"

Skyfire's smile grew. "I think I could do that."

The Autobot approached the Decepticon, gently taking the Seeker's mandible into his large servo before his lip plates captured Starscream's. The Air Commander smiled as he mouthed back, their glossas quickly playing with each other.

"For being new to this, you certainly have this kissing thing down." Starscream said softly, his lip plates almost touching Skyfire's.

"Down to a science?"

Starscream chuckled. "Yes, that."

Skyfire pecked a kiss to those perfect lip plates before speaking. "I think we better go and get cleaned up. I promised Wheeljack that I would help him, and I'm sure you have things to do with the Autobot brass."

"Ah, screw the Autobot brass. I'm with the only Autobot that matters right now."

Skyfire bit his lower lip plate before swallowing. "Primus... I love you, Starscream." He said barely louder than a whisper.

"Love you too, Skyfire." The Decepticon kissed the Autobot on the lip plates once more before playfully shoving him away. "Alright, let's go get cleaned up. I got my slaggling trinemates to deal with and that slag-sucker Prowl to piss off." He grunted.

Skyfire allowed the smaller flyer to slide off the berth and walk to the door. He palmed it open and walked out, Skyfire following. Starscream stopped, his wings raised as he smirked that infamous smirk of his.

"Well, Sky," He said as he placed a servo on a hip. "We appear to have been quite popular last night."

Skyfire's wings lowered, his faceplates would have been bright red if he were a human. Before them, on the wall, was many scribbled notes, the primary one stating "Hey, Skyfire! Next time use
a gag on him! :).” Others said things such as ”Way to go, Sky!” ”Virgin no more!,” ”Pound that
Seeker!,” ”Show that Decepticon who's on top!,” ”You da mech, Sky!,” ”Make Screamer scream!,”
”Finish him!,” ”Woo! Go, Sky!,” and ”Good catch!”

”Oh, Primus…” He said miserably as he covered his faceplates.

”What are you moping about?” Starscream demanded. ”They are clearly jealous that you just
fragged the slag out of such a fabulous being as myself. Now, come, Sky.”

The Seeker pivoted on a thruster heel and walked down the hallway towards the washroom.
Skyfire followed him, feeling very embarrassed.

”Look who it is!” Blaster called out from where he stood in the doorway to his room. ”Skyfire
himself!”

”Way to go, Sky!” Smokescreen exclaimed from his doorway.

More doors started to open, Autobots popping out and shouting their encouragement to the shuttle
as the two flyers made their way to the washroom.

”You da man!”

”Wooooo!”

”Go, Sky!”

”Frag that Seeker!”

”Virgin no more!”

”Keep him screaming all night!”

”Gag him next time!”

”Dat a boy!”

”Show that Decepticon!”

”Yeah! That Decepticreep is nothing!”

”Frag the slag out of that Seeker!”

Starscream just kept that smirk on his handsome visage, enjoying Skyfire's embarrassment far too
much. Skyfire would have been blushing if he were human, a sheepish smile on his faceplates as
he watched his peds, servos wringing. Some mechs he passed patted him on the arm in
congratulations, others high fived him. Someone even managed to get a high five from Starscream,
causing everyone to cheer loudly.

Skyfire was so relieved when their ”Walk of Shame,” or rather, of ”Pride,” came to an end. The two
entered the washroom and Starscream locked the door behind them.

Skyfire turned on the water and immediately started to work on scrubbing himself clean with a
cloth. Starscream watched him for an astrosecond, his wings fluttering before he moved in.

”Hey, Sky? Do you mind cleaning off my wings?” The Seeker said innocently enough, a sly smirk
on his faceplates.
"Sure, Star." The shuttle smiled.

Starscream held up a clean cloth, and the Autobot started to reach for it when the Decepticon dropped it.

"Oh, clumsy me." He smiled.

Skyfire eyed him for a moment before smiling. "It's alright. I got it."

He started to bend down to retrieve the cloth when Starscream stepped forward, grabbed his helm, and kissed him on the lip plates. Skyfire kissed back, the warm water running over their frames as their glossas played with each other.

"Want to go for another round?" Starscream purred.

Skyfire smiled. "Why not?"

The Seeker chuckled before kissing his lover on the lip plates once more. His optics offlined, feeling the large servos rove over his thin waist. Skyfire stepped forward, and he stepped back. They kept moving as they kissed, the jet soon pressed against the wall. Skyfire's held him by the upper arms, their frames heating up as they continued kissing. Their codpieces folded away, Skyfire's ready spike beginning to press against Starscream's leaking valve.

Suddenly, Starscream's processor saw Megatron before him, pinning him against the wall, about to forcefully take him. He was the last one to frag him in the washracks, and his systems remembered.

Fear coursed through his frame. Irrational, illogical, unadulterated fear. His optics widened, trembling so hard before he shoved Skyfire away and scrambled over the wet floor to a corner.

"Star?" Skyfire asked worriedly as he watched the Seeker try to squeeze himself into the corner, shaking so hard, optics filling with static.

"Please…" Starscream begged, coolant starting to leak out. "Please… don't… I-I am yours…" He covered his faceplates as loud sobs escaped his vocalizer.

Skyfire's plates slid back into place before he quickly approached and sat beside Starscream. "Star, love, what's wrong? Please, tell me." He asked anxiously, his optics wide and concerned.

"I-I… Primus, make it stop…" He continued to cry.

"Star, please tell me what's going on?"

Starscream looked up at him for an astrosecond before wiping coolant away. "I'm sorry, Sky. Dammit… Why can't I just be better..?"

"What happened?"

Starscream swallowed. "I… I haven't interfaced in the washracks… Megatron was the last one to have taken me in the washracks. It was one of his favorite places to do it. I just… My trinemates haven't gotten to that part yet in my healing." He vented a sigh. "I'm sorry, Sky."

"No, don't be. You were hurt in a horrible way and just need time to heal. We can wait until you're ready. Let's just take everything slow." Skyfire said softly.

"How long have I been free from him? Almost six decacycles I believe. Slag, why does this have to
take so Primus-fragging long? Why can't I just be better and just be able to do things like I use to? I still sometimes think I'm with him while I am bonding with my trine. I still have memories of what he did to me every night." He swallowed. "I still think about Moonstar." He said the last sentence in almost a whisper.

Skyfire watched him for a moment before speaking. "I know you still miss her. I'm sorry she was taken from you." He swallowed. "I wish I had been properly introduced to her. Last time I saw her… She was carrying. She seemed like a nice femme."

Starscream smiled faintly. "Yeah… she was. Until I pissed her off. She had quite the attitude." He swallowed. "I'm never going to be able to get over her loss. I love her still. I'll always love her and want to be with her." He then looked up at Skyfire, red optics locking on blue. "Just as I'll always love and want to be with you."

Skyfire swallowed before faintly smiling. "I'll always be with you, Star. I love you so much." He then kissed Starscream on the brow. "You're the most precious, perfect, beautiful person to me, and I never want to lose you again."

Starscream managed a small smile. "You know, the big guy is usually a dumb brute. I'm glad I found the exception."

"You're so weird."

"I'm fabulous." Starscream giggled.

"Yes, you are." Skyfire said before kissing Starscream on the cheekplates.

"So, I guess we better clean up. I probably won't be able to calm myself enough to frag for a little while." He said softly.

"It's okay, Star. I don't need to frag you to love you. I like you just for being you."

"Hmm, sure you do." He grinned as he looked down.

Skyfire kissed his cheekplates again before hugging him. "Come on, love. Let's get cleaned up."

"Alright, but you still are going to do my wings."

"As long as you do mine."

"No, do them yourself." Starscream smiled innocently.

"If you do my wings," He kissed the Seeker's brow. "I'll carry you to wherever you want to go."

"Bribing me? You slagging, manipulative, unscrupulous afthelm!" His smile then broadened. "I love you."

Skyfire rolled his optics as he stood. "Come on, my little Seeker. Let's get you cleaned." He said as he held a servo out for Starscream.

Starscream's wings fluttered before he took Skyfire's servo and was helped to his peds.

Skyfire was beaming as he walked down the hallways to the laboratory. Pretty much everyone had heard the news that he had fragged Starscream - well, not the Autobot brass or Seekers - and so he was given congratulations, high fives, and teased. He was slightly embarrassed by it all, but took it
in stride. He knew his friends were just excited for him, and found it comical that such a quiet, calm, passive individual such as himself would hook up with a loud-mouthed, energetic, feisty Seeker like Starscream. The two were very different, but those few similarities just made them perfect for each other.

"Look who it is!" Wheeljack called to the shuttle when he entered the lab. "The Seeker wrangler himself!"

Skyfire's sheepish smile only grew as he quickly looked at the floor. Wheeljack only laughed at the innocence.

"Never thought that a mech like Starscream would end up with a mech like you. Oh, don't be so uncomfortable, Sky! This is great news for you! That's it, smile like you mean it."

"I'm just not use to being in the spotlight." Skyfire said as he scratched his nape.

"Eh, nothing wrong with it. You're happy and that's all that's important." Wheeljack paused. "Soooooo, how was it?"

"Pardon?"

"Were you nervous?"

"Oh, Primus… Don't ask me stuff like that. You know I feel awkward about it." Skyfire sheepishly smiled as he covered his faceplates.

Wheeljack chuckled. "Come on, we're mechs! What else do we talk about?"

"Science?"

"I'm talking about 'normal' mechs. Obviously we are not that, but, let's pretend that we are."

"Primus, okay…" He removed his servos and looked up, his faceplates would obviously be red if he was a human. "It was… I was nervous. But, he just kept talking to me and his vocalizer… Wow… It was… heavenly. And just what he said to me… It made it easier. And he felt… incredible. Just amazing. And how he looked at me, and-and smiled…" He vented a sigh. "I love him, Wheeljack. I slagging love that Seeker like…" He shrugged as he turned to look at the engineer. "I don't have words to express it. I love him so Primus-fragging much. I-I never thought I would make love to him. And now… I never want to stop. It's killing me being away from him right now!" He sat down on a nearby table and dreamily looked up at nothing in particular. "I want to just be with him forever and always. To join with him and-and make love to him until our sparks fade. To just kiss him, and hold him, and tell him how much I love him."

Wheeljack watched the large flyer, he obviously would have been smiling if he had a mouth. "I'm happy for you, Sky. And I hope you're right about Starscream. I'm probably am wrong, but I still feel uncomfortable around him."

"I understand. He's been your enemy for so long. But, Wheeljack, I think the old Starscream is back. At least, around me. Hopefully soon he will be that way with everyone else."

"We'll see." Wheeljack paused. "Oh, and Skyfire, do not talk about any of this or act close to Starscream around Prowl, or Red Alert, or Ironhide, or any of the top guys. Just to play it safe. After what happened to the ones who interfaced with Starscream's daughter, I rather not see you dragged away by a foaming-at-the-mouth Prowl."
Skyfire nodded his helm slowly. "Yeah, I won't let them find out." He bit his lower lip plate. "Slaggit, why can't it be evening again and I can go see him?!!"

Wheeljack chuckled as he slowly shook his helm.

Starscream's wings were held high, a smirk on his handsome faceplates, and such pride in his gait. The other Seekers all curiously watched him pass, whispering amongst themselves, many looking relieved to see that he was all right.

Starscream put in his code and entered his berthroom.

"Where the hell were you last night?" Thundercracker demanded as he sat on a chair, his arms crossed, wings raised, and optics narrowed.

"Out." Starscream shrugged as he coolly walked deeper into the room, the door hissing shut behind him.

"Why didn't you comm. and inform us of your absence? We were looking for you, Starscream. Dammit, we thought you went off to blow a Primus-damn hole through your helm!" He exclaimed as he pressed a digit against the side of his helm for emphasis.

"Well, I obviously didn't, and you did a fine job looking for me." He said the last part sarcastically.

Thundercracker leaped to his peds and grabbed Starscream's shoulder, holding him firmly. Skywarp swallowed from where he sat on the berth, his wings lowering.

"You slagging, little brat!" Thundercracker roared in the Air Commander's faceplates. "Do you realize how terrified we were!? You even had your comm. link off and I couldn't reach you! What the frag were you doing!?"

"That does not concern you." Starscream said dangerously, his optics narrowing.

"O-oh yes, it does."

"I'm not answering."

"I'm about to kill you, Starscream." He growled.

"Well, guess you would never find out then."

"Can you two please stop fighting!" Skywarp begged as coolant threatened to leak from his optics.

Thundercracker slowly released Starscream's shoulders and took a step back. Starscream just smirked before turning around and approaching Skywarp. Thundercracker watched him, his optics flashing when he caught sight of it.

Starscream kissed Skywarp on the lip plates before speaking. "I do hope you weren't too worried, 'Warp." He said softly.

"I was pretty worried, Scree. Where'd you go?" He asked quietly as he reached his arms out and embraced Starscream in a hug.

"He was fragging someone." Thundercracker said slowly, his wings hiking.

"What?" Skywarp turned wide optics to Starscream.
"And what makes you think that, TC?" Starscream said with that honeyed vocalizer of his as he gently removed Skywarp's servos and stood straight up.

"Because you are covered in paint marks. Did you even check your aft before attempting to lie to us?" The blue Seeker said as he crossed his arms.

Starscream did his best to twist around and look at the evidence. "Well, that certainly won't do." He said in the same tone.

"Who. Was. It?" Thundercracker growled through gritted denta.

"Why do you care?" Starscream grunted.

"We are a trine! We do not lie to each other! We do not go behind each others' backs! We do not go frag someone without approval from the trine!" He bellowed as he jabbed a digit at Starscream. "Who was it?!"

"You are making a big deal out of nothing, Thunder." Starscream snapped as he placed his servos on his hips.

"I am about to tie you to the berth and beat that aft of yours with something spiked!"

"It's my frame. I can do whatever I want with it." Starscream said firmly.

"Not when the trine is concerned. You lied to us. You went behind our backs and interfaced with someone outside of the trine. You of all Seekers should know the rules regarding such a thing. First, you do this slag with Megatron, and now with an Autobot?!"

"Don't you dare compare him to Megatron." Starscream said venomously.

"Who was it!?!"

Starscream just glared at Thundercracker. Skywarp swallowed, coolant tears leaking from his optics. Thundercracker's optics brightened.

"It was that shuttle, wasn't it?" The blue Seeker said slowly, dangerously.

"Perhaps it was. And perhaps I went to him and told him to pin me to the berth and frag me senseless. And perhaps I enjoyed it more than interfacing with you." Starscream said as he crossed his arms.

Thundercracker was shaking with his unholy wrath, his balled fists denting his palms. "You went off and fragged that coward!? The same one who left you for our enemies!?"

"You don't know anything about him!" Starscream shrieked as he jabbed a digit at Thundercracker.. "I've known him longer than I've known either of you! I've always loved him and now finally have the chance to be with him again!"

"You don't know anything about him!" Starscream shrieked as he jabbed a digit at Thundercracker.. "I've known him longer than I've known either of you! I've always loved him and now finally have the chance to be with him again!"

"Wasn't something similar said when we dug him from the ice!? You thought he wouldn't leave you and yet he did! He isn't worth your time, Starscream. Furthermore, you went off to frag him without informing your trine! Your brothers! We are to be informed about such things so we don't freak out thinking you went to commit suicide! And you never interface outside the trine without informing the trine!"

"I know what I did was not exactly 'legal' in Seeker society, but since when did you start caring?"
"Fragging a prostitute is one thing, but having an affair is another!"

"It's not an affair!"

"Then what is it!?"

"I love him and I went to make love to him. I wasn't intentionally trying to harm our bond or lie to you. I just… I just couldn't wait any longer and went to him." Starscream snapped.

"What you did was still wrong. Had you informed us of your plans we could have avoided this conversation completely."

"Informed you and then hear you tell me that I couldn't interface with him?" Starscream growled bitterly.

"Starscream, you are being a selfish, inconsiderate **brat**. You had no right fragging that Autobot without first informing us!"

"I've had enough of your pontificating, Thundercracker! Just…. Argh! Get out!" Starscream screamed, his optics offline and servos balled into fists at his sides.

"Why?! Because you won't admit that you fragged up big time!?!"

Starscream grabbed Thundercracker by the arm and viciously yanked him to the door. Thundercracker started to pull back, but Starscream was faster. The tri colored Seeker palmed the door open and swung Thundercracker out before he could fight back. Thundercracker swirled around and started to reach for Starscream, but the door slammed shut in his faceplates.

"Arrrgh!" The blue Seeker roared furiously before savagely kicking the door.

He pivoted on a thruster heel and stomped off. He shoved by the rainmakers and marched straight to a window. He flung it open, leaped out, transformed, and broke the sound barrier as he flew off.

Starscream's wings twitched when he heard Thundercracker kick the door then stomp off. Once he could no longer hear him, his wings lowered and he slowly turned around. He crossed his arms and walked to the center of the room before stopping. Skywarp swallowed as he watched.

"Scree? You alright?" He asked barely louder than a whisper.

Starscream slowly shook his helm before covering his faceplates as he broke into sobs, coolant pouring out of his offline optics. Skywarp bit his lower lip plate. The black Seeker hopped off the berth and hugged his trineleader tightly. Starscream hugged him back, burrowing his faceplates into Skywarp's neck cables as he cried.

"It's okay, Scree. TC and I still love you. Yeah, we're a little disappointed you did that, but, I know you're just sad about Moonie and want someone else to fill the gap."

Starscream pulled his helm back and kissed Skywarp on the lip plates. "I'm sorry, 'Warp. I-I didn't mean to worry you two." He said as he wiped coolant away. "I just… I'm sorry. I won't do that again. I had to just-just see him and talk to him. I… I love him, Skywarp. I've always loved him. I love you and TC, too, but I just want him to be part of my life as well. I just… I'm sorry for fragging up, Sky. I should have informed you two of my actions and been a better trineleader. I'm sorry."
"Star, it's fine. You're not hurt, and you admit to fragging up. Just… Please don't ever keep us out again. We love you, Seree, and want to be with you forever. And we especially need to know if you are going to being fragging with someone else so we can barge into the room and tear them apart if they hurt you." He nodded his helm sagely.

Starscream smiled faintly. "I know. I'm sorry, love. I just… I won't ever do that again. For now on, no more secrets. I-I made those oaths to you two for a reason and I need to uphold them." He swallowed. "I'm sorry. Please," He then hugged Skywarp tightly. "Please, don't leave me. I'm sorry."

"I'm not leaving you, Screamer." He vented a sigh. "I want to have a talk with him, though. Mech-friend or not, he has to know that you are mine and if he steps out of line even the smallest amount I'm going to rip him apart. Slowly. Painfully. Leave his optics in so he can see everything that I do to him." He paused. "His interface equipment will go first."

Starscream kissed Skywarp on the cheekplates. "I know you will do what you must to protect me. I doubt Skyfire will do anything, but I still appreciate it." He swallowed. "I promise you and TC that I will uphold the Seeker law concerning trines and outside relationships." He said in almost a whisper. "I've been with you two more and-and I simply could not function without you guys. If things don't go well… Skyfire is gone. I won't ever let anything get between the trine."

Skywarp smiled. "And that's why you're the bestest trineleader in the whole fragging galaxy."

Starscream offered him a small smile. "I try."

"Time to seal the deal with a kiss." Skywarp smiled.

"Of course. And, I have to be going soon. Something to do with the Autobot heads."

"Alright. After I get my kiss I'll go find TC and make sure he doesn't punch anyone."

"Sounds good. I love you, Skywarp."

"I love you too, Starscream."

The two trinemates then passionately kissed each other on the lip plates, their glossas soon playing with each other.

If death could take on any physical form, it would be that of the blue Seeker storming his way into the Autobot lab. His wings raised, optics of ice, frame tense, imminent pain and suffering for a certain shuttle emanating from his very being. Lesser beings would be wise to cower and flee from his presence, for he was ready to spill energon and disembowel a specific individual.

"You slagging, Pit-spawned, piece-of-slag, creation-of-a-pleurbot, homewrecker!" The blue being of death roared as he stomped over to the surprised, and terribly frightened, Autobot shuttle while jabbing a digit at him.

"Th-Thundercracker, I-I don't know what you-"

Thundercracker was not the fastest Seeker, no, Starscream easily beat him in that, but for this one instance he probably would have won a title. Before anyone could even fathom a coherent sentence or thought, Thundercracker had Skyfire pinned to the ground, a knee on the shuttle's chest piece, and ebony servos tightly strangling his neck.
Wheeljack and Perceptor stared with horrified optics, not sure of what to do. Calling for backup would undoubtedly bring the attention of the Autobot brass, which would only bring Skyfire's love affair with Starscream to light. And then Prowl would kill him. But, if they didn't do anything, Thundercracker would kill him. Either way: Skyfire was going to die.

"Please, Thudnercracker, I-I-" Skyfire begged with terrified optics.

"Shut up! You listen to me you pathetic waste of scrap!" Thundercracker bellowed as he grabbed Skyfire's face, digging his digits into the shuttle's cheekplates. "I thought I told you to stay the hell away from my trineleader, but you didn't, did you?"

"I-I-"

"Shut up! Furthermore, you broke a major Seeker rule, and that really, really pisses me off." He paused to glare every weapon ever invented at Skyfire. "I support Starscream and his decisions. I love that Seeker more than myself or anything else. I will gladly deactivate him, and am willing to do what I must to protect him. If he chooses to be with you… I will be by his side. But… but if you slag up even the smallest, tiniest amount." He then unsubspaced an energon knife and held the glowing blade to Skyfire's cheekplates, it's length touching him. "I will carve you apart. Slowly. Painfully. Starting with your interface ports, then moving upwards. I'll disembowel you, leaving your spark for last so you can feel it all. And as I cut you open, I'll force you to drink your own energon, tasting yourself as you die. Your optics and other senses I will leave untouched, so you can see it, smell your energon and inner fluids, hear me cut you apart." He leaned closer to the absolutely horrified Autobot's visage. "Do I make myself inexplicably clear, Autobot?"

Skyfire nodded his head rapidly, trembling all over. "Y-y-yes, Th-Thunder-cra-cracker." He said in the smallest of terrified voices.

Thundercracker slowly pressed his knife a little closer, running it down slightly causing it to leave a small cut. Skyfire flinched from the pain, a single drop of energon leaking out. Thundercracker removed his knife and subspaced it.

"Good. I'm glad we had this little talk." The Decepticon said almost casually as he stood up. "I'm watching you, Skyfire. Very, very, very closely."

Thundercracker stepped off the shuttle and calmly walked out of the lab as if nothing had happened. Once the door hissed shut Wheeljack and Perceptor rushed over to Skyfire.

"Sky! Are you alright?!) Wheeljack exclaimed as he got on his knees beside the large flyer.

"I-I-I think… I-uh…" Skyfire's optics offlined and his frame went limp.

"Skyfire!?"

"His systems have engaged in emergency stasis lock due to the shock of the experience." Perceptor said as he studied the shuttle.

"He fainted? Great… How are we supposed to get him to medbay?" Wheeljack grunted.

Perceptor looked up at him. "I'll comm. a tow."

Starscream stood in the Control Room, his arms crossed as he was positioned between Prowl and Jazz. Prowl was refusing to look at him longer than what was required, and Starscream had a really strong urge to just push Prowl over and watch him fall.
It was hard for him to concentrate on the task at servo. His processor was plagued with the memories of being with his old friend and lover, and also Thundercracker's furious words. The blue slagger was right... as he usually was. Starscream had slagged up by not first informing his trine of his absence and making them worried. Worse, he had broken Seeker law when concerned about interfacing outside of the trine without the trine's knowledge or approval. And this was his second time committing that offense, not that he had wanted to do it with Megatron.

He should have gone and talked to his trinemates just as he had done before fragging Moonstar. He may have taken her as a slave without their approval first, but he had waited until he had discussed the situation with them before actually interfacing.

He had to make it up to his brothers. Of how much it wounded his pride, he had to apologize to Thundercracker, and maybe bond with them if he felt well enough to. He probably deserved to be tied to the berth and given a good aft beating as well. Primus, did he hate that. But, it was only fair that his trinemates got even with him. He was an aft with them all the time...

Starscream looked up, not entirely paying attention as the Prime said something or other. His wings flicked, accidentally colliding with Prowl's doorwing. The Praxian's optics narrowed, but he remained silent.

"Starscream, what is your input?" Optimus paused. "Starscream!"

The Seeker startled, his optics darting up to the Prime as he spoke. "Yes, Lord Megatron?!"

Everyone turned to him, the Seeker's wings lowering as he placed a servo over his faceplates.

"I-I apologize, Prime." He said softly.

"It's alright, Starscream. I didn't mean to startle you. I was just asking for your opinion on attacking Polyhex." Optimus said calmly.

Starscream flicking his wings, and again the one struck Prowl's doorwing. The Seeker removed his servo from his faceplates and looked up.

"Right. My opinion on Polyhex." He paused. "What were you saying about it?"

Optimus' optics narrowed. "How long have you not been listening?"

"I was listening the entire time, Prime." Starscream snapped as he placed his servos on his hips. "I simply failed to process the sound I was receiving into comprehensible words and data." He paused. "And I have only been doing that for the last breem and a half or so."

"That's when we started the meeting."

"Exactly."

"Are you feeling alright, Starscream? Do you need to-"

"I'm fine, Prime. Just a little distracted."

"And why are you distracted?" Prowl inquired. "Hiding something?"

Starscream glared at him. "Want me to kiss you again?"

Prowl took a step back, his optics narrowing as they brightly glowed. Optimus vented a sigh.
"Alright, let's stop right there." He said exasperatedly. "Starscream, just tell us your concerns for attacking Polyhex."

"Send Prowl in first and I won't be concerned."

And that was it for the Prime. "I've had it with this petty rivalry of yours! If I hear anymore of it I will lock you both in the brig! Am I understood!?" He shouted with balled fists shaking at his sides.

"Perfectly." Prowl intoned.

"I suppose so." Starscream shrugged.

"Starscream, I rather not have to tell you again." Optimus said firmly to the flyer.

"I rather not hear it from you again. At least Megatron never snapped at me for what I did to Shockwave all the time." He grumbled as he crossed his arms.

"Starscream, enough. Now, let's return back to our discussion concerning Polyhex."

"And that was about?"

Optimus vented a sigh as he rubbed his temples. "Prowl, do tell Starscream what we were talking about."

"Yes, sir." He then turned to Starscream. "As you have failed to take note of, we were discussing possible strategies for capturing the city. Prime would like to know your concerns for a full-on assault of the Decepticon base located within."

"Why didn't he just say?" Starscream smirked. The Prime narrowed his optics. "Polyhex is well guarded, primarily around Darkmount. The weakest point is the border along the Sea of Rust. Problem with that is, it is not great for you grounders. The city will have to be taken by air forces. Lucky you have me helping you."

"What about the border with Nova Cronum?" Optimus inquired.

"Not the easiest. The terrain surrounding it would, once again, give you grounders much difficulty. No, what I suggest." He stepped forward to point at the hologram map, but stopped.

The Seeker placed a servo on his helm, feeling suddenly faintish. He swallowed, realizing that he had not refueled this morning due to his argument with Thundercracker, and had not refueled last night because he had been with Skyfire. And will all that interfacing the previous night… His fuel tank was almost empty, and his systems were nearing emergency stasis lock.

"Starscream, are you alright?"

"I'm fine Prime. I just… dammit." He offline his optics, his HUD suddenly plagued with warnings about his fuel levels. "Call my trinemates." He said quickly.

"Do you need to see Ratchet?"

"I… I just need my trinemates. I feel-"

His systems shut down and he collapsed to the ground. Everyone just stared with surprised optics for an astrosecond, not sure what to do.
"Someone call Ratchet!" Optimus ordered as he grabbed Starscream and flipped him over so he was lying on his back.

"Did he just die!?" Rodimus exclaimed.

"No, he in stasis lock." Prowl said as he stood over the Seeker.

"Oh, so I still have to get you guys a Conjunx Endura gift?"

Prowl turned optics of cold, cruel, painful death onto Rodimus. Rodimus stepped behind Jazz.

"Come on, we need to carry him to medbay." Optimus said.

"I'm not touching him." Rodimus said quickly.

Optimus vented an angry sigh. "Fine, I'll do it." He grunted before hoisting up the Seeker and carrying him bridal style out of the Control Room.

As always, he heard voices first, then his vision started to come to him. The first visage he saw was always expected, especially with that innocent, lopsided smile of his. The second visage was most certainly unwelcomed.

"SCREEEEEEEEE!" Skywarp squealed excitedly before kissing his trineleader all over the faceplates. "I love you!"

"Ugh... Go away and come back with some femmes, slagger." Starscream groaned.

"So, do you do this to yourself often, Starscream?" Ratchet grunted as he adjusted the energon drip connected to the Seeker's arm.

"You'd be surprised." Starscream grumbled.

"He enjoys trying to deactivate himself." Hook said from the other side of the medbay where he was working. "I believe he's addicted to the thrill of dying."

"Get slagged." Starscream snapped.

"Be nice, commander. I've saved you more times than I can count."

"Why is this piece of slag working on me?" Starscream demanded as he glared at Ratchet.

"Because, I told him to work on you." Hook said as he approached. "Quite glitching and be glad that someone did something for you."

Starscream just gave Hook a look that could deactivate. The Constructicon started to reach over the flyer to check on a cable plugged into him when the Seeker attacked. He kicked Hook right in the abdominal plating, hard, causing the green and purple mech to take a few steps back.

"Watch it, Starscream." Hook snapped as he jabbed a digit at the Air Commander. "We are with the Autobots now, and that means we fall under their jurisdiction."

"So?"

"So, that means that as a medic, I can legally strike you and throw heavy objects at you. And I won't hesitate to do so."
Ratchet smiled. "He's right."

"Whatever." Starscream growled. "When can I leave?"

"Once your systems are normal. Not everything is functioning properly due to the redirection of fuel from the low levels." The Autobot CMO explained.

"Go frag yourself."

Ratchet narrowed his optics.

"Ignore him, Ratchet. He's always testy when in medbay." Hook said dismissively.

"Where's TC?" Starscream inquired.

Skywarp swallowed. "He said that he would come…" The black Seeker said quietly.

"He's still pissy about earlier, isn't he?" He vented a sigh. "I'll make up to him tonight."

"He still loves you, Star."

"I know he does. I love you two as well. Even if you are complete morons."

Skywarp smiled. "But, we're the best morons."

"Unfortunately, this is very true." He paused. "Shouldn't you be kissing me? If I'm going have to be in this torture chamber I might as well get some lovin'."

Skywarp's smile only broadened. "Will do!"

Hook rolled his optics as the Seekers interlocked lip plates and madly kissed each other, Starscream only able to move one servo to touch his brother as the other stayed resting on the medberth. Their glossas invaded each other's mouths, Skywarp making loud smacking and other dramatic mouth sounds, which, surprisingly, didn't bother Starscream. It just made him want more.

"Hey, Ratchet, can I go home now?" Skyfire asked softly as he poked his helm out from the back door, only for his optics to widen at the sight of his lover. "Oh, Primus! What's wrong with Starscream!?" He exclaimed as he rushed over.

Skywarp ceased in his kissing, turned to look back at Skyfire, and aggressively flared his wings, making sure to cover as much of Starscream's vulnerable form as he could.

"He's fine, Skyfire." Ratchet grunted.

Starscream shoved Skywarp aside. "Hey, Sky." He smirked. "I'm alright. I just hadn't seen Hook in some time. I think since… yesterday?"

"Unfortunately." Hook grunted.

"See? A slag long time. I needed to catch up."

"Star, w-why are you here? Why are you all hooked up?" Skyfire swallowed.

"I was just a little low on fuel. I'm fine now, no thanks to the slagheap doctors kept around here."

"You're welcome." Hook sarcastically replied.
Go kiss a sharticon!

Hook rolled his optics. Skyfire eyed Skywarp for a moment before daring to step beside Starscream. Starscream's wings fluttered, banging loudly against the medberth. Skywarp's wings flicked in warning, his optics narrowed and brightly glowing death at Skyfire.

The shuttle swallowed. "How-how are you now?"

"Spec-fragging-tacular." Starscream smiled at him. "Why the hell are you in medbay?"

"Oh, I, um… Just was having a checkup. Make sure everything is running as it should." He forced a smile.

"After last night?" Starscream smirked sexily.

"Uh, yeah, sure."

"Sky?"

"Yes?" Skywarp and Skyfire asked at the same time.

Skywarp's wings twitched in agitation, Skyfire swallowed.

"Big Sky." Starscream said quickly. "The cute one."

"I thought I was cute." Skywarp growled.

"You're adorable. There's a difference."

Skywarp glared murderously at Skyfire as he took Starscream's servo and held it against his frame, making it clear that Starscream belonged to him. Skyfire's wings lowered.

"As I was saying," Starscream continued. "Skyfire, would you be so kind as to make me feel better?"

"Um, how so?"

"I want a kiss!" He giggled.

Ratchet raised an optical ridge as he watched. Hook crossed his arms as he cocked his helm. Skywarp's engine hummed a little louder.

"Uh, s-sure, sweetie." Skyfire stuttered.

He glanced at Skywarp before leaning forward, his lip plates interlocking with Starscream's eager ones. Starscream giggled as he kissed his lover, quickly forcing his glossa inside the other's mouth.

Skywarp watched them closely, "popping" his knuckles when Skyfire finally pulled away and darted his optics in his direction.

"Mmmm, I like that." Starscream smiled, his wings trying to flutter again.

"How about I make you better now." Skywarp said before immediately capturing Starscream's lip plates in a searing kiss.

Starscream moaned something, but soon eased up and passionately kissed his trinemat back.
Skyfire swallowed as he watched.

"Alright, that's enough." Hook snapped, causing the two jets to cease. "You need to relax and let your systems heal after what you put them through. You, big guy,"

"Skyfire." He said softly.

"Big guy, get out. Only Starscream's trinemates are allowed around him when he's in my care."

"But Hooook…" Starscream groaned.

"Nah uh! Not another word, commander." Hook said firmly. "You: Out." He jabbed a digit at Skyfire. "And you!" He pointed at Skywarp. "Sit beside him quietly or you can leave as well."

Skywarp flicked his wings before snuggling against Starscream, burrowing his faceplates into the crook of Starscream's neck.

"Okay, well, see you later, Star." Skyfire waved as he started to walk away.

"See you, sexy!" Starscream called after him.

Skyfire bit his lower lip plate and quickly walked out, obviously blushing if he had been organic.

Once the door hissed shut, Starscream's optics narrowed. With the speed and grace that made him a deadly warrior on the battlefield, he jerked himself away from Skywarp, grabbed the black Seeker's mandible, and painfully yanked him up to look into his optics.

"What the slag is wrong with you!?!" Starscream bellowed.

"Ow! Screamer, you're hurting me!" Skywarp whimpered as he grabbed Starscream's wrist.

"You said that you would give him a chance and yet I don't see that happening."

"Mmmmmrrrggggghhh! Let go!"

"Stop it." Starscream growled. "I am your trineleader, understand? Not Thundercracker. Me. I don't need you acting like that when I want to give this relationship a second chance. And you need to realize that not everything revolves around how you want things to be. Give me and him a chance to be happy together and stop threatening him."

"I'm sorry, Scree. Please, you're hurting me. I-I'll give him a chance. Please, Star." Skywarp begged.

Starscream released him and Skywarp took a step back, his wings lowering. Starscream's wings raised as he sat upright on the medberth, glaring at his trinemate. After a few astroseconds he vented a sigh.

"Come here, 'Warp. I'm sorry for hurting you." He said softly as he held a servo out.

Skywarp wiped away coolant tears that were beginning to leak out before approaching his trineleader and hugging him.

"I love you, Skywarp. I'm sorry I got mad. I just…" He sighed again. "I just really want this to work out and for you and TC to give him a chance. He's not a bad mech. Please, just give it some time, alright, love?"

Skywarp pulled away and nodded his helm. "Okay, Scree. I-I'll give it time. I just worry about
Starscream smiled. "I know you do, sweetie. But, remember: It's my job as trineleader to carry the burdens. I can protect myself, especially from Skyfire. Trust me, he couldn't fend himself from a petrorabbit." He paused. "Remember: If this doesn't work out. He's gone. Trine comes first. Always."

"Trine till the bitter end?" Skywarp said quietly as he wiped more coolant tears away.

"Trine till the bitter end."

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Thundercracker perched himself at the top of a tower, crouching as he precariously balanced on the tiny platform. His forearms resting on his knees, wings spread out, and optics narrowed. He had come up here to simply get away from everyone as he seethed, watching the entire city before him. The sun was on the horizon, casting the world before him in bright oranges, reds, pinks, and yellows.

The sunsets on Cybertron were nothing like the ones on Earth, but with the added metal of the city's buildings, it made it's own unique art. Something no other planet would see on it's surface.

::Commander Starscream to Thundercracker. Do you copy?::

His wings raised. "Thundercracker to Commander Starscream. What is it?"

There was a pause. ::TC, it's getting late. Come back to our room. We need to get some recharge and I need to talk with you.::

Thundercracker vented a sigh. "Talk about..?"

::You know what. Come on, Thunder. Please, just come back."

He was silent for a moment. "I'm coming, Star. Love you."

::Love you, too. See you in a bit.::

He cut the comm. link, leaped off the tower, transformed, and flew back to his trine.

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Thundercracker palmed open the door to his shared quarters and entered. He shut the door behind him before turning to his trinemates.

"First we hug." Starscream said as he held out his arms.

Thundercracker faintly smiled. He approached his leader and gave him a tight hug, holding him close.

"I'm sorry I was a total aft, TC." Starscream said softly.

"I'm sorry for yelling at you, Star." Thundercracker said quietly. "I was just really worried and I get kind of pissed when I think one of you two are in danger or something."

"I know. I should have let you know where I was going. I apologize for being stupid and not thinking about it." He sighed. "I'm also sorry for not informing you and 'Warp about my decision concerning Skyfire. I was just... I was excited and nervous about talking to him again and put you two out of my processor. I should have never done that. You two come before anything and anyone
else. You two are my world. My everything. And I should never put anything else before the trine. Unless it's Dawnstar. She comes before you two slagheaps."

"That I understand." Thundercracker said as he lovingly stroked Starscream's back.

Starscream pulled his helm back and looked Thundercracker in the optics. "Furthermore, if this relationship does not work out... Skyfire is gone. You and 'Warp come first, and if I have to choose between one or the other, it will always be my trinemates." He paused. "But, please, Thunder, give Skyfire a chance. He's not a bad mech. I really think that you guys will like him. Please, don't kill him unless I say otherwise. Okay?"

Thundercracker's optics narrowed before offlining as he nodded his helm. "Alright, love. I'll give him a chance. But if he hurts you..."

Starscream smiled. "He won't."

"Mhmm."

Starscream pecked a kiss to Thundercracker's lip plates. "I guess I deserve to be punished, eh?"

"I think a trip over my knee will suffice."

"And mine!" Skywarp piped up.

"And after you have been thoroughly punished for lying to us, breaking Seeker law, and being an aft, we are going to frag the slag out of you." Thundercracker kissed him on the lip plates.

"Make me scream?" Starscream smiled.

"Scream, and yell, and cry, and moan, and beg." Thundercracker said between gentle kisses. "And we are going to beat your aft so hard you won't be able to sit for a stellar cycle."

"Probably should get started then." Starscream whispered erotically as he lifted Thundercracker's chin with a single digit.

"Oh, we are." He then looked up. "'Warp, what do we have to work with?"

"I have my paddle, some cable, a metal switch." He giggled. "Or we could use all three!"

"I think that would be fine. One used for each of his sins."

"Ugh." Starscream groaned as he plunked his helm against Thundercracker's shoulder.

"Which should we use first?" Skywarp inquired.

"The one that hurts more, so that when we use the one that hurts least his aft is already in a slag lot of pain."

"Why did I agree to this...?" Starscream grumbled.

"Because you love us." Thundercracker kissed his brow. "Come on. Let's get you tied to the berth."

Starscream walked down the hallway to Skyfire's room, careful with his still very sore aft after what his trinemates had done last night. He certainly deserved it, and now they were even. Apologize, even the score, bond, move on. That's how they had always solved their conflicts and
that was why they were so close. Even if they had a conniving, manipulative, ambitious, and all around slagger like Starscream as a trineleader. And was he proud of such titles.

Autobots he passed smiled when they realized where he was headed. Some called out to him, but he never said anything. A few managed to get him to smirk with their witty remarks, but that was all the emotion he was willing to show them.

He didn't bother to press the call button when he had arrived at his destination. He palmed the door right open and marched inside.

"Oh, Starscream!" Skyfire quickly turned to him. "I-I wasn't expecting you so early."

Starscream smirked that sexy smirk of his. "Hey, sexy."

Skyfire swallowed before sheepishly smiling. "Hey, handsome."

"So, what is a good looking mech like yourself doing this orbital cycle?" Starscream inquired casually as he inspected some bits of machinery that were resting on the desk.

"Um, I was going to do some stuff in the lab."

"That all?"

"Well, um, you wanna do anything?"

Starscream's wings fluttered. He turned to the Autobot and mischievously smiled. "We should do a lot of things!"

"Oh, Primus…" He swallowed. "Like what?"

"Why you say it like that?"

"Because, I know that face of yours. You always make it when you are thinking about doing illegal stuff."

"I only do illegal stuff. At least, that's what your Autobot friends say." He shrugged. "I want a hug. Now, Skyfire."

Skyfire smiled. "I can do that."

Starscream bounced on his peds as he held his arms out for the impending hug. The Autobot embraced the Decepticon and held him close, savoring his perfect frame and warmth.

Starscream pulled away and kissed his lover on the lip plates before venting a sigh. "Sky, we need to talk."

Skyfire swallowed. "Okay, Star." He said softly.

The shuttle released the Seeker and sat on his berth. Starscream stayed standing, his aft not quite ready for sitting, yet.

"First off, it's not bad news." Starscream said quickly. "I love you, Sky, and I want this to work out. But, you have to remember that I am trined now so things are a bit different than they were before."

"I understand." He nodded his helm slowly.
"First off, I need to confess some stuff." He made a sound as if clearing his vocalizer. "What I did the other night wasn't exactly legal in Seeker law. Let me explain: I interfaced outside of the trine without telling my trinemates first or receiving their approval."

"Why is that wrong? It's your frame, your life."

"Correct, but not just 'my life."' He paused. "A Seeker trine is like joining with someone as Conjuges Endurae, but only more… intimate, stronger… They are your lovers, your brothers, your best friends… Your world. And there are a lot of rules established around the trine in order to keep it strong. When Seekers trine, they say vows to each other, and must never break them. Trinemates interface to bond and make us closer together. And the interfacing is quite significant and to do it outside the trine without informing… It's kinda like cheating on a mate." He vented a sigh. "So, Seeker trines were originally created for breeding purposes, right? A mech and two femmes, or a submissive mech or two in place of the femmes. Well, the breeding thing kind of became outdated and the trine became what it is now. Something to make us better warriors. Seekers are built for combat. For killing. And trines make us a deadly force when we are so much stronger in numbers. Especially when we trust each other and love each other like trinemates do."

"So, are you saying..?"

"What I'm saying is: If we are going to be together… The trine has to be in unison. The trine comes first. The trine is family. My family. If TC and 'Warp don't like you, even after giving you a chance…" He swallowed. "You're out. We can't be together."

"What?" Skyfire started to tremble.

"But, hey, they liked and accepted Moonstar, so, they probably will accept you." He forced a smile. "They aren't bad, Sky. They just are protective of me." He paused. "Don't worry about the other night. It's been forgotten and forgiven. My trinemates gave me a good, hard punishment, we apologized, they fragged the slag out of me, and we kissed for nearly two breems straight this morning."

"Punish you? What did they do?"

"Thank goodness no public shaming was involved. No, all they did was beat my aft. A lot. With vile weapons."

"What?"

"They tied me to a berth, then TC used some coiled cable on my aft while Skywarp used a metal switch. You'd be surprised how fast they can go once they have a rhythm down. And they kept that up for nearly three breems… And TC was giving it his all. Then, we bonded. And then they held me down and used that stupid paddle on my aft. And now I don't think I'll ever be able to sit down again."

"Why did you let them hurt you?" Skyfire demanded incredulously.

"It's a deal I made with them a long time ago… And eventually made the same deal with Moonstar. I am a major, slagging aft, and I mistreat everyone around me, even if I don't mean to hurt them. I told my trinemates that when I'm being a afthelm they had the right to administer appropriate disciplinary action towards my being. I think Moonstar enjoyed the deal the most."

"But, they hurt you."

"I deserve it, for one, and two, I consented. It's different when you tell someone they can do
something to you and mean it. And my trinemates never damage me. They cause me some physical pain, then love on me, and that's it." He paused. "What Megatron did to me was true pain. I never asked for it, never wanted him to do it. And he struck me to damage me. To break me. To tear me down and make me submit. He almost deactivated me many times."

"I'm sorry, love. I'm so sorry you went through all of that." Skyfire said softly.

"It's in the past, Sky." The Air Commander said quietly. "I may never heal from everything he did to me, but I want to at least try to forget." He looked up and smiled. "Especially when I have something to look forward to now."

A small smile etched itself over the shuttle's visage. "I look forward to our future as well, Star."

"Great. I'll find time when you can just hang out with my trinemates. And if they ever give you a hard time, just apprise me. I'll deal with them."

Skyfire nodded his helm slowly. "Alright, I will."

"So, I'm thinking, I'm going to tell you some stuff about my brothers so that you can make a better impression when getting to know them. Keep notes if you must." He paused. "TC likes to watch human TV shows, write fictional stories, and play real-time strategy videogames. He also likes organics that make good pets. I don't understand that, but he does. His favorite color is cerulean blue, no other blue counts. His favorite number is eight. He hates to be called 'Cracker,' so 'TC' or 'Thunder' only. He gets over energized pretty easily. And even though he's kind of quiet and doesn't say much, when he does show emotion… He shows a lot of it. Especially when he's pissed. Never piss him off."

"Duly noted." Skyfire said as he quickly nodded his helm.

"'Warp is kind of a sparkling at times, but he is smart. He just… he's slow. But give him enough time to think something through and he'll surprise you. He likes to play videogames, to prank people, and shows love by harassing you. He never holds back his emotions, and so having to comfort him as he cries is a frequent occurrence. He also… He has a really hard time about being alone. He has to be around me or TC all the time, or just have someone around him in general. He… he has anxiety. So, always keep a close optic on him." Starscream swallowed. "He's really sweet when given the chance. Just, don't let his weirdness bother you too much. He just acts like that to hide his real feelings."

"I won't let him bother me."

Starscream smiled. "'Warp's favorite color is violet. His favorite number is five, and his favorite activity is to hug. He likes fragging a lot, but it's mostly because he gets to be so close to his trinemates when doing it. And he's very protective of me and TC. He'll get into fights if he feels we are threatened. And… after the recent events with Megatron… He hasn't been right. He'll get suddenly quiet and just act off. I'm worried about him, but I think he's starting to get better. He just… He doesn't respond well to drama. Especially since his creators broke up when he was still a youngling."

"I'm sorry to hear that." Skyfire said softly.

"Yeah," Starscream vented a sigh. "TC and I are rather protective of him. He's just… sensitive. Adorable and awesome, but sensitive."

Skyfire was quiet for a moment before softly speaking. "I'm glad you have your trinemates. I can
tell they just make everything better for you."

"Hmm! Until they tie you to a berth and beat your aft! But, yeah, they are pretty awesome." He smiled. "So, I'll clear some things up so we can just hang out for a joor or so every orbital cycle with my trinemates. And they will like you and-and accept you and then we'll see from there."

"O-okay, Star. I'll try to not disappoint."

"You'll be fine." He waved a servo dismissively. "Now, if you should worry about anyone… It would be TC. After what Megatron did to me… You'll be fine." His wings fluttered. "I have to go now, but I want a kiss first."

Skyfire smiled. "Of course, love."

Starscream giggled as the shuttle stood up and then passionately kissed him on the lip plates. The Seeker forced his glossa inside the other's mouth and played with his glossa. They held each other close, just savoring being together.

"I'll see you later, sexy." Starscream said before nuzzling his olfactory sensor against Skyfire's.

"See you then, gorgeous." Skyfire pecked a kiss to the Decepticon's lip plates.

Starscream chuckled, slowly shaking his helm. Skyfire raised an optical ridge.

"What is it, sweetie?"

Starscream shook his helm a little bit more before answering. "The irony of it all is just… It's like Primus is trying to get back at me in some type of story plot way or something."

"What do you mean?"

"I am, or was, the Decepticon Second in Command since almost the beginning of the war. The Decepticon Air Commander for longer, and I deactivated hundreds of Autobots and just… I never liked Autobots and wanted them all destroyed. But then…" He looked up at Skyfire and smiled. "My spark has been stolen by two Autobots. First Moonstar, and now you." He paused to look into Skyfire's optics. "And it has only made me realize how pointless this war is now. It was once for freedom… equal rights… Now, it's just because of hate. And that is not the reason I want to be fighting. I want this war to end and there to be peace for my trinemates, my Seekers, my daughter… My beloved." He swallowed. "I've done enough evils. I've killed far too many, raped so many innocents, and destroyed so much… I'm tired of it. I want to just stop, and concentrate on rebuilding Vos for my Seekers. For my family." He smiled faintly. "And to live with the second Autobot to change my life."

"Technically, I would be the first since I knew you before Moonstar." He smiled.

"But, you weren't an Autobot then, so…" Starscream pecked a kiss to his lip plates. "But, you're still really cute and sexy as hell."

"I don't think I'll ever get used to being called 'sexy.'"

"Good, because then it won't ever get old for when I call you it thousands of vorns from now. I'm also going to call you 'sexy aft' in front of everyone, and you have to respond." He giggled.

"Only if you respond to 'little cutie' and 'fun size.'"
"Make fun of my height and I'll make fun of that oversized aft of yours." Starscream said erotically as his wings fluttered.

"And what would you say about it." Skyfire inquired with a playful smile.

"It's big, it's sexy, and I love to be humped by it!"

"That wasn't very romantic."

"Screw being romantic! I just want you to hump me and hump me hard! But not right now. My aft still hurts. Tomorrow though… I better find myself on that berth of yours moaning loudly as you frag the slag out of me. Regardless if my aft still hurts or not."

"You are so…. weird."

"There's a reason I'm known as the slut of the trine." He smiled as his wings once again fluttered.

"Well, I think you should be known as the cutie of the trine."

"That's kind of hard when my trinemates are cute themselves."

Skyfire just smiled. "I love you, Starscream."

"I love you, Skyfire."

Their lip plates locked in a searing, hungry, and passionate kiss, holding each other close.

"I want him alive." Megatron ordered, his optics narrowed and arms crossed.

"Why not send the DJD after him?" Sixshot inquired coolly as he subspaced bombs, energon knives, pistols, and other deadly weapons.

"Starscream is mine to deactivate. No one else's." Megatron said firmly.

"Mhmm. Understood, Lord Megatron." Sixshot then turned around to face Megatron and Soundwave, who quietly stood beside the tyrant. "I shall hunt down Starscream, trap him, bag him up, and bring him to you alive. But I do not promise anything about his condition."

"Make sure it won't take too long to repair him."

"I shall."

Sixshot then turned, marched onto the balcony, transformed into his jet mode, and flew off.

Chapter End Notes

This chapter was mostly a filler and getting some things set for what's to come. Excitement in next chapter!

Woo! Drama! More to come! ;)

I would faint too if TC came at me like that... :P
"Drink half of it." Thundercracker ordered as he sat to Starscream's right at the table in the Rec Room.

"Ugh…" Starscream groaned as he lifted the energon cube to his lip plates.

"You are going to learn that this is just normal energon and that you need to start refueling properly."

"I know… I just…" Starscream vented a sigh before making himself take a sip of the energon.

"It'll get easier the more you do it. And once you are refueling properly you can have high grade."

"I haven't had high grade in so long… Damn, who am I anymore?"

"The sexiest and bestest trineleader ever! Of all time!" Skywarp exclaimed before hugging Starscream and cuddling close to him.

"True. All true." The Air Commander smirked.

"And later we are going to work on getting you over something." Thundercracker informed.

"What are we moving onto now?"

"You'll see."

"I hate this…" Starscream moaned.

"It'll only get better."

"Sure it will…" Starscream muttered before looking up. His wings raised, optics brightened, and a smile spread over his handsome visage. "Hey, Sky!" He called out.

Skyfire stopped and turned to look at the Elite Trine. "Hey, Star!" He smiled.

"Get your aft over here!"

"Wait, let me get some energon!"

Thundercracker's wings raised, Skywarp sat up in his chair, Starscream kept his optics on his lover. Skyfire filled a cube at the dispenser, said "hi" to the other Autobots, and made his way to the Seekers.

"Scoot over, 'Warp." Starscream said as he gave Skywarp a nudge.

Skywarp muttered a Vosian curse, but did so. Starscream gestured for Skyfire to take the now vacant seat next to him. Murderous optics from Thundercracker and Skywarp greeted the Autobot as he uncomfortably sat next to the tri colored Seeker.

"Alright, so, TC, 'Warp, you already know his designation, but we are going to pretend this is the
first time you've met him." Starscream said quickly. "We are going to just talk like civilized beings and not murder anyone… At least not at this table. Just discuss things you like and refrain from politics or anything involving the war. Okay?"

Silence. Starscream's optics narrowed.

"Don't everyone go expressing your emotions at once." He sarcastically grunted. "Ahem, Skywarp, why not tell us all your favorite pastimes?"

Skywarp looked up, his wings flicking. "I like to piss off people."

"Positive. I'm looking for positive pastimes." Starscream said exasperatedly.

"I pull pranks, play videogames, hug my trinemates, frag them senseless, and kill Autobots."

"It was going fine until the last part."

"You said 'positive.'"

"I…" He vented a sigh. "TC, what do you do for fun?"

"I kill Autobots as well." Thundercracker grumbled.

"And I'm about to kill trinemates who can't give my lover a chance!" Starscream shrieked. "Be nice!"

"Star, sweetie, it's alright." Skyfire said gently. "I understand there's still tension and I hope that it-

"There's more than just 'tension,' fatso." Thundercracker said venomously. "You left my trineleader behind to join our enemies and then think you could just skip on over back and frag him? No, that is not how things work. I don't trust you. I don't like you. And I find it immensely difficult to give someone like you a chance when you clearly are not right for my brother."

Skyfire's wings lowered, his spark felt like someone had stabbed it with those hurtful words. Starscream looked like he was about to murder everyone in the room. Or universe.

"Thundercracker." The Air Commander growled slowly, dangerously, murderously, with gritted denta, his wings raising.

Thundercracker's wings raised as well, his optics narrowed. Starscream glared at him, and he glared back. Starscream's engine started to hum louder, and Thundercracker's mirrored the action, neither backing down.

Skyfire swallowed, the tension so thick it was suffocating. Skywarp swallowed, his wings drooping and looking like he just wanted to melt into the floor.

Suddenly, Starscream grabbed the back of Thundercracker's helm and slammed his faceplates into the table. Thundercracker growled in pain, Starscream stood up and leaned over him, never removing his servo.

"Watch it, Thundercracker." Starscream said just loud enough for everyone at the table to hear. "I am the trineleader, and I will not allow you to subvert me all because you are pissed off from my decision in this one matter." He pushed Thundercracker's faceplates harder into the table. "Act up again, and I will resort to traditional methods to keep you inline. Am I understood?"

Thundercracker didn't answer immediately. "Yes, sir." He finally growled.
Starscream removed his servo and sat back down. Thundercracker lowered his wings and looked away, not wanting to make optic contact with Starscream for right now.

"Alright, so, how about we just finish our energon and skip out on talking for this session."
Starscream said as if nothing had transpired. "And afterwards, TC, you and I are going to have a long, private 'discussion.'"

"Yes, sir." Thundercracker grunted.

Skywarp swallowed. "Scree, please don't-"

"This is between me and TC, 'Warp. You may take the orbital cycle off to do whatever."

"Star, don't be so mad." Skyfire said softly. "I understand Thundercracker is upset and all, but just give it time."

"That's not why I'm so pissed off, Sky." Starscream replied. "He challenged me, and now shall be punished. It's a Seeker thing, Sky. You'll get use to it."

Skyfire bit his lower lip plate before slowly nodding his helm. Skywarp vented a sigh as he placed his elbows on the tabletop and rested his chin in his servos. Starscream forced himself to finish off his energon before standing.

"TC, come with me." He ordered. "I'll see you two later."

"Bye, Star." Skyfire said softly.

"See ya, Scree..." Skywarp said quietly.

Thundercracker stood up and left with Starscream. Skywarp's wings raised slightly on his back before he turned to face Skyfire.

"Soooooo, I suppose we have to talk some." The black Seeker said slowly.

"Well, if you want to." Skyfire said in the same low voice.

"I don't like you, Autobot, and I can't help but feel aggressive towards you, but..." He vented a sigh. "I suppose I have to give you a chance for Scree. I just would like to know why you are trying to be with him? Are you after something? Just want to berth him? Think he's only good for a hard frag?"

"No, no, no! I-" He vented his own sigh. "Skywarp, I've known Starscream for a very long time. We met back at the Science Academy and became very good friends. I helped him get enrolled and get through his studies until he got the hang of it, and just hung out with him all the time. We became very close and we-we almost interfaced. We fell in love and wanted to take our relationship further but just didn't." He paused. "I never forced anything on Starscream. He was the one that said he wasn't ready for interfacing and I respected his decision. It wasn't long after that that we had our space exploration trip and I was frozen in the ice." He studied the black Seeker for a moment before speaking. "I've always loved Starscream and I just... I just want to be with him again and make up for any wrongs I've done him. He's very important to me. I just... I can't stand the thought of not living with him and just not being around him. He's so... he's beautiful... inside and out. And I have never met a more incredible mech in my life. You and Thundercracker are really lucky to have him as your brother. And he's lucky to have you two as his brothers."

Skywarp smirked. "Now you're just trying to flatter me."
"No, I mean it. I'm thankful for you two for taking care of him and just being there for him. I know he can be stubborn at times and get in trouble, and he really needs someone there to pull his a** out of the flames." He was quiet for a moment before continuing. "I really, really, really love him, Skywarp. I'm sorry I hurt him when I joined the Autobots. I just couldn't be a Decepticon. I hurt myself too… Leaving Starscream behind like that. I just want to forget about that incident and be with him. To move on, start a new life together. And I understand that being with Starscream means being with you and Thundercracker as well. I want to get to know you two better." He smiled faintly. "Starscream never shuts up about you guys. He clearly loves you two and thinks the world of you. Even when he's trying to make fun of you… Just how his optics light up whenever he thinks about his trinemates."

Skywarp's wings raised. "You're no Moonstar, but I'll try to not deactivate you. I just wish you were a fragging hot femme with a curvy frame and large breast plates. But, I guess after Moonstar, Star has to lower his standards. No one will ever compare to her."

Skyfire's optics narrowed. "I'm not sure how I should take that." He said slowly.

"You're not the ugliest mech I've seen, but you certainly are not the best looking. Guess it's one of those 'judge them for what's inside rather than how they look outside' type of things. Scree sees something in you that is practically impossible for anyone else to see. I certainly don't see it. I saw it in Moonie. I saw a lot in Moonie. I saw everything on Moonie." He giggled at that last part. His smile then vanished and he studied the shuttle as he held up his cube. "Tell me, Skyfire. What were your thoughts when you fragged my brother?" He then took a sip.

"Pardon?"

"What was going through your processor when you were making Star moan? When you felt him writhing beneath you as you thrust into his tight valve? When you touched his warm frame and he touched you back? When you felt his spark mingle with yours just before you overloaded and filled him with your fluids." He leaned back in his seat, holding his cube by his lip plates. "What were you thinking?" He took another sip.

"Why are you asking?"

"Answer me."

Skyfire swallowed. "I-I was thinking… This is rather personal, Skywarp."

"Not to a Seeker. If you want to be with my trineleader you better learn how to interact with his kind. Now, answer my question."

Skyfire hesitated. "I was… I was nervous at first. I-I didn't want to hurt him, especially after what Megatron had done to him, so I was very… I was slow and just waited for him to tell me when he was ready and what he wanted. He just talked to me and made me feel… special and confident. And when I entered him… Primus, it was amazing. He felt incredible and I felt… I felt as if this was just the greatest thing ever and was so happy. And seeing him smile just made me happier. And when I started to thrust… and I heard him make those sounds and just demand for more… It made me happier and felt like this could work. That we could be together and I didn't have to worry about hurting him. And when we overloaded… I never felt so free, so happy, so… incredible. I felt him completely. His spark, his very being, rushing through my systems and I just… I fell in love all over again. I never want to leave him. I want to feel that again. To feel him loving on me as I love on him. To kiss him, and-and hold him, and just tell him how beautiful and special he is to me."
Skywarp cocked his helm ever so slightly to the side. "And that is exactly what you felt?"

"Well, the best I can describe, anyway. There are no words that could adequately recount how I felt."

Skywarp's wings twitched, colliding with the back of the chair. "Hmmm, that wasn't a bad answer." He then finished off his cube in a single swig. "You either really meant that or are lying."

"I'm not lying."

"I imagine you are a terrible liar so shall take your word for it." He set the empty cube down and stood. "Come on, Skyfire. Let's go talk about important stuff."

"W-what type of 'important stuff?'" Skyfire inquired as he stood up.

"We are going to fly to the top of the tallest tower, perch ourselves up there, and discuss the importance of femmes having large breast plates." He said it as if it was serious topic as he started to walk away.

Skyfire reset his optics twice. "L-large breasts pl-

"And then," Skywarp turned around to face him. "TC and I are going to take you to a brothel sometime. Star doesn't do them anymore because of Moonie and Dawn, so it will be a good time for us to get to know each other better."

"I-I don't think-"

"Don't think you can do it? Want us to hold your servo through it or are you wanting a threesome?"

"Primus, no! I just-"

"Don't fret about it, fatty. I'll make sure to take you to a brothel with large breast plated femmes." He paused. "Or are you more into afts?"

"I'm not-"

"You want the whole package, eh?" Skywarp smiled. "Large breast plates, big afts, and a nice curvy frame." Skywarp said as he moved his servos in front of him as if he was feeling the curves of an invisible femme. "TC likes that, too. Me, I'm mostly into the breast plates. Star is mostly just into the aft and legs. But we all agree that breast plates are the greatest things ever." He giggled.

Skyfire swallowed. "I don't know what to say in response to-"

"Come on, Autobot. Let's fly around and find a decent place that has a whore for all our needs." Skywarp said as he started to walk off.

Skyfire swallowed, not sure about this whole "getting to know each other" idea. He lowered his wings, wrung his servos, and slowly followed the Seeker. If this was what he had to go through in order to be with Starscream... Primus have mercy on his spark...

"You know, I haven't done this to you in quite some time. I honestly thought you knew your place and would behave."

"I didn't mean to act out of line. I'm sorry. I admit, I screwed up. I won't do it again."
"I believe it. I still have to dominate you so you know that I'm serious. And I will do this in front of everyone if you act up again."

"Hah, just in front of Seekers or Autobots included?"

"Whoever happens to be around."

Thundercracker's optics narrowed more so, remaining quiet as he was reminded who was the boss. His front lied across the berth, servos held behind his back painfully by Starscream's left servo, while his right gripped Thundercracker's nape, forcing his faceplates into the berthtop. He panted for cooler air as is systems overheated, gasping every so often, but never once moaning.

Starscream thrust as hard and fast into his trinemate as he could, pinning him against the berth. Whenever he felt Thundercracker's overload coming, he eased up, sometimes pausing, allowing the blue Seeker's systems to cool down and relax before-resuming the fearsome humping, prolonging the discipline.

"I just don't trust him." Thundercracker grunted.

"I never asked you to. I asked you to give him a chance, get to know him, and then judge him. He may be an Autobot, but so was Moonstar." Starscream said as he eased up to calm their systems.

"Moonstar was different. She never betrayed you or left you."

"She went off to be with the Autobots back when she was carrying. She did return, but the fact remains that she left still. And lying to me about getting sparked was kind of betraying me." He paused in his thrusting. "Skyfire helped me a lot back in the Academy. Back when I was still trying to figure out who I was. Think about it: If not for him I wouldn't have met you guys. I either would have deactivated on the streets or been out of the War Academy before you two even enrolled. And Skyfire made me very happy. I fell in love with him, but then lost him in that blizzard. I just want to start things over again." His optics narrowed as he resumed thrusting hard into his trinemate. "Which would be going a lot better if you weren't trying to subvert me."

"I wasn't, hah, trying to subvert you. I was just pissed off and wanted you to know it."

"By challenging me? I'm the trineleader, and you do not raise your wings at me or get aggressive. You are to back down and submit. You know the rules."

"Yes, sir." He growled.

They were quiet for a time, just Starscream thrusting into his trinemate and easing up every so often. Thundercracker checked his inner chronometer before speaking.

"How long are we going to be doing this? It's starting to hurt."

"Remember last time I dominated you for acting up?"

"Yes."

"I'm doubling the time to make sure you won't give me anymore trouble."

"This is ridiculous!"

"No, challenging me is ridiculous. You knew what you were doing was wrong." He paused. "And I'm going to recharge with Skyfire tonight."
"Are you at least going to overload me when done?"

"No. You aren't going to get any pleasure out of this."

Thundercracker vented a sigh. "At least you are not a traditional trineleader."

"Aren't you glad."

Skyfire walked slowly into the lab and took a seat. His optics wide, frame stiff, wings lowered. Wheeljack curiously cocked his helm to the side.

"Hey, Sky, you alright there?" The engineer asked slowly.

"I was getting to know Starscream's trinemates better so that we could be together." Skyfire said without moving, his optics staring into space, his vocalizer monotone and sounding traumatized. "Skywarp took me out to show me what he is into. I had no idea that there were five brothels in Iacon so close to here."

"Brothel?"

"He made me go inside of them all. The lights were so bright. So dizzying in the bar. I've never seen so little plating on femmes before. Or them move like that on a stage in front of everyone. Or heard such vulgar things said from so many mechs." He paused. "Skywarp wasn't lying when he said he liked large breast plates. I don't understand how such small femmes could have such massive…" He stopped. "And then the ones with large afts… Skywarp said that Starscream only liked me because my aft looked like that. he said that Starscream likes afts. And thinking back on all the thinks Starscream said regarding my aft… I fear that this is true."

"Did anything else happen?" Wheeljack asked slowly.

"Femmes kept approaching me saying how they would-would-would-would d-d-do things to me. Some things I've never even heard of. And Skywarp started to do things to some femmes in front of me before I managed to sneak out and seek sanctuary here."

"You gonna be alright?"

"No."

"Was it that bad?"

"My optics have lost all innocence. As well as my audio receptors. I never wanted an adult so bad before."

"You're an adult."

"A more adult adult."

"Well, now you know why you should avoid those places."

"Skywarp wants to take me again with Thundercracker and actually interface with prostitutes. He kept going on saying how everything is better when it's three or more…"

"Well, just tell him 'no' next time." Wheeljack suggested.

"Yeah, good idea." He said still in the said pose, staring at nothing, is vocalizer so distant.
"Maybe you should go to your room. Recharge and forget."

Skyfire's optics shuttered before focusing on Wheeljack. "I can't. Starscream commed me a bit ago and said that he was recharging with me. And he said he wanted me to, ahem, 'ravage his valve until he…' I can't even finish it. And he said something about slapping my aft." He swallowed. "He also said he wanted me to 'eat him inside out.'"

Wheeljack gave Skyfire an uncertain look. "Wow, that's, ahem, that's some relationship you got yourself into, Sky."

"I guess the rumors about Seekers being interface crazed are true."

"Could be worse! They could be into bondage and stuff like that."

Skyfire just looked at him for a silent moment. "They are."

"Oh…"

"Primus, I hope they never do that to me. They also role play. Starscream was telling me about some of the things they do for-for 'fun' bonding time." He swallowed. "I don't understand it…"

"You sure you want this relationship with Starscream?"

"Yes. I love him, Wheeljack. I know he won't force me to do anything I don't want to do, but I still have to get use to it. They are always talking about it and I know they are going to do it in front of me sooner or later. And if I join with Starscream I am practically joining with his trinmates as well. But I am not interfacing with them." He said the last part firmly.

"I'm sure it'll get better. Besides, maybe they are just slagging with you and don't actually mean it all." Wheeljack shrugged.

"No. No, they are not." Skyfire slowly shook his helm.

"Oh, oh, oh, yes! Ah, hah, that's it! Mmmm, oh, oh, yeah!" Starscream moaned as Skyfire thrust into him. "I am loving this! Oh, yeah, and keep those servos touching me."

Skyfire tightened his grip with one arm around Starscream's waist as his other servo reached up and stroked the Seeker's chest piece. Feeling him. Savoring him. Starscream was on his knees on the berth while Skyfire stood, the two trying a different position. Starscream pressed his back against Skyfire's front and looked up. Skyfire lowered his helm and captured Starscream's lip plates in a hungry kiss, swallowing his lover's moans. Their glossas darting in and out of each other's mouths, lapping around inside.

Starscream raised his servos and grabbed the back of Skyfire's helm, never wanting this to end. Skyfire held him a little closer, his thrusting getting harder and faster.

Their chest plates folded away and their sparks' energy intertwined before they powerfully overloaded. Skyfire filled Starscream with his fluids, it leaking out and covering their codpieces and inner thighs.

Starscream fluttered his wings as he leaned against Skyfire, his helm resting against the shuttle's chest.

"I love you." Starscream said softly.
"And I love you." Skyfire smiled before pecking a kiss to Starscream's lip plates.

"I also love your spike." Starscream giggled. "And your aft."

Skyfire raised an optical ridge. "I still don't appreciate you barging into my room just to slap my aft and then running back out."

Starscream smiled broadly. "It was worth your rage."

"I wasn't mad. I was surprised."

"You called me a 'little slagger' when I fled. You were mad. But I think that just makes you cuter."

"Mhmm," Skyfire kissed the Seeker on the brow. "Well, I think we should get some recharge. Eight overloads is enough for me."

"You know, you can slap my aft in retaliation if you want."

"Do you like pain?"

"Not at all. I just understand when I deserve it. I won't get mad if you gave me a hard smack. I allow my trinemates to do that and also Moonstar."

"I feel like you just have some strange fetish."

"Your aft is my fetish." He giggled.

Skyfire just gave him a look. "You are the weirdest mech I've ever come across. And that is saying something."

"Your faceplates are weird!"

Skyfire kissed the Decepticon on the lip plates. "Not as weird as yours."

"I love you."

"Love you, too."

"You're cute."

"I know." Skyfire kissed him again before pulling out.

Starscream whimpered, not wanting his lover to slide out. His wings fluttered, feeling Skyfire take a step back. The Seeker looked down to inspect how filthy his thighs were when he suddenly yelped in pain.

"Dammit!" He exclaimed as he put his servos on his aft and looked back.

"You said I could slap your aft." Skyfire smirked.

"Slap it, not smash it into oblivion." Starscream grunted.

Skyfire shrugged before kissing his lover on the lip plates. "You're cute when you're angry."

Starscream gave a naughty smirk. "I'm always cute. And fabulous."

"The most fabulous of them all."
"And don't forget it."

The shuttle climbed onto the berth and lied down. Starscream crawled over to him and curled into his large frame. A powerful arm wrapped around the Seeker's waist and held him close.

"See you in the morning, my beautiful love." Skyfire said softly.

"See you then, sexy aft." Starscream said as he snuggled into Skyfire's chest plates.

Skyfire's optics onlined in the darkness, blue reflecting off of the smooth surfaces closest to his faceplates. He looked down to see what had onlined him. Starscream was still curled against his frame, but was twitching and jerking as if he was being brutally thrust into. He was groaning, whimpering, and muttering the words Megatron had forced him to say. His valve was leaking profusely, his frame so hot and inner fans overworking.

"Star?" Skyfire asked softly.

Starscream kept moaning, trembling, muttering. Skyfire swallowed.

"Star, love, you need to online." He said quietly as he gently shook the smaller flyer.

Starscream only started to jerk more, as if he was being beaten and thrown about. He was whimpering louder, making quiet screams of agony, clutching tighter to Skyfire's chest plates.


Starscream's optics onlined suddenly as he jerked himself away from the large frame. His processor was still in the dream, though, and he didn't see his lover before him. He saw Megatron. The massive being in the darkness was his torturer. His rapist. He saw red optics instead of blue, and realized that he was on a berth. He was warm, covered in trans fluids, and he felt as if he had been spiked not too long ago.

He was with Megatron.

He panicked, engulfed in raw fear and horror. He fell on his aft and quickly started to back away.

"Please!" He begged.

"Star, love, it's me." Skyfire said quickly as he started to sit up.

"Please, I-I am yours… I am nothing… I-"

"Star, you're gonna-"

Starscream suddenly crawled off the berth in his desperation to get away and awkwardly fell onto a wing, painfully bending it. Skyfire leaped up at the agonized shriek that escaped his lover's vocalizer.

"Star! Oh, Primus, are you-"

"Please!" Starscream cried, coolant tears pouring from his optics as he kept backing away, trembling so hard, his wing now twisted and leaking energon. "Please… I-I am weak… I am yours… T-take me…"
Skyfire stepped off the berth and slowly approached him. Starscream pushed himself as far into the corner as he possibly could. His thruster heels scraping against the floor to get farther away.

"Starscream, my love of my life, it's me. It's Skyfire. You were just having a nightmare. You're safe." He said gently as he sat down beside the Decepticon.

"It hurts… Please… I-I am yours… Lay your servos on me… I-I am yours… forever and always… I'm a whore… I am nothing." He sobbed pitifully as he hugged himself, trembling so hard that his wings clattered against the wall.

Skyfire bit his lower lip plate. He leaned forward and kissed Starscream on the lip plates. Starscream kept shaking before realizing that he was with Skyfire. He started to cry louder, suddenly grabbing Skyfire's arm and holding him close.

"Oh, Starscream." Skyfire sighed. "I'm so sorry."

"S-Sky?" He managed between sobs.

"Yes?"

"P-please… I-I want my trinemates. Please… My trine… Come to me… Come to me, my trine. Please!" He cried louder.

"I-I'll comm. them." He said quietly, a little upset that he wasn't enough comfort. He pressed two digits to his helm and activated his comm. link. He only had Skywarp's number, so called him. "Skyfire to Skywarp. Do you read?"

There was a paused before a very sleepy vocalizer came through. ::What do you want, fragging Autobot…?::

Skyfire swallowed. "Skywarp, Starscream had a nightmare and wants you and Thundercracker here right away."

::Scree needs us!? Coming!::

It only took an astrosecond for the dark room to fill with a purple flash and the two Seekers materialize. They wasted no time in rushing over, shoving Skyfire aside, and hugging their trineleader while showering him with kisses.

"Oh, Scree, are you alright?!"

"It's okay, Star. We're here."

Starscream quickly reached out and hugged them, crying into Thundercracker's chest piece. They kept kissing him and holding him close.

"Hey, Star, look at me." Thundercracker said softly.

Starscream finally pulled his helm away and looked at his blue trinimate. Thundercracker smiled, unsubspacing a cloth and lovingly wiping the coolant tears from his trineleader's cheekplates.

"Primus, look at you." He said barely louder than a whisper. "You're so beautiful. So strong." He pecked a kiss to Starscream's lip plates. "Just perfect."

"I-I am not…" Starscream said quietly.
"You are, Star. I'm sorry you had a nightmare. You shouldn't have to deal with those anymore."

"H-he was fragging me." Starscream said in the same tone. "He was pinning me against his desk and-and taking me. Then… he attacked me." He started to cry anew. "He attacked me TC!"

"Shhh, shhh, it's okay, love. It was just a nightmare."

"I was sparked. I was carrying his creation and… I had the creation. It was a mech."

"Your processor was just making up stuff, sweetie. None of it was true."

"The mechling was a Seeker. He was smiling and was happy, but-but Megatron killed him in front of me. He tore him apart and-and I held his broken frame. It was my son. So tiny and innocent. I can't… I can't do this, TC! I-I am… I can't!"

"Shhh, it's okay." Thundercracker said gently as he pulled Starscream onto his lap and held him close. "It was just a nightmare. It wasn't real."

"It was real. Megatron killed our creation. I had a creation with him and he murdered the little one! I wanted to keep it. I just want another." He cried, wiping coolant tears away as they just kept leaking out.

"I know you do. I know, my love."

"Where's Dawnstar? Where is my little femmling?"

"I don't know, Star. We'll find her."

"She still alive. I know she is. She's… please… I can't…"

"Can't what, sweetspark? What's wrong?"

"I want to… Please… make it stop…"

"Make what stop."

"I want to…" Starscream swallowed, looking down as he hesitated. "I want to end it. I feel like-like shooting myself. I just… Please…"

"What, love? What do you need me to do?"

"My daughter… I need her… I-I need to get better."

"We're working on that. You have gotten so much better than when we first got out, Star." He kissed him on the cheekplates. "Look at you. You're so brave, and strong, and beautiful. And you are tough and stubborn. And you dominated me and put me back in my place earlier in the orbital cycle. A weakling would have never been able to do that. And I wouldn't have submitted so easily if you weren't such an amazing, smart, incredible leader."

"Yeah, Scree. You're the greatest." Skywarp said softly.

Skyfire scooted closer so he was right next to the Seekers. Thundercracker and Skywarp flared out their wings in warning, narrowed, crimson optics flashing at him. Skyfire swallowed, but continued anyway. They wouldn't accept him if he was a coward, and he had to prove them otherwise. But he really was terrified of Starscream's trinmates.
"I love you." Thundercracker said almost in a whisper before kissing Starscream on the lip plates.

"Me too." Skywarp piped up before kissing his trineleader's lip plates, the three doing a three way kiss, their glossas soon all playing together.

"I love you as well." Skyfire added.

Starscream shoved his trinemates away and looked up at Skyfire for a moment before spreading his arms out.

"I want a kiss, Sky." He said softly.

Skyfire nodded his helm slowly before leaning forward and passionately kissing his lover on the lip plates. Starscream quickly forced his glossa inside of Skyfire's mouth, and soon Skyfire's glossa entered his. He tasted Starscream, but also 'Warp and Thundercracker. He was surprised of how... good they tasted. Very similar, and yet unique.

Starscream kept kissing Skyfire as he grabbed Thundercracker's helm and forced him closer. Starscream turned his helm ever so slightly and interlocked lip plates with the blue Seeker. Skyfire started to pull away, but Starscream grabbed him and held him in place.

"Both of you... kiss me at once." Starscream ordered in a low voice.

"Star, do you really-" Thundercracker started.

"I am going to be with Skyfire until the end of time just as I will be with you and 'Warp. You two will see how perfect he is for me and you will accept him." Starscream tried to say it firmly, but coolant leaked from his optics from still being so emotional.

"Alright, alright." Thundercracker grunted. "I'll kiss him as he kisses you."

"I-I am not sure if I can-" Skyfire stuttered.

"It's just like kissing me, Sky. Only an extra glossa and pair of lip plates." Starscream explained.

"O-okay..." He nodded his helm slowly.

Thundercracker moved in and started to kiss Starscream on the lip plates. Starscream yanked Skyfire closer, and the Autobot hesitantly did as he had been instructed to do. His lip plates first touched Starscream's, his glossa quickly entering Starscream's mouth. He was mouthing, lapping his glossa around when he felt Thundercracker's glossa inside the same mouth as well. Their glossas touching each other.

Skyfire felt as if it was absolutely disgusting, but then he reminded himself that every time he kissed Starscream he was practically kissing his trinemates. He tasted them, and if they had any viruses he would get them through Starscream.

What he didn't expect, as the three glossas all intertwined and lip plates pressed and mouthing two mouths, was suddenly only feeling one glossa and one mouth pressed against his lip plates. Nor the ebony servo holding the back of his helm as the kiss deepened.

His mouth was invaded by Thundercracker's glossa, the blue Seeker passionately kissing him and only him. Skyfire opened his optics to only see the lighter faceplates of Thundercracker before him. He was surprised, and curious as his scientist self wanted to explore further. His optics once again offlined and he forced his glossa inside the blue Seeker's mouth. He tasted wonderful in his own
way, and somehow Skyfire could just feel that he was stronger than Starscream. His more powerful jaw hydraulics and lip plates that were not always torn up from getting into a fight.

Skyfire was shoved away, his optics widening from the suddenly push. Thundercracker was running his glossa over his lip plates, studying the taste of the shuttle, while Skywarp and Starscream were in the middle of their own passionate kiss.

"Not bad." Thundercracker finally said.

"What was he like?" Skywarp suddenly asked as he jerked his faceplates away from Starscream's.

"Different." Thundercracker replied. "Not bad but… Different."

"I wanna try!"

Skywarp suddenly grabbed Skyfire and captured his lip plates in a hungry kiss. Skyfire moaned something in surprise when his mouth was invaded with Skywarp's glossa. Unlike Starscream or Thundercracker's, it did not move slowly around or playful tease with his glossa. No, it was more like an invasive tentacle slapping about and feeling every inch of his mouth. It twisted around his glossa, darting about, and only making Skyfire want it to leave.

And then his mouthing was fierce, sometimes denta touched Skyfire's lip plates or his own denta. What was worse was Skywarp would occasionally nip his lower lip plate, not hard but noticeable, as if that was how you were supposed to kiss. And then he started to make smacking sounds as he did it.

He was not someone Skyfire wanted to kiss ever again if this was his usual routine.

Skywarp finally pulled away and thoughtfully looked up as he smacked his lip plates. "Hmm, he does taste different."

"Tastes like sexy." Starscream smiled.

"I wouldn't say that." Thundercracker grumbled.

"Well, I think he does."

"Well, we better get back to recharge." Thundercracker said as he pecked a kiss to Starscream's lip plates.

"Stay with me." He said softly.

"What do you mean?"

"You and 'Warp… Please recharge with me and Sky." Starscream said quietly.

Thundercracker eyed him for a moment before venting a sigh. "Alright, we will, love."

Starscream smiled before slowly getting up, being careful with his damaged wing. Skyfire awkwardly stood up and watched the Seekers all make their way to his berth.

"Sky, you on first." Starscream commanded.

"Uh, yeah, sure." Skyfire nodded his helm before doing as instructed.

He got on the far end and lied on his side, watching the Seekers pile on. Thundercracker positioned
himself between the shuttle and Starscream, with Skywarp on the other side of the Air Commander. Starscream faced the black Seeker, the two cuddling close as Thundercracker wrapped his arms around Starscream's waist, pulling him close.

Starscream reached back over Thundercracker and grabbed Skyfire's wrist. He pulled on it and made him sling it over Thundercracker and hold Starscream's waist as well. Thundercracker's optics narrowed, but didn't do anything else. Skyfire swallowed, a little uncertain about this.

"Scoot closer to Skyfire." Starscream ordered as he bucked into Thundercracker.

Thundercracker grumbled something as he did so, continuously backing up the more and more Starscream forced him to until he was against Skyfire's frame. Skywarp snuggled closer until the four were as close as they could possibly be. Starscream adjusted Skyfire's arm so that it was slung over all three of them before he settled down.

"I'm happy now." The tri colored Seeker said softly before allowing his systems to power down for recharge.

Thundercracker vented a sigh before he too fell into recharge. Skywarp held Starscream a little closer before powering off himself. Skyfire just watched the recharging Seekers for a time, not sure how to feel about it.

Starscream had a way of taking advantage of any situation and making him get his way. No wonder he was so manipulative and hated by most. The Autobot swallowed, realizing that if this worked out… He would be recharging like this possibly every night for the rest of his life.

He wasn't sure how to take that. His optics widened when he realized something: What would the others think when they saw three Seekers step out of his room in the morning, especially when they had obviously heard Starscream moaning for so long before?

He was going to be so embarrassed in the morning.

Skywarp was the first to online, as usual. His wings twitched when he saw Skyfire and realized they were in Skyfire's room. His blood red optics then focused on the dark faceplates before him. He snuggled a little closer to his trineleader before sticking out his glossa and licking Starscream on the cheekplates.

Starscream stirred, moaning something as Skywarp kept licking him. Skyfire onlineed, his optics lazily registering the world around him before focusing in on the strange behavior. An optical ridge raised as he silently watched.

Starscream finally onlineed, his wings flicking as he jerked his helm away. Thundercracker groaned something when Starscream's wings struck him and the back of Starscream's helm collided with his chin. Skywarp leaned forward and kept trying to lick Starscream's face. Starscream's optics narrowed as he snapped his denta at Skywarp, making a clicking sound with them. Skywarp giggled before snapping back, only causing Starscream to snap more. Their olfactory sensors were touching, just playfully snapping their jaws quickly, Skywarp making growling sounds as he did it.

Thundercracker moaned sleepily, squeezing Starscream's waist as he pulled him a little closer. Starscream and Skywarp had finally ceased their snapping and now were just nuzzling their olfactory sensors together. Starscream stuck his glossa out at Skywarp, and Skywarp stuck his out so the tip touched Starscream's. Starscream giggled as he kept his glossa out, before moving in and kissing Skywarp on the lip plates. Skywarp kissed back, making his usual loud smacking sounds.
Thundercracker placed his leg over Starscream's legs as he reached his servos out and gripped Starscream's wrists. Skywarp giggled when he noticed what Thundercracker was doing. He quickly lowered his servos and tickled Starscream on the abdominal plating eliciting squeals and uncontrollable guffaws from the Air Commander as he struggled to get away. Skyfire smiled faintly at the sound of that laughter.

"You're the bestest, sexiest trineleader ever!" Skywarp proclaimed when he had finally ceased the torture and hugged Starscream.

"No! I'm a sexy turbofox!" Starscream exclaimed.

"'Warp, you just awakened Starscream's inner beast." Thundercracker said softly, his optics still offline as he wrapped his arms a little tighter around Starscream's waist.

"Uh oh. Am I gonna get bit?" Skywarp giggled.

"I'm a ferocious turbofox, am I not?" He then snapped at Skywarp.

"The most ferocious, sexiest turbofox ever." Skywarp said before kissing Starscream on the lip plates.

"Rawr!" Starscream giggled.

"If you're a ferocious turbofox… I'm a vicious sharkticon."

"Come over here and I'll bite you."

"Nahnahnahnah!" Skywarp made the sound as he snapped his jaws at Starscream.

"Is this how you guys online every morning?" Skyfire finally spoke up.

"Intruder!" Starscream exclaimed as he looked back. "Come here so I can bite you, too."

"I'm good, thanks."

"We don't online like this every morning." Thundercracker grunted, his optics still offline. "We mostly online and immediately engage in a 'Push Each Other off the Berth War.' I am usually the victor."

"Or we online, frag each other, and I yell 'This is Cybertron!' before kicking Screamer off the berth." Skywarp giggled.

"And he always kicks me in the aft when he does that, too." Starscream grumbled.

"There was a reason Moonstar was always cranky on the orbital cycles we all recharged together." Thundercracker said.

"She could kick really hard in the early joors."

"And she banished us a lot, too."

"Skyfire is probably just gonna dropkick us out the room whenever we recharge together." Starscream commented.

Skyfire swallowed. "I don't know… It's kinda cute."
"See?" Starscream smiled victoriously. "My mech-friend said we're cute! He's a keeper."

"We'll see." Thundercracker said softly before patting Starscream on the aft. "Alright, Star, we better get up."

"No! Sexy turbofoxes rise when they want to. Not when you say to." Starscream grumbled.

Thundercracker sat up and kissed Starscream on the cheekplates. "Well, this sexy turbofox has to go see Hook about his damaged wing."

"Fine…" He groaned.

"Want me to carry you?"

"Yes!" Starscream giggled.

"Alright, love."

Thundercracker carried Starscream bridal style out of Skyfire's room with Skywarp right beside him. Autobots raised optical ridges when they saw the Elite Trine exiting the scientist's quarters. Skyfire awkwardly stepped out and quickly made his way to the washracks since he was still filthy from interfacing with Starscream last night.

Starscream curled into Thundercracker's frame, occasionally kissing his trinemate on the lip plates until they arrived at the medbay. Hook was less than thrilled to see them.

"Why are you carrying him? Did he break a leg?" The Constructicon demanded.

"No, he's just being a diva." Thundercracker grunted as he placed Starscream on a medberth.

"Fabulous!" Starscream corrected.

"That too."

"What happened to your wing?" Hook inquired as he inspected the twisted appendage.

"I fell out of berth and landed on it wrong." Starscream said softly.

"Were you three imbeciles wrestling again?"

"I just… There was just an incident."

Hook nodded his helm slowly. "Alright, I won't question further. Lie down on your front and I'll get this fixed."

Starscream did so and the medic went through the process of unbending the wing and straightening it out, ignoring Starscream's occasional whimpers of discomfort.

"Will I be able to fly in a few joors?" Starscream inquired.

"Yes, but try not too put too much pressure on it. It'll be a little sensitive to excessive Gs."

"As long as I can fly. Skyfire and I are going on a date." He smiled.

"A date where?"
"Just out. Escape everything for a bit and just hang out."

"Well, I hope you enjoy yourself, commander. You systems could use some relaxation. Just make sure you fill your tanks."

"Yes, doctor."

"And don't get damaged."

"I promise I won't."

"Mhmm."

Starscream flew upside down beneath Skyfire, their undercarriages almost touching. The two were outside of the city, flying over the ruins of another settlement. They were just taking their time, being careful with Starscream's still sore wing, talking about nonsense.

"You're sexy."

"No, you're sexy."

"You're the sexiest!"

"No, you're the sexiest."

"Dammit! You're the sexiest! And you're cute too." Starscream giggled.

"You're adorable."

"Ferocious! I'm a ferocious turbofox. Rawr!"

Skyfire snorted. "Yes, the most ferocious turbofox of all time."

"Sexiest too. Oh, this place looks promising."

Starscream suddenly veered off and dove downward. Skyfire followed after him. The Seeker transformed and smoothly landed on the top of a partly destroyed building. The Autobot landed beside him, overlooking everything before them.

"Let's go explore that structure." Starscream said as he pointed at the desired building.

"You sure it's stable?"

"Yeah, looks fine. Come on." Starscream said before stepping off the side of the building and activating his thrusters.

Skyfire shrugged and followed after the Decepticon, the two unaware that they were being watched through binoculars. The scanners indicating their distance, temperature, and size.

"Why are you all alone with that Autobot?" Sixshot said quietly to himself.

Starscream entered the structure and started to quickly explore it. Skyfire slowly followed him, unsure about being within.

"What are you looking for?" The Autobot inquired.
"Nothing in particular. Just curious if we can find something cool."

"'Cool?' Isn't that a human term?"

"It is. Dawnstar used it a lot so I kinda…" He shrugged. "She ruined my vocabulary."

Skyfire smiled. "It's cute, actually."

"Hmm, says you."

They didn't hear the approaching mechanical beast sneaking just outside. The massive paws surprisingly landing softly against the damaged street. The long claws clicking quietly against the surface. The deep intakes, his frame tensing in preparation to strike.

Starscream lifted up a small, metal sculpture and held it up for better inspection in the light. He optics widened when he saw the tiniest of reflections on a small, smooth section of it.

"Skyfire, don't move. Don't look back." Starscream said calmly in a low voice, not moving at all.

"Why?" Skyfire inquired slowly.

"We're being hunted. Don't panic. I will give you a chance to escape. You are going to fly back to Iacon and alert the Autobots. I will lead him away for as long as I can."

"W-who's out there?" Skyfire asked anxiously.

Starscream lowered the sculpture and pretended to still be studying it. "Someone I really hate." He paused. "He's after me, not you."

"Star, I don't want to leave-"

"This is non-negotiable. You escape and I'll distract him. He can't catch me. He's slow." He offlined his optics for a moment. "Get ready to run out."

Skyfire swallowed. Starscream's optics narrowed, his wings raised, and his null rays charged up. In one swift, fluid motion, he twirled around, lifted his arms up, shot out the large window at the sixchanger's helm, then transformed and flew out the window while the other was recovering from the sudden attack.

Sixshot transformed to his jet mode and took off after the Seeker without hesitation. Skyfire ran out the door, transformed, and headed for Iacon.

Starscream broke the sound barrier, ignoring the discomfort in his healing wing. He soon reach Mach 2, trying to keep Sixshot on his tailfins and not going after Skyfire. He twisted and turned as shots fired at him.

::Starscream to Autobot Command. Do you read me?::

Prowl looked up when the Seeker's vocalizer sounded in the Control Room. "Blaster, increase the volume on that." He commanded before speaking. "Prowl to Starscream. We read you, Starscream."

::I require immediate reinforcements. I-dammit! I have engaged the enemy::

Prowl raised an optical ridge. "Explain."
"Sixshot is on my aft! I need backup! I'm leading him away from Skyfire but I'm not sure how long I can evade him."

"Why is Skyfire with you? Where are you?"

"Sending coordinates now.

Another pause. "Come to me, my Seekers. Sending coordinates, now. Engage Sixshot, but keep distance."

"What the frag do you mean by Sixshot?!" Thundercracker roared.

"So… The date kind of went south, TC.: Starscream gave a dry chuckle.

"Date?" Prowl cocked his helm ever so slightly.

The Autobots in the Control Room that knew reverted their optics elsewhere. Blaster swallowed.

"We're coming, Star!": Thundercracker exclaimed.

"I will be sending my new coordinates in five astrosecond intervals. Prowl, still there?"

"I am."

"Prowl, I know you hate me, and I hate you, but if we don't stop Sixshot he may end up attacking Iacon. I need you to send your Autobots to backup my Seekers. And medics! Argh! Primus-dammit!"

"Star!? Are you okay!" Thundercracker called.

"I'm fine. Got a tailfin."

Prowl's optics narrowed. He pressed two digits to the side of his helm and spoke into his comm. link. "Prime, Jazz, we have a situation."

Starscream aileron rolled before diving into a barrel roll. Sixshot was still right behind him, never ceasing in his firing. Smoke drifted from the Seeker's right tailfin.

"Why aren't you going full speed?" Sixshot said to himself. "This isn't like you, Starscream."

Starscream suddenly transformed, twisted around, transformed again, and shot straight up, barely missing Sixshot. The sixchanger started to tumble as he tried to quickly adjust himself, turn around, and chase after the fighter jet.

Skyfire was nearing Iacon, when his spark just felt off. He descended, transformed, and landed on a building's roof. He looked back, swallowing nervously. He felt like a coward just leaving Starscream behind like that. Starscream may be a fierce warrior, but it was Starscream. He always thought he could take on 'bots bigger than him, and didn't always win.

No, he couldn't just leave his one true love behind like that. He had to do something.

The shuttle transformed and flew back the way he had come.

"The Aerialbots should be reaching you in time with the Seekers, Starscream." Prowl informed.
"Hook, Ratchet, the other Constructicons, and ground forces will be arriving in carrier ships. Try to stay in the same general area."

::Easier said than done:: Starscream grumbled.

::Almost there, Scree!:: Skywarp piped up.

::Remember: Keep your distance! If he gets a hold of you… It was an honor serving with you:::

::I see you. Coming in strike formation four:: Thundercracker said.

::Audio receptors are offline. Luring him into open:::

All the Autobots in the Control Room were silent as they listened in to everything. All the comm. links of all the Seekers and Aerialbots as they trailed just behind. The Aerialbots have cameras connected, showing them everything on the vid screens. No one cycled air as they watched the fleet of Seekers quickly nearing the massive sixchanger.

::Let's have some fun:: Starscream said.

Starscream reached Mach 3 as he sped towards the oncoming Seekers. Sixshot followed after him, quickly falling behind but not giving up. Starscream suddenly cut off his engines and dove down just as the other Seekers flew over him, Thundercracker barely missing him.

Thundercracker released a powerful sonic boom, disorienting Sixshot long enough for the Seekers to begin their assault. Shots rained down heavily on the massive mech as the jets flew by at Mach 3, some barely missing colliding with him.

::Bring him down! Get him to land!:: Starscream shouted into the comm. line.

From a distance, the scene looked somewhat similar to a swarm of angry bees flying around a small bird. Only these bees were shooting missiles and other explosives at the bird who didn't seem to give much of a slag.

::Shoot him! Tear him apart! Sunstorm! Burn him! Thunder, disorient him! Get him to land!:: Starscream continued giving orders as he fought alongside his Seekers.

Prowl looked up at Optimus who was standing beside him, arms crossed. "I have been running simulations." He said in that monotone vocalizer of his. Optimus looked down at him. "Out of the hundred I have run so far, the Seekers only come out victorious in three."

"I hope you are wrong." Optimus said.

Skyfire landed on a rooftop and looked up, watching the aerial battle before him. "Please… don't die." He said softly.

Starscream transformed and hovered on his thruster peds as he took a moment to analyze the scene before him. Sixshot was doing his best to fight back, but he was nowhere near as fast or maneuverable in the skies as the Seekers were.

Ramjet suddenly slammed into Sixshot's back at full speed, causing him to cry out in pain. The sixchanger finally started to descend, the Seekers never letting up their crazy "bee" attack.
Sixshot transformed into his root mode and landed in the ruined streets. Seekers continued to dive bomb him, shooting missiles and strafing rounds. He unsubspaced his rifle and shot at them, striking a few in the wings and sending them spiraling out of control.

As usual, it was Starscream who did something stupid first. Flying in at blinding speed, the Air Commander transformed and kicked both peds forward right before they made savage impact with Sixshot's faceplates. Sixshot staggered back, but not before reaching up, grabbing Starscream's leg as the Seeker tried to fly away, and viciously throwing him away.

Starscream hurtled through the air before slamming into a wall and breaking through. He kept flying through several more walls before finally impacting with a stronger barrier and stopping. He slid down and fell to the ground.

His optics flickered before he shook his helm. He slowly got to his peds, listening to the wild fighting taking place outside.

::Star! Star! Are you okay!?:: Thundercracker shouted.

"Yeah, I'm fine. A little knocked up, but fine. Was that maneuver worth it?"

::I think it helped some. He fell over for a bit, but is back up.:: There was a pause. ::He just transformed into tank mode… Star?::

"Yeah?"

::Get out. He's coming for you.::

Starscream looked up as the sound of a tank plowing through metal walls and furniture neared.

"Oh, slaggit." Starscream muttered.

The wall before him was suddenly broken through and the most unwelcomed of sights greeted him. Before Starscream could move, Sixshot transformed into his beast mode and pounced on him. The tri colored Seeker kicked at the massive mech, powering on his thrusters to try and get away.

Thundercracker, Skywarp, Hotlink, and Contrail were the first Seekers to rush in and start firing. Sixshot ignored them as he moved in to attack Starscream. Starscream unsubspaced a cluster bomb and shoved it into Sixshot's mouth, his entire arm entering the beast's maw and into the throat.

Sixshot jumped back, grabbing at his throat as he started to transform. The bomb detonated, leaving a massive chunk in Sixshot's chest and his frame catching on fire from all the energon that covered him.

The Seekers never ceased in shooting at him, trying to bring him down. Sixshot was pissed now. He summoned a sword from subspace and swung it at Starscream. The Air Commander activated his thrusters and dodged the first blow. Sixshot attacked again, and Starscream dove out of the way, almost getting struck. The Seeker scrambled to get to his peds, still in pain from being thrown through multiple walls. He shrieked when the sword stabbed into his wing and pinned him to the wall.

The Autobots listening in all jumped at the horrible cry emanating from the speakers.

::STAR!:: Multiple vocalizers screamed at once.
Starscream desperately grabbed at the sword, energon profusely leaking from his wing. He looked up to see down the barrel of a gun.

"You'll still be alive. Just in a lot of pain." Sixshot growled. Starscream swallowed. Sixshot's digit squeezed the trigger. Skywarp suddenly materialized between Starscream and the gun just as it went off.

"SKYWARP!" Starscream bellowed when his trinmate collapsed on top of him, a massive hole in his abdominal plating.

Thundercracker unleash a deafening sonic boom before he attacked. Sixshot reverted his attention to the furious Seekers shooting and trying to tear off his limbs. More and more of them had been flooding in, and now were forcing him to slowly back out of the building.

Starscream finally managed to yank the sword out from his wing and throw it away. He ignored his own wounds as he turned to Skywarp, pulling the black Seeker onto his lap.

"Warp, look at me. Don't offline your optics. Stay focused on me." Starscream said quickly holding his helm up with one servo as the other just held him close.

"Scree, that really hurt." Skywarp said weakly, energon oozing out of his mouth and olfactory sensor.

"I know, love. I know it did. D-don't look down. Keep your optics on mine. I'm going to get you out, okay?"

"Star, I-I feel… I think I'm dying." He slowly lifted a servo up and inspected all the energon covering it. "That's my energon, isn't it?"

Starscream looked up, seeing the battle quickly going south as Sixshot was grabbing Seekers and throwing them away, kicking them, tearing wings off. His optics narrowed.

"Skywarp, do you think you could open a warp portal?"

"I-I think so. Why?" He asked as he looked up.

"Make one big enough to get Sixshot through. I don't care where you send him. Make sure it's just far away from here so I can get you out." Starscream instructed.

"O-okay, I'll try." Skywarp concentrated for a moment before managing to open a large warp gate a few feet away.

"My Seekers!" Starscream shouted into his comm. link. "Force Sixshot into the warp portal. Quickly! Skywarp can't keep this up for long."

Thundercracker released another powerful sonic boom, causing Sixshot to stagger back. The Seekers all charged at him, kicking, grabbing, shooting, and doing whatever they could to force him towards the portal.

The Aerialbots managed to get inside, hesitating as they watched the scene.

Prowl raised an optical ridge when he saw what they were trying to do. "Interesting."

Hotlink fired his flamethrower at the sixchanger, managing to make him take another step back.
The Aerialbots were helping now, shooting, kicking, and doing whatever they could. Sixshot kept punching and kicking the smaller beings away.

Sunstorm powered on his thruster heals and flew straight at the large mech. He grabbed onto Sixshot's helm, tearing his digits in just as his entire being caught ablaze in a bright, furious fire, burning into the sixchanger's plating.

Sixshot cried out, slapping the flaming Seeker away, only to have his servo painfully burnt as well. That distraction was all that was needed for Ramjet to transform and madly fly straight into Sixshot's chest plates. He started to stumble back, and Acid Storm quickly dove just behind and lied on the floor, causing Sixshot to trip over him.

He fell back through the warp gate just before Skywarp closed it up. The Seekers and Aerialbots erupted in cheers. Thundercracker shoved by everyone and rushed to his trinmates.

"'Warp!" He slid to his knees next to them and quickly grabbed Skywarp's servo. "'Warp, sweetie, look at me!"

Skywarp's optics were fading, his frame trembling, his intakes raspy and gurgling from energon. Thundercracker looked up at Starscream who had coolant leaking from his optics.

"Hold on, 'Warp. A medic is coming." Starscream said gently. "Just-just keep your optics online and on us. We love you 'Warp. We love you so much."

"'Warp, don't drift off. Look at us." Thundercracker looked over his shoulder. "Where's a medic! We need one, NOW!" He turned back to Skywarp. "Come on, love. Don't do this. Skywarp!"

Starscream started to loudly sob as he hugged his trinmate closer, feeling his life fade away. He didn't really seem to notice when green servos reach out and pulled him away. He barely noticed Hook and Ratchet on top of Skywarp, trying to save him.

Starscream looked down and only saw that his frame was covered in Skywarp's energon. Energon that should have been his. He should have been the one to have gotten shot. Not his brother.

Everything was starting to fade out. He looked up and saw Thundercracker's wide optics looking down at him. He gave him a confused look before looking back down again, this time studying his abdominal plating closer. His optics widened when noticing the massive hole in his own frame, and that much of the energon coating him was his own.

Then, he realized all the warnings on his HUD. He felt suddenly weak, unable to stand. He felt himself falling just as everything went black.

Chapter End Notes

Duh, duh, duhhh! I'm a horrible person... I know.

Poor, Star... Just wants his "brothers" to give his boyfriend a chance. And poor Skyfire... Can't deal with sex crazed Seekers and their kinkiness. Or brothels... :P

I hope the cute stuff in this chapter helped somewhat from the horrible ending. Next chapter shouldn't be as sad... Maybe... Possibly...
Something I forgot to point out in last chapter: If you have noticed, Starscream opens up more to Skywarp about his feelings than he does Thundercracker. Thundercracker is a little rougher/more forceful in how he deals with Starscream, especially when he yells at Starscream or slings him over his knees. It is somewhat like Megatron and Starscream is very protective of himself around anything that is similar to Megs. But, Skywarp is quieter, and not very forceful. He rather just hug and gently talk to Starscream, which is similar to Skyfire. So, that's why Star is so open with Skywarp and Skyfire. He just responds to that gentleness better than harsh vocalizers/servos.
I Can't Feel My Legs!

The medbay was complete chaos. Everyone who knew anything about first aid was in there trying to help the wounded. Ratchet, Hook, Scraper, and Scavenger were working on Starscream and Skywarp, the two in most critical condition, while First Aid, Wheeljack, and the other Constructicons took care of the other damaged Seekers.

Thundercracker refused to be treated for his torn wing and tears as he anxiously watched his trinemates. Starscream had a ruptured fuel tank, and so was bleeding out quickly, but Skywarp was in more peril. He had taken the blunt of the shot, and had more than just his fuel tank shot out. His T-cog was damaged, fuel pump obliterated, waste tank torn, and energon almost completely drained out of his systems.

The black Seeker was convulsing on the medberth, Hook and Scraper trying to get him stabilized. Thundercracker was relieved when Ratchet finally managed to stabilize Starscream with a new fuel tank and pumping him full with more energon, but Skywarp was still critical.

The blue Seeker was torn when Mixmaster and Long Haul took Starscream away to put him in a CR chamber, but Skywarp remained on the medberth. He wanted to go stand by Starscream, but he also had to stay with Skywarp.

"He flat lined!"

Thundercracker collapsed when Hook's vocalizer said that. Watching Skywarp's limp frame, his spark barely glowing. He couldn't see anymore when Ratchet got in the way, trying to help.

He jumped when a large servo touched his shoulder. Static filled optics leaking coolant looked up at those blue optics of Skyfire's. He normally would have pulled away, but he was too distraught to think about his hatred for the shuttle. Instead, he just covered his faceplates and cried.

Skyfire sat beside him, stroking his back, not sure of what else to do. He was surprised when the blue Seeker grabbed his arm and held it firmly against his cockpit, seeking comfort.

Skyfire vented a sigh, his wings lowering. He pulled his arm away, wrapped it around Thundercracker's shoulders, and held him close, listening to the distraught sobs and feeling the trembling frame.

It was almost two cycles later when Hook managed to stabilize Skywarp.

"Stabilized… finally…" Hook panted as he set aside his tools for a brief respite.

Thundercracker's wings perked when he heard those words. He shoved Skyfire aside, leaped to his peds, and ran over. He pushed Ratchet and First Aid out of the way and was instantly beside Skywarp, grabbing the violet servo and holding it firmly. Ratchet was about to say something, but Hook shook his helm while waving a digit at him to remain silent. The Autobot CMO eyed the blue Seeker for a moment before venting a sigh. It looked just like Sunstreaker and Sideswipe interacting when one was in critical condition.

"I love you." Thundercracker whispered into Skywarp's audio receptor as he carefully gave his trinemate a gentle hug. "I'm here, 'Warp."
Hook reached over and barely touched Thundercracker's arm. The blue Seeker jerked his helm up, optics glowing.

"We have to prepare him for the CR chamber." The Constructicon said softly.

Thundercracker nodded his helm slowly. Hook handed him a few cloths before he and Ratchet began to work on sealing up large gashes and torn wires. Thundercracker slowly started to clean off Skywarp's faceplates from energon. He wiped coolant from his optics every so often, just trying to calm his systems with reminding himself that both his trinemates would live. Once Skywarp's visage was clean, Thundercracker pecked a few kisses to his cheekplates, brow, and lip plates before moving on to help clean out his ripped up torso. He would stop every so often to peck another kiss or two to the black Seeker's lip plates or cheekplates, then return to cleaning.

Thundercracker had to reset his optics to clear out the static when he started to cry anew. Skywarp's inners were not only filled with drying energon, but also oil and waste from his ruptured waste tank. It was absolutely disgusting, coating everything inside, much of it burnt from the heat of the shot.

When Skywarp was finally cleaned, he was taken to the back, Thundercracker staying right beside the wheeled medberth. The blue Seeker watched them put his black and purple trinemate into a CR chamber beside Starscream, only approaching once they had finished. He touched the chamber with Starscream within first before placing an ebony servo on the one with Skywarp. He just watched his brothers for several astrosecond before sitting on the floor between them, hugging his knees.

"Don't talk to him." Hook said softly to Ratchet. "Just ignore him. He does better when he's left alone."

Ratchet nodded his helm before leaving with the Decepticon to finish working on the other damaged Seekers. Thundercracker didn't watch them leave. He just sat there quietly looking at the floor before finally lying on his side, curling into himself, and falling into recharge.

Skyfire slowly approached and touched the chamber with Starscream. He vented a soft sigh before leaving.

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**The Next Orbital Cycle:**

Thundercracker onlined when he heard the familiar vocalizer of Prowl speaking with Ratchet. He didn't pay attention to what they were saying, but assumed it was about the condition of the patients. The blue Seeker looked up to check on his trinemates, reassuring himself that they were still nearby and alive, before going back into recharge.

He onlined a second time to the voice of Skyfire saying his designation.

"Hey, Thundercracker." The shuttle said softly. "I brought you some energon."

Thundercracker looked from the proffered cube to the gentle optics before gingerly accepting it. Skyfire smiled faintly before sitting next to the Seeker. Thundercracker flicked his wings in warning, wincing at the pain it brought him. Skyfire noticed.

"You alright?"

"I'll function." Thundercracker said in almost a whisper, his optics glancing at his trinemates.
Skyfire bit his lower lip plate. "I'm glad that everyone else will function as well... Especially Starscream... and Skywarp."

"Don't lie to me... You do not care for the other Seekers. You only care for Starscream's valve. The rest of him could be offline, but as long as that part was available you would be happy." Thundercracker said darkly.

"That is not true." Skyfire snapped. "I am happy that the other Seekers are all right. And I love Starscream. I don't need to frag him to want to be around him. I've known him for a very long time and loved him before finally interfacing with him. I-" He vented a sigh. "Thundercracker, I don't want to be fighting with you. I want to know you and Skywarp better and be able to make this relationship work. I-I want to be able to consider you my brother-in-law, if Star and I do end up joining. I would love to be friends with you and Skywarp. Star talks so much about you two... I'm happy he has trinemates like you guys. And I just want to get to meet those amazing trinemates and befriend them."

"Go slag yourself." Thundercracker growled, his wings flaring.

Skyfire looked away for a moment. "No, I'm staying right here with Starscream and Skywarp... And with you. You'll see that I'm not the monster you have created me to be."

"You can sit against the wall, but not next to me."

"I'm staying here because this is the closest I can get to my mech-friend."

"Do not refer to him as that." He said with gritted denta.

"What else can I refer to him that shows how much I care for him or my relationship with him? Would you prefer if I called him my 'lover'?"

"He is not your 'lover.' Get away from me."

"I'm not going anywhere. TC, please, just-"

"Do not call me that. You have no right to."

"I am your trineleader's lover. I think that gives me some right."

"Frag off."

"Thunder-"

"I am going to get Hook. Only family is allowed in the CR Room."

"You're not his actual family."

Thundercracker turned optics of ice on him. "I am his family. The only family he now has. And as such, I have the right to tell slagheaps like you when to frag off from his life. If you truly cared for him... You would have become a Decepticon just for him, and not help his enemies. That is why you will never even come close to being as good as Moonstar. She left the Autobots for him. You don't care about him enough to make such choices."

"A relationship is not a one-way street. Both parties make sacrifices for each other."

"Starscream has sacrificed enough for everyone around him. It's time someone did something for him." Thundercracker paused. "He took my and 'Warp's punishments for the entirety of the war. He
sold his own frame to save his daughter from death. He gave up everything for his people." He vented a sigh. "Even yesterday when fighting Sixshot he took the hit so we didn't have to. He was the one who tried to dive-kick Sixshot in the faceplates, all while telling us to stay the hell away. And now look where he is."

"If we can be together despite our factions… Why not try?" Skyfire said softly.

"Maybe because the Autobots have deactivated so many of us?" He grunted.

"I'm not going to argue with you, Thundercracker. I just want you to realize that I love Starscream and… and I'll do what I have to to make him happy and keep him safe. I just wish you would realize that."

"And I wish you would leave."

"Thundercracker, please, I just-AH!"

Skyfire placed a servo over his leaking olfactory sensor where Thundercracker had viciously punched him. He looked back, seeing only death emanating from the blue Seeker.

"Get away from my trinemates!" Thundercracker roared, his fists trembling with rage at his sides, wings raised, peds spread apart, looking as aggressive as he could.

Skyfire wiped the energon from his faceplates. "Calm down, Thunder." He said softly. "I know you feel vulnerable right now and that you think you have to defend your trinemates. I'm not going to hurt them. I'm not a threat."

"Get away from us. Now!"

"What's going on back here?" Ratchet demanded as he walked through the door and approached.

Ratchet's optics widened before ducking his helm just as a cube of energon flew at him. It struck the wall behind and shattered, energon splattering everywhere.

"GET AWAY FROM THEM!" Thundercracker bellowed, a sonic boom unleashing with his fury, causing everything to shake.

"Thundercracker, it's alright." Skyfire said softly. "No one is going to hurt them."

Thundercracker glared at him, his wings rattling against his back with his rage, his engine growling loudly. He shoved at Skyfire's shoulder, trying to make him leave.

"Thunder, it's all right." Skyfire raised his servos in a peaceful manner. "It's all right. We're not going to hurt them. They're safe."

"Just… go away!" Thundercracker said in a quiet voice, still desperately trying to push Skyfire away. "Please… Leave us alone."

Skyfire vented a small sigh. "It's okay, Thunder. I know it's really hard. I know you can't handle them being like this. I know you feel like you have to guard them. They're safe. You're safe. No one is going to hurt them." Skyfire paused before holding his arms out. "Come here, Thunder. I think you need a hug."

Thundercracker savagely kicked Skyfire's hip, but the Autobot ignored it. Thundercracker turned his helm and looked at his trinemates before falling to his knees, covering his faceplates, and
crying. Skyfire didn't even hesitate. He reach over and hugged Thundercracker, holding him against his side. Thundercracker was too upset to care much about his public image at the moment, and was soon clinging to the large flyer, sobbing into the white plates.

"Shhhh, it's okay, Thunder. I know you're upset. Just let it out. They're okay. Ratchet and Hook saved them. They're going to recover." Skyfire said quietly, stroking the Seeker's back strut slowly. He looked up at Ratchet. "I got this. He's just having a hard time."

Ratchet didn't speak immediately. "Alright... But if he does anything... Just call for backup. We're in the front."

"I will. Thank you."

Skyfire watched the Autobot medic walk out of the room, leaving him alone with one distraught Seeker, and many wounded Seekers in CR chambers.

"It's gonna be okay, TC. It's gonna be just fine. Soon they will be released and you can be hugging them instead of me. I know you're stressed, and scared, and just worried about them. I am too. Well, with Starscream at least. I can't imagine how it must feel to have your two brothers hurt like this." He paused. "I hope that one orbital cycle I love you all the same. I'm working on getting to know you and 'Warp. I want to be with the three of you. And I may not emotionally love you now, but I know soon that I will, and we will be good friends."

Skyfire looked up at Starscream, floating within that greenish liquid, looking as if he was deactivated with his frame all torn up and limp. He swallowed, hugging Thundercracker a little tighter.

"I'm here for you guys. I'll always be here for you."

Thundercracker never once left the small area between the two CR chambers. Skyfire brought him energon and stayed beside him for a few joors every orbital cycle. The blue Seeker never said a word. Not in greeting, in farewell, in aggression, or in happiness. Just silent, barely acknowledging anyone or anything around him. He didn't even fight Hook when the Constructicon repaired his wing and other damages.

The orbital cycles passed by, and nothing changed. Thundercracker ignored the other Seekers being released from their CR chambers, and tuned out trines being reunited. He ignored the Autobot brass when they took their turns to come by and see the damage for themselves. Not even Prowl's hurtful words towards his trineleader made him react.

No, the blue Seeker just kept to himself, so distraught, lonely, worried, scared, and lost without his brothers. And not even knowing when they would be released, or if they would ever fully heal from this.

It was nearly an orn since the battle with Sixshot when Starscream was finally repaired enough to be unleashed from his typical residence. It was also the first time in nearly an orn that Thundercracker's wings rose and his optics brightened.

He leaped to his peds, practically on top of the Constructicons as they emptied the CR chamber, pulled out the still offline Air Commander, place him on a wheeled berth, and took him to an isolation room.

Thundercracker spun himself around a few times looking from the departing Constructicons to his
other trinemate still in a CR chamber. The blue Seeker finally forced himself away and followed after the gestalt.

No one said anything to him when he forced himself inside the isolation room and stood by the medberth. Ratchet remained silent when Thundercracker took Starscream's servo and held it while giving his brother loving kisses on the cheekplates. Skyfire swallowed as he watched.

"He always does this." Hook whispered to Ratchet. He then turned to the Seeker. "Thundercracker, we are going to online him."

Thundercracker nodded his helm slowly, never looking away from Starscream's faceplates. His wings raised, shaking slightly in anticipation to see his trineleader awake and active.

The medics finished up checking over the Air Commander, making sure everything was repaired and sealed up, then pressed the necessary commands to wake him up.

As usual, he heard voices first, then his optics onlined. "Go away, slagger." He said weakly, shoving at Thundercracker. "I want femmes."

"You fragging piece-of-slag!" Thundercracker shouted. "Why did you have to go and be so stupid!?"

"I'm sorry, I'm a little hard to hear in this audio receptor. Repeat?" Starscream grunted sarcastically.

"I hate you!" Thundercracker growled before kissing Starscream on the lip plates. "I hate you so much!" He kissed him again.

"I hate you too, slag breath." Starscream snapped before grabbing Thundercracker's helm and kissing back.

"Next time, get deactivated for being so slagging stupid!" Thundercracker roared before hugging his trineleader. "Primus… don't ever scare me like that again! You've done this to me for the gazillionth time. I'm tired of it."

"Fine, I'll deactivate the next time. But only if you bring high grade with you to the Well when you come. I'll be at the bar." Starscream said as he sat up and hugged Thundercracker back.

Thundercracker squeezed tighter, his optics offline as he just reassured himself that at least one of his trinemates was fine. Starscream looked over everyone in the room, smiling when he saw Skyfire waving at him. His smile vanished when he realized who was missing.

"Where's Skywarp!?" He demanded from Thundercracker, holding him by the arms.

"He's in a CR chamber." Thundercracker said softly.

That was all he needed to know. The tri colored Seeker shoved the blue one away, leaped off the medberth, rushed by everyone, and out of the room. Thundercracker was right behind him. Starscream ran into the back room and straight to the CR chamber with his brother. He stopped before it, placing a servo over the cool glass. His wings lowered before he started to tremble.

Thundercracker hugged Starscream just as he started to cry. "He'll live." Thundercracker said softly as Starscream clung to him. "He died on Hook, but Hook brought him back. He'll make it."

"He took a shot for me." Starscream said between soft sobs as his helm rested on Thundercracker's shoulder, his optics on his wounded trinemate. "I'm the one who is supposed to take the shot."
"Star, we take the bullet for each other." He paused. "I thought I was going to lose you both. You almost died on Ratchet with your loss of fuel and Skywarp actually did deactivate… I was-" He swallowed. "I'm so happy you're safe."

"Did Hook say when 'Warp will be released?"

"Negative. He hasn't said anything to me. I… I haven't been very safe to be around lately."

Starscream looked at him. "I wish I saw it. You're always so cute when you are being overly protective of us." He pecked a kiss to Thundercracker's lip plates.

"Just stop trying to kill yourself." He kissed Starscream back.

"I'm trying… But it's really hard." He kissed again.

"I'm going to lock you in our quarters and never let you out." He kissed him. "Again." Another kiss.

"I sorry." Starscream said softly as he burrowed his faceplate's into the crook of Thundercracker's neck.

"Sure you are." Thundercracker grunted as he hugged him tightly.

Starscream lifted his helm and captured Thundercracker's lip plates in a sad kiss. Skywarp may not be better yet, but they needed to celebrate the small victory that least they were together.

As they kissed, Starscream caught sight of Skyfire in the corner of his optic, watching from the doorway with Hook and Scrapper, the Constructicons making sure the Seekers didn't do anything stupid. Starscream wanted to be with Skyfire, to hug him and kiss him, but even more, he wanted to be with Thundercracker. Thundercracker was just more important, and the blue Seeker was more upset about what had just happened.

He was the trineleader, and trine came before anything and anyone. Even lovers.

Starscream and Thundercracker stayed beside Skywarp's CR chamber, never leaving. Skyfire brought them energon and stayed with them for most of every orbital cycle. Him and Starscream talked, with Thundercracker saying a few things here and there.

At night, the two Seekers simply curled up, hugging each other closely as they recharged on the floor by the chamber. They never spoke to anyone else but Skyfire and Hook. Just patiently, and anxiously, awaiting when their beloved brother would be freed.

A Little Over a Decacycle Later:

Starscream and Thundercracker excitedly watched as the CR chamber was drained of its liquid and the "prisoner" released. They practically glomped him when he started to try to stand on his own, groaning loudly.

"Skywarp!" Starscream exclaimed as he and Thundercracker hugged their brother tightly.

"Hey…" Skywarp said softly, everything a bit dizzy for him.

"You slagging idiot! Why did you do that!?" Starscream bellowed in Skywarp's faceplates.
"Do wha-?"

"Come here!" Starscream growled dangerously as he hugged Skywarp tighter. "I'm going to kill you, 'Warp. You lousy, waste of scrap. You fragging scared me!"

"I love you too…"

"If you're done, take him out front and put him on a medberth." Hook grunted.

Starscream and Thundercracker released their brother to allow him to walk, but the black Seeker almost immediately fell over. His trinemates caught him, and held him up.

"I don't feel very good." Skywarp moaned. "I-I can't… Why won't my legs work!?!" He screamed in sudden panic.

"Calm down, Skywarp." Hook said quickly. "Everything is still being worked on. You won't be able to walk for quite some time. The blast tore a giant hole in your middle, rendering anything below practically 'dead.' You will also be on an artificial fuel pump and fuel tank for a while before everything is repaired enough down there to fully replace them. Your T-cog will be unable to work for a while, and you cannot teleport until your warp generator is fully repaired."

"Which means…?!" Skywarp swallowed.

"You're berth ridden for some time. You will spend nights in the CR chamber, and the rest of the time I will be working on you or you will be with your trinemates. They really missed you." He paused. "If you had been shot just a little higher… You would be stuck in a morgue instead."

"I have to sit on a berth forever!?!" Skywarp exclaimed, suddenly trembling.

"No, just a few orbital cycles." Starscream said gently before kissing Skywarp on the cheekplates. "It won't be bad. TC and I shall be with you."

"I CAN'T WALK! WAHHHHHH!" Skywarp loudly wailed, coolant tears flowing from his optics.

"I'm going to retire." Hook grumbled.

Skywarp lied on a medberth, two others connected to either side of it to allow his trinemates to be beside him. Starscream and Thundercracker were just talking to their brother as they worked on repainting his scratched plates. Hook and the other Constructicons were gone, off for the orbital cycle and relaxing. Ratchet was the only medic on duty, forced to endure the oddity that was the Elite Trine's relationship.

"Some organic species write their designations on limbs that cannot move when being repaired." Skywarp said softly.

"Want us to write our designations on your legs?" Starscream asked gently as he carefully painted the black Seeker's shin guard.

"Yeah… And I want hearts too."

"Okay, we can do that." Thundercracker said.

Skywarp vented a sigh. "This sucks…"

"Time will fly by, love." Starscream remarked.
"I don't wanna stay here! I wanna go to our room and make out." He pouted.

"Well, if you hadn't have jumped in the way…"

"I was protecting you."

"I know, sweetie. I just… I rather you not take my shots. I can't stand to see you hurt." He said softly.

"I can't stand seeing you hurt."

"I know. But, next time you do something like this… try to get shot in like the leg or something. Not in the torso. Okay?"

"Okay."

Starscream smirked. "That's my good, 'Warp." He leaned over and pecked a kiss to Skywarp's lip plates.

"I love you two." Skywarp smiled.

"Love you, too." Thundercracker replied.

"Love you for always." Starscream kissed him again. He was quiet for an astrosecond before speaking. "'Warp, love, where did you send Sixshot to?"

Skywarp's visage beamed as a mischievous, lopsided grin much too large for his faceplates appeared. He giggled like one possessed, taking a moment before he could speak.

"Oh, you know…"

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(The Other End of the Warp Gate at the End of the Battle Against Sixshot):

Megatron climbed the stairs and approached the door to his berthroom. He palmed it open and entered, stopping at what he saw."

"Lord Megatron."

He raised an optical ridge. "Sixshot..?"

Sixshot looked at Megatron from where he hung upside down over the berth, his legs inside of the ceiling from the warp gate closing too soon. On purpose.

"I have a good explanation for my current predicament." He said casually. "I also require something to cut myself out of the ceiling."

Megatron's optics narrowed. "And Starscream? Where is he?"

Sixshot didn't answer immediately. "He's with the Autobots in Iacon. Him and all of the Seekers. The Seekers and Autobots helped him escape from me." He paused. "I believe he is dating an Autobot. Before I engaged, I saw him with a white shuttle. They even kissed each other."

"Shuttle?" Megatron mused for a moment. "He once said he was close friends with a shuttle we found on the planet Earth…"
"The way they were touching… They were more than 'just friends.' It was revolting… And all the energon is rushing to my helm…"

Megatron just smiled evilly. "That's how we'll lure him in." He said softly before pivoting on a heel and walking out.

Sixshot watched him leave, the door hissing shut. "Lord Megatron?" He paused. "Megatron?" Another pause. "Dammit…"

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**Five Orbital Cycles After Releasing Skywarp From the CR Chamber:**

Skywarp lied on the middle medberth, Starscream to his right and Thundercracker to his left. He was curled best he could with his offline legs against his trineleader, his helm using Starscream's arm as a pillow. The Air Commander held a datapad up, reading a story out loud to his wounded brother. Thundercracker was silently listening as he messed with a simple game on a datapad.

Ratchet entered the medbay and started to go about his usual routine. After a bit, he turned to the Seekers.

"What is that you are reading, Starscream?" He inquired.

"Earth literature." Starscream grunted as he looked up the title. "Uhhhhh, Harry Potter and the Half-Blood Prince. 'Warp wanted it. This is the sixth book in this series. My vocalizer is going to give out before I'm done…" He grumbled the last part.

"You've been reading that to him the last few orbital cycles?"

"None stop. Thank Primus we're getting closer to the end."

"Keep going, Scree! I wanna find out if Dumbledore gets out alive." Skywarp smiled as he snuggled closer.

"Alright, alright… Ahem, where did I leave off?"

"Draco was talking to Dumbledore."

"Okay,"

Ratchet left to work at his desk, the Air Commander continuing with the story.

It was a few kliks later that Skyfire entered the medbay to find a very… odd scene considering that these Seekers had murdered and brutalized so many.

"Wahaha!" Skywarp wailed, coolant pouring from his optics as Starscream patted his helm, obviously annoyed with the show of dramatic emotions.

"'Warp, he was a fictional character. 'Warp, sweetie, he never existed! So what if he died? He's a made-up, nonexistent character that was obviously destined for this. You've killed a lot."

"Why did he have to die!? I liked him!" Skywarp burrowed his faceplates into Starscream's arm.

"Do you want me to continue?" Starscream grunted.

"No, I don't want to hear anymore. Can you read something happy?" He said as he wiped coolant tears away.
"Fine, I'll read something happy. Want more earth literature?"

"Mhmm," He nodded his helm slowly, looking down as he still clung to his trineleader.

"Alright, do you want more fantasy, classics, what?"

"Whatever seems good. And no one dies. Well, no main characters."

"Alright, let's see."

Skyfire approached and sat on a chair beside Starscream. The Air Commander offered him a small smile before turning back to the datapad he held.

"So, you want mature themes?" He asked his emotional brother.

"Sure." Skywarp shrugged.


Skywarp shrugged. "Okay, you can read that. I'll let you know if I don't like it."

"Wanna listen, Skyfire?" Starscream smiled at him.

The shuttle smiled back. "Sure. I love hearing your vocalizer."

Starscream chuckled. Thundercracker rolled his optics.

It was some time later that Prowl entered the medbay. Starscream was still reading out loud, his trinemates, Skyfire, Ratchet, and the Constructicons all listening as they gathered around.

"Skyfire." Prowl interrupted, not feeling bad about it at all.

Starscream glared at him, pausing in his reading. Skyfire turned to the Autobot strategist.

"Yes, Prowl?" He asked.

"Come with me. I would like to talk to you." Prowl said before pivoting on a heel and walking out.

Skyfire swallowed. He pecked a kiss to Starscream's lip plates, stood up, and quickly followed the Autobot SIC. Starscream watched him go until Skywarp started to prod at him.

"Scree, keep reading about the magical pig!"

"Alright, alright, I am."

---

Skyfire was led to Prowl's office, his servos wringing. Prowl palmed open the door and gestured for Skyfire to enter. The shuttle did so, only to find himself in a dark room lit by a single lamp on the desk.

"Take a seat." Prowl instructed as he sat at his chair.

Skyfire swallowed before doing as commanded. He sat on the other side of the desk, anxiously watching Prowl. The Praxian adjusted the lamp so it shined on Skyfire's faceplates, causing him to hold a servo up to block it.
"Skyfire, I have brought you here to ask you a few questions." Prowl said calmly as he selected a datapad from a small stack and onlined it.

"Uh, okay… Like what?" He asked quietly.

"You have been acting curiously of late, specifically since the Seekers engaged in a battle with the Decepticon Phase Sixer, Sixshot. Firstly, I learned that you were alone with Starscream prior to that event. Alone with him and rather far outside of Iacon. Secondly, Starscream mentioned something about a 'date' to his trinemate, Thundercracker on the comm. link when requesting backup. Ever since then, you have been in the medbay for several cycles every orbital cycle. Primarily around Starscream."

Skyfire swallowed. "He's an old friend. I just wanted to make sure he was alright." He said in almost a whisper.

"Why were you with him prior to the attack?"

"We were just catching up. Doing some exploring. We're scientists. It's what we wanted to do with our lives before… Before everything went bad."

"Starscream is a former scientist. He is a criminal now. Our enemy."

"The Seekers are our allies."

"For however long that will last."

"I don't understand what was so wrong with hanging out with him."

Prowl studied him for a moment before speaking. "If you were simply friends, you wouldn't have been in the medbay as often as you were, nor have neglected your work from the distressed state of your processor." He touched the tips of his digits together to form a steeple, his elbows resting on the desk. "I have also reviewed the security footage."

Skyfire's optics widened for a brief moment. "Security footage of what?"

"Sir.' You are to refer to me as 'sir.'"

"I apologize. What security footage, sir?"

"That's the thing, isn't it? The security camera for the section of hallway where your door is was tampered with. Footage from specific orbital cycles and times have been erased. Cleansed of the evidence. Red Alert discovered the abnormalities a few orbital cycles ago. I investigate the area of interest further and discovered that the wall just outside your door has been newly painted." He held up a small, clear back with paint chips within. "Something was written or drawn there, and then hastily covered up. Care to explain what?"

"There was a prank. Just some playful words. Nothing serious." He swallowed.

"Skyfire, I am going to get a little personal with my next question." He paused to study the shuttle's nervous faceplates. "Have you had intercourse with Starscream?"

Skyfire felt as if someone had struck him with a Cybertronian sized sledgehammer. "N-no." He stuttered. "Well, w-we almost back before the war, b-but not now. Th-that was when w-we were actually th-thinking about b-being more than just f-friends. B-but we would never n-now."
"Skyfire, has anyone told you that you are a terrible liar? Not even Sideswipe is this bad." He paused. "Your fidgeting leg, shuttering of your optics, your nervous stutter, constant swallowing… How many times have you interfaced him?"

"I-I n-never… W-we're j-just-"

"The security camera in hallway 56-985 at 2200, three orbital cycles prior to the battle with Sixshot. You and Starscream shared a kiss." He then held up his datapad, the security footage being played on it. Skyfire's wings lowered. "So," Prowl placed the datapad back down before him. "Do you want to tell me the truth, or keep lying and have more time added to your sentence."

"Prowl, sir, it's not what you think." Skyfire said quickly anxiously swallowing.

"And what would that be? What am I thinking, Skyfire?" He asked in that same, monotone voice. So cold, unemotional, cruel.

"You think I have betrayed the Autobots because I interfaced with Starscream. I have not. Starscream… I've known him since long before the war. I'm not in love with the Decepticon Starscream. I'm in love with the true Starscream. The one who is nice when you get to know him. Laughs at jokes. Is playful and eager to go on an adventure. Weird, but cute with his little quirks. Protective of those who he loves, and is just so kind and willing to do what he must for his Seekers and family."

"Starscream is Starscream regardless of how he chooses to treat one individual in particular. He is a murderer, rapist, thief, felon, and has committed more crimes in war and in general than Megatron himself. And that is saying something. Do you want me to show you the file for his known crimes? Of all the designations of his known victims from murder, torture, and rape? His own daughter was the result of rape. Furthermore, he is a Decepticon, our sworn enemy, and a Seeker no less. One of the filthiest frame-types right after the beast-frames."

"That's functionist."

"How many times did you interface with him?"

"Why does that matter?" He asked in almost a whisper.

"Answer my question." Prowl said sharply, his optics narrowing.

"Sessions or how many times we overloaded?"

"How about both."

"Two sessions, a total of fifteen overloads."

"Did he come to you, or did you go to him?"

"We did it in my room both times, but we both wanted it. Prowl, please, Star isn't a bad mech. At least, not anymore. He's changed."

"I have yet to find evidence that states otherwise." Prowl said as he scribbled something down on a datapad.

"Prowl… I love him. I've always loved him. Am I going to be punished for that too? For never telling you how important he has always been to me? That in previous battles, when I saw him my spark tore apart from being separated from him all because of some stupid faction? Because of this
war of hate? Prowl, please, Starscream has admitted his wrongs and has changed." He paused. "He's been hurt enough. Please, don't try to take any more from him."

"You interfaced with our enemy regardless of intentions. That is a-

"I don't care what it is! I love him! And-and I don't care what you say about him. I will be with him, and I'll take this to Optimus if I must."

Prowl glared death at him. "And what if Starscream decides to end this temporary peace between us? What if he attacks us? Will you stand by and allow it or stay with the Autobots and fight him?"

"He won't. After what Megatron did to him."

"Megatron has done a lot to him and he has always returned. He was beaten a little more than usual, and has come to us to lick his wounds. He will either go back to working as Megatron's Second or attempt to destroy Megatron, take over, and then attack us. And I find it immensely difficult to believe that he has not been interfacing with Megatron since the beginning of the war. Seekers are interface crazed, and knowing how Starscream is willing to do anything to get his way…"

"Starscream is not some whore going around and-and fragging with people for some reward! Starscream is-is very intelligent and-and amazing, and just… He's not what you think he is." He swallowed. "And I love him and he loves me. I'm not sorry for making love to him. I want to be with him for the rest of time and never be separated ever again. He's my true love, Prowl." He paused. "I wish you could understand."

"Oh, I understand. I understand that you are not mentally stable at the time being. Starscream has obviously seduced you to achieve some goal of his. He has manipulated and tricked you, Skyfire. You cannot trust him."

"Prowl, please."

Prowl pressed two digits to the side of his helm and spoke into his comm. link. "I'm done with him."

The door opened and Streetwise and Groove entered. Skyfire watched them approach before he was made to stand. His wrists were pulled behind his back, manacles slapped on, and he was forcefully led away.

"Prowl, please! Starscream is not a monster! I didn't betray the Autobots!" Skyfire cried as he was made to walk out.

Prowl just watched, silent as ever. Once the door hissed shut, his doorwings twitched.

"Now for the 'fun' part."

Starscream and Thundercracker hugged Skywarp closely as the three recharged on the combined medberths. The trine had fallen into recharge like this and Hook was hesitant to separate them so that Skywarp could spend the night in the CR chamber. The black Seeker always cried when he was made to leave his brothers, never being one to handle separation very well. And Hook rather not risk Skywarp having a panic attack, which he had done so a few times in the past.

Hook looked up when Starscream started to moan in his recharge, his frame slightly jerking as if he was being hurt. The Constructicon vented a sigh, knowing what was going on in his helm.
The door hissed open, shining light into the barely lit medbay. Hook's visor brightened, not too pleased with who had just entered.

"How may I assist you, Smiley?" Hook inquired sarcastically when Prowl neared.

The Praxian ignored him, walking straight to the Elite Trine. He held up his datapad and prodded Starscream in the side with a corner of it, as if the Seeker was something too filthy to touch.

Starscream startled online, blood red optics focusing their attention on the black and white mech. "What do you want?" The Air Commander asked in a low voice, careful not to disturb his trinemates.

"I would like to have a word with you." Prowl said in that same, unemotional tone of his, no regard towards onlining the recharging flyers.

Starscream's optics narrowed. He turned back to his trinemates and gently pecked a kiss to their cheekplates before getting up and sliding off the medberth. His wings flicked in irritation as he followed the tactician.

Hook watched them go, not liking the rudeness of that particular Autobot. Such an aft that he could never like. Not even if he joined minds with him...

Prowl palmed the door to his office open and entered, the Decepticon right behind. The door hissed shut, leaving them in the dark office with the single desk lamp on.

"Take a seat." Prowl said as he sat on his chair.

Starscream's optics momentarily brightened. "An interrogation at this joor? Does your Prime not approve of such activities?"

"Cooperate and this will be over quickly."

"That's the thing. I've never been one to cooperate with authority. Especially with the cops." Starscream said as he sat on the chair, leaned back so it was balanced on two legs, and propped his peds on the desk, crossing them at the ankles.

"Remove those from my desk." Prowl said with a hint of annoyance in his vocalizer.

"Too 'improper'?"

"I consider high powered thrusters pointing at my faceplates as 'threatening' and 'highly dangerous.' Remove them."

Starscream slid them to the side so they weren't facing the Praxian. "Better?"

"I'm not playing this game with you, Starscream."

"I thought it was funny." Starscream smirked that sexy smirk of his.

"Remove your peds."

"Say 'please."

Prowl's doorwings twitched. "Please, remove your peds from my desk, Starscream."
"Was that so difficult?" Starscream inquired as he lowered them, the thrusters clanking loudly against the floor when landing.

"Back to the original reason I brought you here."

"Nah uh, let me guess." Starscream held a servo up, his wings flutting behind him.

"No."

Starscream ignored him. "Here we are, two mechs who have been fighting on opposite sides of this damn war for so long, both in high positions only answering to one. We have seen, done, and commanded so much, not all of it morally acceptable, but in war, you do what you must."

"I have never-"

"You have sent many into suicide runs to save even more. Ruthless calculus. It's what us strategists must face every single orbital cycle. What we were taught to believe. The needs of the many outweigh the needs of the few. You have sent many to deactivate to save many more. I know you have. I've witnessed it."

"Regardless of what I've done in the past to secure a victory."

"Regardless, we are one and the same, Prowl. In regards to our shared positions as high ranking officers. As leaders who sometimes have to become that which we once hated."

"Where are you going with this?"

Starscream leaned forward, his elbows resting on the desktop, fingers laced before him. "So much in common, Prowl. We have even shared a kiss." Prowl's optics narrowed, Starscream kept going. "And now, you bring me to a dark room with only one light, in the late joors of the orbital cycle… Everyone is recharging or doing overnight shifts… No one would ever know…"

"What are you blabbering about?"

"Clearly you have brought me here to find out if the rumors concerning Seeker valves are true." He smiled sexily. "I can assure you that they most certainly are."

Prowl's doorwings twitched. "I would never interface with a Seeker, much less you."

"Sounds like you're trying to fool yourself."

"I have brought you here to ask you a series of questions."

"I do like it a little rough." Starscream said as he offline one optic in a form of a wink.

"And I want truthful answers." Prowl said, ignoring Starscream's comment.

"I can be top or bottom. Bondage? I can do that too. My trinemates say I make a great submissive."

"I'm not in the mood for this, Starscream."

"No bondage? Alright then. It would be odd for you to slap my aft, anyway. And I only do oral with my trinemates."

"Starscream, let's get back on track."
"Even if I don't get enough pleasure from it, I can fake pretty well."

Prowl glared at him. Starscream snapped his jaws before suggestively licking his lip plates.

"Skyfire. Let's talk about him."

"What about him?"

"You have significant emotions towards him, do you?"

"Depends on your definition of 'significant emotions.' You talking about love? Lust? Hate? Anger? Sadness? Be specific, shortstuff." Starscream said coolly, no sign of fear, lying, or being upset noticeable. He was a master at lying, manipulation, getting his way. Prowl was nothing. Prowl was an amateur at this game. At least, that was what Starscream believed.

"Interesting how the first two emotions you mentioned were 'love' and 'lust.'" Prowl intoned.

"We were just speaking about fragging."

"True. Which moves us to the next question: Did you have intercourse with Skyfire?"

"Who wants to know?" He paused to broaden his sly smile. "Are you jealous? Do you only want me to yourself? Fear my past friendship with Skyfire might lessen your chances with me?"

"Skyfire has already admitted to engaging in intercourse with you on two separate occasions, with a total of fifteen overloads. Do you agree that this is accurate?"

"He has? Interesting." Starscream said it as if he was truly fascinated by this information.

"Did you coerce him?" Prowl demanded.

"Coerce? Look at you using big words. Bet your Prime would be proud." His wings fluttered. "And why would I coerce a shuttle? You really think that someone his size would have a small enough spike to fit inside of me? I may have fragged Megatron for three stellar cycles, but that doesn't mean I'm fond of large spikes penetrating me. Unless it's TC's. Love that spike of his." He paused. "Why do you care? Wondering what it must be like to have something impressive down there rather than the microspike you have?"

Prowl's optics narrowed. "Stay on topic."

"Is it that bad?" He smirked.

"You interfaced with Skyfire, that I'm sure of with his confession and behavior towards you. I just need to know why you would do that to him? You have clearly fooled him into believing that you actually care for him and made 'love' to him, rather than simply seducing him." He paused. "Why Skyfire? Why are you tormenting him? Is it because he was once your friend and you feel as if you must 'punish' him for a past action?"

"Alright, I see that there is no fooling you, shortstuff. I interfaced with Sky. I admit it. I lay it out there in the open. He was on top, pounding into me as I moaned and writhed beneath him. And I enjoyed every astrosecond of it." His wings fluttered. "Are you jealous? Do you want to make me moan as well? Want to hear me cry out you designation as you savagely sparkbond with me like the naughty mechs we are?" The Seeker purred erotically, a digit suggestively tracing along the desktop to "draw" invisible spikes.
Prowl raised an optical ridge. "With how much you keep suggesting it, I feel as if you are the one wanting to frag me."

Starscream chuckled. "No, Prowl. I just have learned long ago that there is no one immune to the curves and afts of a Seeker. Nor their moans or perfect valves." He paused. "Especially if it's their first time."

"Off the record, I have interfaced before."

"Ooh, but I imagine it was quite some time ago. Was it out of love or a whore?"

"We are getting off topic."

"It was a whore, wasn't it?" Starscream chuckled.

"It was not."

"Ah, so I see the problem then. You, Prowl, are grouchy because you once had a lover. Someone so close and dear to your spark that you just couldn't ever imagine not living without. Someone so special, important, incredible…" He paused. "But that all changed one faithful orbital cycle. Your lover left you… for someone else. I know it was not death that separated you two. I'm experienced in that realm. No, this special, amazing, love-of-your-life left you behind. And if was because of you."

Prowl's optics narrowed, his doorwings twitching. "Starscream, I-

"Your spark was crushed. Torn apart. Stomped on. You were devastated. You decided that you didn't need anyone else, that such emotions as love and desire were wrong… sinful. That you didn't need it in your life and so abstained from it. Made yourself unemotional, unresponsive. You claimed that it was due to the war and your part in it. Seeing soldiers as only numbers and not as lives. To use and let die to achieve a goal." His smirk grew, his words so smooth, honeyed, and yet dangerous. "You made love to someone more than once. You cared for them like no other. And they left you. Abandoned you. And now you can't stand to see anyone else happy."

The datapad that Prowl held suddenly snapped in half. Starscream's smile broadened.

"Truth hurts, doesn't it? Let me guess: I'm the first one to figure you out."

"Get. Out." Prowl growled with gritted denta, his servos still gripping the torn datapad, trembling with his fury.

"I would say that you could always find another, but with that poor attitude of yours…" He shrugged. "Oh, another thing: Where's my mech-friend? Talking about all this fragging and lovers makes me turn-on."

Prowl just glared death, dagger, nukes, and other weapons at him. Starscream's wings fluttered again.

"I deeply enjoy these mind games, Prowl. Should do them more often. And judging by your disapproval for love between factions, I'm assuming that my sexy Sky is in the brig?" He studied Prowl for a moment. "Alrighty, I'll just go get him."

The Seeker stood, fluttered his wings, and turned to leave. He stopped at the door and looked back.

"Get laid, Prowl. Might help some. Maybe not with your love affairs, but if that person hurt you
that much, should just tell them to go frag themselves and forget about them." He shrugged. "May never completely erase them from your processor, but should still try… I'm trying to do that with Megatron." He said the last part softly before palming the door open and walking out.

Prowl watched the door hiss shut before throwing the broken datapad pieces away. He sat there, seething in his unholy wrath.

He'll admit to it: Starscream was certainly brilliant. Weird, disgusting, interface-crazed, hyperactive, and loud-mouthed, but brilliant. Too bad he couldn't just shoot him… yet.

Starscream stopped by the cell that held Skyfire. He placed his servos on his hips, cocked one out, fluttered his wings, and sexily smiled.

"Daaaaaaamn, Sky! What have a naughty mech like you been up to? Let me guess: So sexy it's illegal?"

"It's not funny, Star." Skyfire grunted. "Prowl knows about us and now is going to deactivate me!"

"He won't." Starscream smirked. "I made sure of it."

"Primus… What did you do?" He groaned.

Starscream started to hack the control panel for the door. "Why you say it like that? He's still fully functional and that metal shaft is still far up his tailpipe."

"What are you-Star, don't hack the door!"

"Why not?"

"Because then it will look like I broke out!"

"You? Break out of prison? You're too nice to know anything about prison escapes. I on the other servo… There's a trick to breaking out of these suckers."

The energon bars faded away and Starscream victoriously smiled. Skyfire vented a sigh before standing and walking out.


"As thanks?"

"Because you're sexy and I need to get laid!"

"But, what about Prowl?"

"He is not joining us!"

"No! I mean, won't he do something to us eventually!?"

"Let me handle Prowl. I have him where I want him. Now, I need to be moaning as you frag the slag out of me. Come on!" He snapped as he grabbed Skyfire's servo and roughly led him away.

The shuttle followed, uncertain of what to think. He wasn't sure if Starscream had truly saved them, or just had gotten them into more trouble. It was always so hard to tell with that Seeker.
A Few Orbital Cycles Later:

Starscream and Thundercracker were kissing their damaged brother, holding him close and just loving on him. Being berth ridden for so long was taking its toll, and he needed their support more than ever.

"It won't be forever, sweetie." Starscream said gently as he wiped coolant away from Skywarp's cheekplates. "No need to cry."

"I-I can't feel them still." Skywarp managed between sobs, coolant still leaking out of his static filled optics.

"Hook is working on rebuilding replacement parts. You know the Autobots don't have everything required to rebuild Seekers."

"I wanna fly!"

"'Warp, love, you'll be flying in no time." Thundercracker said.

Skywarp wiped coolant away. "I wanna watch a movie." He said softly.

"Alright, sweetie." Starscream said as he unsubspaced a datapad. "What species?"

"I like the human stuff."

"Anything in particular?"

"Something funny."

"Mature themes?"

"I don't care. Just… no main characters dying."

"Okay, let's see." Starscream held the datapad so that Skywarp could see the options. They scrolled through it for a bit until Skywarp pointed at one.

"This one sounds funny. It has good reviews."

"You sure?"

"Yeah."

"Alright."

The Elite Trine cuddled closer together to watched the film, Skywarp finally having a break from all the stress. It was a few breems into the movie when Optimus entered the medbay.

"Starscream, I don't mean to disturb you, but we would like it if you could join us on strategizing how we will take Polyhex." He said in a low voice so as to not bother the other two Seekers.

Starscream looked at the Prime, then at his black trinematte. "I'm coming."

"But, Scree! You have to watch the Muppets with me!" Skywarp whimpered.

"I won't be long, my love." He pecked a kiss to Skywarp's lip plates. "TC is with you. You're fine."
Skywarp sadly watched his trineleader walk away, the door hissing shut behind him. Thundercracker hugged Skywarp a little closer.

"It's alright, 'Warp. He'll return soon enough." The blue Seeker said softly.

"I wish everyone would stop stealing him. First Megatron always took him away from us, then that Prime, and now that stupid shuttle." He said bitterly.

"He has a job to do. As for the shuttle… I don't know what to tell you. He will either be out of our lives, or maybe we will somehow get along."

"I wish Moonstar was here." He said in almost a whisper.

"I know. I wish she was too." He paused. "I miss her so much."

"That shuttle will never replace her."

"No one will ever come close to replacing her." He vented a sigh. "Why don't we just finish the movie and then get some recharge. Star will be back before too long."

"Okay…"

Thundercracker kissed Skywarp on the cheekplates. "I love you."

"Love you, too."

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"My trinemates shall remain behind, but I will lead the other Seekers into battle." Starscream said as he overlooked the finalized stratagem.

"Then we are ready." Prowl said as he turned to Optimus. "We attack tomorrow."

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**Late the Next Orbital Cycle:**

Soundwave walked into Megatron's office and stopped at the warlord's desk. He silently stood there for a moment before speaking.


It was of Starscream tearing some Decepticon apart, tossing the decapitated helm aside. His energon covered frame glistening in the dim lighting as he turned his attention towards the audience.

"Mighty Megatron," He said in that honeyed vocalizer of his, his sly, sexy smirk plastered over his handsome visage. "You surprise me. I did not think I was worthy for your little pets to hunt. But, as I'm sure you are quite aware of, Sixshot was no match for my Seekers. Try harder next time. Oh, and go frag yourself." He finished with a rude Vosian hand gesture.

The hologram image disappeared at the end of the message. Soundwave looked up at Megatron, waiting for the tyrant's response.

"He has a death wish." Megatron grunted, his optics narrowed. "He always has. And I will be sure to grant it when he is returned to me."
"Many desire to catch him for you, Lord Megatron. Seeker Starscream's Location: Difficult to reach. Seeker Starscream: Elusive."

"Not if he is lured out. He has weaknesses, and I know them all." Megatron smiled.

Dawnstar gasped softly, her magenta optics barely online, focusing on nothing in particular. Her small servos delicately held the powerful arms wrapped around her thin waist, holding her tightly as she was ruthlessly thrust into. She didn't moan anymore, realizing that the mechs she serviced were not interesting in such things. They simply wanted a femme to frag, regardless of the sounds she made.

Her frame was dented, scratched, and torn all over. Her paint barely covering her, wings too torn to be used for flying. She hadn't been properly repaired in so long. The doctor in this area knew almost nothing about flyers, only having to care for grounders. He did what he could for her, but he needed Shanix to buy parts from other cities, from the Black Market, from anyone he could. Dawnstar did her best to get the necessary Shanix to pay him.

The doctor had taken pity on her when he first met her, but as things got worse and she had to ask more from him, he was forced to charge her. That, in turn, forced Dawnstar to sell her frame to more mechs. She now serviced a minimum of seven an orbital cycle, usually more.

All those ruffians simply wanted something to frag hard that couldn't, wouldn't, fight back. They hurt her. Always hurt her. But she needed the Shanix. Especially now since so much had changed.

She had it with this life of pain, stress, fear, and constant worry. She wanted, needed, to get to her sire. But she had not learned where he was. Rumors had reached her audio receptors that he was with Autobots, but where with them?

She cried through her overload, feeling the mech fill her with his fluids. She panted as he pulled out before shoving her away.

"There's your pay, whore." He grunted as he tossed a bag on the ground. "I'll see you tomorrow."

She watched him go, quickly collecting her payment. Of all her regulars, he had to be the worst.

She subspaced her Shanix, wiped her thighs clean, and walked over to where her bundle was on a slab of rubble. She carefully picked it up and left. Her thruster heels clacked loudly against the metal street as she made her way to the café where she always got her energon.

She entered, going straight to the counter. She unsubspaced the required amount of Shanix and waited.

"Usual amount?" The mech on the other side inquired.

"Yes, please." She said softly.

He handed her two large cubes, which she awkwardly took, trying to hold her bundle at the same time. She sat at a table, placing her bundle on her lap and went through the usual routine.

She ignored the mechs watching her, most of them having been clients before, or her regulars. This was the only place she was safe from being used. The manager of the business was very strict about no interfacing around his customers.

"So, did you hear that Polyhex was attacked by Autobots?" A mech said to another nearby
"Yeah, I heard that Seekers were involved as well." The other mech grunted.

"Wonder if that Starscream fella was leading them."

"Did you hear?" A third mech piped up. "He was spotted outside of Iacon. The guy is with the Autobots in their capitol."

Dawnstar's optics widened.

"I also hear that Megatron will pardon any former 'Con that brings him in alive." The second mech said.

"We should try to hunt him down. Not only would we be rich, but I hear that we will be given new frames and abilities!"

"No way!" The first one exclaimed.

"Yes way!"

"Regardless if we would get powers or not, we should invest in it. Imagine all the glory to bag that pile of scrap and bring it to Megatron himself." The second pointed out.

"Yeah."

Dawnstar swallowed. She had to return to her sire before anything more happened to him. But first, she needed to prepare for the long journey.

Chapter End Notes

Yay! Dawnstar is back! :D I think you guys are gonna be quite happy when she is finally reunited with her daddy. :3

Heh, Hook not "liking" Prowl even if he "joined minds" is totally a play on the IDW G1 comics and Prowl's relationship towards the Constructicons. :P

The Chronicles of Prydain is actually a good series. And, yes, there's a magical oracle pig named Hen Wen. She's awesome. Go check it out.

I've never read the Harry Potter books, but I've seen all the films. Please, don't kill me. I'm not a big fan of reading. I much rather be writing, drawing, or watching a film. I'm an artist. I'm very visual, so I rather see things than be forced to imagine them.

Oh, and I didn't cry when Dumbledore died. Don't hate me!

The Muppets are awesome.

Prowl knew Starscream was smart, but underestimated him because of his built. I think he now finally realizes what he's up against. Starscream is so smart when
it comes to reading people. He has to in order to be able to manipulate and use them. He mentions so in the comics as well. Isn't he just the best!? :D

And I DID kill Skywarp! HAHAHAHA! He died on Hook, but Hook brought him to life, and now he's kinda "dead" being stuck on a berth. One of his many worst nightmares.

Using that logic I also have killed Starscream many times. The three times he died on Hook, when Moonstar was kill, when Dawnstar said she hated him, when Dawnstar left, when Megatron "conquered" him, and when the "old Starscream" "died" when Dawnstar was born/fell in love with Moonstar. So, that is EIGHT times I've "killed" Screamer. Not including all the ALMOST times he died on Hook. I'm a monster...

Guess you could also count when his carrier disappeared and when Skyfire was thought to be dead... And when Skyfire left him for the Autobots (stupid Autobots...) So... ELEVEN TIMES I'VE "KILLED" STARScream. There's a special place in robot hell for monsters like me... :'( 
Starscream and Thundercracker supported Skywarp between them as the black Seeker carefully tried to walk, the necessary parts finally having been placed inside of him. Everything was stiff, sore, and awkward after having gone for so long without feeling his legs. He wasn't strong or functional enough in his legs to walk all on his own yet. He would still have to spend a few nights in the CR chamber and see Hook often, but for now, he could leave the medbay and be with his trinemates.

"You're getting it." Starscream said as he helped Skywarp along. "Won't be long before you can go back to pranking everyone."

"I just wanna frag you senseless!" Skywarp giggled.

"Patience, 'Warp. You need to get better before we do any bonding." Thundercracker said gently.

"I want energon goodies."

"We'll get you some." Starscream said.

"And a ped massage. And huggles, and kissies, and snuggles."

"All in due time, love."

The Seekers slowly made their way down the hallways, Skywarp never shutting up about something or other. It took them a while, but they finally made it to the Seekers' tower and all the way to their shared room.

They helped Skywarp to sit on the berth, then sat on either side of him, their legs hanging off the side.

"Doing alright, 'Warp?" Thundercracker asked him.

"Yeah, I guess so. I'm just happy to be with my trine and out of that medbay. For now, anyway." Skywarp said softly.

"Would it be alright if I did something to Star that may be upsetting?" Thundercracker asked slowly.

"Wait, what?" Starscream turned to him.

Skywarp raised an optical ridge. "Like what?"

"Oh, just wanted to show him something." Thundercracker said as he unsubspaced a metal rod.

Starscream optics widened before he leaped away so quickly he fell on his aft, trembling so hard. He crawled away, his optics never wavering from the metal rod. He pressed himself into a corner, whimpering as coolant leaked from his optics and fluid poured from his preparing valve.

"P-please!" Starscream cried, his wings lowered, curling into a tight ball as he continued to try and get further away.
Skywarp swallowed. Thundercracker stood up and calmly approached. Starscream didn't see his trinemat, only Megatron. Those uncaring optics, lustful smile, cruel servos, and the weapon that would be used to hurt him.

"I-I am nothing… Please… T-take me… I-I am a disgrace… L-lay your s-servos on me… P-please…" Starscream cried, covering his faceplates as he shook in absolute fear.

Thundercracker crouched next to his trineleader, venting softly. "Star, love, it's alright." He said gently.

Starscream didn't act like he had heard him. He just kept trembling, sobbing, and muttering the horrible words. Thundercracker reached forward with one servo and took Starscream's wrist. Starscream weakly pulled away, but didn't really fight much.

Thundercracker placed the rod into Starscream's palm and gently closed his servo, making him hold it. Starscream finally looked up, his optics nearly white with static.

"It won't hurt you." Thundercracker said quietly. "See? You're the one holding it. You're safe."

Starscream was still trembling as he studied the piece of metal. Something so seemingly harmless that had caused him so much pain. He didn't react when Thundercracker kissed him on the cheekplates before cuddling closer.

"What are you thinking, Star?" The blue Seeker asked softly.

Starscream didn't answer immediately. "I still feel like I'm about to be hurt." He said in almost a whisper.

"What else?"

"I saw Megatron. I-I felt the pain."

"What pain? Of him raping you or hurting you with the rod?"

Starscream swallowed. "All of it."

Thundercracker kissed him again. "You're so strong, Starscream. Look at you. So beautiful and brave." He pecked a kiss to his trineleader's lip plates. "That's enough for now. We'll do some more tomorrow, alright?"

Starscream slowly nodded his helm. Thundercracker took the metal rod, stood up, and placed it on a shelf so that Starscream would have to see it every orbital cycle. The tri colored Seeker wiped coolant from his optics before Thundercracker helped him up.

"Scree, I want a hug." Skywarp demanded as he held his arms out.

Starscream sat beside him and hugged him tightly. Thundercracker watched for a moment before speaking.

"So, who wants to be in the middle as we recharge?"

"Skywarp, because he's still hurt." Starscream said softly as he pulled away.

"No, Scree, because he's the bestest best trinemat ever!" Skywarp exclaimed.

"Warp, I don't have to-"
"No arguing!" Skywarp snapped. "Scree is middle as usual."

Thundercracker smiled. "Alright, Star is in the middle."

Starscream was on his way to the lab when he was stopped by a certain black and white mech.

"I would like to have a word with you, Starscream." Prowl intoned.

Starscream's wings raised. "Very well."

Prowl spared the Seeker only a quick glance before leading the way to his office. Starscream followed him, the two officers ignoring everyone who watched them pass.

Prowl palmed open the door to his office and the two entered. It was well lit and appeared somewhat inviting, not ready for an interrogation like the previous night.

"Take a seat." Prowl said as he sat on his chair.

Starscream did so, his elbows resting on the desktop, arms crossed, and wings raised curiously.

"May I inquire as to why you have brought me here?" The Air Commander asked.

"How did you know?" Prowl demanded.

Starscream smirked. "No preamble or anything. Straight to the point. I think there's hope for you yet." His wings flicked. "How did I figure you out? It was simple, really."

"Explain."

"Why?"

Prowl paused. "I want to know where I messed up."

Starscream chuckled. "Word usage. When you said that you had interfaced before, your words were 'off the record.' That tells me something very important."

"Such as?"

"You clearly do not want this to be public knowledge. Most mechs are proud to not be virgins. To boast about it. Especially if they have loved someone and made love to them. Now, wanting it secret means that it was either an interface that you should not have gotten involved with, you are ashamed of, or you were hurt by it. Being a former cop, interfacing with a prostitute would have been not only shameful but illegal as an officer of the law. You told me you had not been with a whore. That left the only option being one of shame or hurt."

"But how did you know it was a former lover?"

"Because of your overall tone, reaction, the way you view relationships. If you had been with someone you had loved dearly and they were taken from you, you wouldn't be ashamed to admit you once loved. You would be more supportive towards lovers since you had had a good experience in the past. You would not be so opposed to showing love in public, even if it was mere kissing." He paused. "No, you hate relationships because you didn't have a good one. There is no picture of your lost lover. You do not make mention of them. You never randomly smile at good memories returning, nor bite back tears when certain scenes return to your processor. You hide all emotions. Shun them. Hate them."
"I do not see you with a picture of your former lover." Prowl grunted.

Starscream unsubspaced a datapad and held it to Prowl. "I always carry her with me." He then opened his chest piece to show his sparkcasing, and Moonstar's designation she had written so long before. "And I am always eager to talk about her."

Prowl took the datapad and onlined it. Images of Moonstar appeared, her with Starscream, Dawnstar, or simply by herself, smiling that perfect smile. Starscream closed his chest before continuing.

"I knew you had a bad relationship because you clearly don't want anyone getting close to you again. You're unemotional, rude, cold… You hide the fact that you have interfaced. You are hiding inside yourself, not wanting anyone to come near your hurt spark." He studied Prowl's faceplates before continuing. "I have read your file before. You had a partner, and yet there was very little about him despite how long you two worked together. Judging by the jumps between facts, you deleted much of it. Even images."

Prowl looked up at him, his optics narrowed. Starscream cocked his helm ever so slightly before unsubspacing another datapad. The Seeker onlined it, searched through it for a moment, then held it up. On it was an older picture.

"You erased many images, but not this one." The Air Commander continued. "This is the one who broke you. You couldn't erase this image because it reminded you of the good times with him. I know it's him because of how close you two are. Official images, and knowing how grounders aren't too keen on touching, makes this clear that you have touched in the berth before. And also the fact that you are smiling a little bit."

Prowl glared at the image before swallowing. "Yes, that is him." He said in a lower vocalizer.

"Chromedome. Interesting designation."

"It's not his real designation."

"Regardless, he doesn't look like someone you should be upset over."

Prowl twitched his doorwings. "What do you mean?"

"Who did he leave you for?"

"A cassette designated Rewind. They are joined now."

"His reason for leaving?"

Prowl swallowed. "I was never around enough." He said softly.

"So, he left you for some tiny cassette simply because you weren't around much? Did he suspect you were cheating?"

"No, I was busy with my work."

"So, what, he expected to live a life without an income?"

"Things were complicated."

"I raped a femme for a stellar cycle, beat her, and treated her like my property. Then she and I fell in love and joined, never once wanting to be separated. That's complicated. How is work, a
common, every orbital cycle experience, 'complicated?"

"I was always at the office working. I didn't... I wasn't around enough."

"Let me guess: Things got busier with the rise of the Decepticons?"

Prowl nodded his helm slowly. Starscream flicked his wings.

"A relationship isn't about simply making one party happy. If you ask me, you're better off without
him. If he couldn't except that you were busy because of a damn war starting up, well, he can go
frag himself." Starscream grunted.

"It's hard to say." Prowl said softly.

"How so? Didn't you tell him how much you cared about him?"

"Every night."

"There you go. He's the idiot. If you love someone and they love you, you stay by their side
regardless of work or other life events. I left my mate a lot. I was on another planet for two stellar
cycles at one point. We stayed together. At least he got to see you every night. Recharge next to
you. And knew you weren't cheating on him."

Prowl was quiet, just looking through the hundreds of images of Starscream's family. Seeing the
Seeker for who he really was. Starscream silently watched him, his wings lowering.

"Prowl?"

"You won't tell anyone, correct?" Prowl finally said.

"No one needs to know." Starscream smirked.

Prowl nodded his helm slowly as he offlined the datapad and handed it back. Starscream accepted
it before subspacing it.

"Need anything else?" The Seeker inquired.

"No, that is all. You may leave."

Starscream paused as he studied Prowl. "I understand what it's like to be left... to be betrayed." He
said in a low vocalizer. "Don't think you're the only one. It helps to know that others can relate."

Prowl didn't say anything. Starscream stood up and quietly left. Prowl vented a sigh when the door
hisced shut.

Skyfire sat on a chair in the lab while Wheeljack and Perceptor worked on their projects.

"I mean, Star claimed that he has Prowl 'under control' or whatever, but I still feel as if I will be on
the execution block in a few joors." The shuttle said pathetically.

"I highly doubt Prowl would deactivate you." Perceptor replied.

"I don't know... Prowl can be pretty extreme." Wheeljack pointed out.

"Gee, thanks." Skyfire grunted.
Wheeljack looked up when the door hissed open. "Oh, mech-friend's here, lover boy."

Skyfire looked behind him just in time to see Starscream leaping up and hugging him. The Seeker wasted no time in capturing his lover's lip plates in a passionate kiss and forcing his glossa inside the other's mouth.

"Hey sexy!" Starscream giggled as he climbed onto Skyfire's lap.

"Hey, sweetie." Skyfire smiled at him.

"So, what's up?"

"Not much. Just hanging out with Jackie and Percy."

"He's mine!" Starscream suddenly snapped at them, his wings raising.

"Keep him." Wheeljack said as he raised his servos in a peaceful manner.

Starscream smirked victoriously before looking back at his lover. "I wanna hang out with you, sexy aft." He pecked a kiss on Skyfire's lip plates as his arms wrapped around the shuttle's neck. "And I wanna get romantic." His wings fluttered as he erotically whispered the words.

"It's the middle of the orbital cycle."

Starscream optics narrowed before he wracked Skyfire upside-the-helm. "Anytime is sexy-romantic time!" He exclaimed as he placed his servos on his hips.

"I'm still new to this." Skyfire said as he rubbed where Starscream had struck him.

Starscream smiled. "Is okay. I forgive you." He said as he hugged his lover.

"You're weird." Skyfire kissed the Seeker on the brow.

"Your faceplates are weird." Starscream giggled as Skyfire kissed his brow again.

"So, what do you wanna do?"

"I want to hug, and kiss, and to hold each other closely, and whisper how much we love each other, and for you to pin me to the berth and make me scream!"

"Making you scream isn't romantic."

"It is to me." He smiled.

"Mhmm." Skyfire kissed him on the lip plates.

"What are you two staring at?" Starscream snapped when he noticed Wheeljack and Perceptor were watching.

"Nothing. Just kinda weird seeing you not trying to kill everyone in sight." Wheeljack stated.

"A killer must rest every now and then." Starscream replied matter-of-factly.

"Starscream…" Skyfire vented a sigh.

"What?"
"Don't talk about yourself like that." He said quietly.

"I'm a killer, Sky. I'm not going to lie to myself about what I am." He paused. "I'm not a good mech. I'm willing to try, but you have to remember that I have done a lot of bad slag, and I probably will do more just to end this war or to protect my Seekers... and you." His wings fluttered. "But, enough about that. I want a kiss!"

Skyfire faintly smiled before kissing the Decepticon on the lip plates. Starscream's wings fluttered during the entirety of it, their glossas playing with each other.

Starscream suddenly shoved Skyfire away, leaped off his lap, and trotted to the door.

"Come on, sexy!" He called excitedly as he bounced on his peds.

"I'm coming, I'm coming." Skyfire said as he stood up and approached.

"Tag! You're it!" Starscream giggled as he poked Skyfire before bolting out of the lab and down the hallway.

Skyfire looked back at the other two Autobots and shrugged. "What can I say? I pick the weird ones."

"You certainly do." Wheeljack remarked as he sagely nodded his helm.

Skyfire followed after the Seeker, calmly walking as the smaller mech trotted ahead.

Skyfire swallowed as he entered the Seeker's tower. This was his first time actually going inside and he couldn't help but feel nervous. The Decepticon flyers watched him closely as he passed, whispering amongst themselves. He saw them all around. Standing off to the side, perched on edges of the wall, or resting on shelves near the top of the high ceiling.

He was glad when they entered the elevator, no longer surround from every angle by the red opticed, winged beings. He was practically on top of Starscream as the Air Commander led him out of the elevator and down another few hallways.

More Seekers they passed, more judgmental glares. Starscream's wings were raised high, optics narrowed, challenging anyone who seemed to not agree with his choice of a lover.

The tri colored Seeker palmed open a door and gestured for Skyfire to follow. He shut and locked the door behind them.

"Why is he here?" Thundercracker grunted from where he sat at the desk.

"Be nice." Starscream snapped.

"I didn't say anything."

"Why is he here?" Skywarp inquired from where he lied on the berth, having to push his legs with his servos in order to move to a better position.

"So, since you two both want to be slagers, I am going to change some things." Starscream apprised. "I'm not forcing anything on you two... yet... But, I think I need to make things more clear." He paused. "I love this piece of slag behind me and I'm going to make love to him in front of you two."
"What!?” Skyfire exclaimed.

"Come on, Sky. Let's get on the berth." Starscream said as if Skyfire hadn't said anything.

Thundercracker's optics narrowed. Skywarp curiously watched.

"Star, I rather not interface in front of-" Skyfire started.

"We're gonna end up doing it in front of them sooner or later, and we will interface in front of you at some point too, so…” He shrugged before climbing on the berth next to Skywarp.

"Star, but, interfacing is a private-"

"Not to Seekers!” Starscream suddenly got into Skyfire's faceplates and whispered to him. "Show them that you mean me no harm and that I enjoy interfacing with you. They have to see it for themselves. Just forget they are present and love on me."

"Star, I-"

Starscream silenced him with a kiss, his arms wrapping around his helm. Skyfire took a moment before he kissed back, soon allowing Starscream's glossa to enter his mouth.

"Touch me." Starscream whispered. "Feel me. I'm yours."

Skyfire shivered from those words. He offline his optics, trying to forget about the watching optics. He reached up, his servos roving over Starscream's frame, massaging, pleasuring, feeling, savoring those curves and perfect plates. Starscream moaned softly into his mouth, his arms rising above his helm.

Skywarp managed to make himself sit upright and pulled his legs closer, never looking away from the scene in front of him. Thundercracker leaned back in his chair, a ped resting on a knee, his arms crossed.

Skyfire gently, slowly, laid Starscream down on the berth, never breaking the kiss. He climbed on top with him, stroking the smaller frame, soon moving to feel the sensitive wings. Starscream moaned, grabbing Skyfire and pulling him closer.

Starscream's codpiece slid away, his valve leaking in preparation. Skyfire adjusted the Seeker's legs, readying for penetration. Starscream kept kissing him, holding him tightly. He gasped when Skyfire slowly entered him.

"Mmmm, deeper, Sky." He said softly.

Skyfire swallowed, but carefully did so. Starscream moaned again, smiling at his lover. Skyfire captured Starscream's lip plates in a searing kiss before gently thrusting into him. Starscream moaned in rhythm with the thrusts, them slowly gaining in speed and harshness.

"Oh, oh, yah, hah, oh, that's it, Sky! Oh, oh, yes! Oh!" Starscream moaned as he writhed and bucked beneath the shuttle. "Come on! Harder!"

Skyfire kissed him silent again, the two beginning to grab, claw, and pull at each other to be closer. To be one with the other. Their frames overheating, inner fans kicking on, panting and gasping for cooler air.

Their chest pieces folded away and their pulsing sparks interlocked the tendrils of raw energy.
together before viciously sparkbonding. The two cried through their epic, ecstatic, incredible, phenomenal overload, gripping onto each other tightly.

They panted in each other's faceplates before smiling. Starscream's wings fluttered before nuzzling his olfactory sensor against Skyfire's.

"See? He didn't hurt me." Starscream victoriously smiled at his trinames.

Skyfire had forgotten that they had been watching and suddenly felt very embarrassed. He bit his lower lip plate and refused to look at anyone.

Thundercracker's wings flicked. Skywarp cocked his helm to the side before giggling.

"We have to reclaim you, Scree!" He proclaimed.

"What does that mean?" Skyfire asked.

"Means that they have to show who I belong to after someone outside the trine has interfaced with me." Starscream shrugged. "Seeker thing."

"Warp's right." Thundercracker said as he stood up.

The blue Seeker approached and shoved at Skyfire. Skyfire hesitated before gently sliding out of his lover and taking a step back while awkwardly trying to hide his still hardened spike with his servos. The Seekers didn't even seem to notice.

To Skyfire, it seemed rough and that they were hurting him, but to Starscream, it was just how they played and showed their comfort and trust with each other. Thundercracker grabbed Starscream, forced him up, turned him around, and wrapped his arms tightly around his waist. Starscream gasped softly when Thundercracker quickly entered him and started to thrust hard and fast.

Skyfire swallowed as he watched, his processor plagued with the thought of getting an ITV. He had just filled Starscream's valve with his fluids, and now Thundercracker was inside of him getting it all over… They were all going to get an ITV and Ratchet would not be happy.

Starscream and Skywarp had somehow become connected, the damaged Seeker lying on his front on the berth, as Starscream gripped his hips. The three Seekers moaning, panting, thrusting hard and fast, holding onto each other.

Their chest pieces all separated and they sparkbonded as they overloaded, crying out through their climax. They just panted, Thundercracker tightening his grip around Starscream's waist.

The Seekers' leader fluttered his wings and broadly smiled. "I just interfaced the three mechs I love most! I'm happy now."

"Hmm." Thundercracker grunted.

"I want another round… With all of you." Starscream said resolutely. "And then I want us all to kiss."

"You are so demanding."

"I have non-negotiable requests."

"Uh huh."
"Frag me, come on! Why we just standing here like this if we are not going to bond?"

"Hook's gonna get mad that I'm fragging." Skywarp giggled.

"He knows we never listen to his medical advice, anyway." Starscream said dismissively.

Thundercracker started back up, thrusting into Starscream who in turn thrust into Skywarp. Skyfire just watched. He had to get use to this. They would be doing it in front of him a lot in the future…

"I mean, I don't know what to think." Skyfire vented a sigh. "I know that being with him is practically going to be me joining with three Seekers instead of one. And being the leader of the Seekers means I'm going to be around a bunch all the time. And that means I am going to have to learn more about Seeker culture and just get use to it. But the whole interfacing in front of everyone…? I understand why they do it. Star made it very clear. But… still…"

"Have you told him it makes you uncomfortable?" Wheeljack asked as the two sat at a table in the Rec Room drinking energon.

"I have. Multiple times. He just shrugs it off and says the whole 'it's only natural' thing before doing whatever. Yes, it is natural but I rather nor see it. Or hear it. It just… I feel so uncomfortable. So awkward about it."

"Well, how often does he want to interface with you with them watching?"

"I don't know. After yesterday… Ugh… It's so new and weird for me. And all this extra stuff… Just…” He plunked his helm against the table. "Shoot me. I need a break from this world."

"Just be firm, Sky. If he wants you to do something that you don't want to do, tell him. Tell him you aren't ready or simply don't want to do that."

"Do you have any idea who you are talking about?" Skyfire asked, his vocalizer muffled from being against the table top.

"Starscream?"

"Exactly. This is Starscream we are talking about. He listens to only one person: Himself. I love him. I really, truly do. But he is the most stubborn mech to have ever been sparked. If he decides to do something, no matter how stupid or dangerous it is, by hell he's gonna do it."

"Well, at least he's not making you interface his trinemates."

"Thank Primus…"

"Just try to talk to him, Sky. Communication is key to any good relationship."

"I think I'm going to get Rung." He looked up at Wheeljack. "I'm going to get Rung involved anyway. Starscream is so… his processor is not right."

"He's still getting over the abuse."

"No, there's more going on. Like…” He vented a sigh as he rubbed his faceplates. "He just… He's so use to feeling pain and being hurt all the time he seems confused whenever he's not beaten. I feel as if he wants to be hit just so things feel… 'normal' to him. And he's just… He's exhausted all the time from being so anxious. He's always prepared for an attack and just… And he has nightmares every night, and sometimes he screams. And I just…” Skyfire wiped coolant tears away. "I can't
stand it. Hearing him cry out in pain like that before he finally onlines. And he just… He's terrified of every orbital cycle items. He hesitates with approaching berths, or desks, and anything that reminds him of just… He tries to hide it from me and his trinmates, but we all know. I know he's still suicidal." He paused. "And he still cuts himself on occasion."

"Have you tried talking to him about it?" Wheeljack asked softly.

"He dismisses everything. He feels like it's a weakness and he has to hide being weak. He couldn't be weak in order to be the Decepticon Second in Command. Primus… Some of the things he has told me that he had to do to get that position and keep it… I can't believe that my Starscream, the Starscream I knew back during our Academy cycle, could ever do such things. And the things he did on the battlefield and just… And he realizes it's wrong. But, he seems to think that there's no redemption for him. That that's who he is and he'll always be a monster. He's just… I'm worried about him, Wheeljack. He needs professional help. And a lot of it."

"Take him to see Rung then."

"That's the thing. He's such a stubborn-aft…"

"Just sling him over a shoulder and carry him over to Rung."

"And have a horde of pissed off Seekers nipping at my ankles? No thank you."

"That's an interesting mental image."

Skyfire vented a sigh. "I suppose I better go check on him. Thanks for listening to all of my drama."

Wheeljack chuckled. "What are friends for?"

"Obviously for listening to my mech-friend woes." Skyfire grunted before finishing off his energon.

"Come back if you have anything more to rant about."

"Will do." Skyfire said as he stood and walked away.

"And this is why I'm single." Wheeljack said quietly to himself.

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**Almost an Orn Later:**

"Another step. Come on!" Starscream excitedly exclaimed as he held his arms out.

Skywarp slowly made his way towards his trineleader, trying to balance on his still stabilizing legs. Thundercracker was right behind him, ready to catch if the black Seeker were to fall.

"EEEEP!" Skywarp squealed when he finally got to his trineleader and hugged him. "I made it!"

"Yes, well, you still have a long ways to go until you are fully repaired." Hook grunted as he stood nearby.

"I'm standing on my own!" Skywarp proclaimed as he hugged Starscream tighter. "I don't have to be the bottom anymore!"

"And you would heal faster if you didn't use all your energy for interfacing." Hook snapped.
"At least he's happy." Starscream grunted.

"I'm not. I have to deal with you three more often."

Starscream kissed Skywarp's cheekplates. "May we leave now?" The Air Commander inquired.

"Yes, yes. I will need to see him again tomorrow."

"Come on, 'Warp. Let's get you back to our room."

"Are we gonna cuddle?!" Skywarp giggled.

"Later, I have to do some work first." He pecked a kiss to Skywarp's lip plates. "But afterwards we will do all the cuddling."

"All of it?"

"All of it." He kissed him again.

Skywarp's wings fluttered. "I think I'm in love with you, Screamer!" He giggled as he squeezed his trineleader.

"Uh huh…"

"Come on, sweetie." Thundercracker said as he took Skywarp's servo.

Starscream took the other servo and the Elite Trine slowly walked away, being careful with Skywarp's still wobbling legs.

"I still find it hard to believe that that is the normal Starscream." Ratchet grunted from where he stood.

"His treatment towards his trinemates? They've always been like that." Hook shrugged. "Seekers. Can't live with them and can't melt them down into spare parts."

"I still can't comprehend him being a good mate or sire after everything I've seen him do."

Hook smiled. "The old Starscream, yes. But you never got to properly meet Moonstar. That femme tamed, broke, and forever changed the beast. She was something else."

"I bet."

"Yo, Prowl!" Blaster called to the Praxian in the Control Room.

"What is it?" He inquired in that monotone vocalizer of his.

"Check it out." He said as he gestured to the vid screen before him.

Prowl studied it for a moment, his doorwings twitching. "Do not inform him. Send the Aerialbots in for an escort."

"Escort to?"

"To the front door of their tower."
Starscream sat at his desk working at his computer, going through datapads, and all the usual boring slag that was his life. Prowl seemed to be a bit more trusting towards him ever since their talk, and had actually asked Starscream to help with some things. Starscream took that as a victory. He didn't like Prowl, but he needed allies in high places everywhere.

The door chime went off. He flicked his wings and called for them to enter without looking up. Acid Storm walked in.

"Sir, someone is here to see you."

"Send them in." Starscream grunted, his optics still focusing on his work.

"Yes, sir."

Starscream heard the clacking of thrusters heels leave before silence. After a bit, another pair of thruster heels sounded, but they weren't as loud. He didn't look up, not really interested in a visitor. The clopping stopped, a brief silent before:

"Hey, dad."

His optics widened, the datapad he held fell to the floor with a resounding clatter. He slowly looked up, his servos beginning to tremble, wings raising. He carefully stood, walked around his desk, before running over and embracing the Seeker femme.

"Oh, Primus, Primus, my little femmling!" He cried, coolant tears pouring from his optics as he held her so close, almost crushing her. He grabbed her shoulders and pulled away to look at her.

She was filthy, covered in dust, her paint chipped all over, wings torn, dented plates, and looking so poorly kept. But her optics were bright, and she smiled just as she had before Moonstar's deactivation.

"Dawnstar? Princess, what happened to you? Why did you leave me?! I-" He hugged her tightly again.

"I'm sorry, daddy." She said softly as she hugged him back. "I-I thought I would be helping you, but... I'm sorry."

"Know what? Let's just not talk about it for right now. You're back and you're safe." He kissed her brow. "I missed you so much."

"I missed you too, dad."

He was silent a moment, just studying her. "You look so much like your carrier."

She smiled. "I look like you, dad."

"Oh, princess." He said softly as he looked over her battered frame. "I'll take you to Hook and he'll make you all better."

"I'm already better with you." She said in almost a whisper.

Starscream swallowed, trying to regain control of his emotions. "I love you, Dawnstar."

She smiled. "Daddy, there's someone I want you to meet."

His wings lowered slightly. "W-who?"
She looked back at the open door. "Acid Storm!"

The mention Seeker soon walked into the office, a large smile on his faceplates and a bundle in his arms. He approached and handed it to Dawnstar. Starscream's wings raised. Dawnstar removed the towel and held up a tiny Seekerlet.

Starscream started to tremble as he reached out and took the little one, holding him close. Acid Storm quickly backed out and left, leaving the family alone. Dawnstar's smile grew as she watched her sire.

"A-and w-who's this." Starscream managed to say slowly, trying to control his overflowing emotions.

"That's your grandson. His designation is Starstreak." She said softly.

"Starstreak?"

"Yeah. It kinda sounds like 'Starscream' and since you streak at high speeds through the skies." She shrugged. "I thought it was cute."

"You designated him after me?"

"After my hero, my idol, my best friend." She said quietly.

He swallowed. "W-who's the sire?"

Dawnstar was silent for a moment. "I don't know. I narrowed it down to twenty mechs. But," She paused to looked at her sire's faceplates. "I think I know who it was. The only one to have raped me. He attacked me and… I think the electrical shock made my grounding malfunction. And when he forced me to sparkbond with him… One of the times just felt different. I had to keep interfacing with clients to get Shanix, but not many actually sparkbond. So, I'm pretty sure it was that one Decepticon grounder."

"A grounder?" He asked softly, his optics still on the little Seekerlet who was playing with Starscream's outer cooling fans.

"Yeah," She vented a sigh. "A lot changed after that attack. When I found out I was carrying… I knew I had to keep it. If you had gone through with aborting me… I wouldn't be here. So why should I choose to destroy someone else's life? And like you said once, 'why would I ever want to destroy you before I got to meet you.'" She paused. "I'm glad I kept him. I had to whore myself out more in order to buy more energon and addictives. And when it was time… I delivered him all on my own. I couldn't get to the doctor in time and just… All alone in the street at night… my little mech came into the world." She swallowed. "Despite the pain and how weak I was… I never felt happier than when I saw his little face." She looked up at her sire. "Just a couple orns old and he already looks a lot like his grandsire."

Starscream didn't say anything, just looked at the tiny Seekerlet. The little one looked so much like Dawnstar when she was this age… So much like the mechling that he had lost with Moonstar.

He held the sparkling closer, savoring the feeling of finally holding another. Another that he had wanted so bad and was denied twice. Dawnstar leaned her helm against her sire's shoulder.

"Dad?" She paused. "I love you."

And that was it for the Air Commander. His optics offline as he cried, coolant pouring out. He
wrapped one arm around his daughter and just held the two close, crying his joy. Dawnstar smiled, hugging him tightly back.

"Why you think he wants to see us?" Skywarp asked Thundercracker as the two made their way towards Starscream's office.

"I don't know. He sounded like he had been crying on the comm. link." Thundercracker said softly.

"You think he's having another breakdown?"

"Possibly."

The two finally arrived at their destination, wings pricking when they saw the rainmakers whispering excitedly amongst themselves. Thundercracker held Skywarp's arm a little tighter, helping him along.

The blue Seeker palmed the door open to the office and they entered, stopping immediately, optics widening.

"Hey, Uncle 'Warp… Uncle TC." Dawnstar smiled as she gave them a small wave.

"Dawnie!" Skywarp exclaimed, rushing over despite his injured legs and embracing her in a tight hug. "Oh! I've missed you!" He suddenly started to cry, holding even closer.

"I missed you too, 'Warp." She said softly, hugging him back.

Skywarp kissed her several times on the cheekplates before finally releasing her. She turned around to Thundercracker who now stood nearby. Her wings raised as she held her arms out. Thundercracker just looked at her for a moment before stepping forward and hugging her, coolant tears soon leaking from his optics.

"I missed you, TC." She said softly.

"I missed you too, Dawn." Thundercracker said quietly. "Primus, I missed you, sweetie."

"What's that?" Skywarp suddenly asked, looking at the little one that Starscream held.

Starscream didn't even look at his trinemat. "This is my grandcreation." He said softly. "Starstreak."

Thundercracker looked up, his wings raising. "G-grandcreation?"

Starscream nodded his helm slowly. "He's beautiful."

Skywarp was beside Starscream, curiously looking down at the little mechling. Thundercracker released Dawnstar and walked over, trying to get a look as well. Starscream wiped coolant tears away, still trying to get his emotions in check.

"He looks so much like Dawn when she was a sparkling." Skywarp said in a low voice.

"Can I hold him?" Thundercracker asked in almost a whisper.

Starscream looked at him, then back at the sparkling. Hesitantly, he handed the little one over. Thundercracker swallowed before accepting Starstreak, holding him just as he once did Dawnstar.
"Hi." The blue Seeker said in the same vocalizer. "I'm your granduncle TC."

The little red optics looked at him, tiny servos reaching up to touch his faceplates. Thundercracker lovingly kissed the delicate brow, holding the sparkling close.

"My turn?" Skywarp asked quickly.

Thundercracker kissed Starstreak again before handing him over to the black Seeker. Skywarp's servos were trembling when he accepted the tiny person.

"Hey, there. I'm your other granduncle, 'Warp." He paused. "We're gonna be best friends, I can tell."

"He's definitely is going to be a troublemaker." Dawnstar said. "He has me as a carrier and that aethelm as a grandsire."

"Who's the sire?" Thundercracker asked.

Dawnstar was silent a moment. "My rapist. A large Decepticon grounder raped me and… and I was somehow blessed from such a horrible experience."

Thundercracker swallowed. He held an arm out to her as he spoke. "Come here, sweetie. I'm sorry you were hurt."

She hugged him. "I'll be alright, Uncle TC. I'm back with my family. And my little mechling will be safe."

"Times up." Starscream suddenly snapped. "Give me my grandson."

Skywarp glared at him before acquiescing. Starscream took the sparkling and held him close, his optics offlineing as he just savored holding another one.

"Star, love, we probably should take Dawn and the sparkling to Hook to be checked on." Thundercracker said.

Starscream didn't even look up. "Yeah, alright."

Hook and the other Constructicons were playing a holoboard game with Ratchet and First Aid. No one, surprisingly, had come into the medbay, besides Skywarp. Not even Sideswipe with his usual damages had been seen.

"You're cheating." Scrapper suddenly deadpanned.

"Am not." Bonecrusher grunted.

"I saw that flick of your wrist. You're cheating."

"Prove it."

"Let's go outside and combine, then."

"Is this how you guys always figure out who's telling the truth?" Ratchet grunted.

"Only when the stakes are this high." Scrapper said as he looked over the board.
The door hissed open and the two senior medics vented sighs.

"Hook!" Skywarp called out.

"What the frag is it now!?” He demanded as he stood and turned around. He stopped, his visor brightening. "Dawnstar?"

The other Constructicons instantly turned their helms.

"Dawnstar!" Several vocalizers exclaimed.

The Seeker femme was suddenly surrounded by green and purple mechs, all talking at once and trying to hug her. The Elite Trine stood off to the side watching.

Hook grabbed Dawnstar's arm and roughly led her away from his gestaltmates and to a medberth. He forced her on and held up his scanner.

"Terrible. You are in terrible condition young femme. And your-” He stopped. He looked up at the Elite Trine and saw the tiny newcomer. "Bring that one here, commander."

"No." Starscream said firmly as he clung to the tiny sparkling.

Thundercracker gently shoved Starscream forward. The Air Commander flicked his wings and approached. Hook carefully took the sparkling, trying not to have Starscream attack him with how the Seeker was acting. The Constructicon placed the Seekerlet on the medberth next to Dawnstar and scanned him.

"Perfectly healthy. Unlike you." He said the last part to Dawnstar.

"I did what I had to." She said softly.

"You're low on fuel, femme."

"I gave it all to him. I gave everything for him."

Hook nodded his helm. "You won't be low on fuel for now on. Now, let's make you pretty again."

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**Three Orbital Cycles Later:**

Skyfire lied on his berth staring at the ceiling. He had not seen, heard from, or talked to Starscream for the last three orbital cycles and it made him very worried. The Elite Trine had seemingly disappeared, and the Autobot brass, Constructicons, Ratchet, First Aid, and Seekers never said anything about them. It was as if something was being hidden.

Skyfire jumped when his comm. link went off.

::Commander Starscream to Skyfire. Do you read me?:. The calm, commanding vocalizer of the Air Commander said.

"Uh, yeah, Star. I hear ya."

There was a vented sigh. ::We need to work on this. Skyfire, report to my office in one joor.::

"Um, okay, copy that?"
Skyfire shuttered his optics in confusion. Starscream could be so weird. Why not just say to come over in a bit and hang out? Why was everything so military oriented even on off time?

Skyfire made his way through the Seekers' tower, rode the elevator, and walked down the hallways to the Air Commander's office. He palmed open the door and entered.

"There he is." Starscream smirked as he sat on his desk. "Come over here, Sky."

Skyfire looked from Starscream to the beautiful, stunning Seeker femme next to him holding a tiny sparkling. The two adult Seekers looked almost identical, only their differences in gender, optic color, paint scheme, and size making it easy to discern them.

The shuttle approached and stopped before them. Starscream fluttered his wings.

"Sky, I would like you to meet my daughter, Dawnstar. Dawnstar, this is Skyfire."

"Y-you're Dawnstar? It's an honor to finally meet you." He said quickly, taking her servo and giving it a small shake.

"A pleasure meeting you as well." She replied, not really smiling.

"And this is my grandson, Starstreak." Starscream said as he took the sparkling and set the little one on his lap.

"Hi, Starstreak." Skyfire said softly, holding a single digit out for the little one to grasp. "Primus, you're so tiny."

"And he's also mine. Go away." Starscream said quickly as he pulled the sparkling closer.

Skyfire bit his lower lip plate, knowing why Starscream was so clingy to the Seekerlet.

"Now since we are here..." The Air Commander said slowly. "I need to tell you something, Dawn." He vented a sigh. "I have a lot to tell you, not all of it you are ready for, but eventually I will share it." He swallowed. "I've known Skyfire since before the war. He was a very dear friend of mine, and I fell in love with him. But then, we were separated. We went on an exploration trip, landed on some planet, got separated in a blizzard, and I never saw him again. Or so I thought." He paused. "You know some of the details of this story. Anyway, we were reunited thousands of vorns later. We found him, dug him out of the ice, but he joined the Autobot instead of the Decepticon so we were separated again. A lot happened since then. I fell in love with your carrier, had you, all that drama you brought me... Anyway, I have to tell you that... Skyfire and I are back together. We love each other a lot. And I know you don't know him, yet, but I hope you can accept him as your step-creator one orbital cycle. I know he can't replace Moonstar, but maybe you two can still become friends?"

Dawnstar swallowed. "Dating?"

"I still love and miss your carrier, Dawn. I don't go a single orbital cycle without thinking about her. But, I have always loved Skyfire as well. My spark can't be empty for the rest of my life. We... we want to be together and so... I just wanted you to know. We love each other a lot. And I know you don't know him, yet, but I hope you can accept him as your step-creator one orbital cycle. I know he can't replace Moonstar, but maybe you two can still become friends?"

Dawnstar just looked at her sire for a moment before slowly nodding her helm. "I-I don't know what to say, dad." She said softly.
"I know. It's all new to you."

"I'm willing to give him a try." She paused. "I just want everyone to be happy again and there be no more fighting."

"Hmm." Starscream grunted. "We're Seekers. All we do is fight." He leaned over and kissed her on the cheekplates. "But I'm glad you are willing to give him a chance. He's not a bad mech. Besides, isn't he adorable?"

Dawnstar raised an optical ridge. "I won't comment on that."

"Fine, be that way. I think he's cute." Starscream smiled as he looked up at Skyfire. "He's awesome."

Skyfire smiled sheepishly. "You're the cute one, Star."

Starscream fluttered his wings. "See? He's a keeper! Especially in the berth."

"Primus," Dawnstar grunted. "I better not walk in on you two. I'm traumatized enough after walking in on you and mom and my uncles."

"Hell no. You couldn't possibly accidentally walk in on us. This guy makes me scream with that spike of his." Starscream giggled.

"Didn't need to know that, dad."

"Anyway," He turned to Skyfire. "I apologize for not talking to you the last few orbital cycles. I was waiting until Dawn was fully healed before letting her meet anyone."

"It's alright. I'm just glad to be able to finally meet your daughter, I've heard so much about you, Dawnstar." Skyfire smiled.

"Sure you have." She grunted. "Dad, can I have my son back?"

"No." Starscream snapped.

"Daaaad…"

Starscream made a growl like sound before finally handing Starstreak back. Dawnstar took the little one, opened her chest piece, and allowed the sparkling to nurse. Skyfire awkwardly swallowed as he scratched his nape and looked away. Starscream watched his daughter for a moment before hopping off the desk.

"Well, I am off to speak with the Autobot brass." He stated as he walked away.

"Can I come?" Dawnstar inquired.

"Soon. I need to get some things cleared before allowing you to leave the tower."

"Like?"

"Just stuff."

"Dad, you better not be going off to do something ridiculous."

He turned around and looked at her. "Your protections is not 'ridiculous.'"
"I'm not going to go interface with anyone. I've learned my lesson."

"I would love to believe that, Dawnstar, I really would, but I still rather be safe than sorry." He paused. "Don't roll your optics at me. I'm still your sire and your commanding officer. I won't be long." He looked back at the shuttle. "Skyfire?"

"Uh, coming." Skyfire said quickly before following Starscream.

"I love you, Dawn. I just want to keep you safe." He said softly.

The femme vented a sigh. "I know, dad."

"See you in a bit, princess."

The two mechs walked out, leaving the young carrier and her sparkling. Dawnstar's wings flicked, her optics narrowing.

"He's such an aft, Starstreak. He's awesome, but is a major, slagging aft." She said quietly to her son.

"My main concern are these ruffians you keep around." Starscream grunted as he sat on Prowl's desk.

"I will ensure they will not interface or otherwise interact with your daughter, Starscream." The Praxian said in that monotone vocalizer.

"And if they do touch her again... I cannot promise that I will clean up the mess afterwards."

"I would prefer it if you didn't deactivate them. It only causes me more work."

"What if they simply 'vanished' and were 'never seen again?' Would that be alright?"

"Well, it would be less work."

Starscream smirked. "As long as we have an understanding."

"I do not want anyone interfacing with her, either. Rest assured that I will do my part."

"Good. And they better pray to Primus or whatever deity they worship that I do not ever catch them if they do touch her."

"Was there anything else, Starscream?" Prowl inquired as he set aside the datapad he had been going through and looked up into those blood red optics.

"Not for right now." His wings flicked. "Well, I shall take my leave."

The Seeker hopped off the desk and walked out of the office. Prowl watched the door hiss shut.

"He's going to make me have more work to do." Prowl grumbled to himself.

Dawnstar walked to her sire's office the next orbital cycle carrying her son. She palmed open the door and quickly approached the Air Commander.

"Sup, dad." She greeted.
"Hey," He looked up at her. "What are you up to?"

"Just came to annoy you." She said as she sat on his lap. "And brought the spawn to help."

"Mhmm," He kissed her on the cheekplates. "Nothing else?"

"You're suspicious."

"I'm observant."

"What gave it away?"

"I am good at reading people. I can't tell you my secrets or else you would use them against me."

"Liar. I never would abuse such power." She said resolutely.

"Mhmm. So, my own spawn, what do you want?" He inquired as he picked up his cube of energon from his desk and took a drink.

"Dad, I want to talk to one of the Autobots about… about being together."

Starscream almost choked on his energon, spitting much of it back into his cube. He coughed as he set the cube aside, taking a moment to clear his tubes.

"Say what?" He finally demanded.

"Dad, I kinda… There's an Autobot here I kinda really like and I need to talk to him to see if he likes me back."

"Hell no." Starscream grunted.

"Dad, it's not like those previous relationships. I realize that there is more to being together than just interfacing. And after having Starstreak… I want to find a mech who will be loving and caring and just wonderful towards me and him. Someone who is willing to online in the middle of the night and care for a crying sparkling, who will be there through the thick and thin. Who will treat me and my sparkling with love, kindness… And just be willing to take the bullet to protect us." She paused. "Someone amazing like you."

"There isn't a single Autobot who could compare to me." Starscream said in the same tone.

Dawnstar smiled. "No, there isn't… But there are a few I'm sure who come close."

"I just don't want you to be hurt." Starscream said softly.

"I won't be as long as you and Uncle 'Warp and TC are around." She paused. "Please, daddy. I told you what I went through when I was away from you. I don't want to go around fragging anyone and everyone anymore. I want an actual relationship. To find my sparkmate and join with someone and just be as happy as you and mom were." She paused to look down at the recharging sparkling clinging to her breast piece. "To have someone to help me raise my own little family and just be the idol and hero of my little mech."

Starscream thought everything over for a moment before venting a sigh. "You have certainly been through a lot and have learned quite a bit. And I do need to learn to let go some. Some, not completely." He paused. "Fine, I asked you to give my mech-friend a chance, I suppose I should be fair and allow you to have a chance with your own Autobot. But, if he hurts you or Starstreak in any fragging way… He better beg for a damn miracle from Primus that I don't find his aft."
said the last part firmly.

Dawnstar smiled. "And that's why you're the best daddy ever."

"Damn straight. Now, who the hell is this mech?"

Sideswipe and Sunstreaker entered the Seekers' tower and made their way through it. They ignored the hundreds of blood red optics watching them from all around, the constant sounds of thrusters heels activating, Seekers transforming, and sonic booms resonating from just outside.

"You sure he didn't say why he wanted to see you?" Sunstreaker grunted as he walked alongside his twin.

"Nope. Just said that I needed to come ASAP and he gave me the directions to his office."
Sideswipe replied as he looked as a datapad he held.

"Is that your attempt at drawing a map?"

"Hey, we aren't all skilled artists."
Sideswipe snapped.

"You could have still asked me to do it."

"No! It looks fine. Besides, I wrote down what he said."

"You misspelled-"

"Nah!" Sideswipe jerked the datapad away. "I wrote everything down correctly. You just are in a judgmental mood."

"Sides, 'elevator' is not spelled-"

"You understood what I meant! And I wrote it down fast. No time for spell checking."

"I watched you write everything down while taking the call. You were going very slow."

"Whatever. Hey, look, there's the elevator!"

The twins entered it and soon reached the floor where the office was. They followed Sideswipe's crude map for a time before finally arriving at the door. Sideswipe pressed the call button and the two waited.

The door hissed open and Starscream stepped out, shutting the door behind him.

"Um, so, you said you had something to talk to me about."
Sideswipe started.

"Listen and listen well, Autobot." Starscream suddenly snapped as he jabbed a digit at the red frontliner. "I am only letting you near her because I am trying to learn to let go and let her be herself. She has chosen you, and she expects respect, love, and kindness. And if you do anything to her to cause physical, emotional, or sexual pain... If I find her crying because of something you did..." He edged his faceplate's into Sideswipe's who was leaning away with wide optics. "There will be no where you could hide that I wouldn't find you. Your brother and little Autobot friends would never be able to save you in time. And you better pray to Primus that my Seekers find and dismember you before I do, because if I catch you first... There wouldn't even be dust left." He paused, his optics glaring death and other horrible things at the Autobot. "Do I make myself clear?" He growled.
"Y-yes."

"Yes, what?"

"Y-yes, sir! Sir, yes, sir! Sir, yes! Sir!" Sideswipe said quickly.

Starscream pulled away, his wings lowering slightly. "Glad I cleared that up." He said almost casually. "You may enter. But you may not."

"Why can't I go?" Sunstreaker demanded.

"Because you were not requested. Come on." Starscream gestured for Sunstreaker to leave with him as he walked off.

Sideswipe shrugged. "I'm fine. See you in a bit, bro."

"I won't be far." Sunstreaker grunted before walking off.

"I know." Sideswipe nodded before turning to the door.

He vented a sigh before palming it open and entering. He stopped, his optics widening.

"Hey, Sides." Dawnstar said softly as she sat on Starscream's chair behind the desk.

"D-Dawnstar? Um, hey." He smiled, slowly walking over. "I-I thought… Where did-? I mean…"

Dawnstar just smiled at him. "I finally came home to my sire. I should have never left him." She vented a small sigh. "But then I would never had some sense knocked into me nor would I ever had this little guy."

Sideswipe was finally beside her, pausing to just look at the tiny Seekerlet. "Is that..?"

"This is my son, Starstreak. Isn't he beautiful?"

Sideswipe swallowed. "Y-yeah, he, um, he looks great."

Dawnstar kept her optics on the sparkling. "I don't even know the designation of the sire. I was attacked and… I don't know if I should be mad or happy with what he did to me. I'm mad he hurt me… but I'm happy that I have such a perfect son. I guess I've always struggled with that type of thing. I hated by sire for so long… when he gave me so much to be joyful for. He took good care of me even though I refused to see it and even when things got bad… He was there." She looked up at Sideswipe and smiled. "I don't know how to say this. I've never done anything like this before. so, I'm just going to dive in." She inhaled before exhaling it out. "Sideswipe, you're really awesome, and sweet, and just… I think you are incredible and I think I am in love with you. At least, maybe that's what these crazy feelings I get whenever I think of you mean. When I see you or hear your vocalizer I just… I'm pretty sure it's love." She stopped when she noticed him swallow. "Sideswipe, I want to be together. That is, if you're willing to be with a crazy seeker femme, her spawn, and dealing with her psychotic, overprotective, and violent sire and uncles." She paused. "They get better the more you get to know them."

Sideswipe bit his lower lip plate for a moment. "You love me?" He asked softly.

She nodded her helm as she smiled, holding her son closer. "Yes, and I want to see how far we can go with our relationship." She paused. "Even till the end of time."

Sideswipe sheepishly smiled as he scratched his nape. "Wow…" He said quietly. "I just… wow."
"What? What's wrong?" She asked worriedly, her wings lowering.

"I just thought… I didn't think you liked me. I kinda felt like… while I was like… I can't talk…"
He vented a sigh. "What I'm trying to say is… Damn this."

He suddenly grabbed the sides of her helm and captured her lip plates in a searing kiss. Dawnstar moaned something in surprise before she smiled, her wings fluttering. Their kiss became more passionate, their glossas soon playing with each other. Dawnstar placed her free servo on the back of Sideswipe's helm, keeping him close. Starstreak curiously watched, chewing on his tiny fist.

"I love you, too." Sideswipe said when they finally broke the kiss. "That's what I was trying to say."

Dawnstar giggled. "It's alright. I enjoyed that explanation better."

"I really missed you, Dawn, and I… I thought about you all the time." He said slowly.

"I thought about you all the time, too." She paused. "Want to hold Starstreak?"

"Um, I never have-"

"It's easy. Here, let me show you." She said as she stood.

She handed the Seekerlet to the grounder and showed his how to properly hold the little one. Sideswipe swallowed as he studied the frail form he held.

"You got this/" Dawnstar smiled.

"I think I can figure this out."

Dawnstar leaned her helm against his shoulder. "Can I have another kiss?"

He smiled. "Yeah, you can have one anytime."

She smiled before placing a servo on his mandible and hungrily kissing him.

Chapter End Notes

And the Dawnstar is back! :D And overly protective Starscream is gonna be VERY overly protective!

I always planned for Dawnstar to have a sparkling that she names after her sire. Give Starscream a chance to be a dad again in some ways. Poor guy, just wants his babies. :/

Poor Skyfire, as well. Most mechs wouldn't mind watching sexy Seekers getting it on but Sky... He's so awkward and innocent. His virgin optics! XD

What is wrong with you people!? You all seem to think that Starscream and Prowl are gonna hook up. Screamer has his Skyfire. He's content. :P

And now you know who the lucky mech is. Poor Sideswipe... He's gonna have to
deal with crazy Starscream... XD Trust me, things are gonna get fun! :D

Admit it! You all were close to tears/were tearing up when Starscream held his baby girl once more. ;)

In chapter ten of Ancillam, Dawnstar was born and a new character arrived. In chapter ten of Invictus, Starstreak is "born" and a new character has arrived. Coincidence? I think not! :P
Sideswipe sat at a table in the Rec Room surrounded by his friends and Sunstreaker. The red frontliner just dumbly stared into space, trying to tell them everything that had happened.

"And she said that I was cute," Sideswipe said slowly.

"But, did you interface with her?" Smokescreen demanded.

Sideswipe shook his helm. "No, I mean, she's still healing and everything. And we would need someone to sparkling sit and."

"Sides, if you do end up joining with Dawnstar that would make Starscream your sire-in-law!" Bluestreak blurted out.

Sideswipe's optics widened. "You mean I would have to call him 'dad' as well!?" He slammed his helm onto the table top. "Ugh, I just had a terrifying mental image of him calling me 'son.'"

"Not to mention that joining with her would mean that you would have a Seekerlet as a 'son.'" Sunstreaker grunted.

"Sides! Are you gonna have any more sparklings with her?!” Bluestreak exclaimed.

"Whoa, slow down, Blue!" Sideswipe raised his servos. "You are going way to fast!"

"I still can't believe that out of everyone she interfaced, she fell in love with you." Mirage pointed out.

"It is very peculiar." Sunstreaker replied.

"Clearly I'm the best." Sideswipe smirked.

"So, you guys are gonna be dating?" Trailbreaker inquired. "Doing what?"

"Yeah, what do Seeker femmes like?" Skids asked.

"Probably flying around, but then you can't fly." Bluestreak said.

"Heh, he could just 'ride' her." Smokescreen winked.

"You sure Starscream and Prowl wouldn't deactivate him?" Hounded chuckled.

"Let's not talk about how I'm going to be torn apart by angry Seekers and a pissed off Prowl." Sideswipe grunted.

"So, what are you gonna do with her?" Bluestreak asked.

Sideswipe vented a sigh. "I'll just ask her what she wants to do. Keep it simple. At least until I figure out what I'm dealing with." He paused. "It's been so long since I've had a femme-friend. And the last one didn't stay with me too long. Hard to believe, I know."
"You can do this, Sides!" Skids exclaimed.

"Of course I can. The goal is to not be killed by Screecher."

Starscream walked down the hallway with Dawnstar next to him, holding her son. Skywarp and Thundercracker were in formation behind their leader, the Seeker mechs holding their wings high. Dawnstar smiled at all the Autobots she remembered, waving at the ones she had interfaced with. Starscream's optics only narrowed.

They finally arrived at the Control Room, blue optics watching them closely. Starscream walked over to Prowl and Jazz, ignoring everyone else.

"Prowl, Jazz, my daughter, Dawnstar and my grandcreation, Starstreak." Starscream reintroduced them. "And this time she won't cause trouble."

"Dad." Dawnstar grunted.

"I'm sure she will now since you are here." Prowl intoned.

"Hey, dere." Jazz waved at the sparkling, smiling broadly.

Starstreak just chewed on his little fist, looking at the two Autobots in complete wonder. He soon smile at Jazz.

"Aw, ain't ya jus' da cutest. Can ah?" Jazz asked as he held his servos out.

Dawnstar smiled. "Yeah, here." She handed the tiny mechling over to the Autobot who excitedly took him.

Starscream's wings flicked in agitation, his optics narrowing. Jazz's smile grew as he held the Seekerlet.

"I believe we have work to do, Starscream." Prowl finally said in that unemotional vocalizer.

"Yes, we certainly do." Starscream said, his optics not looking away from Jazz.

"Dad, while you're busy I'm gonna-"

"With an escort." He suddenly snapped.

"I'm a grown femme and can take care of myself."

"Your uncles will guard you because you can't defend yourself if you were attacked. Nah, no arguing with me." He said firmly.

"Whatever." She rolled her optics.

"What did I say about rolling your optics at me?"

"Dad, you're being ridiculous." She grunted as she took Starstreak from Jazz. "You are being way to overly protective and paranoid."

"Last I checked we were surrounded by interfaced crazed mechs who are a lot bigger and stronger than you, and you are still not fully repaired. Not to mention you suck at fighting and don't know the area. And I'm not paranoid. It's cautious. I am cautious when it comes to protecting my
daughter."

"I still think you take things too far."

"I'm not arguing with you." He paused. "Where do you plan on going?"

"Just to look around... Find Sideswipe..." She said softly.

Prowl's doorwings twitched at the designation of the Pit-spawn. Starscream crossed his arms.

"I'm going to have a talk with you tonight." He said quietly to his daughter. "But, for now, just stay with your uncles and don't leave their sights."

"Daddy, I-

"I'll explain more later. Princess, please just trust me."

Dawnstar raised her wings before venting a sigh. "Alright, fine."

Starscream smiled faintly. "Love you, sweetie." He kissed her brow. "I'll see you later."

"Love you too, dad."

She started to turn away but Starscream grabbed her arm. "You're forgetting something."

"What?"

"I need a good-bye kiss and my grandcreation."

Dawnstar rolled her optics before kissing him on the cheekplates. "Here," She handed the Seekerlet to him. "But I'll be back in two joors to refuel him."

"You may leave now." Starscream said as he held Starstreak close.

"Bye, daddy." She kissed his cheekplates again before kissing her son's brow.

"Bye. Good riddance. My turn with the sparkling." Starscream snapped.

"My sparkling who I'll be back for." She said as she started to walk away, Thundercracker and Skywarp following her.

"Not for a while!"

Dawnstar flicked a rude Vosian hand gesture at him. "Frag yourself."

"Not if you walk in on me!"

"I didn't need to hear that, dad!"

"Slagging creation of mine." He grumbled when she had finally walked out of the room. He held his grandson a little closer. "We don't need her, do we 'Streak? No, not at all. She can be gone for two joors and we won't even notice."

Prowl raised an optical ridge. "Starscream, are you sure you can appropriately work despite having a sparkling with you?"

"Slag yeah. I managed the entire Decepticon army while taking care of Dawn when she was this
small." He paused to kiss the little one's brow. "It won't be any different. Well, I doubt this one will be as much of a trouble maker. That femmling of mine is crazy." He grunted the last part.

Prowl just eyed the Seeker for a moment before speaking. "Very well. Prime will be here in a few kliks."

Starscream didn't really seem to have heard the Praxian. He sat at a console and placed the Seekerlet on his lap. The mechling curiously watched his grandsire type in some commands before reverting his attention back to him. Starstreak shoved his tiny fist into his mouth and thoughtfully chewed. Starscream picked the silver sparkling up just beneath his arm junctures (arm pits) and held the little one to his faceplates. The Air Commander nuzzled his olfactory sensor against Starstreak's, eliciting a gurgled giggle. The Decepticon then gently tossed his grandcreation a little into the air before catching him again, causing the Seekerlet to squeal happily. Starscream's smile broadened, tossing the precious one once again.

The Autobots turned to watch, many smiling, while certain ones, like Cliffjumper, just grunted and continued on with their work. Starscream kissed the little one again. Starstreak slapped at Starscream's faceplates, giggling when Starscream pretended to be hurt.

"So violent. You are so much like Dawn when she was your age." He kissed his grandson again. "I love you." He said softly. "I do. I don't care who your sire is. You are my precious little grandcreation and I will always be here for you." He kissed him once more. "And let me tell you this: No matter what your carrier says, I'm always right. Understand?"

Starstreak grabbed either side of Starscream's face and giggled. Starscream just smiled before nuzzling his olfactory sensor against Starstreak's.

Starscream's wings raised in warning when Optimus and the other Autobot brass neared. He set the sparkling on his lap and looked up.

"Yes, Prime?"

"We're ready for the meeting." Optimus said, his optics watching the sparkling.

"I'm coming." Starscream grunted.

"Do they always creepily lurk in the background?" Sideswipe inquired as he drank sweetened energon with a curly straw.

"Who? My uncles?" Dawnstar glanced back to check on the two Seeker mechs who were leaning against a far wall, their optics glowing from the shadows that mostly hid them.

"Yeeeee-yaaaaah. It looks like they are trying to reenact a horror movie or something back there."

"Just ignore them. You'll get use to it." She shrugged as she sipped her own curly straw.

"I find that something hard to 'get use to."

"Daddy is just overprotective of me, and my uncles kinda are too."

"'Kinda' is an understatement."

"Once they have earned your trust they should leave us alone." She shrugged. "I would say frag me in front of them but dad might deactivate you."
"Why would I frag you in front of them?" Sideswipe demanded incredulously.

"Seekers claim each other, whether trinemates or mates in general, by fragging in public to show who belongs to whom. That's why so many think Seekers are interface crazed. Because we aren't afraid to hide behind doors when doing it. It's also used for dominating disobedient trinemates."

"I still rather not frag the daughter of someone who I tried to kill for thousands of vorns in front of him... and then have him try to kill me."

"Dad isn't that bad once you get to know him. 'Warp is awesome. TC can be a jerk at times." She paused. "You know what's weird?"

"What?"

"My dad is dating some Autobot mech and so am I. Just is weird. It's also weird seeing him be nice to someone other than his trinemates or mom."

"Curious, why do you use Earth terms?"

"Hmm?"

"You refer to your creators as 'mom' and 'dad' rather than 'sire' and 'carrier.' Why?"

She shrugged. "Mom told me to call her and dad that so I did. I think she was trying to get back at him in some way since he hates it."

"So, you gonna have Starstreak call you 'mom' then?"

"Yeah, it only seems right. I'm still thinking about what I'm gonna have him call dad."

"I think I could help with that." Sideswipe smirked.

"How about you give me a kiss first." Dawnstar smiled.

Skywarp and Thundercracker's optics narrowed as they watched from the shadows.

"It almost feels like my own daughter is kissing that piece-of-slag." Thundercracker grunted.

"I call dibs on tearing off his right arm." Skywarp said quickly.

Starscream entered the lab still carrying his grandson, a smile on his lip plates. He trotted over to Skyfire and snuggled against him.

"Oh, hey, love." The shuttle smiled at him.

"Look what I stole from my punk-aft creation." He giggled as he held up Starstreak.

"Hey, little Star." Skyfire smiled at the Seekerlet.

"This little one is so much like his carrier before she learned how to talk. Aren't you? You stayed quiet during the entire meeting. Yeah, even impressed that slagger, Prowl." He kissed Starstreak's helm. "You are so precious."

"Can I hold him?"

"Hell no." Starscream said with narrowed optics.
"Star, you can't hoard your grandson."

"Watch me."

Skyfire vented a sigh. "Star, I know it still hurts. I know you are having a hard time getting over-"

"You have no idea what it feels like to lose one." The Seeker said in almost a whisper, never removing his optics from the little mechling. "What it feels like to lose two. To have them taken from you before you even got a chance to meet them. To have to hold the tiny, limp frame of one..." He hugged Starstreak closely, his wings lowering.

Skyfire got down on one knee so he was optic level with Starscream. "Sweetie, my love, I'm sorry if I upset you. You're right. I don't know how it feels. I'm sorry that you went through that. I just... I'm sorry love." He held out his arms and embraced Starscream in a hug, being careful with the sparkling. "I'm so sorry, love."

"You fragging idiot." Starscream said softly as he wiped away coolant tears. "You made me cry."

Skyfire kissed him on the lip plates. "I'm sorry, love. I just want to help."

Starscream nodded his helm slowly, resetting his optics to remove the static. He hugged his grandson close, savoring the comfort he brought him.

"Star, do you need me to do anything?"

"No, I'm fine."

Skyfire bit his lower lip plate. "Have you thought about seeing the psychoanalyst, Rung?"

"Who?"

"The guy I was talking to you about the other orbital cycle. You know, to help get over your abuse, PTSD, anxiety, depression, whatnot."

Starscream's wings raised. "I'm fine." He said softly.

"No, you are not. Star, there's nothing wrong with getting professional help. A lot of mechs have mental issues. It's not shameful, we just all get traumatized from something and need help overcoming it." He paused. "Rung is very nice and patient. He would never hurt you. And he will never share anything you tell him. It's all confidential. Please, Star, just give it a try."

Starscream kept his optics on Starstreak, kissing the mechling's brow. "I'll think about it." He said quietly.

"Please do."

Starscream's wings fluttered. "I want a kiss." He said in the same tone.

Skyfire smiled faintly before capturing his lover's lip plates in a searing kiss. Starstreak shoved his fist into his mouth and curiously watched as he chewed. Starscream suddenly broke the kiss, placed two digits on the side of his helm, and spoke into his comm. link.

"Commander Starscream to hellion Dawnstar. Read you loud and clear." He paused. "In the lab. 'Warp knows its location.' Another pause. "Shove that up your tailpipe. Hmm, sure. Copy that... Commander Starscream out." He ended the call and looked up at the shuttle. "My daughter is far better at military calls than you are."
"Maybe because she's an army brat?" Skyfire grunted.

"Pssshhht, she only learned to salute before she learned how to give a high five, and only learned to stand at attention before learning how to walk. It's not that bad." He gave a sly smirk. "Should watch her actually behave like she's in the military. I taught her so well."

"And you're proud of that?"

"Slag yeah. And I'll make sure this little one is the same way." He said as he nuzzled his olfactory sensor against Starstreak's.

There was a flash of purple as Skywarp, Thundercracker, Dawnstar, and sideswipe suddenly appeared. The non-Seeker quickly took several steps away before purging his fuel tank all over the floor, almost losing his balance.

"Sides? You alright?" Dawnstar asked worriedly.

"First time warping always makes everyone sick." Skywarp shrugged.

"Plus him not being a flyer means his equilibrium regulator sucks, making him dizzy."
Thundercracker grunted.

"Baby, do you need to go see a medic?" Dawnstar asked as she placed a servo on his shoulder.

"No, no, I'm fine." Sideswipe said quickly as he wiped unprocessed energon from his mouth with the back of a servo.

Dawnstar unsubspaced a cloth and started to wipe his faceplates clean. Starscream's optics narrowed, his wings raised threateningly. Skyfire swallowed when he heard Starscream's engine growl a little louder.

"I'm good. Just peachy." Sideswipe said as he took the cloth and finished cleaning himself.

"Okay," Dawnstar nodded her helm before turning to her sire. "Hand over the sparkling and you'll live to be an aft another orbital cycle." She demanded as she held a servo out.

"You'll have to pry him from my cold, offline servos." Starscream snapped.

"I'll give you a hug."

"No deal."

"A kiss?"

"Try harder."

"I'll let you have him again once I refuel him."

Starscream's wings flicked. "I suppose you may have him… hellion."

"I'm a hellion now?" She said as she took her son.

"You've always been an hellion."

"I thought I was a 'princess?'"
"You can be both."

Dawnstar opened her chest piece and pulled out the feeding tube for her sparkling. The little one grabbed it and eagerly started to suckle, his tiny wing stubs wiggling.

"This thing drinks so much." Dawnstar grumbled.

"You sucked your carrier dry every orbital cycle. But that also had to do with that she was a smaller built than a Seeker, and Seeker's need a lot of energon."

"I didn't bite. This thing thinks he's a Sharkticon."

"I better not have a Sharkticon as a grandcreation." Starscream said firmly as he crossed his arms.

"It's probably the grounder in him. I bet grounders bite a lot."

Starscream swallowed. "They do." He said softly.

"What?"

"Nothing. Are you doing anything else this orbital cycle?"

She shrugged. "Not really."

"Good. I would like to have that private discussion with you."

"Okay, in a bit." She nodded her helm slowly. "Hey, babe, wanna hold your future 'son?"

Starscream raised an optical ridge. "'Babe?"

"Yeah, it's a human term of endearment. I'm calling my handsome mech that." She smiled.

"Too bad he isn't handsome." Starscream grunted.

"Dad…"

"Not saying anything."

Sideswipe was beside the Seekers now. He awkwardly waved at Starscream. The Air Commander flicked his wings in warning before flaring them. Dawnstar flared her own wings, her optics narrowed. Starscream narrowed his optics and glared back at her. She raised a fist and shook it at him. His wings lowered ever so slightly. Dawnstar smiled victoriously. Starscream rolled his optics. Sideswipe was confused.

"Hey, Sides, why don't you tell dad what we decided on what Starstreak will call him." She giggled.

"Uh, I rather not…" Sideswipe said slowly as he scratched his nape.

"Fine, I'll tell him." She turned to her sire. "So, daddy, since I have been using Earth terms for you and mom, and since Sides and I like a lot about Earth culture, we want Starstreak to call you by an Earth term."

"No. I have had it with Earth terms." Starscream snapped.

"Too bad, so sad. Anyway, 'Streak is gonna refer to you as… 'Grandpappy.'" She smirked.
"Hell. No. I will not be called such. 'Grandsire' is the only thing that mechling is calling me. And 'sir.' He looked at Sideswipe. "Which the only thing you shall refer to me is 'sir' as well. Understood?"

"Uh, yeah, sure." Sideswipe shrugged.

Starscream's optics narrowed. "Grounders… Disrespectful philistines the lot of them."

"Dad…"

"What?"

"Be nice. And FYI, if Sides and I join, he gets to call you 'daddy' as well and you better be nice to him." She said firmly.

"Dawn, I rather no-" Sideswipe started.

"Don't back down to him, Sides. You have to be just as stubborn." She said resolutely.

Starscream flicked his wings. Dawn flicked hers back. Sideswipe was still just confused.

Starstreak finished nursing and Dawnstar covered her chest back up. She handed the tiny Seekerlet to Sideswipe, who hesitantly accepted him.

"Sup, 'Streak." Sideswipe smiled at him. "Watcha up to?"

Starstreak reached out and grabbed at Sideswipe's olfactory sensor, giggling when the red mech made a face. Dawnstar gave her sire a look before reaching up, grabbing Sideswipe's mandible, and kissing him on the lip plates.

Starscream's optics narrowed, wings flared, arms crossed, glaring death. Skyfire swallowed. Thundercracker and Skywarp exchanged glances. Starstreak giggled at his carrier, reaching over to slap at her faceplates.

"You want a turn?" Dawnstar inquired of her son before kissing his brow.

"Do I get another turn?" Sideswipe smiled.

"Always, cutie." She said before kissing him again.

"Ahem!" Starscream made the sound as if the clear his vocalizer.

Dawnstar glared back at him, wings raising.

"Dawn, I want to talk with you about something. Come with me." Starscream said as he gestured for her to do so.

"Dad, what is it?"

"It's important slag, that I can assure you." He grunted.

"Alright, I'm coming." She turned to Sideswipe. "Wanna watch Starstreak for a bit?"

"I would love to, but I have no idea how to take care of a sparkling." Sideswipe said as he gently bounced the little one.
"Pssshhht, you got this." She said dismissively. "You have my number. Just comm. me if you need help."

"B-but-"

"I'll watch Starstreak." Skywarp said excitedly.

"There you go. Uncle 'Warp can help you." She patted Sideswipe's helm before walking to her sire.

"Dawn, I don't think-" Sideswipe started.

"He's easy to take care of. Trust me." She said as she grabbed Starscream's servo and stood next to him.

"Dawnstar…" Starscream said softly.

"Let him watch him dad. He needs to learn how to take care of Starstreak. Plus, it would be a good test. I know you are fond of those." She said quietly so that only her sire heard.

Starscream just looked at her for a moment before venting a sigh. "Alright, fine." He then turned to Skyfire. "See you later tonight?"

"Uh, yeah. Your place?" Skyfire said.

"Yes." The Air Commander smiled as he started to walk away with his daughter.

"Okay, I'll be there, love."

"See you then, sexy aft."

Dawnstar waved to Sideswipe before she disappeared through the door with her creator. Sideswipe watched the remaining Seekers from the corners of his optics. They were next to him, watching him.

"So, um, what do Seekerlets like to do?"

Starscream sat on the chair at his desk, Dawnstar seated across from him. He vented a small sigh before speaking.

"Dawnstar," He said softly as he reached over and took one of her servos in his. "I just… Don't take this the wrong way before letting me explain myself, but, I don't want you interfacing with Sideswipe until you are certain that this relationship will work out."

"I've interfaced with him before."

"Yes, but, you were just playing around then. Having fun. Being young and foolish." He paused. "It's different when you make love to someone. When you just have to show your affection and can't hold in your emotions any longer. When you just have to touch them and-and feel them in every way… When you make love to someone and they end up leaving you or you break up… It hurts more. So, I just want you to be patient and hold off until you are for certain that this will workout. Okay?"

"Dad, I don't think he'll hurt me." She said softly.

"And I hope he never does. Now, don't think I am condemning him here. I really, really, really
want you to be happy with whoever your sparkmate may be. If he is your perfect match… So be it. I fell in love with two Autobots who have just completely changed my world. One of them gave me the greatest blessing I never knew I needed." He smiled at her as he gave her servo a gentle squeeze. She faintly smiled back. "I know that faction doesn't make one good or bad for us. It's a stupid thing, really. And maybe we need more intermix couples to help bring this damn conflict to an end. But I still rather avoid most Autobots." He was silent for a moment. "But if the time comes… And you two know that you are meant to be and do make love… Just know that I will support you no matter what. It's your life… your frame. I don't make the rules. You make the rules. And if he doesn't respect those rules… Come get me and I'll handle him."

"I will, daddy." She smiled.

He smirked at her. "I know you will. And I know that you will make sure nothing gets out of servo. And if you do end up joining with him… I'll be with you."

"Thanks, dad."

"And I suppose I will not be too much of an old grouch about him referring me as 'dad' if you so desire." He grunted.

"I'm totally making him call you that." She giggled.

"You're so much like your carrier." He paused. "She would be proud of you, not to mention supportive of your goals."

Dawnstar nodded her helm slowly. "I know. I wish she was here to meet Starstreak and Sideswipe." She said quietly.

"I wish so, too." He said in almost a whisper.

"Sideswipe would have liked her. He jokes a lot and is silly. Kinda like how she was."

"Perhaps. Your carrier was something else." He vented a sigh. "There's something else that I must discuss with you that is of vital consequence."

"What?"

"If you do end up being with Sideswipe, or if someone else, who ever your mate ends up being… I have one request that is non-negotiable."

"What's that, dad?"

"When you have your mate… I must have eight grandcreations. That is non-negotiable! You have already provided one so must produce seven others. I don't care about genders. Just pop them out however."

"Eight? seriously?" She said almost incredulously.

"I am serious."

"Dad, you have a mech-friend. Go make your own sparklings." She giggled.

Starscream's wings lowered as he looked away. Dawnstar's helm cocked to the side.

"Daddy? Dad, what's wrong?" She asked anxiously.
"I'm fine, princess." He said softly.

"Are not. Dad, why are you upset?"

"I am just… I'll function."

"Dad, you said that there would be no more secrets between us. That I would ask and you would answer truthfully. Please, dad, tell me. I am beginning to realize that raising a sparkling isn't the easiest thing and so I am not mad at you for anything you did." She smiled. "You're the best, dad. You never hurt me or anything, and I know now that you just overreact because you want to protect me. But you giving Sides a chance shows that you are getting better." She paused. "And I know that when mom died things got really hard for you and that's why you changed. And I'm sorry I blamed you for it." She looked up at him. "Please, daddy? I don't like you being sad anymore."

Starscream studied her for several astroseconds before venting a soft sigh. "I just don't know if you're ready to hear it."

"I still want to hear it."

He was silent, studying her servo in his larger one. "You said you had to whore yourself out to take care of your sparkling. You said you were willing to do what must be done to protect the one who is the most precious to your spark, no matter the pain. The humiliation. The suffering. You did it out of love and would do it again without hesitation."

She nodded her helm slowly. "Anything for my little mech."

He looked up at her. "And I did everything for my little femmling. And I would do it all over again." He swallowed. "Dawn, princess, I love you so much, and I don't regret my decision in regards to protecting you. Any of them." He paused. "I know the pain you went through."

She swallowed. "What do you mean, dad?"

He exhaled deeply before continuing.

"Does it bite?" Bluestreak asked curiously.

"Does it do anything?" Smokescreen inquired.

"It screams, smells, and demands." Sunstreaker grunted.

"Hey! This is my unofficial son!" Sideswipe snapped as he held Starstreak closer.

"And, damn, it's ugly like you."

"I pray to Primus that you never have a sparkling. Woe to the unfortunate sparks that caste their optics on that abomination! Ah!" Sideswipe yelped when Sunstreaker smacked him across the faceplates.

Starstreak squealed with laughter, his tiny wing stubs wiggling. Sideswipe rubbed his hurting face, some of the Autobots sitting on a couch in the Rec Room playing videogames. Other Autobots gathered around and sat on the floor or pulled up chairs. Everyone was curious about the tiny Seekerlet.

Thundercracker and Skywarp watched from a corner of the room, their frames hidden in the
shadows, optics ominously glowing. Sideswipe couldn't help but look over his shoulder every so often at them.

"You wanna give the game a try, little buddy?" Hound smiled at the sparkling as he handed him a controller.

Starstreak smacked his servos against the controller before giggling. He looked up at Sideswipe with a large smile before continuing with smashing the electronic device.

"He's a pro, alright." Smokescreen said as he watched the Seekerlet.

"Oh, I'll make him the best gamer of all time." Sideswipe smirked. "Won't I, Starstreak? That's right. I'm gonna be your daddy and I'm going to teach you the important things like gaming and handling finances. Sunny can teach you to paint. And Mirage can teach you that strange etiquette, manners, whatever the slag that is, because I surely ain't."

"I wonder how long it will be before he can talk." Bluestreak said curiously.

"I'm not sure." Sideswipe narrowed his optics.

"Ratchet would know." Sunstreaker grunted.

"Hey, 'Streak, can you say 'Sideswipe'?" Sideswipe asked the little one. "'Sideswipe.' It's not hard."

Starstreak gurgled a giggle and started to smack his tiny servo against Sideswipe's thigh. He squealed with laughter at the clanking sound it made. Sideswipe lifted the sparkling just beneath the arm junctures and turned him around to face him. He nuzzled his olfactory sensor against the miniscule one before kissing Starstreak's brow.

"Who is gonna be your most favorite 'bot in the galaxy? Hmm? Who's it gonna be, 'Streak?" Sideswipe lovingly inquired of the Seekerlet.

Starstreak gurgled a giggle before purging his fuel tank over Sideswipe's chest piece. Everyone's optics widened, Sideswipe slowly held Starstreak a littler further away. Sunstreaker snickered.

"Is this natural? Primus, did I break him!?" Sideswipe exclaimed in sudden horror.

"It's natural!" Thundercracker called out, not moving from his position.

"But, why?" Sideswipe asked as he looked over his shoulder.

Thundercracker stood up and walked over, his clacking thruster heels echoing in the now silent room. Skywarp didn't move, remaining in the darkness. Thundercracker took Starstreak, unsubspaced a cloth, and cleaned off the tiny faceplates. He smiled faintly, remembering when he had to do this for Dawnstar.

Mirage handed Sideswipe a cloth and the frontliner quickly wiped himself clean. He tossed the soiled rag at Sunstreaker before receiving Starstreak from Thundercracker.

"His tank is just very sensitive." Thundercracker explained as he handed the little one over. "Be careful not to move him around too much."

"Okay, got it." Sideswipe nodded his helm.

Thundercracker hesitated before returning to Skywarp, sitting back in the shadows. Starstreak shoved his tiny servo into his mouth and thoughtfully chewed. Sideswipe kissed the chubby
cheekplates before setting Starstreak on his lap.

It was almost a breem later when Dawnstar entered the Rec Room and marched straight over to the Autobots. She didn't say anything or seem to acknowledge anyone. She simply walked by, waited for Bluestreak to scoot aside, and sat beside Sideswipe. She hugged the red mech tightly, burrowing her faceplates into the crook of his neck.

"Uh, what's wrong, babe?" Sideswipe inquired as he wrapped an arm around her thin waist.

She pulled her helm up to look at him. "I was just talking with daddy." She said softly, static still in her optics, her vocalizer brittle.

"Was he mean to you?" Sideswipe demanded, his optics narrowing.

"No, no, he is…" She paused to wipe coolant tears that were leaking out. "He's the best dad ever. He just told me something that was very hard to listen to. I just… Primus…" She inhaled heavily before slowly exhaling it out. "After everything I did he still loves me so much that he did that."

She was silent as she picked up Starstreak, climbed onto Sideswipe's lap, set her son on her lap, and curled into her mech-friend. She ignored the snickers and whistles from the other Autobots, trying to poke fun at their comrade.

Thundercracker and Skywarp just silently watched, the blue Seeker certain he knew what she meant.

Skyfire knocked on the door and patiently waited for it to open. It slid aside to reveal Starscream leaning against the door frame, his arms crossed, wings raised, and that sexy smirk of his.

"Got the good stuff?" The Seeker inquired.

"Brought your favorite." Skyfire smiled as he held up a bottle of high grade.

Starscream's smirk grew. "You may enter, Autobot."

The shuttle did so, walking into the quarters of the Elite Trine. Thundercracker and Skywarp were seated at the small table, waiting for the others to join. Starscream sat next to Skywarp, so that Skyfire was between him and Thundercracker. The four flyers all poured themselves some high grade, and Starscream shuffled the playing cards.

"Fall into stasis lock and you lose." Starscream instructed as he dealt out the cards. "Last one online wins."

"It's been a while since I've played this game so you'll have to remind me about some rules." Skyfire said as he held up his cards so only he could see them.

"Don't worry. I shall."

"You're going down, Screamer." Skywarp said fiercely.

"Keep telling yourself that, aithelm." Starscream said without even looking at his trinemate.

"You femmes keep bickering. I'll show you how a real mech plays." Thundercracker smirked.

"Wait, who is this 'real mech' to which you speak of, TC? I don't see him." Starscream grunted.
"Wait, you're talking about me, aren't you?"
"Suck a spike."

"I have and it was nasty." Starscream grunted.

"Mine isn't." Skywarp giggled.

"Suck it yourself."

"I can't!" Skywarp wailed.

"Alright, let's change the subject." Thundercracker said quickly.

"Trineleaders go first!" Starscream proclaimed.

"Go then, slag breath."

"Two ones." Starscream said as he placed two cards facedown onto the center of the table. Thundercracker's optics narrowed. "You're cheating already!" He snapped.

"Want to push it!?" Starscream shouted back.

Thundercracker's optics narrowed, his wings raising. He silently mused before slowly shaking his helm. "Not now."

"Of course. 'Warp?"

"One two." Skywarp said as he placed one card facedown onto Starscream's cards.

"One three." Thundercracker said as he did the same.

"Two fours." Skyfire said as he set two cards on top of the growing pile.

"Three fives."

"Liar! You are so lying!" Thundercracker bellowed.

"Call it, then, slaghelm!" Starscream exclaimed.

"I do."

Starscream reached over and flipped the three cards he had set down to reveal that they were indeed what he had said they were. The Air Commander gave his blue trinemate the sexiest of triumphant smirks.

"Drink, slagheap." Starscream said smoothly.

Thundercracker glared at his trineleader before taking a gulp from his cube. The blue Seeker then collected the cards that were in the middle and added them to his own collection. Skyfire raised an optical ridge.

"Are you guys always so aggressive when playing games?" He asked.

"When stakes are this high, no one is your friend." Starscream stated.

"Yeah, we get competitive." Skywarp nodded his helm.
"Should have seen Moonstar play with us. That femme was scary." Thundercracker remarked.

"She was." Starscream nodded.

"Two sixes." Skywarp said as he put his cards down.

"Liar." Starscream said.

"Calling me out?" Skywarp demanded.

"I am."

Skywarp flipped the two cards over to reveal that only one was truly a six. The black Seeker grumbled something as he took a drink before putting the cards back into his pile.

The four continued playing for two joors, chatting about various topics throughout. They kept drinking, getting louder and rowdier. Skyfire was soon catching up with the smaller flyers, giggling at things that weren't even funny. Starscream was a complete mess in no time, blabbering about nonsense and laughing madly about it. Skywarp was right behind him, acting completely insane and never shutting up. Thundercracker was quiet for a time until he just started to laugh and couldn't stop. Still, they tried to play on.

More time passed, and the Seekers skipped out on playing to simply drink. Skyfire lost his self control and joined in, drinking straight from the bottle. Soon, Starscream and Skywarp were kissing, their glossas intertwined.

Skyfire wasn't sure how it happened, nor would he ever remember it, but next thing he knew at the time was three Seekers were over him. The berth somehow managed to get beneath him, his mouth filled with lapping glossas, servos touching him all over. He heard his codpiece and the Seekers' codpieces slid aside. He found himself pinning a Seeker down and entering him, not sure which one.

There were moans coming from beside him where the other two Seekers were getting it on. Overloads coursed through the four, positions changed, Skyfire was with another Seeker who he wasn't sure of.

Servos were touching him, he touched the smaller frames. More overloads, more moaning, more kissing, more touching, more humping. He was thrusting into a Seeker, another one kissing him on the lip plates as they were thrust into by the third.

He felt something on his wrists, he felt he couldn't move. He felt Seekers over him. He felt amazing. He felt…

Pain was the first sense that came to him. Immense, evil pain pulsating from his helm. Skyfire onlined his optics, squinting at the intensity from the bright light. He felt as if someone had been bashing his helm with a Dinobot. He felt…

His optics widened when he saw Skywarp lying on top of him and the other two Seekers snuggled tightly against his sides. The Elite Trine were so close and comfortably cuddled against him that it looked almost like a mother animal with her cubs trying to stay warm from the chilly night air.

Skyfire swallowed. He started to lift his arms when he realized he couldn't. He looked up to see that he was handcuffed to the head of the berth. Even more horrifying was the fact that words had been written on the wall just above saying, "Bad Autobot."
He looked back down, more of his senses coming to him. He started to tremble when he felt the obvious after morning soreness that intense interfacing brought. He twisted himself best he could to look over the Seekers' frames, only to become even more horrified. All three of them were covered in trans fluids. The berth was a disgusting mess, and everything on the nearby furniture had been knocked off.

He looked as if he was about to cry. Quietly, he started to try and break free from the manacles. He had to get away. Had to clean himself from all this filth and hope that Thundercracker and Skywarp would never find out. And just tell himself that he had only interfaced with Starscream and not the other two.

He pulled at the chain until it snapped, not being made for mechs his size or strength. He froze, hoping that the sound hadn't onlined the Elite Trine. The Seekers didn't move. Slowly, meticulously, Skyfire started to remove Skywarp from his chest piece. The black Seeker mumbled something, but didn't wake. Skyfire managed to place the teleporter on top of Thundercracker, then started to push Starscream away from his side. He carefully scooted away from them and slid off the berth.

Like a ninja, he crept away, quietly going towards the door. He opened it, looked back at the passed out Seekers, then quickly walked out.

"I have never been hung over before." Skyfire said miserably as he borrowed his faceplates into his servos, his elbows resting on the tabletop.

"Are the drugs Ratch gave ya helping?" Wheeljack asked as he sat beside him.

"A little. It still hurts if I move my helm too fast or if there is a really loud sound or the light is too bright."

"Well, now you know better." Wheeljack grunted.

"'Jack?"

"Yeah?"

"I interfaced while I was over energized."

"That happens. But, you were with Starscream, so, not like it was bad. You guys are a couple."

"I was with his trinemate's as well. I onlined in berth with all three of them. I don't know if I just fragged Star or if all of them, or what."

"Look at you, Sky! Onlining with three Seekers…” He slowly shook his helm. "Next time remember to turn off your swag before recharging."

"It's not funny, Wheeljack." Skyfire vented a sigh before lowering his servos to look at the engineer. "'Jack, when Starscream told me he was sterile and could never have a sparkling… I never unplugged my nanite wires since there was no need. But, if I interfaced with his trinemates last night…”

Wheeljack's optics widened some. "Do you remember if you sparkbonded?"

"That's the thing. I don't remember anything. I hope I didn't. Primus, can you imagine what would happen if I sparked one of them? Or both?! TC would kill me…"
"Calm down. It's unlikely that the sparks bonded properly if you were all over the place. You know it's a delicate process."

"I have no idea what we did... And if Megatron managed to spark Star with his abusive interfacing, why couldn't some crazy inebriated interfacing do it? I think Seekers are more delicate than grounders." He shrugged. "I don't know. I just hope that-"

"Sky! Found you!"

Skyfire slowly turned his helm to see Starscream jogging over to him with a way too happy smile on his faceplates. Thundercracker and Skywarp were behind, taking their time to walk over. Skywarp seemed rather out of it while Thundercracker just seemed angry.

"Sky! Sky! Sky! Skyfire!" Starscream exclaimed as he quickly, and clumsily, took the empty seat beside the shuttle. "Guess what? Guess!"

"Uh, what?" Skyfire said slowly, confused about Starscream's peculiar behavior.

"Soooooo, me and my trinemates went to that Autobot medic Ratchet for our agonizing helm aches. And guess what!? He gave us drugs to help. LOTS OF DRUGS! Ah ha ha!" Starscream suddenly laughed maniacally, his wings fluttering. "And you know the best part!? You know it!? THEY WORKED! I can't feel ANYTHING!" He slammed his helm against the table top as he once again broke into an uncontrollable fit of laughter.

"Oh, Primus..." Skyfire said slowly as he watched the Air Commander losing it.

Thundercracker and Skywarp were now seated at the table, ignoring all the Autobots glancing at them from different parts of the Rec Room.

"Is he going to be alright?" Wheeljack inquired.

"No." Thundercracker grunted. "Hook stopped giving him pain dampening boosters for a reason. Star would be in pain so often from beatings or battles that his systems started to ignore the boosters. Hook had to keep increasing the amount, but Star's systems kept adapting. It got to the point that if Hook added anymore, Star could deactivate from an overdose so he stopped altogether. That was thousands of vorns ago. Star's systems also started to react differently towards the boosters, making him hyperactive and loud. Well, more than usual. And it would appear that being off them so long and then getting such a high dosage has made my trineleader somewhat insane." Thundercracker vented a sigh. "Not that I didn't suspect it already. And it doesn't help that Seekers have special fuel pumps that pump energon quicker through our frames than most builds, allowing us to fly so fast. That little detail has only allowed it to go to Star's processor much faster than the mech's Ratchet is use to dealing with."

"TC, it still hurts some." Skywarp said slowly.

"Not for me! Ah ha ha!" Starscream exclaimed as he insanely laughed. "I feel wonderful! EEEEP! Sky, let's go run around and scream! Ah!" He jumped back in his seat. "I forgot I was sitting... Ah hahahahaha!" He slammed his fist against the tabletop as he laughed.

"Oh, sweetie..." Skyfire said slowly.

"I love you, Sky! More than high grade! Skywarp!"

"Huh?"
"Hi!" Starscream then laughed again.

"Frag yourself." Skywarp grumbled.

"There are Autobots EVERYWHERE! I think we should invite them for energon." He whispered the last part to Thundercracker.

"I think I need to take you back to the medic." Thundercracker grunted.

"Nooooooo," Starscream shook his helm. "I'm fine. See? I can smile."

"Mhmm."

"Is that Prowl?" Starscream said slowly as he pointed.

"Yeah, that's Prowl." Wheeljack nodded.

"PROWL! HEY! I AM SO HIGH RIGHT NOW! SO HIGH!" Starscream then started to loudly laugh again, almost falling out of his seat.

Prowl raised an optical ridge as he stood by the energon dispenser. He then placed two digits against the side of his helm.

"Prowl to Ratchet. I have a question for you."

::What is it?:: The CMO grunted.

"Do you know anything about the mental condition of Starscream?"

There was a vented sigh. ::The Constructicons and I are working on it. A few of them are on their way to retrieve him.::

"Very well. Prowl put."

Starscream grabbed Skyfire's helm and licked his cheekplates before giggling. Skyfire sighed.

"I love my big, Autobot mechy-friend!" Starscream proclaimed as he hugged and snuggled against Skyfire.

"Uh, and I love you." Skyfire said awkwardly.

"Let's frag on the Prime's desk." Starscream whispered before giggling.

"Primus, no!"

"Speaking of fragging..." Thundercracker said slowly. "I'm going to deactivate you, Skyfire."

Skyfire's optics widened. "W-why?"

"I have only ever been spiked by Starscream and Skywarp. Someone else was inside of me last night." He turned optics of ice onto the shuttle. "A very large someone."

"Oh, will you look at the time." Wheeljack said suddenly. "I gotta go blow up the lab. See ya, Skyfire!" He said as he stood and quickly walked away.

Skyfire gave him pleading and hopeless optics as he left. He swallowed before turning back to Thundercracker.
"TC, please, I was over energized and not thinking straight." Skyfire said quickly.

"Oh, I know. That's why you're still alive. No, what I want to know is: Are they unplugged?"

Skyfire was silent a moment before slowly shaking his helm. "No. I only interface with Star, and since he's sterile…"

Thundercracker's optics narrowed. "You mean I could be sparked?" He said dangerously. "That 'Warp could be?"

"SPARKLINGS!" Starscream squealed. "I want 'em! Give them, TC! Make me a happy uncle!" He then laughed insanely.

Thundercracker stood up, grabbed Skywarp's arm, and started to march away with him. "We're going to see Hook." He growled.

"Bring back some energon goodies!" Starscream called after him. He then turned to Skyfire. "I wanna make out with you." He whispered.

Skyfire ignored him. He had interfaced with the Elite Trine… All three of them. He had been inside of Thundercracker who hated him most and almost-always-confused Skywarp. He had fragged them all without even realizing it.

"Green mechs!" Starscream pointed as Scrapper, Hook, Long Haul, and Bonecrusher approached.

"Starscream, you need to come with us." Scrapper informed.

"Are we going somewhere? Are we going to a party!?!" He giggled.

"Ahem, yes, a party." Scrapper grumbled.

"Eeeep! I wanna come! Let's hold servos!" He then loudly laughed.

"Commander, please come with us." Hook said exasperatedly.

"Do I get something?" Starscream giggled as he skipped over, took Hook's servo, and almost fell against him.

"A new processor." He sarcastically growled.

"I want more than that." Starscream whispered, his faceplates in Hook's.

"Come on." Hook gave a hard yank on Starscream's servo.

"Imma cominnnng. Hey, Sky! Come too!" Starscream called to him. "It's gonna be fuh-hunnnnn!" He laughed.

"I want out!" Starscream shouted as he struggled to escape the binds that held him to the medberth. "Please! It's not fun! I-I, p-please!"

"You have to hold still as we go through the process of getting the infected energon out and replacing it with non effected. Then you won't be so loopy." Hook explained.

"I'm scared." Starscream said softly, coolant leaking out of his optics. "P-please! I'm scared!"
"Star, it's okay." Skyfire said as he sat beside the Air Commander. "Hook's going to make you feel better."

"I feel fine. Please, Sky. Please!" He cried, still struggling to get away. "I don't want-Don't let Megatron take me! Please!"

Skyfire vented a sad sigh. "He's not here, love. It's just me, the Constructicons, Ratchet, and your trinemates. Thundercracker and Skywarp are right over there. Ratchet is checking them. They will be here soon."

Starscream didn't seem to have heard. He started to loudly cry, his optics offline as he trembled. "P-please! Don't take me. I-I am yours. My lord, p-please! D-don't hurt me."

"I'm going to put him in stasis lock." Hook said softly.

Skyfire leaned forward and kissed Starscream on the lip plates, his one servo holding Starscream's. Starscream sobbed softly as he calmed down, knowing that Skyfire was safety.

"Sky, p-please…"

"What is it, love?" Skyfire asked quietly.

"I…" He swallowed. "I'm sorry."

"What for? Why are you sorry?"

"I was mad at you for joining the Autobots. I'm sorry."

"Oh, sweetie, that's in the past. You don't need to apologize for that."

"I do. Because, if you hadn't have joined the Autobots…” He paused. "He would have hurt you too."

Skyfire was silent, just looking at Starscream for several astroseconds. "He might have. But, he never did so let's not think about negative things."

"I love you. And-and if you had become a Decepticon I would have taken your beatings as well."

"Star…”

"I do what I have to for my Seekers. For my beloved. I…” He swallowed when Hook started to attach more wires to his arms and abdomen. "I took all the pain… And now I can't take anymore. P-please…”

"What, love? What's wrong?"

"I keep seeing him. Hearing him. I feel him touching me. I-I can't… I'm scared." He said quietly, beginning to tremble harder.

"Scared of what?"

"Him. I'm scared of him. He's looking for me. He won't stop until he has caught me and then he'll hurt me again. And I can't do it again! I don't want to be hurt! I-please! I'm scared, Sky. I don't like being scared. I hate it." He started to cry anew, coolant pouring out of his offline optics.

Skyfire swallowed. "I know, love. I know. I don't like you being scared either. I wish I could take
all the pain and fear away. I wish you could just be happy again and not hide behind a mask in front of everyone. You're a good mech, Star. You really, truly are. And I love you." He kissed Starscream's cheekplates.

"I'm going to put him into stasis lock, now." Hook said in almost a whisper.

Skyfire nodded his helm. "Star, sweetie, I love you. I love you so, so, so fragging much. And I will always be with you and your trinemates. Okay? Don't think about Megatron. No more thinking about that stupid, waste of metal. Think about your trinemates, about Dawnstar, about little Starstreak. About your soon-to-be son-in-law, and about me. I'm going to take care of you and your trinemates."

"I'm supposed to take care of you." Starscream said quietly, beginning to feel the effects of going into stasis lock.

"We take care of each other." Skyfire said in almost a whisper. "Recharge, love. I'll be here when you online."

The shuttle kissed Starscream's brow until the Seeker finally drifted off. Skyfire wiped away the few coolant tears that had leaked out of his optics, so saddened by Starscream's words.

"It's okay, Star. I'll always be here. I love you so much. And I'll do my best to protect you from Megatron if he ever tries to hurt you again." Skyfire said in almost a whisper, stilling holding Starscream's servo.

"Do you actually mean that?"

Skyfire looked behind him to see Thundercracker and Skywarp standing right there, the two having heard everything. Skyfire didn't even hesitate.

"Yes. Yes, I do." He said firmly, but quietly.

Thundercracker eyed him for a moment before inclining his helm some, optics narrowing. Skyfire watched the two Seekers for a moment before turning back to Starscream. He vented a small sigh, kissed his lover again, and just waited for Hook to finish up so he could see those blood red optics again.

A Few Orbital Cycles Later:

"I'm going to fly some with my trinemates and Sky, so if you require Shanix…" He shrugged. "Too bad, so sad."

"Sparkless bastard." Dawnstar humphed as she held Starstreak.

"Damn right." He kissed her brow. "Be safe with that mech."

"Dad, we've been through this."

He sighed. "Sideswipe. Be careful with Sideswipe. Remember: No drinking. Even if he is the kindest 'bot in the galaxy, never be around an over energized mech. I hurt your carrier once because I was stupid and got inebriated. I just don't want the same to happen to you."

"Got it, dad. No drinking." She nodded her helm. "We were just gonna play videogames and hang out."
"Contrail will be your guard."

"Seriously?"

"You know the rules."

"I do, but couldn't I have someone else than Contrail?" She grunted.

"He had nothing better to do. Be nice to him."

"I'll try."

Starscream kissed her brow again before gently hugging her, being careful of Starstreak. "Love you, princess."

"Love you too, daddy."

"Be back before the sun sets or else I'm hunting you down." He kissed her again. "And I mean it."

"Yes, daddy."

He gave her a lingering kiss on the brow before finally pulling away. "Stay safe, princess." He paused, just smiling at her. "I can't tell you how happy you make me. You and that little mechling. I am proud to be your sire."

She smiled. "Go on, dad. You're going to be late to your date."

"I'm never late. Everyone else is simply early." He pressed another kiss to her brow, then to Starstreak's. "Love you two. See you in a few joors."

"See ya, dadster." She waved as he started to walk away.

"Bye, princess." He waved back.

Dawnstar hugged her son smiling, watching until her sire was gone. Her wings lowered and she rolled her optics. "I wish it was someone else." She grunted.

"I'm a fun guy." Contrail shrugged as he approached from behind.

"Next time, I want Sunstorm." She said resolutely as she started to walk away, Contrail following.

"Apologies, young ma'am, but Sunstorm is busy this orbital cycle. I won't impede on any of your fun."

"Better not. I'll comm. dad and have you replaced."

"I would love to see you attempt that."

"Don't tempt me."

"Was that an order or threat."

"Both."

"Yes, ma'am."

She smiled. "I'm glad I'm Starscream's daughter. I greatly enjoy my power."
"One should never be proud of power that they didn't have to work to achieve."

"As long as I can boss you around, I really don't care." She grunted.

Contrail narrowed his optics. "Yes, ma'am." He said slowly.

Starscream flew at Mach 3, his trinames right behind him. He twisted, dove, rolled, and did everything he could to lose them, but they never fell behind, never lost sight of him. He powered his thrusters to the max, flying straight to the one place he would be safe from getting tagged.

"Safe!" Starscream exclaimed as he transformed, twisted himself around so that his thrusters would slow him down, and grabbed onto the wing of the shuttle.

The other two Seekers rushed by, turning around in the distance. Starscream released Skyfire, transformed back into a jet, and contently flew beside him.

"I don't think I like being the 'safe house.'" Skyfire grunted.

"Well, if you were faster you could play tag." Starscream said in a tone that made it clear that he would have shrugged if he had shoulders.

"Apologies if I'm slow and fat." Skyfire grumbled.

"But, you're my 'slow and fat' mech-friend." Starscream giggled, a wing lovingly touching Skyfire's.

"Uh huh."

Skywarp and Thundercracker were soon beside the two, flying close to their trineleader. Starscream playfully twisted around the larger flyer, barely touching him with his wing tips. Then, the Air Commander was flying upside down beneath the Autobot, urging him to ascend. Skyfire did so, soon twisting around and dancing with his beloved.

They flew higher and faster, never slowing down in their performance. Suddenly, Thundercracker was beside them, flying by Skyfire's right wing. Skywarp soon joined, flying by Skyfire's left wing. They four twisting around each other, eventually unable to fly higher any longer.

Starscream led them into a dive, never ceasing in their playful dance. The Seekers were circling around the Autobot, so close to touching him, pressing their undercarriages against his.

Starscream urged Skyfire to straighten out, flying horizontally as they kept twisting around him, wing tips poking him every so often. He spun himself around a few times, being careful since he wasn't as skilled as the fighter jets. Starscream rested his undercarriage on the top of Skyfire, forcing him to descend. Skyfire did so, transforming and landing on the top of a tower. The Seekers did the same, landing all around him.

Starscream ran over and tightly hugged Skyfire, his wings fluttering without stopping, optics offline.

"Um, Star?" Skyfire asked slowly.

"They accepted you." Starscream said softly, still hugging, optics still offline. "My trine has accepted you."

Skyfire's optics widened. "They-they did?" He looked up at the other two Seekers. "You accepted
Thundercracker crossed his arms. "You didn't lie to me back in medbay." Thundercracker said coolly. "You were honest when you said you would protect Star. That's all that matters to me." He paused. "And I did feel pretty good after interfacing with you, despite the hangover and not exactly consenting. At least you didn't spark anyone."

"I think you're alright." Skywarp shrugged. "Scree seems pretty crazy over you and I just want him to be happy. He's my brother, after all."

"And, of course, if you do slag up we can always fix our mistake by tearing you apart." Thundercracker pointed out.

Skyfire swallowed. "Y-you trust me now?"

"Not completely, but getting there."

"Hey, get over here, sluggers!" Starscream snapped. "It's group hug time!"

Skyfire smiled faintly when he found himself tightly hugging three Seekers instead of just one. His own wings momentarily fluttered, so happy to finally be accepted by the rough crowd that were Starscream's wingmates.

"Now we celebrate by fragging each other! Sky is top." Starscream suddenly exclaimed.

Skyfire's optics widened. He probably wasn't ready for this relationship to take this turn just yet…

Chapter End Notes

Skywarp talking about ripping off Sideswipe's right arm is a reference to All Hail Megatron when he does that to Sideswipe. I always imagined that he then used it to poke at Thundercracker and Starscream. :P

Starscream's comment about grounders biting is about how Megatron kept biting him when he was raped. :(  

High Starscream is the best Starscream. :P Should give him some more of that stuff!

Yay! Skyfire has been accepted by grumpy TC and crazy 'Warp! Starscream and Skyfire can now be together forvers! ^.^
Skyfire entered the lab and quickly walked over to Wheeljack who was building something or other.

"'Jack! I need help!" The shuttle said quickly.

"Sure. What is it?" Wheeljack inquired, not looking away from what he was welding.

"Starscream's trinemates have accepted me. They will let me be with Star."

"Good. That's good." He said still not looking up.

"I want to propose to Starscream."

"Ouch!" Wheeljack exclaimed when he accidentally torched his digit.

"You okay?"

"I'm fine." Wheeljack grunted as he turned off the welder and inspected his hurt digit. "What did you say, again?"

"I said, I want to propose to Starscream. I want to join with him as Conjuges Endurae."

"You sure? So soon?"

"I've known him for so long, Wheeljack. I've wanted to be with him since our Academy cycle. I had wanted to propose to him after our expedition, but, you know… And now I can finally be with him again."

Wheeljack looked up at him. "And why do you need my help?"

"I need ideas. What could I do to make it be the perfect proposal? To give him the perfect romantic date and-and just give him a night he will never forget. Just show how important he is to me."

"Movies are always nice."

"'Jack…"

"I'm not the best one for such advice. Especially for flyers."

"Alright, who would be good?"

Wheeljack just looked at him.

"Ya came ta da right mech, man." Jazz smiled as he leaned back in his seat, his peds propped on his desk and crossed at the ankle. "Ah am preddy good a' being romantic." He chuckled.

"I'm serious, Jazz." Skyfire deadpanned. "I need to make this night perfect for my Star."

"Ah'm serious too, man. Listen, you know ya Screamer better dan anyone else. So, wha' ya think he
"Well, he likes to fly, and race. And, he likes science, his trinmates, his daughter, his grandson… He likes to cuddle, and kiss, and just be close to those who he loves."

"Wha’ else?"

"Um, he likes energon goodies. To hold servos and just talk… To just smile and laugh, and be happy." He paused. "He also likes to be the boss… Because then no one can hurt him. He likes to just be loved… to explore… to be free."

"Well, see? Ya know ol' Screamer so well why d'ya need me?" Jazz remarked.

"What do you mean?"

"Ya know what he likes, so do eht! Take 'im for a flight, let 'im take charge. Get 'im some of his favorite energon goodies an' jus' relax together. Set some candles, sit in teh dim light and jus' talk bout nonsense. Play a simple game. Ya don't need ta get overly complicated. Ah think he's had enough crazy in his life. Jus' show 'im how simple and awesome nights can be with ya."

"But, I don't want it to blend in with other nights we will spend together." Skyfire said softly.

Jazz removed his peds from the desk and leaned forward in his chair. "When ya pop da question, eht will never 'blend in' with any other night. Jus' be ya'self, smile, and get a new paintjob."

"You sure that's the right thing to do? Just keep it simple?"

Skyfire bit his lower lip plate as he thought. He then nodded his helm slowly before faintly smiling. "Yeah, I think you're right. He's has had so much hectic slag going on that maybe just something simple would be best. Thanks Jazz."

"Ya welcome. Wha' else can da Jazz Man do for ya?" Jazz smiled.

"Wish me luck." He said as he stood. "Primus, I hope you are right and I just make this the best night for him. He deserves it."

"Ah know ya will, Sky. An' ah shall. Good luck, man!"

Skyfire walked out of the office, smiling to himself as he thought about what he would do for his beloved.

"I was never too fancy on business. I prefer science." Starscream said before taking a sip of his energon.

"To each their own. I think business management is fun. Especially when you're the boss." Sideswipe shrugged.

Starscream smirked. "That I can agree on. Being the boss is always the best."

"I think Sunny's profession is the most fun." Dawnstar smiled as she sat between her sire and mech-friend, Starstreak sitting on her lap.

"Don't call me that." Sunstreaker grunted, not even looking at her.
"Tell me, Sideswipe," Starscream said as he traced the brim of his cube with a digit, his optics looking down. "What are your thoughts concerning sparklings?"

"Uh, sparklings?" Sideswipe dumbly articulated.

"Yes, sparklings. Will you be a good sire for my grandcreations?" He said looking up at him.

"Um, I-I'll try my best for Starstreak, but-"

"But what? I expect a minimum of seven more."

"Dad…"

"Silence, creation. I am speaking to the potential." He said without even looking at her.

"Seven more?" Sideswipe said slowly.

"You are quite aware of how the process is done so it should not be difficult."

"Dad!"

"I mean, maybe Dawn and I will have-"

"There is no 'maybe.' I want grandcreations." The Air Commander said firmly.

"Dad, you need to rewind a bit and stop. You know how much it hurt having just this one spawn?" Dawnstar grunted.

"This time Hook shall be present to ensure there is no discomfort. And you can spread it apart. I'm not asking for one on top of the other."

"Daddy, I love you, but I don't know if I can make another seven."

"You say that now…"

"Dad."

"Daughter."

"Is he always like this?" Sideswipe inquired.

"Yes." Dawnstar vented a sigh.

"I'm fabulous. Don't know why you're glitching." He grumbled before taking a sip from is cube.

"I love you, daddy." Dawnstar giggled as she made a heart with her servos.

"Mhmm."

She leaned over and kissed him on the cheekplates. "You're the best daddy in the universe."

"Damn straight. Now hand over the sparkling or else I'll place you under house arrest."

"Demanding aft."

"Hell yeah."
Dawnstar handed Starstreak over to him and he placed the little one on his lap. Sideswipe looked over the table at the other two Seekers who had been quiet all this time. Thundercracker was just studying his empty cube, not really moving, while Skywarp was doing something on a datapad. Sunstreaker didn't seem too keen on sitting beside the blue Seeker, occasionally glaring at him from the corner of his optics.

"Remember what mom said about being a grouch?" Dawnstar asked of her sire.

"Which one? She said many. That she would tie me to a berth and use a paddle on me, or the one about me getting eaten by a 'Grouch Monster'?"

"The Grouch Monster. You're gonna get eaten by one if you keep being a bully."

"Ha! Let 'em try. I'm bored. Could use an excuse to kill something. Maybe teach you how to properly fight."

"I can fight."

"Just as well as a corpse."

"A little better than that."

"Not by much."

"I can pin you to the ground."

"Ha! Don't make me laugh. You can't even defeat me in arm wrestling much less take me on in any physical match."

"Sideswipe will help teach me how to fight and then I'll finally win a wrestling match with you." She giggled.

"No matter how much you train or who you learn from, I will always kick your aft. Wanna know why?"

"Why?"

"Because I'm your sire."

"That's not a good reason, dad."

"It's the only reason I need." He smirked.

"Mhmm."

"Sideswipe, do you play with cards?" Starscream suddenly asked.

"What type of card games?" Sideswipe said.

"Gambling."

"Yeah, I know some."

"Good. Lightweight?"

"No."
"Even better."
"Dad, you better not get him over energized." Dawnstar said slowly.
"I would never dream of it."
"You better not hurt him."
"Perish the thought! I simply wish to get to know him a little better. Much is said when one has consumed a cube or two of high grade."
"Dad!"
"What?"
"Stop interrogating my mech-friend!"
"Don't shout at me. My audio receptors are perfectly functional."
"You're being an aft."
"And you're being suspicious."
"How about we change the subject." Sideswipe said quickly. "Starscream, what's your favorite color?"
Starscream looked at him for a moment before speaking. "Guess."
"Uh, red?"
Starscream smirked. "Alright, you're not so bad."
"Really?"
Dawnstar rolled her optics. "Dad, be nice."
"I am. This is called 'mech bonding' without the fist fights." He paused. "Now since it appears we are diving into such deep, private secrets, let me ask you one, Sideswipe."
"Alright, shoot." Sideswipe shrugged.
"What's your highest?"
"Pardon?"
"Do you not have one?"
"I am not sure I follow."
"Was Dawn your first?"
"Dad!" Dawnstar exclaimed.
"My first to interface? No, I had interfaced before." Sideswipe scratched his nape, not entirely comfortable with this topic being discussed in front of Dawnstar.
"Who was your first?"
"A femme I knew. We were close until she left me."

"Reason being?"

"Just wasn't working out."

"Anyone else?"

"Yeah, another femme I hooked up with. That relationship lasted for a while before I was the one who ended it. Wasn't working out either."

"Why did these relationships not work out?" Starscream inquired as he sipped his energon.

"Things changed. We changed. I was really young back then."

"So, back to my original inquiry: What is your highest number?"

"I have no idea what you mean by that."

"How many femmes have you berthed at once."

"DAD!"

"Silence. This is important slag."

"Only one at a time, man!" Sideswipe exclaimed. "What do you take me for?! A pimp?!"

"I've met many a pimp. You are nothing like one." He paused. "So you have never been in a brothel?"

"Never."

"Well, that is certainly changing." Starscream said almost to himself before taking another sip.

"Why do you care about how many femmes I've berthed at once?" Sideswipe demanded.

Starscream studied him for a moment before speaking. "Because it informs me how you view femmes. Do you see them as individuals worthy of love, or simply something to use? I have berthed twenty femmes at once before. I always average ten or above when I used to frequent the whorehouses. I used to view femmes as something simply for my pleasure and use. I don't anymore… And I want my daughter to find a mech that is not like me. Not someone who enslaves a femme to be his personal berth warmer."

"Why do you want me to go to a brothel still?"

"Just for a treat before you make any type of commitment. Once joined, you can't go berthing whores anymore. Might as well frag as many as you can while you're still free." He smirked.

"But, that would be using those femmes. I thought you said you were against using femmes?"

"Yes, but they still need to make Shanix somehow. And I don't hurt them. If we were in Kaon I would take you to be serviced by this one whore, Amethyst. She is great. Very well trained and has an amazing valve."

Dawnstar swallowed, looking away from her sire. Starscream didn't notice.
"You're sick." Sideswipe grunted.

"Spoils of war. And even if you don't want to frag them, at least go to see them perform. Get some great views of fine valves. Not to mention afts."

"Breast plates." Skywarp piped up.

"Afts." Starscream grunted.

"Breast plates are better."

"No, afts are. Those you can slap."

"Can I slap yours?" Skywarp giggled.

Starscream smirked as he turned to his trinamate. "Maybe."

"Alright, just stop!" Dawnstar said quickly. "Uncle 'Warp, stop looking at my dad like that!"

"But, Dawnie! I wanna turn him over my knee and beat the slag out of that aft of his! Then frag him senseless." Skywarp said it as if he could barely control himself.

"New rule: No talking about fragging each other while holding my son." She said as she crossed her arms.

Starscream handed Starstreak back to her. Dawnstar's wings lowered in frustration.

"You were saying, 'Warp." The Air Commander purred.

"I'm gonna sling you over my knee and use a coiled cable on that pert, red aft of yours until you scream. And I'm gonna keep beating it. Then, I'm gonna kiss you as I pin you to the berth and frag the slag out of you. Then I'm gonna beat your aft again with a paddle and finish you off by fragging you again."

"Sounds painful and completely dominating." Starscream whispered erotically. "Are we doing this at your place or mine, handsome?"

Skywarp laughed insanely. "Yours of course! Think I wanna make a mess of my place?!"

"I volunteer for helping to hold him down." Thundercracker said quickly. "I also insist on helping with the paddling."

Skywarp giggled again. "Sexy turbofox wanna go now?"

"Sexy, ferocious turbofox wants to go when he is done with the interview." Starscream replied.

"Aw, come on! I can't wait any longer! I wanna hit it!"

"Are you into bondage, Sideswipe?" Starscream suddenly asked him.

"Uhhhhhh..." Sideswipe managed to stutter.

"I shall take that as a 'no.' Which is good since I rather not have my daughter be chained to a berth and beaten."

"Dad, you're being embarrassing." Dawnstar said exasperatedly.
"You have not even seen me be embarrassing." He muttered.

"You are being very embarrassing and I would like you to stop. Like, seriously."

"Tone, femme. Do not speak to me like that."

"Shut your whore mouth. You're the one being an aft." She snapped.

He just smirked. "You know, you really should be nice to the one who cleaned out your waste tank when you were a sparkling. Your carrier never did it once. She always disappeared when it was time and there I was, Second in Command of the Decepticons, cleaning out your tiny waste tank. And let me tell you this: You were one stinky sparkling."

"DAD!"

"Told you I could be more embarrassing." He chuckled.

"That's not funny."

"I thought it was hysterical. Sideswipe, want to hear more sparkling stories about her? One time this femmling mhhmhrgh-" He mumbled when Dawnstar covered his mouth with her servo.

"Stop it, dad!"

Starscream mumbled something more before sticking out his glossa and licking his daughter's servo. She jerked it away and quickly wiped it against his chest piece.

"EW! Dad! You're disgusting!" She exclaimed as she tried to clean her servo.

"Don't do that to me, then."

"Slagger."

"Hellion."

"You sure about this relationship?" Sunstreaker whispered to Sideswipe.

"I have no idea..." Sideswipe said slowly.

"Go frag yourself." Dawnstar snapped.

"Maybe I will." Starscream replied as he sipped his energon. "Maybe I'll have my trinemates frag me."

"Ugh, dad..."

"Ugh, Dawn..."

"Bully."

"Infidel."

"Jerk."

"Philistine."

"Fatty."
"Big mouth."
"Dumb, ol' slagger."
"Young miscreant."
"Bolts for a processor."
"Delinquent that for some reason I love." Starscream grunted.
Dawnstar smiled. "Aftelm daddy that is somehow the greatest."
"Damn right."
Dawnstar leaned over and kissed his cheekplates. He kissed her brow as he wrapped an arm over her shoulder and held her close.

Skyfire walked over to them as he had just entered the room. Starscream's wings perked when he heard the loud clanging of the shuttle's peds.
"Sky!" He smiled as he looked up at the shuttle. "What are you up to?"
"Just came to see what you're doing, love." Skyfire said before leaning down and kissing Starscream on the lip plates.
"Wanna do something later?"
Starscream smiled. "Hell yeah. Wanna frag?"
"Maybe we'll get to that." He kissed the perfect lip plates again. "I rather just be with you and hangout."
"Alright. when you want to go do something?"
"How about right now?" Skyfire smiled before kissing his lover again.
"I can do that." He then turned to Skywarp and Thundercracker. "You two slaggers are dismissed. I'll see you later."
"I thought I was gonna beat you aft." Skywarp pouted.
"Maybe later tonight." He then turned to Dawnstar. "Sunstorm will be with you shortly."
"I don't need a guard." Dawnstar grunted.
"You do. At least I heeded your petition and got him."
"I do like Sunstorm. He's funny." She smiled.
"Yes, well, I question some things about him." Starscream grumbled as he stood. "Comm. me if you need anything, princess." He said before kissing her brow.
"Roger that, dadster."
Starscream took Skyfire's servo and the two walked away. Thundercracker looked up once they
had left the Rec Room.

"Well, I would say that it was 'fun,' but then I would be lying." He stood up. "Come on 'Warp. Let's go for a flight."

"Okie dokey!" Skywarp giggled as he leaped to his peds and walked beside his trinmate.

Dawnstar turned to the twins. "So, what you guys wanna do?"

"What do you wanna do?" Sideswipe asked as he smirked.

"Well, anything that Sunstorm will allow us to do." She grumbled as she looked over to where the golden Seeker was with his trinmates on the far side of the Rec Room.

"Is he a grouch like that Contrail was?"

"No, he's just weird. Awesome, but weird. Hey, Sunstorm! You're on duty!" She called to him before turning back to Sideswipe. "You'll see."

Sunstorm skipped over, a smile on his handsome faceplates. He stopped beside Dawnstar and quickly saluted her as he stood at attention.

"At ease." Dawnstar said with a wave of her servo.

"Hey, femme friend! So, like, what are we going to do today?" He smiled as his wings fluttered.

"Don't know." She shrugged. "Sides? Anything to do around here?"

"Uh, wanna go for a walk?" He said as he scratched his nape.

"Alright, we can do that." She smiled as she stood up.

"Want me to hold Starstreak, ma'am? Don't want your arms getting tired." Sunstorm said quickly.

"Sure, why not." She grunted as she handed Starstreak over.

Sunstorm squealed excitedly as he accepted the Seekerlet, his wings fluttering. Sideswipe raised an optical ridge as he stood. Sunstreaker just seemed annoyed by the fact everyone existed.

"Come on, handsome." Dawnstar said as she held the crook of Sideswipe's arm and walked away with him, Sunstorm following.

"Sunny, you coming?" Sideswipe called to his brother.

Sunstreaker's optics narrowed. He vented a sigh before speaking. "I suppose so." He grunted as he stood and followed.

Starscream flew beside Skyfire, the two just relaxing and taking their time, letting the silence do all the talking. They were just enjoying each other's company and close proximity. Starscream's wings would wiggle every so often from his simple joy.

Their wing tips were touching, Starscream's powerful engines sounding more like a deep purr than thunderous growl. Skyfire just wanted to transform and tightly hug that Seeker until he popped. Well, maybe not until then, but pretty close to it.
Skyfire banked and led Starscream to the top of a specific tower. The Air Commander stayed right beside him, aileron rolling once every so often.

The Autobot transformed, the Decepticon right behind him, and landed on the roof. He took Starscream's servo in his and led the Air Commander across it, passing my the hut-like structure that concealed the stairway. Once on the other side, Skyfire stopped and looked down at his lover. Starscream's wings raised, optics widening some.

"Is that-?" The tri colored Seeker started.

"Just thought we have some time to ourselves away from everyone else." Skyfire smiled.

Starscream kept looking at the table set for two, candles burning on top of it, a bottle of engex, energon goodies, and even a soft energon cake. The table had a cloth, the chairs were rust free, and there was even a glass vase with flower-like crystals.

"This is for me?" Starscream said softly, taking a cautious step forward.

"Anything for my Star." Skyfire smiled.

Starscream swallowed, tracing a digit along the edge of the table as if to make sure it was real. "No one has ever done this for me." He said in almost a whisper.

"I'll do it anytime for you." Skyfire said before kissing Starscream on the lip plates.

Starscream sheepishly smiled as he quickly looked down. Skyfire lifted the Seeker's chin and kissed him on the lip plates again.

"I love you, Star." He said in almost a whisper.

"Love you too, Sky." Starscream said quietly, his wings fluttering.

"How about I get you some energon cake?"

"Trying to fatten me up?" Starscream giggled.

"You are very skinny."

"As long as it doesn't go to my aft." 

Skyfire kissed him again. "Which chair to you want to sit in?"

"Whichever one faces you." He broadly smiled.

"You're so cute. Take a seat and I will get you something."

Starscream obeyed the command and sat on a chair, his wings fluttering so much that they struck the back of the chair hard enough to leave paint marks. Skyfire cut a slice of the energon cake and kneeled beside Starscream.

"Nooo…" Starscream giggled when Skyfire held the cake slice to his faceplates.

"I'm going to servo feed it to you whether you like it or not." Skyfire smiled.

"Such a demanding one." The Seeker grinned.
The Autobot held the cake slice to the Decepticon's faceplates, the latter having to take a moment to stop his giggling. The jet finally managed to open his mouth and take a bite of the proffered goodie, his giggling starting back up. He placed a servo over his mouth to hide it while he tried to chew despite the laughter taking over him. When he finally swallowed, he removed his servo and took another bite, only to repeat the process of hiding his mouth.

Skyfire just smiled, chuckling at the adorableness of the Air Commander. It was so hard to believe that this mech had killed so many or had raped innocent femmes.

When Starscream took the last bite Skyfire leaned forward and kissed him on the lip plates. Starscream mumbled something before pushing Skyfire away.

"I'm trying to chew here!" He giggled.

"And I'm trying to kiss you." Skyfire smiled before capturing the Seeker's lip plates again in a kiss.

Starscream's wings fluttered, a servo holding Skyfire's mandible. Skyfire pulled away and poured some of the high grade into a fancy glass. He held it to Starscream's lip plates and allowed the Seeker to slowly drink some. He noticed Starscream hesitated before doing so, a flash of fear crossing those blood red optics, but the Seeker pushed the horrible memories aside and focused on the present. Focused on his mech-friend and their little date.

When he had finished, Skyfire kissed the Decepticon once again on the lip plates, tasting the sweet engex.

"My turn." Starscream smiled as he shoved the Autobot away. "Sit down!"

Skyfire grinned as he did as commanded. Starscream stood and cut a slice of energon cake himself before approaching the shuttle. He climbed onto Skyfire's lap, straddling his legs, his faceplate's in the Autobot's. The Seeker sexily smirked as he held the cake slice to Skyfire's mouth and allowed him to take a bite, the two giggling.

When Skyfire had taken the last bite, Starscream kissed his lip plates, wings fluttering. Skyfire reached over and took the glass of engex, handing it to Starscream. The Seeker held it to his lover's lip plates and allowed him to drink. Once finishing it, he kissed him again.

"I love you." Starscream said softly, cuddling into the large chassis.

"Love you too, Star." Skyfire said as he hugged him. "But this night isn't over yet."

"Oh?" He asked as he looked up into those large, gentle, blue optics.

"No, we still need to finish refueling. And once we do, I thought we would go for another flight. Burn off some of the energon goodies."

Starscream smiled. "I thought you said I was too skinny? Shouldn't I try to keep the energon goodies on me?"

"Only if they go to your aft." Skyfire said as he gave the Seeker a loving pat on the rear end.

"Where would we fly to? The sun is beginning to set."

"You'll see." Skyfire smiled before kissing the Decepticon again.

After they had finishing eating their goodies and drinking high grade, Skyfire led Starscream off,
the two flying side by side. It didn't take them long to reach their destination, the sun now almost past the horizon.

Skyfire transformed and landed in the street beside an old building, Starscream right beside him. The Seeker curiously cocked his helm, but didn't say anything. Skyfire took his servo and led him inside, their clacking peds the only sound.

"What's this, Sky?" Starscream inquired as he walked into a dark room, the door shutting behind them.

"Ah, nothing special." Skyfire said before turning on the lights.

The room lit up to reveal an empty space, some furniture in the corners, and what appeared to be an old dance floor. Starscream started to explore, looking curiously about as Skyfire messed with something at a table.

Starscream's wings raised when music started to play from speakers scattered on the walls. The lights changed, dimming so only the dance floor was lit, various colored beams moving about in rhythm.

Starscream looked back at Skyfire, who held his large servo out to the Decepticon.

"May I have this dance?"
Starscream smiled. "As long as you don't step on my peds." He giggled.

Skyfire grinned, leading his lover to the stage before placing a servo on the thin waist. They slowly danced, circling around and just enjoying each other's presence.

"I remember this song. Played back during our Academy cycle. Wasn't this the same one that played during that party or whatever?" Starscream said.

"Yeah, it played for the graduation dance."

"I remember that." Starscream paused. "We danced during that, too. And you stepped on my ped."

"I'm still sorry about that."

"Ancient history. Besides, newer technology has made my thrusters not so sensitive."

Skyfire leaned down and kissed Starscream's brow. The Seeker's wings fluttered, his optics offlining. Skyfire took a step back and led Starscream into a slow twirl, making the Seeker giggle.

"Again." Starscream smiled.

Skyfire did so, grinning so broadly. Starscream rested his held against the warm chassis of his lover, just enjoying the slow dance.

"I think I'm going to give you a harder spin." Skyfire said.

"Just don't fling me into the wall." Starscream instructed with a smile.

Skyfire gave the Seeker a hard spin, almost making him lose balance and fall, but he caught a blue servo and quickly pulled him back. Starscream stumbled back, stopping when he saw Skyfire down on one knee. The large servo held the smaller one, blue optics locked on red.
"Starscream," Skyfire said softly. "I can't tell you how long I've waited to ask you this. How much you mean to me and how much I love you. You are my everything, Starscream, and if not for that expedition I would have been on my knee a lot sooner." He paused, just looking into those soft, blood red optics. "Starscream, my love of my life, would you make me the happiest mech in the universe and join with me as Conjuges Endurae?"

Starscream's wings lowered, coolant beginning to pour from his optics. He softly sobbed, trembling all over from his emotions. He opened his mouth to say something, but only sobs escaped. He wiped coolant away with his free servo, still unable to stop crying. He nodded his helm quickly as his answer, trying to control himself.

Skyfire smiled, some coolant leaking from his optics as well. He stood up, kissed Starscream on the lip plates, then hugged him close.

"I love you, Starscream." Skyfire said softly.

"I luh-love y-you too, Sky" Starscream managed between sobs, clinging tightly to Skyfire.

Skyfire slowly rocked Starscream from side to side, just holding him close. Starscream finally managed to calm down enough that he had stopped sobbing. He looked up at Skyfire, static in his optics and a smile on those handsome faceplates.

"You stupid moron. You made me cry." He said as he wiped coolant away.

"I hope I make you cry like that for many vorns to come." Skyfire smiled.

"You're going to make me lose my terrifying public image. I'm a monster, remember? Not a pansy."

"You're not a monster, Star. You are the most beautiful, special, incredible, amazing, awesome, and downright gorgeous mech I've ever had the privilege to meet. And soon will have the honor of joining with."

"Stop it! You're making me cry again." He wiped fresh coolant tears away. "Ugh, look at me. I'm an overly emotional wreck right now all because you are such a fragging awesome aftelm that for some strange reason I am hopelessly in love with. Dammit, why do you have to be so slagging amazing?"

"I try for you, my love."

"How about we just shut up and finish our dance?"

Skyfire smiled. "As you wish."

Thundercracker and Skywarp were in their room, the blue Seeker playing a videogame at his computer while Skywarp played a game on a datapad. The black Seeker was on his abdominal plates while he lied on the berth, his peds in the air and crossed at the ankle. His glossa stuck out as he tried to figure out what needed to be done to move onto the next level. Thundercracker glared at the vid screen, pressing many keys quickly as he massed his virtual forces and sent them into a very likely suicidal run.

The door swooshed open and their trineleader rushed in, more enthusiastic and energetic than usual.
"Guys! Guess what?! Guess what happened!?!" He exclaimed, a smile much too large for his faceplates covering his dark visage.

"You have a long lost twin brother that you never even knew existed and you ran into him in the most unlikely of circumstances and now realize that you are the chosen one from some ancient prophecy and shall become the ultimate ruler of Cybertron and the entire universe, that you shall rule with an iron fist, amass a harem of the hottest femmes to be your personal interface slaves, mount Megatron's helm on a spike, make the Prime your space monkey pet, and Prowl your jester all the while you sit on your golden throne with me and TC being your right servo?" Skywarp said.

"Not exactly." Starscream replied with a quick jab of a digit at his strange brother.

"Was I close?"

"After I find my long lost twin brother I'll let you know. No, even better!" His fists shook from excitement as he bounced on his peds, barely containing himself. "Skyfire proposed to me! I'm joining with Skyfire!"

There was not an immediate response from his trinomates. Skywarp finally smiled as he sat up. He slid off the berth and hugged his exuberant trineleader.

"I'm happy for you, Scree." He said as he squeezed him. "I'm glad you are so happy."

"Thanks, 'Warp. I am so excited! Look at me shaking! Primus, I've wanted to be with him for so long." Starscream said, his wings fluttering.

Thundercracker finally stood up and walked over. Skywarp stepped aside and allowed the blue Seeker to hug the Air Commander.

"It's good to see you so happy, Star." He said softly as he tightly held his trineleader.

"Are you not happy for me?" Starscream asked slowly.

"You know I'm still iffy about him. Just old trust issues. But, if you trust him and want to be with him, I'll be by your side a hundred percent. Your happiness is all that counts." He kissed Starscream's brow. "So, when will the big orbital cycle be?"

"Haven't made the plans yet. I must speak with the Prime about that since he's in control around here. But, you should have seen what Sky did for me." His wings fluttered as his smile grew. "He had a table set just for the two of us with candles and energon cake, and lots of energon goodies. And after that he took me dancing. And it was while we were dancing that he proposed. Primus, I was so happy I couldn't even speak. I was just crying like some sparkling trying to tell him that I loved him and-and wanted to join with him." He snuggled against Thundercracker, his wings fluttering. "I'm really happy, TC. I haven't been so happy since before Moonstar deactivated. Dammit, now I want to cry from sadness."

Thundercracker vented a sigh. "I know it's still hard, Star. I miss her too." He lifted Starscream helm by the chin and just looked at those vibrant, wild optics, faintly smiling at him. The blue Seeker kissed his trineleader's brow for a lingering moment before speaking. "I love you, Star. I'll always be here for you. Me and 'Warp. And on your big orbital cycle, I'll be beside you. And this time I will do a better job about not crying my optics out."

"You can cry them out. I won't poke fun."

"Hmm, you may not, but those Autobots may." He kissed Starscream on the lip plates. "Well,
whenever the event shall be, you will require a new paint job. Look at you. You're chipping at places."

"Well, if you didn't frag me so hard…"

"I'm fragging you extra hard tonight. Besides, you owe me and 'Warp."

"What do I owe you?"

"Earlier, you said we could beat your aft. And since last time you came to us with this type of news, I think it is only fair to keep to tradition."

"No, you better not give me a lash for every orbital cycle I've been with Sky. You'd be hitting me for vorns!"

"No, I think we will just beat that perfect aft until you can't feel anything down there." He kissed him again. "Ever again."

"Using a coiled cable again?"

"Well, since we did that last time, I think it would only be fair."

"As long as we get noise complaints." Starscream smiled.

"We will get all of them." He kissed Starscream again. "Come on, let's get you tied to the berth."

"Ugh… You guys suck."

"That's an extra paddlin'!" Skywarp giggled.

"Primus…"

Skyfire ran into the lab, startling the engineer who still stubbornly worked on his new project.

"Wheeljack!" The shuttle exclaimed excitedly.

"What? Can't you see I'm busy here?" Wheeljack grunted. "I am working late, about to fall into recharge at my desk only for Ratchet or someone else to come wake me up and make me go to my room and get proper recharge. This is a nightly routine you should be aware of."

"'Jack, I proposed!" Skyfire shouted, ignoring the previous statement.

"Oh, ho ho! And what did the Seeker say?" Wheeljack was suddenly very interested.

"He said 'yes!' 'Jack, Starscream and I are going to join! We are going to be Conjuges Endurae!" He was practically bouncing on his peds from his excitement.

"Calm down, Sky. You're going to blow your cosmitron or something out!" He teased.

"I can't calm down! Oh, you should have seen him, Wheeljack. I-I took him dancing and that's how I proposed to him. He was so happy that he started to cry and just couldn't talk. I've never seen him like that." He paused, just smiling as he twirled himself around on a single ped. "He's so beautiful, Wheeljack. I just… Primus, I can't believe I'm going to join with such a gorgeous, perfect mech like him."
"Decided on when the ceremony will be?"

"Star said he'll talk to Optimus about it, but I'm tagging along." He was silent for a moment. "I need to write my vows. Are you good with romantic stuff like that?"

"Do not ask me. Go back to Jazz. He'll probably be good at that sort of thing too."

Starscream palmed open a door the next morning, his aft still sore after his trinemates' treatment last night. He marched inside, crossed his arm, and raised his wings.

"Creation." He grunted.

"Sire." Dawnstar said grumpily back as she wiped Starstreak's faceplates clean after he had finished nursing.

"I have information that is of great consequence to you." He continued in the same tone.

"Speak if it is truly worth my time." She said still not looking at him.

"A significant event played out the previous night. One that shall forever change certain… views, relationships, and behaviors. Positive changes, to be correct. Nothing detrimental or terrible."

"Enough riddles. Just spit it out, Air Commander."

"Last night, I was asked a very serious question, and I answered it." He said slowly.

Dawnstar looked up at him. "Such as?"

"I am joining with Skyfire as Conjuges Endurae." He smiled. "And I'm very happy about it."

Dawnstar swallowed. "Just like that?" She asked in almost a whisper.

"What do you mean, princess?"

"Just like that you forget about mom and join with someone else?"

"I have not forgotten her, Dawnstar." He vented a sigh before walking over and sitting beside her on the berth. "Dawn, I still love your carrier very much. I wish she was here. I wish I was still joined with her… But she isn't. I still haven't completely moved on. I still mourn over her, and I look at her pictures every orbital cycle. I just… I've always loved Skyfire as well, and now can finally be with him." He paused to study her faceplates before taking her servo in his. "Sweetie, this won't change anything between us. I still love you and will always be here for you and Starstreak. And you can continue calling Skyfire by his designation. I just… I can't be alone. And I think Sky and I have always been meant to be together. Princess, don't cry."

"I just really miss mom." She said softly as she wiped coolant tears from her optics. "And it just feels like you are trying to forget about her."

"I am not. I could never forget about that femme. She was incredible and she changed me. She made me who I am now. And she gave me the most beautiful, perfect creation I never knew I wanted. That I needed in my life." He lifted her chin up and kissed her brow. "I know it's hard, princess. I know all of this drama just sucks. But, sometimes we need change to help us get through the slag. You have Starstreak and Sideswipe, and I have Skyfire. Those changes help us to keep going. To hold on to and to hope that everything will just get better."
Dawnstar nodded her helm slowly, looking away from him. Starscream looked down at little Starstreak chewing his tiny fist. The Seekerlet smiled best he could at his grandsire, his wing stubs wiggling. Starscream smiled back at him, eliciting a gurgled giggle. Dawnstar held her creation a little closer and kissed his silver brow.

"Okay," She said softly. "I just… This is all so new and weird to me."

"I know." He vented a sigh. "I'm joining with another Autobot. Me, an 'evil' Decepticon joining with two Autobots. Ironic, isn't it? And you have your own Autobot."

"I'm not a Decepticon. I never took the oath." She said quietly.

"And I'm glad you didn't."

She looked up at him. "Why?"

"Because than the DJD can't come after you unless they are specifically ordered by Megatron to. Which I doubt he would do right now. He just wants me." He paused. "Well, enough about that slag. I have to go talk to the Prime." He kissed her brow. "Need anything from me, princess?"

"Wanna sparkling sit?" She smiled faintly.

"Hell yeah. Can I start now?"

"He just refueled, but still needs a bath. He'll have to refuel again in two joors."

"I recall the procedure." He said as he took Starstreak from her. "You know, when you were this age you acted very similar. Same little habits and everything."

"Can you clean out his waste tank to?" She smiled.

Starscream made a face. "I did that plenty for you. I think it's time for revenge and have you do it."

"But, you have trained experience, dad."

"Forced experience. Moonstar forced me to do it."

"And now I'm forcing you." She kissed his cheekplates. "I'm going to hang out with Sideswipe and do some flying."

"Who do you want to be your guard?"

"Ugh, dad…"

"Ugh, Dawn…"

"Can I see the schedule?"

Starscream unsubspaced a datapad and handed it to her. She flipped through it until she found what she was looking for and read through it.

"Slipstream is free."

"I will comm. her immediately." Starscream said as he accepted the datapad and subspaced it.

"Love you, daddy." Dawnstar said as she kissed him on the cheekplates.
"Sure you do." He grunted.

"I do." She stood up. "I'll see you in a couple of joors to take care of my son."

"He's currently in my custody so go away." Starscream snapped as he held Starstreak closer.

"Mhmm, seeya, dadster."

Starscream watched her walk out of her room and leave him behind. He flicked a rude Vosian hand gesture at the closed door before turning back to Starstreak.

"'Clean out his waste tank, blah blah blah.'" He said with a very bad impersonation of her vocalizer. "Why are femmes so demanding, Starstreak? Huh? Answer me this."

Starstreak just chewed his digits, his red optics curiously watching his grandsire. Starscream placed the Seekerlet on the berth, lying on his back. Then, the Air Commander started to remove some abdominal plates. Starstreak just looked around, not really interested in the usual routine despite someone else doing it. Starscream finished removing the plates before jerking his helm away very quickly.

"Oh, sweet-holy-Primus-on-a-scooter! Oh, you stink as bad as she did. Oh, nasty!" He slowly looked back at the Seekerlet who hadn't moved, looking so innocent as he chewed his fist. "I don't get paid enough for this slag. Damn, I don't get paid at all. Heesh, oh, Primus, if you're real, I will take back half of all the nasty things I've ever said to anyone if you let me live through this." He unsubspaced a cloth and started to gently, and carefully, clean out the little one's waste tank. "Seventy-five percent of the nasty things! Oh, there is no way I was this smelly when I was a sparkling. Definitely from Moonstar's side. Dammit, I thought being Megatron's interface slave was punishment enough for all of my sins. Primus, you are the most vile of deities if you are even real."

Starstreak just watched his grandsire curiously, not sure why he was acting so strange.

Skyfire waited outside of the Prime's office until Starscream arrived. The Air Commander carried his grandson on a hip, his optics narrowed and not looking too thrilled.

"Uh, sweetie, what's wrong?" Skyfire inquired when he was beside him.

"When Dawnstar was this age she loved getting baths. Never gave me any trouble. But this one… It felt like I was wrestling a turbofox into the bathtub. And the screaming… He just now finally ceased his crying. At least I got a bath as well in the process." He grumbled.

"You gonna be alright speaking to Optimus?"

"I'll be fine. I just hope that the next one she pops out likes baths."

"Well, he's waiting for us. Better get going."

"Yes, yes, of course." Starscream said as he palmed open the door and entered. "Greetings, Prime. Apologies for my tardiness."

"It's quite alright, Starscream." Optimus said as he said at his desk. "Please, take a seat."

The Seeker and shuttle did so, Starscream placing Starstreak on his lap. Starstreak looked up at his grandsire before curiously grabbing at the Seeker's outer cooling fans and playing with the blades.
"So, what was it you wished to speak to me about?" Optimus inquired.

"It's nothing that would be detrimental to you or your cause, that I can assure you." Starscream said quickly. "It's actually is a positive step in the right direction for-"

"Starscream, he won't be mad." Skyfire said gently as he placed a servo onto his mate's shoulder. "Just tell him straight out."

Starscream regarded Skyfire for a moment before swallowing. "Skyfire and I wish to become Conjuges Endurae. We ask when might the ceremony best be arranged for."

Optimus was silent for a moment. "Congrats, you two. I'm very happy for you and hope you have a long, happy life together."

Starscream smiled sheepishly as he looked down at his grandcreation.

"Thanks, Optimus." Skyfire smiled as he patted Starscream's shoulder.

"How soon would you want to join?" The Prime asked.

"As soon as possible."

"Prowl would be better to speak to for an exact date and time, but I approve of this joining and so you may proceed."

"Just like that?" Starscream asked softly. "We don't have to do anything else?"

"You two clearly love each other and I support it. Who am I to judge who shall be allowed to join with whom?" Optimus said, clearly smiling beneath his battlemask.

Starscream swallowed. "You sure? I don't have to… You aren't going to demand anything? I-I mean… I apologize, Prime. I just-"

"It's alright, Starscream. I understand you are still recovering from everything. Go speak to Prowl and have a time set up."

Starscream vented a small sigh as he adjusted Starstreak on his lap. The little one grabbed at his grandsire's olfactory sensor, giggling when he jerked his helm away.

"Thanks, Optimus." Skyfire said as he stood, Starscream following his example.

"No need to thank. I look forward to the ceremony." The Prime said.

The flyers exited the office, allowing the Prime to return to his game of Hearts on his computer.

"And what do you want?" Prowl inquired as he worked at his desk, not looking up at the new arrivals.

"Still want a go with a Seeker?"

Prowl put down his datapad and gave Starscream a hard look. Starscream just smirked.

"If that is all, you can leave."

"Prowl, he didn't mean it." Skyfire said quickly.
"Ahhhhhhblesh!" Starstreak squealed as he shook the toy he had been given.

"Such language." Starscream smiled at the little one before kissing the tiny helm.

"If it can't remain silent it can wait outside." Prowl said firmly.

"Then go outside." Starscream snapped at Prowl.

"Stop it. Right now." Skyfire said quickly and angrily. "Prowl, sir, Starscream and I are joining as Conjuges Endurae. We already have Optimus' permission to proceed. We just need you to help schedule a date and time to have the ceremony. Star and I will handle everything else."

"And don't schedule it too far off." Starscream piped up. "As Seeker culture dictates, I can't interface with him again until after the ceremony to make our consummating that much more special."

"So you simply wish to waste everyone's time and resources to be bound in matrimony? Lovely." Prowl sarcastically said in his monotone vocalizer.

"You seriously need to get laid."

"Star, stop it." Skyfire ordered.

"Starscream, you can leave my office and I will discuss everything with Skyfire." Prowl intoned.

"No." Starscream said with narrowed optics.

"The best time, and soonest, is in nine orbital cycles."

"That's fine." Skyfire said before Starscream could say anything.

"We need high grade." Starscream said as he looked at Starstreak.

"We'll see."

"So is the date set because I'm bored. Sky, wanna go cause trouble somewhere? And my hellion should be hunting me down in a breem."

"Everything is set. You may leave now." Prowl informed.

"Great." Starscream stood up with Starstreak in his arms. "Come, Sky, let's go see if we can annoy my slagging creation some."

"Uh, coming love." Skyfire said as he got up. "Thanks, Prowl."

"I am just thankful he cannot breed." Prowl said in that unemotional vocalizer of his.

Skyfire's optics narrowed, but he remained silent. He left with his mate, closing the door behind him. Starscream was tossing Starstreak in the air and catching him as he squealed with joy. The Air Commander brought his grandcreation's faceplates to his own and nuzzled olfactory sensors, smiling broadly.

Skyfire vented a small sigh before speaking. "Star, love?"

"Yeah?" Starscream asked as he looked back at him, holding the Seekerlet against him.
"Have you thought about seeing Rung?"

Starscream's wings lowered. "Are you sure it really would help?" He asked softly.

"Yeah, it will. Rung has helped a lot of people. Red Alert, Bluestreak… He'll help you get through the nightmares, anxiety, the flashbacks, everything. He's really nice, Star. I've talked to him in passing and he is very calm and patient. You'd like him."

"I don't like anyone. Except for you and my Seekers."

"You know what I mean. Please, Star? Just give it a try and if you aren't comfortable, you can just stop."

Starscream vented a sigh as he looked down at Starstreak. "I suppose so. But you have to recharge with me tonight."

"I thought you said no interfacing until after-"

"I never said anything about fragging. I just want you to hold me as I recharge. To just be there."

"Alright, love. I'll recharge with you."

Starscream smiled as he looked up at his mate. "And I'm going to have the Constructicons make my quarters larger so that you can move in with me and my trinemates once we are joined. Then you won't have to live in those less than satisfying rooms the Autobots assigned you. Plus, you get a private washrack and we can all cuddle every night."

"Demanding little one, aren't you." Skyfire said before leaning down and kissing Starscream on the lip plates.

"You know it."

"I love you."

"Better. This ceremony means I have to get a new paintjob and spends joors getting everything organized, and prepared, and to figure out-mmmghgrrrgh."

Skyfire silenced his beloved with a kiss, holding him close. Starstreak reached up and grabbed at their cheekplates, slapping Starscream's faceplates. The Seeker smiled, trying to continue kissing as he raised a servo to block the tiny blows. Starstreak loudly squealed, trying to use his toy against his grandsire as he giggled.

"You know, all this screaming and attempts on my life with this little punk just makes me want another one." Starscream said softly as he hugged Starstreak closer. "And for them to never grow up."

"You are so precious, Star." Skyfire said in almost a whisper.

"I try. I mean, look at me. I'm fabulous."

"So fabulous."

Starstreak squealed again when the two lovers once again locked lip plates and passionately kissed.

Skyfire wasn't even given an angry glare from Starscream's trinemates when he came over with the
Air Commander. The two Seekers simply glanced at him and pretty much ignored him. They didn't necessarily greet him, and never said more than what was needed to be said to him. They concentrated on loving on their trineleader, and chatting as if the Autobot didn't even exist.

It was progress. At least they weren't threatening him or holding energon knives to his neck.

Now, Skyfire was on the berth with them, an arm slung over all three of the Seekers who tightly cuddled against each other. Skywarp facing Starscream, and Thundercracker holding Starscream by the waist. The blue Seeker's back was pressed against Skyfire's front, the shuttle only able to see Skywarp's visage.

As with every night, he onlined in the darkness to see Starscream jerking, crying, and trembling in his recharge; the horrible nightmares always returning. Thundercracker and Skywarp were whispering to each other, upset by how Starscream could never get a peaceful night's recharge.

"He's leaking trans fluid on me." Skywarp whispered.

"I know. I'm getting some on me too." Thundercracker whispered back. "Don't online him. Let him rest."

"Did you see he cut himself the other orbital cycle?"

Skyfire's optics widened some, listening in to the gossip.

"Hook commed me after he repaired him. But I didn't actually see it."

"It was bad. He got a scalpel from medbay and used it." Skywarp swallowed. "He wrote on his arm."

"What did he write?"

"'Worthless.' He was starting to write something more when I caught him. He started to cry before I warped him to medbay."

"Has he done anything to… Primus… End it?"

"I haven't seen or heard. But I think he still thinks about it."

"I do too."

"TC?"

"Yes?"

"Why won't he get better? Dawn is back and she has a sparkling. He even is going to join that shuttle that he likes, but he's still so… Why?" Skywarp's optics started to fill with static.

"I know, 'Warp. I think more happened to him with Megatron than he cares to tell us. And I mean more than what just happened with the raping. I think things were going on for the entirety of the war that have really messed him up." He paused. "Is he muttering it again?"

"Yeah."

"Kiss him. It worked last time."

Skywarp nodded his helm before very carefully kissing Starscream on the lip plates. It took a bit,
but Starscream started to calm down, not trembling so hard or mumbling. Thundercracker held him a little closer, kissing his trineleader's nape.

"Love you, Starscream. Love you so much." Thundercracker said softly into the Air Commander's audio receptor.

"You need to be happy, Scree. You are joining with the mech you love, you have Dawnie back, and a grandson. Please, stop being sad. Stop hurting yourself. You're breaking my spark." Skywarp whispered to Starscream.

"We'll get him better, 'Warp. Don't worry. Star is strong. He'll pull through."

Skywarp was silent for a moment. "He's online."

"Star?"

"Skyfire."

"Am I not supposed to be?" Skyfire whispered to them a little annoyed.

"No, it's fine." Thundercracker said as he held Starscream tighter. "You're his mate now, so, you'll learn these things anyway."

"I'm trying my best to get him better. I hate seeing him like this as well."

"He feels really hot." Skywarp said as he wiped away some coolant tears.

"Yeah, I know." Thundercracker whispered.

"Should we online him?"

"He's not overheating yet. Just try to let him get some rest. If we online him he won't fall back into recharge."

"Scree, please stop. Just recharge. No more nightmares."

Skyfire softly sighed. He pulled the Seekers a little closer to him, wishing there was more he could do. Starscream would see Rung and get the help he needed, and soon they would be joined. Thinks could only go up hill. Surely nothing could get worse, right?

Damn, he shouldn't think that. That usually meant that things would get worse…

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Chapter End Notes

Skywarp's mention about being "The Chosen One" and a prophecy is another hint at the IDW G1 comic books. :P

Yay! Sky and Star are gonna get together! Things couldn't possibly get worse for our Screamer, right? Well, knowing me something bad will happen... I promise it
won't be long lasting!

Honestly, writing romantic stuff is almost sickening to me... Why am I torturing myself like this?! Well, hope ya'll thought it was cute. :P

Poor Sideswipe...

People have been leaving fewer reviews lately. This makes me sad. :( I wanna know what you think! I need support here! Especially if you want me to, potentially, write another fanfic not associated to this storyline arc. :P Or draw more art for this fic. Ugh, so much to draw and write... So little time...
"I feel as if I'm being led to slaughter." Starscream grumbled as he held Skyfire's servo in his left and Skywarp's in his right, Thundercracker walking beside Skywarp.

"Star, you'll be fine." Skyfire said gently.

"Says you."

"Scree, you need to think positively! Smile!" Skywarp exclaimed.

"Star, this type of stuff really does help." Thundercracker said. "My sire had to do some counseling as well."

"You're sire was a slagging idiot." Starscream snapped.

"I'm not arguing with you concerning my family again. The point is, talking to someone will help you get through all of this."

"I don't need to talk to anyone except for you three. And on occasion Hook."

"Star, this will be just like talking to Hook only Rung is very well educated and trained." Skyfire said.

"Yes, but he's an Autobot. And I've known Hook for a slagging long time. Hook's literally saved my life more times than I care to even think about and he's stuck his servos inside of my chassis a lot."

"Scree, just give him a chance. I don't like seeing you sad anymore." Skywarp said as he leaned into his trineleader.

"I will, 'Warp." Starscream vented a sigh.

The group stopped before the door to Rung's office. Starscream took a hesitant step back.

"You can do this, love." Skyfire said as he gave Starscream a kiss on the lip plates. "Remember, you can tell him anything and he won't tell anyone else. It's only between you and him. And he won't make fun of you if you cry or tell him how you feel. This is all about you and getting you better. And it may not feel like anything is getting better the first few sessions, but as you keep going you'll notice a difference. I promise."

"And Star, if he makes you mad, that's not always a bad thing." Thundercracker said. "He'll make you think and that thinking will help you."

"You can do this, Screamer!" Skywarp proclaimed before kissing Starscream on the lip plates.

"Yeah, I suppose so." Starscream said softly.

"Do you want us to wait for you out here?" Skyfire asked.

Starscream was silent a moment. "Please?"
Skyfire gave him a small smile. "As you wish. We will be right here. Take as long as you need to."

"Love you, Star." Thundercracker kissed his trineleader.

"Seeya in a bit, Scree." Skywarp kissed him again.

The Air Commander vented a sigh before releasing Skyfire and Skywarp's servos and approaching the door. He palmed it open and entered.

"Hello, Starscream."

The Seeker waited until the door was completely shut. "Greetings."

"Please, take a seat and then we can begin." Rung instructed as he stood from his desk and sat on a comfy chair, holding several datapads.

Starscream's wings lowered ever so slightly before approaching. He sat on the comfy seat across from the skinny Autobot, a small table between them with a few small boxes, stress balls, and some energon goodies in a bowl. The Decepticon placed a ped on his knee as he leaned back in the chair.

"Before we begin, Starscream, I have some things to go over." Rung explained as he pulled out a datapad and held it to the Seeker. "This is a 'Release of Information Form' that I will need you to sign and date."

"'Release of information?' I was told this would be confidential." Starscream said slowly as he took the datapad.

"It is. What this is for is in case I feel that you are going to physically cause yourself self damage or deactivation and I need to inform someone before something happens. I would not release any other information to them other than what would be in your best interest."

"There's room for only one designation."

"For privacy."

"Can I put more than one?"

"If you are comfortable doing so, but the less the better."

"Do you really require the date of my emergence and everything else?"

"Are you not comfortable with releasing such information?" Rung asked gently.

"No, I just..." He vented a sigh. "I've never done anything like this before. Not even my own doctor has asked me when I was born."

Starscream slowly filled out the information and put both of his trinamate's designations down as the emergency contacts if Rung felt that he had to inform someone of his mental state. He carefully read through the form, checking off symptoms he felt, leaving blank the ones he didn't suffer from. He finished going through his medical history, ignored the questions concerning creators, and finally signed and dated the bottom.

The Air Commander handed the datapad and stylus back to the Autobot who slowly took it and gave it a quick once over.
"You left the questions concerning your creators blank."

"I don't see why that concerns me."

Rung studied him for a moment. "And why do you think that?"

"That was a long time ago. They're probably both deactivated by now." The Seeker grunted.

"Does that sadden you?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because... I do not miss them."

"Why don't you miss them?"

Starscream vented a sigh, his ped removing itself from his knee to clank against the floor. "Because I didn't have the best sparkling-hood. I didn't even have my real sire in my life."

"Can you explain in more detail?"

Starscream swallowed before continuing.

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**Three Joors Later:**

"Got any threes?" Skywarp inquired of his trinematc.

"No."

Skywarp vented a sigh and took a card from the little stack in the middle to add to his collection.

"Got any fives?" Skyfire asked.

Thundercracker handed him one. Skyfire took the two cards and set them aside together facing upwards.

"Heh, one more card." Thundercracker smirked.

"You are cheating!" Skywarp exclaimed.

"How the hell do you cheat at 'Go Fish'?"

Skywarp paused. "I have no idea... But I bet there's a way."

"If there is, Starscream certainly knows it."

"So, just you and me, 'Warp." Skyfire said.

"You mean just me! You are going down, Autobot!" Skywarp giggled.

Skyfire smiled. "We shall see."

The door hissed open and Starscream finally exited the office. The three looked up from where they sat on the floor.
"SCREEEEEE!" Skywarp exclaimed as he tossed his cards away, leaped to his peds, and excitedly hugged his trineleader.

"Hey, 'Warp." Starscream greeted softly.

"How did it go?" Skyfire asked.

"It was alright." Starscream shrugged. "He wants to see me again tomorrow."

"Did he say anything about what's going on?" Thundercracker inquired.

"No. But it was the first session. He said things could take some time."

"Well, we'll be with you tomorrow. Wanna go refuel?"

"I'm not hungry."

"Star…"

"I don't feel like refueling."

"You have to, Star. You remember what Hook said."

"How about we wait a bit and then get something." Skyfire suggested. "Star probably just needs some time to relax after talking to Rung for so long."

"Scree, you wanna huggle and cuddle while watching vids?" Skywarp asked as he tightly hugged Starscream.

"Sure, 'Warp." Starscream said softly.

Skywarp kissed Starscream's cheekplates before grabbing his servo and leading him away. Thundercracker turned to Skyfire.

"I really hopes this helps him." The blue Seeker grunted.

"I hope so too." Skyfire sighed.

A Few Orbital Cycles Later:

"It's disgusting." Huffer grunted as he sat at a table with the other minibots.

"It's ridiculous how everyone else got thrown in the brig for fragging her but he isn't for dating her." Brawn pointed out.

"It's traitorous, is what it is." Cliffjumper grumbled. "She's a filthy, whoring 'Con and he's being a traitor by dating her."

"Never suspected Sideswipe to be a softy for the Decepticreeps." Gears said.

"Neither did I."

"Guys, maybe this is a good thing." Bumblebee suggested. "Maybe if Sides and that Seeker could love and be happy, maybe everyone else."

"Shut up, 'Bee!" Multiple vocalizers snapped.
Sideswipe glanced over his shoulder when he heard the minibots all shout at once.

"What's up?" Dawnstar asked.

"Ah, nothing. Shortstuffs are just being rowdy again." He said dismissively.

"Then let's go back to kissing." She giggled.

Sideswipe smiled before grabbing her mandible and capturing her lip plates in a passionate kiss. Their glossas were soon playing with each other's, Dawnstar's wings fluttering.

Skywarp approached and sat on the stool next to Sideswipe, curiously watching them.

"You going to finish those?" He inquired as he pointed at their high grade.

"Uncle 'Warp..." She sighed.

"What? You two are sitting at the bar kissing instead of drinking. That's not how it works."

"Take mine." Dawnstar said as she pushed her glass over to him.

"Aw, thank you, Dawn. What is it? Nightmare Fuel? Mood Whiplash?"

"'Warp, you know I can't handle engex that strong. It's simple high grade with no added shots. Carbonated high grade to be exact."

"Wuss." Skywarp grunted before downing the high grade in a single go. "Need like thirty more of these before I would even begin to be tipsy!"

"Dad said we can't drink anything strong around each other for safety reasons."

"I'm here. Don't have to be safe anymore!"

"That's... Never mind."

"Gonna finish this, Sides?" Skywarp inquired of the Autobot as he took his cube.

"Not anymore." Sideswipe said slowly when Skywarp took a sip from the glass.

"Mm, not bad. So, what are you two up to? And where's Starstreak?"

"He's with Sunstorm, Bitstream, and Hotlink. They weren't doing anything and it's nappy time." Dawnstar informed.

"I see. So," He turned in his seat to better face them. "Dawn, who's the best uncle ever?"

Dawnstar looked at him for a moment. "You are."

He giggled. "Damn straight I am." He then took a swig of Sideswipe's high grade. "Sides, if you do join with Dawn, know that you are one lucky mech to have me in your family. Especially since I hear you're a prankster. Heh, we have so much to do together." He paused before his optics widened and wings raised. "Hot damn! Will you look at that cutie!" He said as he pointed.

Sideswipe and Dawnstar glanced in the indicated direction to see Starscream chatting with Skyfire.

"Oh, mech..." Dawnstar vented a tired sigh as she turned away.
"Sides, think I got a chance with those legs?" Skywarp asked not looking at Sideswipe as he kept his gaze on his trineleader.

"Um, I am very confused right now." Sideswipe said slowly.

"He's role playing, Sides." Dawnstar said exasperatedly. "Either go along with it or ignore him."

"Primus, what a hot, skinny glitch he is. Bet he makes all the best sounds in berth." Skywarp took another sip of the high grade he had stolen.

"Uh, sure he does. Why not go over there and talk to him…?" Sideswipe said awkwardly.

"What if I get rejected? I don't want to be ditched!"

"Nah, you won't be. Just go and-and get his number or something."

"You sure?"

"Um, yeah, you got this!"

"Yeah, you're right! I so got this." He finished off the high grade and set the cube aside. "Wish me luck. I'm going in."

The black Seeker then stood and walked towards his trineleader. Dawnstar vented a sigh.

"They are always doing this type of thing." She grumbled.

"Well, I suppose it could be worse."

"Don't start."

Skywarp marched straight over and stopped beside Starscream.

"Well, hey there hot legs. Mind if I take a seat?"

"Perhaps I do." Starscream said slowly, not looking at him.

"Now, now, no need to get hostile, sweet thang. Just coming for a friendly chat. Looked kinda lonely over here."

"I am perfectly content with my mate."

"Mate? That big guy?"

"Hey." Skyfire piped up, but the Seekers ignored him.

"Listen, sexy," Skywarp said as he sat beside Starscream and leaned close to him. "You don't need a big guy like that slowing you down! Let ol' Skywarp show you how a real mech does it. I'll give you a night you won't ever forget."

"My mate satisfies me. What could a ruffian like you ever possibly offer me that's better?" Starscream said coolly as he pretended to inspect his cube of energon that he held.

Skywarp chuckled. "I'll make you scream with pleasure, gorgeous." He whispered erotically in Starscream's audio receptor. "Once you get a taste of my spike you won't ever go back to him."

"Tempting, but I still highly doubt you could pleasure me to such an extent. I'm not some slut
looking for some release. I much rather find… fulfillment."

"Oh, I'll 'fill' you up, alright." Skywarp giggled.

"I am not a hedonist. If I frag you, I want more than just some enjoyable overload."

"Listen, sexy, once you enter that room with me you won't ever want to leave. I will give you the night of your life every night. Wanna have a nice cube of high grade to think it over, hot legs?"

"I feel as if you guys are playing out some type of date-rape scene or something." Skyfire commented.

"Silence, you!" Skywarp snapped before getting back into character. "Whaddya say, sexy aft?"

"Perhaps. But, I still find it difficult to see someone like you possibly fulfilling such promises." Starscream said in the same tone.

"How about I just show you right now." Skywarp whispered.

"Ooh, tempting." Starscream said softly back as he looked at his trinemate.

"How about you turn around and let me slap that pert aft of yours?"

"Warp, that would never make me want to frag a stranger."

"Dammit! I screwed up." Skywarp grumbled as he crossed his arms.

"Well, you certainly are not getting my comm. link number, that's for sure." Starscream took a sip of his energon. "But you do get a kiss."

"Eeeep!" Skywarp squealed before grabbing Starscream's helm and kissing him on the lip plates.

"You guys are weird." Skyfire grunted.

"They are." Thundercracker stated from where he sat next to Skyfire.

"Next time I'm just gonna slip something into your energon." Skywarp said.

"And if you do that I will call security." Starscream remarked.

Skywarp giggled like a maniac. "We haven't fragged in a cell in so long!"

"Thank Primus…"

"I wanna pin you to the floor and see the guards gather around to watch us. Oh, good times."

"I still can't remember if that was meant to be a distraction or if we were just doing it to do it."

"I think it was for both." Thundercracker replied. "Either way, it was hot in that cell."

"It was hot in the entire prison. Not too mention sticky."

"Okay, change subject." Skyfire said quickly.

"You're hot." Starscream smiled at his mate.

"Let's talk about something not involving interfacing."
"We join in two orbital cycles." Starscream's wings fluttered.

"We do. Wow, we do. The time is flying by."

"And the Constructicons finished making our quarters bigger, so once we are joined you can move in!"

"Hmm." Thundercracker grunted before sipping his energon.

"And how has your sessions with Rung been going?" Skyfire asked.


"Do you feel like it's helping?"

Starscream just shrugged. "We'll see." He said softly. His wings perked up. "She's leaving with him."

Skyfire turned to see that Dawnstar and Sideswipe were walking away holding servos, still talking with each other. The shuttle looked back when he heard Starscream's engine growl a little louder.

"Star, she's fine. Sideswipe is a good mech." Skyfire assured him.

"Sire instincts, Sky. I just… That's my little femmling." He paused. "Was she not assigned a guard? Why isn't anyone following her?"

"She dismissed the guard assigned to her." Thundercracker said as he kept his optics on the datapad he held.

"What?! Primus, she's going to be hurt." Starscream started to stand up but Skyfire placed a servo on his shoulder.

"Star, she's fine. Sideswipe is a very nice mech. He would never hurt her." He was silent a moment to study the anxious Seeker. "You can't guard her forever, sweetie. You have to let her go."

Starscream's wings flicked. He swallowed before sitting back down, his optics never wavering from where he last saw her. He just sat there, wringing his servos, staring at the now closed door.

"Scree, you need to cycle air. Ya gonna overheat." Skywarp said softly.

"Star, she's fine." Thundercracker grunted. "I don't think she's going to do anything too stupid."

Starscream swallowed again. "I promised Moonstar that I wouldn't let anything happen to our sparkling." He said in almost a whisper. "I-I can't just sit here."

Thundercracker rolled his optics when Starscream stood up and walked away. Skywarp and Skyfire just watched the Air Commander exit the Rec Room.

"I love Dawnstar, but I'm willing to let her go." Thundercracker pointed out. "She's an adult. She can make her own decisions."

"You know how over protective he is of her." Skywarp said softly.

"She's not very bright, but I doubt she's going to do the same stupid slag she did before."

Skyfire just vented a tired sigh.
"Scoot aside." Starscream commanded.

Dawnstar rolled her optics as Sideswipe removed his arm from around her shoulders. They moved apart and allowed the Air Commander to sit between them on the couch.

"Dad…” Dawnstar drawled exasperatedly.

"Yes, my favorite creation?” He inquired casually as he held two bowls of energon goodies.

"You're embarrassing me… again."

"Too bad, so sad. Here," He handed them each a bowl. "I got two so that there is no risk of you two reaching into the same bowl at the same time and accidentally touching servos."

"Dad…”

"Dawn…”

"Uh, thanks for the energon goodies…” Sideswipe said slowly as he accepted his.

"Ah, manners. I like it when a mech has those." Starscream commented as he took some energon goodies from Dawnstar's bowl. "So, what are we watching?” He then stuffed the treats into his mouth.

"Sideswipe and I are watching a romantic comedy." She growled.

"Slag. That is complete slag. You would never watch such a thing. Is there a lot of violence?” He paused. "Are there interface scenes?"

"I wouldn't know. I haven't seen this movie before."

"Guys, it's starting." Sideswipe said.

"Silence, creation. The movie has begun." Starscream snapped.

Dawnstar rolled her optics as she slumped into the couch with her arms crossed. She just grumpily watched the film, ignoring the sound of the two mechs munching on energon goodies. Starscream kept reaching over into her bowl until she had finally just given it to him.

It was a few breems into the film when Starscream's wings raised and Sideswipe's optics widened.

"Oh, hell no. You both are too young for this." Starscream said suddenly covering both of their optics with his servos.

"Dad!"

Starscream wrote on a datapad as he sat on his berth, his trinemates nearby. Thundercracker was playing on his computer while Skywarp played on his datapad. The black Seeker lied on his back on the berth, his helm hanging over the edge as he held the datapad up to see.

"It was easier the first time." Starscream grumbled.

"Why's that?” Thundercracker inquired.
"Because I don't want to recite the same vows to Skyfire that I did Moonstar. Those vows were specifically for her and Sky needs ones specifically for him." He vented a sigh. "Why did I have to wait to do this the orbital cycle before. Primus, I feel like I'm back in the Science Academy crunching in homework at the last klik."

"You can do it, Scree!" Skywarp cheered him on.

"Would it be sinful if I used some things from the last time?" Starscream asked tiredly.

"Well, what do you think? It's your mate." Thundercracker said.

"Ugh, it probably won't be as long as the one I wrote for Moonstar."

"Short and simple can be just as powerful."

"Hmm, says you, the one who is still single."

"I don't need a mate to be happy. I have my trinmates and videogames. I'm good."

"And we can go to the brothel for more humpy times!" Skywarp giggled.

"You two are idiots." Starscream grunted.

"But you love us!" Skywarp said with his lopsided grin.

"Unfortunately."

The trine were silent for a time as Starscream finished working on his vows. His wings fluttered before he vented a sigh.

"There. Hope this is good."

"Want us to hear it?" Thundercracker inquired.

"No. Just like Moonstar, I want Sky to hear it first." Starscream said softly before offlining the datapad.

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**The Next Orbital Cycle:**

"You'd think that since I did this before I would be less nervous." Starscream gave a dry chuckle. "I am gonna die."

"Dad, you're fine." Dawnstar said as she, Starstreak, Thundercracker, and Skywarp stood in a room with the Air Commander.

Starscream had spent all that morning cleaning his frame with the help of his trinmates, shining his plates, waxing, and repainting until he looked like he had just walked off the assembly line. The lights reflected brightly off his beautiful, polished frame, making him absolutely stunning. Well, more so than usual.

"Just remember your vows, don't trip, and smile broadly." Thundercracker instructed as he checked over Starscream's frame to make sure there wasn't a single blemish.

"That's easier said than done." Starscream grunted.
"Just think about what you get after the end of this."

"Fragging!" Starscream squealed.

"Yes, that." Thundercracker paused. "Well, sweetspark, you're perfect. Ready to go join with Skyfire?"

"Primus, yes and no! Dammit, I'm trembling."

Thundercracker kissed Starscream's lip plates. "You got this, love." He paused, just smiling as he looked at his trineleader. "I'm happy for you, Star. I really am. You deserve to be with who you want to be with."

Starscream smiled. "Thanks, TC."

"Stop it!" Skywarp exclaimed. "I'm not supposed to start crying yet!"

"I am so nervous guys." Skyfire said as he paced in the room with Wheeljack, Ratchet, and Sunstreaker.

"Hold still and I can finish polishing you."

"I'm sorry." Skyfire said as he held perfectly still. "Thanks again for doing my paintjob and everything, Sunstreaker."

"Hmm." Sunstreaker grunted as he worked on finishing up a leg.

"You so got this, Sky." Wheeljack said dismissively with a wave of a servo.

"Lot's of mechs do this, Skyfire. If some of those dumb louts can, so can you." Ratchet pointed out.

"Yes, but they weren't joining with Starscream." Skyfire sighed dreamily. "Primus, he's so beautiful. I feel like I'm back at the Academy and none of this stupid war ever happened. Seeing him for the first time."

"You remember your vows?" Wheeljack inquired.

"Yeah. Wrote them orbital cycles ago and reread them a hundred times over. Okay, more than that. Damn, I can't wait to see him." He said as he started to bounce on his peds.

"Hold still." Sunstreaker snapped.

"Oh, sorry."

"Looking good, Sky." Ratchet commented. "Sunstreaker, you did a good job."

"I always do a good job." The golden twin grunted.

"Feel ready, Sky?" Wheeljack asked.

"No, but I'm probably as ready as I'll ever be." Skyfire swallowed.
"Well, we probably should get you into position now. Done yet, Pit-spawn?" Ratchet said.

"I suppose so. Only so much can be done for someone like him. Ow!" Sunstreaker yelped when a wrench bounced off his helm.

"Be nice or else." Ratchet snapped.

Sunstreaker made a face as he rubbed his hurting helm.

"Come on, Sky. It's time for you to get joined!" Wheeljack exclaimed.

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Sunstreaker sat beside his brother in the crowded Rec Room. Chairs had been set up before the small stage, all the Seekers and the Constructicons seated on the left side while all of Skyfire's friends were seated to the right, facing the stage. Sideswipe looked over to where Dawnstar had just sat down on the front row with the other Seekers, Starstreak in her arms. Jazz was seated next to Prowl whispering things into the tactician's audio receptor, who seemed like he wanted to be anywhere but here. Many of the minibots were not present, but the Aerialbots, Protectobots, and many others were there for Skyfire. Even Rodimus and Ultra Magnus were amongst the crowd.

The entire Rec Room was decorated for the occasion, and for once clean. A corner of the large room was set up for dancing and celebrating, with tables loaded with energon desserts and high grade.

The whispering amongst the guests silenced when Optimus Prime stepped onto the center of the stage and patiently waited. Blaster, sitting in the DJ booth with his cassettes, played the classic tune for all Cybertronian Conjuges Endurae ceremonies from the loud speakers.

Everyone turned their helms to see Skyfire walk to the stage and scale the stairs on the side where all his friends sat. Wheeljack and Ratchet silently took seats in the front row and watched.

Skyfire swallowed, waiting for his beloved to make his entrance. The clacking of thruster heels made him get the almost "butterflies in your stomach" effect that humans often feel in such times.

Starscream approached from his side of the room, his trinemates practically glued to his aft. They left him at the stage's steps, quickly walking over to Dawnstar and sitting on either side of her. Starscream scaled the stairs alone, his servos slowly wringing as he sheepishly smiled up at Skyfire.

Skyfire swallowed, holding back the coolant tears when seeing the perfect, divine form of Starscream before him. So beautiful, elegant, dazzling in the light. And he was all his, just as he was all Starscream's. They would very soon belong to each other now and forever, never to be separated.

It took all his strength to not break down and cry his joy.

"Autobots, Decepticons… We are gathered here this orbital cycle as equals to bear witness to the joining of these two sparks as Conjuges Endurae. Seeker Starscream of Vos and Skyfire of Vos have flown as two and now shall fly as one." Optimus recited the opening ceremony speech for flyers that Thundercracker had provided him with. He continued after a pause. "Each have written their own vows and now shall recite them to the other. Seeker Starscream of Vos, if you will have this mech as your Conjunctx Endura present your oath to him so that you may support him now and always."

Starscream's wings fluttered as he slowly reached forward and took Skyfire's servos in his. Both of
them were trembling, smiling so happily as they looked at each other.

"Skyfire, when I first met you..." Starscream inhaled deeply before exhaling it out to calm himself. "I was nothing but some unruly ruffian, lost and alone. But you changed that for me. You showed me that I was important. That I could make a difference in the world and that I was actually worth something. That my model didn't define who I was. That I could write my own destiny." He swallowed. "You became my best friend, and despite the rough times and unearned hate, you became my lover, my mate. You became the one who I never could live without. The one who I could never hate anymore." He paused. "Skyfire, despite knowing me better than anyone else, you still manage to love me. I promise to fly by your side until my deactivation, to support you through the struggles. I promise patience, faithfulness, respect, and self-improvement. I promise to always be honest with you, loving, forgiving, and mischievous. To be your comrade in adventure and accomplice in mischief. Finally, I promise you myself, for now and always."

Skyfire swallowed, trying to control his emotions. Starscream's smile broadened, his perfect denta so bright surrounded by his dark faceplates.

"Skyfire of Vos," Optimus said after a brief pause. "If you will have this mech as your Conjunx Endura present your oath to him so that you may support him now and always."

Skyfire was trembling so hard, swallowing again to calm himself.

"Many say that Seekers are only good for one thing: Fighting. That they cannot love or be loved for all that runs through their processors is the desire to kill and destroy. I was wary about Seekers because of those rumors, but when I bumped into you on that fateful orbital cycle... When my optics locked onto yours for the first time... I knew we were meant to be. That all those rumors were just that. Rumors. You have only brought me happiness and joy. We've had our rough times, but we got through it together, and now here I am, still unable to believe that my greatest dream is being fulfilled." He swallowed, reining in his emotions. "I promise to love and care for you, and I will try in every way to be worthy of your love. I will always be honest with you, kind, patient and forgiving. You are my lover and my teacher. You are my model and my accomplice. And you are my true counterpart. I will love you, hold you and honor you. I will respect you, encourage you and cherish you. In health and sickness. Through sorrow and success. For the rest of my life. But most of all, I promise to be a true and loyal friend to you."

Starscream swallowed, some static filling his bright optics. Skyfire's own optics were filling with static, biting his glossa to hold in his sobs.

"Seeker Starscream of Vos and Skyfire of Vos; seal your vows with the writing of your designations on your spark casings." Optimus said.

Skyfire got down on one knee as the two unsubspaced their laser scalpels and removed their chest plates. Skyfire hesitated a moment when he saw the beautiful handwriting of Moonstar's and the less than perfect handwriting of a young Dawnstar on his mate's spark casing. He swallowed as he added his designation beside Moonstar's, feeling honored to be able to have it by hers, even though he had never really met her.

Starscream noticed the hesitation, but proceeded to write his designation on Skyfire's clear spark casing, making his designation extra large to fill the empty space. As their right servos worked, their left laced together between them. When they finished, they subspaced their laser scalpels and closed their chests.

"You may now share a kiss as Conjuges Endurae. Congratulations, Skyfire and Starscream. I pray you have a long, happy life together." Optimus said, clearly smiling beneath his battlemask.
"Thanks, Optimus." Skyfire said softly before grabbing his Conjunx Endura and kissing him on the lip plates.

"Dat a boy, Skyfire! WOO!" Someone shouted from the crowd.

That must have been the signal, for everyone stood up, wildly cheering and clapping from both sides. Optimus walked off the stage as the two joined flyers kept kissing, Starscream holding Skyfire's helm while the shuttle snaked an arm around the thin waist and held the back of Starscream's helm. Their glossas were inside each other's mouths, the both smiling so broadly as they kissed. Coolant tears flowed from their static filled optics, wings fluttering.

"I love you, Sky." Starscream said trying to keep from sobbing his joy.

"I love you too, Star." Skyfire said with the same difficulty.

"Dammit, why did we wait so long? Don't answer that. Just keep kissing me, slagger."

Skywarp was wiping his faceplates clean with a cloth as he cried. "He's all grown up, TC." He wailed.

"Stop it, 'Warp. I said I wouldn't cry this time." Thundercracker said as he tried to remain calm.

"He's so happy! Look at him, TC. He's a big mech now." He paused to wipe more coolant away. "We did such a good job with him, y'know. Made sure he finished all of his school and-and always went to berth on time. Raised him to be a good mech."

"Primus, 'Warp, he's not our creation."

"It sometimes feels like it!"

"Uncle 'Warp, you need to calm down." Dawnstar said gently.

"I can't, Dawnie. When Star's happy I'm happy. And he's so happy he's crying so I'm crying."

"Dammit, you're gonna make me cry!" Thundercracker snapped as he looked away.

Starstreak giggled at his granduncles, his little wing stubs wiggling. He looked up at his carrier with the largest smile his tiny faceplates could produce, clapping his miniscule servos. Dawnstar grinned at him before kissing his brow.

"Maybe we should get off the stage now and mingle?" Skyfire said quietly.

"Hell, no. Let them watch us a little longer. I'm not done yet." Starscream smiled before continuing with the kissing.

Starscream was smiling so broadly as Skyfire held the slice of soft energon cake to his lip plates. The Seeker opened his mouth and allowed Skyfire to place the slice inside so he could bite it. The shuttle surprised him by biting down on the other end of the slice at the same time, the two chewing until their lip plates touched and they passionately kissed each other.

There were more cheers from the guests, many laughing when Starscream smeared energon cake over Skyfire's faceplates. Dawnstar only vented a sad sigh. She remembered when her creators did that to each other during their ceremony.

"I suspected you would do that." Skyfire muttered as he unsubspaced a cloth to clean his
"Never trust me to be well behaved when there's opportunity to not be." Starscream smirked.

"Want me to smear some on you?"

"I'll bite you."

"Sure you will."

Starscream's wings fluttered before he kissed Skyfire on the lip plates. "I will."

"I love you."

"Love you, too."

The two once again kissed, music beginning to play to signal the start of the dancing. They nuzzled olfactory sensors, just loving on each other for this quiet moment.

"Hey,"

Starscream turned to the familiar vocalizer.

"Can I have the first dance, again?" Dawnstar smiled as she held a servo out.

"You will always have the first dance." Starscream smirked.

He nodded to Skyfire before taking his daughter's servo and walking to the dance floor where others were already dancing. Skyfire watched with a small smile. Dawnstar was now his step-daughter, and Starscream's trinames were now his... brother-in-laws...

"Sup, new bro-in-law!" Skywarp grinned that lopsided smile as he stepped beside the shuttle. "So, like, everything has changed between us. We're family now! So that means something very important."

"Um, like?" Skyfire stuttered.

"Secret bro-fist time." Skywarp whispered as he held his fist up.

Skyfire raised an optical ridge before slowly bumping his fist against Skywarp's. Skywarp opened his servo and made a sound as if there was a small explosion before bumping the sides of Skyfire's fist with his.

"Now we are synced. Remember: Keep to the mission and femmes always come first. Fragging trinames is priority one unless a femme with large breast plates is in sights. And recall rule thirteen."

"Um, what's that?"

"Bros before hoes unless you can slap Screamer's aft. Then always go for that aft of his." Skywarp said it like it was the most serious of topics.

"Uh, sure, 'Warp."

"We bond next night. Bring manacles."
Skywarp then walked off to retrieve some high grade leaving a very confused Skyfire behind.

"Dad?" Dawnstar said as she slow danced with her sire, her helm resting against his chest plates.

"Yes, princess?" He said softly as he kissed the top of her helm.

"A couple of those things you said to him… your vows… Some of them were lines you told mom. I remember your ceremony with her. I remember everything you guys told each other."

Starscream was silent a moment. "Well, part of that is because I suck at this romantic slag. Second reason being, I really do promise those same things to Skyfire. I love him as much as I love Moonstar. I want to have a strong bond with him just as I did with your carrier. For now and always." He paused. "Are you upset with me?"

She bit her lower lip plate, not looking at him. "No. Well, maybe somewhat since those words seemed for mom alone and sharing them with someone else is a bit upsetting, but I think I get where you're coming from."

He kissed her helm again. "Yeah, this whole joining thing can be weird, especially when you never have done it before. But, perhaps soon you will have your own mate and feel as happy as I do."

She looked up at him. "I hope so too, daddy."

"Just give me grandcreations."

"So demanding."

"I know. But when you are old and grouchy like me you'll understand." He kissed her brow. "I did a damn good job with teaching you how to dance."

She smiled. "You taught me a lot, dad. I'm really glad you're my sire."

"I am too. I love you so much, Dawn. You're the greatest thing that has ever happened to me."

"I'm your greatest accomplishment in life." She chuckled.

"Hey, don't insult me. I've done some important slag in my time. Wanna hear how I destroyed the council of Kaon with Soundwave at the start of the war?"

"You already told me that story."

"Hmm, well, how about when I led the attack on Luna 2 and won?"

"How about when you played dress-up with me when I was little?" She giggled.

"Not every sire would do that with their daughter." He kissed her brow again. "I'm proud of you, Dawnstar. Things have been rough between us lately, but we're making progress."

"Daddy, you're really the greatest sire ever. Especially after everything you went through to save me from Megatron." She paused. "I'm sorry I was mean to you. I was just so angry and… scared."

"I forgave you long ago, princess. I could never stay mad at you. Did you make some mistakes? Yes, but so does everyone, especially when we are young or experiencing something so tragic as what you went through. I was far from perfect when I was your age. Primus, I'm still far from it. And did you break my spark when you said those things? Yeah, but, when you came home I was healed." He paused to study her faceplates. "I love you, Dawnstar. And there is nothing you could
ever possibly do to stop me from loving you. Besides, I think you've already done everything that could ever warrant my hate. Except, of course, becoming an Autobot or lawyer. I hate lawyers. Legal fees are ridiculous."

"Well, I won't ever become either of those." She smiled.

"Then, see? I'll never be mad at you." He kissed her brow again. "And I apologize if I embarrassed you the other orbital cycle with Sideswipe. I just… It's really hard to let go, especially when I am so use to everyone trying to hurt me or those who I'm close to."

"I get it, dad. I've been talking with Uncle TC about it, and he has made some things clear about how much danger I truly was in the entire time we lived on the Nemesis with Megatron or in Kaon. And I am thankful that you did everything you could to protect me and mom and all the other Seekers." She paused. "You really are a superhero."

He smiled. "I'm just a soldier trying to take care of his family. I wish I had some superpowers. Would come in handy."

"Isn't being a sire a superpower?" She giggled.

"Being a 'good sire' is a superpower. Luckily, I possess that ability, even though I suck at raising a sparkling."

"You did fine, dad. I still have all my limbs."

"Hmm, well, I never did drop you."

She smiled. "I love you daddy. And I'm happy you're happy, even if it's not with mom."

He smirked. "Thank you, sweetie. I love you too. I love you more than you could ever possibly fathom."

"I know, dad."

She hugged him tightly and he hugged her back. They held each other close for a bit before Skyfire approached and placed a servo on his Conjunx Endura's shoulder.

"May I have him now, sweetie?" The shuttle smiled.

Dawnstar looked up at him then to her sire. "Yeah, sure. It's your special orbital cycle."

Starscream kissed her brow once more before releasing her. "Love you, princess."

"Love you too, daddy."

The Air Commander walked a short ways with his significant other before the two stopped and faced each other. Starscream smiled as they started to slowly dance, ignoring everyone around them.

"This is one of the top five." Starscream said softly, resting his helm against Skyfire's mid-section plates of his torso.

"Top five of what?"

"Best orbital cycles of my life." He paused. "When I trined, when Dawn was born, when I joined with Moonstar, when Dawn returned home with little Starstreak, and now when I join with you."
He looked up at Skyfire. "I never thought I would be here with you like this after the expedition and when you…” He vented a sigh as he looked down.

Skyfire kissed the top of Starscream's helm. "Forget about the past, love. We're together now, and nothing will change that."

Starscream looked up into those large, loving optics, his wings lowering. "You won't leave me? Not ever again?" He said almost inaudibly.

Skyfire swallowed. "Never, Star." He said in almost a whisper.

"Don't die on me, too."

"I won't."

Starscream rested his helm against the warm chassis, coolant tears leaking from his optics. Skyfire held him a little closer, the two still slowly dancing together.

"I love you, Star."

"Love you too, Sky."

Jazz approached Blaster in the DJ booth, smiling at the four cassettes helping their host.

"Hey, Blaster, ah think eht's time ta tune dings up some!" Jazz exclaimed as he held his cube of high grade.

"Righto, Jazz Man!" Blaster grinned as he set to work adjusting some settings.

Starscream's optics widened some, his wings raising when the current music ceased and the lights suddenly changed. Everyone else had stopped, looking around to see what was happening. Then, loud, fast paced music blared as the lights wildly flashed about. There were cheers and clapping before many started to wildly dance and just have fun. Factions forgotten, Seekers and Autobots danced together, laughed, and enjoyed themselves. Dawnstar danced with Sideswipe, Skywarp grabbed Thundercracker from the corner and forced him to dance, and Starstreak giggled from Hook's lap.

The less social guests sat it out, watching from their seats at the multiple tables. Prowl and a few of the other grouchier mechs simply got up and left.

"You going out there, Hook?" Scrapper inquired as he sat beside his gestaltmate.

"Nah, I'm perfectly content with Starstreak." He said as he looked down at the Seekerlet who excitedly clapped his tiny servos.

"Mind sharing him?"

"Never."

"I'm your boss."

"When it comes to me having a turn with the sparkling, I don't care." Hook grinned at him.

Scrapper slowly shook his helm. "Fine, be that way. But I get some time with him before the night is over."
"We shall see."

Skyfire turned to Starscream, the Seeker curiously watching everyone else. He leaned down and kissed his Conjunx Endura on the brow, eliciting a flutter of his wings.

"Wanna dance some more or sit this out?" Skyfire asked.

"What do you take me for, Sky? It's party time so let's party!" He giggled.

Skyfire just smiled. "Alright, but I'm spinning you."

"As long as you don't make me fall."

Skyfire took Starscream's servos in his own and started to spin around, never releasing his mate. Starscream only saw a blur of colors all around him, and his Conjunx Endura's smiling visage. Red optics locked on blue, Decepticon and Autobot joined as one, only love between them.

Starscream was happy. Happier than he had been in so long since that last Autobot had changed his world. Since she had forever changed his spark.

Starscream couldn't stop smiling, laughing, or just being happy as he lied beneath Skyfire on the berth, being thrust into by his Conjunx Endura. He had been smiling so broadly for so long that the hydraulics in his jaws were aching, but he just couldn't stop! Skyfire was having the same "problem," smiling with the biggest smile at his second half.

The two had just been kissing fiercely, giggling, pulling and yanking on each other to become almost the same being. Their chest plates open and remaining so since the first sparkbond overload, everything just feeling so right and so much better now since they were officially joined.

"I love you, love you, love you, love you!" Skyfire kept chanting, unable to stop kissing Starscream's faceplates as he thrust. "Primus, I love you, Starscream. Love, love, love, love!"

Starscream giggled, his arms wrapped around Skyfire's neck, just enjoying this sensation of being loved on more than anything else in the universe. "I love you, Sky. Lots and lots of love!"

The Air Commander squealed and kicked when Skyfire started to kiss and lick his neck cables, tickling him as he kept thrusting. Skyfire's servos roved over Starscream's frame, feeling him all over, just savoring those perfect curves and plates that now belonged to him. Belonged to each other.

"Love you, love you, so, so much! Damn, I love you, Star!" Skyfire kept going, thrusting harder and faster.

"Love you more, Sky! Gah! Stop tickling me!" Starscream exclaimed before guffawing when Skyfire begun to tickle the Seeker's abdominal plates.

"You're so perfect, Star. I love you. Just… Primus, I love you!"

"Say it again. I didn't hear that." He smirked.

"Love, love, love, love you! I don't ever want to stop telling you how much I love you!"

"And I don't want you to ever stop being inside of me! Oh, I can feel it coming!"

They locked lip plates, kissing wildly as their glossas darted in and out of each other's mouths.
Their sparks reached out to each other with the tendril wisps of raw energy, grasping, pulling, yanking, and entangling. Their systems so hot, almost burning. Electricity bouncing from between their frames, pleasuring them more so.

Immense, overwhelming power surged into their systems as they overloaded, taking them beyond utopia in their ecstasy. They cried out, unable to hold in such unadulterated pleasure, joy, and such a phenomenal feeling as sharing their sparks' energy, their very being with the one who they loved.

The berth and surrounding metal warmed up from the excess electrical charge flowing through it from their bodies. Electrical currents zapped and played over their plates for a klik, so much surplus energy trying to find somewhere to go.

The two just panted in each other's visages, smiling almost dumbly with their unrestrained love. Starscream's wings tried to flutter against the berth, only clinking loudly. His powerful engine purred as he nuzzled his olfactory sensor against Skyfire's.

"Was that eight or nine? Primus, I lost track." Skyfire said between heavy pants.

"I don't remember." Starscream panted back. "I think this is the first time we actually took a break since getting started."

Skyfire kissed Starscream's brow. "I love you, Starscream."

Starscream's optics offlined as he smiled. Skyfire just kept pecking kisses to those dark faceplates before finally resting his brow against Starscream's. The Seeker's optics onlined, red locked on blue.

"We probably should recharge now. Don't want to fry our systems." Skyfire panted.

"Aw, but I don't wanna." Starscream pouted.

Skyfire just kissed his brow again. "I don't wanna either."

Starscream whimpered when Skyfire pulled out. The two closed all their plates back up, still heavily cycling air in each other's faceplates. After a bit, Skyfire crawled away from Starscream and lied on the berth. He reached out, wrapped his arm around the thin, red waist, and pulled his mate against him.

"I like snuggling with you." Starscream smiled as he did just that, curling into the large, warm chassis.

"I like snuggling with you too, sweetie."

"I can't wait until I get this annoying recharging out of the way and can just be with you." The Air Commander said as he burrowed his faceplates into Skyfire's chest plates. "And I want you to carry me."

"Carry you?"

"Yeah."

"Where to?"

Starscream cuddled closer. "Everywhere."

Skyfire just smiled. "As you wish, my love."
Starscream looked up at him, those blood red optics looking so innocent, so fragile as if his spark was on the edge of being broken. "Skyfire?" He said softly.

"Yes, my Conjunx Endura?"

A smile started to appear on the Seeker's visage from being called that, but quickly disappeared. "Please…" He whispered.

"What, love? What is it?" Skyfire asked quietly, stroking Starscream's helm.

"Don't leave me. Don't go anywhere. Please, I… Stay with me." He swallowed.

"I will. I'll never leave your side, Starscream. I'll do whatever I can to protect you and be with you." He paused. "You're my reason for living. My reason for being so happy." He faintly smiled at his mate. "No matter what happens, if this war never ends or if some tragedy were to befall us, I will never leave you. How could I ever leave the one who is the most precious to my spark?"

Starscream's just looked at him for a long moment before swallowing. He scooted closer until he could press his brow against Skyfire's, red optics locked on blue. Skyfire reached up and held the side of the Seeker's helm, wiping a single coolant tear away with his thumb.

"Skyfire?" He said almost inaudibly.

"Yes, my love?" He whispered back.

"I…" He swallowed, starting to softly tremble. "I'm scared."

"What are you scared of, love? Please, tell me."

Starscream was silent for a bit, just looking at Skyfire. "I don't want to be alone again. I don't want to be abandoned to be hurt. I can't go through that for a third time."

"Third time?"

"My carrier left me to be hurt by my step-creator, and-and Dawnstar left me to be hurt by Megatron. I… I don't want to be hurt again. I'm scared. Sky, I'm really scared." He said the last part as coolant began to pour out of his optics.

"Star, I'm not leaving you. Thundercracker, Skywarp, Dawnstar, and little Starstreak are not leaving you." He said firmly. "You have nothing to be afraid of."

"It's not just that."

"What is it, sweetie? Tell me. I'm your Conjunx Endura and I will do whatever I can to help you. I swear that I will always be by your side and protect you."

Starscream hesitated before answering. "I'm scared that you'll be deactivated. That my trinemates will be or Dawn. I've already lost Moonstar and-and my unborn sparklings. I've seen so many I've known die. I've held my Seekers' servos as their sparks faded on the battlefield. I can't lose anymore." He paused. "I'm scared of him."

"Megatron?"

Starscream, nodded. "I've always been scared of him ever since he first attacked me. He was pissed off and-and he grab my neck and dragged me into another room away from my trinemates and everyone else. It was my first serious beating. No more simple punches. He-he threw me against
the wall and punched me. And he-he…” He was trembling as coolant began to pour out, fighting back sobs.

"What, sweetie? What did he do?" Skyfire asked gently, not really wanting to know, but needing to.

"He touched me. I thought-I thought he would take me but he seemed to have been simply curious. I don't know. It was the first time he had done that to me. That's when I realized he wanted to frag me and I used that to my advantage for the entirety of the war. He always touched me. He always hurt me. I'm scared of him. He only has ever brought me pain." He swallowed. "He hurt Thundercracker and threatened my trinemates. He threatened to hurt Moonstar and to kill Dawn. He wanted to give Moonstar to someone else and allow them to rape her. Even when I was joined with her he would tell me he would give her to someone else if I misbehaved. I just…I'm scared. I know he's not around me right now, but I still feel as if he'll hurt me or someone else if I mess up. I feel as if he's still here, watching me. Waiting to attack me. And I have memories of him hurting me every night when I recharge. And sometimes my processor makes stuff up. The other orbital cycle I dreamt that he was raping Moonstar and I couldn't do anything to help. I just…I'm scared."

"It's the PTSD, Star. Seeing Rung will help with that. But I'm glad you opened up with me. It helps to talk about it. And I promise you this: You won't ever be hurt by Megatron again. I'll keep you safe for now and always."

Starscream slowly nodded his helm. Skyfire kissed his mate on the brow as he gave him a tight hug. Starscream hugged back, softly sobbing.

"Dammit, I ruined our consummating." The Seeker said quietly as he wiped coolant tears away. "No, I'm glad you told me. I need to know these things so I can help you get through this. How about this: Whenever you feel stress or feel as if Megatron is going to hurt you, you take all those fears and concerns and imagine them being put into a box. And then imagine giving that box to me and Thundercracker. Let TC and me handle those concerns." He paused. "And imagine Rung being the one helping you to shove all that miserable, awfulness into that box. We're all here to help you, Star. Don't ever feel like you have to do this on your own. Alright?"

Starscream nodded his helm again. Skyfire pecked a kiss on his lip plates before holding him a little closer.

"I love you, Star. We're gonna get you better and make all those nasty thoughts and reactions go away. Okay?"

"Okay." He said softly.

"Hey, my love, give me a smile." He said with his own.

Starscream looked up at him before forcing a faint smile. Skyfire's only grew before he kissed his mate on the brow.

"Love you. Now, let's get some recharge. I look forward to seeing those beautiful, bright optics in the morning."

"See you then, Sky." He said quietly as he snuggled a little closer.

Skyfire vented a soft sigh, so worried about Starscream. But, now they were joined and only good things would happen. He would get Starscream healed and Megatron would never hurt him again. Not while he was around.
Starscream held Skyfire's servo as the two made their way to the Rec Room for their morning energon. They had washed each other in the washracks, getting distracted to overload three times and constantly kissing each other, but had finally managed to finish up. Skyfire was smiling so broadly, while Starscream had that smirk of his and his wings would flutter every so often.

The shuttle palmed the door open and the couple entered. They were greeted by cheers and applause, most coming from Autobots giving their support to Skyfire. Starscream ignored them, leading Skyfire to the table that his trinemates were seated at.

"Scree!" Skywarp squealed as he bounced in his chair.

"Hey, 'Warp." Starscream greeted him with a kiss on the lip plates.

"Hey, love." Thundercracker said when Starscream kissed him as well.

"How did you two recharge?" The Air Commander grunted.

"Just fine. It was a bit lonely, but we've survived nights without you before."

"I missed you, Screamer!" Skywarp exclaimed.

"I'm sure." Starscream said as he took the seat next to Skywarp, Skyfire sitting beside him.

"How was your night?" Thundercracker asked not looking at Starscream as he held his cube, a sly smirk on his faceplates.

Starscream smirked back. "I was viciously humped. And I loved it." He giggled.

"I imagine, slut."

"You know it." Starscream said proudly.

"Here's some energon, Scree." Skywarp proffered a cube to him.

"I'm fine, 'Warp." Starscream said softly.

"You better drink that, Star." Thundercracker said dangerously as his optics darted towards his trineleader.

"Please refuel, love." Skyfire said gently.

Starscream swallowed before taking the cube from Skywarp and slowly sipping on it. Skywarp smiled and kissed Starscream's cheekplates.

"That's a good, Scree." The black Seeker said as he hugged the Air Commander.

"You going to see Rung again?" Thundercracker inquired.

Starscream's wings twitched. "Yeah, later this orbital cycle." He said quietly.

"Good. Want us to tag along again?"

"Yeah, that's fine." He said in almost a whisper, just looking at his energon.

Skyfire's wings lowered. He leaned over and kissed the top of Starscream's helm. The Seeker's wings fluttered and he offline his optics as he was kissed. He looked up at Skyfire for a brief
moment before leaning against the large mech and venting a tired sigh. Skyfire wrapped an arm around his mate's shoulders, lovingly stroking Starscream's upper arm. Starscream just looked down, letting his thoughts wander.

He was now joined with the mech who he loved, but he still felt so lost. So sad and vulnerable. He just felt… alone, scared, stressed, anxious… He felt like not doing anything and yet he felt like he had so much to do. He felt so abandoned and betrayed. Hurt and broken. Even when so much was going right, so much was still going wrong.

And then he kept thinking about Moonstar and the two sparklings he had lost. Those three always haunted his thoughts. He felt almost as if he betrayed Moonstar by joining with someone else despite telling himself that she would want him to be happy even if it wasn't with him.

He just felt so… Miserable. He felt like he had failed his trinmates and everyone else. He felt like a failure and was so angry with himself. He felt as if everyone hated him and was just waiting to hurt him in some way. That they would all scream at and attack him for messing up in the smallest of things. He felt like everyone was angry at him and that all those smiles were just fake. He just felt so… So hurt. So alone. So despised. So… worthless.

Worthless? Yes, worthless. Megatron had said he was worthless. Perhaps he was right? No, he couldn't be… But he had said so much that held truth. No one liked him. He was a failure, a whore, a waste of metal, a pathetic, crying brat. He was only good for fragging, not leading or having a happy family. He was a pathetic, worthless, whore who's only purpose was to be beneath Megatron. Nothing more.

He should have never joined with Skyfire. Skyfire deserved better. He didn't deserve him. No one did. Not even Moonstar.

"Oh, sweetie, why are you crying?" Skyfire asked quietly when he saw that coolant was pouring out of Starscream's optics.

"I'm fine." Starscream said in almost a whisper as he wiped the tears away.

"No, you're not. What's wrong?"

"I just… I'm fine."

"Star, what's going on?" Thundercracker asked gently as he reached over and took Starscream's servo in his.

"I'm fine, TC." Starscream said as quiet sobs started to break free from his vocalizer.

"He's having a breakdown." Thundercracker said in almost a whisper. "Warp, take us back to our quarters. Quickly."

Skywarp nodded his helm before teleporting the three Seekers and Skyfire back to their now shared room. Once materializing there, Starscream covered his faceplates and fully broke down, loudly wailing as he trembled. Skywarp and Thundercracker were instantly hugging him, holding him close as they kissed his cheekplates.

"I know you're not better yet, Star." Thundercracker said softly. "I know everything is just not right in your processor. Just let it out, sweetie. You'll feel a little better afterwards."

"Just make him leave me alone!" Starscream cried, clinging to his trinmates tightly. "I can't do this. I just can't! I'm scared, TC. I'm… p-please!"
"Shhh, shhh, it's okay, love. Just let it out." Thundercracker looked up at Skyfire. "Comm. Rung and see if he can see Starscream now. I don't think he should wait any longer."

"Alright, I'm on it." Skyfire nodded as he pressed two digits against the side of his helm. "Skyfire to Rung. You reading me?"

::Yes, loud and clear, Skyfire.:: Rung replied.

"Hey, is it possible you could see Starscream now? He's… he's having an emotional breakdown right now."

::Of course. Bring him right in.::

"Alright, be right there." Skyfire cut the call and turned to the three Seeker's huddled together.

Starscream was crying so hard, mumbling about something Skyfire couldn't discern, all the while his trinemates were kissing, hugging, and gently talking to him. Skyfire looked down, feeling so miserable. His Conjunx Endura should not be this way the orbital cycle after their ceremony. He should be bubbly and energetic, just as he had been during their Academy cycle. He just couldn't imagine what Megatron had done to him to turn such a wild, happy mech as that into this. He knew some of the story, but clearly there were things missing.

Skyfire swallowed, trying not to cry himself.

Chapter End Notes

Yes, Skyfire/Jetfire is from Vos. It's canon.

So, the part with Rung and Starscream is kinda like how I interact with my counselor. And in future chapters it will remain like that. Only, without the mothering. My counselor has a daughter my age so totally mothers me. Which I like since my own mother wasn't motherly at all to me. Ever. But, yes, counselors have that "Release of Information" form and everything just for that purpose of informing someone that you may kill yourself or whatever. And of course medical information and whatnot.

If you feel like you should ever see a counselor, do it. It really does work. I'm getting better seeing my counselor, and it's nice to have someone to just rant to. :)

I will never be a parent, but if I ever were to be, I would be like Starscream: Covering my adult daughter's eyes and her boyfriend's eyes when something adult themed comes on the TV. XD Heh, don't ever watch Game of Thrones with me. :P

Once again, used some ideas from real wedding vows for Star and Sky's vows.

Okay, so, at the end when we were seeing Starscream's thoughts and how he felt... Some of those things are actual things/thoughts that I feel. I feel so... sad and lost and just... blech. I don't want to do anything but yet have SO MUCH to do. I feel like everyone hates me and wants to hurt me, and no one is actually ever happy to
see me. That it's all lies and they will hurt me. And just... other stuff. Really, writing this fic is basically writing about my self in some regards. Should just change the title to "If Katie was Starscream..."

And, yeah, more same things like how I am still super depressed/anxious despite good things happening. I got 2 out of 3 of my pets back from my abusive parents (police fucking suck), and about 75% of my property back. And I can drive, I still have my first job that I have excelled at and rose in the ranks (unlike my older brother who gets fired from everything...), and other things that have gone right, but I still am really depressed. I still don't eat right, still have breakdowns, still just don't want to do anything, so hard to get out of bed... It sucks. And Starscream is at that point as well. Good things are happenings but his mind, like mine, is just stuck in this deep hole of despair and can't climb back out. And the few good things are like simply seeing the sun light or getting supplies as we lie in that hole. Kind of hard to explain to people who don't suffer from depression, but that's the best way I can describe it.

So, yeah, that's how I feel in August of 2015. Let's hope that by this time next year when I look back at this everything will be very different. For the better. :)

Some News For Starscream

Chapter Notes
See the end of the chapter for notes

Five Decacycles Later:

"And so I told him that it was a stupid-aft decision and you know what that piece-of-slag did? He punched me. He punched me and-and beat me in front of everyone else. And guess what? We did his damn, fragging way and fragging lost. All because he is a fragging, stupid, pathetic, just idiotic waste of metal who only cares about conquering other worlds and fragging me." Starscream ranted as he waved his servos about with his words.

"So you believe that your plan would have worked?" Rung asked, taking notes on a datapad as he sat on his own comfy chair.

"Hell yeah. And if it did fail it wouldn't have been as bad as his plan." The Seeker grunted, not looking at the Autobot as he tossed a stress ball from one servo to the other.

"And why's that? Why do your plans work better than his?"

"Well, I went to the War Academy for one. I actually learned proper military tactics and other slag unlike him. He's just some glorified miner turned gladiator turned tyrant. I got an education. I worked hard to be where I got. I helped the Decepticons win many campaigns. Many battles. I am good at that sort of slag. Strategizing… planning… scheming… It's my way of life. I just can't stop thinking about how to solve problems, how to manipulate people, how to just…" He vented a sigh as he looked down. "Sometimes I think too much."

"How so?"

"I just… I think and think and then my processor wanders off to somewhere it shouldn't and there I am… having an emotional breakdown like a sparkling."

"Why do you think having a breakdown is like a sparkling?"

"Well, I mean that I cry. I just… I have always been surrounded by a rough crowd and I've learned that it's a bad thing to show your emotions. To show weakness. So, just, I can't be like that, especially as a leader. I have to be strong for my people… For my trinemates and daughter."

Rung nodded his helm slowly. "So, do you believe that showing emotions is weakness?"

"That I personally believe it?" He paused. "I suppose not… Well, I… Skywarp is very emotional and strong. So, no, I guess not. I don't know. I haven't thought about it too much. I just know that as the leader I'm not supposed to so I learned not to be emotional."

"I see." Rung paused to scribble some notes. "Starscream, how has your refueling been going?"

Starscream didn't answer immediately. "I still have to force myself at times. It's easy in the morning to get myself to refuel now, but later on in the orbital cycle I just can't. TC and Sky have been doing the reward thing that you suggested."

"Has it been helping?"
"Some."

"That's good. Even a little bit is good." Rung paused again before asking his next question. "Did you have another nightmare last night?"

Starscream swallowed. "Yes." He said in almost a whisper.

"Was it a memory or something made up?"

"A memory."

"What was it of?"

Starscream just looked at the ground for a long, silent klik. His optics started to fill with static before he finally spoke. "He was hurting me. He was on top of me taking me as he always does. It felt real. It always feels real."

"What was he doing exactly?" Rung asked gently.

Starscream bit his lower lip plate, still not looking at him. Then, some coolant tears leaked out of the Air Commander's optics. "He was raping me. I was on his berth, leaning over it and he was inside of me. It hurt. It always hurt. And he… He tortured me. He whipped me… He tied me and gagged me. He burnt me with a welder. He touched me. He told me how I was his and made me recite the lines. And he left me tied to the berth. I was left alone, blindfolded and gagged, unable to free myself. Just waiting for him to return and hurt me." He paused. "And he did."

"What did he do when he returned?"

Starscream swallowed before continuing.

Starscream sat in the Control Room working, Thundercracker at a nearby console doing his part to help. Skywarp was off getting in trouble probably, most likely pissing off some Autobot with a prank. Him and Sideswipe had started to prank together about two decacycles ago, and now everyone lived in constant fear of being the newest victim.

Things were certainly getting more comfortable between the Seekers and Autobots. Ever since Starscream and Skyfire had joined, everyone seemed to believe that this truce would be long lasting and many were making friends with each other. The Seekers and Constructicons were allowed to roam more places with less to no supervision, and also helped more in patrols and other tasks.

The fighting had been somewhat minimal. Just fighting to keep the new cities and the surrounding area. They had made progress and had taken over Uraya, now having the entire Torus States in their clutches. They had also taken over smaller cities and towns, getting a firmer stronghold around the cities surrounding Kaon.

Most setbacks were due to battles on other planets and sending reinforcements, or the fight going on Luna 2. Progress was slow at times, but perhaps it was best. Starscream just wasn't ready mentally to go in a crazy takeover campaign. Not yet, anyway.

"Grahsay! Grahsay!" The excited screaming was accompanied with the tiniest thruster heels clicking rapidly against the floor.

"There's my little mechling! Come here!" Starscream smiled as he swiveled his chair and reached
down to receive the toddler.

The adult Seeker picked up the little one and placed him on his lap. Starstreak squealed excitedly before tightly hugging his grandsire.

"Grahsay! I yuv you!" He giggled.

"I love you, too." Starscream said before kissing the tiny cheekplates.

"And I love you." Dawnstar said as she stopped beside her sire and kissed him on the cheekplates.

"Hey, princess." Starscream greeted her.

"Hey, daddy." She smiled. "So, can you do me a favor?"

"Yeah, what's up?"

"Can you sparkling-sit?"

"Hell yeah. Doing stuff?"

She paused. "Yeah, Sides and I are gonna be together for a bit."

"I suppose you want 'Streak back later tonight?" He grunted.

Dawnstar bit her lower lip plate. "Actually, Sideswipe and I kinda hoped you would watch Starstreak for the whole night." She said softly.

Starscream's wings raised, his optics momentarily widening. He looked up at her, swallowing before he spoke. "So, you have… It's settled then…" He said in almost a whisper.

"He hasn't proposed yet. But, it's clear to us that it's meant to be." She was silent a moment. "Don't worry, dad. I'll be careful and we will use proper safety." She kissed him on the cheekplates again. "I love you, daddy."

"Love you too, princess." He said not looking at her, just watching his grandcreation.

"You're the best, dad." She then hugged him. "I'll see you tomorrow. Here's his dinner and blanket and toys." She said as she handed Starscream a box containing the mentioned items. "Make sure he goes to recharge on time, gets a bath, and no violent movies or games."

"I recall the drill." Starscream said quietly as he took the box and subspaced it.

"Don't fret, daddy. Besides, if you want those other grandcreations you have to let me do this slag."

He nodded his helm slowly. "I know. I still just worry about you."

"I'm safe with Sideswipe." She kissed his brow. "Love ya, dadster. See you tomorrow." She then kissed Starstreak on the helm. "You be good and listen to what your grandpappy says, alright? I'll see you later, spawn."

"Mom! I wan' hug." Starstreak demanded as he raised his tiny servos.

Dawnstar leaned forward and gave him one before kissing his cheekplates. "Love you, 'Streak. Have fun camping with grandpappy."
Dawnstar patted Starscream on the helm before turning and walking away. Starscream didn't look back. He just waited until he heard the door hiss shut before venting a sigh. He hugged Starstreak a little closer and kissed the tiny brow.

"She's fine, Starscream." Thundercracker grunted from his console.

"Perhaps." The Air Commander said in almost a whisper.

"Grahsay! I wanna pleesh ree you!"

"Pleesh?"

"Pleeah!"

"Oh, play? Alright, what do you want to play?"

"Pow gum!"

"The 'pow game?"

"Yeah!"

"Okay, I'll play the 'pow game."

Starscream held a servo out, palm facing upwards, and allowed his grandcreation to quickly slap it. Every so often the Air Commander would suddenly close his servo, trying to capture the tiny one. Starstreak would scream with laughter, slapping harder and faster.

Starscream smiled faintly at the adorable Seekerlet, so easily amused with such simple activities. After a few kliks, the little one grew bored and started to curiously study Starscream's large, blue servo. He placed his tiny one over it, seeing the size difference. Starscream just watched him, remembering when Dawnstar's servo was once that tiny compared to his. How he once held it like this in such tender moments.

"Grahsay! I yuv you!" He giggled.

Starscream smiled. "I love you too, Starstreak."

"Unca Teeshee!"

"Yes?" Thundercracker inquired as he glanced over.

Starstreak just giggled before turning back to Starscream. Thundercracker raised an optical ridge and returned to his work.

"I cun count ta twendy." Starstreak announced.

"Oh? Can I hear it?" Starscream inquired.

Starstreak giggled. "Wun, too, threh, four, five, six, seben, eight, nine, ten, eleben, twelb, uh…"

"What comes after twelve?" Starscream said gently.

"Uhhhhhh… Twelb….. Uh…"

"Thirteen." Starscream whispered.
"Thirdeen!" Starstreak shouted as if he had solved it all on his own. "Fourdeen, fibdeen, sixedeen, sebendeen…. um… Sebendeen…"

"Eighteen."

"Eighdeen! Ninedeen, twendy!" He broadly smiled, so proud of his accomplishment.

Starscream smirked. "That's very good, Starstreak. You are so clever." He kissed the tiny brow. "Want to help your old grandsire do his work?"

"Yeah!"

"Okay, here." He unsubspaced a datapad and held it to Starstreak. "What do you want?"

"I wanna draw!"

"Give me a klik… There you are." He handed it to the little one with the stylus.

Starstreak took it and eagerly started to draw. It was scrambled nonsense to most, but for Starscream, it was the most beautiful artwork he had ever seen. The Air Commander kissed the small helm before returning to his work, trying to forget about what was happening in the other building.

"No spawn for the rest of the night. Just you and me." Dawnstar said softly as she wrapped her arms around Sideswipe's neck, his servos resting on her hips.

"And Sunny is banished as well." Sideswipe smirked. "Bluestreak is dealing with him."

"So," Her wings fluttered. "How about you tell me how much you love me, handsome."

"I," He kissed her brow. "Love," He kissed the tip of her olfactory sensor. "You." He then kissed her on the lip plates, their glossas soon playing with each other's.

Dawnstar's servos grasped the back of his helm, deepening the kiss, their optics offline. Sideswipe's servos began to rove over her frame, feeling those perfect curves, pleasuring her transformation seams with electrical currents. Dawnstar lowered a servo and caressed his stronger, thicker plates, her thin digits easily slipping between transformation seams to pleasure. Sideswipe's one servo lowered and cupped her codpiece, salaciously rubbing it.

She moaned softly into his mouth. His servos kept playing over her, recalling everywhere she liked it. He took a step forward, and she stepped back. He kept walking, slowly leading her to the berth. She sat down, never breaking the kiss, then lied her back across the berth. He was over her, still kissing, still feeling her. Then his servos touched her wings and she gasped. He smirked before lowering his helm and kissing her neck cables.

Her codpiece slid aside, her valve ready. He carefully parted her legs, adjusted them so that they both were comfortable, and removed his own codpiece. She smiled at him, her legs wrapping around his waist.

"I've waited so long for this, Sideswipe." She said in almost a whisper. "I love you."

"I've waited a long time to. I love you more."

She gasped softly when he entered her. He pressed his lip plates against hers and lovingly kissed as he started to thrust. Their servos kept roving, grasping, feeling each other. Their frames were
heating up, inner fans working hard to keep them cool.

His humping started to become faster, harder, her moans louder. His servos rose to her breast plates, massaging, feeling, gently squeezing them. She raised her servos above her helm, arching her back strut and buckling into him.

Their chest plates parted to reveal their glowing sparks. The raw energy tendrils reached out and grasped onto each other, twisting and entangling. They broke the kiss to cry through their ecstasy as excess energy brutally surged through their connected frames causing electricity to dance over their outer plates. Surplus energy flowed into the berth and heated it up.

The young lovers panted into each other's faceplates, broadly smiling.

"That was… That was better than before." Sideswipe managed between pants.

"That was the best overload I've ever had." Dawnstar panted. "Let's do it again!"

"Hell yeah!"

"I love you, Sides."

"Love you too, Dawn."

Their lip plates interconnected in a kiss as Sideswipe resumed his thrusting.

Starscream walked back to his quarters with Starstreak on his hip as he carried him. The little one kept blabbering about something or another, most of his words just gibberish since he was still perfecting the art of pronunciation. Starscream would say something ever now and then in response to the flood of endless questions beating down on him, but no sooner had he answered one question when another hundred had been thrown on him. Most would be annoyed by the never ending interrogation, but Starscream loved the innocent curiosity. After all, asking questions was key to being a good scientist or strategist.

The Air Commander palmed open the door with his free servo and entered the room. It was much larger now after what the Constructicons had done to it. The berth, which was in the far, right corner, was massive, big enough for Skyfire and the Elite Trine to comfortably recharge together on, not to mention interface on. There was a desk for Skyfire and his workbench for little projects, and Thundercracker's desk and gaming setup. Those took up the far wall and far, left corner. The left wall had a large vid screen and gaming system for Skywarp. A loveseat couch was before the screen. There was also a door which led to a large closet where they kept their personal belongings.

The corner to the left from the door had a corner couch, a table, and chairs stacked against the wall. The corner to the right of the door was the entrance to the washroom, and between the washroom door and the berth was some shelving units.

"Hey, Scree!" Skywarp exclaimed from where he sat on the loveseat playing his videogames.

"Hey," Starscream said softly.

"Hi, sweetie." Skyfire smiled from his desk. "Hey there, Starstreak."

"Hi." Starstreak waved.

"So, what's the munchkin doing here?" Skywarp inquired without looking away from his game.
"We are sparkling-sitting him for the night because Dawn and Sideswipe are having intercourse." Starscream said in the same tone.

Skywarp's wings raised and he looked back at Starscream. "You alright, Scree?"

Starscream nodded his helm slowly. "I just... I'll be fine."

"Grahsay! Wut inercurse?" Starstreak asked.

Starscream looked at him for a moment. "Something you will learn all about all too soon, and you won't be thinking from one place anymore." He grumbled the last part.

Skywarp giggled. "The second processor is the best thing ever! So, 'Streak, you wanna take me on?"

"Yeah!" Starstreak excitedly exclaimed.

Starscream set the little one down and he hobbled over to Skywarp. The black Seeker picked him up and placed him on his lap. He grabbed a second controller that was next to him and handed it to the Seekerlet.

"You are so going down." Skywarp said as he resumed his playing.

"No! You are Unca 'Worp!" Starstreak giggled as he smashed the buttons on the unplugged controller, believing that he was actually playing. Skywarp's character was killed causing Starstreak to squeal and laugh. "I won! Hi fibe!" He smiled as he raised a servo.

Skywarp high fived him back. "No fair. I shuttered my optics. Let's go again!"

Starstreak just giggled.

Skyfire stood from his desk and approached his Conjunx Endura. He kissed the tri colored Seeker on the brow before hugging him.

"I love you."

"Love you too, Sky." Starscream said quietly as he hugged him.

"She's fine, Star." Skyfire said as he got down on one knee to look Starscream in the optic. "Sideswipe is a good mech and they clearly love each other." He paused. "Besides, Starstreak thinks Sideswipe is his sire, so, it's best to let this relationship grow. We don't want Starstreak's spark breaking."

Starscream nodded his helm slowly. "Yeah, I know. It's just really hard for me to let go still."

"I know, love." He paused. "How was your talk with Rung?"

"Fine. Just basically be ranting his audio receptor off. Again."

Skyfire smiled. "That's what you're supposed to do." He pecked a kiss to those perfect lip plates. "I love you."

"Love you, too."

"Need me to do anything?"
"I need to get 'Streak's dinner prepared. You want to set up his tent?"

"Tent?"

"Yes, tent. Apparently Dawnstar could only convince him to spend the night away from her was if he camped with me. So, he has a tent." Starscream shrugged. "I'm not complaining. Her separation anxiety with me at this age was a hundred times worse. This thing doesn't shriek until his vocalizer snaps." He paused. "That was a long night in medbay." He vented softly.

"You have the most interesting stories about raising Dawnstar."

"She was the first one. The first one always has the most interesting stories." Starscream then unsubspaced the box Dawnstar had given him. "Here's the tent."

"This is just some blankets…"

"Use the chairs. Thundercracker is grabbing some cushions and will be back soon to help finish it up."

"Uh, okay."

The Air Commander set down the box on the work bench and rummaged through its contents until he pulled out the bottle filled with the special energon that Dawnstar's systems produced. He selected a blowtorch from the bench, set it on low, and used it to heat up the bottle, thus warming the energon. Once it was at the desired temperature, he turned off the tool and set it aside. He shook the bottle, grabbed a small bag from the box, and approached the loveseat.

He sat beside his trinemate and took his grandson. "Alright, 'Streak, you gotta refuel."

"I wanna 'old eht!" He demanded as he took the bottle.

"Alright, let me get that." The Air Commander said as he fixed the lid so the little one could easily suck out the contents.

Starstreak rested against his grandsire's torso, holding the bottle up as he drank. Starscream stroked the small helm as he watched him refuel. Once he had finished, the adult Seeker took the bottle away and handed the Seekerlet the bag. Starstreak opened it and munched on the soft energon treats.

"At least he's easier to wean than Dawn was." Starscream grunted.

"Heh, Dawn was such a stubborn glitch." Skywarp remarked.

"I blame myself for that."

"Grahsay!" Starstreak piped up.

"Yes?"

Starstreak giggled. "Hi." He waved as he looked up at his grandsire.

Starscream smirked. "Hi."

Starstreak just giggled before stuffing another goodie into his mouth. Starscream patted the little helm.
The door hissed open and Thundercracker entered carrying a pile of cushions. "I have returned with the requested items, Master Starstreak." The blue Seeker grunted.

"Yay!" He exclaimed as he started to crawl off Starscream's lap.

"Ah uh, you have to finish refueling." Starscream ordered.

"Bu' Grahsay!" He snapped, balling his tiny fists.

"Don't 'but' me, Starstreak. Finish refueling and then you can go play."

"Don't 'but' me, Grahsay." He said back.

"Oh ho ho!" Skywarp chuckled. "He told you, Scree."

Starscream optics narrowed as he glared at his trinemat. Then he turned back to Starstreak. "There's nothing more foolish than disobeying me, Starstreak. Finish refueling. I doubt you would enjoy the consequences." He said darkly.

Starstreak crossed his arms and pouted as he slouched against Starscream's frame. Starscream ignored the behavior. Experience had taught him that sparklings were always grouchier when they were tired.

Thundercracker and Skyfire worked on building the "tent" using chairs to hold up the blankets and the cushions to create walls and the floor. It was a hideous construction, but solid for its one night purpose.

"Have you completed the task assigned to you?" Starscream inquired of his grandcreation.

"Wha?"

"Are you done refueling?"

"Yesh."

"Don't lie to me. It's never a good idea to lie to me. Finish refueling."

Starstreak made an exasperated growl before stuffing another treat into his mouth. He finished the last three before looking at his grandsire.

"I done!" He announced.

"Good. Now you may be released."

Starstreak scampered off Starscream's lap and ran over to the "tent." He squealed excitedly before crawling inside.

"I hope it doesn't collapse during the night." Skyfire said as he inspected it.

"It'll be fine. I don't think he'll knock anything over." Thundercracker said dismissively.

Starstreak suddenly burst out carrying a small cushion and proceeded to whack it against Thundercracker.

"Ack! Not the faceplates!" Thundercracker exclaimed as he raised a servo to defend himself from the vicious attack.
Dawnstar onlined her magenta optics to see Sideswipe's faceplates before her. She smiled, snuggling a little closer to her mech. His strong arm wrapped tightly around her thin waist, keeping her close. She leaned forward and kissed him on the lip plates.

"Hmm?" Sideswipe lazily mumbled as his blue optics powered on.

"Morning, love." Dawnstar said softly before kissing his lip plates again.

"Hey, sweetspark. Mmm, I feel wonderful. How about you?"

"I feel fantastic."

Sideswipe smiled. "Those were the best overloads ever. You're amazing."

"No, you're amazing."

"You."

She giggled. "You."

He leaned forward and nuzzled olfactory sensors. Her smile broadened as she nuzzled back. His arm tightened around her waist before he kissed her on the lip plates. She held the back of his helm with a dainty servo, her glossa slipping into his mouth.

"Love you, Dawn." He said quietly as he rested his brow against hers.

"Love you too, Sides."

"We probably should head to the washracks."

"But I don't want to stop cuddling!" She said as she snuggled into him.

"Wanna make out in the 'racks?"

"Slag yeah!" She exclaimed as she quickly sat upright. "Come on, slagger!"

The red Autobot smirked as he slowly got up himself. The two lovers held servos as they exited the twin's room and made their way to the washroom.

"Had a nice night, Sides?" Smokescreen gave a sly smirk as he leaned against his doorway.

"Very." Sideswipe smiled.

"Oh, it was certainly quiet last night." Blaster said sarcastically as he smiled himself.

"The quietest." Hound nodded as he walked by.

Sideswipe rolled his optics at the friendly barbs his friends gave him. Dawnstar leaned against him as they walked, soon arriving at their destination.

Dawnstar turned on the water and turned to her mech-friend. "Alright, we're in the washracks. Let's make out!"

Sideswipe smirked. "Are all Seekers so demanding?"
"Just the awesome ones." She giggled.

"Turn around." He said as he approached.

She did so, jumping on her peds as she broadly smiled. His strong arms wrapped around her waste, his lip plates kissing her nape. His servos started to pleasure her frame, massaging and rubbing over her codpiece. She softly moaned as her optics offline. The warm water ran down their frames, flowing into transformation seams and feeling so wonderful.

Her codpiece folded away and his did the same. She gasped quietly when he slid into her, his arms tightening their hold around her body. She softly moaned as he began to thrust. The Seeker lowered her wings, twisted around, and kissed him over a wing, her one servo holding his mandible while the other rested over his arms. Their glossas played with each other, optics offline.

"I love you." She said in almost a whisper.

"I love you, too." He whispered back.

"Grahsay!" Starstreak shouted as he trotted alongside his grandsire, his tiny servo holding the large blue one.

"Yes?" Starscream grunted.

"Pik meh up!"

Starscream bent down and did so, setting the little one on his hip. He kept walking, stopping to palm open the door to the Control Room. Starstreak looked around for his carrier, lowering his wing stubs when he didn't find her.

The Air Commander sat at his seat and placed the Seekerlet on his lap. Starstreak kicked his peds in the air as he slouched against his grandsire's frame. Starscream soon got to work on his console, glancing down at the toddler every so often.

"Grahsay, I bored."

"You're bored?"

"Yeah."

"What do you want to do?"

"I wan' ta playsh."

"What do you want to play?" Starscream asked as he kept working.

"A bideogum."

"What videogame do you want to play?"

"Ta wun wiff ta 'shroooo.""

"Oh, the aerial racing?"

"Yeah!"
"Alright, let me get it up." He said as he unsubspaced the datapad with the games.

He pressed a few commands until he had the game up then handed it to the Seekerlet. Starstreak took it and contently played the game. It was nearly a joor later when Starstreak held the datapad up and tried to smack Starscream on the faceplates with it.

"I beg your pardon?" The Air Commander said gruffly as he snatched the datapad away and subspaced it.

Starstreak just giggled as he looked up at his grandsire. He then twisted around, stood up on Starscream's lap, and hugged the Air Commander. Starscream smiled as he hugged him back.

Starstreak pulled away and studied his grandsire's faceplates for a moment before grabbing Starscream's chin and forcing his mouth open.

"Can I help you?" Starscream said sarcastically.

Starstreak giggled. He placed both of his servos on either side of Starscream's helm before slapping them against the Air Commander's cheekplates. Starscream quickly reached up and grabbed the tiny wrists as the culprit loudly laughed.

"That was rude." Starscream grunted.

Starstreak just laughed before trying to attempt it again.

"Mmm mmm," Starscream hummed sternly as he held the servos down. "You do not strike me."

Starstreak fell back onto Starscream's lap, smiling as he started to study a blue servo. Starscream vented a small sigh as he resumed his work. Starstreak looked around at all the Autobots also working at their own consoles. He kept watching them as he rolled on Starscream's lap, almost falling off, but Starscream caught him. His small mouth hung open while he watched, his frame limp as he dangled on the edge of Starscream's knees. Then, he clambered back up onto Starscream's lap and grabbed his grandsire's faceplates. He pressed his small brow against Starscream's and looked into his optics, red locked on red. Then, without warning, he helmbuttoled Starscream.

"Excuse me?" The tri colored Seeker demanded as he jerked his helm away, only eliciting giggles from the Seekerlet.

Starstreak tried to do it again, but Starscream grabbed him and forced him to sit back down. Starstreak twisted around started to slap Starscream's cockpit, giggling loudly. The Air Commander vented another sigh.

"Cease and desist."

Starstreak ignored the command. He reached up and grabbed Starscream's jaw, soon forcing him to open his mouth. He giggled, then forced it shut again. And he repeated the process again, and again, and again. Finally, he just shoved his little digits into Starscream's mouth. Starscream jerked his helm away, grabbed the small servos, and removed them. He made Starstreak sit back down before resuming his work.

Starstreak slumped against Starscream's cockpit, kicking his peds in the air. Then, he once again stood back up, placed his servos on Starscream's shoulders, and started to jump up and down.

"That's not happening." Starscream grunted as he grabbed Starstreak's waist and made him stop.
Starstreak then kicked Starscream in the abdominal plates, giggling insanely.

"Sit down." Starscream snapped.

"No!" Starstreak exclaimed with a smile.

The Air Commander started to force him to once again sit, but this time Starstreak wasn't going to go down so easily. He started to struggle, kicking, and squirming, thinking it was only a game. Somehow the Seekerlet fell with his back on Starscream's lap and kicked the adult Seeker in the chin. Starscream's optics narrowed. He grasped the tiny ankles, managed to get the squirming thing right-side-up, and held him in a sitting position.

"Stay put." He growled in Starstreak's audio receptor.

Starstreak glared at his grandsire as his arms crossed. Starscream ignored him and started to work again. The Air Commander got about two kliks of peace before the Pit-spawn couldn't hold still any longer.

Starstreak stood up, Starscream vented an exasperated sigh. Then, Starstreak tried to leap off his lap. Starscream quickly caught him and placed him back onto his lap. Starstreak giggled before trying to free himself.

"Primus... What do you want?"

"I wan' downnnnnnn!"

"Fine, but stay where I can see you. Stop it. Look at me." Starstreek did so. "Do not leave the room and stay within my sights. I mean it. Do not disobey me."

"Okaaaayyyy!"

Starscream picked him up and lowered him to the floor. Starstreak scrambled away and ran towards the closest Autobot. Starscream watched him for a moment before returning to his work.

"Hey!" Starstreak shouted as he poked at Inferno's leg.

"Uh, hey, Starstreak." The Autobot said slowly as he looked down at him.

Starstreak giggled before running off. He stopped at the next Autobot and prodded the red leg.

"Hi!" He happily exclaimed.

"What do you want, brat?" Cliffjumper growled.

"Wha?"

"Go bother someone else, slagging Seeker spawn."

Starstreak cocked his helm, curiously looking at Cliffjumper. "Don' beh sad. Mom sahs ta smile an' beh hahppy."

"Frag off, brat. You're presence make me unhappy."

Starstreak gave him a puzzled look before walking away. He approached another minibot and patted the leg.
"Hi." He smiled.

"Get lost, crotch demon." Huffer snapped.

"Why?"

"Because you are a filthy, disgusting, Decepticon spawn. That's why, brat. Now go before I grab you by the scruff and drag you to a dumpster." He growled as he jabbed a digit for Starstreak to leave.

Starstreak just gave him a hurt look before trudging away. The Seekerlet made his way back to Starscream and stopped beside him. That's when the shrieking sobs broke free. Starscream quickly reached down and picked him up. He held him close as Starstreak hugged him, burrowing his faceplates into Starscream's neck.

"Shhh, shhh, it's okay." Starscream said gently as he patted his back. "What's wrong, sweetie?"

Starstreak pulled away, still loudly sobbing as he wiped coolant away. He then pointed towards Huffer and Cliffjumper. Starscream's optics narrowed.

"What did they do?" He said dangerously.

"Th-they say I am a brat, an' a filbee, disgusting, brat." He managed between sobs.

Starscream stood up and placed Starstreak on the chair. "Stay put. Let your grandsire handle this."

Starstreak nodded his helm as he wiped his faceplates. He curiously watched as Starscream approached the minibots.

"Mind repeating what you two idiots said about my grandson?" The Seeker said darkly as he stood between them, his servos resting on the top of their seats.

"Just calling it like it is, Screecher." Cliffjumper said defiantly.

"Keep yer disgusting, shrieking brat away from us. We don't want to have to see or hear it." Huffer growled.

"Alright then." Starscream said slowly before suddenly shoving the chairs forward causing them to flip over.

Starstreak giggled and clapped at he watched the fight from a safe distance. Autobots running from all over the room to break it up, shouting, cursing, and joining in. Chairs and punches were thrown. Kicks added into the mix. Somehow Autobots started to attack each other in the confusion. Even weirder was the anti fire system was somehow activated, perhaps from the fact that damaged consoles were now smoking. Whatever the reason, white foam was sprayed from the ceiling spigots covering everything and everyone.

Starstreak was having trouble cycling air from laughing so hard. He tossed foam into the air and at the insane fighting. He was surprised when someone picked him up and quickly carried him away from the fun. More Autobots rushed in as his rescuer fled with him. He heard the commanding vocalizer of Optimus Prime shouting something, and Prowl yelling stuff as well.

"Well, they're in a heap of trouble." Bluestreak commented as he carried Starstreak.

"What. The. Slag. Was. That. About." The Prime growled as he sat at his desk looking at the
"It hurts to speak with a dislocated jaw." Starscream said as he was trying to snap it back into place.

"That lousy 'Con started it!" Cliffjumper exclaimed, one optic shattered.

"Yeah, he attacked us!" Huffer piped up as he waved his torn off arm that he held.

Optimus just glared at the three. They were covered in energon, foam, tears, dents, ripped plates, and all around looking terrible. Prowl was dealing with the Autobots who had tried to help but ended up getting involved with the fight. Things weren't going easy for them.

There was a horrible clacking, popping, and squeaking of gears as Starscream finally managed to set his jaw back in place. He tested it before speaking. "These two barbarians you keep verbally assaulted my grandcreation. I simply reminded them that sparkling abuse is highly frowned upon."

"You slagging 'Con! You punched us!" Cliffjumper bellowed.

"That creature you keep around isn't a 'sparkling.' It's an abomination!" Huffer added.

"Shut your whore mouth before I permanently silence you!" The Seeker snapped back.

"Verbal assault, Prime! Did you see that?!"

"Don't like it? Then why did you do that to a sparkling?! What the frag is wrong with you!? Were you dropped as a sparkling? Or are you some sad, lonely virgin in desperate need to get laid?"

"How dare you!"

"Of course something like you could never get laid. Your microspike could never penetrate any femme's valve and despite being the perfect height for oral, you mouth off too much to ever get that glossa to work properly."

"I'll kill you!" Huffer screamed as he leaped out of his chair and tackled the Seeker.

"Yeah! That's it! Get 'im!" Cliffjumper cheered before joining in.

Optimus inhaled deeply before slowly venting it out. He was going to deactivate someone unless he could calm down.

"Hahahahahahahahahaha!" Skywarp laughed as he stood outside the energy bars of the cell. "Oh, Primus, minbots did that?! Oh, wow, Screamer this is gold."

"Shut your whore mouth." Starscream grunted from where he sat on the berth within the cell, his arms crossed and optics narrowed.

"You look like a pack of turbofoxes went after you!"

"Get slagged."

"Do you want us to bust you out?" Thundercracker asked slowly.

Starscream shrugged. "The Autobots are softies. I won't be in here long. Besides, I rather not have that Prowl glitching at me like a whiny sparkling all because I got tired of his ridiculously light sentence."
"How long do they want you in here?"

"Seeing how I was defending a sparkling from bullies, I am being 'punished' for my 'extreme measures.' And with the appeal from Rung concerning my mental state and Hook wanting to see me for my repairs as soon as possible… One orbital cycle." He gave the most evil of triumphant smirks.

"Wow, they are soft."

Starscream giggled. "Yeah." He turned to look at his trinmates. "Where's my mate?"

"He's on his way. Got caught up with trying to find Dawnstar and get Starstreak returned to her since she was originally going to meet up with you."

"I'm a criminal." Starscream shrugged. "Guess you two probably should 'properly' punish me once I am free."

Skywarp giggled like an idiot with his lopsided grin. "Oh, we'll let the Prime know that we'll punish you good!"

"I know you will." He paused. "Have you two seen Dawn? Does she seem alright?"

"She's fine, Star. She was perfectly happy." Thundercracker replied. "Her and Sideswipe."

Starscream slowly nodded his helm as he looked at the floor. "Alright." He said in almost a whisper.

"So," Thundercracker said as he sat on the floor in front of the cell, Skywarp joining him. "Want to play 'Go Fish' through the bars?"

Starscream faintly smiled. "I got nothing else to do."

The three Seekers were soon playing, ignoring the glitching of the other prisoners, primarily that of Cliffjumper and Huffer.

The Next Night:

Skyfire walked back to his shared quarters with the Elite Trine. He was about to palm it open when his audio receptors picked up on the distinct sounds coming from within. He vented a sigh and palmed the door open.

"Sky!" Starscream squealed. "Wanna join in!?"

"Um, I wasn't planning on-"

"Come on, Sky. It's humpy times!" Skywarp giggled as he thrust into Starscream, holding his trineleader close.

"Oh, yes, it most certainly is!" Starscream smiled as he thrust into Thundercracker who was leaning over the back of the loveseat.

"Are you still embarrassed about bonding with us?" Thundercracker inquired between pants.

"Yeah, you've bonded with us like… How many times?" Skywarp inquired.
"Including the time we were over energized… Thirty-three times…” Skyfire sighed.

"See? Come on over here and get in on this!” Starscream smiled. "I'll let you slap my aft again."

"I don't think-"

"He's so awkward it makes him adorable. I have the most adorable Conjunx Endura, ever!" Starscream giggled.

"I…” He vented a sigh. "Fine, I'll join in once you overload."

"Yay!” Starscream squealed.

Skyfire sat on the berth and patiently waited for the Seekers to overload. They cried as they sparkbonded when it finally came, causing Skyfire to heat up some. Starscream quickly pulled out of Thundercracker and shoved Skywarp away. He practically glomped Skyfire and rained kisses on the Autobot's faceplates. Skyfire caught the Seeker's mandible and kissed him on the lip plates. Soon, the shuttle had the Seeker pinned on the berth and climbed on top of him. Starscream's legs wrapped around his waist, smiling so broadly as Skyfire started to pleasure his frame.

Skywarp had Thundercracker pinned against the berth next to them, quickly entering his trinemate and roughly thrusting. Skyfire just ignored them, concentrating on his mate. He locked lip plates with Starscream, his codpiece folding away and entering Starscream's already prepared valve. Starscream just giggled at the feeling, laughing louder as Skyfire kissed his neck cables and tickled him with his servos.

"I love you! I love this!” The Air Commander proclaimed as he wrapped his arms around Skyfire's helm.

"I love you, too.” Skyfire smiled, thrusting harder and faster.

He kept humping his mate, somehow finding himself kissing Skywarp as the black Seeker thrust into Thundercracker. Servos were grasping, roving, and massaging each other, some touching two mechs at once. Skyfire would go from kissing one Seeker to another, they all doing the same.

Their chest plates opened and their energy tendrils grasped onto each other, the four connecting. They cried through their incredible overload, surplus energy traveling through the four systems and into the surrounding metal berth.

They took a brief respite to pant and cool off before Skywarp quickly pulled out of Thundercracker.

"Out of my trineleader, Sky.” He ordered as he shoved at the shuttle. "It's my turn!"

Skyfire pulled out and Skywarp pushed Starscream aside. The Autobot found himself over the black and violet Seeker, suddenly having his lip plates interlocked with him. Starscream was next to them, already beneath Thundercracker and moaning as he was thrust into.

"Come on, big guy!” Skywarp giggled. "Give me that spike!"

"You are so weird.” Skyfire commented as he grabbed Skywarp's waist and entered him.

"That's it, Autobot! Show this Decepticon where I belong.” He manically laughed.

Skyfire passionately kissed Skywarp on the lip plates as he thrust into him. Skywarp wildly kissed
back, his glossa slapping about inside of Skyfire's mouth. Skyfire had finally learned to just ignore the occasional lip plate nips that Skywarp gave and the loud, smacking sounds. It was just how Skywarp showed that he was enjoying the kiss.

"Love you, Skywarp." Skyfire said softly.

Skywarp giggled. "Love ya too, Sky. Now get to pounding into me!"

Skyfire did as commanded, thrusting hard and fast into Skywarp. The four resumed their crazy touching, kissing, and wild interfacing. Once again the four sparks savagely bonded together sending them to the greatest ecstasy and rush they could only experience with each other.

They traded again, Starscream mounting Skywarp and Skyfire finding himself with Thundercracker. The blue Seeker hungrily kissed the Autobot on the lip plates, moaning softly as he was thrust into.

"I love you, Thundercracker." Skyfire said in almost a whisper.

Thundercracker smirked. "Yeah, I love you too." He said softly.

Skyfire's smile only broadened. "I love you three so much."

"What's not to love?" Thundercracker chuckled before grabbing Skyfire's mandible and kissing him again.

Skyfire just dumbly smiled as he kept loving on Thundercracker. It had taken a while, but Starscream's trinemates had not only fully accepted him, but loved him back and he loved them. The Autobot had never been happier than with these three Seekers. These weird, crazy, hyperactive, dysfunctional, loveable, and battle hardened Seekers were the greatest thing to ever happen to him.

He was just thankful that Skywarp still had yet to take him to a brothel.

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**Two Orns Later:**

Dawnstar walked to the medbay and palmed the door open. She entered and looked around.

"Is there a reason you are here?" Ratchet grunted from where he was organizing tools.

"Hey, Ratchet. Um, I just thought I would get a checkup. Been a while." She shrugged.

"Feeling alright?" He asked as he looked up at her.

"Meh."

"Sit down. Let me grab my scanner."

She did so and the CMO soon arrived with his scanner. She swung her peds in the air, wings raised high, and a smile on her gorgeous faceplates. The Autobot medic scanned her and viewed the results. He raised an optical ridge before looking up at her.

"It's his, isn't it?" He grumbled.

"Yes!" She squealed excitedly.
"My worst nightmare come true." Ratchet said in the same tone before faintly smiling at her. "Congratulations, sweetspark."

She loudly squealed before leaping off the berth and hugged him. Ratchet's smile broadened as he hugged her back.

"Why do I hear shrieking?" Hook demanded as he walked out of a back room.

"Hook, I'm carrying!" Dawnstar exclaimed as she ran over to him and hugged him.

"You are?" He looked up at Ratchet. "How far?"

"About a decacycle." Ratchet replied.

"It's Sideswipe's. We're having a sparkling!" She giggled as she bounced on her peds.

"Congrats, sweetie. I'm happy for you." Hook smiled as he hugged her back.

"Oh, I gotta go tell him!"

She released the Constructicon and ran out of the medbay. Ratchet turned to Hook.

"I just pray it isn't like it's sire." The CMO grunted.

"I pray it isn't like it's grandsire." Hook said in the same tone as Ratchet as he crossed his arms.

"Or both."

"Don't give me nightmares."

The two were silent for a time before Ratchet spoke. "I am not religious, but I am going to go and pray to Primus."

"I'm not religious either, but I'll come with you." Hook said quickly.

Sideswipe was in the Rec Room playing a videogame with his friends and Sunstreaker. The Autobot mechs were loud, rowdy, and crazy as usual, cheering and screaming at each other.

"Take that, Sunny!" Sideswipe exclaimed.

"Die you afthelm!" Smokescreen shouted.

"Run, Sunstreaker!" Bluestreak screamed.

"Dammit, stop with the grenades!" Sunstreaker snapped.

"Get 'im, Sunshine!" Trailbreaker called out.

"Don't call me that!"

Dawnstar entered the Rec Room and tried to retrain herself as she approached. She was smiling so broadly, wings fluttering on occasion. She leaned over the back of the couch and kissed Sideswipe's cheekplates.

"Hey, handsome." She greeted.
"Hey, baby." He kissed her back. "What up?"

"So, I went and talked to Ratchet."

"Are you feeling alright?"

"We both feel fine." She smiled.

"Okay, well, do you wanna pl-" He stopped, his optics widening.

The controller loudly clattered to the ground as he completely froze. Everyone just looked at him as Sunstreaker paused the game. The red twin slowly stood up and turned around to face her. He climbed over the couch and stood before her, resting his servos on her shoulders. She was giggling, shaking with her excitement as she bounced on her peds.

"S-say that again?" He stuttered before swallowing.

"You're going to be a sire. I'm sparked." She managed to say somewhat calmly.

He removed his servos from her shoulders and slowly turned to face his friends. All their optics were wide, wondering what he was about to do. It felt like an eternity before:

"I'M GOING TO BE A SIRE!" He bellowed in excitement, disbelief, and pure joy. "I'm going to be a sire." He suddenly said softly before falling to his knees and covering his faceplates. "I'm going to be a sire." He managed to say as loud sobs took over, coolant pouring from his optics. He looked up at his twin. "Sunny, I-I'm g-going to be a s-sire. Damn, I'm going to be a sire."

Dawnstar got on her knees beside him and kissed him. He hugged her, trying to regain control of his emotions before speaking.

"Do you know the gender?" He asked softly as he wiped coolant tears away.

"Too early. the little one is only a decacycle into development." She smiled.

He nodded his helm as he placed a servo on her abdominal plates, just over the gestation tank. "I'm going to be a sire." He said in almost a whisper. "Wow… I just… I'm going to be a sire."

"Sideswipe is going to be a sire!" Smokescreen shouted.

"Woo! Go Sides!" Hound exclaimed.

"Yeeyah, Sides!" Trailbreaker piped up.

"I'm so excited!" Bluestreak squealed.

The other Autobots all cheered and excitedly blabbered. Sunstreaker just watched his twin, that small smile of his on his faceplates that he only wore when he was truly happy. That smile that only was reserved for his brother.

"How long until..?" Sideswipe asked.

"About another six decacycles." She smiled.

"That long? Primus, that's too long."

"It'll fly by." She said before kissing him on the lip plates.
"I still can't believe… I'm going to be a sire."

"We have to tell daddy and the spawn now."

"Right, gotta tell future sire-in-law and future stepson." He swallowed. "I'm going to be a sire."

"Hey, grouchy afthelm." Dawnstar grunted as she and Sideswipe barged into Starscream's office.

"What the hell do you want, slagging hellion?" The Air Commander grunted right back.

"I'm just here to give you this, dumb ol' scrapheap." She snapped as she handed him a datapad.

"And what is this, fragging, time-wasting creation?" He demanded as he took the datapad.

"Just read it and quit glitching." She said as she crossed her arms.

"If this is a death threat I'm going to call security."

"Try it and see what happens."

"Hmm," He smirked. "I love it when you threaten me like your carrier used to." He onlined the datapad and looked at it. "What is this slag? It's just a date and what do you mean 'six more to go'? Six more wha-" His optics widened. He looked up at her. "Are you..?"

She smiled. "I'm carrying."

Starscream was out of his seat faster than any Seeker should be allowed to go. He had his daughter in a tight hug and spun her around in a complete circle before putting her back on the ground. The two Seekers were both bouncing on their peds in excitement, their wings fluttering.

"How far along?" Starscream asked.

"About a decacycle." She smiled.

Starscream calmed down enough to place a servo on his daughter's abdominal plates, his wings lowering. He then hugged her as he started to softly cry his joy.

"I've made both of you cry." Dawnstar smirked.

Starscream kissed her cheekplates. "I'm so proud of you, Dawn. I know Moonstar would be too if she was here."

"I know, dad." She said softly.

"Dammit…" He then looked at Sideswipe. "Come here, Sideswipe."

"Uh, sure." Sideswipe said slowly before approaching.

The Autobot was surprised when the Air Commander had him and Dawnstar both in a tight hug, still quietly sobbing his happiness. Sideswipe hesitated before hugging back. Dawnstar was absolutely beaming.

"Starscream to Thundercracker and Skywarp." Starscream said as he pressed to digits to the side of his helm. "Warp, teleport to my office immediately."

It was quiet for a few astrosecond before the room was filled with a purple flash. Skywarp and
Thundercracker hesitated before speaking.

"What's up?" The black Seeker asked.

"I'm carrying." Dawnstar smiled.

"EEEEEEEEEEEEEEPP!" Skywarp squeal as he excitedly shook his fists before grabbing Dawnstar and hugging her.

"Congrats, sweetie!" Thundercracker exclaimed when he finally stole her from his exuberant trinemate.

"It's all this slagger's fault." Starscream grunted as he jabbed a thumb at Sideswipe.

"Are you going to deactivate me?" Sideswipe asked slowly as he took a step back.

"If I was you'd already be deactivated." He vented a sigh. "No, you'll live still." He was silent a moment before hugging Sideswipe again. "Thank you. You've made my daughter happier than I've seen her since her carrier was deactivated. And I suppose I ought to apologize. You have only been kind to her and have given her everything that she has ever wanted. I won't forgive all the times you've tried to deactivate me or performed Jet Judo on me, but I am willing to forget about all that for her sake." He paused. "My trinemates and I accept you."

Sideswipe's optics widened. "Wow, really? So, like, you won't ever try to kill me again? Awesome!"

"As long as you don't hurt Dawn or my grandcreations, yes."

"Well, you have nothing to fear, then!" He paused. "Can we stop hugging? This is starting to get awkward."

"Seekers are big on cuddling so get used to it, slag breath."

"Is that an official thing to call someone you no longer will kill?" Sideswipe inquired as he shoved at the Seeker to let go.

"Something like that." Starscream shrugged still holding the Autobot.

"Gah! Dawn! Help me!" Sideswipe called out to her. "He's trying to kill me!"

"You'll get used to it." She said dismissively before resuming her excited chat with her "uncles."

Sideswipe's optics narrowed. Starscream finally released him and took a step back. The Seeker placed his servos on his hips and studied the Autobot for an astrosecond.

"Going to propose?" He asked in almost a whisper.

"Definitely." Sideswipe whispered back.

Starscream gave him that sexy, sly smirk of his. "I'll be sure to give you a bachelor party you won't ever forget. Invite your little Autobot friends and twin if you want. Everything will be on me."

"Um, yeah, sure." Sideswipe shrugged. "I'll be sure to do that."

"Good." Starscream then turned to his daughter. "So, princess, do you need me to get you anything? Energon goodies? Some heated blankets? A punching bag?"
Dawnstar giggled. "Energon goodies would be fine, dad. But, Sides and I gotta go hunt down Ramjet, Thrust, and Dirge so we can inform the spawn."

"Fine, leave me. I didn't like your company anyway." Starscream grunted as he crossed his arms.

"And I don't like yours." She snapped back.

"Fine!"

"Fine!" She turned around. "Come on, Sides. We are no longer appreciated here."

"I better not see you again." Starscream grumbled.

"You won't!" She exclaimed as she stood in the doorway with her mate.

"Love you!"

"Love you too, dad!"

Sideswipe scratched the back of his neck, not completely understanding those two's weird relationship.

"Starstreak, mommy and daddy have something to tell you." Dawnstar said as Starstreak sat between her and Sideswipe on the couch in Dawnstar's quarters.

"Wha?" The Seekerlet inquired.

"Well, you are going to be a big brother. Mommy has a little sparkling in her." She smiled.

Starstreak's optics were huge. "I'm gonna be a big brother?" He asked slowly.

"Yup." Sideswipe grinned at him. "And you get to help me and your mommy take care of your little sibling."

Starstreak's faceplates beamed as the largest smile spread over his faceplates. "I'm gonna be a big brother!" He excitedly bounced on the couch. "I want to see my brother!"

"Well, we don't know if your sibling will be a mechling or femmling yet, but you have to wait for a bit." Dawnstar explained.

"Why?"

"Your sibling isn't ready to come out yet. They are growing inside of mommy and once they are big enough they will come out and you can meet them."

"Oh…" He paused. "How did they get put in there?"

Sideswipe snickered. "I'll tell you in a few stellar cycles how they got in there." He kissed Starstreak's brow. "You happy?"

"Yeah!" Starstreak giggled.

"We are too." Dawnstar said softly. "And, daddy is moving in with us. Your grandsire is having a big room built for us and your daddy and Uncle Sunstreaker will be living with us. It will be like an apartment with several rooms, so, you get your own berthroom. You like that?"
"YES!"

Dawnstar and Sideswipe smiled at his enthusiasm. Starstreak looked up at Sideswipe and hugged him.

"Yay! Daddy will be living with us!"

"Yeah, I will be." Sideswipe said as he looked at Dawnstar.

"I'm so happy." Dawnstar smiled.

"And since we are in the process of making plans and everything, I think there's something else we should be thinking about." The Autobot said as he stood up.

"What's that, babe?"

Sideswipe got down on one knee before her and took her servos in his. Dawnstar's optics widened as her wings raised.

"Dawnstar, you are seriously the coolest, most awesome femme I've ever met. And despite your family being the quirkiest lot that I've ever had to deal with, I totally want to be with you and them for the rest of my life. And I just want to be with you forever and raise our little sparklings together, and possibly take over the world. So," He swallowed. "Will you be the greatest femme in existence and say 'yes' to being my Conjunct Endura?"

"Say 'yes,' mommy." Starstreak whispered to her.

"Yes. Yes, yes, yes, yes! Slagging, yes!" She exclaimed as she bounced in her seat. "Why did you wait so long!?"

"I didn't want your cray-cray sire to deactivate me."

She grabbed his helm and kissed him on the lip plates. Starstreak scooted away as the two wildly kissed. He stuck his little glossa out in disgust and made a face.

"My daughter's carrying!" Starscream squealed as he ran into Skyfire's arms and hugged him. "I'm getting another grandcreation!"

"Oh, that's wonderful, sweetie!" Skyfire smiled. "I'm so happy for her and you."

"I'm going to have two grandcreations! I wonder what she's cooking up in there? A mechling or a femmling? Ooh, I just can't wait!" He said as he bounced on his peds.

"Maybe you'll get twins."

"EEE! I hope so!"

Skyfire rolled his optics as he just smiled. He kissed his mate on the lip plates and held him close. Starscream cuddled into him, the two just enjoying being together. Suddenly, Starscream pushed him away and pressed two digits against the side of his helm.

"He did what?" He asked into his comm. link. "Proposed? Well, tell him it's about slagging time, femme friend… Oh, I see… Well, tell him I expect him to make you sparked six more times after this. And tell him to try and get some twins in you. Or triplets. I don't give a damn which one… Dawn… Uh huh, sure… Love you too, princess. Love you so, fragging much. Recharge well." He
cut the call and turned to Skyfire. "I'll be having a son-in-law in no time as well. He finally got the brass bearings and proposed."

"You happy?"

Starscream smirked. "Ecstatic."

"Me too."

"Is kissy, huggy time. All this excitement has made me tired. I want to cuddle and relax with my Conjux Endura, now."

"Same here." Skyfire said before kissing his mate on the lip plates.

"I cannot believe that I am going to say this, but, I should had left Megatron and come to the Autobots a lot sooner." The Seeker said softly.

"You should have." Skyfire kissed his brow.

"I bet Moonstar is yelling 'I told you so' from the Well. She always tried to convince me to become an Autobot even though she knew I wouldn't listen." He vented a sigh. "It just isn't fair that she can't be here to meet her grandcreations as well."

"I know, love. This whole damn war and all the destruction it brought isn't fair." He kissed him again. "I may not have gotten to know her, but I know she's proud of you and Dawnstar. I'm proud of you both, and so are Thundercracker and Skywarp."

"I know." Starscream said in almost a whisper. "I love you."

"Love you too. Now, how about we put on a movie and do some cuddling."

"Alright. Let's get started before my nagging brothers get here and spoil things."

"As you wish."

Chapter End Notes

The whole scene when Starstreak is annoying Starscream on his lap is something I personally experienced when my one cousin was a toddler. Oh, the nightmares... And the non-stop headbutts! Oh, and giving the baby the unplugged controller and making them think they are playing is also from experience. :P

I toss a stress ball around when I talk to my counselor. She also had this cool goo stuff that you can squeeze and mold, and I'm addicted to messing with that green stuff. XD

Poor Ratchet... His greatest fear has come to life: The Pit-spawn has reproduced. :P

And yay for Skyfire! He gets all the humpy times with the Elite Trine! XD Okay, not ALL, but certainly a lot.
Oh, you guys will LOVE the bachelor party that Starscream gives Sideswipe. And all Sideswipe's friends will also love it. Sideswipe... Well, you'll see his reaction. :P
Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Author's Note: For the two parts where it mentions the song being played, go on youtube and play the song as you read that scene. It really does make better and more emotional. Also, have some tissues nearby. You might need them.

Chapter 15

Skyfire stared at the ceiling as he lied on the berth. He vented a sigh, listening to the usual morning routine that onlining brought. Every time it was time to rise from the berth, the Elite Trine were doing something not entirely viewed as "mature." Sometimes it would be play nipping at each other and licking each others' faceplates, or tickling Starscream. Maybe even just cuddling and saying how much they loved each other, or they would giggle while talking about something silly.

But the most common way of onlining was what they were doing right now.

"No! No! Noooooo!" Skywarp screamed as he desperately clung to the edge of the berth, trying not to be knocked off. "NOOOOOO!" He shrieked when Starscream and Thundercracker finally managed to kick him off.

"Gah!" Starscream squawked when Thundercracker kicked him in the aft and sent him tumbling off the edge.

"Ha! I win again!" Thundercracker proclaimed as he looked down at the defeated Seekers.

Skyfire rolled his optics before twisting himself around and placing his ped against Thundercracker's aft. He shoved the Seeker off eliciting a startled cry. The Autobot smiled as he stretched out in the center of the berth, having it all to himself.

"I think Skyfire won." Skywarp said slowly.

"Get off me!" Starscream shrieked as he shoved Thundercracker away.

"I don't know. He just said he's taking us out for a bachelor party." Sideswipe shrugged as he stood with his friends and twin in the hallway.

"It's kind of late for a party." Bluestreak pointed out.

"Seekers are really weird. I should know." Sideswipe grunted.

"They're coming." Sunstreaker said when the clacking of thruster heels became audible.

The Elite Trine soon appeared, Thundercracker and Skywarp following Starscream in perfect formation. The Air Commander stopped before Sideswipe and glanced over the small group.

"Is this everyone?" Starscream inquired.

"Yeah, just me, Sunny, Blue, Smokescreen, Trailbreaker, Hound, Skids, and Mirage." Sideswipe shrugged.
"Alright then. Let's go." The Air Commander said as he pivoted on a thruster heel and marched away.

The Autobots followed the Seekers, soon walking down the dark, barely lit streets of Iacon. They left the base and were heading in the less kept quadrant where most of the Empties resided. The grounders exchanged confused glances, not sure where they were going.

"Skywarp scouted the area and found the perfect establishment." Starscream explained. "I would never take my soon-to-be son-in-law somewhere that did not uphold to my ridiculously high standards."

"Uh, thanks, I guess." Sideswipe said slowly.

"Furthermore, everything is on me. No matter what you or your friends do, I shall pay for it. This is all about you, Sideswipe. Just let loose and enjoy."

"Sure, I will."

"Good." Starscream smirked as he stopped in front of a building with no discernible advertisement.

The Air commander palmed the door open and led them inside. The Autobots stopped and widened their optics. Starscream chuckled when he looked back at them, that sly, sexy smirk of his etched over his handsome visage.

Fast paced music played loudly in the club as lights flashed in various colors. Femmes with barely any outer plating spun and danced on poles on a stage. Very provocative dancing. Mechs cheered them on, tossing Shanix at them and loudly shouting when a femme flashed them.

More mechs were at a bar guzzling down engex of various makes and colors. The bar tenders were performing tricks as they prepared the drinks, taking great pride in their art.

"Guess by your expressions none of you have been to such an establishment." Starscream smirked.

"Uh, no. Never." Mirage said slowly.

"Then let me give you some unspoken rules: The whores like the Shanix. The more you give them the more they will let you do to them. Never slap a whore, not even on the aft unless she verbally consents to it. Security will throw you out otherwise. The whores are for making Shanix and if you damage them the owner of this joint will have you beaten by the bouncers. Never kiss a whore, unless you're fine with the fluids of mechs they gave oral to getting into your mouth. If you must kiss, have them wash their mouths out while you watch. Lap dances are for show only, not for fragging. Fragging is for upstairs only. And if you decide to take the services of a whore, refrain from drinking too much. Once again, damaging a whore is not good." He paused before unsubspacing several bags of Shanix. "One for each of you. Don't be afraid to ask for more."

"Mine!" Skywarp exclaimed as he grabbed a bag then ran towards some femmes.

Thundercracker calmly took one while smirking, before proceeding to a couch where four femmes sat. Starscream's smirk just grew as he eyed the Autobots.

"I'm game." Sunstreaker shrugged as he took a bag.

"Sure, why not?" Smokescreen said as he took another.

Trailbreaker took a bag himself and walked to the bar. Skids and Mirage also grabbed their own
bags and went to the stage. Hound took one for himself and went to the chairs for getting a lap
dance. Bluestreak looked at Sideswipe.

"Sure this is a good idea? What if Prowl found out?" He inquired.

"Prowl will never find out." Starscream said. "I have everything covered. Trust me. I have vorns
worth of practice going behind Megatron's back. Your Prowl is nothing."

Bluestreak bit his lower lip plate before taking his own bag. He walked over to Smokescreen who
already had two femmes under each of his arms.

"Something tells me they approve of you going to be my sire-in-law." Sideswipe said slowly.

Starscream snickered. "Oh, there are lots of benefits to having me as a friend." He then subspaced
the remaining bags of Shanix and unsubspaced a much larger bag. "Come with me."

Sideswipe followed Starscream who led him to a well kept mech sitting on a very large, comfy
seat. This mech was obviously rich, his frame not only well polished and waxed to perfection, but
also the jewels he wore around his neck and the designs painted on his plates were the
Cybertronian equivalent of a human in a suite, wearing bling, and driving a Lamborghini.

"And what can I do for such fine guests?" The rich mech inquired as he held his fancy glass of
engex up in greeting.

"Ten of your best whores and the largest suite for my son-in-law." Starscream said as he handed
the mech the large bag of Shanix.

The mech opened it and inspected the contents. He smiled at what he saw.

"Where did you get all this Shanix?" Sideswipe whispered to Starscream.

The Seeker wrapped his arm around Sideswipe's shoulder. "I was the Decepticon's Second in
Command and you are wondering how I became so damn rich?"

"Good point."

"Well," The pimp said as he rose. "I have just the whores for you."

He led them to the other side of the room where many of the femmes were gathered. He called the
designations for ten of them, and they approached. Sideswipe swallowed. The ten femmes that
stood before him were absolutely stunning. Skinny, curvaceous, with plump lip plates, and very
luscious afts and breast plates. And like all the other femmes, they had very little outer plates,
heeled peds, and the most delicate of servos. And their faceplates were also perfectly beautiful,
with such bright optics.

Starscream chuckled when he saw Sideswipe's expression. "Here, 'son.'" He whispered as he
handed Sideswipe a bag of Shanix. "Do whatever you want with them. Be sure to tip your favorite

"I, um…" Sideswipe said slowly.

The ten femmes were around him suddenly, touching him, whispering sweet things to him. He was
led away by them, almost in a daze, to the back room. The red Autobot glanced over his shoulder
at Starscream before the door shut behind him.
Starscream placed his servos on his hips, smirking so naughtily. "Damn, Skyfire is going to punish me for this." He chuckled. "I'm going to the Pit…"

Sideswipe was led up the stairs, down a hallway, and to a door. A femme palmed it open and he was brought inside. Another femme shut and locked the door behind. The Autobot just looked at them as they gathered around.

"And what would you have us do, my lord?" One asked as she broadly smiled.

"Uh, I.. err…" He brilliantly articulated.

They were so close to him, thin digits touching him, one of them kissed him on the cheekplates. He shuttered his optics for a moment before venting a sigh.

"Aw, to hell with it." He grunted before grabbing a femme and getting started.

Sideswipe stepped out of the washracks later that night, drying himself with a towel. Who knew pleasuring ten femmes could be so exhausting? And he could tell that Sunstreaker, his friends, Thundercracker, and Skywarp had had a great time too. Especially Skywarp. He was certainly the one bragging the most about how many femmes he had berthed.

Starscream had left the brothel shortly after making sure everyone was happy and had plenty of Shanix. Thundercracker had just told everyone that the Air Commander didn't do brothels anymore, but didn't go into details.

Sideswipe and the small party had snuck back to base without alerting security, and had separated to their own quarters. Sideswipe was eager to cleanse himself of the less than moral act and return to his growing family.

"Had a good time?" Dawnstar inquired where she sat on the couch watching something on the vid screen.

"Uh, yeah. Your sire sure knows how to throw a bachelor party." He said as he tossed the now wet towel aside and sat beside her.

"So, how many did you berth?"

"What? I don't-"

"Don't lie to me, Sides. I know dad took you and your friends to a brothel. Uncle 'Warp told me all about dad's plans prior." She looked at him. "I'm not mad, sweetie. You should have some fun before you're stuck with just me."

"You make that sound like it's a bad thing."

She smiled. "Well, you do realize who my sire is, right? I'm probably going to turn into an old grouch like him."

"You do realize who my twin is, right? I can totally deal with a little grouchiness."

He kissed her on the lip plates, and she snuggled against him. They were just silent for a time before Dawnstar spoke.

"Babe, I'm worried about Starstreak."
"What about him? Did he fall down?" Sideswipe asked quickly.

"No, he's fine. It's just... He thinks you're his sire. I don't want to break his spark when he finds out that you are not. And he will. His optics are red, and he is going to be bulkier than most Seekers. Just look at him. He is not going to be a typical sized Seeker. And if he ever looks up his medical record... And I just don't want to lie to him. I didn't like it when dad lied to me about making mom an interface slave and everything, so why should I lie to my own sparkling? I want to be honest with him. Being honest with dad has made us close and I want to be close to 'Streak." She vented a sigh. "I don't know what to do."

Sideswipe wrapped an arm around her shoulder and held her close. "I don't know, love. Well, we wouldn't tell him for a while anyway. Maybe wait until he's an adolescent? Or an adult. And when we do tell him we'll just make it very clear that we love him and he's our son. I really love that little guy, and I wish he was my actually son."

"I know you do. He really loves you. He was demanding to know where you were so that you could tuck him into berth."

"I was being shown the Decepticon lifestyle." He grunted.

"You like my dad. Admit it." She smiled as she looked up at him.

"Like' isn't the term I would use." He said slowly. "Speaking of your sire, he did call me 'son' earlier."

"He did? Good. Now you have to call him 'dad.'" She giggled.

"Heh... We'll see." He kissed her brow. "I'm exhausted. Let's go to berth."

"Aw, tired from all the humpy dumpy?" She giggled.

"Let's not talk about that. If Prowl found out... Not even Optimus could save me."

"Don't worry. I won't tell. Besides, you needed to get some overloads in since you won't be able to hump me until this thing gets out of me." She said as she softly patted her abdominal plates.

"Mhmm." He kissed her on the cheekplates. "Come on, babe."

"Mrrrgh! I want you to carry me!" She demanded.

"Yes, ma'am." He smiled as he gave her another kiss before standing up.

He picked her up bridal style and carried her to their shared room. Quietly, he entered and walked through the dark room to their berth. There was a small berth that Grapple and Hoist had built for Starstreak in the corner opposite their berth. Starstreak was lying in it, deep in recharge with a blanket covering him.

"Sides, can you grab him?" Dawnstar asked when he had set her on the berth.

"Yeah, sure."

The Autobot approached the small berth and gently picked up the toddler. Starstreak sleepily curled into Sideswipe's frame, his little digits curling around the thick, armor plating. Sideswipe smiled at him. He may not be his creation, but it was times like this that it sure damn felt like he was.
Sideswipe placed the still recharging sparkling on the berth next to Dawnstar then climbed on as well. The two lovers' brows touched, their frames curling around the little one resting between them. They each placed a servo on that tiny person, Sideswipe's leg wrapping over hers. He kissed her brow and she smiled.

"I remember when I was little and recharged between mom and dad like this." Dawnstar whispered. "I never felt safer."

"I bet he feels the same way when we do it." Sideswipe smiled.

"It's nice to finally be recharging with you every night. He definitely is happier these orbital cycles when he onlines to see both of us."

"I'm happier to online seeing both of you, too." He kissed her once more. "Well, I'll see you in the morning. Both of you."

"See you then, handsome."

Sideswipe wrapped an arm around her waist and held her a little closer, being careful with Starstreak. He smiled, having his little family holding them in his protective arms. Would be a bit better if Sunstreaker was there as well, but he had his own room and rather not recharge with a sparkling who sometimes onlined in the middle of the night. At least he was right across the hallway and still quite close.

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Starstreak's blood red optics onlined the next morning. He looked up and broadly smiled when he saw that Sideswipe was recharging next to him.

"DADDY!"

"Cons where!" Sideswipe exclaimed as he was startled online, ready for battle. He paused. "Oh, hi, 'Streak."

Starstreak hugged Sideswipe as the Autobot sat up. Dawnstar grumbled something and tried to go back to recharge. Sideswipe smiled at the little one, lovingly petting the tiny helm.

"Daddy, I wanna play!" Starstreak bounced excitedly.

"Alright, what do you wanna play?" He asked as he picked the Seekerlet up and placed him on his lap.

"Bideogames!"

"Videogames? Alright, but you have to help me online your Uncle Sunny first. Okay?"

Starstreak giggled before scrambling off Sideswipe's lap and running for the door. The Autobot turned to his mate and kissed her on the cheekplates.

"Need anything?" He asked.

"Just need some rest. The sparkling makes me tired. Oh, and get me some energon goodies. Lots of those." Dawnstar said softly, her optics still offline.

"Kay, I will do that."

"And can you call my dad?"
"What for?"

"Just tell him that his daughter wants him to do that thing with the warm blankets again. It helps with the morning sickness."

"Okay, I'll call Starscream."

"You have to call him 'dad!'" She smiled, her magenta optics powering on.

"Fine, I'll call 'dad' and let him know. And that was the weirdest thing I've ever said my entire life."

"You'll get used to it."

He leaned forward and pecked a kiss to her lip plates. "No."

"Yes." She giggled.

He kissed her again. "No."

"Just go already." She smiled.

He placed a servo on her abdominal plates, just over the gestation tank, and gave her a lingering kiss on the lip plates. "Love you both." He said softly.

"Love you, too. Better get going. The spawn's patience only lasts so long."

"Yes, ma'am." He smirked as he stood up.

Starstreak was still trying to reach the control button for the door, his little digits coming so close. Sideswipe easily palmed it open and the Seekerlet ran out. He went straight to the room where Sunstreaker resided and tried to open that door as well. Sideswipe opened it for him then quickly hide behind the wall as the toddler ran in.

"UNCLE SUNNY!"

Sideswipe just smirked when he heard the obvious sounds of a Seekerlet jumping up and down on an obviously pissed off Sunstreaker.

"Go away! SIDESWIPE! Get your rugrat and take him away! Sideswipe!"

Sideswipe put on his most innocent of smiles before entering the room. Sunstreaker finally managed to grab the excited thing and pick him up. Starstreak just giggled, reaching out to hug the yellow twin. Sunstreaker stood up and shoved the Seekerlet at Sideswipe.

"Yours." He growled.

"Mine." Sideswipe said abruptly as he swiped Starstreak away.

Sunstreaker grabbed him twin, spun him around, and shoved him out the door. Sideswipe flinched when the door slammed shut. He then smiled as he looked down at his "son."

"Heh heh, dat a boy, 'Streak. Gotta make sure he doesn't get too much beauty recharge."

Starstreak giggled, holding out his arms to hug Sideswipe. Sideswipe held him close and hugged him back.
"Daddy, let's play videogames, now!" He suddenly exclaimed.

"Hell yeah." Sideswipe said it like it was a serious topic before putting the little one down.

Starstreak ran into the other room, his little thruster heels clicking loudly. Sideswipe just watched him, venting a small sigh. He wish he was his true sire, not that Decepticon freak who went around raping femmes.

"You know, when I did this for your carrier we would always talk about our past." Starscream said as he folded a heated towel and placed it over Dawnstar's abdominal plates. "I told her stories about what I did back in the Science and War Academies, and stuff I did for the Decepticons, and she told me stories about her sparkling-hood, family, and friends. Very different our pasts. But, it was those small talks that helped me fall in love with her."

"Well, you did do a lot of bad slag." Dawnstar nodded her helm as she lied on the berth, her servos resting over her chest piece.

"I did." He said as he gently pressed his digits down on the warm towel, massaging her aching abdomen. "And I regret most of it. But, it's in the past. Can't change it now."

"You did what you had to, dad. I understand. Even though it was really bad."

"Hmm. Well, hopefully I won't have to do much more bad slag. I need to retire and just recharge for a billion vorns. Probably would then finally be caught up for all the joors I missed from getting attacked at night or you crying in your recharge. Primus, you were a loud sparkling. Still are very loud at times. But I guess you got that from me. Especially since I overheard some Autobots saying that you are loud in the berth."

"DAD!"

"Pshhht, don't be embarrassed. I'm loud, too."

"That's not something I want to hear my dad say about me." She grunted.

"Well, what do you want to hear me say about you, princess?"

She smiled. "Say how awesome I am?"

"You are quite awesome. Except for when you're glitch. But, you get from me so I better not complain."

"You're awesome too, daddy." She giggled.

"Damn right I am. I'm here massaging your chassis all because your mate doesn't know how to properly take care of an expecting femme. He should read. That's how I learned about this tactic." He said as he kept massaging her abdomen, adding more warm towels to her chest, upper thighs, and just over her pelvic area.

"He's just nervous. It's his first one. If we have another he'll be much more prepared."

"You mean 'when' you will have another. And another six." He said firmly.

"We shall see. But, you have to keep doing this for all my carryings."

"I shall. I was sparked for a time. I understand how it feels in the early stages." He was silent a
moment. "I'm so proud of you, Dawn. And I apologize if I upset you any by taking Sideswipe to a brothel."

"Nah, you're fine, dad. I know he will never do it again." She paused. "Daddy?"

"Yes, princess?"

"So, um, Sides and I were thinking."

"Uh oh."

"Be nice. But, we were thinking about Starstreak and how we would tell him and when."

"Tell him…?"

"That Sides isn't his actual sire." She paused when red optics locked onto her magenta ones. "He deserves to know. I didn't like it when you lied to me about mom and me being an accident, and being honest with each other has only made us best friends again. I want to be Starstreak's best friend forever and so I have to be honest with him. Besides, he'll be able to tell Sides isn't his real sire eventually. His optics are red and he's not going to be a typical sized Seeker. There's also his medical record."

"And your primary concerns are?"

"That he'll, I don't know, be pissed?" She said slowly.

"Why the hell would he be pissed? You were raped, so didn't have much choice in the matter. And he has it a lot better than most sparklings whose carriers are conceived from rape. At least he's alive. Most rape victims just abort or dump the newly born. You kept him, raised him, and obviously love him. And, he has a good sire figure in his life. One who loves him and his carrier, and is not being an abusive slagheap."

"Still, it'll be a shock when he learns."

"True, but you always get over shock. As long as you both make it clear that you love him and will always support him, he'll be fine. I also recommend waiting until he is almost an adult. Just keep him from feeling different from his going to be seven siblings."

"You are so persistent with this eight grandcreation slag." She grunted.

"If I had had my four creations like I wanted, then you and them would only have to provide two grandcreations each. But, because this world is fragged up you must bear the burden for your unborn siblings. I'm going easy on you. At least I'm not demanding twelve."

"You're ridiculous."

"Moonstar said the same thing."

"Anyway, back on the topic of my bastard son."

"You were a bastard for a time. It's not a bad thing."

"Never said it was."

"I know, just pointing it out. Perhaps you should mention that as well. If you feel comfortable letting him know that his grandsire is a murderous rapist. Hmm, so many dark secrets in our
family. Maybe we are the ones who shall bring this world to its untimely end?"

"Dad, stop. I'm serious here."

"Who said I wasn't?"

"Vector Sigma… Dad, no more dark fantasies. Come back to reality."

"Yes, ma'am."

"So, you sure Starstreak won't be upset at us? Well, primarily that we lied to him for so long?" She asked softly.

"Explain to him why you kept him in the dark for so long. Tell him that you didn't want him to feel left out, different from his siblings. Explain to him that you wanted him to figure himself out before giving him anything too shocking and that even though Sideswipe isn't his biological sire, that he is still his, as you say, 'dad' and always shall remain thus. That it changes nothing about who he is to you and to not be ashamed about it. There's nothing wrong about being the creation from rape. The act itself is wrong, but Starstreak had nothing to do with that. He was just the end result. The end result that made you so damn happy. And make sure he knows that. Tell him how happy he made you and how hard you worked to keep him alive and healthy."

"Tell him that I whored myself out?"

"Why not? I told you that I did that to protect you." He paused. "He's your son. You'll know how to speak to him. Just don't neglect him. That was my biggest mistake with you and I still apologize for that."

"Dad, it's fine. Things were tough after mom's deactivation. I totally get it and am not mad at you for needing to be alone."

"Hmm. Well, anything else you need advice on?" He inquired, still massaging her.

She smirked. "Making my vows to Sideswipe?"

He faintly smiled at her. "Yeah, I can assist you with that, princess." He said softly.

"You really are the greatest dad ever. I love you, daddy."

"Love you too, princess."

"Hey," Sideswipe greeted his friends as they sat at a table in the Rec Room. "What's up?"

"Are you supposed to hold him like that?" Hound asked slowly.

"Surprisingly, he likes this." Sideswipe grunted as he held Starstreak with one arm hooked around his tiny waist, the Seekerlet's aft facing forward as he dangled.

"Better not let Dawn catch you doing that." Smokescreen suggested.

"She won't. She's with her sire right now." Sideswipe flipped Starstreak over, perhaps not in the most safest of ways, but the little one squealed with laughter. The Autobot sat down and placed his "son" on his lap.

"So, How are you feeling after Screamer's favoritism?" Smokescreen chuckled before sipping his
energon.

"I'm still a bit tired, but I also haven't refuel. How about you all?" Sideswipe inquired.

"I had nine lap dances and some berthroom time." Trailbreaker said.

"Berthroom time with three and some lap dances as well." Smokescreen smiled.

"The exotic dancing and high grade was nice." Mirage said slowly. "But the berthroom part certainly was the best."

"I lost count of all the lap dances I had, but I liked the dancing and engex as well. Oh, and I had four femmes in berth with me." Skids smirked.

"You all will never beat my ten." Sideswipe giggled. "And I had my own private lap dances."

"What are you guys talking about?" Bluestreak asked as he approached and handed Sideswipe a couple of cubes of energon before sitting down with his own.

"Last night." Smokescreen said.

"Oh." Bluestreak said softly.

"What did you do, Blue?" Sideswipe asked as he poured additives into a cube before handing it to Starstreak.

"I, um, well, I…" Bluestreak swallowed. "I did stuff… With femmes…"

"Don't be embarrassed, Blue! Come on, we're all in the same boat." Skids smiled.

"Do I have to go into detail?"

"Only if it's really juicy." Smokescreen stated.

"Interesting choice of words." Sunstreaker grunted.

"Heh, yeah…" Smokescreen chuckled.

"Well, I, err… I-I had a femme g-give me a lap dance." Bluestreak said slowly.

"Just one?" Skids asked.

"N-no. I had… several done."

"What else?" Sunstreaker said.

"Um, I did stuff in a berthroom… With femmes… Two femmes…"

"Like?"

Bluestreak swallowed. "I did what was expected of me…?"

"I know you did something else, Blue." Smokescreen smiled. "Tell us."

Bluestreak swallowed. "A femme gave me oral." He said in almost a whisper.

"Woo! Go Blue!" Trailbreaker laughed.
Bluestreak looked down, very embarrassed about this topic.

"Well, I had six femmes." Sunstreaker said. "Some lap dances, and foreplay."

"Oh!" Smokescreen exclaimed excitedly. "Do tell!"

Sunstreaker smirked. "No." He then sipped his energon.

"I just did the berthroom stuff. No lap dances." Hound said. "It was all a good time."

"Daddy, what's a lap dance?" Starstreak inquired as he looked up.

The other Autobots burst into laughter, even Sunstreaker chuckled. Bluestreak and Sideswipe were the only ones not to laugh. Sideswipe scratched the back of his neck and swallowed.

"I'll tell you when you're older. Along with how your sibling got into your mom's frame." Sideswipe said slowly.

"Oh, poor Sides. Has to give 'The Talk' in a few stellar cycles." Smokescreen teased.

"And more than once." Sideswipe vented a sigh before drinking from his energon.

"What talk, daddy?" Starstreak curiously asked.

"You'll find out soon enough, sweetie." He paused. "Why don't you tell me how much you love me?"

Starstreak giggled "I luv you dis much!" He said as he spread his arms out as wide as he could.

"Awww." Several vocalizers at the table said at once.

"I love you, too." Sideswipe kissed the top of Starstreak's helm. "Who's the coolest dude you know?"

Starstreak's smile grew. "You!" He proudly proclaimed.

"And who is the smartest?"

"Daddy!"

"Ha!" Sunstreaker grunted.

"Shut your face!" Sideswipe snapped at his twin before reverting his attention back to Starstreak.

"And who is your absolute favorite in the whole wide world?"

"Mommy!"

Everyone snickered. Sideswipe's optics narrowed. Starstreak just giggled as he clasped his servos together.

"The correct answer was 'daddy.'" Sideswipe grunted.

"Mommy!" Starstreak giggled again.

"As the humans say, he's a 'momma's boy.'" Bluestreak remarked.

"That he certainly is. And his carrier is what they call a 'daddy's girl.'" Sideswipe said.
Starstreak stood up on Sideswipe's lap and hugged him, eliciting more "aws" from the other Autobots.

"Can daddy have a kiss?" Sideswipe inquired.

Starstreak gave Sideswipe a quick kiss on the cheekplates before hugging him again. Sideswipe kissed the little one's cheekplates back and held him close.

"I really love this little guy." He said softly to the others. "Don't I 'Streak? I love you so much. Far more than I love that grouchy twin of mine." He glared at Sunstreaker.

Sunstreaker flipped him off. Sideswipe smiled.

"Love you, Sunny!"

"Sure you do." Sunstreaker grunted.

Starstreak ceased hugging Sideswipe and attempted to crawl off the chair. Sideswipe caught him and put him back on his lap. Starstreak wasn't done though, and kept trying to squirm away, making grunting sounds as he did so.

"What do the humans call them…? Monkeys. That's what it was. He's such a little monkey." Sideswipe pointed out.

"Takes after you." Sunstreaker said.

Sideswipe was about to say something, but stopped. "Yeah…" He vented a sigh.

"I wan' downnnn!" Starstreak demanded.

"How about you finish your energon and then I'll let you be free?" Sideswipe suggested.

"No!"

Sideswipe made him sit upright and handed him his unfinished cube. Starstreak grumbled and pushed the cube away.

"'Streak, you have to refuel or else you will fall into stasis lock. And if you fall into stasis lock I'll have to take you to Ratchet. And if I have to take you to Ratchet, he'll kill me. Do you want your daddy to be killed by the mean medic?"

Starstreak was silent for a bit. "Yes." He smiled.

Sideswipe's optics narrowed when everyone laughed. "Well, I don't want to be killed by the mean medic. Drink it and I'll not only let you go but I'll also get you some energon goodies. Deal?"

Sideswipe thought it over before taking the cube and drinking. Sideswipe patted his helm.

"Thank you. I enjoy living to see another sunrise."

"Ratchet doesn't." Smokescreen piped up.

"Hey, I'm his favorite."

"Favorite to strangle."
"Yeah…” He vented a sigh.

"Daddy, I'm done!” Starstreak announced as he held up his empty cube.

"Good job. Alright, let's go get you some energon goodies." He said as he put the Seekerlet down and stood up.

Sideswipe grabbed his cube, downed it in one swig, and tossed the empty container at his twin. Sunstreaker caught it and glared at his brother. Sideswipe took Starstreak's servo and the two walked off to raid the energon supply.

"It's really adorable." Bluestreak said as he watched them leave.

"Yeah, and he's getting another one." Mirage grunted.

"I kinda want one…” Hound said quietly.

"Yeah…” Bluestreak vented a sigh.

"I certainly don't." Mirage said.

"Agreed." Sunstreaker grumbled.

Sideswipe sat at a console in the Control Room working with Starstreak on his lap. The little one was munching on energon goodies while scribbling on a datapad with a stylus. Sideswipe hated to admit it, but Starscream certainly had good advice when it came to distracting sparklings, not to mention other helpful hints about sparkling raising.

"Sideswipe."

"Yes, Prowler?" The red Autobot inquired as he looked up.

"I would prefer it if you didn't work with Starstreak on your lap." The Autobot SIC intoned.

"But, he's my baby." Sideswipe said as he hugged Starstreak.

Prowl just looked at him. "This is not the type of environment for a sparkling."

"Starscream gets to do it."

"He's a Decepticon. He doesn't care about rules."

"And you think I do?"

Prowl was silent a moment. "True. But I would prefer it if you did listen to me for once and not bring Starstreak in here."

"Lighten up, Prowler!" Jazz said as he placed a servo on Prowl's shoulder. "Ehz jus' a li'le sparklin.' He's not gonna do anythin' but be cute."

"Yeah, Prowl. Look at him." Sideswipe said as he patted Starstreak's helm.

"It's a distraction from your duties." Prowl said in that unemotional vocalizer.

"He's not distracting me."
"Prowl, le' im be, man. Ah for one think ehts a good idea ta have 'Streak on da monitoring team every now an' again. Wha' ya think, little man?" Jazz inquired of the Seekerlet.

Starstreak just looked at him as he stuffed another energon goodie into him mouth before resuming his doodling.

"Please, Prowl." Sideswipe said with his best "puppy eyes." "I promise he won't distract me or anything. He's just my little baby."

"He's not your real mm!" Prowl was cut off by Jazz's servo.

"Not in front of da 'Streak, man!" Jazz said quickly.

Prowl roughly removed Jazz's servo. "Sideswipe, I'm not changing my processor. Either have someone come pick him up or take him back, but no working with him on your lap."

"Yes, sir." Sideswipe vented a sigh as he picked up Starstreak, subspaced the datapad, and carried the little one away.

Jazz just looked at Prowl. "Wha' crawled up yer tailpipe an' deactivated?"

"I'm not in the mood, Jazz. The Control Room is no place for a sparkling. Period."

Prowl brushed by Jazz and continued on. Jazz just watched him leave before going back to his station.

"Hey, Starscream." Sideswipe said as he stopped by the Air Commander who was working at his console.

"Hey." The Seeker grunted.

Sideswipe handed him Starstreak and Starstreak's datapad. Starscream accepted both and looked up at him.

"And the reason you are acquiescing him is because..?" He asked slowly.

"Prowl says I can't work with him on my lap, but for whatever reason you can. So, you take him until I'm off." He said softly.

"The reason I get away with slag is because I don't give a flying frag what Chuckles has to say." He paused. "Transfer your work to the console next to me. We can share Starstreak until we get this boring slag over with."

"I don't think Prowl would-"

"Let me handle Prowl. Sit down." He commanded as he pointed at the seat next to him. "You are part of my family now so that means you get certain advantages. One being: I'm now your greatest ally. And here, take him back." He said as he handed Starstreak to him.

Sideswipe took the sparkling and sat down as instructed. He set up the console and resumed working on what he had originally been doing. Starstreak continued to doodle on his datapad, still munching his energon goodies.

It wasn't long before Prowl walked by, stopping at what he saw. Sideswipe just kept working, trying to ignore the death glare from Prowl. Starscream's wings flared, giving his own murderous glare at the Praxian. Prowl's doorwings twitched.
"Have something to say Prowl or do you want another kiss?" Starscream inquired with that sly, sexy smirk of his.

Prowl just eyed him for a moment before continuing on with his own work. He certainly did not feel in the mood for another altercation with the flyer. Starscream's wings flicked.


"Thanks." Sideswipe said in almost a whisper.

"Anytime." The Air Commander smirked.

A Few Orbital Cycles Later:

"So, what else should I tell your carrier?" Sideswipe inquired of Starstreak as the two looked at a datapad, Starstreak on Sideswipe's lap.

"Ummm, I don't know." Starstreak giggled.

"You don't know? Well, how about I tell her that I love her. Sounds good?"

Starstreak nodded, a large smile on his adorable faceplates as he wiggled about on his "sire's" lap. Sideswipe kissed the little helm before scribbling something down on the datapad.

"What's up?" Dawnstar asked when she walked through the door and approached them.

"Working on my vows to you. No, stay back. You're not allowed to see them yet." Sideswipe explained.

"Alright, I'll sit right here." She said as she sat on the opposite end of the couch to Sideswipe.

"And what were you up to, babe?"

"Oh, you know, just hanging out with dad. He was telling me about some fight or whatever that him and the Autobot brass are planning. Their gonna do it in a few orbital cycles after our ceremony." She paused to smile. "Two more orbital cycles and then we'll be joined."

"Yeah," He smirked. "And it's going to be a crazy ceremony, too."

"Have plans?"

"I was talking with Jazz and Blaster. Oh yeah, it's gonna be much crazier than Starscream and Skyfire's."

"I can't wait." She looked at her two mechs for a moment before speaking. "You two are seriously the cutest thing ever."

Sideswipe sheepishly smiled. "Well, I make everything cute."

"Can you put that away so I can go over and hug you?"

"No, femme. I gotta get this slag done. Ain't got time for your hugs."

"Mmmmm!" She made an exasperated growl.
He smiled at her. "Give me a few more kliks and then we can hug."

"Fine. But know I am very impatiently waiting."

"I'll hug you, mommy!" Starstreak proclaimed as he scrambled off Sideswipe's lap.

"Aw, my little mech still loves me." She smiled as she received the Seekerlet in a tight hug.

"I love you too. I just need to get this done because I know I won't be able to tomorrow. Getting everything set up is just going to take up all my time." He said.

"Dad will help, and the other Seekers." She paused. "I wonder if you qualify…"

"Qualify for…?"

"So, being Starscream's daughter means I naturally outrank all the other Seekers except for his trinemates. I can boss them around in all matters except military. And you being my Conjunx Endura… I wonder if you get those powers too?"

"That would be awesome." He smirked slyly.

"Don't abuse your power. Remember how Seekers show dominance. Wouldn't want anyone to have to 'remind' you of your place." She giggled.

Sideswipe's optics narrowed. "You guys are… I'm not going to finish that."

She snickered. "Hey, it works. Dad hasn't had anyone tried to subvert him. Neither did the leader before him. Or the one before him. And trines stick together. I've never heard of a trine breaking up. And I know dad has dominated his trinemates a few times since I've been around, but they're still crazy about each other." She shrugged. "You grounders just think differently."

"And I'm glad for it. Ugh, the mental images of being shown 'who's boss' by my superiors. Heesh!" He twitched in disgust. "Yeah, no thank you."

"You're so cute when your disgusted." She giggled.

"No, you're cute." He smiled at her.

"You."

"You."

"You."

"No, you." Starstreak piped up.

"Me! I'm cute!" Incredibly cute." Dawnstar kissed his cheekplates.

"Not to mention my best little buddy. Right, mech?" He smiled as he held a fist to him.

Starstreak giggle before roughly bumping his tiny fist against Sideswipe's. Dawnstar held her son a little closer, so happy to have these two perfect mechs in her life.

"Everyone is getting joined… and here I am… Alone. Just eating energon goodies and playing
videogames." Slingshot grunted as he did just that with his gestaltmates.

"Preach it brotha." Air Raid said as he played beside his "brother."

"It's overrated anyway. We have each other." Skydive replied.

"I love you guys!" Fireflight exclaimed.

"Uh huh…" Air Raid grunted.

In the rest of the Rec Room things were being prepared for the ceremony. Chairs were set up, the stage set, tables filled with goodies and engex, and decorations hung about. It was far more colorful than Starscream and Skyfire's ceremony, with many banners, tassels, and ribbons on everything. Ribbons connected the aisles of chairs together creating a border for the center lane facing the stage. The stage itself had black and red banners, the colors of the two joining. On the large vid screen above the stage was an image of the two smiling together, Starstreak between them.

"Well, dat looks preddy ceremonial, don' eht?" Jazz smirked as he overlooked the decorating.

"I suppose so." Prowl said slowly.

"Come on, Prowler, man. Get a li'le excited! Ya fav is joinin' with a hot femme an' he's uh-happy abou' eht!" He said as he wrapped an arm around Prowl's shoulder.

"He's not my 'favorite.'"

"Sure he ain't. Ya keep tellin' yer self dat. Ah bet ya will be cryin' rivers before da night is ovuh."

"Illogical."

" Eh heh heh, oh, Prowl, man, ya sure are funny. " Jazz chuckled.

"Remove your servo."

"Wan' some energon punch?"

"No."

"Ah'll save a dance jus' for ya since we didn' dance during da last ceremony."

"Not happening."

"Mhmm." Jazz just smiled.

"And they say mechs can't do a femme's paint." Starscream smirked as he carefully applied dark red paint over his daughter's lip plates. "Well, I am obviously no ordinary mech."

"No, you aren't." Dawnstar smiled.

"Nah uh, don't move, princess. I want to get this just right. Aaaaaand, there we are." He took a step back to admire his work. "Damn, am I good. You look phenomenal." He snapped his digits. "Warp, the mirror."

Skywarp skipped over and held a mirror up before her. She smiled at what she saw.
"Wow, I look… Wow." She said softly. "Guess those expensive paints really make a difference."

"And luckily you have a sire willing to pay such expenses. Anything for my princess." Starscream said.

Dawnstar stood up from her stool and looked into the large mirror on the wall, studying her newly painted, waxed, and perfectly polished frame. She was absolutely stunning, divine, and looked so much like her carrier did when she joined with Starscream.

Starscream clasps his servos together and held them against his lip plates, just studying his beautiful daughter. She turned to him, her wings lowering.

"Daddy, don't cry." She said softly.

"I'm not crying. My optics are just malfunctioning, sweetie." He said as he wiped at them.

She smiled and gave him a hug. "I love you, daddy."

"Love you too, princess." He said softly as he hugged her back. "You're so beautiful. You look so much like your carrier." He said as he placed a servo on her cheekplates and smiled at her. "She would be so proud of you if she was here." He paused. "I'm so proud of you, Dawnstar. And I'm so happy for you."

"Thanks, dad." She grinned. "You're the best. And I know mom would be proud of you too."

"Thanks, sweetie."

"I'm crying now!" Skywarp wailed as coolant poured from his optics.

"I'm not." Thundercracker said as he quickly wiped coolant tears away. "No crying going on here."

Dawnstar just smiled at the Elite Trine. She hugged her sire a little tighter, and he hugged her back.

"Dad, even though I'm joining with Sides, I'll always be your daughter and you'll always be my best friend. I love you, daddy."

"I love you too." He cried louder. "We love you so much, Dawn."

"I know, dad." She paused. "Daddy?"

"Yes?"

"So, on Earth, the humans have a tradition when they perform their joining ceremonies. They have the sire walk the daughter down the aisle to her mate, leading her to her new life." She looked up at him. "Can you walk me down the aisle?"

He looked at her a moment before nodding his helm. "Anything for you, princess."

She smiled. "Thanks, dad. I love you." She hugged him tightly again.

"I love you, too."

"Paint me like one of your French girls, Jack." Sideswipe smirked as he struck a pose.

Sunstreaker smacked him upside the helm. "Hold still." He growled.
"Yes, my master." Sideswipe said it as if he was Igor.

Sunstreaker smacked him again. Sideswipe frowned.

"Why does it hurt us, precious?" He said in his best Gollum voice.

Sunstreaker just glared death at him. Starstreak was laughing so hard he was having trouble cycling air. Bluestreak, Smokescreen, Hound, and Trailbreaker just watched.

"Gah! That tickles, Sunny!" Sideswipe giggled as his twin waxed his abdominal plates.

"Stop squirming or else I will tie you down." The yellow twin said dangerously.

"Daddy, can I join with mommy, too?" Starstreak smiled as he excitedly bounced on his thruster heels.

"Uh, no, you can't, sweetie. I'm sorry, but only I can join with her." Sideswipe said slowly.

Starstreak's wings lowered, his lower lip plate trembling, and looking like a kicked puppy. "W-what?" Then the sobs started to come as his optics filled with static. "But I wanna join with mommy, too!"

Everyone's optics widened as Starstreak loudly wailed, coolant pouring from his offlined optics. Sideswipe picked him up and held him close as he gently patted his back, right between the wings.

"It's okay, 'Streak. You'll find your own mate and join with them." Sideswipe said. "Everyone has their own mate. Besides, mommy is too old. You don't want to join with an old femme like her."

"But I wanna be with mommy!" He shrieked, clinging tightly to Sideswipe.

Sideswipe snickered. "You will be, dude. No one ever joins with their carrier. You'll learn why when you're older." He paused to pulled Starstreak away so he could look at him, keeping the little one on his hip. "Hey, you and Sunny are still my best mech. Alright?"

Starstreak nodded his helm slowly, wiping coolant away. Sideswipe kissed him on the cheekplates.

"I still need you to help me get ready. Want to help Uncle Sunny?"

"Mhmm." He slowly nodded his helm, inhaling air quickly to cool off almost like a human sniffing.

"That's my main mech. Fist bump?" He said as he held his fist out.

Starstreak bumped it back with his own fist. Sideswipe kissed him again.

"Okay, just do what Sunny tells you to do and in no time you two will have me looking like I'm about to get joined with the hottest femme in the universe." He said as he set Starstreak down.

Sunstreaker grabbed Starstreak a little rougher than Sideswipe did and wiped the coolant away with a cloth. He paused to inspect him, finally offering the Seekerlet a small smile.

"Better?" He grunted.

Starstreak nodded his helm.

"Good. Here, rub some of this on Sides' leg." He said as he handed him a jar of wax. "Just a little
bit. I'll polish over it once you are done."

Starstreak took the jar and a cloth and did as instructed, soon smiling as he helped. Sideswipe patted the little helm. Sunstreaker pushed Sideswipe to sit on a stool before grabbing his twin's mandible and began to buff his cheekplates.

"Okay, now I'm starting to get nervous." Sideswipe said.

"No talking." Sunstreaker snapped.

"You'll do fine, Sides." Trailbreaker said dismissively.

"Yeah, this ain't nothing." Smokescreen said.

"Says you." Sideswipe grunted.

"You'll do great, Sideswipe! Just remember your vows and to not trip and to not stutter and slur your words and then nothing bad will happen. Just think that after this you'll be with Dawnstar for ever and ever and ever and you can raise a big family and have more sparklings and then they'll grow up and have their own families and so you'll be a grandsire like Starscream is right now only you'll have more of your own creations and therefore more grandcreations. And then your grandcreations will have creations and you'll have great-grandcreations and it'll just keep going and going and going! And you don't even have to pay for them to go to school or anything because of the war so think about all the Shanix you save and you don't even have to pay for medical bills, energon, or creation cycle gifts! Everything is free!" Bluestreak rambled.

"Save? Dude, I get paid nothing for this job." Sideswipe remarked.

"Hold still." Sunstreaker growled.

"Sunny, I'm nervous, bro. Tell me everything is going to be alright." He whimpered.

"Everything will be alright if you shut up and hold still."

"Thanks, Sunshine. I am feeling my confidence swell up to the point it is overflowing." He said sarcastically.

"Daddy, do you want me to tell you everything will be alright?" Starstreak inquired as he looked up with those big, red optics.

Sideswipe smirked. "Yes, please."

"Everything will be alright, daddy! You are gonna join with mommy and recharge over with us every night and build tents!" He giggled.

"Damn right, I am! Best pep talk of all time. I can totally do this now." Sideswipe said it like he was serious.

Starstreak giggled before continuing to help wax his "sire."

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Everyone was seated, the crowd much larger than for Starscream's and Skyfire's ceremony since Sideswipe had more friends than Skyfire. All the Seekers were present on the chairs to the left of the stage, Thundercracker, Skywarp, and Skyfire sitting in the front side. The right of the stage had the Autobots, Ratchet and Sideswipe's closest friends sitting in the front row. Optimus Prime was sitting beside Prowl, Rodimus, Ultra Magnus, Ironhide, and the other brass. Sideswipe had said
that he wanted someone else to officiate the ceremony than the Prime.

Everyone hushed when the music started to play, Blaster smiling so broadly from where he sat in the booth with his cassettes. The lights dimmed, the stage being left well lit. Glowing optics looked around, excited to see how the young couple planned on doing their ceremony.

Sideswipe walked to the stage from down the aisle. He looked incredible, with a new paintjob, and beautifully polished. The light brightly reflected off of him, and he just looked so much more like his well-kept twin. Many wide optics followed him, never seeing him so fancy before.

Sunstreaker followed him next, holding Starstreak's servo. The little one was smiling so broadly, waving to the faceplates he recognized. The two climbed the stairs and stood to the left of Sideswipe, just behind him. Jazz stood in the middle of the stage, smiling so broadly.

"I'm freaking out right now." Sideswipe whispered to the head of special ops.

"Ya'll be fine, man." Jazz whispered back.

Blaster stuck his glossa out as he changed the music, signaling that the other lover was coming.

"Will ya'll stand up, please?" Jazz said, his vocalizer louder from the speakers.

Curious whispers and looks passed between everyone, but they did so, standing up in their rows. The door to the Rec Room opened, shining light into the room before it shut. Dawnstar entered, her dainty servo holding the crook of her sire's arm as they walked down the aisle together.

Much wider optics from both sides watched the femme, mesmerized by her immense beauty. Most of the Seekers were leaking coolant tears, remembering when she was just a little sparkling, and now she was all grown up. Skywarp was already a hopeless wreck, wiping his faceplates clean with a cloth. Thundercracker had static in his optics, but had yet to leak coolant.

Jazz smiled as Starscream and Dawnstar stopped before the foot of the stage's steps. "An' who supports dis femme and 'er joining?" He inquired.

Starscream looked at his daughter, seeing her perfect white denta shining so brightly from within her darker faceplates. He smiled back at her before speaking.

"Her carrier and I support her." He answered before kissing her on the brow.

He handed her off to Sideswipe, who took both her servos in his. Starscream hesitated before walking to his seat and sitting between his trinemates. His trinemates sat down with him, signaling for everyone else to sit down as well. Thundercracker and Skywarp wrapped their arms around Starscream, the blue Seeker kissing him on the cheekplates. Skyfire reached over and patted his mate on the shoulder in support.

"Autobots and Decepticons! We are gathered 'ere dis orbital cycle as equals ta bear witness ta da joining of dese two sparks as Conjuges Endurae. Seeker Dawnstar of Vos an' Sideswipe of Iacon 'ave been walkin' as two an' now shall be walkin' as one for da rest of eternity. Both of dem 'ave written dere own vows an' now shall recite dem to ta other. Seeker Dawnstar of Vos, if ya will 'ave dis mech as ya Conjuncx Endura present yer oath ta 'im so dat ya may support 'im now an' always."

Dawnstar fluttered her wings, her magenta optics never waverung from Sideswipe's blue ones. She was trembling, his servos held hers a little firmer.

"I always dreamed about finding a mech-friend, joining with him, and just being wild and crazy
together. I thought it would be a simple task, but soon discovered that it was near impossible to find that perfect someone. When I first met you, I only saw you as some hot mech to have a few rounds in the berth with, but as I got to know you… To see you for who you really were… I came to realize that maybe finding a sparkmate wasn't exactly impossible. Maybe I had just been too quick to judge. Maybe this whole love thing isn't as complicated as I had originally thought it would be. Maybe perfection isn't so hard to discover in a mate." She paused. "I found my fantasy mech, the one who I always dreamt of, and I still am in shock about it being so seemingly easy. And words can't even begin to express how happy I am to make these promises to him. I promise to always be by your side, for better or for worse. To be your best friend in all of our future adventures, and your accomplice in all of our criminal activities. I promise to always be faithful to you, to respect you, to be honest, and forgiving. I promise to help you with all of your pranks and bust you out of the brig when Prowl catches you. I will forever be yours, your equal, your mate." She paused. "I love you."

More Seekers were crying now, even some of the Autobots and Constructicons. Starscream snatched the cloth from Skywarp and used it on his own optics. Sideswipe swallowed before smiling at her winsome visage.

Jazz had to reset his vocalizer before continuing. "Sideswipe of Iacon, if ya will 'ave dis femme as ya Conjux Endura present yer oath ta her so dat ya may support her now an' always."

Sideswipe paused before speaking. "To be honest, I never imaged that I would ever join with someone, let alone a Seeker. I was just that soldier that everyone knew, but never got too close to. Just that annoying prankster who visited the medic far too many times an orbital cycle. Then, I saw this beautiful, perfect femme, and at first just thought of her as another pretty face. But as we spent more time with each other, I saw her for who she really was. Far more than just a good-looking femme. I saw how incredible, funny, and just awesome you are to be with, and never wanted to be separated from that. I was never happier than when you told me that you loved me too." He paused. "I promise to be by your side until my deactivation. To protect you and fight for you and our creations. To be patient, forgiving, honest, and kind. To help with caring for our little ones, to never make you the victim of any of my pranks - unless it's a small one - and to try not to be thrown in the brig too often for being caught painting Prowl's office various hues. I promise to always be there for you, to love you, and cherish you. I am forever yours, your equal, your mate." He swallowed. "I love you."

More Autobots were crying now, even Ratchet had to look away to make sure he didn't shed any coolant tears. Prowl just glared, not particularly fond of being used in their vows.

"Seeker Dawnstar of Vos and Sideswipe of Iacon; seal ya vows with da writin' of yer designations on yer spark casings." Jazz said.

The two unsubspaced their laser scalpels while folding away their chest pieces. Sideswipe paused to study her beautiful spark, shining so much brighter because of the smaller spark tucked just behind. The spark of his unborn creation.

The two wrote their designations on each other's spark casings, smiling so broadly, their other servos laced together between them. They folded their chest pieces back and subspaced the laser scalpels.

"Ya may now share a kiss as Conjuges Endurae. An' jus' be damn happy, ya two!" Jazz exclaimed with a smile.

"Oh, we will be." Sideswipe smirked before grabbing her upper arms and passionately kissing her on the lip plates.
"Go Sideswipe! Woo hoo!" Someone shouted from the crowd.

"Dat a femme, Dawnstar!" A Seeker bellowed from their side.

The Rec Room was filled with a thunderous uproar as both sides wildly cheered. Blaster pressed a button and *I Made It* by Kevin Rudolf loudly played from the speakers. Trap doors opened from above spilling confetti all over.

Sideswipe and Dawnstar kept kissing, as if they were the only ones present. Starstreak was squealing loudly as he tried to collect the falling confetti, Sunstreaker staying close to him. Jazz just smiled as he walked off the stage leaving the newly joined alone.

"You alright, Scree?" Skywarp inquired softly.

"I wish Moonstar was here." Starscream said as he wiped coolant tears away, crying so hard. "Dammit, I'm so happy for my little princess. She should have both her creators here to see her like this."

"I think Moonstar is here, in a way." Thundercracker said gently as he patted Starscream's shoulder.

"Yeah, Scree. She's watching us from the Well and she's probably crying her happiness too."

"Oh, sweetie." Skyfire said quietly as he watched Starscream. "You going to be okay?"

"My little femmling is all grown up. She deserves to be happy."

Skywarp and Thundercracker leaned in and simultaneously kissed Starscream on either cheekplates before hugging him tightly.

Sideswipe and Dawnstar finally pulled away. He grabbed her servo and the two of them ran down the aisle together, smiling and laughing as everyone cheered them on. Starstreak giggled as he followed after them, Sunstreaker having to grab him and pick him up. Starstreak just squealed and hugged Sunstreaker, eliciting a grin from the yellow twin.

"Ya cryin' yet, Prowler?" Jazz inquired of the tactician.

"Never." Prowl intoned.

Jazz just shrugged. "Fine, bu' ah know ya will be cryin' in ya quarters when ya turn off ya 'Grouch Mode.'" He chuckled only to receive a death glare from the Praxian.

Dawnstar and Sideswipe both held slices of energon cake, smirking at each other as if readying for an epic duel. Dawnstar moved first, smearing her slice all over Sideswipe's visage before stuffing the last part into his mouth. He smeared his slice all over her faceplates, before shoving it into her mouth. She covered her mouth as she tried to chew despite the laughter trying to engulf her.

The other guests laughed at their antics. Starstreak didn't look much different from them, devouring his own slice of energon cake with his servos as he sat on Sunstreaker's lap.

Dawnstar and Sideswipe wiped each other's faceplates clean with a cloth before kissing on the lip plates. Starscream swallowed as he watched. Skyfire stroked his mate's back, faintly smiling at him.

"I think it's time." Dawnstar whispered to Sideswipe.
"Alright. I'll let Blaster know." Sideswipe whispered back before walking towards Jazz. "Jazz, let Blaster know to start up the first song." He informed him.

Jazz smiled. "Righto."

Dawnstar approached her sire and kissed him on the cheekplates. "How are you doing, daddy."

"I'm fine." He smiled at her. "No need to worry about me, princess. It's your special orbital cycle."

"Yeah, it is. That's why I changed some things up from a traditional Cybertronian ceremony."

"I've noticed. And why did you have him say you were from Vos? You emerged on Earth..."

She paused. "Because you are from Vos, and I want to be where you're from."

He just looked at her before swallowing. Her smile broadened before kissing his cheekplates again.

The lights suddenly dimmed and the dance floor was left brightly lit. Dawnstar held out her servo to her sire.

"Can I have the first dance, again?"

He smirked. "Always."

He took her servo and stood. She lead him to the dance floor and turned to face him. Everyone was watching them when I Loved Her First by Heartland started to loudly play on the speakers. Dawnstar smiled as they started to slowly dance. Starscream swallowed as he heard the lyrics, looking at her perfect faceplates.

She rested her helm against his chest piece, just enjoying this dance with her sire. Her idol. Her best friend. He kissed the top of her brow, never wanting to stop being with her.

"Dammit, now I am never going to be able to stop crying!" Skywarp wailed as he covered his faceplates, absolutely bawling.

Thundercracker looked away, unable to stop crying himself. Skyfire had coolant tears leaking from his optics as well, smiling as he watched his mate have one last dance with his daughter.

"I'm so proud of you, princess." Starscream said softly.

"I know, dad. I love you."

"I love you, too."

"Was this her idea?" Smokescreen inquired of Sideswipe.

"Entirely. She really loves her sire and wanted to make sure he knew that she hadn't forgotten about him." Sideswipe said as he watched the two still dancing to the song.

When the song finally finished, Dawnstar leaned forward and kissed her sire on the cheekplates. "You're the best, daddy."

"Damn straight I am." He said quietly as he smiled.

"Now we get to party for real!" She turned to face the DJ booth. "Do it, Blaster!" She shouted.
The room was suddenly filled with loud, fast paced music, crazy, bright lights, and wild mechs dancing on the dance floor. Dawnstar hugged her sire before turning and taking Sideswipe's servo. The two smiled at the Air Commander as they went to joined the others.

Starscream returned to his trine, sitting between them only to have Skywarp hug him as he continued to cry.

"She's something else." Thundercracker said softly.

"Just like her carrier." Starscream said quietly back, watching her spin and dance with Sideswipe, being handed off to different mechs so they all had a turn dancing with her. "Just like her."

It was joors later before Sideswipe left carrying Dawnstar bridal style, who held a recharging Starstreak on her torso. Sunstreaker followed his twin, soon everyone else departing. Many lingered to just talk some before having to go to recharge.

Starscream rose from his seat and quietly walked away. His trinemates instinctively started to follow him, but he raised a servo for them to remain. They did so without question, just watching him walk away.

"Where is he going?" Skyfire asked.

"Who knows." Thundercracker grunted.

"Shouldn't you follow him?"

"He ordered us to remain behind."

"But, what if he's still suicidal?"

"He's not right now."

"How do you know?"

Thundercracker looked up at him. "I just know."

Starscream walked out of the building, transformed, and flew away. He quickly reached Mach 3, flying into the distant horizon.

He descended, transformed, and landed on top of a tower overlooking the vast plains of the outskirts of the city. He sat there in the darkness, looking up into the starry night, his glowing optics the only part of him visible.

"She grew up too fast. Far too fast for my liking." He said softly as he unsubspaced the datapad and onlined it to see Moonstar's beautiful visage once more. "And I admit it: You were right. She did find a mate before a trine. Guess even in death you keep proving me wrong." He paused, looking up into that gorgeous sky. "Is it wrong of me to feel as if I'm losing her? To feel slightly jealous that he's getting so much of her attention and not me? I know, I need to learn to just let go. It's just so hard to. Especially when I look at her and I see you. Primus, she looks so much like you. She even has your laugh. And how she does that thing with her servos... It's you. All you." He swallowed. "I'm so proud of our little femmling, Moonstar. She really is the greatest thing to ever happen to me. To us. I'm happy she's happy with Sideswipe. I know you are happy, too." He was silent a moment. "I wonder what it must be like to be there in the Well, watching us like some type
of drama show on the vid screens. I hope there's a bar up there. I would make you your favorite engex when I come." He paused. "I still can't believe you've been gone for so long. You've missed so much. Our daughter just keeps getting better and better. I can't imagine how incredible things would be if you were still here. But, then I think about how things would be so different. We wouldn't have Starstreak, Dawn probably would have never joined with Sideswipe, and as for Skyfire..." He vented a sigh. "I miss you and still love you, Moonstar. Nothing will ever change that. And I hope I am making you proud. I'm still doing my best for my Seekers... Our Seekers... For our perfect daughter." He swallowed as coolant began to pour out of his optics. "I wish you could have seen her in person, on that stage saying her vows. Seen her smile like that. I've never seen her smile like that before. And she is going to give us another grandcreation. Maybe a femmling. Another little femmling to be called 'princess.' Dammit, why did these fragging Autobots have to deactivate you, and then one goes and makes my daughter so happy? And another make me happy? Why couldn't this world be more black and white and I could just kill them all and make things somewhat better. I wish I knew who it was. I wish I could find them and tear out their spark chamber." He paused. "I know. You wouldn't want me to do that. You wouldn't want me to stoop so low to commit petty revenge. It's still just hard knowing that one of them is the reason why you're not in my arms right now." He was silent a moment. "She looks so much like you. She is so perfect. You both just changed my world and I can't-I can't get over this. It's still so hard."

He stayed there talking to her and crying for nearly a joor before subspaceing the datapad and flying away. Flying back to his trinemates and Conjunx Endura.

Chapter End Notes

I Made It by Kevin Rudolph is the song my sister played at her wedding when the ceremony was finished. There was no special father/daughter dance at her wedding because our father is a fucking, abusive asshole. Dawnstar is so damn lucky... :(

The idea of Starstreak crying because he couldn't "marry" his mother came from something I saw about a toddler crying because she was told she couldn't marry her father. XD Oh, babies...

Oh, Starscream... You are going to get them all in trouble with Prowl and Prime by taking them to a brothel... Shame on you. :P

Did anyone shed any tears during the "wedding?" Especially when Dawnstar was dancing with her sire? Just curious because I admit, I shed a few tears when writing and listening to that song when she was dancing with him. Second time I've cried when writing this story. The first time was when Moonstar died.

Okay, I mostly wanted to show you Dawnstar's/Sideswipe's/Starstreak's growing relationship and everything in this chapter. Especially since Starstreak is so damn cute and has so much attitude. :P

Oh, and I was opening up potential plot lines! So, I've had several people asking if I would, possibly, write something in the future about Dawnstar getting her trine
and her future with Sideswipe. I then had the idea of maybe Starstreak trying to find his real sire and the adventure he could have. But, bear in mind that that story would not be written for a while with how busy I will be for the next few months, maybe even the next year. I have like 100 things I need to draw for my stories, plus college, plus getting my portfolio put together, so, sadly, fanfic writing will be pushed aside. :( But, hey, something you can all looked forward to. Just tell me your thoughts. :) Oh, and I do have ideas for another fanfic not associated to this trilogy that you guys might be interested in. Another Starscream story with more angst, but it won't be as bad! Still bad, but it won't have Star being sodomized and made sterile bad! XD
"He started to beat her then… First punching her until she fell to the floor. Then he kicked her."
Starscream swallowed. "I was right there while it was happening. I remember… I remember
screaming at him to stop. To leave her alone. I rushed in and punched at him, but he just shoved
me away and I fell on my wing, bending it. I started to cry then, still begging him to leave her
alone, but he didn't listen… He never listened."

"Did he stop and leave then?" Rung asked softly, looking up from the datapad that he held.

Starscream slowly shook his helm, not looking at the Autobot. He just looked at the stress balls
that he held, squeezing them tightly as he continued. "He kept kicking her until she started to leak.
He grabbed her then and raped her. She was screaming, I was screaming, and he was… He was
smiling."

"Do you think he was raping her because he was over energized at the time or-" He stopped when
Starscream shook his helm.

"He raped her even when he was sober. He was just… rougher when inebriated."

"Starscream," Rung said after a pause. "Did he ever… touch you inappropriately?"

Starscream didn't look at him, swallowing as he thought. He bit his lower lip plate before slowly
nodding his helm. "He would molest me. He did that several times, sober and over energized. He
never actually… actually made me remove my codpiece, but he still touched me there." He paused.
"I was scared. I hated it. But I couldn't do anything about it. Sometimes he would touch me after
taking my carrier. His servos covered in her energon and fluids he would touch me and-and feel
me." He said in almost a whisper.

"You hated being touched like that, but you admit you did that to femmes in later vorns, especially
to Moonstar. Why do you think that is? Why do you think you did something to others which you
hated having done to you?"

Starscream didn't answer immediately. "Because… I suppose because I grew up seeing my step-
creator as an authority figure… And someone with power. And I wanted power. No one ever hurt
him, and I never wanted anyone to hurt me."

Rung nodded his helm slowly as he studied the Seeker. "I think, Starscream, that you're angry. I
think you're angry because you were hurt so bad and you feel, not so much the need for 'revenge,,'
but more of a - how should I say it? Sort of a… Of a 'justice.' You seek justice in a way by doing to
others what was done to you. And, like you said, you realize that those in power are not hurt and so
you want to be in power. That is why you bullied the other Decepticons and were willing to do all
of those terrible things to become and remain the Decepticon Second. Why you were so willing to
deal with Megatron's abuse. Megatron was the only one to hurt you then, but at least he didn't do
anything sexual to you, that is until the events with your daughter. And on the rare occasions he did
touch you." He paused to study the Seeker. "What do you think? You agree with my analyze?"

Starscream just kept looking down, thinking everything over. Finally, crimson optics looked up at
the small mech, wings raising ever so slightly.
"I think so. To be honest, I feel more 'fear' than 'anger' these orbital cycles."

"Megatron did some terrible things to you, Starscream. None of which was your fault."

"I disobeyed a lot…"

"So, you believe that what Megatron did was appropriate punishment?"

"No."

"Do you think you should have been punished?"

"For some things… I just wish it wasn't so… harsh."

Rung was silent for several astroseconds before speaking. "Starscream, do you miss your carrier?"

"Why do you ask that?"

"Our first session you made it sound as if you were glad you didn't have to see her anymore, but with all the stories about your sparkling-hood, it sounds as if you truly did care about her. Do you care about her?"

Starscream bit his lip plate again, his optics lowering to look down. "Yes." He said barely louder than a whisper.

"Do you want to see her again?"

Starscream slowly nodded his helm before shaking it. "Yes and no. I-I want to see her and find out what happened to her, but at the same time… Dammit…” He cursed softly as he wiped away at the coolant tears beginning to leak out. "At the same time I don't want her to see me for what I've become."

"What have you become?"

"I'm a rapist… a murderer… I raped so many femmes and tortured them. Just like what he did to her. I raped my own mate for so long… I just… I'm sorry."

"Don't be upset about crying." Rung said as he offered the Seeker a small cloth, which he accepted. "This is all very emotional and difficult."

Starscream wiped at his leaking optics, studying the cloth before continuing. "I really did love my carrier. We were so close… I-I just feel betrayed almost by her disappearing like that and leaving me behind. I wish I knew where she went. I wish I could find her. But I doubt she's still alive. With all of this damn war and just… She's probably long gone…"

"You mentioned before that you are uncomfortable with those you are close to being away for too long. Does that have anything to do with your carrier's disappearance?"

Starscream nodded his helm. "I'm scared that everyone will leave me just because I frag up in some way or because I was just some poor, helpless Seeker who didn't have anything special about my life. Who wants to follow someone who was homeless for a time? And then I lost Skyfire for a while, and I lost my mate and unborn son. I just… I can't handle losing anyone else."

"That is your PTSD acting up. You were mistreated for so long and hurt because you made small mistakes, and now it is almost instinctual for your systems to react that way. Even if you know that those around you won't ever hurt you, such as your trinematics and Skyfire." He paused. "Is there
anything else that bothers you still from what your step-creator did to you?"

Starscream was silent for a time before venting a small sigh. "I hate certain words…"

"What type of words?"

"He always called me 'brat.' Nothing else. Never once did he say my designation or anything else. Just 'brat.' I can't stand to be called that word. And Megatron called me it a lot and every time he said it… I hate that word."

"You said before that Thundercracker called Dawnstar that and you hated it. Is it because of this exact reason?"

"Part of it. I also don't want my daughter to be hurt. I don't want her to suffer like I have."

"How did you feel when Megatron called you that?"

"I felt… I felt like I was going to be hurt. My step-creator always shouted for me, calling me that before he hurt me. Megatron hurt me whenever he said it as well. I hate that word…” He said softly.

"Is it one of your worst triggers?" Rung asked as he kept scribbling down notes.

"I don't think so. I have so many it's hard to tell which is worse." He swallowed. "I have so many and for so long that I'm no longer sure if some of them are actual triggers or the way Seekers are supposed to be."

"What else triggers you? From either your step-creator's abuse or Megatron's."

Starscream looked down before continuing.

Starscream sat on Skyfire's lap, the latter gently stroking his mate's helm with a large servo. The Seeker was curled into the large frame, optics offline, and quietly resting. Skyfire's other servo held a datapad which he was reading from. Every so often the shuttle kissed the top of his Conjuncx Endura's helm.

"Hey, Sky." Thundercracker grunted as he entered their shared quarters.

"Hey." Skyfire greeted in almost a whisper. "He fell into recharge."

"Good. He needs to catch up on all the joors he missed last night."

"Did he tell you what he was dreaming about? I've never seen him online screaming like that before."

Thundercracker shook his helm. "No, he didn't say anything. I asked Rung, but he said Starscream never mentioned anything about what he dreamt about during their talk."

"He was talking for over two joors and never said why he onlined shrieking like that?" Skyfire vented a sigh. "I wish he was more open."

"I know. I wish so, too. But, his trust issues are the worse. I've never met anyone who is so distrusting as he is." The blue Seeker sat down beside the shuttle. "I love him to death, but he is far too secretive."
"He's always been secretive." Skyfire said quietly.

"I know. I just wish he knew how much it impeded his healing." Thundercracker said before leaning forward and kissing Starscream gently on the lip plates.

The Air Commander managed the smallest of smiles in his recharge before it disappeared. Thundercracker smiled himself, cuddling a little closer to his trineleader and Skyfire.

"Love you, Star. The greatest leader the Seekers ever had. We all love you and will follow you to whatever end awaits us." Thundercracker whispered to him. "Trine till the bitter end."

Skyfire subspaced his datapad and wrapped his arm around Thundercracker. "I'm so happy that he has you and Skywarp in his life. He really does think the world of you two." He paused. "Speaking of Skywarp: Where is he?"

Thundercracker rolled his optics. "That slagging trinemate of mine is causing mayhem with that slagging Autobot."

"Who?"

"Sideswipe."

"Oh." Skyfire said getting it.

"And so, you put a little adhesive on each item like this, and then set it down exactly where you found it. Make sure to press it a little so it sticks." Sideswipe instructed as he helped Starstreak put glue on a datapad and then place it back onto the desk.

Starstreak giggled, so pleased with himself. "Daddy, do we do this with eberything?"

"Everything."

"I'm putting adhesive on his chair." Skywarp said as he did just that.

"Skywarp, you are going to get me killed!" Sideswipe exclaimed.

"Pssshhht, as if." Skywarp said with a dismissive wave. "He won't deactivate you. Your Prowl is a softy compared to what I'm used to dealing with."

"I still rather not suffer so much."

"Quit glitching. Come on, we're almost done."

"Fine, whatever. I got a couple of more datapads to do. Did you get everything on the shelves?"

"A long time ago. I also did all the decorations and that weird potted plant thing over there."

"Okay, well I-"

"Daddy!"

Sideswipe spun around. "'Streak, not so loud, dude. We can't be found out, yet." His optics widened. "Did you…?"

"Daddy, I spilt the adhehseev." Starstreak said as his optics started to fill with static and lower lip...
plate trembled.

"That's okay. Nothing to cry about, baby." Sideswipe said quickly. "Here, let me-" He grabbed the datapad that Starstreak held, only for it to not move. "Oh slag…"

"What up?" Skywarp inquired.

"Prowl's datapad is glued to 'Streak's servos."

"We'll just take him to Hook and he'll get it fixed."

"We can't!" He said in a hushed tone. "If we are seen with any of Prowl's things we will be crucified!"

"Be what…?"

"Human term. Here, see if you can… Dammit…"

"What?"

"Now I'm glued to Prowl's datapad!"

"Like sire like so-"

"Shut up! Come on, 'Warp, we need to get out of here."

"Alright, let me hide the evidence first." Skywarp said as he grabbed the adhesive bottles and subspaced them.

"Dammit, damn, damn-fragging, piece-of-slag, carrierfragger! This is… Frag!" Sideswipe growled as he tried to free his servo.

"Daddy, what does that mean?" Starstreak innocently asked.

"Skywarp, I think we-"

The three froze when they heard vocalizers outside the door. Skywarp instinctively reached forward and grabbed Sideswipe's free arm just before the three disappeared in a flash of purple.

The door hissed open and Prowl and Jazz entered. The strategist was looking at a datapad as Jazz was talking.

"Ah'm telling ya, man. Surround sound speakers. Eht'll be a blast!"

"No, Jazz. I rather not have the soldiers' audio receptors damaged all because you, as you say, 'like it loud.'" Prowl intoned before sitting on his seat and turning to his desk.

"Don' be such a killjoy, Prowler. Think of the moral boost!"

"There is no-" He stopped, his optics narrowing.

Jazz cocked his helm to the side. "Wha'z wrong?"

"That datapad was moved several millimeters from where I had left it." He said slowly.

"And ya can tell because…?"
"Because I can." He paused. "It's not safe to be in my office. We better-" He stopped, his doorwings twitching.

"Better…?"

Prowl inhaled deeply. "I am afraid I won't be able to leave my office after all."

"Why?" Jazz inquired.

Prowl just glared at him. "Sideswipe was here. I can tell."

"How so?"

"I'm stuck to my chair."

Jazz just looked at him for a moment before loudly guffawing. Prowl glared death and dangerous weapons at him.

"Aw, man! Yer aft is glued ta da chair!? Oh, dat is brilliant!" He started to loudly laugh again.

"I am going to comm. Ratchet." Prowl said calmly.

"Wan' me ta do anythin'." Jazz inquired with a huge smile as he rested a servo on the desktop.

"No."

"All right, Prowler. Ah'm gonna go get my-" He stopped.

"Your?" Prowl barely inclined his helm in curiosity.

Jazz tugged at his servo still on the desk. "Oh, dammeht… Ah think we are in da same boat, Prowl."

"Still think it is funny?"

Jazz was silent for a bit. "To ya, yes!" He started to loudly laugh again, still trying to free his servo.

Prowl just glared at him.

"It could be worse." Skywarp said.

"How could it be worst?!" Sideswipe bellowed.

"Well, we could be stuck to the desk, or to someone we really hate." Skywarp nodded his helm sagely.

"I am glued to you and my son! I don't want to be glued to you two!"

"No love? Gee, you sound like Screamer."

The three walked down a hallway, trying to ignore the stares from others they passed. Skywarp was glued to where he had grabbed Sideswipe's arm, having gotten adhesive on his servo from the bottles he had subspaced just before teleporting. Starstreak was giggling, thinking it was awesome to be glued to one of his favorite persons.
"We'll just go to Screamer. He's good at getting adhesive off." Skywarp said.

"No, we are going to Ratchet." Sideswipe said firmly.

"And have him see you with identifiable evidence?"

Sideswipe paused. "Good point."

"Besides, Scree would never rat us out."

"Fine, let's just get out of here."

Skywarp teleported them again, materializing in the Elite Trine's quarters. Thundercracker and Skyfire turned to look, the blue Seeker venting an exasperated sigh.

"Warp."

"SCREE!" Skywarp shouted.

Starscream startled online and turned to them. His optics narrowed. "The frag is your problem?" He snapped.

"So, Sides, 'Streak, and I were pulling a prank on Prowl and things went… We're stuck."

"You were pulling a prank on…? Why the slag were you pulling a prank on him!?" Starscream leaped off Skyfire's lap and marched straight over to Skywarp, jabbing a digit in his faceplates. "I told you not to prank the Autobot brass, didn't I?!"

"Might have mentioned it…" Skywarp said slowly.

"Might of?! You slagging idiot!" He paused to look at Starstreak. "Streak, sweetie, can you offline your optics real quick." He said gently.

"Um, okay, grandsay." He said before doing as commanded.

Starscream turned to Skywarp and punched him in the faceplates, elicited a pained yelp.

"Ow, Screamer, I-"

"Shut up. What is the adhesive you used?" Starscream grunted.

"Uh, this one." He unsubspaced a bottle and showed him.

"I will be back." He grumbled before walking to the closet and going inside.

Skywarp moved his jaw some, testing it from Starscream's punch. Sideswipe was just glaring at him.

"I might have deserved that." Skywarp said slowly.

"I'm going to punch you myself." Sideswipe growled.

"Could be worse…"

Starscream returned and started to apply a liquid to Starstreak's servos with a brush. It took a little bit, but the Seekerlet's servos were finally freed from the datapad.
"Thunder, take Starstreak into the washracks and clean him up." Starscream ordered.

"Yes, sir." Thundercracker said before leading the little one away.

"Tell me." Starscream said as he started to free Sideswipe's servo from Prowl's datapad. "Who's *brilliant* idea was this?"

"His." Sideswipe and Skywarp said at the same time while pointing at each other.

"What were the exact details of the prank?"

"We applied adhesive to everything in Prowl's office. Made everything stuck to the desk, shelves, floor… I even put some on his chair so his aft is stuck there." Skywarp proudly smiled.

"Of how much I hate Prowl, you still shouldn't be pranking him. He is a high ranking official and I need those type in my subspace pocket. We are allies with them for the time being. We do not know what will happen once this war ends and I rather not find myself battling against these Autobots once more all because you had to go and frag things up with your immature, *stupid* pranks. Am I getting to you?"

"Yes, sir." Skywarp said softly.

Starscream yanked the datapad free from Sideswipe's servo and subspaced it without the Autobot noticing. The tri colored Seeker then started to free Skywarp's servo from Sideswipe's arm.

"Furthermore, Sideswipe, I don't need you getting yourself locked away in the brig and being a bad role model for my grandcreation. That goes for the both of you slargers."

"Hey, don't lecture me." Sideswipe snapped. "There's nothing wrong with pulling a few pranks every now and then."

Starscream smacked him upside-the-helm. "Don't talk back to me, Autobot." He said dangerously. "And you are now joined with my daughter so that means you have responsibilities. It is not easy raising a sparkling on your own and she'll need your help. Of how much I love to take care of my grandcreation, I can't always be there for her. I have my own duties that I must attend to. And seeing how you obviously have far too much time on your servos, you could dedicate that time to helping your 'son' get an education and be a proper role model for him. Do I make myself clear?"

"Yeah, sure…"

Starscream glared at him. "You are to say 'yes, sire' for now on. Of how much it kills your pride, I outrank you and you being part of my family means you follow *my* rules. Understand? Seeker or not, I won't be afraid to punish you for disobedience."

Sideswipe swallowed, knowing how Seekers dealt with such behavior. "Um, yes, sir."

"Much better." Starscream yanked Skywarp's servo free. "Stay put, Sideswipe. I'm not done with you yet."

Starscream walked over to Skyfire and whispered something into his audio receptor. Skyfire whispered back and nodded. The shuttle stood and walked to the washracks.

"Done with him, TC?" He asked.

"Yeah, just drying him off." The blue Seeker said.
Alright, I'm going to take him to Dawnstar then."

Sideswipe watched as Skyfire carry Starstreak out of the room and shut the door behind him. Starscream was talking on the comm. link, his words quiet so the perpetrators couldn't hear.

"Well," Starscream said when he was finally done with his call. "It appears that Prowl already has it figured out that you are the one who glued his aft to his chair and Jazz's servo to the desk."

"Two in one? Woo!" Skywarp giggled.

Starscream gave him a murderous glare. Skywarp's smile instantly vanished and his wings lowered.

"The Prime wishes to speak to you, Sideswipe." Starscream continued. "He also wanted 'Warp, but I will handle that. Won't I 'Warp?"

"Yes, sir." Skywarp said softly.

"So, seeing as how I must play as leader, mediator, and delegate in order to keep this alliance from tumbling into the smelting pool, I must acquiesce you to your jurisdiction, Sideswipe. Thundercracker, please escort my son-in-law to his Prime so that he may be punished accordingly by their law. Skywarp, come over here and lean over the berth."

"Yes, sir." Skywarp said softly as he did so.

Thundercracker grabbed Sideswipe's arm and roughly led him out of the room. The Autobot grumpily followed him, not wanting to be taken to his execution so early.

"So, the whole glue on the chair thing is completely Skywarp's idea. I'm innocent." Sideswipe said quickly as he sat on a chair in front of Optimus' desk.

"I still would like to punish him for that as well." Prowl intoned dangerously as he sat on another chair, his aft finally freed after Ratchet had come to the rescue.

"Ah think some brig time will be good." Jazz said slowly as he glared at Sideswipe.

The red frontliner sunk deeper into his seat, not looking at any of the officers.

"Sideswipe, I have been speaking with Starscream and we have come to a decision of how the both of you will be punished. You and Skywarp will remove the adhesive from everything in Prowl's office and then you both will serve brig time for an orbital cycle." Optimus paused. "Is there anything you would like to say to Prowl?"

Sideswipe was silent a moment. "Sorry for being a pain in the skid plates, Prowl." He vented a sigh. "I guess I'll go and get started."

"That would be best."

Sideswipe rose and exited the office. Ironhide was waiting outside to escort the prankster to his duty. They made their way to medbay, received the required items for removing the adhesive from Ratchet, and went straight to Prowl's office.

Ironhide leaned against a wall with his arms crossed as he watched Sideswipe work. It wasn't long until Skywarp arrived with Nacelle. The red and blue Seeker leaned against the wall nearby Ironhide as Skywarp soon joined in the cleaning effort.
Sideswipe swallowed when he noticed how quiet the black Seeker was. He never smiled, made optic contact, or said a single word. He did what was expected of him, and quietly left for the brig with his guard when they were finished.

Sideswipe was put into his own cell and the Seeker in the one opposite. Ironhide and Nacelle both left once the two were locked away, only silence remaining.

It was a joor later before Sideswipe couldn't take it anymore. He looked over where he saw the Seeker sitting on the floor of his cell, and spoke.

"Hey, 'Warp. Soooo, you okay?" He asked slowly.

"I'm fine." Skywarp said softly, barely audible for Sideswipe.

"You sure? You've just been… quiet."

"I'm fine."

"Dude, it's only one night. We'll be out tomorrow." Sideswipe offered him a smile.

"It's a night without my trinemates." Sideswipe said as he brought his knees up and hugged them. "I don't like being away from them."

Sideswipe's smile vanished. "Hey, it won't be bad. Wanna try playing a game to keep your processor off it?"

"No."

"Wanna recharge?"

"I can't."

"Why not?"

"I don't like being away from them. I hate being separated from them and knowing I can't get back to them. Screamer deactivated my warp generator. I'm stuck in this cell and that… It scares me. Being in cells is always easier when they are with me, but they aren't. Your stupid Prime insisted that I be locked away with you to make it 'fair.' Scree wanted me to be under house arrest for a few orbital cycles, so that I could still be near them." He swallowed. "This is worse than a beating."

Sideswipe was just silent, listening to the heavy intakes of the anxious Seeker. Skywarp offlined his optics and gently rocked himself as he continued to hug his knees. Sideswipe watched him for a bit before lying down on the berth and offlining his optics.

Sideswipe onlined his optics to the sound of clacking thruster heels. He looked up and saw the energon bars dispersing to allow a black and red Seeker within.

"Dad said you pissed off quite a few people yesterday." Dawnstar said before leaning down and pecking a kiss to his lip plates. "And the spawn was demanding to know where you were all night."

"Sorry about that. I didn't mean to get caught." He grunted.

"Come on." She said as she grabbed his servo and helped him up.

The two walked out of their cell, Sideswipe pausing when Thundercracker and Starscream entered.
Starscream unlocked the cell door and marched inside.

"I'm busting you out, 'Warp." He grumbled.

"SCREEEEEE!" Skywarp exclaimed as he leaped up from the floor and practically glomped Starscream. "Oh, Star, I missed you!"

"Yes, yes, well, I do hope you have learned your lesson."

"I have! I'll forever be a good mech. I solemnly swear on TC's aft that I'll be good."

"Why my aft?" Thundercracker demanded.

"Because, Scree's aft is too sexy to swear on." He giggled.

"Mhmm," Starscream grunted. "Well, I have meetings to attend." He snapped his digits as he started to walk away.

His trinemates instinctively followed him in perfect formation, almost as if they were glued to him that way.

"Does he always do that snappy thing?" Sideswipe inquired.

"Hmm? Oh, snap his digits? Yeah, it's just his way of ordering them to follow him when he's in a mood. Mom used to do it to him after she picked up on the habit." Dawnstar shrugged. "Now, let's go!" She exclaimed as she grabbed his servo and led him away.

"So, you are all familiar with the rules?" Starscream inquired of the gathered Autobots.

"Yup, got it." Sideswipe nodded his helm.

"Good. Now, how about you start." He said as he gestured to Bluestreak.

"Oh, um, okay." Bluestreak stuttered. "Drink if you, um… Ever kissed a femme?"

"Heh, not bad." Starscream shrugged before he and everyone else at the table took a drink from their high grade. "You're next."

"Drink if you've ever tried to kiss a femme but missed her lip plates." Smokescreen said.

"Dammit…" Trailbreaker grumbled before taking a drink.

"Drink if you've ever interfaced with a mech." Sideswipe smirked.

Sunstreaker glared at him before he, the Elite Trine, Smokescreen, and Hound all drank.

"Drink if you are joined." Sunstreaker said.

Starscream and Sideswipe both drank.

"Drink if you've ever proposed to someone." Hound chuckled.

"This is targeting!" Sideswipe growled as before he and Starscream both drank.

"Drink if you've ever fragged on the battlefield." Mirage said.
The Elite Trine drank.

"Drink if you've ever broken up with someone." Trailbreaker said.

The Twins, Smokescreen, and Hound all drank.

"Drink if you've ever been rejected." Skids said.

Sideswipe, Skywarp, and Bluestreak drank.

"Heh, my turn." Skywarp smiled. "Drink if you've ever been slapped on the aft by a femme for pleasure or punishment."

"Fragging trinemate." Starscream grumbled before drinking. "Drink if you've ever raped someone."

All the Autobots just stared with wide optics at the Air Commander.

"Just us? Fine." Starscream shrugged before he and his trinemates all drank.

"Drink if you've ever given oral." Thundercracker said.

"Does receiving count?" Bluestreak asked softly.

"Not this time."

Only Starscream and Skywarp drank. Thundercracker shrugged and drank himself.

"Um, drink if you've ever-" Bluestreak stopped when Prowl, Jazz, Silverbolt, and Hot Spot entered the Rec Room.

The Autobot officers stopped and looked in their direction, Prowl twitching his doorwings.

"Prowl! Come join us in our little get together." Starscream smirked that sly smirk of his. "There is no better way to get to know someone other than a few drinks and a game of truth."

Prowl raised on optical ridge. "I would prefer it if you didn't make my troops over energized." He said slowly.

"Aw, come on, Prowler!" Jazz smiled. "A few drinks never hurt nobody!" He then turned to Starscream. "Sure, why not?"

"Pull up another table." The Seeker leader said.

Jazz pulled Prowl over and the four Autobots set up a new table with chairs, making one long table for them all to be at.

"I believe it was Bluestreak's turn." Starscream said once the new arrivals had a cube of engex each.

"Uh, yeah." Bluestreak paused, not comfortable disgusting his intercourse activities with his bosses. "Drink if you've ever, uh, I don't know… I'm not good with asking embarrassing questions."

"Prowl, ask us a question." Starscream smirked.

Prowl raised as optical ridge. "Drink if you've ever been dominated."
Optics widened, watching the intense look Prowl gave Starscream. Starscream glared at him for a moment before slyly smirking.

"Alrighty." Starscream said softly before he and his trinemates all drank.

"Uh, ah guess ah go next." Jazz said slowly. "Drink if you've ever screwed up on a date."

Several Autobots drank, Starscream and Prowl were still eyeing each other.

"Drink if you've ever flirted with a hot femme." Silverbolt said.

Everyone but Prowl, Mirage, and Bluestreak drank.

The questions kept being asked, more drinking until it came back to Skywarp.

"Drink if you've been to a brothel." The black Seeker giggled.

Sideswipe, his friends, and the Elite Trine drank. Prowl's optics narrowed.

"Drink if you've ever been left by someone because they didn't like something about you." Starscream said as he kept his optics on Prowl.

Prowl glared at him before slowly drinking. Autobots widened their optics, but remained silent.

"Drink if you've ever been topped by a femme." Thundercracker said.

Starscream drank.

"Drink if you've ever whored yourself out." Prowl said. "Not just for Shanix."

Starscream glared death at him before finally obeying the rules of the game and taking a sip.

The tension in the room was so heavy it was difficult to cycle air.

"Drink if you hide your emotions by being an aft." Starscream said.

"We both drink, then."

"Fair enough." Starscream said before he and Prowl both drank.

"Drink if you've ever lost you Conjux Endura." Prowl said slowly.

Starscream looked like he was about to kill Prowl before finally drinking.

"Drink if you're, ahem, if you're severely lacking anything down there."

"Better drink then." Prowl said.

"How about we play the way the game is supposed to be played?" Hot Spot said quickly.

"I'm with him." Thundercracker grunted.

"Drink if you can't fly." Silverbolt said.

"Do jet packs count?" Sideswipe asked quickly.

"No."
"Dammit."
Starscream offlined his optics as all the grounders drank. He shook his helm, trying to ward off the effects of the high grade.

"Drink if ya have wings. Doorwings count." Jazz said.
The Seekers and Praxians all drank.

"Drink if you have red optics." Bluestreak said.
The Seekers drank.

"Drink if you've ever interfaced in public." Smokescreen said.
The Seekers drank. Starscream smirked as he looked down, his wings twitching. Thundercracker was holding his helm, looking down. Skywarp was chuckling. Some of the Autobots were dumbly grinning as well.

"Drink if you have a super sexy, awesome daughter." Sideswipe said as he winked at Starscream.
Starscream raised on optical ridge. "Well, can't argue with that." He then drank.

"Drink if you are joined with said super sexy, awesome daughter." Sunstreaker grunted.
Sideswipe drank.

"Drink if you're a Decepticon." Hound smirked.
The Seekers did so.

"Drink if you're on outlier." Mirage said.
Skywarp, Trailbreaker, and Skids all drank.

"Drink if you're an officer." Trailbreaker said.
The Seekers and Autobot officers did so.

"Drink if you… If you ever fragged your superior officer." Skids smiled as he looked at his friends.
Starscream swallowed before doing so. The Autobots optics widened, only those who knew Starscream's story didn't look surprised.

"Drink if you've berthed ten or more femmes at a time." Skywarp giggled.
The Seekers and Sideswipe drank.

"Drink if you're…" Starscream hesitated. "Drink if you like it rough."
The Elite Trine and some Autobots drank.

"Drink if you like your aft being beaten during a session." Thundercracker said as he eyed his trineleader.

"I hate you." Starscream grumbled as he took a drink.
"Drink if you are into bondage." Prowl said as he looked at the Air Commander.

The Elite Trine drank.

The questions kept being asked, the drinking kept going. Empty cubes set aside, dumb smiles on visages, and lots of giggling until…

"Drink if…" Starscream stopped because he was giggling so hard. "Drink if you've ever kished shomeone'sh aft." He almost fell over laughing so hard.

"I can drehnk tuh dat!" Skywarp proclaimed, trying to drink but spilling most of it over himself.

"I love you guysh sho much!" Starscream proclaimed. "We're like some disfunshionehl family! I-" He drank his entire cube. "I thinshks we'sh should all kesh and frag!"

The Autobot officers were tipsy, but had refrained from drinking too much. Bluestreak was just dumbly staring into space with his mouth wide open, Sideswipe and Sunstreaker didn't seem too affected until they spoke. Trailbreaker was just silently sipping his high grade. Mirage was passed out on the floor. Skids was stacking the empty energon cubes, Hound was just chuckling and shaking his helm. Smokescreen was tipsy, but not too far gone. Thundercracker's faceplates were on the desk, deep in recharge.

"Ah wanna shlahp yer aft, Screhmer!" Skywarp proclaimed.

"Nooooooooo, ah wanna… I wanna drehnk more!" Starscream giggled, almost falling out of his chair.

"Buht, I luv you…"

"Afts… Afts ebrywhere!" Starscream laughed. "Dey all afthels! Prowl! Yer an afthelm!" Starscream started to loudly guffaw.

"You afthelm!" Skywarp laughed back.

"Wow, dey really lost eht." Jazz said slowly.

"Seekers process their fuel faster than grounders." Prowl said slowly as he rubbed the tip of a digit over the rim of his glass.

"I'm surprised they lasted this long without going into stasis lock." Hot Spot said.

Skywarp suddenly grabbed Starscream and the two fell off their chairs. There was an awkward skirmish before the very obvious moans of Starscream being fragged by his trinemathe came from the ground. Prowl's optics narrowed, the other tipsy Autobots just reverted their optics elsewhere.

"Well, they won't be feeling well in the morning." Prowl said slowly.

"It hurts, Sky." Starscream said miserably as he held his helm, the Elite Trine and the shuttle still in their berth.

"I know. But, that's what happens when you over energize like that." Skyfire said softly.

"I… Ugh…"

"Skyfire, you better get away from him." Thundercracker advised as he held his own helm.
"Why?" The Autobot asked.

"Because, every time Star is hung over he-

"BLAARRGH!"

Skyfire offlined his optics at the horrible sound of Starscream retching and purging up his fuel tank. He looked down to see unprocessed energon covering his lap and abdominal plates.

"I am… I am so sorry, Sky." Starscream said slowly.

"It's okay, sweetie. You don't feel well." He vented a sigh. "How about I carry you to see Ratchet?"

"Okay…"

Skyfire quickly wiped most of the energon off his frame before scooping up his mate and carrying him. He was almost to the door when Starscream purged his tanks again… All over Skyfire's faceplates. The shuttle just stopped, optics offline and unmoving.

"I think I feel a bit better now…" Starscream said slowly.

"I'm ecstatic." Skyfire sarcastically growled.

"Give me druuummmmmms!" Starscream groaned as he lied on the medberth. "I need my drugs!"

"Last time I gave you them you went insane." Ratchet growled.

"I need 'em! I feel like I was hit in the helm by your Prime in his alt. mode. Ugh… Doctor… Save me!"

"Well, if you hadn't had drunk so much last night…"

"I want Hook. He isn't such an aft. TURN DOWN THE SOUND! My brain module… It's shrinking from the pain."

"Stop glitching and drink this." Ratchet ordered as he held a small glass out to the "dying" Seeker.

"Is it drugs? Is it my drug friends?" Starscream said slowly as he sat up and took the proffered glass.

"It's something not nearly as powerful as the last one I used on you."

"I want the powerful one. I need it." Starscream said desperately.

"No."

"Frag yourself."

"Drink it or else I will remodel you into a toaster." Ratchet growled.

Starscream's wings perked and he sexily smirked. "Ooh, I like a mech who can put me in my place. Go on, say something dirty to be." He said seductively.

Ratchet smacked him upside-the-helm.

"OW! It already hurts!"
"Drink!"
Starscream flicked him off before drinking the orange-ish colored liquid. He made a face before handing the glass back.

"You'll start to feel better in a bit." Ratchet said.

"Liar. That was poison. You poisoned me."

"Of how tempting that would be, I would never-" Ratchet stopped, his optics offlining at the horrible sound. He onlined his optics and looked down. "You could have turned the other way." He growled with gritted denta.

"So that's what orange and purple look like when they intermix…" Starscream said miserably as he wiped his lip plates with the back of a servo, studying the energon he had purged up all over Ratchet's torso.

"Let me go get the more powerful drugs." Ratchet said dangerously before stomping off.

"Yay… Druggies…" Starscream said softly, giving a halfhearted fist pump.

"He said he gave him half the dosage." Thundercracker grumbled. 

"You sure? He looks like he gave him the entire bottle." Skyfire remarked.

"And they say I'm insane." Skywarp grunted.

Starscream was skipping around holding a roll of ribbon in one servo, leaving a trail behind as it wrapped around chairs, tables, Autobots, and everything else in his path. He was beaming, giggling, and just acting completely loopy.

"I'll go stop him." Skyfire vented a sigh before walking towards his mate. "Star, sweetie?"

"Sky! Sky! Sky! Guess what!" Starscream loudly giggled as he started to run around Skyfire, wrapping the ribbon around his legs.

"Uh… What…?"

"Dat Autobot medic said that I couldn't have drugs! BUT THEN HE GAVE ME DRUGS!" He almost fell over from laughing so hard. "I FEEL WONDERFUL!"

"Not everyone would agree with that." Skyfire said softly.

"I have never felt more alive!" He guffawed.

"Sweetspark, you need to stop that. I can't move."

"I am going to the moon, Sky! THE MOON!" He suddenly fell over and started to loudly laugh. "I fell down." He kept laughing. "And it didn't hurt!"

Skyfire calmly started to free himself from the ribbon wrapped around his legs. Starscream managed to clumsily get back to his peds and ran off. Skyfire followed after him, the two soon leaving the Rec Room. Skyfire ran after Starscream and wrapped his arms around his mate's waist before picking him up.
"WEEEE! Sky! Let's party!" He giggled some more. "The you can frag me." He whispered the last part.

"No, the only place you are going is to your berth to recharge this off. We go into battle tomorrow and you need to be well rested."

"NO! Put me down! I am not tired!" He exclaimed as he struggled and squirmed for freedom.

Skyfire vented a sigh. "If you come quietly and go to recharge like a good mech… I'll frag you."

Starscream instantly went limp, just dangling like some inanimate object in the Autobot's arms.

"Frag me?" He whispered.

"Yes, I'll frag you and… and slap your aft." Skyfire said with a shrug.

Starscream dumbly smiled. "Okay." He giggled. "I'll be the student and you be my professor! Where's 'Warpy and TeeCee? WE ALL FRAG AND SLAP MY AFT! I sexy turbofox…” He loudly laughed again.

Skyfire exhaled heavily as he carried his mate away, patting his helm with one servo. "Yes, you are, Star."

"Tell me I'm pretty, Sky. I WANT TO KNOW!"

"You're very pretty."

Starscream giggled. "I am, aren't I?"

"Yes, you are."

"Call my trinemates. WE ALL FRAG!"

"Well, since we are going into battle tomorrow… Fine, I'll call them."

"Yippee!"

"Pre-war fragging. We always play music for it." Skywarp nodded his helm sagely as he attached a datapad to some speakers.

"Play the one song!" Starscream giggled, still feeling the effects of the drugs.

"What's this music?" Skyfire asked as he listened to the song starting to play.

"Oh, this is Dawnstar's music. Weird slag." Thundercracker grunted.

"I know this song!" Starscream exclaimed where he was slung over Skyfire's lap. "I know it! Dawn and I danced to it…"

"She did make you dance to a lot of her music."

"This sounds like… What?" Skyfire made a face.

"It's called Tik Tok by a Ke$ha." Skywarp shrugged. "Not fragging to that!" He said as he switched to the next song.
"Ugh, Primus, not this one…” Thundercracker moaned. "She played this one so much as a sparkling."

"And this is…?" Skyfire asked.

"This was the song she loved so much." Starscream said softly before giggling. "And she never stopped playing it!"

"It's *Everybody* by The Backstreet Boys." Skywarp grunted. "Definite nope. No Eminem, no Bon Jovi, no Britney Spears, no Miley Cyrus, no Black-eyed Peas, no Lady Gaga, no Nicki Minaj, definitely no Taylor Swift, or Jason Derulo, or Bruno Mars. Where's the music for fragging?"

"Should be in a separate folder." Thundercracker said.

"I'm looking… Ah, here's our collection of music to frag to." Skywarp said triumphantly. "I'm putting it on shuffle."

"Sounds good."

Skyfire raised an optical ridge as he heard the first song playing. "I remember hearing this play back during my Academy cycle… Great, I'm never going to be able to hear this song the same way again after tonight…"

"Let's partay!" Starscream bellowed, his wings fluttering.

"You better start slapping that aft of his, Sky, or else I'm stealing it and using the paddle on him." Skywarp giggled.

"My mate, I get to go first with him." Skyfire smirked before lifting his servo up.


"Ow! How is this preparing for battle again?" Starscream said after he was slapped on the aft.

"I still haven't figured that one out." Thundercracker grunted.

"Aw, who cares… HIT ME AGAIN, SEXY AFT!" Starscream giggled before Skyfire did just that.

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**The Next Orbital Cycle:**

"I apologize for my tardiness." Starscream said smoothly as he stood my Prowl, Optimus, Jazz, and the other Autobot brass, a servo rubbing over his aft. "My mate and trinemates were enjoying themselves with me last night."

"Are you prepared for our attack on Yuss?" Optimus inquired.

"Absolutely." Starscream smirked.

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A Empty grounder walked away from the main section of the city that was on fire. The battle had started several joors ago and now things were finally calming down. Somewhat. The Autobots had easily won with the help of the Seekers, and now were simply rounding up the Decepticons and finishing up with taking over the area.

The grounder walked up the plank of a shuttle and entered the vehicle. He stopped and looked at
everyone inside.

"He's here alright." He grunted. "I saw him flying around with his… What do they call them?"

"Trinmates." Another grounder said.

"Yeah, those. It looks like it's cleanup time."

"Did you see that Autobot shuttle? The one mentioned in that poster that was a good way to get him?" A third grounder inquired.

"Yeah, I saw 'im too." The scout then smirked. "And I know where he still is."

Skyfire and Wheeljack were rummaging through broken machines, looking for anything salvageable. The structure they were in had been cleared and deemed "safe" for now. The two were eager to find any type of secret weapon of the Decepticon's, but so far there was nothing of worth.

"Eh, all this is is scrap." Wheeljack grumbled. "I'm going over there. See if something might be useful that way."

"Alright, I'll keep looking here." Skyfire nodded his helm as the engineer started to walk off.

Skyfire continued looking around the mess for nearly a breem more before he heard a sound. He looked up, wings hiking.

"'Jack? You there?"

Nothing.

The scientist just shrugged it off and kept moving furniture and other items. There was another odd sound. He peered over his shoulder, but again, nothing. He dropped what he was holding and walked towards the door. Cautiously, he looked out, but there was no one. He raised an optical ridge and spun around, his optics widening when he saw a large grounder right behind him.

"Lights out, twinklepeds." The grounder grunted before delivering a powerful punch to Skyfire's faceplates, causing everything to go black.

"Dammit, why did he have ta be so slagging heavy?!" An Empty groused as he and four others dragged Skyfire's stasis locked frame away.

"Ugh, these Autobots just fatten themselves up on stolen energon, dat's why." The large grounder growled.

"Alright, we're here."

They released the shuttle and left him on the cold ground. There were three other mechs now, one walking forward and crouching beside Skyfire's helm. He started to mess with the Autobot's comm. link, plugging it into a device and manipulating it.

"Think this will work?" A green mech asked.

"Should." The smaller mech messing with Skyfire's comm. link said. "This device will make me sound like him and then I can contact Starscream. Lure him over here and we can bag him."
"I can't wait to get all those shiny Shanix from Megatron when we bring him dat dirty Seeker."
The large grounder said excitedly.

"I've never seen a Seeker up close before." The green mech said.

"Me neither." The small mech said.

"Has anyone here?" Another mech asked.

They all shook their helms.

"Well, this will be interesting, then. None of us have ever been near a Seeker and know almost
nothing about them, and yet we are going to take out the toughest, smartest, and greatest warrior of
their kind. Not too mention their leader."

"Can't be that smart if he betrayed the Decepticons. I ain't no 'Con, but even I know you don't go
around pissing off Megatron." The large grounder said.

"Just remember, guys: Don't let him fly away. I hear Seekers can go three times faster than the
speed of sound once in their alt. mode. Keep him on the ground, tie him down, and whatever you
do: Do not let him go." Another mech said.

"Oh, he won't escape me once I get him lassoed." The green mech chuckled.

"Got it!" The smaller mech exclaimed. "I'm sending a message to him now. Everyone be quiet."

Everyone hushed and listened in.

Starscream turned away from his trinemates and placed two digits to the side of his helm.

"Commander Starscream to Skyfire. Copy you." He said.

"Oh, mech…" One of the Empty grounders whispered nervously when they heard the Air
Commander's vocalizer from Skyfire's comm. link.

The smaller mech swallowed before continuing. "Hey, S-Starscream. I need you to come to the
coordinates I'm sending you, now."

Starscream's optical ridge raised. "And the reason for that would be…?"

"I, uh, found something really interesting. Thought you might want to see it for yourself."

Starscream's wings twitched. "You feeling alright, sweetie?"

The mechs exchanged glances at the strange word.

"Yeah, just fine. I'm just excited, is all."

Starscream's optics narrowed. "I suppose I can come. Let me get my Seekers working before I join
you."
"Sounds perfect. See you in a bit."

"See you soon. Love you, sexy aft."

The mechs all looked very confused at each other.

"Uh, love you too, sexy!"

::Starscream out::

The call ended and all the mechs released the intake they had been holding.

"'Sexy aft?' The frag that about?" A red mech demanded.

"I don't know, but we need to get to those coordinates and in position fast!"

The Empties were hiding in a partly destroyed structure, watching the small open area. They had been sitting here for nearly a breem now, waiting for the arrival of the Air Commander.

They looked up at the thunderous roar of Seeker engines, seeing him descending. The sounds of transformation echoed in the silence, followed by the thud of thruster heels clacking against the ground. The clipping reverberated as the Seeker started to walk, cautiously looking around him. His wings hiked, blood red optics glowing ominously.

"Okay, be ready." The green mech whispered to the others.

Clack. Clack. Clack. The heeled peds sounded as he moved. Blue fists at his sides, wings twitching, optics narrowed. He stopped, listening, searching. His helm jerked forward when he heard a sound.

The small mech started to approach, faking a wounded leg and whimpering. "Please, please, help me!" He begged, crawling towards the Seeker.

Starscream lifted his arm and aimed a null ray at him. "Stay back, Empty. I rather not waist a shot on your worthless frame." He grunted.

"He's distracted. Do it." The green mech whispered to a blue and white one.

The blue and white mech lifted a special gun and aimed it at the Seeker.

"PLEASE!" The small mech begged.

"Another step, creature, and your wounds will be the least of your concerns." He said before his wings pricked.

He turned around just in time to see an energon net coming right for him. It wrapped around him and pinned him against a wall, holding him fast.

"Hurry! Move in!" The green mech exclaimed as he and the others rushed over.

Starscream unsubspaced his energon knife and cut the net, freeing himself. He almost fell over from his wing getting caught in the webbing, but scrambled away. He started to activate his
thrusters when a chain with heavy balls on either end wrapped around his legs and caused him to fall over. He desperately cut at it, trying to get away as the Empties neared.

He yanked it off, activated his thrusters, and placed two digits on the side of his helm.

"My Seekers, come to-GAHK!" He choked when a chain suddenly wrapped around his throat and he was violently brought down.

His back crashed into the ground, eliciting a pain shriek from him. He quickly got to his peds and started to shoot his null rays at anything that moved. The chain was viciously jerked, causing him to lose his balance and fall over. He grabbed at it and pulled, but the grounder holding it was stronger. He activated his thrusters again, trying to fly away, but another chain wrapped around his left ped, painfully pulling him down.

He was slammed into the ground again, the chains being pulled in opposite directions stretching him out. He grabbed the chain around his neck, trying to get it off, but the large grounder was upon him.

The Seeker kicked and shot at him, his arms suddenly being grabbed by the other Empties. His null rays ripped from his arms before he was flipped over onto his front. The large grounder sat on top of him, his one knee painfully digging into the Air Commander's back, right between the wings.

Starscream growled, still refusing to give up. The smaller mech started to reach for his helm, at his comm. link, but Starscream snapped at him and tried to even kick him.

"Gag him!" Someone shouted.

A cable was forced into the Seeker's mouth and yanked back. They pulled so hard Starscream was sure his neck would snap. They painfully tied it so tightly behind his helm that the hydraulics in his jaws started to tear and leak. Another cable was wrapped underneath his jaw and tied near the top of his helm, keeping his mouth shut.

As his mouth was tied, manacles were placed on his wrists behind his back as another mech wrapped chains around his legs, tying them together. His legs were then bent, his ankles tied to his wrists in a painful hogtie. His sensitive, delicate wings were forced together, hurting him immensely since they weren't supposed to ever touch like that. More chains were added, tightly wrapping around his wings and securing them together, bending them from how tight it was.

He groan, twitching and still squirming as he was horribly bound. As his wings were being tied, the smaller mech started to attack his comm. link, disabling it and keeping Starscream from communicating with anyone.

Finally, someone blinded folded the Decepticon, leaving him completely defenseless.

They stepped back and admired their sick work. The Seeker was so bound up, it was impossible to ever escape from. He just lied there, unable to move, speak, or see. Helpless, only able to listen to his capturers.

"Wow, he is good looking." The blue and white mech said as he crouched beside Starscream.

"So skinny." The large mech grunted.

"Feel how smooth his plates are." The smaller one said as he stroked Starscream's hip.
"Not as strong as I thought he would be." The green mech shrugged.

"It was easier than I thought it would be." Another remarked.

"Think he's given up?" The blue and white mech chuckled.

"Let's see." The red mech said as he unsubspaced a shock stick and held it to Starscream's aft.

Starscream groaned and jerked when he was zapped on the rear end, struggling a bit more before going limp again.

"I'm surprised that Megatron wants so much for him. Doesn't seem dat special ta me." The large mech grunted.

"Let's get him to the ship before his buddies come looking for him." The green mech said quickly.

The large grounder grabbed the chain from the green mech and simply started to walk away. Starscream groaned something when the chain around his neck tightened and he was cruelly dragged away like some inanimate object by the neck. He jerked and wiggled, trying to get free, but nothing helped. He moaned when he was dragged over the rough ground, sharp pieces of metal tearing into his thin plates. He started to overheat, unable to cycle air from the chain so tight around his neck.

He was dragged up the ramp of the ship, his intakes hitching in desperation for air. Once onboard, the large mech grabbed his wings and lifted him up. He tossed him onto a bench and secured him in place with seat belts.

The green mech sat in the pilot's seat and prepared the ship for lift off. All the other mechs gathered around Starscream as the hull sealed up and the ship lifted off the ground.

"Oh, we are gonna be rich." A black one smiled evilly.

Starscream swallowed. He tried contacting his Seekers, his trinematics, Skyfire, Prowl, Sideswipe, Dawnstar, anyone, but no answer. His calls were not being sent out. He was helpless. He was vulnerable. He was being taken back to him. To Megatron.

He jerked and twitched, panic taking over him, but nothing he did changed his predicament. He was trapped. He would be handed over to Megatron, and who knows what fate awaited him.

He hated to admit it, but, he was scared slagless.

Chapter End Notes

Duh duh duhhhh! Yup, that just happened.

Never prank Prowl. That's never a good idea. And certainly never take a sparkling with you on the job. :P

Prowl vs. Starscream in a drinking competition. Hard to say who the winner of that would be. Probably Star because he drinks more and therefore can handle it better. But then again... Prowl doesn't really have emotions...
Had to let Star get some fun time in before the shit hit the fan. And I had thought about him being captured in such a horrible way quite some time ago when I was finishing up Ancillam. Empties didn't care at all about him or his safety. They just want the prize. It's just like rodeos! Abusive, cruel, inhumane, and all about money. Fucking rodeos...

Ahem, back on topic: The next chapter will be hard to read through. :( Just give you all that warning now. Probably can guess why... But keep reading! I promise good things!
A Traitor's Reward

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

**Warning:** Torture, rape, lot of horrible abuse.

### Chapter 17

Skyfire's optics lazily onlined, slowly registering the blurry faces before him. They were speaking, yelling at him, but it was a while before he could understand what they were saying.

"Skyfire! Skyfire! Are you alright? Sky!"

"Uh, my helm…" He groaned.

"Sky, no, keep your optics on me. Stay online. What happened?"

"Sideswipe…?"

"No, it's Inferno. Damn, you really got hit hard."

"What happened?"

"You tell us." Blades grunted.

"Here, help him up." Inferno said.

They helped Skyfire to sit up, the poor shuttle rubbing his hurting helm.

"WHERE IS HE?!" Thundercracker suddenly had Skyfire's throat in his servos, his faceplates in the shuttle's.

"W-what? What are you talking about, TC?" Skyfire said slowly.

"Where is Starscream?" Thundercracker growled.

Skyfire's optics widened. "What do you mean? He was… He was with you and 'Warp." He swallowed. "How long was I out? What's going on?"

Thundercracker released him and took a few steps away. Skyfire looked around, realizing that he was no where near where he had been when he was attacked.

"How did I get here? Who hit me? Where is Starscream?" The shuttle asked quickly.

"You called him!" Thundercracker bellowed. "He went to see you!"

"I never called him. I was with Wheeljack!"

"THEN WHY DID HE SAY YOU CALLED HIM?! Starscream does not go around disappearing for five joors! WHERE IS MY TRINELEADER?!" He roared, a sonic boom exploding when he said the last word.

"Thunder, calm down." Fireflight said as he approached.
"I will *not*! My brother is missing and I want to know why!"

"We got a comm. call." Sideswipe said as he approached, holding his rifle with both servos. "Team Bravo found something to the northwest of here. We're moving out to help."

"Come here." Thundercracker growled before grabbing Skyfire's servo and helping him to stand.

Skyfire slowly got to his peds, taking a moment to balance out. He looked up and saw Skywarp standing a short ways away, hugging himself as he looked at the ground. Other Seekers were around, with more flying by.

"Let's move out!" Sunstreaker ordered before subspacing his gun, transforming, and driving away.

The others followed after him, all transforming into their alt. modes. Skyfire had to take a step back when Thundercracker transformed next to him and powered his thrusters to the max. He swallowed before transforming himself and following after them.

"Someone was here." Hound said as he studied the ground. "And another person here." He looked it over for a moment before continuing. "They ran this way." He got up and started to walk in the direction, everyone following him. "And obvious bad slag started to go down here."

The tracker picked up the torn energon net and held it so everyone could see.

"He was… Please say 'no.'" Skywarp said softly.

"Is this where it ends?" Optimus asked.

"No, there are scorch marks all around here. Null ray definitely." Hound continued. "It looks like the skirmish went this way… He was slammed on the ground here." He crouched down and inspected where white, red, and blue paint was scraped on the ground. "His thrusters burnt the ground here. He was struggling. There's paint everywhere from his struggle. And he must have gotten airborne again for there's another spot here." Hound went over to it and bent down again. "He was fighting here… He was hurt. There's energon here… and here… And then he was… He was dragged. He was taken this way."

Hound stood up and started to walk in the direction, the others following him still. It took them a bit, but they soon arrived where the shuttle had once been. Hound stopped, inspecting the ground.

"He was loaded onto a ship. That's where the thrusters burnt the ground. They flew away. They--" He stopped and turned around to face the others. "They took him away."

Coolant poured from Skywarp's optics before he grabbed Thundercracker and cried into his chest piece. Thundercracker looked like he was about to murder every single living being in the universe. Sideswipe bit his lower lip plate. Prowl seemed somewhat annoyed, everyone else looked worried.

"Who would take him?" Bluestreak asked softly.

"Starscream is the most wanted mech in the entire universe at the moment. Who wouldn't try to capture him?" Prowl intoned.

"They're taking him to Megatron!" Skywarp wailed, still crying so hard. "He's going to be tortured to death! My b-brother!" He burrowed his faceplates back into Thundercracker's chest piece, bawling uncontrollably.
Sideswipe swallowed. He may not particularly like Starscream, but his Conjunctus Endura needed her sire. And Starstreak needed his grandsire. He didn't want to have to tell her that she should never see him again.

Starscream's intakes quickened when he felt the ship land and the engines cut off. Rough, uncaring servos touching him, moving him, grabbing him. He felt chains being removed from his legs, more chains tied around his neck. He was forced to sit up before the blindfold was removed.

"Get up." The green mech growled as he viciously yanked on a chain around the Seeker's neck.

Starscream jerked back, trying to kick at him, but the large grounder held another chain tied around his neck and yanked as well. Starscream planted his peds on the ground as the two mechs pulled, trying to get him to stand. Starscream struggled to get his servos and wings free, but it was impossible.

He yelped and leaped to his peds when the red mech zapped his side with the shock stick. He was pulled forward, roughly led off the ship and into the familiar base in Kaon. His optics widened, trying to get away as he planted his peds on the ground. The stronger mechs just yanked him again, hurting his neck. The red mech zapped him on the aft, making him jump forward.

"Just like handling a turbofox, eh?" The black mech chuckled as he walked alongside the others.

"Come on, Seeker. We want our Shanix!" The green mech exclaimed as he pulled the chain harder.

Starscream moaned, still trying to get away. He activated his thrusters, but they simply pulled the chains and kept him down. He yelped when he was zapped again, the setting even higher.

"Move it!" The red mech shouted as he kept zapping him.

Starscream tried kicking at him, but the large grounder jerked the chain so hard that it knocked the Seeker onto his face. Starscream moaned something as the two holding the chains kept pulling, trying to get him up. The blue and white mech kicked the Seeker in the side while the red one kept electrocuting him.

"Get up!" The green mech shouted, yanking the chain harder.

Starscream kept squirming, trying to get them to leave him alone until the large mech simply grabbed his wings and forced him to stand. They soon had him walking, keeping the chains taunt and the red mech zapping him every so often.

Decepticons started to gather, watching the once glorious Air Commander being led away like some savage beast. Starscream kept his optics on the ground, absolutely humiliated. He wished he could teleport and just escape from those staring optics more than he wanted to escape from the chains. Both were bad, but the embarrassment… the attack on his pride… It was too much.

There was a large crowd now, all looking at the poor Seeker. They followed him, curious as to what was happening. Then, someone started to jeer. Soon, the Decepticon crowd was shouting vitriol and obscene remarks. Some cheered the Empties on for catching the "traitor" and bringing him to "justice."

Starscream offlined his optics, just wanting for it to all end.

He was forced inside a familiar building and the door shut behind, cutting off the furious mob. The chains jerked again, the Seeker quietly obeyed. He was led further into the large room before being
made to stop. He hesitated, not wanting to look up, but he finally did. His wings tried to lower, but were unable to from the binds. He never felt like his spark had dropped so low before in his body.

He swallowed, trying to control the raw, unadulterated fear engulfing his being.

Megatron sat on his throne, his visage hidden in the shadows, optics ominously glowing. Starscream didn't need to see his face to know that he was smiling. Soundwave was beside Megatron, silently standing as he always did.

"Well, Seeker?" The green mech snapped. "Bow to your 'master.'"

Starscream growled when he was kicked in the back of the knees and forced to bow, his faceplates shoved into the ground. A ped rested on top of him, keeping him in place.

"Mighty Megatron." The green mech spoke. "We bring you your Seeker, Starscream, in return for that fine reward." He smiled.

Megatron looked at Soundwave for confirmation that this Starscream was actually Starscream. Soundwave tried to enter Starscream's processor, but the familiar firewalls were there. He slowly nodded his helm to Megatron.

"Excellent." Megatron spoke, causing Starscream to swallow. "Soundwave, take them away and give them their reward. As for Starscream…"

The tyrant rose and approached, stepping down the steps of the dais and toward his former Second. Soundwave gestured for the Empties to follow him, leading them away. Megatron took the chain from the green mech and slowly twisted it around his ebony servo. Starscream looked up at him, his optics so large and pathetic.

Megatron violently yanked the chain, forcing Starscream to stand up. Megatron evilly smirked, such malice and anticipation in those cruel optics. The door hissed shut, leaving just Starscream and Megatron alone, and that's when it happened. Starscream started to tremble so hard, his wings rattling, having difficulty standing from his quaking body. His optics filled with static, the softest of sobs escaping his vocalizer.

Megatron's smirk just broadened. "Welcome home, Starscream."

"Keep up!" Megatron snapped as he yanked on the two chains still tied around Starscream's neck.

The Seeker tried to do that, almost tripping every time the chains were jerked forward. He didn't dare fight Megatron. He was terrified, and everything was telling him to escape, but his survival instincts also told him to do as Megatron said or else more pain would be administered to his frame.

Megatron palmed a door open and pulled the Seeker out with him. Starscream followed, swallowing at what he saw.

More Decepticons were gathered around, separating to allow the tyrant pass with his prey. Starscream kept his helm up, trying to muster whatever pride he still could. He followed Megatron, biting down on the cables still in his mouth.

The jeering started back up, the horrible shouts and name-calling tearing at the Seeker like hurricane force winds. He jumped when something struck him. Then, more items started to rain down on him as he was led through the mob. Chunks of metal, empty energon cubes, junk, and whatnot was chucked at him, striking him painfully all over. Then, someone threw waste at him,
hitting him in the faceplates. Another mech dumped a bucket of waste on him, before someone else dumped paint.

The butts of guns and rifles struck him, along with other weapons. Punches and kicks followed as well. Mechs shouted horrible things in his faceplates. Others slapped his cheekplates.

The objects, cruel words, and waste never ceased in hitting him. Megatron ignored it all, just pulling on the chain as he led the Seeker away.

After what felt like an eternity, Starscream was brought inside a building and the door shut behind. Starscream's optics widened realizing where he was being taken.

He was forced through hallways, past cells, and to the back. Megatron shoved him into the torture room and locked the door behind them.

Starscream didn't fight, didn't struggle as Megatron removed the chains, cables, and gag from the Seeker and then tied him to the electric chair. Starscream was trembling so hard, just pleadingly looking at the tyrant.

"Please…" He said in barely a whisper. "Please, my lord. Please…"

Megatron punched him in the faceplates, eliciting a pained cry. "Do not beg. Not yet." He growled.

"I only ever served you faithfully, my lord. I did everything you asked of me. I was loyal!" He cried, his optics white with static, but no coolant leaking.

"Loyal? That is the farthest from the truth when describing you, Starscream." He snapped.

"I am loyal to the Decepticon cause. I am a Decepticon. I am willing to do what I must to see the Decepticon idea flourish."

"I am the Decepticon cause, Starscream." He growled. "You go against me, you go against the Decepticons."

"So, I am to be treated as a traitor when you have betrayed the Decepticons far more than I have?"

Starscream yelped when he was brutally punched in the abdominal plates. "I would turn you over to Tarn if I wanted you treated like a traitor. No, Starscream, you are more than a mere 'traitor.' I shall deal with you personally, how I think is appropriate for your crimes."

Starscream swallowed. "Do whatever you want, Megatron. You can't hurt me anymore. My Seekers are free. They are safe from you and will never serve you again. My trinemates are safe… They are all out of your clutches. Beat me, rape me, kill me… You've already lost. It's only a matter of time before the Autobots destroy you and all your blind followers."

Megatron eyed him for a moment before speaking. "Perhaps, but, I can still have some fun. As for not 'hurting' you…" He gave a dry chuckle. "I severely doubt that. Your idiotic trinemates and Seekers may not be around for me to punish, but you are. And seeing how you love to take their punishments…" He cruelly smirked. "We're going to be doing this for a while, Starscream."

Starscream swallowed, watching as Megatron adjusted the controls and turned them to the max. His optics widened, trembling so hard. Megatron just smiled before pressing the power button and listening to the horrible shrieks of the Seeker's suffering.
"We have to rescue him!" Thundercracker roared.

"We don't know if he was actually taken to Megs or not!" Rodimus exclaimed. "You really expect us to launch an attack and risk losing everyone and he not even be there? You expect us to risk our own skid plates to save him!? One mech over hundreds!"

"That is my brother!"

"Calm down this instant." Optimus snapped. "Thundercracker, I understand you're upset, but-"

"'Upset?!' I am more than upset, Prime! My best friend, my brother, was abducted and taken to that monster! That piece-of-slag who raped and abuse him for so slagging long! That apathetic beast who enjoys carving up my trineleader and displaying his broken frame for all to see!"

"An attack on Kaon at this time would be suicidal." Prowl intoned. "We do not have the forces, the preparation, the fire power… It would be foolish to attack. We must continue with our current campaign. It is the only logical course to take over Kaon."

"And let him die!?"

"We are not going to let Starscream die, Thundercracker." Optimus said slowly.

"No, of course. You're right. Autobots would never do that." Thundercracker said sarcastically. "Oh, wait, that's only true if it's an Autobot!"

"Hey! We saved your aft when you needed us to when you came crawling over to us like some stray!" Rodimus shouted.

"Stop eht!" Jazz exclaimed. "Jus' calm down!"

"Enough!" Optimus bellowed, silencing everyone with the power of his vocalizer. "Thundercracker, we will do everything we can to save Starscream, but Prowl is right. We cannot attack Kaon right away. We are not ready for that. It would only get all of us deactivated. We will try to hasten our campaign, but there's not much more we can do." He paused. "I'm sorry. I truly am."

Thundercracker just glared at him, his fists balled at his sides, shaking with his fury. Then, he realized the truth of the Prime's words. They couldn't attack Kaon. Not yet. They weren't ready. And even if they did attack, they would still need to be able to get out, which they couldn't with their limited forces right now. They would all be killed, and rescuing Starscream would be for not. Even if Starscream did die, he wouldn't want his Seekers or family to follow after him. He would want them to continue on. To fight for the future he dreamt of them having. That he had fought and suffered for.

Thundercracker looked down, swallowing as his optics offlined. He suddenly fell to his knees and covered his faceplates as he lost all his control. He cried, trembling so hard, his wings drooping.

Jazz crouched beside him and stroked his back, the officers just listening to the sparkbroken sobs of the Seeker.

Starscream panted as he grabbed at the chain around his neck. He was brutally lead away, everything hurting from what Megatron had done to him in the torture chamber. The tyrant jerked the chain, causing Starscream to moan.
The Seeker looked up, wanting nothing more than to fly away into that beautiful night. That same, starry sight he had spoken to not so long ago when talking to Moonstar.

Megatron yanked the chain again, eliciting a whimper from the Seeker. He was shoved into the "House of Horrors" he had been hurt in so many times before. The ex-gladiator forced him up the stairs and practically threw him into the washroom.

"Clean yourself." Megatron growled.

Starscream swallowed. He timidly turned on the water and begun to clean himself of the waste, paint, and other filth that the jeering crowd had thrown at him. Megatron watched, still holding the chain tied around the flyer's neck.

Starscream was trembling, knowing that Megatron was only having him do this so that he didn't dirty him or his quarters when he would begin to beat the poor Seeker. Starscream tried to go slow, but Megatron yanked the chain and forced him to be fast.

Once he was finally clean and dried, Megatron dragged him out of the washroom and into the berthroom. He tied the end of the chain to a metal circle in the ceiling and turned to the Seeker. Starscream backed away as far as the chain allowed him too, trembling so hard.

Punches were the first thing to make painful contact with his delicate frame, following by kicks. The Seeker found himself on the ground, curled into a ball, screaming as the horrible blows were dealt to his hurting body.

After what felt like an eternity, Megatron stopped. Starscream dared to look up, watching the tyrant stalk over to the other end of the room and grab something. He returned, grasped the Seeker's throat, and lifted him off the ground.

Starscream didn't fight, didn't squirm, didn't speak. He allowed Megatron to throw him on the berth and tie him spread eagle, lying facedown. His limbs securely fastened, unable to move, Starscream just waited to be hurt.

The warlord selected a long, thick metal rod from a shelf and walked over to his former Second. Raising it high, he brought it down as hard as he could on the Seeker's lower back. Starscream cried out, more brutal blows following over his aft, thighs, back, and wings. The blows never slowed down, always so hard, denting his plates and making him leak.

He screamed and jerked, trying to get away, but it was hopeless.

The torture lasted nearly three breems before Megatron subspaced the now bent rod. He untied the Seeker's peds and swung them around until they were off the berth and touching the ground. Starscream's optics widened when realizing what was about to happen.

He started to struggle, desperate to get free. An ebony servo grabbed his nape and held his helm down. His peds were forced apart, spreading his legs out. He whimpered, coolant pooling in his optics as he just tried to free himself.

"Open, Starscream." Megatron said dangerously.

"Please…” Starscream begged. "Please, my lord. Please, don't do this!"

"Open, or else…”

Coolant was pouring out now, his wrists leaking from how hard he was pulling at the chains.
Megatron's other servo touched his codpiece, squeezing it in silent warning.

Starscream bit his lower lip plate. His frame was heating up, remembering how to play this game. His codpiece finally slid aside without his consent, ready and leaking. He gasped when Megatron entered him.

He stopped. He went completely limp. He submitted. It was as if he had never left. He was back at where he had left off. He looked back, seeing that large, lustful smile. He swallowed, feeling Megatron's free servo touching him… Savoring him. Enjoying having him back in his control.

A pained gasp escaped his vocalizer when Megatron gave him a hard thrust. Then, more followed. He softly whimpered and released gasped yelps. Megatron kept thrusting harder and faster. Soon, the Seeker was screaming from the pain, Megatron tightly gripping his wings and giving it his all.

Despite the horrendous pain, Starscream still didn't fight, didn't move. He was completely submissive, just allowing it to happen as he cried. Megatron savagely overloaded him, soon thrusting again. He thrust so hard and fast that he tore Starscream's valve, causing energon to leak and the Seeker even more unbearable suffering.

He was crying uncontrollably now, sobs between the pained gasps and moans. He felt Megatron's heated exhales on his nape, servos gripping his frame so tightly. Megatron was pounding into him so hard that he was overheating quickly, the both of them panting heavily. Starscream was terrified of the almost animalistic sounds his former superior was making, so overcome with his lust and desire to hurt the Seeker. Starscream was too scared to look back and see the faceplates associated with those sounds.

He was gasping for cooler air, his valve in agonizing pain as it was sadistically ravaged. He screamed through another overload, no respite before the thrusting started up again. Megatron was thrusting to the hilt, almost pulling all the way out before slamming back into the smaller mech. Starscream could feel it all, blinded by his coolant tears as he cried.

He was overloaded again, and again, and again, each one more painful than the last. He felt as if he was about to enter stasis lock from the shock of the ferocious attack. He begged, but he knew no one could hear him. He screamed, but no one was listening. He finally dared to look back, seeing only the lustful, evil optics of the one who only wanted to cause him immense suffering.

Starscream turned away, crying even harder. He didn't care anymore. His Seekers, trinemates, mates, and daughter weren't around to see or hear him. He didn't have to act tough or be strong right now for them. They were safe, far away. Thundercracker would take good care of them. He could just forget about them for right now. They were safe. He had done his sworn duty and have saved his people. His family. He could die now. He had done it.

He cried louder and harder than he ever had before, just letting it all go. He shrieked, begging Megatron, pleading with him. For once he stopped being Decepticon Air Commander in front of Megatron and just was himself. Terrified, suffering, and broken Starscream. Conquered, beaten, and no longer a threat to anyone. He had lost.

Megatron's smile only grew, loving the sounds his Seeker made.

Sideswipe set up the vid screen and typed a few commands onto the console. He was alone in a dark room he had found, his twin standing guard outside the barely open door. He smiled when the screen brightened and he saw the visages of his other family members.
"Hey, Sides!" Dawnstar smiled, adjusting her vid screen so she could see him easier, Starstreak on her lap.

"Hey, baby. How are you and my best mech doing?" Sideswipe smiled.

"Doing alright. Just missing the sexy hunk and everyone else." She looked down at Starstreak who was suckling on some hard energon goodie. "You missing daddy, 'Streak?"

He sheepishly smiled as he nodded his helm. Dawnstar kissed his brow.

"Want to tell daddy what you did earlier?" She asked, but Starstreak shook his helm, still sheepishly smiling. "No? But daddy wants to know."

"Yeah, 'Streak. What did you do, dude?" Sideswipe prodded.

"I pranked Red Alert." Starstreak giggled.

"How did you do that?"

"He asked if I would hand him his filled cube, but I gave him my empty one!" He then loudly giggled as he turned away.

"That's my mechling. Raising you right." Sideswipe winked at him.

"Daddy! I drew you a picture." Starstreak then grabbed a datapad from the desk and held it up to show a very crude drawing of variously colored stick figures and objects. "Dat's you, mommy, Unca TeeCee, Unca 'Warp, Grandsay, Unca Sunny, and Pappy Sky." He proudly stated as he pointed at each figure.

"Oh, and what are we doing?"

"Fragging."

Sideswipe stopped. "Excuse me… What?"

"Our son believes that 'fragging' means 'partying'…" Dawnstar said slowly.

"Well, he's not too far off…" Sideswipe remarked uncomfortably.

"You sound like dad." Dawnstar smirked.

Sideswipe swallowed. "Sweetie, there's something I need to tell you."

"What, love?"

"It's about your sire."

Her smile disappeared. "What's wrong?" She asked barely louder than a whisper.

Sideswipe swallowed, not looking forward to hurting his Conjunx Endura with what he was about to say.

Starscream grabbed the collar around his neck as he was led into another room. He swallowed, remembering this place. Megatron jerked the chain, causing the Seeker to gasp.

The room was completely empty and bare. No windows, decorations, furniture, shelves, nothing.
Just four white walls, a white floor, and a white ceiling. All smooth, nothing distinguishable from each other. The only thing in the room was a ring attached to one of the walls, to which Megatron tied him to.

Without another word or glance, the tyrant marched out and shut the door behind him. Starscream swallowed, hating being in this place. The boringness of it, the lack of stimulation… just made his claustrophobia so much worse.

He tugged at the chain, studying the lock that only a key could open. He vented a sad sigh before sitting on the floor and hugging his knees. He cried, hopeless and alone. No one there to comfort him, hug him, or help him. It was just him and his demons, and they were never silent.

He crawled to the corner and curled into the tightest ball he could, trying to cover himself with his one wing. He continued crying, eventually falling into recharge from his exhaustion. Alone and scared.

"Wake up."

Starscream's optics flickered on as he was kicked in the side, not too hard, but enough that it still hurt some. He instinctively tried to scoot away, but the chain still tied to his neck kept him from going anywhere. He started to tremble so hard, keeping his helm bowed in complete submission to the tyrant.

"Starscream."

The Seeker swallowed before daring to look up into those cruel optics. Megatron was holding an energon cube, glaring at the flyer.

Starscream's wings raised slightly when the cube was offered to him. Cautiously, he started to reach up to receive it, only for Megatron to then proceed to slowly pour the pinkish-purplish liquid onto the floor.

"Go on, Starscream. Lap it up like the 'loyal' pet you claim to be." Megatron said sadistically.

Starscream's wings drooped. He gave Megatron the saddest optics ever to be produced, trembling still.

"My lord… Please…” He said barely louder than a whisper. "Please, don't-"

Megatron grabbed his mandible and squeezed. Starscream whimpered, grabbing at the ebony servo hurting him.

"Lap it up, Starscream.” He ordered with gritted denta.

He roughly released the Seeker's mandible. Starscream swallowed, looking down at the puddle of energon. He didn't do anything for several astroseconds, which obviously exasperated the tyrant. Megatron unsubspaced the multi-tailed energon whip and held it out. Starscream shied away, the chain keeping him in place.

"I gave you an order." Megatron said dangerously.

"Please, my lord, I-Ah!” He cried when the whip lashed across his faceplates.

"Cease your begging and do as you are told!"
Starscream removed his servo from his faceplates and studied the energon covering it. He lowered his helm, trying to prepare himself to obey. Another lash struck him across the cheekplates, hurting him immensely. He jumped back, the collar choking around his neck. Another lash struck his chest piece, followed by more over his frame. He tried to get away, but finally gave in and lowered himself to do the humiliating act.

Megatron ceased his flogging and watched. Holding back sobs, Starscream began to lick the energon off the floor, not daring to look up at Megatron. It took a few kliks, but the poor Seeker finally lapped up all the energon and swallowed it.

He looked up at Megatron then, wings as low as they could go, trembling so hard. Megatron smirked before untying the chain from the wall and giving it a forceful yank. Starscream grabbed the collar around his neck as he was jerked forward. He obeyed the silent command and stood up, following the tyrant out of the empty room.

Megatron led him back to his quarters and shoved him inside. Starscream watched him lock the door, then slowly turn to him.

"Turn around, Starscream." Megatron ordered harshly.

Starscream was quaking, his servos wringing together. "P-please, my lord. Don't do this. I-
"

"Turn around or else." Megatron growled as he took a threatening step forward.

"Or else what?! You're going to hurt me?! You're already going to do that. You are only going to hurt me." Starscream exclaimed as coolant started to pool in his optics. "You've always hurt me. I'm nothing but your-your whipping boy! You've always hated me and-and caused me immense pain. Even when I was loyal to you! I've done everything for you! For the Decepticons! I stopped my traitorous ways when Dawn was born. I submitted to your rule! I submitted to you completely."

"Submitted? 'Loyal?' You fled like a coward and joined the Autobots!" Megatron roared.

"I am not a coward! I do what I must for my Seekers! My people! I took all of their beatings to protect them from you! I led them to the Autobots to save them from you and your blind hatred towards my kind! After all these thousands of vorns I've fought beside you, helped you, and even pleased you, you hate me! You want me to only suffer and you only enjoy abusing me! Not once have you thanked me for my service! I've only asked to protect my people, to keep them safe and give them equal rights. To have a family and raise my little sparklings. But you couldn't just let me be happy." He started to sob as he continued with his rant. "You couldn't stand seeing me happy and-and enjoying life. I am just something to abuse. To use as you please before throwing me away, broken and alone. You don't care about what I want, what I feel, what I hope for. What part of the Decepticon ideology supports that? We started this to make everyone equal. To bring freedom to all Cybertronians and stop the corrupt Senate. But you turned it into a grasp for power. To conquer worlds, and not about equality. You turned me into a mere interface slave… A punching bag… And thus my people are now the lowest forms in your optics. And I cannot let them be ruled by anyone who does not view them as equals with their own rights. I had to take them away. To protect them. To save them." He swallowed. "And it's all your fault. If you had only accepted me and not seen me as yours to use, everything would be so different now."

Megatron just glared at him with the ugliest scowl. Starscream was still trembling, anxiously watching the tyrant. Megatron stomped forward, grabbed Starscream's arm, and threw him against the berth. Starscream didn't fight him, just allowed his wrists to be tied to the head of the berth as his torso lied over the berth, his peds still on the ground.
Megatron started to scourge him, lashing his aft, thighs, back, and wings hard. Starscream hissed at first, but was soon crying out in pain. The torture only last about a couple of breems before Megatron subspaced the energon whip and grabbed the Seeker's codpiece. Starscream swallowed as he removed it. He gasped when Megatron entered him and started to thrust hard and fast. It wasn't as bad as the previous orbital cycle, but it still hurt. Starscream panted and every so often let out a gasping moan, but otherwise was silent.

He cried through the eight overloads Megatron brought him to before finally pulling out. Starscream remained still, waiting for what the warlord would do next.

Megatron unsubspaced the thick, metal rod and raised it high. He brought it down as hard as he could on the Seeker's aft causing him to cry out in pain. More sadistic blows followed over his aft, thighs, wings, and back. It hurt so much more with his plates already being torn up from the whip. Starscream was screaming so loud and hard from the pain that his vocalizer was fritzing.

The beating lasted a few kliks before Megatron ceased. The grounder took a step back and admired his gruesome work. The flyer was leaking all over his backside, his plates torn, dented, and in so much pain.

Megatron adjusted his grip on the rod, then forced the tip of it into Starscream's still exposed valve. Starscream jumped and yelped at the pain. He started to cry as the rod was slowly forced deeper inside, twisting and turning. Megatron moved it back and forth, almost as if it was a spike being thrust into the Seeker. Starscream bit his lower lip plate until it leaked, his servos balled in tight fists.

Megatron finally pulled the rod out, and smacked it across Starscream's aft. Starscream whimpered and resumed his shrieks of pain as Megatron started to once again beat him with the rod. It lasted several more kliks before the bent rod suddenly snapped in half from the force of the blows. Megatron studied the broken tool before tossing it aside.

The tyrant turned and walked out of the room, locking the door behind him. Starscream lied there, crying with his optics offline for a few kliks. He finally lifted his helm up, trembling slightly from the shock of the abuse.

Meticulously, he managed to climb onto the berth and drag himself to the center. He curled into a ball on his side, trying to ignore the pain pulsating through his weakened systems. He just lied there, crying himself into recharge.

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Sideswipe sat beside his twin as he called his Conjunx Endura. It took a bit, but her visage finally appeared on the vid screen. The red Autobot swallowed at what he saw.

"Dawn? You doing alright?" He asked softly.

"No." She said with a brittle vocalizer, wiping coolant away. "I had to send Starstreak away because I couldn't stop crying all night long. He's still with Beachcomber and Grapple. And First Aid is having to give me special energon to help keep my strength up because this sparkling is not helping. I'm crying and stressing so much that it just sucks my strength away and it hurts the development of our creation."

"Do you need me to return?"

"I need my daddy! I just-" She started to sob, wiping her new coolant tears away. "I just need him to be safe."
"I know. We're working on it."

"Promise me you'll get him back, Sideswipe. Please, I need my sire!" She wailed before loudly crying.

"Sunny and I will get him back. Baby, don't cry. I'll get him back to you, alright? I promise." He paused, watching her cry. "Sweetie, don't worry. The 'Cons won't be able to stop me and Sunny once we get in. We'll find him and bust him out and he'll be returned to you in no time. Hey, don't cry. You need to be strong. Sideswipe Junior and Starstreak need you to be strong for them, okay? Let me handle this slag with the Decepticreeps."

"You sound just like my dad." She said softly.

"Well, I hope that's a good thing. Hey, babe, I got this. Okay?"

She nodded her helm. "Okay." She said barely louder than a whisper.

"Alright… I can't talk long. Just wanted to check in on you. I love you, 'Streak, and the little one. Love you three so much."

"Love you too, Sides." She said quietly. "And I love you too, Sunny. And tell my uncles that I love them."

"We will. Love you, babe. Bye."


He ended the call and vented a sigh. "You think Screamer is still alive?"

"Probably not." Sunstreaker grunted.

"I really don't want to have to tell her that I found his mangled corpse in the dumpster…"

"Then don't. Tell her you found it on the street."

"Sunny! That doesn't help me!"

Sunstreaker just shrugged.

"We must take over Stanix, Hydrax Plateau, Slaughter City, and Blaster City before we can even begin our campaign against Kaon." Prowl apprised. "In order to secure a safe route for supplies, reinforcements, and possible means of escape, we have to have those cities under our control."

"Ah agree." Jazz said. "Any other way an' we be dead 'bots."

"And depending how stubborn these places will be, could take us a while." Rodimus mused. "Especially Slaughter City. We lost that place not too terribly long ago."

"Dat was because da Seekers were fighting us. But now since dey are on our side…" Jazz pointed out.

"True."

"Thundercracker, you've been quiet. Have anything to add?" Optimus inquired.
Thundercracker didn't look up, his arms crossed and studying the hologram image of Cybertron before them. "I am no strategist, Prime. In fact I've always been against Starscream electing me as his heir." He vented a tired sigh. "I trust your judgment, even if I hate how long this will take us to get to Kaon."

"Is there a way we could send a special strike force in and extract Starscream?" Rodimus inquired.

"Too heavily guarded. Even if we use Skywarp's teleporting, the team would be picked up on their scanners immediately." Prowl said.

"Soundwave is there." Thundercracker said softly. "He sees and hears everything. A full scale attack is the only way we could get to Starscream and get by Soundwave." He swallowed. "But, he could be on our side. He did help us escape."

"I rather not assume and take such risks." Prowl intoned. "We continue with our current campaign and not take unnecessary chances. Starscream will just have to wait."

Thundercracker swallowed, fighting back tears. "Please, hold on, Star." He said softly.

Starscream startled online when the chain around his neck was yanked. He looked up into those cold, cruel optics of Megatron's, beginning to tremble. He felt so stiff and still in a lot of pain from the earlier beating.

Megatron grabbed him, ignoring the whimpers, and forced his legs off the berth. Starscream didn't move, allowing his frame to be positioned as the warlord pleased. He removed his codpiece and gasped when he was entered. He silently let Megatron rape him, only crying out through his overloads. He was overloaded nine times before Megatron pulled out.

Megatron stepped back and looked at the submissive Seeker, studying the beaten frame. He unsubspaced a knife and grabbed one of Starscream's wings. Starscream trembled harder, but still did nothing. He shrieked as Megatron started to carve into the sensitive appendage, removing the Decepticon insignia.

"You are not a Decepticon, coward." Megatron growled. "You are a pathetic, worthless slagheap. A whore, only good for fragging." He yanked the leaking plate off and tossed it aside before moving to the next wing. "Why don't you tell me what you are Starscream?"

The coolant tears started to flow out before the Seeker spoke. "I am nothing, my lord. I am yours. I am worthless... useless... I'm only good for fragging." He softly cried. He shrieked when his other wing was carved up, trying to continue. "I'm nothing! AH! Please, my lord! I-

Megatron tore off the plate from the wing and threw it down. "Master. Tell me that I am your master." He growled.

Starscream swallowed. "You're my master, Mighty Megatron. I-I am yours. I am yours in everyway."

"Yes, you are, Starscream." He said darkly before unsubspacing a shock stick.

Starscream screamed when he was cruelly electrocuted. Megatron raised the setting to the highest and kept zapping him all over. After a few kliks, the tyrant evilly smirked before shoving the prod into Starscream's valve and turning it on. Starscream screamed so hard that his vocalizer snapped, only static emitting from his mouth.
By the time Megatron pulled it out, the flyer was on the verge of entering stasis lock. Megatron untied the chains from the head of the berth and yanked on the chain attached to Starscream's collar. Starscream's intakes hitched when they were suddenly blocked from air, the collar embedding into his neck from being dragged. He moaned when his limp frame fell to the ground, and then was unceremoniously dragged along the floor.

Megatron hooked the chain through the ring on the ceiling, then pulled it down, causing the Seeker to be lifted up, like a pulley lifting a heavy object. His optics widened, gasping for air to cool down, his peds trying to touch the floor as he dangled.

The chain tied to his wrists was securely fastened to another ring attached to the floor, keeping the Seeker still, only able to move his peds. He was trying to fight off the stasis lock, trembling and trying to cycle air.

He whimpered and yelped when he was beaten with another metal rod, punched, and electrocuted. He wasn't sure how long he suffered for before everything finally, thankfully, went black.

Starscream's optics onlined, only seeing the white walls of the empty room. Everything hurt. It hurt far more than it usually did after he was punished by Megatron. He was so weak, barely able to move his limbs, and if he tried his systems were flooded with searing, evil pain.

His intakes were raspy, his neck damaged from being hung and brutally beaten for so long the previous night. He instinctively fought against the pain and crawled to the corner, the chain around his neck keeping him from going farther. He curled into a tight ball and softly cried.

He cried harder when he thought about his trinmates, daughter, Skyfire, and little Starstreak. He never missed anyone as badly as he missed them now. Well, maybe Moonstar… And her memory just made him cry even more. He needed them. All of them. His Seeker programming was causing him to crave comfort, for someone to cuddle with him, hold him, and just be close to him. He needed his trinmates to hug him, to be curled on Skyfire's lap, to feel their loving kisses, gentle touches, and whispered endearments.

He needed to return to them. To escape this hellhole and be with his brothers, his mate, his daughter… his family.

He offlined his optics and curled into a tighter ball when he heard the door open. The loud thuds of heavy peds approaching caused him to start trembling. Powerful, cruel servos touched him, grabbed him, yanked him to sit upright. His jaw was forced open and energon poured into his mouth. He coughed up some, but it just kept being poured. Another cube was dumped into his mouth, his mandible shut, and made to swallow it. He was being forced to refuel and survive, simply so that he could endure more torture.

The chain was untied, yanked, and he was forced to stand. He grabbed at the chain, stumbling over his weak legs as he walked behind the tyrant. He was taken back to the berthroom, shoved and made to lean over the berth. His codpiece slid aside when his frame was stroked, and Megatron entered him.

He never spoke, didn't struggle, just allowed it to happen. He panted, softly gasped, and occasionally moaned, but did nothing more. He yelped through his overloads, all twelve of them, and bit his lower lip plate when Megatron pulled out.

He was then beaten with the metal rod, electrocuted with the shock stick, his wings cut with an energon knife, and his body burnt with a welder. By the time Megatron was finished, Starscream...
couldn't speak from his vocalizer malfunctioning from all the shrieking. He couldn't stand, so weakened even though he had just refueled. He was on the verge of stasis lock, again, so overheated that his inner fans were smoking, and he couldn't stop his heavy, fast intakes.

He was dragged back to that bare, empty room and chained to the wall. Megatron left him alone. Left him to quietly suffer. It took nearly a joor for Starscream's systems to cool down enough that the warnings on his HUD finally vanished. He lied there, still trembling as he tried to fall into recharge and just get some escape from his living hell.

"TC?"

"Yeah, 'Warp?"

"I don't feel so good…"

"How so?"

"I feel… I feel really bad…"

"Do I need to call Hook? What have you been feeling?"

"Promise me you won't get mad."

"I won't. I will never be mad at you, sweetspark."

"I haven't refueled in… I haven't refueled for a while."

"'Warp…"

"TC… I feel sick."

"I'm calling Hook."

"If Starscream is deactivated…"

"No, don't you dare think that. He's alive, Skywarp. He's alive and we will get him back."

"What if he isn't?" Skywarp said, his vocalizer becoming brittle.

"He is. You know he refuses to die." Thundercracker said firmly.

"TC?"

"Yes?"

"If he isn't alive… Don't stop me. Please, don't stop me."

Thundercracker was silent for a bit. "Before, I wouldn't. I would be right behind you. But now… Skywarp, Starscream needs us to take care of Dawnstar and her creations. I want to be with him, too, but he would want us to stay behind and see to it that Dawn and the other Seekers are safe."

"I can't leave him!" Skywarp started to loudly cry, coolant pouring from his optics. "If he's dead, I'm following him! I need him. He's my brother, my best friend. I can't… I can't live without him."

"Me neither, 'Warp. Look at me. He's alive. Understand me? He's alive and he'll be coming home with us. We are going to rebuild Vos together and-and we are going to be with him until this whole
damn planet crashes into the sun. Listen to me: Don't you dare rush to conclusions and put a bullet through your helm. He's alive. I know he is. I can feel it in my spark."

"Why can't I?" Skywarp whispered.

"You're scared. Don't be scared, 'Warp."

"Aren't you scared?"

He was silent for a bit. "I am. But I am fighting it. Fight your fear just as Star does his. You have to be strong, 'Warp. Look at me. We are going to be marching to Kaon in no time and we are going to bust our trineleader out of there. And we are going to tear Megatron and all his blind followers apart before going home and cuddle together on the couch and getting ourselves sick on energon goodies. Do I make myself clear?"

Skywarp nodded his helm slowly. Thundercracker kissed his trinemate on the lip plates for a long moment before speaking again.

"I love you, Skywarp. Trine till the bitter end."

"Trine till the bitter end." Skywarp whispered.

"I'm taking you to Hook, now. Come on, let me carry you."

"TC?"

"Yes?" Thundercracker said as he picked Skywarp up and carried him bridal style.

Skywarp bit his lower lip plate. "I don't want to ever be away from him, but…" He swallowed. "I'm scared… I'm scared of going there. Of holding the gun to my helm and leaving everyone behind. But, I can't leave him either."

"Don't think about it, love. You won't have to hold a gun to your helm. We are getting him back."

"Please be right, TC. I can't lose him."

"We won't. We won't lose him."

"Thunder?"

"Yes, sweetie?"

"I think I feel him in my spark, now."

Thundercracker offered him a small smile. "See? He won't leave us. He's not leaving for a Primus long time. He's Starscream. He cannot be so easily defeated. Not even by Megatron."

His morning was the usual routine. Dragged out of the bare room by the collar and chain, cruelly, painfully raped and overloaded eleven times, beaten with a metal rod, lashed with the multi-tailed energon whip, electrocuted, punched, kicked, and even had to give Megatron oral.

He now found himself sitting on the edge of the berth, trembling so hard, his wings rattling against his back. He was trying to cool off his systems, his legs spread apart from the pain pulsating from his abused valve. Coolant tears were leaking from his static filled optics, studying all the dried fluid on his inner thighs and codpiece. He hadn't been able to properly clean down there since
Megatron had resumed fragging him. The trans fluid had seeped into transformation seems and now moving his hip joints hurt and felt so stiff.

He looked up when Megatron finally approached him carrying a bucket. The Seeker lowered his helm and looked away, submissive and quiet. He listened to his torturer set the bucket on the berth next to him, grab something from the desk, and return. His mandible was grabbed, a device forced into his mouth and tied around his helm, keeping his jaw open. He didn't make a sound when the bucket was brought to his face and he found himself being forced to swallow thick, greasy waste. He gagged, choked, and felt like he was going to die, but somehow managed to swallow it all without purging his tank.

The Seeker sat there, dizzingly looking around, feeling so sick. He was going to purge, felt the need rising up, but his helm was tilted back again and a smaller bucket of something else forced into his mouth.

His optics widened at the familiar, agonizing burn. He twitched and jerked, feeling the acid feed away at his glossa, inside of his mouth, his throat, and all the way into his fuel tank.

The device was removed from his mouth just before a cable was shoved inside. It was pulled so hard that the hydraulics in his jaws were bent and started to leak. Megatron tied the cable behind his victim's helm, then grabbed another cable and used it to tie Starscream's mouth securely shut.

Starscream was yanked off the berth and tied to the ring on the ceiling, his servos tied to the one on the floor, stretching him out. Once completed, Megatron simply turned and walked out of the room.

Starscream felt more than just sick. Everything was screaming at him to purge his tank, the nauseating sensation overwhelming the pain from his valve and other body parts. His systems did try to purge, but he couldn't open his mouth, making the waste and acid clog his throat and block his air intakes. His fuel tank hurt so much, he just felt like he would explode or something from the pain. He wanted to curl in himself, but couldn't. His neck hurt from his entire weight pulling on it for his peds were barely touching the ground.

He felt worse when his systems tried to process the waste after a couple of breems, seeing how it couldn't expel it. He could feel his fuel pump clogging, overworking, and hurting so much. His systems tried to purge once more, but again he was unable to open his mouth.

He just hung there, groaning in his absolute hellish misery, wanting nothing more than to be with his trinemales. To have them hold him, kiss him, and tell him how much they loved him. To be with Skyfire and have that big shuttle hug him and just be his gentle self. To see Dawnstar's smiling visage that reminded him so much of her carrier.

Coolant streamed down his cheekplates, not from the physical pain he was enduring, but the emotional. He needed his trinemales, Conjunx Endura, daughter, and Seekers. He had to get back to them. He couldn't stand being away from them. Pain was one thing. He could suffer from it all as long as he was near his brothers. But to suffer alone, and to not know when he would see them again, if ever… That was too much for him to bear.

It was nearly thirteen joors later when Megatron returned. He untied the Seeker and removed the cables from his mouth. Immediately, Starscream purged his fuel tank all over the floor multiple times. Gagging and retching uncontrollably until it was finally all out.

He sat on his knees, hugging his abdominal plating as he heavily panted. Megatron watched him,
still holding the chain attached to the collar. He allowed the Seeker a mere klik to calm down his systems before speaking.

"Clean this up, Starscream." He growled.

Starscream looked up at him, trembling as his wings drooped. He swallowed before slowly nodding his helm. He started to stand, but Megatron yanked the chain and caused the Seeker to fall into the puddle of waste and acid.

"What do you think you're doing?" The tyrant snapped.

Red, sad optics peered up at the grounder. "I-I was going to retrieve the necessary equipment to-"

"'Equipment?' No, you are confused, Starscream. You are going to clean this up with your glossa. Now, lick it up like a good, obedient slut."

"M-my lord, I-"

He yelped when he was viciously kicked in the side. He whimpered, trembling so hard, his valve beginning to leak believing that he was going to be taken. He slowly lifted himself up by his arms, studying the disgusting mess before him. He swallowed again, turning the most pitiful of optics towards the ex-gladiator.

"Please…" He begged barely louder than a whisper. "Please, don't force me to. I-I won't fight you. I-I submit." He paused. "I-I am yours."

Megatron tightened his grip on the chain as he crouched. Those cruel, blood red optics boring into the flyer with such malicious intensity. Starscream shied away, his optics partly powering down in preparation for a hit.

Megatron grabbed Starscream's mandible, roughly forcing him to look up. He just glared at him for a long, intense moment before speaking.

"When I give an order, Starscream…" He said slowly. "You obey. You do not fight me, nor do you beg and plead like a pathetic coward." He paused. "Clean the mess." He growled.

Starscream swallowed. Megatron released his mandible and stood back up. The Seeker looked down at the mess and trembled. He lowered himself, preparing to lick up the nasty concoction, but his systems fought him. He pulled away, quaking in fear, unable to obey.

Megatron marched away, stopping at the cabinets on the wall. Starscream bit his lower lip plate, fearing what his punishment for disobedience would be. Megatron returned and started to pour a clear liquid over the Seeker's frame. Starscream silently watched him, a bit confused until he studied the liquid running down his plates and seeping into transformation seams. His optics widened, shaking uncontrollably.

"Megatron, my lord, please don'-"

He shrieked in agony when Megatron barely touched him with the welder, setting the liquid alight. Starscream was instantly engulfed in fire, screaming and writhing insanely from the horrendous pain.

Megatron simply watched, a small, evil grin on his visage, enjoying this "fun" all too much.
Skywarp lied on a medberth in a medically induced stasis lock. He was stressing himself out so much over Starscream that he was not only skipping out on refueling, but making himself sick. He was crying a lot, having panic attacks, and would scream and cry if Thundercracker tried to walk away from him. Hook decided that the best thing for the poor Seeker was to simply force him to recharge through it all until Starscream was rescued or who knows what.

Thundercracker was on the medberth beside him, barely fitting but he managed. His frame covered half of Skywarp's, a wing protectively shielding the vulnerable flyer. He refused to leave Skywarp's side, for he was all he had left in this world. He tightly clung to him, murderously glaring at anyone who came too close. Perhaps it was some type of Seeker programming or innate response to his trinemate's helpless position, but he was aggressively flaring his wings at anyone who neared, be they Autobot, Constructicon, or even Seeker.

Skyfire had to have his servo operated on when trying to reassure Thundercracker that everything was going to be alright. The blue Seeker didn't like him being so close to his brother and had attacked. Skyfire had shielded himself with his servos and the energon knife that was thrown in his direction lodged itself in his palm rather than his helm.

No, the only one who could approach the Elite Trine Seekers was Hook, and that was only after several kliks of slowly approaching and reassuring Thundercracker that he meant no harm.

The situation was more than just stressful, and fights were beginning to break out between Seekers from their impatience to attack Kaon and rescue their beloved leader.

Thundercracker's optics onlined, brightly glowing in the dim light. He tightened his death grip around his trinemate, flicking his wings in warning at the approaching mech.

"Uh, hey." Sideswipe said slowly as he scratched his nape. "I was just talking to Dawn and she wanted me to tell you guys that she 'loves and misses you' and can't wait to see you guys again. And that she knows that you will get Starscream back."

Thundercracker's optics narrowed, but he did nothing more. Sideswipe rapped his middle joints of his digits together as they formed a half fist. He bit his lower lip plate before speaking.

"So, uh, is this normal? To, uh, just lie on top of your recharging trinemate and try to murder everyone who gets too close? Is it just for trinemates? Will Dawn do this to me or our sparklings? Because, I would like to know if my Conjunx Endura is gonna kill me so I know when to bring energon goodies home and hopefully 'tame the beast.' Not that she's an actual 'beast' or anything, I just would like to be aware so that, well, so I don't die. I'm kind of fond of living." He paused, watching Thundercracker as he slowly stroked Skywarp's cheekplates before gently kissing them. "We're attacking Stanix the orbital cycle after tomorrow. Three more cities after that then we can go for the Big K. Exciting, yeah?"

There was an uncomfortable silence, just Thundercracker lovingly kissing Skywarp's cheekplates, and occasionally flicking his wings. Sideswipe shifted his weight from one ped to the other, waiting to see if there would be any type of response from the Decepticon. He vented a sigh after a bit.

"You know, I always thought you guys were just mindless killers. That you didn't give a frag for anyone else but yourselves and only worked together to achieve some common goal before murdering each other. That you were all just a bunch of Syk users and higher than a space cruiser. That you met one Decepticreep you met them all. That there was more black and white in this world." He paused. "But Dawnstar showed me that you guys are just like us. That there are the good ones, the bad ones, and the weird ones, and that you actually have more emotions than just
murderous rage. And since joining with Dawn, I have gotten to know you guys pretty well, and, well, you aren't all that bad. Kind of strange, but I can relate to some things." He was silent a moment. "You guys never leave each other's side and always are worried about each other. You don't always show it yourself, Thunder, but you totally are cray-cray for your trinemates. And you all stay in medbay with each other until you are better. Sunny and I are kinda like that. Well, we're actual brothers and that's what brothers are for, even if said yellow brother can be a total aft at times, he's still slagging awesome and I love him." He paused again. "I am monologuing, but, what I'm trying to say is: Dawn and I are joined so that means that you guys are now part of my family, I totally accept that, and I want to help get Starscream back. I still don't fully trust you guys or like you all that much, but, that's from all the vorns of trying to deactivate you and do Jet Judo on you. So, uh, yeah… I probably should go… Ummm, need me to get you anything? Some energon? A movie? Energon goodies?"

Thundercracker was silent a moment before venting a tired sigh. "I believe you…" He said quietly.

"Come again?"

"I trust you will take good care of Dawn. She needs a capable mech to help her and protect her. That femme sucks at fighting. She needs so much more training." He said in such a low voice.

"I'll train her. I have been wanting a padawan for a while ever since watching those Earth films." Sideswipe smirked.

"Seeker trines rarely last long if one of the trinemates is… terminated." Thundercracker continued.

"Whaddya mean? Are you guys like somehow connected…?"

"If Starscream is dead… If we are too late to save him…" Thundercracker swallowed. "I don't think 'Warp and I will be able to face a future without him." He looked up at the red frontliner. "If Starscream is deactivated… 'Warp and I will follow him to the Well. I want to stay and help take care of Dawn and her creations, and I even told 'Warp this, but deep inside myself I know I couldn't go on without Star. That mech is my entire world." He paused. "You'll take good care of her… I know you will."

Sideswipe swallowed. "Of course. I love her."

"I knew it was true when I heard you say your vows to her. You weren't lying." He was silent then, holding Skywarp a little closer.

Sideswipe finally spoke up after a bit. "Will you two be able to fight?"

"I don't think 'Warp can handle fighting right now. He's scared. He just gets so anxious and stressed that he can't handle life." He paused. "His creators breaking up when he was young just made him more sensitive to loss."

"I can kinda relate. My creators broke up as well, but Sunny and I were already gone by then." He was quiet a moment. "Were his creators both mechs?"

Thundercracker looked up at him before nodding. "Yeah, two Seeker mechs from different trines. I think that was part of the reason they broke up. Their trines did not approve of the relationship. Why'd you ask?"

"My creators were both mechs, too. But, I can't remember why they broke up. I think it was something stupid." He shrugged. "Ancient history. Doesn't bother me or Sunny anymore."
"It's hard to find someone who actually had good creators." Thundercracker grumbled.

"Hey, I plan on being the best for my creations and Starstreak. And for being the best Conjux Endura to Dawn. Last thing I want is my family complaining about me or suffering from me being an aft. Pranks are the only reason they shall hate me… And for making them be related to Sunny."

Thundercracker faintly smiled. "I'm glad to hear that. My niece deserves only the very best. Even if she was a complete, slagging brat for a time and made a lot of things worse." He vented a sigh. "I actually hated her for that time. I shouldn't have. Everything was just slag with the loss of Moonstar. I should have been there for her and Star."

Sideswipe stepped closer. Thundercracker watched him closely, his wings beginning to flare out, but the Autobot ignored the warning. He pulled up a chair, set it beside the medberth, and sat down. He propped his elbows on the medberth next to Skywarp and rested his chin on his servos.

The two just looked at each other for an uncomfortable moment before Sideswipe spoke.
"Sooooooo, who do you like?"

"What?"

"Come on, 'Uncle TC,' surely you have a special someone. Starscream loves Skyfire, I love Dawn, Bluestreak totally has a crush on that green femme that works in maintenance… Surely you want to get with someone?"

"I have my trinemates and videogames. I do not need anything or anyone else." Thundercracker said firmly.

"Uh huh… What about him?"

"Skywarp most certainly has no one else. Even if he tried to date someone he would be alone." He paused. "That sounded tremendously harsh, but, I unfortunately know him all too well and know that Star and I are the only ones willing to accept him for who he is. And all his gross and annoying habits…"

"Such confidence."

"I try." He grunted sarcastically.

"So, when we get to Kaon… You gonna leave a piece of Megatron for me, right?"

"You can have whatever is left, but don't expect much."

"Can Sunny and I like epically ride you and another Seeker into the fray like a couple of badasses? Minus all the pounding of a usual Jet Judo attack."

"No."

"Fine, be that way. Well," He paused to thoughtfully tap his knuckles against Skywarp's frame, causing Thundercracker's engine to growl. "I guess I better get going. Sure you don't want me to get ya anything?"

"I'll function." Thundercracker said softly.

"Alright, cool… So, uh, I'll go find my bro and just chill with him." He stood up and patted Thundercracker's shoulder. "Take care 'Uncle TC,' and don't bite Ratchet again. He's still pissy
Thundercracker silently watched the Autobot leave, venting a tired sigh when the door hissed shut. He kissed Skywarp's cheekplates for a lingering moment before holding him closer and resting his helm on Skywarp's chest like a pillow. He offlined his optics and folded his wings back.

"Love you, 'Warp. We'll be getting him back. Don't worry. We'll have him with us once more and never lose him again. Just hang in there. I'm here. I'll always be here."

I know... I'm so mean to Screamer. :/ Don't hate me when I say that there will be some even worse stuff done to him in next chapter.

Skywarp and Thundercracker will get to Starscream and save him, don't worry.

Invictus is going to be longer than Ancillam and Filia... Aw well. :P

Keep leaving reviews and sharing. :3 And my college has started back up so chapters will be coming a bit slower. Sorry about that! At least I get to draw live nude models by the end of the semester! :D (I know... I'm weird... XD)
Breaking Chains

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Warning: Torture, horrible rape/gang rape, sick fetishes, intense violence, suspense

Chapter 18

Motormaster's fist smashed into the Air Commander's side, causing him to gasp in pain. His servos were lifted above his helm, tied to the ceiling of the Stunticon's lounge room, his peds shackled to the ground. Megatron had given the Seeker over to them when he deemed that Starscream should "socialize" with those who he had betrayed, when, in reality, he just wanted the flyer to suffer non-stop until he finally decided to deactivate him.

Another punch to the Seeker's abdominal plates, followed by another and another. Starscream whimpered, yelped, and gasped, but never said anything. His faceplates were beaten, and his back struck by a club wielding Wildrider.

"Why won't you beg?" Motormaster growled, punching his former superior like a punching bag.

"Maybe you need to threaten him more?" Drag Strip suggested as he, Breakdown, and Dead End watched from a sofa.

"He hasn't said a single word." Motormaster grunted, delivering an extra hard blow to the Seeker's abdominal plates for emphasis.

"I'll get him to beg, boss!" Wildrider exclaimed cheerfully as he swung his metal club with all his might against the Seeker's back.

Starscream yelped, but didn't struggle, didn't speak. Motormaster started to savagely punch the Seeker's faceplates until energon leaked from his olfactory sensor and mouth. The Stunticon leader grabbed the flyer's mandible and forced him to look up.

"Beg, you miserable slagheap. Beg like you do for Megatron. Be the coward that you are." He said dangerously.

Starscream glared at him before suddenly spitting energon in the grounder's faceplates. Motormaster took a step back, wiping the energon away as Drag Strip dared to chuckle.

"I don't think he's scared, boss." The yellow one smirked.

"Give me that." Motormaster snapped as he swiped the club from Wildrider.

"Megatron said not to offline him." Dead End said slowly, bored of this activity already.

"I'm not." The large grounder growled. "But you'll wish that I had when I'm through with you, traitor."

Starscream's wings flicked, defiantly glaring at his former subordinate. Motormaster swung the club, viciously beating the Seeker until his plates dented and tore, energon soon leaking from all over. Starscream felt like he was going to black out from all the brutal blows to his helm, trembling as he fought back going into stasis lock. His systems were reacting as they usually did when
Megatron hurt him of late, and his valve started to prepare itself. Starscream swallowed, trying to calm down his systems.

Motormaster took a step back to admire his sick work. An optical ridge raised before he evilly grinned.

"Megatron said only to not deactivate him, correct?" He inquired.

"Correct." Dead End intoned.

"He said to 'have fun with him,' correct?"

"Yes."

Motormaster's optics lowered. Starscream looked up at him, panting heavily. The grounder tossed the club aside and circled around the Seeker. Starscream didn't really bother to watch him, everything hurting so much. He trembled slightly when he felt large servos touching his sides, and someone behind him. The other Stunticons curiously watched, Breakdown swallowing.

"I am curious if those rumors are true." Motormaster grunted. "Can't let Megatron have all the fun."

"What are ya gonna do, boss?" Wildrider curiously inquired.

Starscream jumped and tried to kick the grounder when an arm snaked around him and his codpiece was grasped. He nervously moaned, optics widening as his groin was lustfully rubbed. As always in such situations, his frame betrayed him and slid away his codpiece without his consent. He heard Motormaster's codpiece fold away and felt the large, hard spike pressing between his inner thighs. His peds were forced apart, spreading out his legs. Powerful arms wrapped around his waist just before he was entered. He gasped and struggled, but was securely held in place.

The other Stunticons quietly watched until Wildrider spoke up.

"Well, boss? How does he feel?"

Motormaster didn't answer immediately. "The rumors are true. His valve is perfect. Not too tight or loose. Feels… Feels almost new, barely used, and yet… I like this."

Starscream gasped when the thrusting begun. It slowly gained speed and ferocity, soon making him gasp out pained moans and whimpers. A dark grey, almost black, servo grasped his neck and forced his helm up. He felt his rapist's heated exhales on his nape, felt him sliding in and out ruthlessly.

He cried through his overload, trembling as his systems tried to cool off. He listened to the deep pants of the Stunticon leader so close to his helm. He whimpered when the thrusting started back up, fiercer than before.

"Hey, I wanna go next!" Wildrider giggled insanely.

"Shut up!" Motormaster snapped, humping harder with his annoyance at his subordinate.

He overloaded Starscream nine times before finally pulling out. Starscream hung his helm, trying to cool himself down when he felt someone else touching him. He instinctively jerked his frame, wanting to get away, but couldn't. Someone entered him and started to rapidly thrust, although no where near as hard as Motormaster. He whimpered, forcing himself not to cry or show any more
weakness than what he was.

Wildrider overloaded him multiple times before finally sliding out. He felt someone else mounting him, humping him, using him. He offlined his optics and gave up, just allowing himself to be used. He couldn't escape them, couldn't stop them. Even if he did get out of his chains, there was no way he could fight the Stunticons in his weakened state.

No, he was stuck here. A helpless victim to their abuse and gang rape.

Starscream was trembling so hard as he sat on Megatron's berth. He was leaking all over from being horribly flogged by the ex-gladiator. He had just been released from the Stunticons' "care" and immediately taken to Megatron's quarters to be scourged. It hurt to move his faceplates from all the lashes he took to his visage.

He was softly crying, his legs spread out from the pulsating pain of his hurt valve. He looked up, swallowing as Megatron approached.

The tyrant shoved the flyer back, forcing him to lie on his back. Starscream didn't fight, allowing Megatron to climb over him, position his legs, and enter him. He whimpered softly as he was thrust into, only seeing those cruel optics before him.

He gasped when Megatron suddenly bit down on his neck cables, hard enough to cause him to leak. Coolant was leaking out of his optics, shaking so much.

"P-please, Mighty Megatron." He begged quietly. "I-I was… Please, it hurts too much."

"I don't care." Megatron growled.

"The Stunticons raped me… Please, I've been overloaded enough this orbital cycle. Please, my systems need rest."

"They interfaced with you?"

"Y-yes." He said barely louder than a whisper.

"I'll handle that. Now, shut up." He snapped.

Starscream offlined his optics and softly sobbed. He gasped as the thrusting increased in speed and intensity, his systems quickly heating up. Megatron grabbed the Seeker's chest piece and forced it open when their overload neared. Starscream screamed as he sparkbonded with the tyrant, the first time sparkbonding with him in so long.

The two watched each other as they panted, cooling off their systems. Megatron's optics lowered, widening some when falling on the Seeker's spark casing.

"What is this?" He demanded as he tapped a knuckle against Skyfire's designation.

"What is what, my lord?" Starscream asked softly.

"You have a different signature on your spark casing. Who is this 'Skyfire'?"


Megatron's optics narrowed as he tried to remember where he had heard that designation before. His optics brightened when it came to him. An ebony servo grasped tightly around the flyer's neck
and held him down. Starscream nervously watched him, waiting for what would happen next.

"That is that Autobot shuttle, isn't it? The one we dug from the ice back on that planet."

"Yes." Starscream said barely louder than a whisper.

"And you joined with him?! You joined with another Autobot?!"

"P-please, my lord." Starscream gasped as the servo tightened around his neck. "I-I've known him since before the war. I didn't betray the Decepticons. I-I've always had feelings for him and we just… Please, I never betrayed the Decepticons."

"Shut up!" He roared, causing the Seeker to shy away. Megatron studied him for a moment before continuing. "You care about him? You love him?"

Starscream just looked at him, his optics so wide and uncertain of how to answer the question. Megatron viciously slammed the Seeker's helm against the berth.

"Answer me, slut."

"Yes." He whispered, trembling violently.

"And he loves you?"

Starscream nodded his helm.

Megatron glared at him for an intense moment before evilly smirking. "Well, I suppose he is worried about you, then. Perhaps we should let him know how you are doing."

"M-my lord?"

"Master. Say it."

Starscream swallowed. "What do you mean, master?"

Megatron just cruelly smiled, making the poor flyer tremble even harder.

"Optimus, we received a message from Kaon." Blaster called out from where he sat at a console.

"What type of message?" The Prime asked slowly as he, Prowl, Jazz, Rodimus, and Ultra Magnus approached.

"It's a video file addressed to Skyfire." Blaster informed as he started to type in commands, his cassettes gathered around the console with Steeljaw sitting on his lap. "Should ah ring him up?"

"No, I have a feeling I know what will be in this video." Optimus said slowly.

"Go ahead and play it, Blaster." Prowl ordered.

"Righto, Prowler." The Autobot Communications Officer said.

Optimus glanced over the Autobots gathering around, making sure that no Seekers were present. Satisfied that there were none, he returned his optics to the large vid screen.

A shaky image appeared, obviously from someone quickly lifted up a camera and walking with it. They heard the heavy intakes before the camera revealed the beaten form of Starscream, hanging
by the ceiling, the collar digging deep into his neck. His servos were tied to the floor, stretching him out. His plates all dented, cuts from an energon whip still leaking on every inch of his body. His optics barely online, trembling so hard.

Many of the watching Autobots were already getting uncomfortable, some swallowing. Prowl raised an optical ridge, curious as to what would happen.

"The mighty, prideful Starscream…" Megatron's disembodied vocalizer said sarcastically as the camera neared the Seeker's visage. "Treasonous, whoring coward. Aren't you, Starscream? Want to tell your new mate how you were fragged by the Stunticons yesterday?"

"Please…" Starscream said softly.

"Does he know you whored yourself out to save that brat of yours? Or how you frag any femme you see, whether they are a prostitute or not?"

Starscream just looked up at him, his intakes raspy and heavy. He swallowed before his mandible was grabbed, Megatron's thumb and index digit entering his mouth and forcing his jaws open.

"This is the true Starscream. Weak, pathetic… A coward who flees and betrays his own."

"I am not-Ah!" He yelped when he was punched in the faceplates.

"Starscream, why don't you tell your mate what happens to those who piss me off?"

"Please, my lord… Don't do this." Starscream said softly.

"Tell your precious mate what happens to traitors, Starscream." Megatron growled.

Starscream swallowed. "They are punished." He said barely louder than a whisper.

"And how are they punished?"

"Tortured… Executed…" He swallowed. "Made an example of."

"Yes, made an example of. Normally I allow the DJD to do that, but you… You're mine, Starscream."

The camera moved about, then held still, obviously placed on a stand. They saw Megatron approach the Seeker carrying a bucket. Starscream trembled when the contents of the bucket were poured over him, a clear liquid. Megatron picked up a blowtorch and turned it on.

"Anything you would like to tell your Autobot friends, Starscream?"

"My lord, please, don't do this. Please, don't send this to him. H-he-AHHHH!" He shrieked when his entire being was engulfed in fire, struggling and fighting to try and get away.

Autobots widened their optics, some looked away. The room was filled with the horrible screams of the Air Commander's suffering, something that those present would never be able to forget. Sideswipe swallowed, glad that Dawnstar wasn't around to witness this.

The image seemed to cut to when the flammable liquid was finally burnt away, leaving a heavily panting, scorched Starscream behind. Megatron approached wielding a thick, metal rod. Starscream pathetically whimpered before he was struck multiple times across the faceplates, chest, and back.
The tyrant untied the chain from the ceiling and the Seeker fell to the floor in a heap. The camera was picked up and brought closer to the wounded flyer who had coolant leaking from his offline optics, softly sobbing in his misery.

"Do you have anything to tell your new mate or your idiotic trinames, Starscream? This is your last chance to ever speak to them again." Megatron said harshly, the camera in the Seeker's visage.

Starscream onlined his optics and looked into the camera, trembling uncontrollably. He swallowed, not sure if he should say anything or not. Megatron savagely kicked him in the abdominal plates causing him to yelp. He started to cry harder, just wishing that the nightmare would end.

"P-please..." He said softly. "Please... my lord... Please..."

Megatron grabbed his neck and threw him onto the berth. The camera was held near Starscream's visage so that his faceplates and part of his chest and shoulders were visible. There were a few sounds off camera before the Seeker started to gasp and cry, the camera moving up and down.

The Autobots watched with horrified optics, some not really caring since they hated Starscream.

Starscream was sobbing louder as he was raped, gasping pained moans every so often. He didn't fight, just allowed the tyrant to hurt him, unable to do anything but submit.

"P-please..." He cried. "Please, stop... I can't... Please!"

He yelped when he was backhanded with Megatron's free servo, the thrusting never ceasing.

"I-I'm sorry..." Starscream cried. "I didn't mean to betray you... P-please..." He kept crying, shrieking through his overload. He whimpered when Megatron started back up, ruthlessly raping him. "I'm sorry... I'm sorry, Skyfire..." Starscream sobbed, his optics white with static, coolant pouring out. "P-please... Protect them, Thundercracker. Ah! Ha, ah, please! I love you TC, 'Warp, Sky... Please... Watch my Seekers and Dawn... Ah, hah... Make it stop..." He cried louder. "I'm sorry... I failed... I'm sorry..."

"Pathetic coward..." Megatron's vocalizer growled.

"Please, please..." Starscream swallowed, panting to cool off. "Help me... Help me!" He screamed before bawling uncontrollably.

"No one is going to save you, Starscream. No one cares about you. You're trinames are better off without you. You are nothing but a pathetic whore. You're only purpose is to be fragged. Isn't that right, slut?"

Starscream looked up at him, whimpering softly.

"What are you Starscream? Tell your Seekers and mate what you are before I deactivate you."

Starscream swallowed, looking so small and helpless at his abuser. "I-I'm nothing..." He whispered. "I am yours... in everyway. I am pathetic... weak... I'm a whore... I'm worthless."

"Go on."

"No one cares for me... I'm worthless." He started to cry anew, offlining his optics. "I am yours... Do as you please... Lay your servos on me. I am nothing... I am yours in everyway."

"What am I, Starscream?"
"M-my master… Please…. I am yours…” He continued to cry.

"That's right, Starscream. You are mine. And I am going to deactivate you slowly… Painfully. Your death will be remembered forever for the brutality of it. But before I destroy your miserable, pathetic self, I will punish you and make an example of you so that everyone knows what happens to traitors who go and frag the enemy." He was silent for a moment. "Say goodbye to your Autobot friends, Starscream."

Starscream swallowed. He looked into the camera and started to tremble even harder. "Please…” He whispered. "Please…”

An energon knife suddenly appeared, the length being pressed against the Seeker's neck. Starscream offlined his optics and whimpered.

"Anything else?"

"I love you Skyfire, TC, 'Warp… I love you Dawnstar." He said quietly. Then the energon knife was suddenly shoved into his mouth and he shrieked in pain just before the vid screen went black.

Everyone was silent, just staring at the black screen, some in absolute horror. Bluestreak was leaking coolant tears, Sideswipe was biting on a digit, Blaster removed his servos from covering the optics of his cassettes.

"Prowl."

"Yes, sir?" Prowl turned to his superior.

"Change the plan. We attack Blaster City next and move straight on to Kaon." The Prime said firmly.

"Sir, we should take over Slaughter City and the Hydrax Plateau before-"

Optimus' visage was in Prowl's in an instant. "We are attacking Blaster City next and moving to Kaon." He repeated in a tone that made it clear that there would be no changing his processor.

Prowl's doorwings twitched, his expression unemotional as ever. "As you command." He said in that monotone vocalizer.

Optimus turned to Blaster. "Make sure no one else sees that video. And no one shall speak about this in front of Skyfire or the Seekers." He ordered before walking out of the room.

"We're probably still going to get to him too late." Sunstreaker grunted to his twin.

Starscream thought for certain that Megatron would have been pissed about the Stunticons interfacing with him, but he was proven wrong. Megatron seemed to like the idea of the Seeker suffering at the servos of the other Decepticons in such a humiliating manner and actually started to "give him away" to whoever wanted to cause the Air Commander immense torment. The only rule was that they couldn't deactivate or fatally wound him, but they could frag him, beat him, burn him, whip him, and do whatever else their sparks desired.

Starscream didn't even know the designations of half of the mechs in the room with him. He was pretty sure he had never even seen the mech behind him currently that was thrusting into him. No, all he knew was that these were grinders eager to find out if the rumors concerning Seeker valves were true, and wanting to hurt the former Decepticon Second for being such a bully and apparent
traitor to their cause.

His servos were bound in manacles and his mouth gagged with a thick cable and cloth. That was all that held him. He didn't fight, didn't speak. He couldn't escape and was too weak to even attempt to do so. He simply submitted and allowed them to pass him along, to hurt him, and perform their sick fetishes on his frame.

He hadn't even realized there were so many insane fetishes that a mech could have. And that was saying something since Skywarp was his trinmate. They did so many different types of bondage and positions, tying him in such humiliating ways, beating him with various objects, sodomizing him with things that should never even be considered to enter a valve, lashed him all over, and one mech even tried fisting him. He screamed, he even cried, and they all laughed at his tears. They overloaded him so much that they had to dump cold water on him frequently to keep him from overheating.

Worst part was that Megatron had informed them that he was sterile and therefore there was no need to fear sparking him. That added to his hurt pride, for not only was his "mechliness" attacked, but to Seekers, a leader who could reproduce and keep their numbers growing was a sign of a capable ruler. One to look up to and admire.

He growled through his overload before he was unceremoniously passed on to the next mech in line. It was getting to the point where he didn't really notice anyone sliding in or out of him. There was just always something in him, hurting him, abusing him… He looked up when he heard more mechs approaching. He swallowed when his optics met Onslaught's glowing visor.

Onslaught's servos balled into fists before he turned and stomped away, his gestalts following him. Starscream watched them go, his wings drooping so low.

The Combaticon stood there with his gestalt behind him, just watching the sick scene. The mech inside of the Seeker didn't stop or seem to notice the new arrivals. He kept humping, just enjoying the feel of the flyer.

Onslaught's servos balled into fists before he turned and stomped away, his gestalts following him. Starscream watched them go, his wings drooping so low.

The Seeker silently followed Megatron, wiping away at his coolant covered cheekplates. The tyrant tugged on the chain whenever the Air Commander slowed down, hurting his neck so much.

Starscream was led to the berthroom and thrown against the berth. He didn't even make a sound when Megatron entered him and thrust into him. He barely made a sound as he was overloaded multiple times, and was silent when the warlord pulled out.

He was then beaten with the metal rod, whipped, kicked, and forced to ingest waste before purging it all back up, then forced to ingest it again.

He felt like he was going to die when he was taken back to that empty room and tethered to the wall. Megatron stomped out and left him alone. Starscream curled into the corner and cried, just wanting this all to end.

Megatron's blood red optics onlined in the darkness. He sat up in berth, his optics narrowing as he tried to discern the sound. He grumbled a curse and stood up. He marched out of the berthroom, down the stairs, and to the locked door. He unlocked it and marched into the bare room.

Starscream sounded as if he was hyperventilating, his severe claustrophobia taking its toll. He was grabbing at the collar, trying to pull it off while shaking so hard. He was screaming, squirming as
if to fight off some invisible foe as he tried to free himself. His intakes were raspy, and he was quickly overheating.

Megatron stomped over and savagely kicked the suffering flyer in the side. That didn't help the situation. Starscream was still in his delirious state, cycling air so heavily and fast that he was hurting himself.

Megatron was pissed. He couldn't recharge with the insane Seeker making such a ruckus all because he was chained to a wall. He marched out, grabbed the leg of a table, ripped it off, and stormed back into the bare room. He raised it high and brutally brought it down on the shrieking being. He kept bludgeoning the poor thing until there was silence.

He tossed the energon covered table leg aside, walked out of the room, scaled the stairs, and returned to his berth. He fell back into recharge without another though towards the now silenced victim.

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Megatron onlined the next morning and noticed he was covered in splattered energon. He was annoyed and went into the washroom to clean it off. After he was cleansed and dried, he casually walked down the stairs and entered the bare room.

He nudged his ped against the still form, but nothing happened. He gave the limp being a hard kick, but still nothing. The tyrant vented a sigh, untied the chain, and dragged the leaking flyer out of the puddle of energon and out of the room.

He dragged the poor thing to medbay and tossed the Seeker at Flatline's peds.


"Yes, sir." Flatline said quickly.

Megatron marched out and the medic looked down at the broken being. He carefully picked the frail one up and lied him on a medberth. He ran a scanner over him and vented a sigh.

"Where is Hook when you need him?" He groused. "Well, Stars, you're gonna have to spend some time in a CR chamber, your fuel tank needs to be cleaned out, well, all your insides need to be cleaned out. And you need plates changed out, more fuel pumped into you, and… Primus… Your valve is a nightmare." He vented a long sigh. "I'm going to make you feel as better as I possibly can without Hook's extensive knowledge on repairing Seekers."

"Hook has doeth commandeth that I give ye this." Sideswipe said as he held a cube of energon to Thundercracker.

The blue Seeker looked up from where he sat next to Skywarp still in a medically induced stasis lock. He accepted the proffered cube and studied it for a moment before drinking it.

"You think you can fight?" Sideswipe inquired.

Thundercracker looked at him. "I don't want to leave 'Warp, but I need to lead the other Seekers into battle." He said softly. "I need to help get Star back."

"Hey, no one is gonna bother with 'Warp. Trust me, he's perfectly safe here with Fixit." Sideswipe said dismissively.
"You Autobots are so trusting of each other... It's almost sickening."

"Hey, there's such a thing as too many compliments." Sideswipe said sarcastically.

"I'm not in the mood, Sideswipe." Thundercracker then vented a sigh. "I just need to kill Megatron and save my trineleader."

"Well, I'll say it again, Sunny and I will be right beside you when it's time to bust Screamer out. You can count on us." He smirked.

Starscream onlined the next morning on the floor, the liquid of the CR chamber still covering his weak frame. He felt better, cleaner, but still exhausted and sore. He looked up and saw Flatline standing over him... And Megatron.

Ebony servos grabbed the Seeker and hoisted him up. The collar was tied back around his neck and he was roughly led out of the back room, through medbay, and down the hallway.

He was shoved into Megatron's office, forced over the desk, and roughly taken. He didn't make a single sound throughout it other than some panting from overheating. He was then beaten with a metal rod, flogged, kicked, punched, his wings cut with an energon knife, and electrocuted with a shock stick.

After the torture, he was led out of the office and down the hallways again, a servo holding the too tight collar around his neck. Mechs they past jeered at the Seeker, some even punching him or hitting him with whatever blunt object they held, from datapads to the butt of their rifles.

Starscream's wings were as low as they could go, trying to keep up with Megatron, but his coordination was off from being so weak and just horribly abused. He stumbled and fell down, whimpering as Megatron viciously yanked the chain.

"Get up, Starscream." Megatron growled.

Starscream slowly looked up into those cold, cruel optics, trembling so hard. He started to try and stand when he saw Soundwave approaching. The Communications Officer had Buzzsaw and Laserbeak perched on either shoulder, Ratbat clinging to an arm, and the other cassettes walking beside their host.

Starscream swallowed before removing his firewalls, trying to reach out to the blue mech. Soundwave stopped beside him, his visor brightening. Starscream could almost feel his presence in his processor, rummaging through the nightmarish memories of his punishment, and all the happy memories of being with the Autobots and Skyfire. He felt the memories of Starstreak also being tugged at. Dawnstar's joining with Sideswipe, that she was currently carrying, her struggle when she had been alone, and how much Starscream just wanted to be with her again.

"Come here, Starscream." Megatron snapped as he gave another hard yank of the chain.

Soundwave didn't move or say anything as he watched the cruel scene. Starscream grabbed at the chain, trying to stop the pain that it caused him. He started to slowly get up, but Megatron pulled the chain again and caused him to fall back down.

Starscream shied away when Megatron took a threatening step towards him. The Seeker looked back at Soundwave, the saddest, most pathetic, pleading optics silently begging the telepath to do something. Anything.
Megatron kicked the flyer before yanking the chain. Starscream whimpered again, weakly getting to his peds. He was almost up when the chain was pulled again and he fell back down, so weak that he just could barely stand.

Megatron only spared the silent mech and his cassettes a quick glance before unsubspacing the metal rod and delivering several brutal blows to the tri colored Seeker. Starscream cried out from the abuse, Soundwave silently watching while the cassette twins hid behind their host's legs.

"Get up!" Megatron ordered again.

"Please…" Starscream said softly before turning to Soundwave. "Please, Soundwave… Help me! Please..!"

He was struck across the helm with the rod before the chain was pulled so hard he was finally lifted to his peds. He stumbled and grabbed at the chain as Megatron kept pulling, leading him away.

Starscream looked back at Soundwave, one last silent plea for salvation. Soundwave didn't react. Once the Seeker and tyrant were out of view did he slowly incline his helm, his visor momentarily brightening.

The Seeker was thrown back to the interface crazed soldiers who raped, beat, and tied him up. More strange and painful fetishes practiced on him, more screams of pain, more coolant tears shed. More brutal rapes, more flogging, more blunt objects striking his frame. More foreign objects shoved into his valve, more strange positions he was tied in.

Mechs bit his neck cables until they leaked, one even biting his sensitive wings. Some mechs forced their digits or attempted their entire fists into his valve. Mech's self serviced themselves over his limp frame, covering him in their fluids. Spikes were forced into the Seeker's mouth, and he was forced to swallowed. He tried biting one, but they only beat him until he almost fell into stasis lock.

Starscream was relieved when night finally arrived and Megatron took him away from the sick group. He was thankful when Megatron allowed him to use the washracks and get himself a little bit cleaner before the tyrant had his turn.

Megatron took him in the washroom, the warm water gently spraying on their overheated frames. Starscream was just silent through it all. He cried when he was then beaten, flogged, set on fire, forced to drink acid, and sodomized by the shock stick.

He was surprised when Megatron tied him to the head of the berth and allowed him to recharge next to him. The Seeker was trembling so hard, not sure if this was some type of new way to hurt him or not. He calmed down slightly when he saw that Megatron was settling in for the night.

He wasn't sure what drove him to do it, perhaps Seeker programming or he was just that distressed, but he lied next to Megatron and curled into the warm chassis, clinging to him as he softly cried. He wanted, needed, comfort, even if it was from his rapist. He trembled a little harder when a powerful arm wrapped around his waist and held him close. He just tried to imagine that this large frame was actually Skyfire, and that everything would be alright.

But he couldn't.

He burrowed his faceplates into the thick, chest plating and cried. He trembled uncontrollably, grasping onto the tyrant's frame, and just letting it all out. He wasn't sure how long it was before
Megatron grew tired of this behavior and roughly forced the Seeker to turn around until his back was pressed against the grounder's front. One arm wrapped tightly around the Seeker's waist and held him close while the other arm was stretched forward and the smaller mech was able to use it as pillow. Starscream's systems finally calmed down after a couple of kliks, his optics online as he just looked into the dark room and listened to Megatron's systems shut down for recharge.

His optics fell on the open, ebony servo in front of his visage. He placed a blue servo on that large hand and laced their digits together, trying to pretend that he was holding Skyfire's servo. He offlined his optics and quietly cried himself into recharge.

Megatron was the first to online, a little confused at first as to why the Seeker was in berth with him. Then he remembered the other night that the "banshee" was losing it all because he can't stand to be locked away. His optics narrowed when he realized that Starscream was holding his servo. He studied the flyer, looking so calm and yet deeply upset in his recharge.

Megatron pulled his arm free from the Seeker's hold, startling the smaller mech online. The tyrant wasted no time in turning the victim over, adjusting his position, then entering him. Starscream didn't make a single sound or do anything. He silently submitted and allowed his former superior to rape him before being beaten, burnt, sodomized, hung, have energon force fed to him, and then made to give the tyrant oral.

After the usual routine, he was led away to be handed over to the troops so that they could have their own fun with him.

Megatron was just counting the joors, waiting for when Megatron would come and take him away from these disgusting freaks hurting him so. Not that Megatron was much better, but at least after he was beaten and raped by him he was then allowed to recharge. Maybe he would be able to recharge on the berth again and not in that horrible room.

The joors kept going by, it was getting later and later. Mechs left, new ones came, they all hurt him. He was forced to drink energon to keep his strength up, cold water dumped on him to keep him from overheating. He felt so sick and purged his tanks multiple times, but they only made him refuel again. He felt dizzy and just awful. It hurt to speak for his vocalizer was malfunctioning from all the screaming. His valve was bleeding from everyone entering him and sodomizing him, but they still kept at it.

He hated to admit it, but he wanted someone to just walk over and shoot him in the helm. Someone to just end this nightmare.

He checked his inner chronometer wanting to cry harder than he already was. It was the middle of the night and still no sign of Megatron or these monsters letting up. He was exhausted and desperately needed to recharge. Absolutely everything hurt. His frame hurt from being beaten, kicked, punched, burnt, whipped, electrocuted, carved up, tied, and from powerful servos holding him in place as he was raped. Even his spark was in pain from being forced to sparkbond constantly.

He offlined his optics, silently begging that someone would just kill him, trying to ignore the mech inside of him right now.

It was late the next orbital cycle when Megatron finally came for him. The poor Seeker had been gang raped for over an orbital cycle straight, and could barely stand. Megatron practically dragged
him back to that "House of Horrors," up the stairs, and to his berthroom.

Starscream cried as he was once again taken and then beaten. He didn't really make any sounds as he was kicked, punched, flogged, or struck with the metal rod. Some static emitted from his vocalizer, but that was it.

He clung to his tormentor's frame and cried himself to recharge, his faceplates burrowed in Megatron's chest piece. The tyrant just seemed annoyed by it all.

The Air Commander onlined to Megatron shoving him around, positioning him as he pleased. The Seeker was silent as he was entered and violently raped. He was also silent when he was then beaten and whipped. He didn't fight Megatron when energon was forced down his throat, or when he was dragged out of the berthroom.

Starscream started to tremble when they passed the bare room and moved towards the front door. He collapsed to his knees and loudly wailed.

"Please! Please, my lord! Don't take me back to them!" He screamed, coolant pouring from his optics, his servos clasped together and absolutely quaking.

"Get up." Megatron growled.

"I beg of you!" Starscream cried. "Please, I can't do this anymore! I CAN'T! Please, just kill me, already! JUST END ME!" Starscream paused to look up into those cold, malicious optics. "Please, my lord. You've won. I'm a coward…" He started to cry harder. "I can't take my punishment. I'm a weak, pathetic coward. You've won. Please, kill me. I can't…" He swallowed. "Kill me."

Megatron just looked at him for a moment before smirking. "No, Starscream. Not yet."

The tyrant yanked on the chain around the Seeker's neck and forced him to stand. Starscream just cried as he was lead away to be hurt.

Thundercracker marched over the mangled corpses of his enemies, their energon smearing his dented frame and faceplates. He didn't care. He barely noticed all who he had slaughtered. Starscream was all that was on his processor. He had to get to him. Had to kill all those in his way.

"Yo, Thunds." Sideswipe greeted as he trotted over and fell in line with the Seeker. "Just got word from the Prowler that Blaster City is ours now." He smiled when Sunstreaker caught up and walked beside him. "You Seekers sure know how to raise hell! That was awesome!"

"How soon until your Prime moves on to Kaon?" Thundercracker snapped.

"I'm not sure about that. I heard Jazz say very soon since we have the momentum."

"Still not soon enough." Thundercracker growled as he stomped off.

The twins stopped and just watched him march away. Sideswipe turned to his yellow half.

"Sooooo, you fragging excited about finally slagging up Kaon?" He smiled.

"Slag yeah." Sunstreaker offered his brother that smirk that was only reserved for him.

"Oh, those Decepticreeps won't even know what hit 'em!" He chuckled as he slung an arm around Sunstreaker's shoulders and leaned against him.
"You like that, don't you, slut?" A grounder said mockingly as he forced energon down Starscream's mouth as another grounder was thrusting into the poor Seeker.

Starscream moaned something, it still hurting too much to speak. His servos were bound together, he was blindfolded, and a third mech held the chain tied to his neck. Many of these mechs were the same ones who always hurt him, tossing him from one to the other like an inanimate object.

"I miss him screaming in pain." One grunted as he stood off to the side with arms crossed. "It was such sweet music to my audio receptors."

"I'll get him to scream." Another mech said darkly as he approached.

He took the empty energon cube from the first mech and crushed the glass-like container in his servo. With his other servo, he forced Starscream's mouth open and poured the shattered glass inside.

Starscream jumped, trying to spit it out but the mech held his jaws shut. The Seeker moaned pitifully as his neck was touched just so to get him to swallow. He was hit and electrocuted until he finally capitulated and swallowed. He made the most horrible of whimpering yelps as he felt the sharp objects go down his throat and into his fuel tank. The poor flyer coughed up energon, his intakes raspy and wheezy.

"Aw, no screaming that time…" The mech then shrugged. "Better luck next time."

"Come on, hurry up with him. I want my turn!" One of the mechs exclaimed.

"Hey, let me enjoy myself." The mech humping Starscream growled.

"Look, he's crying again!" The first mech laughed at Starscream who had coolant tears running down his cheekplates.

"Can't believe we ever took orders from this pussy."

"Such a fragging loser."

"Yeah, a loser only good for fragging. Seriously, why aren't there more Seekers in brothels? They are better at that than fighting."

Starscream tried to ignore the cruel words as the mechs kept going, kept laughing, all while they passed him around and used him.

"We are going in hard and fast. I still do not believe that we should be attacking Kaon so soon but no one ever wants to listen to me." Prowl intoned, glaring murderously at Sideswipe who had snickered. "Using the provided intel from Thundercracker we have worked out our plan of attack. Devastator and Superion will provide the necessary distraction at the front 'door' to the Kaon base while the Seekers shall attack the back. There is an underground passageway that Jazz and those he has selected shall use to infiltrate the base. The rest of you will enter through the back way when Thundercracker gets the gate open. And Springer will lead The Wreckers to do something stupid as usual." He paused, looking up from the large hologram at the gathered mechs. "This will be the toughest city to take. Try to avoid getting deactivated. It only makes it harder for the rest of us." He paused again. "We attack first thing tomorrow morning."
Starscream softly panted as Megatron thrust into him. He had just been beaten with the metal rod, flogged, and forced to drink energon, and now the tyrant was just enjoying himself with his prey. They were standing in the middle of the berthroom, the grounder's powerful arms wrapped around the Seeker's thin waist, keeping him in place. Starscream rested his servos over those strong arms, feeling his rapist inside of him, hurting him, pounding into him.

He could feel his ninth overload coming. Megatron started to thrust harder and faster, Starscream offlined his optics in preparation for the pain, but the tyrant suddenly stopped. He pressed two digits to the side of his helm and spoke into his comm. link.

"What is it, Soundwave?" He demanded.

Starscream silently listened, waiting for him to finish up and resume raping him. He looked down, studying how his smaller peds compared to Megatron's larger ones. He swallowed when Megatron's one arms tightened its grip around his waist. The Seeker bit his lower lip plate and dared to look back at the ex-gladiator. Megatron's optics were narrowed and his usual ugly scowl was much more pissed off looking than normal.

"I will be right there." He finally growled before ending the call.

Starscream didn't make a sound when Megatron pulled out of him. He grabbed the chain around the Seeker's neck and led him away. Starscream obediently followed, and patiently waited as Megatron tethered him to the wall in the empty room. The flyer watched the grounder stomp out of the room and shut and locked the door behind him.

His wings raised ever so slightly before he sat in the corner and hugged his knees. He wiped the coolant tears away from his optics, then finally curled into a ball and tried to get some recharge.

The Seekers were like a mad, furious tidal wave as they descended on their former comrades-in-arms. Their processors were only filled with the burning desire to get their leader back and exact revenge on those who had hurt him.

Devastator and Superion easily tore through the front of the base, for it took a bit before Bruticus showed up and fought back. Menasor and Predaking were right behind him, but Abominus was not present, having been sent away to Slaughter City in expectation that the Autobots were going to attack there next.

Defensor soon joined the fight, since First Aid had been flown from Iacon to Blaster City the previous night just for this purpose.

Devastator was battling against Bruticus when the Combaticon gestalt suddenly stepped aside and gave the green and purple combiner an easy chance to charge into the city. The combined minds of the Constructicons were confused for a moment when Bruticus suddenly punched Devastator's helm, but not as hard as he could have. Scrapp er realized what was happening.

Devastator grabbed Bruticus and easily threw him aside, knocking down many buildings beneath his immense size. Devastator turned and brutally punched Predaking, sending him toppling over from losing his balance.

Defensor and Superion ganged up on Menasor and grabbed him. They tore him apart, throwing his limbs aside until he finally reverted back into his five parts, all leaking and badly wounded.

Predaking was back on his peds, but against three combiners, he was soon beaten and left in stasis lock on the ground, still combined.
Bruticus separated, and Onslaught lead his team away to safety.

"What was that about?" Brawl demanded of his leader.

"I'm not a fan of those pathetic slagheaps who use former officers to fulfill sick fantasies on."
Onslaught grunted. "I am not a fan of Starscream, but not even he deserves to be treated like that. Especially after becoming friends with his daughter and Moonstar."

Thundercracker, Skywarp, and the Coneheads smashed into a control tower and quickly killed the few mechs inside. The blue Seeker hacked the controls and soon had all the gates of the base opening up.

"Thundercracker to Prowl: Send the cavalry. We're good to go."
::Copy that:::

Thundercracker and Skywarp transformed and flew back out of the tower, needing to find their trineleader.

Jazz and his team removed the secret door and snuck into the base through the very tunnel that Dawnstar once used to sneak out. Stealthily, they made their way through the base, avoiding Decepticons running by to battle their foes.

"According ta Thundercracker, da base of operations ez dat a way." Jazz whispered to the others.
"We get in, we screw things up, and dis whole slag-hole will be goin' down in no time."

"Let's do it." Mirage smirked.

Soundwave watched from the corner of his optic as Megatron finally stormed out of the Control Room and went to join the fray. His cassettes were all gathered nearby, Laserbeak and Buzzsaw on his shoulders and Ravage on his lap. The Communications Officer searched through all the frequencies, shoving them aside, racing, moving, until he finally found the one he was looking for.

He saw Starscream's beaten frame in his processor. Heard those pitiful cries for help. Those thoughts of the Seeker's. He had not betrayed the Decepticon cause. He had merely tried to see it flourish by a different means, all the while escaping his abuser.

"Soundwave: Acknowledges."

Thundercracker and Skywarp were flying alongside each other shooting at enemy ground forces when Thundercracker's comm. link went off.

::Seeker Starscream: Location: Known::
::Where?::
::Megatron's residence. Backup: Necessary. Suggestion: Bring Hook::
::Duly noted. Thanks Soundwave:::

Soundwave didn't respond. The comm. link was cut off leaving the blue Seeker in silence.
"Warp! Teleport us to Devastator."

"Aye aye, captain!"

A warp portal was suddenly opened before the two jets, allowing them to fly inside. They reappeared nearby the green and purple combiner, circling around the massive being.

"Devastator! Break up! We need Hook!" Thundercracker shouted.

"Devastator… Listens." The combiner said slowly before ceasing his fighting and reverting back to six beings.

The Seekers transformed and landed beside the Constructicons.

"Soundwave is on our side." Thundercracker quickly explained. "He said that Star is at Megatron's place and it won't be easy to get to."

"We'll get to it." Scrapper replied.

"We are going to need Hook once we are in."

"I'll be there," Hook said.

"Devastator will clear the way and then we will follow you inside." Scrapper informed. "Inform the other Seekers to hold back enemy forces until we can extract the precious cargo."

"I'm on it. Come on 'Warp!"

Thundercracker and Skywarp transformed and quickly flew away. The Constructions merged back together and Devastator tore through the base heading to where the Air Commander was being held.

Soundwave didn't react when a pistol was pressed against the back of his helm. His cassettes all closely watched the scene, ready to go into action, but their host didn't seem bothered at all.

"Servos up, Soundwave." Jazz ordered.

"Soundwave: Allowed Autobots access. Soundwave: Compliant." He said with that monotone vocalizer.

"What do you mean, Decepticreep?" Cliffjumper sneered.

"Seeker Starscream: Requested Soundwave's help. Soundwave: Acknowledged. Soundwave: Allow Autobots to rescue Seeker Starscream. Soundwave: Requests Autobots do not harm cassettes. Soundwave: Compliant." He said as he swiveled his chair around to face them, not bothered in the slightest by the weapons aimed at him.

"Mhmm," Jazz grunted. "Stand up an' stand over dere. 'Raj, get the cuffs on 'im an' da 'settes."

"On it." Mirage nodded his helm.

Soundwave did as instructed and allowed Mirage to place manacles on him. He ordered his cassettes to return to his chest compartment, and Mirage placed a claw-like device over his chest to keep it shut.
As Mirage did so, Jazz set to work hacking and manipulating the controls. Cliffjumper, Skids, Bumblebee, and Hyperion guarded the door.

"Jazz ta Prowl: Ah'm in, baby." He smirked.

Thundercracker and Skywarp flew ahead of Devastator, trying to pass by as much of the battle as they could in order to reach their trineleader faster. They transformed and landed outside the structure, the Constructicons separating and quickly gathering around. Seekers flew overhead fighting enemy flyers in an incredible display of aerial combat.

"Long Haul?" Thundercracker said as he stepped aside.

The mentioned mech stomped forward and wasted no time in smashing the door open. The Seekers took point, aiming their weapons forward as they looked around in the darkness, prepared to shoot at anything that moved.

"Clear." Thundercracker apprised.

"Haul, Bone, Follow me and secure the upstairs." Scrapper ordered as he held his gun out and cautiously scaled the stairs.

Starscream onlined his optics, listening to the strange sounds coming from outside the door. He started to tremble, worried that it was mechs come to hurt him. There were footfalls right next to the door, muffled vocalizers all speaking. There was a small explosion and then the door was forced apart. He curled in himself, offline his optics and shaking so hard. Then, the sound of thruster heels echoed inside of the room. They suddenly quickened and he felt servos touching him. Loving servos holding him and lifting him up. He heard the familiar vocalizers speaking his designation. He finally onlined his optics and looked into the beautiful, caring optics of his trinomates.

"Starscream? Oh, sweetie," Thundercracker said as he tightly hugged his trineleader, pulling him onto his lap. "Oh, Primus, you're safe now. You're safe."

"Scree! We got you, Screamer." Skywarp exclaimed as he hugged Starscream.

Starscream was trembling. He swallowed before reaching up and touching Thundercracker's faceplates, reassuring himself that he was not hallucinating. Thundercracker kissed those blue servos before holding them with an ebony hand. He leaned forward and passionately kissed Starscream on the lip plates. Skywarp shoved his trinemate away so that he could kiss his trineleader as well. The two of them were soon having a three-way kiss with their beloved brother, holding his battered frame close.

"Don't cry. It's okay." Thundercracker said softly as coolant started to pour out of Starscream's optics and he softly sobbed. "I know. You're scared. It's us. It's me and 'Warp. We're here to rescue you. We love you, Star."

"Step aside." Hook snapped as he unsubspaced a laser scalpel.

Starscream trembled when the tool neared him. Thundercracker held him firmly as Hook went to work removing the collar around the Seeker's neck.

"Primus… This is so fragging tight." Hook growled.

"That's what she said." Skywarp remarked.
"Shut up!"

The Constructicon kept cutting until he finally made it through and tore the horrible thing off. Starscream's intakes suddenly increased, taking in the air so much easier now. Thundercracker and Skywarp kissed their trineleader's cheekplates while holding his servos in theirs.

"Come on, love. We need to get you out." Thundercracker said.

"I-kshzt-can't." He said softly.

"What do you mean? We'll carry you-"

"I have to-kshzt-fight." He suddenly coughed, his intakes making a horrible hacking sound.

"You are in no condition to fight, commander." Hook said sternly.

"Then make me!" He snapped.

"Star, sweetie, you-" Thundercracker started.

"I have to fight with my-kshzt-Seekers. I have to kill him. I have to-kshzt-be out there." He said firmly.

"Scree, you're hurt." Skywarp said softly.

"I have to be the one to kill him." Starscream said in almost a whisper. "I can't-kshzt-let anyone else be the one."

"Starscream, in you condition-" Hook begun.

"Repair me enough so that I can fight! That is-kshzt-an order!" He snapped.

"Star-" Thundercracker said slowly.

"Shut up! That's an order, too." He turned back to Hook. "Repair the necessities and give me fuel. I-kshzt-must finish this." He said firmly.

Hook eyed him for a moment before venting a sigh. "Fine, be a stubborn glitch. I'll get you in fighting condition, but if you survive you will not fight me when I repair you the rest of the way."

"Deal." Starscream then turned to Thundercracker. "In his berthroom there is-kshzt-a cabinet on the left-servo side. My stuff is in there. Retrieve it."

"Yes, sir." Thundercracker said before rising and doing so.

"Hold still, commander. I'm going to fix those wings without pain dampeners." Hook said as he bent down beside the Seeker and turned on a small buzzsaw.

Skyfire was fighting alongside Smokescreen and Hound, the twins not far off from them. The shuttle was desperate to find his mate and best friend, and after hearing from Rodimus that Thundercracker and Skywarp had located him, he was eager to rush to their aid.

He was near the location, as Contrail had informed him, and was trying to reach that building, but so many enemy Decepticons stood in the way. His team had been fighting here for a while now, not really making much progress when there was a loud explosion.
He looked up and noticed that a large hole had been blasted through the roof of the structure he was trying to reach. And that's when he saw it.

Three Cybertronian jets in perfect formation flew out, almost immediately breaking the sound barrier as they ascended. A thunderous, sonic boom erupted from the blue flyer, causing everyone to cover their audio receptors and look up. Skyfire smiled, relieved to see that red, white, and blue jet tear through the skies.

The Elite Trine suddenly spiraled downward, shooting at enemy flyers as they avoided striking the other Seekers. Despite not feeling all that great, Starscream never missed his targets. His null rays struck true, and his sore wings kept him steady.

Seekers cheered their leader on, soon surrounding him and fighting all around him. They descended and released strafing rounds at the ground forces, easily killing many and sending the rest fleeing for cover.

Skyfire took a step back when the Elite Trine suddenly passed so close to him, Starscream's way of letting him know that he saw him.

::Starscream to Prowl: I'm back in action. Status?::

::I would say that that was good news, but I don't feel like joking.:: Prowl intoned. ::Soundwave is captured and the base is slowly falling apart. It won't be long--::

::Where is Megatron?::

::He is currently engaged with Prime.::

::Where?::

::Near the southeastern armory.::

::Copy that.::

Starscream cut the comm. link and descended. "We're going to take out Megatron."

"You sure you can do this, Star?" Thundercracker asked.

"I have to."

"Star, there's nothing wrong with sitting this one out and letting someone else deal with him. You don't have to prove anything."

"I have to do this. I have to prove to my own self that I am not a weakling. That I can fight back. I have to do this, TC. This is my battle." He paused. "But I'm not going in alone."

Skywarp laughed. "Woo! Let's kick some serious aft!"

Starscream and his trinemates flew close to the ground, speeding towards several Autobots.

"Sideswipe!" Starscream called out as he headed straight for him.

Sideswipe looked up and smirked. "Oh, I think I know what's going down. Sunny, get ready!"

The twins leaped into the air just in time as the jets rushed by. Black servos grasped onto the tricolored Seeker while yellow ones grabbed the blue Seeker. The trine quickly ascended, Sideswipe
grasping the red air intakes as his peds rested on either wing. Sunstreaker clung to Thundercracker in the same fashion, while Skywarp wiggled his wings in anticipation.

"So, what are we up to?" Sideswipe inquired.

"We are going to take out Megatron." Starscream informed. "How comfortable are you about jumping off at Mach 2 and crashing into a very pissed off grounder?"

"Pffft, sparkling's play."

Starscream inwardly smiled. "Alright, I hate you a little bit less."

"Hey, I'm just liking this idea of coming in like a couple of badafts and all."

"Don't tear into my inner wires this time. It was because of that experience that Dawnstar developed separation anxiety and I could never leave her to go to work."

"Should I feel bad about that?"

"Yes. My audio receptors will never function properly again." He grunted sarcastically.

"I think I see our target."

"Get low. I'm about to reach Mach 1."

Sideswipe did so, and Sunstreaker copied his twin's action. The Seeker's engines roared even louder, their powerful thrusters soon bringing them to Mach 1 and their sonic booms erupting through the air.

They descended, only gaining speed as they neared their target. Sideswipe clenched his jaws, his optics never wavering from the two large forms quickly nearing. He could feel Starscream's plates warming up from the heat of his engine, his frame feeling as if it was trembling. Sunstreaker clung a little tighter to Thundercracker's air intakes, his chest pressed firmly against the Seeker's back plates.

The air whipping by them, everything almost an eerie silence from their immense speed. The Seekers cut their engines, allowing just their momentum to carry them in quietly.

Optimus noticed them just in time before leaping back from his nemesis. The trine flew between the two leaders, the two dropping off their "cargo" before powering on their thrusters.

It was a loud, horrible bang-like sound when the twins' frames collided with Megatron's, sending the three of them flying backwards and rolling across the ground. No one was sure who got to their peds first, but a blur of red was suddenly thrown at Optimus while a blur of yellow managed to stab an energon knife into the tyrant's leg.

The Prime managed to catch the red twin before he collided with his face, but not the poor yellow one whose most prized possession - his visage - smacked against a wall from being chucked like a brick.

The primary colored twins served their purpose though, and allowed the Elite Trine to attack from behind. Strafing rounds shot and struck the tyrant and the ground around him. He twirled around just in time to see Starscream transform, swing his peds forward, and crash into him.

Megatron slammed into the ground, the Seeker's peds on his chest. Starscream started to transform
when his ankle was grasped and he was viciously smashed against the street. It hurt far more than what it should have since his frame was still sore from all the abuse, but he bit his glossa and remained silent.

Skywarp was suddenly beside him, firing at the Slag Maker and giving Starscream a chance to crawl away. The tri colored Seeker did so, quickly getting back to his peds and firing his null rays at his former superior.

The whole time he was fighting, he was trying to hold back his inner demons. The fear, the memories of that grounder hurting him and controlling him for so many thousands of vorns. And now that was all over. He would either deactivate Megatron and forever be freed of him, or Megatron would deactivate him and he would be safe from him in the Well.

Either way, Starscream would be escaping him. He just didn't want to escape Megatron and lose his trinemates and everyone he cared about in the process.

Everything just became a mad, violent blur. His trinemates were transforming, shooting, flying away, circling about, and trying to keep their distance. The twins kept trying to take Megatron on helm first, but eventually Sunstreaker found himself missing a leg, and Sideswipe knocked into stasis lock.

Optimus was fighting as well, but loyal subjects to Megatron came upon the scene and turned it into more chaos. More Seekers joined the fray, and the place just turned into an all out free for all.

Starscream found himself flying through this insanity when his wing was shot and he was forced to land. No sooner did his peds touch down when he was struck by a large, unstoppable force and tackled to the ground. What was even more terrifying was that the ground had been weakened from the blasts and explosions and collapsed beneath him and his assailant. They fell into the underground tunnels, the ones connected to the secret passageway that Dawnstar once used for sneaking out of the base, and continued to topple for quite some ways before finally hitting the bottom.

It was pitch black, cold, and his claustrophobia decided to pay a very unwelcomed visit. The large being had rolled off of him when they had struck bottom, and he was able to get to his servos and knees. His intakes quickened, his night vision turned on but wasn't very good from all the abuse. He could see just well enough to not bump into anything, but everything was still so dark and blurry.

He started to crawl away, soon getting to his peds and slowly limped off as his servos ran along the metal wall. He started to tremble when he heard something moving being him. He swallowed when he heard large peds stomping, soon growing louder.

He moved faster, his hurt leg not helping as he painfully limped. His wings scraped on the narrowing passage, forcing him to fold them behind his back. The stomps grew louder, faster, drawing closer. The Seeker hastened his pace, trying to control his breathing, trying to calm his rapidly pulsating spark.

He turned a corner, not daring to look back less his glowing optics gave away his position. He grabbed at pipes running along the wall, using them to help pull him along and keep him up. The larger mech's footfalls quieted, soon silence replacing them.

Starscream didn't stop. He kept going, needing to get out of this dark place and back to the skies. He trembled so hard when his peds landed on something soft. His optics widened.
They were so far down that he was walking on dirt. Dirt meant that there was no more metal against metal sounds, which was good for him in sneaking, but meant that whoever else was down here was also quiet.

His servos touched earth, feeling his way through the darkness. It was harder to see without the reflective nature of metal, only dull, non-reflective dirt surrounding him. He swallowed as he stopped and just listened.

Heavy, raspy intakes were all he heard. He bit his lower lip plate and held his breath. Silence. Uncomfortable, terrifying, silence. He tried activating his comm. link. Static. He was alone.

He swallowed again, daring to resume his hasty cycling of air. His frame was overheating, trembling so hard as his claustrophobia wrapped its claws around his neck and mercilessly strangled him. He shuttered his optics, trying to see if that might fix his faulty night vision. It didn't.

He let out a few heavy exhales in an attempt to calm himself. He needed to get back to where he had fallen. Perhaps he could then simply fly straight up and return to the surface, leaving whoever else was down here to simply deactivate on their own.

He swallowed, not wanting to go back that way in fear of running into that enemy or worse. Who knows what else lurks in these ancient tunnels.

He inhaled heavily before letting it slowly out. He flicked his wings, then slowly turned around.

Megatron was standing right there, glaring down at him.

Perhaps Starscream is like an Earthling feline and has multiple lives, for he was pretty damn sure he died right there. He leaped back, optics as wide as they could be, and fell on his aft. Those blood red, uncaring optics followed after him as he tried to scurry away on the soft material. His thrusters activated, but it was already too late.

He was slammed against the wall, his one wing bending in half and leaking energon. He cried out in agony before he was thrown away, deeper into the tunnel. Everything was a daze. A dark, blurry, daze. He scampered to his peds, searing pain rushing from his damaged leg causing him to gasp out.

Ebony servos grasped his air intakes before the sickening sound of wires snapping and transformation gears tearing echoed in the darkness. He saw red. His HUD was filled with warnings, pain was the only sensation he felt.

His wings were grabbed, torn in half, then he was slammed into the wall multiple times. His neck grasped, squeezed, his intakes hitching. He was thrown, he slammed and rolled against the ground. He fired his null rays, lighting the place up.

He was punched, kicked, thrown against the wall. He could only see those evil optics before him. Could only hear his quickened intakes.

"Now…” Megatron said slowly. "Now, Starscream. I will kill you."

Starscream swallowed. He heard that familiar sound of the fusion cannon whirling to life. He saw that ominous glow so close to his faceplates. He felt the heat radiating against his cheekplates.

He didn't offline his optics. He kept them on Megatron, ready to face his end.
"Mud pie!"

Megatron released the tri colored Seeker and angrily wiped away at the glob of mud that had impacted with his faceplates. That annoying, and yet so damn lovable cackle of Skywarp's echoed in the darkness. Starscream looked up and saw those familiar optics beside him. Thundercracker was there too, reaching down to pick up his trineleader.

"We need to go!" Thundercracker exclaimed as he grabbed Starscream's wrist and yanked him to his peds. "Come on!"

The blue Seeker slung his trineleader's arm over his shoulders and quickly helped him run down the ominous tunnel. Starscream couldn't really see, but his trinemat's night vision was working perfectly. He heard shooting, flashes of purple lit up the darkness every so often, and he heard Skywarp's giggling. He knew his black and purple brother was distracting Megatron for them to escape.

Thundercracker was rough with Starscream, having no time to take it easy. They had to get out. They needed open space. Starscream was cycling air heavily, he felt sick, dizzy, and exhausted.

He purged his fuel tank all over Thundercracker and himself, trembling so hard.

"Come on, Star. Calm down." Thundercracker said quickly.

"I feel awful. Where is the way out?" He asked weakly.

Skywarp suddenly appeared before them, holding his shoulder that was leaking.

"Slag sucker got me." He growled. "Here, let's get out of here!"

Skywarp started to reach forward to touch his trinemates and teleport them away when there was a loud boom. The tunnel lit up just as the world around them erupted. The Seekers were thrown into the air, crashing into the wall and ground.

Starscream gasped, everything hurting so much. He crawled through the dirt and stones, scraping his plates against the hard minerals and grasping at the ground to drag his weak form along.

His night vision was worse now, barely focusing in on anything. He was feeling with his servos, trying to find the familiar plates of his trinemates. His servo touched something else. It was metal. Smooth. Large.

He kept feeling, noticing how it was horizontal to the ground and kept going. It was a metal floor. He crawled with his elbows and servos, his legs barely able to move. The air felt thinner. This was an open space.

He felt grooves in the ground, some type of decoration or something. He gasped as searing pain tore through his lower abdomen. He clutched his abdominal plates just before he purged his fuel tank all over his arms and the ground. He coughed heavily, trying to clear his throat from all the gunk of unprocessed energon and the foreign matter he had been forced to eat during his punishment.

He started to tremble when he heard heavily footfalls approaching. He looked around him, but was barely able to move. The footfalls stopped next to him, and something heavy was pressed against his back. He swallowed, trembling so hard before he dared to look up.

The glow of a fusion cannon was all he saw.
"GET AWAY FROM HIM!" Thundercracker roared just before releasing a powerful sonic boom.

Megatron stumbled back a few steps before holding his cannon up to the blue Seeker. He paused though, for the ground was shaking.

"Oh, now you've done it, TC." Skywarp grunted from somewhere in the darkness.

It was loud. Not the type of loud associated with explosions, but still deafening. Nothing else was heard but this thunderous, horrible, metallic, rock, and dirt sound. The sound of millions of tons of said material collapsing down onto the four beings.

Starscream covered his helm, unable to do much else. He felt someone grab him, then shield him with their own frame. Then, everything went black.

"The ground just caved in over here!" Tracks hollered.

"Primus, STARSCREAM!" Skyfire exclaimed as he pushed Autobots out of his way and ran to where Tracks stood.

Before him, a large section of the ground was truly gone, completely sunk into the ground. Other Autobots were quickly gathering around, Seekers landing on the edge of the black pit.

"I'm going down." Skyfire said suddenly.

"Sky, I don't think you should-" Hound started.

"My Conjunx Endura is down there!" The shuttle roared. "And by the Allspark I am going down there!"

"I'll come with you!"

"Sideswipe, you're wounded." Hot Spot pointed out.

"Pffft, just a 'flesh wound.'"

"A what?"

"Hey, my Conjunx Endura's sire is down there and if I don't keep my promise to her and rescue his slagging aft, I may find myself having to recharge on a sofa for the rest of my life. I want happy wifey. I may not be Screamer's number one fan, but I happen to be joined to said fan." Sideswipe said firmly as he walked over and stopped beside Skyfire, a large gash on his upper arm.

"We're going down there, too." Contrail informed. "Let's go!"

Everything felt… crushed. He felt like he couldn't cycle air. That there was no air. His servos kept reaching out, digging, pulling, until they felt nothing. He kept going until finally his helm was free.

He could see somewhat. Light from far above was barely seeping its way down making the darkness a little less dark.

He hissed as he dug the rest of his battered frame out. His wings were so dented and bent, he could never fly with those wings. He crawled out of the rubble and painfully made his way over it.

He felt horrible, evil pain coming from his abdominal plates and upper thigh. He swallowed,
managing to get himself on his side so he could look down. His intakes quickened.

A small, metal beam was penetrated through his abdominal plates and out his lower back. Another one was stabbed into his upper thigh. Energon was pouring from the wounds, hurting so much.

Carefully, he reached down and grabbed the metal beam going through his middle. He swallowed before he tried to pull it out. He cried, biting his lower lip plate to try and be silent just in case Megatron was still around. The beam was slippery with his energon and it was hard to get a grip. It was tightly wedged inside, and not moving.

He tried yanking it again, but it only caused him more pain. He was biting his lower lip plate so hard that it tore and started to leak. Energon filled his mouth and dripped down his chin, but he forced himself to ignore it and kept trying to remove the foreign matter from his body.

He stopped when he heard something moving. He heard the sound of metal and stone being thrown away. He heard the blast of a fusion cannon and loud, stomping peds over the rubble.

Starscream went limp. He didn't even dare to cycle air. He held perfectly still, just listening to the sounds in the darkness. He saw the glow of a fusion cannon just before everything lit up around him.

He was airborne, suddenly slamming against the ground and the metal beams in his body being painfully moved, causing him to shriek in agony. He felt powerful servos grabbing his wings just before one was ripped off. He cried, pathetically struggling, but was just too weak.

The fusion cannon whirled to life again and fire. Starscream screamed, feeling a large chunk of his hip and waist being blown off. He looked up into those cruel, uncaring optics. He refused to look away. He would be defiant even till the end.

A servo started to reach inside of him through the newly blasted hole. Starscream's optics widened, feeling his inners being touched, the servo searching for his spark. Starscream swallowed, trembling so hard, but trying to hide his fear.

"LET GO OF HIM!"

Megatron took a step back, his energon covered servo removing itself from the Seeker's insides to touch his mandible that had been struck.

"Oh... Oh, Primus..." Skyfire said slowly, his optics wide and shocked by his actions. "I just punched Megatron."

"Always knew you had it in you." Sideswipe smirked as he aimed his rifle at the tyrant.

"I don't have time for this." Megatron growled, his servo beginning to crush Starscream's neck as he held him off the ground.

"Put the flying space banshee down and you might get shot a little less." Sideswipe warned.

Starscream's limp frame was suddenly slammed into Sideswipe sending the two tumbling over the ground. Skyfire's optics narrowed as he watched. He turned back to Megatron and his optics instantly became wide. The peaceful shuttle found himself behind punched in the faceplates so hard that he fell over.

Seekers were suddenly flying around, shooting, punching, kicking, and trying to take out their former leader. There were screams from jets being struck by the fusion cannon shooting at them,
some found themselves having a wing or limb ripped off, and others were grabbed and brutally thrown away.

Starscream lifted his front up and looked down at Sideswipe, their optics meeting.

"I am not kissing you." Sideswipe grunted.

Starscream's optics narrowed. "What weapons do you have?"

"Um, I have this." He said as he randomly unsubspaced several items.

Starscream grabbed a few things before painfully getting to his peds. Sideswipe stood up as well and tried to help support the Seeker.

"Dude, you can't fight like this. Look at you!" Sideswipe exclaimed, finally getting a good look at the Seeker's damage.

"Shut up! My Seeker's can't do this alone." He said firmly.

"Well, I guess I have to help you if I'm going to ever recharge on a berth again."

"What?"

"Nothing. Come on, 'pops.' Let's frag slag up."

Chaos was perhaps the best word to describe it. Seekers trying to fight in an enclosed space with someone who was not easy to take down. There was energon everywhere, and many wounded lying about. Skyfire didn't seem to know what to do. He had his gun, but Seekers kept getting in front of him and he did not want to accidentally hit one.

Ramjet slammed helm first into the tyrant, his nosecone being severely dented in the process. Megatron was thrown against a wall, but didn't topple over. He grabbed the jet and threw him away, crashing into Nova Storm.

Skywarp rematerialized, covered in dust, and started to blast at Megatron. Hotlink used his flamethrower while the rainmakers sprayed their acid.

Unfortunately, Megatron had been watching the Seekers fight for so many vorns he knew all their moves. He knew what to do. How to exploit them. Their broken frames kept piling up around him, and no matter how many shots he took or weapons cut his frame, he kept going.

"Sideswipe."

"Yeah?"

"Here," Starscream handed him a cluster bomb. "While he's distracted with my Seekers… Try to get that into his fusion cannon."

"Are you insane or just want me dead?"

"You're the insane one. I know this is your type of mission."

"Fair enough. Thaaaaank you!" He said as he accepted the grenade.

"Go. I'm going to comm. my Seekers and let them know what's happening."
"I'm on it."

Sideswipe ran forward, using the darkness to his advantage. Starscream pressed two digits against the side of his helm.

"Sideswipe is pulling a flanking maneuver. Keep His Royal Slagheaded-ness distracted."

::On it, boss mech.:: Nacelle commed back.

Sideswipe was suddenly behind Megatron. He leaped up, grabbed the tyrant's helm with one servo, activated the grenade with the other, and shoved it into the fusion cannon as Megatron reached up to grab him.

Sideswipe squawked when he was grasped and tossed away. Megatron raised his deadly weapon to fire at the Autobot just before boom.

He growled when his signature weapon burst apart, fire engulfing it. He detached it and threw it aside. Skywarp was suddenly in front of him and punched him in the faceplates. Megatron punched back and the Seeker flew quite a ways before finally striking a wall.

Starscream unsubspaced another cluster bomb and threw it at Megatron's peds. It went off, but he didn't lose his balance. Megatron turned to Starscream and stomped over. Starscream unsubspaced a long, energon knife and prepared himself.

His neck was grabbed at the same time he plunged the blade into Megatron's middle. The grounder didn't seem to have noticed. He started to tear at Starscream neck in an effort to rip his helm off, but Thundercracker finally appeared and slammed his peds into Megatron's helm at speed. In fact, Thundercracker hit the tyrant so hard, after reaching such great speed in his alt. mode before transforming, that the entire cavern was filled with the horrible cracking sound of Thundercracker's peds and legs breaking from the impact.

Thundercracker cried out before he fell to ground, unable to move his leaking limbs. Megatron was no better off. The blow was enough to completely knock him into stasis lock, causing him to fall over like a cut down tree.

Starscream yanked Megatron's servos from around his neck, retrieved the energon knife still wedged into the grey frame, and started to stab his former superior in the torso, again, and again, and again.

He seemed completely, insanely, hopelessly lost in this act, never slowing down, never stopping. Just kept stabbing. Energon splattering all over and onto his faceplates. He started to loudly sob, coolant pouring from his optics as he continued stabbing. He was screaming, not paying attention to those watching. He was crying so hard, unable to stop himself.

"Starscream! Starscream, it's over! Starscream!" Skyfire exclaimed as he ran over, slid to his knees, and grabbed his mate,

Starscream kept trying to stab even as he was pulled away. Skyfire grabbed his wrists and roughly yanked the knife away. Only then did Starscream seem to "wake" from his daze and look up at his Conjux Endura.

"It's over, sweetie. You're free. It's all over." Skyfire said softly as he held Starscream close and kissed him on the brow. "I got you. You're safe. You'll never be hurt again. I got you."

Starscream just looked at him for a long moment before offlining his optics, grabbing Skyfire, and
losing control of himself. He burrowed his faceplates into Skyfire's chest plates and loudly wailed, trembling so hard.

"I got you. I'm never letting you go again. You're safe now. I love you, and I'm going to protect you. He won't ever hurt you again." Skyfire said in almost a whisper, holding his mate close as he lovingly stroked his back.

"Contact the Autobots." Hotlink instructed Bitstream. "We need medics and something to haul him up. He's not dead."

"Well, he certainly isn't moving." Skywarp giggled as he nudged his ped against Megatron's limp frame.

Skyfire swallowed. He tightly hugged Starscream, gently rocking him as he kept talking to him. The Seeker felt so small, weak, and vulnerable. His energon was now covering Skyfire, and the poor jet couldn't stop trembling. Skyfire kissed him again, shedding some of his own coolant tears.

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Chapter End Notes

I know... Long chapter...

Okieday, let's break it down:

So, the abuse in this... The fetishes, the shoving the glass down the throat, the beatings, the ridiculously long lasting gang rapes... I hate to say it, but, that is stuff that has and continues to happen. As a vegan/animal rights activist I see/hear about this all the time. Plus, I watch a LOT of documentaries about serial killers and the things they did to their victims... Some of the same things Starscream was forced to endure. :( I am not making up the glass shoved down the throat. That has happened... And plastic bottles shoved down camels' throats in China... All too common... :'( I really wish I exaggerated or made up some of that shit... The shit that happens to humans and non-human animals alike. Even little kids. :( I fucking hate humans... I'm going to become a dragon and just burn everyone.

Gotta love Skyfire's innocence/gentle nature. Even defending his mate and punching Megs he still is like "Oh my Primus, I am so sorry" kind of face. :P

Gotta love gentle Sky.

Next chapter you'll find out more of the reasons as to why Starscream is so sick and purging his tanks constantly. Plus, what they are gonna do with Megs.

The whole creeping in the darkness being stalked by a monster... Yeah, totally from my original stories. Only, it's creepier with my stories because the monster is a sharp toothed, clawed, bent-on-killing-fucking-everything, powerful alien or a massive dragon. I hope I made you all very on edge for that scene. :) :

Soundwave is so loyal to Megatron, until Megatron does something "Un-
Decepticon." Any of you reading the IDW G1 comics know what I mean, primarily with the "Robots in Disguise/Combiner Wars" issues. Gotta love Sounders. :3 Yeah, you'll find out his fate next chapter, too.

Oh, and in the G1 universe, Cybertron does have an organic dirt core. It's not 100 percent metallic like in Aligned universe, which is actually the body of Primus... We see the confirmation of dirt in the Beast Machines cartoon, sequel to the G1 cartoon, and in the IDW G1 comics. We see Megatron mining in dirt and sparks (such as Overlord's) being found in dirt walls of mines.

Oh! Did ya'll hear the news? After 31 years the yellow and blue rainmakers have been FINALLY named! Yellow one is Nova Storm and blue one is Ion Storm. Bet they are throwing a big party. ;)

I've finally decided Megatron's fate while finishing up this chapter. Oh, Starscream is just gonna be so awesome. :P
It had taken a while, but all the wounded Seekers were pulled from the cavern and were receiving medical treatment. Megatron, still in stasis lock, was quickly taken away by Prowl and a select few. He had been loaded onto a ship and secured, now waiting to be taken to Iacon. Soundwave and his cassettes along with other Decepticon prisoners of high importance were also loaded onto the massive ship.

Starscream had received the most basic of medical care to keep him alive long enough until he could be properly treated. Thundercracker was limping along, using Skywarp to help keep him up.

Starscream was on the move, refusing to hold still. Skyfire and the other Elite Trine Seekers were following the Air Commander, not sure why he was so determined to travel deeper into the base.

Skyfire swallowed, listening to Starscream's intakes. The poor Seeker sounded like the Earthlings' sci-fi character, Darth Vader, drowning, while suffering from an asthma attack, with bronchitis, and being strangled by the Hulk. It was such a sickening sound, but the tri colored flyer ignored it and kept moving on with his horrible limp.

His wounds had been patched up quickly, just enough to stop the leaking, but they still hurt incredibly and made moving almost impossible. Starscream was so weak, coughing every so often and had purged his fuel tank not long ago.

They entered a building and the former Decepticon Second started to move faster. Thundercracker vented a sigh.

"I know where he's going." He said softly.

"Where?" Skyfire asked.

"Just stay close to him. It's not going to be pretty,"

Skyfire bit his lower lip plate. He was right behind Starscream, never falling farther behind. Starscream was trying to get himself to go faster, his intakes sounding even worse.

He palmed open a door, smearing energon over it, made his way through a waiting room, and into the back. Skyfire swallowed when they came to such a sad, painful place. He knew where Starscream was going, too.

Starscream knew exactly where to go. He pushed a cart out of the way, grabbed the drawer, and pulled it open. Skyfire started to tremble, seeing the damage for himself. Seeing what had hurt his precious Star so much.

Starscream started to cry, his servo touching those perfect faceplates. His other servo took the dainty servo in his once more, coolant tears pouring heavily from his offline optics. He was trembling so hard, feeling her cold frame.

Skyfire watched the sad scene, leaking coolant tears himself. He noticed that Skywarp and Thundercracker weren't with them anymore. The memories still too much for them.
"She's safe." Starscream managed to choke out. "I saved her. I-I protected her." He paused to cycle air heavily. "I'm s-sorry I failed you, Moonstar. I'm sorry... She's safe. I stopped Megatron." He just studied those calm faceplates of hers. Even in death she was stunning, divine, perfect. "She's giving us another grandcreation. Another little one. I-I'm sorry. I'm sorry, my love. I-I failed you. I should have been there. I-kshht-miss you. Dawn misses you, and so does TC and 'Warp. She looks so much like you." He swallowed. "Thank you for giving her to me. I don't deserve such a perfect, beautiful daughter... Thank you for changing me." He said softly. "I'm sorry, my love. My perfect Moon. My love of my life. I'm sorry.

Skyfire stood next to his mate and got down on one knee. He lovingly stroked Starscream's back, venting a soft sigh. Starscream ignored him, just touching her cheekplates as he cried.

"Star, sweetie, you're going to get energon all over her." Skyfire said softly.

Starscream looked at him for a moment before slowly nodding his helm, his optics offlineing. Skyfire looked back at that beautiful femme, and the frail little one with her.

"I'm sorry, Star." Skyfire said barely louder than a whisper. "I'm so sorry, my love."

"I failed her." He said quietly.

"No, you haven't. Dawnstar is safe." 

"I failed Moonstar. I failed my Conjunx Endura."

"Sweetie, you didn't fail her. Look at me. You haven't failed anyone. Understand me?" He said firmly. "She is proud of you. I'm proud of you. You are the greatest thing to ever happen to either of us." He paused. "We'll take her back with us to Iacon and properly lay her to rest, alright?"

"She'll be with my people." He swallowed. "She'll rest in Vos."

"Well, she can sit in Iacon instead of this disgusting place. I don't want you ever to come back to this damn city. This place is only filled with bad memories." He paused. "Besides, she should be close to her family until Vos is rebuilt."

Starscream slowly nodded his helm. Skyfire kissed his lip plates.

"I love you, Starscream. I'm going to comm. Ratchet and let him know to transport her to the ship."

"And the little one."

"Of course."

Starscream looked back at his deceased mate before suddenly breaking out in uncontrollable sobs. He clung to Skyfire, losing all self control as he cried into the shuttle's chest plates.

"Let it out, love. I know it hurts. Just let it out." Skyfire said softly.

Starscream had remained close as Moonstar and the little one were put into a special casket and placed onto the ship that was to immediately return to Iacon with the high ranking prisoners and severely wounded. Most of the Seekers were returning, not wanting to leave their leader's side. Sideswipe, Sunstreaker, the Constructicons, Ratchet, and a few other Autobots were also going to make the journey back. Kaon was secure, and Prowl had everything under control.

Starscream sat between his trinemates, Skyfire next to Thundercracker. On the opposite wall sat
the twins and other Autobots, most wounded, some just there for security. Wounded Seekers sat on the same side as their leader, while the unwounded Seekers provided an escort for the ship.

Starscream purged his fuel tank once more, and Hook was beside him in an instant, whipping out his scanner.

"Now since we are finally settled, I am going to get to working on you, commander." The Decepticon medic said as he ran his scanner over the Air Commander.

Starscream was silent, not having said a single word since watching Moonstar placed in the casket. He just watched his primary care physician check the scanner. Hook's optics brightening.

"By the Allspark…" He looked up. "Do not touch him!"

"What? Why?" Skywarp asked anxiously.

"This is ridiculous. He has five ITV's and three… make that four viruses. Serious, viruses. I said no touching!"

"I've been touching him." Thundercracker snapped.

"You two are going into quarantine with him. You too, Skyfire. In fact, everyone here will be quarantined. Ratchet! Get over here!"

"What is it?" The Autobot CMO demanded as he marched over from another portion of the ship. Hook handed him the scanner and his optics widened. "How is that…? How is he still functional with all of those viruses and his damage? Primus, what is all of this inside of his fuel tank?"

"Told you he refuses to die." Hook groused.

"He's going to go into surgery immediately once we reach medbay."

"I concur. We are going to have to replace his entire fuel tank, fuel pump… Damn, his whole body needs replacing."

"We don't have the resources for that. We'll replace what we can and throw him into a CR chamber."

"And in the mean time, every will have to-"

Starscream purged his tank again… All over his chest and lap. Hook vented a sigh.

"Everyone, try to stay as far away from him as possible. Sideswipe, Sunstreaker, you are not allowed to see Dawnstar or Starstreak until I deem it safe. Dawn is carrying and cannot risk getting a virus, and Starstreak is too young." Hook said firmly.

"We'll get you better, Scree." Skywarp said resolutely. "Don't cha worry."

Starscream just glanced at his trinomate, his intakes so loud and absolutely horrible to listen to. He would cough every so often, and sometimes would make retching sounds as if about to purge.

Skyfire reached over and held his mate's shoulder, trying to comfort him. The trip was mostly uneventful. No one really talked, the only sound was Starscream's wheezing, occasional coughs, and the few more times he purged his tank. At one point Starscream just started to bawl uncontrollably, covering his optics as coolant poured out. His breakdown lasted a while before he managed to calm down enough and just continue sounding as if he was dying.
Everyone was thankful when the ride was over and they were back in Iacon. The injured were taken to medbay while the rest escorted the prisoners to the brig.

Skyfire carried his mate, listening to the sickening cycling of air. The shuttle placed Starscream on a medberth in an isolation room before Hook shoved him out. Skyfire sat outside of the door and just stared at the floor. Skywarp and Thundercracker were taken to another isolation room where Scrapper and some of the other Constructicons were taking care of them. Ratchet and Fixit were running around, trying to get everyone fixed and placed in CR chambers if necessary.

It was a few joors later before Ratchet entered the isolation room where Starscream was being kept and locked the door behind him. Skyfire just continued reading a datapad for almost another joor before Hook walked out.

"Since his trinemates are still in stasis lock, and you're his Conjunx Endura, I'll tell you what's going on." Hook said.

"How bad is it?" Skyfire asked softly.

"Megatron was certainly not the only one interfacing with him. I can tell you that. A closer inspection of his gestation tank has confirmed my theory about his ability to create a sparkling, but simply unable to keep it alive for very long. He was sparked, as far as I can tell, a minimum of seven times."

"Seven? But, he was only there for like-"

"He was used a lot, Skyfire. He probably was sparked more, but I can't be too certain. His fuel tank was a nightmare. I had to give him an entire new one. Completely reconstruct it. His previous one was two thirds of the way full of foreign material. What I could make out was waste, - from multiple mechs - acid, and a lot judging from how much of his tank, fuel pump, and throat was melted. Lots of trans fluid, again from multiple mechs. Glass-

"Glass?"

"Yes, glass. Paint, wax, cleaning solution-"

"Please, stop. I-I can't." Skyfire said softly as he wiped away the coolant tears beginning to leak out of his optics.

"I know this is difficult to hear, Skyfire." Hook paused. "I had to replace his fuel pump, most of his fuel lines through his frame, and parts of his vocalizer. All of his air intakes and vents were clogged, some needing to be replaced as well. He needed entirely new wings, back plates, abdominal plates... His valve was completely torn up and I had to replace most of that as well." He paused. "The viruses have slagged up most of his systems. He'll be in a CR chamber for a while. I am in the process of pumping out all the energon and replacing it with new energon. Even his innermost energon has been infected and will need treatment. His spark is... It's not very strong right now. He's barely holding on. He'll make it, though. He always does." He studied Skyfire for a moment before continuing. "All of his insides were covered in waste and dried energon. I'm still working on cleaning him out. Believe it or not, he is actually worse than when he was last saved from Megatron."

"Just make him better." Skyfire said in almost a whisper.

"I am. The viruses will take a bit to fight off, but once they are gone he'll be well enough to be released. In the meantime, you are to be confined to your quarters until deemed safe, just in case
you get something from him."

"Okay…"

"Thunder and 'Warp will be with you as well, so you won't be alone."

"Can I see Star?"

"No. I am trying to keep everyone away from him so we don't have an epidemic."

Skyfire bit his lower lip plate as he nodded his helm. Hook exhaled heavily.

"He'll be okay, Skyfire. He was saved just in time."

"Yeah… He was…"

It was several orbital cycles before Sideswipe, Sunstreaker, and others were given the "all clear" and allowed to walk out of quarantine. Sideswipe was kept in special care since he had at one point been covered in Starscream's infected energon when helping the Seeker fight Megatron. The red twin hated the extra "treatment," and he and his brother had received multiple sterilizing "baths" all because they were going to be around Dawnstar and Starstreak.

Sideswipe palmed open the door to the suite and smiled when his favorite Seekerlet ran over to him.

"Daddy! Unca Sunny!"

"Hey, dude!" Sideswipe said as he picked up Starstreak and gave him a kiss on the cheekplates.

Starstreak hugged his step-creator tightly, his little wing stubs fluttering. He then reached out for Sunstreaker, smiling so cutely. Sunstreaker offered him a small grin before hugging him. Sideswipe handed the little one off to his twin and walked towards the beautiful femme.

"Sexy mechy!" Dawnstar giggled, her wings fluttering just as her sire's did when he was happy.

"Hey, gorgeous." He smiled before locking lip plates with her and passionately kissing.

His servos held her thin waist while her arms wrapped around the back of his helm. She lifted a ped in the air behind her, just as her carrier used to do with Starscream.

"Here," She said suddenly breaking the kiss and grabbing his servo. She made him place it on her abdominal plates, just above her gestation tank. "You feel him?"

Sideswipe was silent a moment before smiling. "Yeah, I-I feel him." He swallowed. "Wow."

"He's constantly kicking. I think he wants out already and meet his sire. Isn't that right, little guy?" She rubbed her abdominal plates. "You want to meet your daddy and steal all the attention from mommy and Starstreak."

"He won't steal all of it." Sideswipe smirked before pecking another kiss to her lip plates.

"Just most of it." She kissed back. "How's dad?"

"Hook's fixing him." He vented a tired sigh. "He did not look good when we got him out of there."
Dawnstar bit her lower lip plate. "He'll be alright, right?"

"Yeah, he'll be fine. Physically at least. I don't know how he is mentally. He started to act… He wasn't acting himself once we got on the ship to fly over here."

"How so?"

"He didn't speak. Not a single word. And he was crying a lot."

Dawnstar looked down. "How soon until he's released?"

"I'm not sure. A few more orbital cycles at least."

She nodded her helm slowly. "He better be released by the time this one comes out. I want him there to see his grandcreation emerge."

"I'm sure he will be. We have like, what, four more decacycles?"

"Three at most." She smiled.

"Wow, three more and I'll be a real sire." He said softly so Starstreak couldn't hear.

"And then we'll know if it is a mech or femme."

"Better be a mech. Don't betray me, creation." Sideswipe said sternly as he jabbed a digit at her abdominal plates.

She snickered. "Dad wants a femme."

"Next creation."

"Well, dad will be glad to know that we'll be having another one after this."

"I still doubt we'll get to eight."

"Once we get to three we'll see about anymore."

"Sounds like a plan." He kissed her again. "Need me to get you anything?"

"No, unless you can make my dad better instantly."

"I wish I had that sort of power."

"You can kiss me and tell me how much you love me. And then we can play videogames and cry like a sparkling when I kick your skid plates." She giggled.

"Femme, you can only dream about kicking my skid plates in the virtual world. I call dibs on the red controller."

"Dammit… I wanted the red one." She pouted.

"Beat me and I'll let you have the red controller."

"Deal."

Sideswipe lifted her chin with an ebony servo, then lovingly kissed her on the lip plates.
"Ew." Starstreak said as he stuck out his glossa.

"I agree." Sunstreaker grunted as he carried his nephew away.

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**Several Orbital Cycles Later:**

"Calm down, commander. I'm not going to hurt you." Hurt said gently as he scanned Starscream and checked the results.

Starscream sat on the medberth trembling uncontrollably. His wings rattling against his back, his servos wringing, optics dim. Every time Hook moved, especially too fast, Starscream cringed and offline his optics, expecting to be hit. He shied away from anyone touching him, whether Hook, Ratchet, or his own trinames. He never spoke, never made a sound except for when he broke down and cried.

He had been in the CR chamber for most of his stay in medbay, repairing his systems from the immense damage and removing the viruses. It was the second orbital cycle of being free from the CR chamber, and hopefully his last orbital cycle in medbay. For now at least.

"Mostly repaired. Just a few things left, but your self repair will have those fixed within the orn. And it seems that the ITVs and other viruses are gone or too weak to be contagious anymore. They will be completely removed within the orn as well. You're free to leave, commander." Hook said as he offered him a smile.

Starscream didn't seem to have heard him. He kept trembling, looking down at the floor, biting his lower lip plate. Hook vented a sigh as he rubbed his temples. He placed a servo on Starscream's knee, causing the Seeker to startle and tremble harder.

"You're safe, Starscream. I know he did terrible things to you. I know he wasn't the only one hurting you. You're safe now. We are going to make sure you are never hurt again."

Starscream looked up at him, the most innocent, scared, and sad optics glowing from those dark faceplates. He swallowed, trembling a little less. Hook smiled at him.

"I'm going to call your trinames, alright? They'll take you home."

Skyfire carried Starscream bridal style back to their shared quarters, Thundercracker and Skywarp walking on either side of him. The Air Commander was silent, his trembling finally ceasing after being held by Skyfire for a bit.

Thundercracker palmed the door open and the four entered. Skyfire kissed his mate before gently placing him on the ground. Starscream just stood there, looking around the room in complete silence. His wings low, servos slowly wringing.

"You alright, love?" Skyfire asked softly as he got down on one knee beside his mate.

Starscream didn't even look at him. He kept his optics forward, his intakes quickening.

"You wanna recharge, Scree? Get some rest?" Skywarp suggested.

Nothing. No response, didn't even look at him.

"Want to watch a movie, sweetie?" Thundercracker tried. "You can sit on Skyfire's lap and we can
just kiss and hug."

Starscream still didn't respond. He started to slowly tremble, just looking into space. Skyfire bit his lower lip plate.

"Star, do you want to go and talk to Rung?" Skyfire asked quietly.

Still nothing.

Skywarp stepped forward and kissed Starscream on the cheekplates. Starscream didn't look at him you react. He swallowed, his trembling getting worse.

"Come on, Star. Why don't you sit down on the sofa." Thundercracker said gently as he took Starscream's servo and started to lead him away.

That got a reaction. Starscream whimpered, jerking his servo free and jumping back. He started to tremble so hard, coolant tears pouring from his optics, his wings drooping as low as they could go. His intakes quickened until he sounded like he was suffocating, soft sobs escaping his vocalizer.

"Scree?" Skywarp said in almost a whisper.

"Come here, Star. It's alright." Skyfire said gently as he held his servos out to hug his mate.

Starscream took a step back from them, giving them a look as if he was expecting to be grabbed and horribly beaten. Skywarp's wings lowered.

"Scree?" He asked so quietly.

Starscream kept backing away, never removing his terrified optics off them. He backed away from the berth as well, just trying to get to safety. His back bumped against Thundercracker's desk, making him hesitant to look behind him and take his optics off the others. He finally dared to do so, and quickly adjusted himself, backing himself towards the far corner. He finally came to Skyfire's desk in the corner, trembling so hard.

"Sweetie, you're safe." Skyfire said softly as he slowly stood.

Starscream swallowed, more coolant leaking from his optics. He whimpered softly before a few sobs escaped his vocalizer. Skyfire carefully approached.

The shuttle was almost next to the Seeker when the Air Commander suddenly got down and ducked beneath the desk. He pushed himself into the corner, and hugged his knees, quaking in fear. Skyfire got down on his knees and looked underneath the desk. "Love, no one is going to hurt you." He said quietly.

Starscream shied away from him, offlining his optics and trying to squeeze tighter into the corner. Skyfire's wings drooped as he bit his lower lip plate.

"Maybe we should give him a bit of time." Thundercracker said slowly. "Let him get re-acclimated."

"Yeah, okay." Skyfire sighed.

The shuttle stood and gave his Conjunct Endura some space. Perhaps he just needed some time to calm down and then will be fine. This behavior probably wouldn't last much longer anyway.
"Wanna come recharge with us?" Thundercracker asked of his trineleader later that orbital cycle.

Starscream was still under the desk, not having moved or made a single sound for the past several joors since returning to this room. He didn't even look at his trinemate, just hugged his knees, keeping his optics on the ground.

"Screw the berth." Skywarp said suddenly as he got under the desk as well. "I'll recharge wherever you want to, Scree. Here, look. I got you a blanket." Skywarp said as he unsubspaced a red blanket and started to place it over his trineleader and himself. "Look, see? Now, you are safe under the blanket with me. You can even make it cover your helm if you don't want to see TC's ugly mug."

"Hey." Thundercracker grunted.

"We'll have our very own recharge-over, right under Sky's desk. We can even share ghost stories. Wanna hear a ghost story, Screamer?"

Starscream didn't do anything. He just looked down at the blanket, then at his talkative trinemate. Skywarp kissed him several times on the cheekplates before snuggling closer. Thundercracker vented a sigh before crawling under the desk as well.

"Scoot over. I'm participating in this recharge-over as well." He grunted as he sat on the other side of Starscream and pulled the blanket over himself.

"Fine, but you have to help me kiss and huggle Screamer." Skywarp said firmly.

"I most certainly will."

"Too bad I don't fit." Skyfire said as he sat on the floor in front of them.

"You're like the guard dog, Sky." Skywarp giggled.

"The what?"

"Human term." Thundercracker grunted.

"Love you, Scree. You are the bestest best trineleader, brother, friend, and lover I could ever have. I wuv you forever, and ever, and ever, and ever, and ever, and ever, and ever, and ever, and ever, and ever, and ever, OH! And EVER!" He proclaimed before burrowing his faceplates into Starscream's chest plates and making nuzzling sounds. "Love you!" His muffled vocalizer exclaimed.

"I love you, too." Thundercracker said before kissing Starscream's cheekplates.

"As well as I." Skyfire said as he leaned forward and kissed his mate on the lip plates.

Starscream never made a sound or changed his expression. He just looked at the ground, unmoving.

It wasn't long before the Seekers were all cuddled on top of each other and using each other as pillows. Starscream had taken a while, but finally fell into recharge on top of Skywarp, while Thundercracker used Starscream as a pillow, and Skywarp somehow managed to be on top of Starscream at the same time, all twisted together. Skyfire fell into recharge next to them, his one servo resting over Starscream's waist.

"Hey, frag face."
"That was unnecessary." Thundercracker grunted.

"It's been six orbital cycles. When can I see my dad?" Dawnstar demanded.

"Dawn, he's still… He's still not doing well."

"Still hiding under the desk?" She asked softly.

"Yeah. He hasn't said a word and I have to refuel him through his fuel lines. He won't come out to recharge on the berth or wash himself in the washroom. He just stays there."

"I'll come by and talk to him."

"I don't want you seeing him like this."

"He's my sire. I will see him and you can't tell me otherwise."

"Dawn…"

"No, not another word, Thundercracker. I am his daughter, his only biological family member besides 'Streak. And as such, I have the right to see him whenever I want to." She paused. "And I am dominant in everything except military matters within the Seeker hierarchy. That means, in this situation I outrank you. So, stand down, subordinate."

Thundercracker raised an optical ridge. "Yes, ma'am." He said slowly. "And I must confess. I was originally wrong about you. You do take after him in more ways than just looks."

"I'll take that as a compliment." She said before brushing past him.

"You also take after him in rudeness." Thundercracker muttered to himself.

Skywarp sat next to Starscream under the desk. The black Seeker was reading out loud from a datapad, kissing his trineleader occasionally.

"Look, Scree, here's a picture of them fighting the monster. Skywarp said as he held the datapad up for Starscream to see. He then continued. "Claws tearing into his flesh, he let out a shrieking cry. Black smoke billowing from flaring nostrils, black wings like sails flapping. His powerful jaws bit down on his attacker, crushing bone easily. Red tendrils of fire dancing from his mouth just before unleashing his hellish fury on the victim still held in his clutches. Screams of death were the last-"

Dawnstar suddenly walked into the room, startling the two Seeker mechs.

"Uh, hey Dawn." Skywarp waved to her. "Whaddya doing here?"

"Just came to see my dad." She said as she approached. "What are you up to?"

"Neh, just readin' to Scree. Look, there are pictures."

Dawnstar smiled. "That's pretty cool, Uncle 'Warp. Can you scoot?"

Skywarp did so and Dawnstar slowly got down, having to use the desk to help her since she was carrying. She sat right next to her sire and leaned against him. He didn't react or speak.

"Hey, daddy." She said softly. "Just came to see you." She paused, but he still remained silent.
She gently took his servo, and he started to tremble. She placed his blue hand on her abdominal plates and kept it there.

"Feel him? He's kicking. Won't be long before you can meet him." She was silent a moment, just watching her sire. Then, his wings raised ever so slightly. She smiled at him. "Yeah, that's your grandcreation. I bet he'll be as awesome as you."

He shifted himself around to face her better, placing both servos over her abdominal plates. His trembling vanished. He swallowed, keeping his optics on her abdomen. Then, he started to softly sob, coolant leaking from his optics.

"Don't cry, dad. It's alright." She said gently. "I'll bring Starstreak to see you tomorrow. Bet you wanna see how much he's grown since you left for Yuss." She paused as she took one of his servos in hers. "Love you, dad." She kissed him on the cheekplates. "I'm sorry you're not feeling well. I'm going to help you. We're still best friends, right?"

His optics rose and looked at her, but he was still silent. She bit her lower lip plate.

"Dad, you're the coolest sire ever. Not too mention the most awesome. I'm glad I get to call you 'dad. '" She kissed his cheekplates. "And my creations, all of them, will be glad to call you 'grandsire.' Sideswipe and I were talking about having three, and then we'll see if we can handle anymore. You may get lucky and maybe we'll have twins next batch. But, if we have twins, you have to help us a lot more."

He watched her before giving the smallest of nods. She smiled and kissed his cheekplates again.

"And you will get to see all my creations emerge, because you're awesome and deserve to be one of the first to meet them. And, you are going to help Sideswipe train them to be awesome warriors like you. And you'll teach them boring science slag. And politics. And how to be awesome."

He didn't say anything. He pressed a servo against her abdominal plates and just felt the unborn sparkling moving inside of her. Dawnstar took the datapad from Skywarp and onlined it.

"Alright, I'm going to continue reading to you, dadster." She said before doing so.

"We will not begin the trial until Starscream is well enough to testify." Optimus said firmly.

"Waiting any longer could give the Decepticons still loyal to him a chance to attack and potentially free him." Prowl intoned. "It would be best if we proceeded with the trial and have him executed."

"We will do this legally, Prowl. We don't need a public backlash about-"

"Starscream's testimony is unnecessary. We have enough evidence."

"Starscream is the one who knew him best. If we are to be fair and just, he will have to be present and testify for or against Megatron."

"I do not agree. Prolonging his tribunal could have negative effects."

"Such as?"

"Being hailed as a martyr."

"If Starscream speaks and explains what he was put through, and everyone sees what Megatron did, that would keep his death from being worshipped. Starscream is his only known surviving
rape victim, and the one with the most publicity."

"He is also a well-known liar. A manipulator of facts."

"As I understand from Thundercracker's explanation, what Megatron did to Starscream is the greatest attack on a Seeker's pride. And Starscream being the leader of the Seekers means it was a direct attack on his leadership, and under traditional standards he would have lost his position. I don't think anyone who knows Seekers and their ways will believe that Starscream is making any of this up."

"I still rather not wait."

"Your opinion has been noted."

"Isn't it always with you."

Optimus just gave him a look. "You're dismissed."

"Yes, sir." Prowl inclined his helm before walking out of the Prime's office.

Dawnstar walked into the room with Starstreak holding her servo. Sideswipe waited outside, not wanting to make the room feel crowded. Thundercracker and Skywarp sat on the sofa idly playing a videogame while Skyfire lied on the berth reading a datapad. The three were trying to give Starscream some space and alone time, and letting him know that their presence in the room didn't mean they would harm him.

Dawnstar lead her son straight to the desk and pointed.

"Whose that, spawn?"

"Grandsay!" Starstreak squealed as he ran over and practically glomped the Air Commander. "Grandsay! Look!" He exclaimed as he held up a toy. "This is 'Sreamstar.' I designated him after you." He proudly proclaimed as he clambered onto Starscream's lap without invitation. "See, he is red, white, and blue, jus' like you! I even gave him wings. See?" He shoved the toy into Starscream's face. "The wings move. See? So, he can fly. And, look. Wheeljack made it so I can… Look… I can make him… See? Look, grandsay! See? He's a jet now, just like you. I tried painting the-the purple thingies on 'is wings like you have, but they look like blobs. And, look, see? Grandsay, look. I can make him. Looooook, grandsay. I can make him a Seeker again. See? See, grandsay?" He said as he put it back in Starscream's visage. "And, see, his arms and legs and servos all move. He can even move his helm. Look, grandsay. He has… He has a bu… Mommy, what does he have?"

"A 'backstory,' sweetie." Dawnstar said as she sat beside the two.

"Yeah! Dat. He was… He was a warrior, just like you, grandsay. And he helped people and saved his friends. Grandsay, look. See? He is just like you. Mommy lets him recharge with me because you don't. So, I have him. And, look! Grandsay, look." He prodded as he pulled another toy out. "Dis is… Dis is Crackerthunk. He's designated after Unca TeeCee. An' dis one is Skeewarp. He is designated after Unca Skywarp. Look, grandsay. They all… They all become jets if you… Grandsay, look. If you do this they are jets now. Look, grandsay." He said as he held the figures in Starscream's face. "And, see? See dat? They all have the purple thingy too. Oh, look, grandsay. Skeewarp glows purple when you… When you push dis button. See? Because Unca 'Warp turns purple before he pops somewhere else. Oh, and Crackerthunk makes a sound… See? When you press dis button he make boomy sound like his sonik booms. See?"
The toy did in fact make a statically sonic boom sound. Starstreak smiled before grabbing one of Starscream's servos and making him hold the black and purple toy.

"Okay, grandsay, now we play. You be Skeewarp and I'll be Screamstar. Mommy can be Crackerthunk." He said as he handle the blue toy to his carrier. "Now, Screamstar is the leader like you, grandsay. He is smart like you, too. Look, grandsay. He smiles like you. Grandsay, now we make dem battle. Hiya!" He exclaimed as he made the figure he held hit the one Starscream held. "Boom! Pow! Swooosh! Ba, bam, splewwwsh!" He continued with the sound effects as he took the toy from his grandsire and started making the two figures fight each other.

Starscream was just silent. Never changing his expression. Then, he reached forward and hugged Starstreak, holding the little one close. Starstreak acted as if nothing was happening, continuing with making his toys kill each other. Coolant tears started to leak from Starscream's optics as he held his grandcreation close. Dawnstar leaned over and kissed him on the cheekplates.

"Love you, daddy." She said softly.

He didn't respond. He offlined his optics and softly cried, never releasing Starstreak. Starstreak finally looked back, his little wings raising.

"What wrong, grandsay?" He asked.

Starscream didn't say anything, just hugged him tighter. Starstreak shoved the strong arms away, twisted himself around, and hugged his grandsire back.

"Don't cry, grandsay. Mommy says that things always get better when you can smile. Look, grandsay. I'm smiling." He said as he did just that. "Now, you smile."

He reached forward and grabbed at Starscream's faceplates, forcing them to somewhat smile. Starstreak giggled.

"See, grandsay? Hey, grandsay, you wanna hold Screamstar? He makes me feel better when I'm sad. Here." He said as he handed the toy to Starscream.

Starstreak studied his grandsire for a moment before speaking again. "Grandsay, why are you sad? Did you fall down? Mommy always kiss my owies. Want me to kiss yours?"

"Kiss your grandsire on the cheekplates." Dawnstar said softly. "He'll feel better then."

Starstreak leaned forward and gave his grandsire a very loud smack on the cheekplates. He giggled before kissing the other side. Starscream's wings raised slightly. He hugged Starstreak tighter, still leaking coolant tears.

"Guhhh." Starstreak moaned from being held so firmly.

"It's okay, dad." Dawnstar said softly. "He'll never leave you. We're here for you."

"Grandsay! I'm being crushed!"

Starscream loosened his grip slightly, but still refused to let the little one go. Starstreak looked up at his carrier for help.

"You're making your grandsire feel better. Hug him back. He'll be smiling in no time." She smirked.
Starstreak giggled before doing just that. He wrapped his arms around Starscream's neck and held his grandsire close. Starscream swallowed, offlineing his optics and just savoring this perfect, little one.

A Decacycle Later:

Starscream just lived under Skyfire's desk. He wouldn't refuel, wouldn't speak, would leave that corner. He trembled, he occasionally cried, he whimpered, and shied away from those who approached.

Starstreak visited him every orbital cycle with Dawnstar. The Seekerlet would show Starscream a new toy and talk about it for breems, and even started to read simple stories, showing off his new found ability. Every time he learned something new, from simple math to science to even being able to write his own designation, he had to show his grandsire and tell him all about it.

Starstreak never ceased in his prodding to get Starscream to say something, to do something other than sit under that desk. He tried making Starscream play videogames on a datapad, but the adult Seeker never participated. He tried getting Starscream to play with his toys, but still nothing. He even watched his cartoons with Starscream hoping that they would make him laugh, but only silence prevailed.

"Grandsire! Grandsire!" Starstreak exclaimed, finally able to pronounce it correctly. "Look!"

Starscream did so, his wings raising slightly. Skyfire bit his lower lip plate from where he sat on the sofa with the other Seekers.

"I painted my wings just like you!" He proudly proclaimed, pointing at the badly painted Decepticon insignias adorning his wing stubs. "Daddy didn't really seem happy about it, though." He said quietly as his wings lowered. "Mommy told him to 'be nice' and she seemed mad at him. I don't know why he doesn't like them. It was really hard to do."

Starscream didn't change his expression as usual. He lifted his servos out some and the Seekerlet quickly walked over and hopped onto his grandsire's lap. Starscream hugged him, never wanting to let go. Starstreak was quiet himself for a time before he spoke up.

"Grandsire, why do you have the purple on your wings?"

Starscream looked at him for a moment before placing a servo over Starstreak's chest piece. Starstreak gave him a curious look.

"Me? Do you wear it for me?" The little one asked.

Starscream nodded his helm, wiping away more coolant tears that were leaking out. Starstreak smiled.

"I wear it for you then, grandsire." He said before hugging Starscream.

Starstreak was escorted back to his residence by several Seekers. One palmed the door open and the Seekerlet walked inside. They waited for the door to shut before turning and walking away.

Starstreak walked over to the sofa, climbed up, and snuggled against his carrier.

"How was visiting grandsire?" She asked tiredly, the sparkling sucking her energy away more so
as the time neared.

"It was fine." He shrugged.

"Hey, dude." Sideswipe said as he walked from the backroom and sat beside him.

"Hey." Starstreak said softly.

"Listen, I'm sorry about being an aft earlier. I shouldn't have been upset. If you want to paint those insignias on your wings... so be it. It's your choice, not mine."

"I want them." Starstreak said quietly. "Grandsire said he wears his because of me and I want to wear mine for him."

"Well, I wear this red one." Sideswipe said as he pointed at the insignia on his chest. "Do you want this painted on a wing, too?"

Starstreak shook his helm. "No, I wanna be like grandsire. He's awesome."

Sideswipe swallowed before slowly nodding his helm. "Okay, that's fine. You can do that."

Dawnstar just looked at her mate. She reached over and patted his shoulder, unbeknownst to Starstreak.

"Grandsire also looks like me." Starstreak continued. "He has wings like me. And he's funny." he paused. "Why don't you look like mommy or grandsire, daddy?"

"Um, well, I'm a different built. Your carrier and grandsire are Seeker builts. They all look like that, and you take after your carrier."

"Why?"

"Um, because of science."

"Why did science make me look more like mommy and not you?"

"Because, um, science likes to do stuff like that. Make us look more like one creator than the other. Your sibling may end up looking more like me or your carrier. Who knows." He shrugged.

"Well, I wanna be just like grandsire. And mommy. Mommy's awesome, too."

"Aren't I awesome?" Sideswipe asked slowly.

"Yeah, but not like mommy or grandsire." Starstreak said as he studied his peds.

"Okay, I can get that." Sideswipe said slowly.

"Daddy, can you read me a berthtime story?"

"Wouldn't you prefer your carrier to do that?"

"Sides..."

"Why you say that?" Starstreak asked slowly.

"Nothing. It was stupid of me. What do you want to hear?"
Starstreak giggled. "Dr. Sues."

"I can totally read you that." Sideswipe said before kissing Starstreak's helm. "Go get it."

Starstreak leaped off the sofa and ran into the other room. Dawnstar turned to her mate.

"He's little. He doesn't understand the full depth of his words." She said softly. "And, he is gonna feel more comfortable around those who look like him. It's kinda weird having two creators who look very different. I was closer to dad for a while probably because of that."

"Yeah, I know. I feel like there's somehow something inside of him telling him that I'm not biologically related to him." Sideswipe said slowly.

"You worry too much. He loves you and that's all that matters. He's just little and weird right now." She paused. "He does love you, Sides. He really missed you while you were away."

Sideswipe nodded his helm slowly. "I just don't want him to feel like I don't love him back."

"He won't. He's a smart mechling."

"I'm just so nervous about my own actual creation coming. I don't want to make him feel left out."

"Sides, everything will be fine. Just relax."

"Easy for you to say. You're-"

"Daddy! I got it!" Starstreak exclaimed as he trotted over with a datapad.

"Good job." Sideswipe said as he picked up the Seekerlet and placed him on his lap.

He onlined the datapad and shifted through it until he found what he was looking for. Starstreak cuddled into his step-creator's frame, his little peds kicking in the air as he looked at the picture, listening to the story.

Skywarp cuddled against his trineleader, just trying to make him feel better. Skyfire sat on the edge of the berth, his elbows resting on his knees, and servos holding his chin. He silently watched, wishing he could just magically wave away all the fear and horrible memories from his beloved's processor.

"Star, do you wanna recharge on the berth tonight?" Thundercracker asked as he walked over.

Starscream looked up at him from the safety of the desk, but did nothing more. Thundercracker's wings flicked before he vented a sigh.

"Alright, nothing is going to get better if we keep this up." He grunted.

"Whaddya mean, TC?" Skywarp inquired.

"We got him over abuse in the past by pushing him. Forcing him to do stuff and realizing that it would no longer hurt him." Thundercracker said as he bent down and took Starscream's arm. "Come on, boss. You're just gonna cuddle in berth with us and recharge. All we're going to do to you is kiss you, hug you, and snuggle the slag out of you."

Starscream made a pitiful moaning sound as he was pulled out from underneath the desk, his peds scraping against the floor in an attempt to return. Thundercracker was stronger, though, and forced
Starscream to stand. Skywarp followed behind, his wings lowered as he listened to the whimpers and cries his trineleader made in fear.

Starscream was trembling, his drooping wings rattling against his back. Coolant was beginning to pour from his optics as sobs escaped his vocalizer. He kept fighting Thundercracker, weakling trying to pull away, but Thundercracker just pulled back.

Skyfire held out his servos to receive Starscream as they neared. Starscream just looked at the berth, at the large mech, and started to cry harder. His intakes quickened at being roughly handled, and his valve started to prepare itself.

Skyfire gently took Starscream and placed him on his lap. He hugged him tightly, listening to the loud wails of the Seeker. Thundercracker and Skywarp sat on either side of the shuttle, lovingly kissing Starscream's cheekplates.

"See? You're fine, love." Thundercracker said softly. "You can do this."

"We just gonna cuddle and love, Scree. Nothing bad." Skywarp piped up.

"We're here for you, my love. We would never hurt you." Skyfire said.

Starscream covered his faceplates and cried, still trembling so hard. His trinemates wrapped their arms around him, hugging him lovingly as they kissed his cheekplates.

It took a few kliks before Starscream calmed down and he just sat there, wiping coolant away from his faceplates as he heavily cycled air. Thundercracker kissed his trineleader on the lip plates before allowing Skywarp to do the same.

"Alright, you ready to move on to the next step, sweetspark?" Thundercracker asked gently.

Starscream started to tremble as he bit his lower lip plate. Thundercracker and Skywarp kissed him on the cheekplates simultaneously.

"Sky, can you get him to lie on the berth with you?"

"Yeah, sure." Skyfire said quietly.

The two Seekers scooted away as Skyfire started to drag himself and his mate over the berth so that they could lie down. Starscream started to loudly cry again as he was gently placed on the berth beside his Conjunx Endura. He curled against the shuttle, clinging to his chest piece as he burrowed his faceplates into the large chassis. Skyfire held the Air Commander closer, swallowing as he listened to the muffled wails.

Skywarp crawled over and cuddled against Starscream's back, his arm wrapping around the red waist of his trineleader. Thundercracker got behind Skywarp and did the same to him. The three just listened to the scared Seeker, feeling him shake so hard.

It was almost a breem later when Starscream had finally stopped. He wiped the coolant from his optics before idly tracing the Autobot insignia on Skyfire's chest. Skyfire kissed his mate on the brow before pressing forehelms together. Their optics locked, red and blue never looking away. Skyfire faintly smiled before pecking a kiss to Starscream's lip plates.

"I love you." The Autobot whispered. "I love you more than anything, Star. My beautiful, perfect, incredible, and brave Conjunx Endura. I'm so proud of you. I would never want to be with anyone else." He kissed his lip plates. "I love you, and your trinemates and I are going to help you get
Starscream swallowed, but still was silent. It was almost a klik later when he reached his servo up and touched the white faceplates of his mate. Skyfire's smile broadened a little. Starscream started to tremble again, but not as hard as before. Slowly, cautiously, he moved forward and pressed his lip plates against Skyfire's. Skyfire kissed back, his servo raising to clasp behind Starscream's helm and deepen the kiss. The Seeker was trembling harder, coolant beginning to leak out of his optics, but he fought his fears. His kissing became more passionate, soon forcing his glossa inside of the shuttle's mouth. He started to softly sobbed, his valve preparing itself. He offline his optics, grabbed Skyfire's mandible and kept kissing. Skyfire's optics offline as well, holding his mate close.

All of a sudden, Starscream shoved him away, covered his faceplates, and loudly wailed. Skyfire's wings drooped. He vented a soft sigh before hugging his Conjunx Endura, keeping him pressed against his large frame.

"It'll get easier, Star. You can do this. We love you."

Thundercracker overturned the desks in their quarters, locked the closet door, and blocked the underneath of the berth with empty crates. Starscream couldn't hide under anything anymore, forcing him to have to face being in the open.

The tri colored Seeker stood trembling against the far wall, wishing he could go be with his trinemates, but his systems were telling him that everyone would use him, hurt him, rape him. It was easier the first time he was rescued from Megatron, for Megatron had been the only one beating and fragging him. But this time, it had been at least a hundred mechs who had abused him. He had stopped counting, but it was definitely a hundred or over that. Many using him more than once. And it wasn't just grounders. No, some flyers had taken him, sodomized him, beaten him as well. He just felt like it was all mechs who were going to hurt him, even though he knew that his trinemates and Conjunx Endura would never do that. He felt that if he spoke, if he moved, if he did anything he would be flogged, beaten with a metal rod, or hurt in some other way.

"Come sit on the sofa." Thundercracker said softly as he reached for Starscream's arm.

Starscream's trembles increased, as well as his intakes. He started to sob, coolant leaking from his optics. Thundercracker took his wrist and slowly led him towards the couch. He made his trineleader sit, then sat beside him. Skywarp scooted closer, the two sandwiching their trineleader.

"Love you, Scree." Skywarp said as he snuggled against him.

"Love you, too." Thundercracker said before kissing Starscream's cheekplates.

Starscream started to open his mouth to say something, but only covered his faceplates and cried louder. His brothers hugged him, lovingly kissing him. Starscream finally calmed down enough to remove his servos, still softly sobbing. Thundercracker unsubspaced a cloth and gently wiped Starscream's cheekplates dry. Starscream took his trinemates' servos in his and held them, still trembling.

"Star, can you say 'I love you'?'" Thundercracker asked softly. "We miss hearing your vocalizer. You haven't said a word since… Since Moonstar was placed in the casket. Please? Just tell us that you love us."

Starscream swallowed. He started to open his mouth, wanting to say something, but he only started
to cry again.

"It's okay, Scree." Skywarp said quietly. "We can wait a little longer if it's too hard. But, we really
do want to hear you. You're the absolute bestest, and you deserve all the huggles." Skywarp said
before hugging Starscream tighter. "And we love you, and never want to be away from you, and
never would hurt you. Well, except for when you are a total jerk and deserve a good aft beating,
but other than that we would never hurt you."

"Do you want to do anything, Star? Watch a film? Read something? I know you hate videogames,
but do you want to try one out? Maybe just get your processor off things?"

Starscream didn't say anything, He just looked down at the purple and black servos he held in his
blue ones. Thundercracker vented a sigh before kissing Starscream on the cheekplates.

"Want to go find Skyfire? He said he was going to help Wheeljack. Wanna go hang out with them
in the lab? Maybe do something science-y?" Thundercracker inquired.

Starscream bit his lower lip plate, but didn't look up or make a sound.

"Do you want Dawn and 'Streak to come over?"

Starscream looked up then. He swallowed before slowly nodding his helm. Thundercracker kissed
his trineleader on the cheekplates again.

"Alright, sweetie. I'll comm. her and let her know that you want them. Would you be comfortable
with Sideswipe coming over, too? Incase he's free? See some more faces?"

Starscream slowly shook his helm, trembling even harder. Thundercracker stroked his arm,
comforting his trineleader.

"I'll comm. her right now." He then pressed two digits to the side of his helm and spoke into his
comm. link. "Thundercracker to Dawnstar: Read me?"

::Dawnstar to Thundercracker: Read you loud and clear. Whuzz uuup?!::

Thundercracker rolled his optics. "Your sire wishes to see you and his grandcreation."

::Understood. The spawn and I shall come. ETA: One point three breems.::

"Copy that. See you in a bit."

::Over and out, Uncle TC.::

Thundercracker cut the call and resumed hugging and kissing his trineleader with Skywarp. It was
almost exactly a breem later when the door hissed open and the smallest Seeker ran inside.

He made a beeline for his grandsire and quickly clambered onto his lap without invitation. He
immediately hugged Starscream tightly, the biggest smile on his adorable faceplates. Starscream
hugged him back, holding him close.

"'Sup, dadster." Dawnstar said before kissing her sire on the cheekplates. "Move aside, fathelm."

"You have the fathelm." Skywarp grumbled before doing as she commanded.

Carefully, Dawnstar lowered herself onto the sofa beside her creator, a servo resting over her
abdominal plates. "Within the orn you will have another grandcreation." She said as she patted her
abdomen. "Little one is starting to stretch out my gestation tank. I think I fed him too much. Probably is going to take after Sides and be a chubby thing." She smirked.

"Have fun squeezing that out…" Thundercracker grunted.

"I'm not looking forward to that part…" She paused. "Sides and I have been trying to think of designations. Haven't come up with any good ones yet."

"I could help with that. I know quite a few good ones." Thundercracker said.

"That would be awesome, Uncle TC."

He grinned. "Anytime, sweetie."

"So, daddy, you excited about spawn number two?"

He swallowed before slowly nodding his helm.

"I just hope the little one doesn't take after you and grow up to be a complete afthelm." She kissed his cheekplates again. "But, you're a pretty awesome afthelm."

"Don't complain about your creations taking after him and being complete slaggers. You are just like him in many ways." Thundercracker pointed out.

"Only the awesome ways! Dad, tell Thunder that I am your greatest achievement in life and without me ya'll lives would be boring as hell."

"They would be quite different." He grunted.

Starscream didn't look at them, his optics were focused on the young Seeker on his lap. Starstreak held a datapad and was busy scrolling through it until he found what he was looking for.

"Grandsire, look! I drew this after daddy showed me a movie." He proudly stated as he shoved the datapad in Starscream's faceplates.

The tri colored Seeker took it and held it farther from his faceplates. He swallowed at what he saw. It was a crude drawing of him as little more than a blocky stick figure with terrible proportions. He wore a red cape around his neck and looked like he was shooting laser beams from his optics at multicolored stick figures, some obviously dead with puddles of energon surrounding them.

"See, you're like that Superman guy blasting bad guys away with your laser vision! And that's the bad guys. They're dead. See? There's their energon. And that one is on fire." Starstreak explained as he pointed.

"Wow, he's definitely taking after Starscream's side." Thundercracker said.

"I am ashamed of my coding." Dawnstar said jokingly.

"I kinda like it." Skywarp said as he studied the drawing.

"Grandsire, look at dis one!" He exclaimed as he shoved the datapad back into Starscream's visage.

This new picture was of Starscream wearing what appeared to be a cape and cowl with pointy "horns." He was throwing something at "enemy" stick figures while driving a black vehicle that was running over more stick figures. And there was more energon leaking from the dying.
“This one you're Batman! See? And in this picture you're Spiderman! Oh, and you're an assassin in this one. Daddy let me play a videogame called 'Assassin's Creed.' And this one… You're Deadpool.”

Starscream just looked at the pictures, so silent and anxious. Starstreak started to go on and on about the characters he had portrayed his grandsire as, telling Starscream all about their history, good deeds, lives, characteristics, abilities, and pretty much everything. The Seeker leader just listened, hugging his grandcreation close. Starstreak never shut up, not even when Dawnstar and Thundercracker left to talk about designations and what to do with Starscream. Starstreak didn't even stop talking when Skywarp started playing his videogames, already bored of the excessive chatter.

Starscream kissed Starstreak's helm, just holding him. Starstreak talked and talked, pausing only long enough to drink some energon that Skywarp gave him, then immediately resumed his blabbering. He kept going until he finally grew tired and fell into recharge on Starscream's lap.

Starscream softly cried some, remembering how Dawnstar would fall into recharge on his lap when she was little. And that memory only made him think about Moonstar. And then his demons returned and all he could think about was being hurt by Megatron.

Skywarp hugged his trineleader tightly when he started to cry harder. Starstreak remained in recharge, holding the datapad where he had started on yet another drawing of his grandsire as a superhero.

Nine Orbital Cycles Later:

Dawnstar and Sideswipe were lying in berth together, Dawnstar's back pressed against her mate's front as he held her waist with a strong arm. His one leg wrapped over hers, his other arm stretched forward so she could use it as a pillow.

Starstreak was not with them, his berth moved to Sunstreaker's room so that he would not be startled online incase the sparkling decided to come during the night. Starstreak was excited to be recharging over with his Uncle Sunny, much to the yellow twin's chagrin. Starstreak ignored his berth's existence the first night and cuddled with Sunstreaker on his. And he continued doing this every night thereafter. Sunstreaker groused and glitched about it, but Sideswipe knew he actually enjoyed the company of the little one. Starstreak was just too cute to not enjoy the company of.

Dawnstar's optics onlined in the darkness. She looked down and bit her lower lip plate.

"'Sides? 'Sides!"

"Mmmmmrrgh, wha-?" He grumbled as he lazily onlined.

"My gestation tank expelled it's fluid. The sparkling's coming!"

"Mmmm, that's nice. I'm just goona go back to-The sparkling's what!?" He exclaimed as he quickly sat up.

"The sparkling is coming! We need to go to medbay." She paused as Sideswipe just looked at her. "Now, dumbaft!"

"Medbay! Right! On it!" He said as he leaped off the berth and started for the door. He stopped and spun around. "I'm not sure I know what to do at this point." He said slowly.
"Take me to medbay!" She shouted.

"Please don't shout. I'm starting to feel panic." He paused. "Dawn, I'm panicking."

Dawnstar rolled her optics before slowly sliding off the berth. "Mechs… Help me get to medbay and call Hook. We need to-Ahh!" She cried suddenly clutching her abdominal plates.

"Dawn! Primus, are you-?"

"Oh, yeah, the second spawn is definitely coming." She grunted. "Help me to medbay!"

Sideswipe quickly picked her up and carried her bridal style out of the room, out of the suite, and into the hallway.

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Hook was recharging on the berth using Bonecrusher's abdomen as a pillow and Scavenger as a ped rest. The other Constructicons were also sprawled about, using each other as pillows, hugging (something which they never mentioned to outsiders), and looking more like a pile of green and purple scrap than actual robots.

::Hook! Hook! HOOK!::

Hook instantly onlined and activated his comm. link. "What is it? What's wrong?"

::Dawn is going to have the sparkling!::

"Of course it would be at night…" He grumbled. "Get her to medbay. I'll be right there." He cut the call before shoving Mixmaster's helm off his chest piece.

The other Constructicons all moaned and sleepily grumbled as the Decepticon medic crawled over them without a care and stomped out of the room.

"Maybe we should help?" Long Haul suggested.

"Ugh… Maybe…" Scavenger grumbled.

"Nooooo…" Mixmaster moaned.

"I suppose I should help some…” Scrapper grunted as he shoved gestaltmates away and got off the berth.

"Bye…” Bonecrusher lazily waved him farewell.

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"Hook to Ratchet: Dawnstar is in labor and is in transit to medbay." Hook said into his comm. link as he hastily made his way to medbay.

::I'll be there.:: Was the grumbled reply.

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Starscream sat on Skyfire's lap, who was sitting on the sofa with Thundercracker and Skywarp on either side of him. It was late and they were watching a movie before calling it a night. Starscream had been able to watch the entire film so far without crying or trembling. His trinemates and mate kept kissing and hugging him as a reward for doing so well. He felt safe with them so close and cuddled against him. He was still anxious, but slowly improving.
::Hook to Thundercracker: Dawnstar is in labor::

Thundercracker's optics widened. "We'll be right there, Hook!" He cut the comm. link before turning to the others. "Dawn is in labor. The sparkling's coming, Star."

Starscream's optics widened. He started to tremble, his wings raising some. Skywarp paused the movie before grabbing his trinemates and Skyfire, and transporting them all to medbay.

They materialized just outside of the door. Thundercracker palmed it open and they quickly made their way inside and to the isolation room that Scrapper was standing outside of.

"Starscream is the only one allowed to go near her. The rest of you stand in the back." He ordered.

"Come on, Star." Thundercracker said as he pulled his trineleader inside.

Dawnstar was on the medberth heavily cycling air. Sideswipe sat on a chair beside her, holding her servo as she squeezed his hand from the pain. Her denta were gritted and optics offline. Hook was over her taking scans and administering pain dampeners.

Starscream quietly approached her on the opposite side of Sideswipe. She looked up at him and forced a smile.

"Hey, dad. So far, I don't think I'll cut off Sideswipe's spike. But if this pain gets any worse… That thing has to go."

"Wait, what?" Sideswipe asked quickly.

Starscream didn't change his expression. He placed a chair beside her, sat down, and took her other servo. He kissed her on the cheekplates and just looked at her. She smiled for a moment before hissing in pain.

"Relax, sweetie." Hook said. "This one is not coming out as fast as you did. You were such a quick birth."

"Here, I'm going to set your legs up here." Ratchet said as he placed a device on the end of the medberth then put her calves resting on it, keeping her legs up.

"This is so different than giving birth on the street… Alone and at night." She said slowly. "I do not miss that…"

"The spark is in the body now." Hook said as he studied the screen displaying what the scanner saw.

"Please, don't be a long birth." Dawnstar said miserably. "Just get the frag out of me!"

"Stay calm, Dawn. It's easier when you are calm."

"Easier for you to say. You're not the one-Oh, Primus! Ah!" She suddenly gasped. "Dammit! Argh!"

"You're fine, Dawn. You're fine." Sideswipe said quickly.

"Shut up! This is your fault! Ah! What the frag is he doing in there?! Is he dancing!?"

"Don't die, Dawnie!" Skywarp exclaimed in complete horror.
"Look away, Skywarp." Hook snapped at him.

Skywarp swallowed before turning away and not looking back.

"The sparkling is just kicking some to better position itself." Ratchet explained.

"Tell him to stop being so rough! His carrier isn't built for that type of beating!" Dawnstar shouted.

"Calm down, Dawn." Hook ordered.

"You calm down! You're not the one trying to push a sparkling out of your valve! Dad, tell him to shut up. Ah! Fragging piece-of-slag! Those pain dampeners are not enough!"

"They are working quite well. It could be worse."

"Go frag yourself!"

"You are definitely Star's creation." Thundercracker grunted.

"I need high grade… Make him get out so I can finally drink again!"

"Dawn, I'm beginning to lose my patience." Hook said slowly.

"Yeah, well, so am I!"

This kept up for almost a joor and half later into Dawnstar's labor before:

"Ah! Oh, Primus, Ah! Hook!" Dawnstar suddenly screamed.

"Ah, the little one has decided to leave the gestation tank." Hook said matter-of-factly. "Now, we can begin the fun part."

"Oh, I can feel him moving. Haaa hah hah, grrrrghh!" She hissed and growled. "Frag, frag, frag, frag!"

"Ratchet, the sparkling is coming out fast." Hook explained.

"Dawn, remove your codpiece." Ratchet ordered.

Dawnstar did so, swallowing as she squeezed her mate's and sire's servos.

"Alright, I need you to stay calm, sweetspark." Hook said. "When I say so, I'll need you to give me a good, hard push. Alright?"

"Okay." She nodded her helm quickly.

"Aaaaand, push! That's a good femme. Ease up. Good, good. Push. That's it. Ease up. You can do this."

She gasped and gritted her denta, doing as he said for almost a couple of kliks.

"Sideswipe, come over here." Hook ordered.

The Autobot swallowed before doing as commanded. Hook grabbed his servos and forced them between Dawnstar's legs.

"Be ready to catch your creation, Sideswipe."
Sideswipe nodded his helm as he nervously bit his lower lip plate. Ratchet was telling Dawnstar what to do now, allowing Hook to concentrate on helping Sideswipe.

"Ah, there is the little one." Hook said as he started to cup the visible helm of the sparkling. "Don't be afraid. Get your servos closer."

Dawnstar let out one last cry before the sparkling finally came out. Hook made sure Sideswipe was holding the little one properly before stepping back. Sideswipe's optics were wide, just looking at the tiny one he held in his servos, covered in the fluids of Dawnstar's gestation tank.

"Primus..." He said barely louder than a whisper, just looking at the tiny one in amazement.

"Alright, I'll take that." Hook said as he took the sparkling from Sideswipe, wrapped the little one in a towel, and took it away. Ratchet handed the new sire a cloth to clean off his servos.

"Sides, come here." Dawnstar said quickly as Ratchet started to remove her legs from the device.

Sideswipe sat back down beside her and she grabbed his chest piece, pulling him closer. She kissed him on the lip plates, her wings fluttering. He kissed back, smiling so broadly now.

"Help me to sit up." She said quickly.

He did so, and she kissed her sire on the cheekplates. Skywarp, Thundercracker, and Skyfire approached, the black Seeker jumping up and down in excitement.

"I'm so excited, Dawnie!" He proclaimed. "Another little one to turn into a prankster!"

"We don't need anymore of those." Thundercracker grumbled.

"I'm so happy for you two." Skyfire said as he smiled.

"Thanks, Sky." Sideswipe grinned.

"Dawnstar, Sideswipe," Hook suddenly interrupted as he stood in front of them, holding the little one tightly bundled in a towel. He handed the newborn to Dawnstar and smiled. "Congratulations, you two. It's a femmling."

"A-a femmling?" Sideswipe asked slowly. He swallowed as he turned to look down at the little one. "I-I have a daughter?"

Dawnstar smiled as she held the femmling. Sideswipe pressed his brow against hers and the two just smiled at their creation. Sideswipe didn't even look up when Sunstreaker entered the room.

"Well?" The yellow Autobot asked of Ratchet.

"You have a niece." Ratchet replied with a grin.

"Okay." He grunted before turning around and giving a secret fist pump while mouthing "yes!"

Ratchet's smile broadened, knowing that Sunstreaker was far happier than he let on to be.

"Dad? Want to hold her?" Dawnstar gently asked.

Starscream swallowed before nodding his helm. Dawnstar handed the little one over to him and he carefully took her, remembering the last time he held someone this small before. He held her like how he used to hold Dawnstar, just looking at the tiny faceplates and the miniscule digits forming
the smallest of fists.

Dawnstar was whispering with Sideswipe for a bit before they both smiled and nodded. She turned back to her sire.

"Daddy, so, Thundercracker helped me and Sides come up with a bunch of designations and, well, there was one we kinda fell in love with and I really hope you like it, too." She paused. "Daddy, we are going to call her 'Moonlight.'"

Starscream's wings perked as he quickly turned his helm to look at his daughter. His optics wider, trembling slightly. Dawnstar just smiled as she placed a dainty servo over his arm.

"Yes, daddy, 'Moonlight,' your carrier's designation. When Thundercracker told us what her designation was… I felt like it was only right. Oh, daddy, don't cry."

He was looking back down at his granddaughter, coolant leaking from his optics. He swallowed, his wings lowering slightly. He inhaled heavily before letting it slowly out.

"I-I like it." He said in almost a whisper. "M-Moonlight…" He paused to just cycle air and calm his systems. "Thank you."

"I'm just glad you're talking again. I missed hearing that annoying vocalizer of yours." She smiled.

"I'm happy you're talking too, Scree!" Skywarp exclaimed before kissing his trineleader on the cheekplates. "Hi, Moonlight. I'm your Granduncle 'Warp! And that's your Granduncle TC, Granduncle Sky, and Uncle Sunny."

"Don't call me that." Sunstreaker grunted.

"We're all gonna be best friends!" Skywarp giggled. "Scree, don't forget to tell her who you are."

Starscream swallowed. "I'm your grandsire, Moonlight… I love you." He said barely louder than a whisper.

"She's gonna end up loving you a lot, too." Dawnstar said.

"She's beautiful." Starscream said softly.

"I only make the best." Dawnstar giggled. "Sideswipe isn't bad himself."

"Moonstar would be proud."

"Yeah, I know." Dawnstar said quietly. "She's proud of you too, dad."

Starscream nodded his helm slowly, just looking at that tiny being in his arms.

"Uncle Sunny! Wait, you're going to fast!" Starstreak exclaimed as he held Sunstreaker's servo and tried to keep up with him.

"Run if you must." Sunstreaker grunted.

"No! Uncle Sunny, carry me!"

"Why should I?"
"Because I'm cute."

Sunstreaker rolled his optics. He couldn't argue with that though, and stopped to pick up his nephew and placed him on his hip. Starstreak hugged Sunstreaker, loving being held by his uncle.

Sunstreaker palmed open the door to medbay and walked in. He placed Starstreak on a chair and sat beside him. The Seekerlet eagerly kicked his peds in the air, curiously looking around. Soon, Dawnstar and Sideswipe came from the back, the Seeker carrying a small bundle. They stopped in front of Starstreak, smiling at his beaming faceplates.

"Guess what, 'Streak?" Dawnstar said.

"What, mommy?" He excitedly chirped.

"You, my most handsome, little mech, are a big brother to a little sister." She said as she lowered Moonlight so Starstreak could see.

His red optics widened into perfect circles, his wings raised, and jaw dropped. He completely froze, too overcome from excitement and happiness at the sight of the sparkling.

"You want to hold her?"

He just dumbly nodded his helm.

"Alright, let me show you how."

Dawnstar placed the little one on his lap and had his one servo hold up her tiny helm. Starstreak was smiling so broadly now, trembling with excitement. He glanced at Dawnstar and Sideswipe before looking back at his sister. Then, his faceplates scrunched up, optics offlined, and he started to cry.

"Oh, sweetie." Sideswipe said as he stroked Starstreak's arm.

"Daddy," He stopped to wipe away coolant from his optics. "I'm really happy."

"We are too." Sideswipe smiled at him as he crouched to be optic level with the Seekerlet.

"You know, you are gonna have to help us take care of her, right?" Dawnstar said.

Starstreak nodded his helm. "What's her designation?"

"Her designation is Moonlight. She's designated after your great grandcarrier." Dawnstar explained.

"Mommy, I love her." Starstreak smiled.

"I'm glad you do. You two are going to become best friends and cause me and your sire all sorts of trouble." Dawnstar said before kissing her son's brow.

"Oh joy…" Sunstreaker grunted with crossed arms.

Starscream transformed and landed on the top of a tower. He looked up into the clear, night sky, studying the billions of stars that adorned it. His trinemates landed beside him, Skyfire left behind when Starscream had flown away so fast.
"Star, you alright?" Thundercracker asked as he approached.

Starscream held up a servo and Thundercracker instantly stopped. "Leave us." The Air Commander said abruptly.

Thundercracker's wings twitched. "Yes, sir."

The other two Seekers transformed and flew away. Starscream vented a sigh when he could no longer hear their roaring engines.

"'Moonlight.' The designation of my carrier." He said softly. "Maybe you can hear me up there, if you are up there. I don't know..." He swallowed. "She's beautiful, Moonstar. I have a feeling that she'll take after Dawn and be demanding to be called 'princess' all the time. Slagging creation of ours. I just hope that that mech of hers didn't put any of his gross coding in her and only the good." He paused. "Everything seems to just be this sick, twisted... I don't know." He shrugged. "My life was slag with my abusive step-creator, then things got better when I met Sky, then everything went down when he 'died,' then things got happy when I trained, then down again when Megatron started to abuse me, then happy again when you gave me Dawn and I fell in love with you, then down when you deactivated, then up when Sky and I joined, then down, and now up again... It's just this endless... loop or something. Nothing ever seems to just stay right for me." He vented a sigh. "Is it wrong for me to rant to you? I don't know if there's some type of rules or time limit that you have to listen to me blabbering about everything, or if you're bored up there and just stalk me every astrosecond of my existence. Which, I'm okay with, actually. If you want to do that. I got nothing to hide. You know it all already. Where am I going with this? Let me start back." He made a sound as if to clear his vocalizer. "Everything is slag in some way or another. And I feel like I saved Dawn and my-our Seekers, but I feel the threat is still out there. I feel like I'm so close to my goal and yet..." He paused. "Moonstar, I love you. And I know you would be quite pissed at me for what I plan on doing, but I have to do this." He made a sound as if to clear his vocalizer. "Everything has already been done. I just need to execute it. Only then will I truly be free." He vented a small sigh. "I love you, my perfect Moon. I always will. Thank you. Thank you for changing me, for giving me the greatest gift I never knew I needed... That I wanted. Thank you for everything," He swallowed. "I hope you like where I'll lay you to rest. I-I've been thinking about it. And your memorial will be grand. Primus..." He said as he wiped away coolant tears. "Just isn't fair you're gone..." He exhaled heavily. "I probably should return to my trine. Our trine. I love you, Moonstar, and miss you so much. Please, don't hate me too much. You know better than anyone else why I'm doing it." He just studied the beautiful sky for a moment before speaking again. "I'll talk to you again, my love. Rest comfortably up there."

He then transformed and flew off, heading back towards his tower and trine.

Chapter End Notes

One more chapter to go...

You will learn the fate of Megatron and other Decepticons in the next/final chapter.

The story Skywarp was reading to Starscream was actually something from my
own original stories about my dragons. :3

Starstreak's reaction to having a baby sister is a reaction I saw a toddler have when he held his baby sibling for the first time. Little kids can be so cute when they aren't being screaming banshees.

Okay, so, Starstreak is starting to become closer to Starscream and Dawnstar than he is to Sideswipe. He loves Sideswipe, but he views Starscream as more of his idol/hero than Sides. Why am I doing this? Why show you this twist so late in "the game?" Because... You assholes managed to convince me to write a fourth part, only the sequel to this trilogy will be focused on Starstreak and Dawnstar. Of course it will have Starscream and everyone else, just Star won't be the center of attention this time. More info at the end of the next chapter on that.

Poor Star... Back at square one in getting over abuse. Only this time he has baby grandcreations to draw pictures of him as superheroes and killing people! XD

Moonlight is actually the name of one of my dragons from my stories. She is the mother of one of my main characters, Fire Heart. I thought it would be fitting. :)

What is Screamer gonna do that Moonstar would not approve of? You'll find out next time! :D
"Wow, she's so tiny." Bluestreak said in wonderment.

"So cute!" Smokescreen squealed.

"D'awww, look at de little servos." Trailbreaker very "mechly" said in excitement.

"Can I hold her?" Hound asked.

"Yeah, sure." Dawnstar smiled as she handed the little one over. "Hold her helm, and yeah, that's it."

"She's so light." Hounded commented.

"Hi, Moonlight." Skids waved.

"I want to steal her." Inferno said.

"She has a very powerful vocalizer." Sunstreaker grunted.

"Yeah, she onlined twice during the night screaming." Sideswipe said tiredly as he held Starstreak on a hip.

"Just a little hungry. She needs to refuel a lot and often so she grows big really fast." Dawnstar said.

"Can I get a turn?" Bluestreak piped up.

"Yeah, here, Blue." Hound said as he handed her over.

"She's sooooo… delicate." Bluestreak said softly.

"I think I may want one, now." Mirage chuckled.

"The process of making one is easy. It's the part afterwards that is difficult." Sideswipe smiled.

More and more Autobots gathered around to meet the newest arrival. All gawking and wanting to hold her. Moonlight stayed silent, her optics still offline for they were not ready to open yet. She only made a sound once to be fed, but that was it. She seemed quite fine with being handled and held by strangers.

The Autobot brass soon came to see her, Rodimus and Jazz completely squealing over her cuteness. Ultra Magnus congratulated Sideswipe and Dawnstar, but didn't hold the sparkling. Probably because Rodimus had practically stolen her at that time. Optimus managed to rescue her from him and Jazz, and was beaming beneath that battlemask at the tiny being. Even a few of the Dinobots came to see her.

Prowl walked into the Rec Room searching for the Prime when he came upon the scene. His optics narrowed and doorwings twitched.

"Prowl!" Sideswipe called to him. "Come over here!"

"What is it, Sideswipe?" He demanded in that monotone vocalizer of his.
Prowl suddenly found himself being presented with the tiniest Seekerlet wrapped tightly in a red blanket. Prowl's optics narrowed again, his doorwings raising. He looked up and saw many faces eagerly watching him, waiting for him to say or do something. He saw Sideswipe's stupid, lopsided smile. So proud and overjoyed about his creation.

"Want to hold my daughter? Let her meet my favorite boss and 'parole officer.'" Sideswipe said. "Please, Prowl. I want you to get to know her. Her designation is Moonlight."

Well, who could argue with that? Prowl vented a small sigh before accepting the little bundle. He held the little silver thing, so innocently recharging despite all the noise and being handled so much. Prowl just looked at her, not changing his expression. Then, Moonlight stretched out her miniscule arms above her helm, yawned, and snuggled back into her blanket.

That did it. Prowl gave the smallest of smiles at her, holding her a little closer. Sideswipe's smile grew, and there were many "aws" uttered.

"I suppose you can keep her." Prowl grunted despite the smile.

"Yes! Finally, you let me keep something I bring home!" Sideswipe giggled.

"I expect her to follow orders, though. Unlike you."

"Yes, sir."

"Here," Prowl handed her back to her sire. "I have work to attend to with Optimus."

Sideswipe took his daughter and kissed her on the brow. He was so proud of his daughter. His own creation.

"Mommy, where's grandsire?" Starstreak inquired of his carrier as he tugged at her wing.

"He's probably with your granduncles. He's always up to something. That mech can never hold still." She said dismissively.


Heeled thruster peds moved down the quiet hallway, no one else around. Everyone was seeing the new creation. Everyone was elsewhere. Only one guard on duty. Only one to remove. Only one thing to do.

One moved down the hallway, no one else with him. No one else knew he was here. No one had seen him leave.

Red optics glowing in the dim light, servos balled into fists, denta clenched, wings raised, he walked.


Red Alert sat at the security console watching the many vid screens. He never heard him approach. He felt a servo cover his mouth, then something small stab into his neck cable before everything went black.

The console was opened, wires manipulated, cables came from his wrists and plugged into the computer. Codes changed, security footage altered, manipulation of the necessary programs.
Console put back together, he walked out, and went back down the hallway.

Red optics onlined when Megatron heard the familiar peds approaching. His arms entrapped in massive, metal binds, spreading them upward. Peds also covered, unable to move. Guns pointing at him from all angles in his cell.

"Greetings, Mighty Megatron." That honeyed vocalizer spoke. "Miss me?"

"What are you doing here, Starscream? Come to mock me?" Megatron grunted.

"That would be immature, my lord." Starscream then put in a code and the energy bars dissipated. He entered the cell, slowly approaching his former superior. "I simply came for unfinished business."

"Such as?"

Starscream stopped in front of Megatron, so close to him. The Seeker studied that powerful frame, the thick outer plating, the shine despite the still present damage from the last battle. He ran his digits over transformation seams, then over that broad chest. He vented a tired sigh.

"You know, Megatron." He said softly before looking up at him. "You could have had me. I once saw you for far more than what you really are. You were my idol… My hero. A savior for the oppressed. There was a time when I would have willingly and happily lied in berth with you. Let you take me. Be yours…” He started to trace the Decepticon insignia on Megatron's chest, just silent for a moment. "But then…” He looked back up. "You changed. You started to hurt me. You became violent to those under your charge. You were no longer that… That handsome gladiator I watched in the arena. That I had cheered for and wanted to fight alongside of. That bright processor writing such powerful polemics and changing the world in a less savage way." He vented a small sigh. "I didn't help things, did I? I urged you to pull the trigger… To kill. I helped you create the Decepticons for war, not peace. I thought that maybe… Maybe force would help, but it didn't. I was wrong. I was terribly wrong. After having Dawnstar… My thoughts of war have changed. My optics are finally open." He paused to just study those bright, uncaring optics above him. "I've changed as well, Megatron. I am not that Seeker Soundwave found for you. I am not the one who led the attack on Luna 2. I am not the one who raped femmes and abused my mate. I am someone new now. Moonstar and Dawnstar saw to that. And I am better for it."

"You became weak, Starscream." Megatron snapped.

"You know, Megatron." He said softly before looking up at him. "You could have had me. I once saw you for far more than what you really are. You were my idol… My hero. A savior for the oppressed. There was a time when I would have willingly and happily lied in berth with you. Let you take me. Be yours…” He started to trace the Decepticon insignia on Megatron's chest, just silent for a moment. "But then…” He looked back up. "You changed. You started to hurt me. You became violent to those under your charge. You were no longer that… That handsome gladiator I watched in the arena. That I had cheered for and wanted to fight alongside of. That bright processor writing such powerful polemics and changing the world in a less savage way." He vented a small sigh. "I didn't help things, did I? I urged you to pull the trigger… To kill. I helped you create the Decepticons for war, not peace. I thought that maybe… Maybe force would help, but it didn't. I was wrong. I was terribly wrong. After having Dawnstar… My thoughts of war have changed. My optics are finally open." He paused to just study those bright, uncaring optics above him. "I've changed as well, Megatron. I am not that Seeker Soundwave found for you. I am not the one who led the attack on Luna 2. I am not the one who raped femmes and abused my mate. I am someone new now. Moonstar and Dawnstar saw to that. And I am better for it."

"You became weak, Starscream." Megatron snapped.

"No, I became stronger. I am stronger now than I ever was. I now have a reason to fight. To sacrifice. To carry on. I have my daughter, my grandcreations, my mate, trinemates… Even my son-in-law. Which, by the way, my daughter joined with that Autobot Sideswipe. You talk about 'betrayal…’ What the slag you think I'm dealing with?" He paused. "I don't know what to say to you about certain topics." He started to trace along Megatron's chest piece again. "I hated the beatings. Those are things I will never heal from. But, in a way they made me stronger. I now know my limit. I know how far I can push myself. I am a better warrior. A better leader. I know suffering and I will never inflict it on anyone ever again. Moonstar was the last one to ever be abused by me. I've had enough of pain and infliction. I'm done with it." He looked back at Megatron. "The raping… I'll never be the same. I don't know how long it will be before I can bond with my trinemates or make love to my Conjunx Endura. It's taking all my strength to be here speaking to you now and not crying in a corner feeling as if I'm about to be beaten and raped. I will never be free from those memories. From that horror. And now whenever I hear your designation… When I see your visage… Pain will be the only thing that comes to my processor. The cold of the floor, trembling as I await to be used by you. I don't think even time could ever heal me from that."
"Am I supposed to care about what I did to you? You sold yourself to me to save your brat's life, and then you were punished for betraying the Decepticons. Every time you were beaten was for a reason, Starscream." Megatron pointed out.

"I admit that sometimes I did deserve to be punished, but never to that extent. And I did sell my frame to you in order to save my daughter, but if you had listened to reason, that entire affair could have been avoided." He paused. "I'm not here asking for an apology or seeking sympathy, Megatron. I came to speak my processor to you. There are some things I want you to know."

"Before I am executed by the Autobots?"

"They want to have you on trial first."

"Of course they do."

"I will see to it that the other Decepticons are given pardons or hard labor. I will not allow them to be executed simply for following orders. Soundwave, his cassettes, the Combs... I will do my best for them to be pardoned since they helped me. Others shall do hard labor in rebuilding Cybertron. I'm debating on how to handle those who raped me. Whether to have them remain in prison, participate in the labor effort as well, or what. I am trying to be a fair and just leader. My Conjunx Endura, Moonstar, would want me to. And Skyfire. I will not be like you and hand down decisions based on raw emotions alone. I will be the leader my people need in this new age we shall face with the Autobots. I will be their greatest ruler. Not because of my fighting ability, but because I will be impartial, wise, considerate, and not trigger happy."

"I really could care less with how you will rule your Seekers. I know that in Seeker society you dominate by fragging those beneath you. I don't need to know anything more."

Starscream raised an optical ridge. "Funny how you mention 'fragging' while looking me in the optics. Am I only an interface slave in your optics? Am I nothing more than..." His servo lowered to cup Megatron's codpiece. "A slut?"

"You're a Seeker."

"I am. I am also not tied up in a cell awaiting for a very biased trial and then carted away for execution. Wonder which position makes one seem superior."

"Don't get snippy with me, Starscream." Megatron growled.

Starscream smirked. "But it is my favorite hobby, my lord." He paused, his smirk vanishing. "I don't have much more time. The security cameras are playing looped footage and the guard will only be blacked out for a couple of breems." His servos raised to touched Megatron's chest. "When you were younger... I did think you were a decent looking grounder." He said softly before looking back up at Megatron. He stood on the metal clamps holding Megatron's peds down, then balanced on the tips of his peds. His faceplates now in Megatron's. "You know, we were quite a team, Megatron. Entire systems fell to us as we led the Decepticons. We changed more than just Cybertron. We changed the galaxy. We did so much together." He pressed his brow against the tyrant's helm. "You know, we were quite a team, Megatron. Entire systems fell to us as we led the Decepticons. We changed more than just Cybertron. We changed the galaxy. We did so much together." He pressed his brow against Megatron's, a blue servo touching the side of the tyrant's helm. "We vanquished so many. Destroyed so much. All in the name of 'equality,' 'freedom,' 'our right.' Not caring for theirs. And now, everything has changed. Nothing shall be as it was. The war has ended. And we shall go our separate ways."

"Won't you be happy..." He sarcastically grunted.
"Happier… I doubt I will ever be truly happy with all of these nightmares and the memories. But, I will try. I'll do it for her. But, before I leave you, there is one last thing I must do."

"What, Starscream? Whine more? I've had enough of you."

"I think you'll like it. Of how much I hate to admit it, you are pretty good at kissing. I thought I should give you one last kiss as a parting gift. You did some good for me. You helped me become who I am now in a twisted way of fate. It's the least I could do."

"A kiss?" He said almost incredulously.

"A kiss." Starscream whispered before offlining his optics and capturing Megatron's lip plates with his.

Starscream's servos held the tyrant's helm, deepening the kiss. Both of their optics offline, Starscream soon forced his glossa inside of Megatron's mouth. They were mouthing faster, harder, growing fiercer with this kiss. Everything else forgotten, just this final act between them.

Megatron barely noticed the servo leaving the side of his helm, didn't even hear the sound of a subspace pocket opening. No, but he did feel it. His optics widened as he jerked his helm back. He looked down just in time to see the long, thin needle being pulled out from his abdominal plates, right from a small wound. The syringe was empty, its contents already released.

He looked at his former Second, optics narrowing. Starscream just looked at the syringe, then slowly turned to Megatron.

"I invented it over a vorn ago." The Seeker said softly. "I had planned on using it earlier, but the opportunity never came. And when Dawn arrived… I had stopped being traitorous." He was silent a moment, just studying the syringe. "It won't take long. I designed it to be benign at first to avoid early detection, but, it will soon stop your brain module. Then, your spark. It will then disappear into your en ergon, unable to be discovered when an autopsy is performed. I wanted it to make it seem that you had deactivated in your recharge." He subspaced the syringe before turning back to Megatron. "It'll make you black out and your end painless. A death you don't deserve, but, I don't want the Autobots to be able to find out and save you in time. You are mine to kill. You always were." He got his visage in Megatron's. "Especially when you threatened my mate and daughter. This is for them more than it is for me."

"I admit, Starscream." Megatron said calmly. "I always did imagine it would be you to deactivate me and not Prime or anyone else. Poison was not the exact tool I thought would be used."

"Hmm, I'm done with being imaginative. I tested this out on a lot of Autobot prisoners over the vorns before I perfected it. Should feel honored."

"I would have preferred it if I wasn't chained when you did it."

Starscream raised an optical ridge. He reached over and pressed the button for one of the manacles to release. It folded away and Megatron's left arm was freed. Megatron looked at it then to Starscream for a moment before speaking.

"Why?"

"So you can tell whoever else you run into in the Well that you had at least one servo to defend yourself." Starscream smirked. "That is, if monsters like us go to the Well. We may end up going somewhere else. Regardless, I do hope there is no more hate and abuse there. It would be nice to gather at a bar and take shots and laugh together. I'll meet you at that bar when I go there."
Megatron's free servo grasped Starscream's waist, then slid down to his aft. Starscream allowed him to feel him one last time. He didn't have much longer anyway. Might as well allow him some more mockery.

"Touch me. Feel me. But you'll never have me ever again." The Seeker whispered. "I belong to Skyfire now. And I must admit, his spike is not only bigger than yours, but I love it when it slides into me. So much more impressive and, mmmm… Satisfying."

"You're a slut, Starscream." Megatron said softly, his servo still feeling the Seeker's curvaceous frame.

"I am. But, I'm also fabulous. Something you will always lack."

"I can live without that."

"Yes, you will."

"How about we go back to that kissing."

Starscream studied him for a moment. "As you command, Lord Megatron." He whispered erotically.

The two Decepticons were soon passionately kissing, Megatron holding the Seeker close. It was nearly a klik later when Starscream pulled away. He pressed his brow against Megatron's, the two just silent in their final moments together.

Starscream put Megatron's arm back in the restraints, allowing it to close around and lock him securely in place. A blue servo trailed down Megatron's chest piece, feeling him for one last time.

The Seeker took a step back, watched his former superior for a moment, then turned, and started to walk away. He stopped, his wings lowered, and he looked back.

"All hail, Megatron." He said quietly, just loud enough for Megatron to hear.

Then, he walked out, locked the cell, and left. Megatron watched him go, his optics offlineing when he was alone, silently waiting for the poison to begin its attack.

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**The Next Orbital Cycle:**

Starscream stood before the large windows of his office, servos clasped behind his back and wings raised high. He silently watched his Seekers fly by, Iacon looking so beautiful in the sunlight.

Skywarp suddenly materialized by the door. "Star! Star!" He exclaimed as he ran over, stopping just behind his trineleader. "Megatron's dead! They found him deactivated in his cell still all tied up. No signs of foul play on his body or-or anything on the security camera. Even that crazy Red Alert security guy says he doesn't remember anything happening."

Starscream didn't even move. "Do they have any suspects?" He asked casually.

"Half the planet?" Skywarp shrugged. "Most everyone here wants him dead, so, who knows."

"Nothing else? No leads? No signs of anyone entering his cell?"

"Nothing."
Starscream offlined his optics for a moment before looking back out the window. "Good. All good." He said softly.

Skywarp's wings lowered. "You did it, didn't you?" He asked quietly.

"And why do you say that?" Starscream inquired, still looking out his window.

"Because… I know you."

Starscream smirked. "You do. All too well, I'm afraid."

Skywarp was silent for a moment. "What if they bring you in for questioning?"

"Skywarp, do I ever answer with the truth?"

"Do you love me?"

Starscream's smirk grew. "No."


Starscream vented a tired sigh as he offlined his optics. "Liberated." Then, he finally turned around and faced his trinemate. "Anything else to report?"

"Negative."

"Good. We have work to do, 'Warp. We must see to it that the Autobots don't mass execute the other Decepticons, make peace, and start on rebuilding Vos. But, in the meantime, I have a new grandcreation to steal from my daughter."

Starscream started to walk towards the door, Skywarp right behind him.

"And then? What do we do after Vos is rebuilt, Scree?" He inquired.

"Cause mass mayhem, set things on fire, go to clubs, scare Skyfire, abducted grandcreations, and get over energized. Oh, and frag. Lot's of fragging."

Skywarp giggled again. "Oh, I like the sound of that!"

Starscream smirked, the two Seekers walking down the hallway together. "Skywarp."

"Yeah?"

"I think… I think I feel happy. I feel as if a great burden has been removed from my chest. I feel like… Like I can finally cycle air."

Skywarp smiled. "That's because you are such a stubborn glitch, Star. No matter what happened, you fought on until you won. Until you were free. It's like I told you before: You cannot be controlled, beaten, or broken. You're unconquerable."

Starscream slowly nodded his helm. "Unconquerable." He said slowly. "Yeah, Unconquerable."

Skywarp suddenly kissed Starscream on the cheekplates. "Race ya!" He exclaimed before sprinting down the hallway.

Starscream stopped, watching his trinemate quickly leave him behind. He vented a sigh and looked
out the window, at that beautiful sky.

"Unconquerable, Moonstar. You were right about me, too. I hope I made you proud. I think I'm proud of myself, now. Finally. It just took me all this time to actually not hate myself." He paused. "Thank you, my love. Thank you, for... everything."

He then transformed, and raced down the hallway, soon catching up with Skywarp. The black Seeker transformed as well, the two flying off together to face a brighter future.

The End

For Now . . .

And that's all, folks! ;)

Alright, let me break down this chapter then give you some facts, then tell you what to expect in the future.

I was struggling throughout the entire time while writing this trilogy on how to end it. How to give it that satisfying final sentence. I originally was going to have the story end with Dawnstar's return and introducing Starscream to Starstreak, but then that opened so many questions and really set it up for more chapters. So, I scrapped that. Then, I thought about Starscream finishing off Megatron. Now, I don't hate Megatron. I don't like him hurting Starscream in the comics or anything, but he's not like Overlord who I absolutely can't stand and hope dies. But, Starscream needed to get his revenge. And he had to do it in a way that would hurt Megatron. Damage his pride.

The way they are talking to each other in that final scene... Starscream was talking to him more like a normal person than his actual boss or abuser. Just telling him how things are and how he felt. As if it was the old Megatron and not his enemy.

Think about it: This is a BIG change for Starscream. He has been with Megatron for a ridiculously long time. He knows Megaton better than anyone. And he had tried to kill Megatron before. To finally end this relationship... To finally kill him and just change his life completely... It was a massive step. An incredibly different change. It was not how he thought things would end between them.

And why hadn't he used the poison before? Well, the Decepticons are a kratocracy. That means, the strongest leads. Killing by poison isn't very strong. If Starscream had killed Megatron with his bare servos, he would be hailed as the strongest. So, for leadership reasons, he couldn't use the poison. He also had to be careful with loyalists. Those who would attack him because he killed Megatron. But now since they are all locked away, he could go on with the poison.

Why poison? It's the end that Megatron doesn't deserve. He did such horrible things to Starscream, and he's letting him go "easy." He did it for her. For Moonstar. Because she wouldn't want him to be ruthless. She changed him. And, also, in all other fanfics I've read that involve Megs dying, it's always a horrible death. This is slow, painless, and peaceful. Marking Starscream's change. No longer cruel and heartless. He's now loving and seeking to end war.
Why didn't Megs call security? He was going to die anyway. At least this way he won't be publicly humiliated in front of Autobots and Optimus Prime.

As for Starscream's final words: He's realized who he is for once. He isn't blaming himself for what happened to Moonstar, to his carrier, to Skyfire, to himself. He's realized some things. He's realized that he isn't a failure, a worthless waste. He's Starscream. An unconquerable, strong spark. And he's proud of it. Proud of himself.

That is why Starscream is my favorite characters from ANY franchise. No matter how much he is beaten, he always stands back up. He faces his abuse/abuser, and fights on. His spirit is never broken. He is unconquerable.

Oh, and I originally didn't want Skyfire to have a romantic relationship with Starscream, but, Skyfire kept begging me with those cute optics of his so I HAD to acquiesce. ;P

FACTS:

This trilogy (I think I'll call it the Libero Trilogy. Liberate in Latin, so we can stick to Latin themes) was my first fanfic EVER. There were a lot of firsts in it. First time: Writing about robots, writing sex scenes, writing a romance, writing about raising a child, writing about family drama, sodomizing, gang rape, drug use, bratty teenagers, lovey dubey stuff, effects of depression/anxiety/PTSD, and sex abuse.

All of the titles are Latin and deal with Starscream's struggle for that part.

Ancillam: (Latin for "slave girl") is Starscream's struggle with Moonstar and dealing with her.

Filia: (Latin for "daughter") is Starscream's struggle with his daughter.

Invictus: (Latin for "unconquerable") is Starscream's struggle with himself.

As for length:

Ancillam - 426 pages and 152,945 words long in total.

Filia - 454 pages and 157,961 words long in total.

Invictus - 606 pages and 203,127 words long in total.

Making for a grand total of: 1,486 pages and 514,033 words long in all.

I started this on March 3rd of 2015 and finished on September 16th of 2015. So, I did all of this (with college, work, and life in the way) in the time period of little over 6 months. Who's an obsessed badass? I am. ;)

What's to come/temporary "break;"

So, many of you were asking about Starstreak finding his biological sire and Dawnstar getting a trine. I never intended to add on to this story, but, with all of the prodding I started
to get ideas and, well, you assholes won. There will be a sequel called "Spurius."

*Spurius* (Latin for "bastard") will be about Starstreak searching for his real sire after being told that Sideswipe is not his actual "daddy." Starstreak will go out on a grand adventure across Cybertron (maybe leave the planet. I'm not sure at this point) in search for his sire. He will have to get help from his "nutty" grandsire though...

And as he does that, Dawnstar will be working on getting her own trine. And she shall have to deal with her "annoying" sire as he prods her along. You know... Because he's an aft like that. :P

And in times of peace after a horrible war, what does any species do? Make babies. Lots of 'em. (That's why hunting to "control populations" doesn't work because then the animals just make a lot of babies! And then humans have baby booms... Like after WWII...)

And what happens when lots of babies are made? They grow up. And THEN they think their generation is better and more capable than the previous and want power. In other words: Starscream will have another battle (which he easily defeats) against the rising, rebellious youths wanting his position. Mainly just one who thinks he'll be a better leader, but Starscream kicks his aft. A lot. So, Starscream learns what he put Megs through. :P

ANOTHER IDEA:

So, I also have another story idea (which I'll do after *Spurius*) which will be a StarscreamxSkyfire romance NOT connected to this trilogy or spinoffs. It will be like this story in a lot of ways, such as using the mixture of the G1 cartoon and IDW G1 comics, how they reproduce, how Seeker trines work, and some of Starscream's shitty past. But, no femmes (as far as I know for now). And Starscream won't be nearly as abused. Just typical abuse/punishments from Megatron like always. But, there will be angst, suspense, romance (forbidden love!), and a sparkling. Not too mention pissy bosses on both sides.

Already have lots of ideas for it and I think you'll like it. :3

And I'll also be working on "An Attempt to Raise a Sparkling" which is just short scenes of Starscream raising Dawnstar with Moonstar.

BUT!

This writing must be put on hold for a bit, I'm afraid. :( I have just over a hundred drawings I NEED to get done for my own original stories. So, I am going to concentrate on getting that ALL done. Once this list I made is completed, I shall return to writing these stories for you. :) Plus, it'll give me time to think things through and get more ideas. Sadly, it may take a while. Like, May of 2016 or later in 2016 before all these artworks are complete. Blame college, work, and life taking up my time. :/ I wish I could just draw all day...

Please, follow me/check on my deviantART account regularly for updates on that! You don't even need to make an account. I'll be posting in the status/activity section (upper right-hand section) how many artworks I've done and how many are left to go so you know about when to expect the stories to start coming back. AND when I am done with all the drawings, I'll draw a picture of Dawnstar and adult Starstreak for you. Signify my return to writing about
those assholes. :P

Remember: My deviantART account link is on my bio or just do a Google search for "Ga Maleven on deviantART" or "Katie Pettus on DeviantART." I should pop right up.

And if you guys have any ideas for designations (because I'll need a lot of 'em) please, send them to me. Even if it's the name of an OC of yours that you would like to see in the story. Now, remember that with me they most likely will be hurt in some way, but, hey, at least they might get to meet Starscream's smoking hot daughter. XD

Let me know what you thought about my trilogy and thoughts about the future stories! Thank you all SOOOOOO MUCH for reading, faving, following, sharing, and reviewing! I had fun writing it and can't wait to bring out more to you! :D

ALL HAIL, STARSCREAM!

(That was one LONG final note... ;) )

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!