Ignorance is (not) bliss.

by prowlish

Summary

A young Decepticon begins to doubt his place in the army.

Notes

Prompt(s): #10: monstrous transformations

This is loosely based on a couple of rps dancinglemur93 and I have done. No, I'm not even sure what it is I wrote!

When Rumble and Frenzy would no longer look him in the optic, Blaster knew he could no longer pretend his situation didn’t exist. Ignoring that Soundwave’s presence had slowly ebbed away from him just brought on the tension that permanently settled in their living suite. Each night that Soundwave was absent, the atmosphere only thickened.

And Rumble and Frenzy wouldn’t look at him. They used to spend lots of time with him; they’d even picked up Blaster’s way of speaking, much to Soundwave’s displeasure. Blaster bit his lower lip, his tired gaze on the dark ceiling.

No true evidence existed for Blaster’s suspicions. Just Soundwave’s absences and his cassettes’ behavior. But as Soundwave explained himself, Megatron made plentiful use of his skills for
Espionage. Clearly that was meant to placate Blaster, and it was a reasonable enough justification. The other side of it was that Soundwave could easily spend those nights with Megatron and leave no trail to sniff at.

The other Decepticons would know, but they wouldn’t talk to Blaster. They took their cues from Megatron, and despite that Blaster had shown up at Soundwave’s side and received a Decepticon brand, the warlord had made clear his thoughts. All he’d needed to know was how Soundwave met him and what Blaster’s former job had been, and that was it. He was street trash first, Decepticon second, tucked away in a large suite to humor Soundwave, just as he’d assumed Soundwave had done by giving Blaster a home off the street.

Like it or not, after the move... there had been a shift. Blaster didn’t like it, of course, but there was little he could do about it; careless brushoffs steadily replaced those placating explanations Soundwave had started out giving him. And he wasn’t suicidal enough to go demanding after Soundwave or Megatron’s business. No, for his own sake and the sake of his own cassettes, Blaster kept his head down and did as he was told.

Tucked away he would stay, he supposed, until a mission needed a disposable agent.

Megatron had much changed from his initial impression of an earnest -- if fanatical -- revolutionary. None of it sat well in Blaster’s tanks anymore. The campaigns had made him increasingly uncomfortable, but after Praxus... well, Praxus was the tipping point for everybot on the planet, undoubtedly. Blaster had appealed to Soundwave, and ignored. Stunning. As easy as it could be to accept Megatron losing his path, Soundwave going with him? Even right in front of him, stinging in cold truth, Blaster didn’t believe it. Or he didn’t want to.

But he couldn’t ignore it.

Blaster rolled over in the cold berth. There was something he could do. For a while, he scarcely dared think of it. So in the back of his mind it rattled, until this. Now he had something else that couldn’t be ignored. And now he knew: he’d power down for this night, and the next orn he would visit an off-base medic. New plating would be required before he could get a different brand on them.

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