

Inside Jokes

Part 1

[Transformers Prime Golden Age Headcanon Stuff; Starscream and Ocs; Macro/Micro Soft Vore w/ Medical themes; Unwilling Pred and Willing Prey; M/m; Non-fatal; Robot Alien-style cursing and all that jazz c:]

Dawn cast down on Vos-Star—the capital of this southern region of the metallic world—lighting the edges of a dominating pyramidal structure and its circling walls and towers. The parapets and sleek arcing doorways shimmered like prisms. Here and there a sentry could be seen pacing along the passages and peering from the towers—the Air Command’s fortress and main headquarters. Every Cybertronian fighter within was one of the Seekers—elite fliers and the pride of Vos’s military strength. They were respected immensely, even if Vosians and all other Cybertronians found their motivations mysterious. In light of those two facts, it was thought wise to keep them on Vos’s side.

And of course, such an imposing force in the world had to have an imposing leader. Commander Starscream stood atop a lookout balcony on the top tier of the pyramid fortress, eyes narrowed and brows furrowed. One of the rank-and-file Seekers stood a ways away on guard duty, trying desperately to ignore that she was sharing space with a mech that outranked her tremendously, one with a notorious temper. Though he appeared to be simply watching the sky begin to streak with gold and red light, she still seemed to be shrinking away from him.

Starscream was too distracted for her nervousness to possibly attract his attention. It hadn’t been too troublesome at first, but a strange throbbing ache had been building in his abdomen for the past several moon cycles. He’d chalked it up to slightly old energon at first, and then considered maybe high-grade engex was a bit too rough on his main fuel processors—but none of these theories panned out as the pain grew more and more severe.

The sentry jumped as her Commander let out a low growl and leaned heavily against the railing. He hated doctors. No, that was wrong—he hated *civilian* doctors. He could tolerate having injuries from battle looked after, but this was something else entirely. Something unknown. He had grown used to high command and had not

once grown tired of it in two Ages of leading the Seekers. He liked having control and feeling like his actions caused great turns of fortune—his ingenuity and contributions of his youth had *earned* him this. But sickness... it was quite the opposite of control. He growled again, wincing as another wave of sharp pains stabbed at his internal systems. It left him no choice: He would have to seek out a doctor.

He turned, arching his back with a tense slowness as the movement aggravated whatever was faulty inside him, and retreated indoors. The sentry Seeker peeked over as he left, noting for the first time that he walked with a lack of his usual grace—stiff, slowed. Starscream was gone from sight before she could wonder any more on this.

“Well... no surprise those two are here again.” The dark-hued Seeker muttered to the nurse attending to a bleeding crack on one of his talons. The two he was referring to were staggering against each other, the larger blue-meshed one oozing slightly from a gash on his helm and glaring daggers at the smallish, purple-meshed one. The reason for the death-stare was the devious snorts and giggles of his companion combined with the swaying route he was forcing the large one to take.

“Scrap, Thundercracker and Skywarp,” the nurse shook his head. “Overenergized, both of ‘em. Well, Dirge, I’m gonna have to leave you here a moment while I get dumb and dumber sorted...”

Dirge nodded, closing his uninjured hand about the soft absorbent wrapping the nurse had placed around his wound. He watched with a passive, almost bored expression as the two errant Seekers were dealt with. It was difficult to believe those two were high-ranking lieutenants directly under the High Command.

“So, what’s the issue this time, boys?” The nurse took Skywarp’s shoulder from the support of Thundercracker and set him down none-too-gently on an angled berth. The drunken mech giggled again and pawed at his face, wiping tears of laughter from his optics. Thundercracker shut one optic against a trickle of energon running from the scrape above it and gave an aggravated sigh.

“The issue is this fraggin’ idiot. Y’ see what he did to me?” he jabbed a claw towards the injury, “If I weren’t so damned dizzy I’d give ‘im one right back—”

“Ahh, no, no need for that—” the nurse saved Skywarp’s aftplate by herding

the large Seeker towards a berth on the opposite side of the infirmary. “To be fair, I think the neural processor damage he’s no doubt got is injury enough. Now bend down a bit; I’m gonna get a bit of sealant over that cut...”

Thundercracker complied, chuckling nastily at the nurse’s thinly-veiled insult. Across the room, Skywarp giggled again and sprawled out on the med-berth, unaware the joke was on him.

Activity was halted in the infirmary as a new set of footfalls stopped in the doorway. Dirge spied the newcomer first and straightened up, something which took several seconds longer for Thundercracker and the nurse to do. Warp continued to be prone, lolling his head to the side and snickering to himself.

“Commander..!” The nurse fidgeted, setting down his sealant dispenser for fear he’d splatter some on his unruly patient. Dirge’s jagged brows raised as the Chief of Seekers himself came forward, noting how gingerly he stepped, as if moving too rapidly or too far was agonizing.

“At ease.” Starscream’s voice sounded raspy. Dirge turned back to tending his hand, keeping an audio cocked to the happenings nearby, while Thundercracker seemed to take his master’s words to spark and slouched forward with a grumble. The nurse scurried over to the Commander’s side as he was beckoned, peering up at the much taller mech and expecting an order.

“I require some... advice.” Starscream leaned in and spoke in a low tone.

“Ah—advice?” The nurse blinked.

“I suspect I have a, erm... internal injury,” Starscream glanced about. “It has begun to bother me lately...”

“Oh, I see then.” The nurse nodded, “Uh, for that I think you should come this way, sir. I’m just a simple field nurse... Dr. Dialyzer knows more on this subject than I do.”

With a soft grunt of acceptance the Seeker followed behind the nurse, treading carefully to avoid jogging the painful areas in his guts. He realized he had been absentmindedly massaging the seams of his abdominal plating and swiftly brought his hand back to his side.

Dialyzer was tall, especially for a Vosian. She was a flyer, though not a Seeker—one of the civilian medics brought in to handle the sheer volume of incidents and casualties that could come about should a threat surface. Of course, there were plenty of training injuries, ordinary ailments, and wounds incurred during peacetime duty to keep any number of doctors busy. Dialyzer seemed to take it all in stride with a demeanor that was calm but not cold, persuasive but not domineering. As Starscream entered the rearmost room of the infirmary behind the scuttling nurse he happened to look up and meet her bright blue eyes. She smiled softly, causing the many fine grooves lining her face to crinkle.

“Oh, Commander Starscream,” she set down a datapad she had been perusing, tapping the counter she stood before with her sharp, white digits. “What brings you down here?”

The Seeker’s brows creased upwards in worry, glancing about and clearing his throat. The doctor appeared to pick up on Starscream’s discomfort and dismissed the nurse with a gesture. He bowed and backed out of the room.

“Well then...” Starscream’s talons balled up and released several times, “I believe I am ill.” He grimaced at the word “ill”, his fuel tank tightening and causing a new shard of pain to shoot through him.

“In what way?” The doctor’s eyes narrowed as she seemed to look him over, “You’re experiencing pain?”

Starscream opened his mouth to respond but was interrupted by another stab in his guts. Dialyzer was on her toes, as if ready to catch the Commander, as she watched him buckle slightly, but remain barely standing.

“I shall take that as a yes,” she said, eyes widened slightly. “Please, Commander, off your feet. Here.” Starscream was stunned as the doctor very nearly lifted him bodily onto an examination berth, so surprised by the effortless strength she displayed that he did not even think of scolding her for grabbing him without permission.

“When did this begin, Commander?” She eyed his chest plating with unnerving focus; she was likely studying his ventilation cycles, but the keen stare caused Starscream to swallow nervously anyways. “And where does the pain come from?”

“Ugh..!” The Seeker gave up trying to sit up taller, “Two... no, three weeks

ago.”

Immediately Dr. Dialyzer’s eyebrows raised. She twisted one wrist slightly, initiating her hand’s rapid transformation into a pair of electro-sensitive probes aided by several magnetic clamps. The probes tapped gently against his chassis, starting at the chest and moving downward. They jerked sharply upon reaching his abdomen, quite close to where his fuel tank resided.

“Three weeks?” She withdrew her probes. Starscream swallowed nervously, eyes shifting to the wall beside her. “Commander, if my electro-sensitivity is correct—and it is—the neural circuits registering your pain symptoms react in a way that indicates chronic pain signals. Much more than three weeks’s worth of pain signals.”

“I...” Starscream growled in his throat, “Well... I had hoped it would go away.”

“Commander Starscream...”

“I know, I know!—I should have come in sooner!” Starscream closed his optics and ran his talons over his helm and neck, “I was preoccupied and, well... I don’t *like* doctors...”

Dialyzer fixed the Commander with a stern look, prompting a fidget from Starscream.

“Er, what I mean is—I don’t like *going to* doctors. I don’t like being sick, and I *really* don’t like being... poked and prodded and... all of that.”

To his surprise, the doctor laughed. He began to puff himself out in indignation but stopped as she held up her hands placatingly.

“My apologies Commander—I’m not really going to nag you for neglecting to come in.” Her eyes softened with concern, “I’m more interested in treatment in any case, especially if it’s gotten this bad. But I must know how long this has affected you to diagnose you correctly.”

“Ah... I see.” Starscream sighed. Twinging waves of pain had begun crawling through him again, sapping him of energy to expend on argument or temper. He let his head fall back with a clank.

“So,” Dialyzer began again, “Where does it hurt?”

“Urgh...” Starscream groaned at having to bring his head up and face the doctor again, “Mostly... lower-middle,” he waved a claw vaguely in the region of his fuel tank, right under the main abdominal plates.

“Hmmm... quite a bit there to go wrong.” The doctor mused. Starscream’s eyebrows knotted together more, raising up in worry at her comment. “A thorough scan will clear up which issue it is, though. Hold still, Commander...”

Dr. Dialyzer went to a panel near the berth and tapped out some commands. Above where Starscream lay several slats in the ceiling slid open and a dark-colored, boxy apparatus lowered, a bright red bar of light standing out on the bottom surface. The Seeker squinted as the device shot up to hover over his head and emitted more light. There was a dull buzz, the box floated the length of his upper body, and as quickly as it had emerged it retreated back up into the ceiling space it had popped out of.

And, at Dialyzer’s nearby panel, the scan image and a slew of tiny text appeared, the many intricate lines drawn across it highlighting various organs’ levels of functionality dizzying to the Seeker. He was proficient at first aid by necessity, but this level of medical terminology he was anything but familiar with. He was, however, certain that the blaring red texts focused on the diagram of his abdominal organs were... not great news.

“Hmnn.” The doctor’s finely-tipped digits skated across the input keys, and in response the area of Starscream’s concern magnified until it consumed the screen. “I see... I see...”

“You see *what?*” The Air Commander’s voice had a note of whine in it. Dialyzer was careful to smirk in amusement and return to her ordinary countenance before turning to him.

“Commander Starscream, you have what is known as Randomized Micro-Articulator Fuel Valve Paralysis.”

“Ah.” Starscream glanced to either side, “I’m unclear what that means.”

“Basically, one of your solid-consumables valves has degraded to a point where

it no longer can open or close properly. It's not a terribly difficult thing to fix." She explained. She blinked, coming close to expressing puzzlement, "I would have expected to see such a condition in a much more venerable bot, though..."

Starscream held a laugh but still smirked with amusement, "So you're saying this only happens to *old* bots..."

"I... Erm, well, typically, but—"

"Well it's no mystery why this happened then."

The doctor's eyes widened, staring at the Air Commander in surprise. He chuckled, "What is it, Doctor? I already knew I was old. You're sparing no one's feelings."

"It's more that I... hadn't realized your age." Starscream thought he detected a hint of a blush on her face, and was for the moment distracted from his pains enough to feel deviously proud of it, "Aside from knowing you have led the Seekers since the beginning of this Age..."

"Mm. Correction—since halfway through the previous Age." The Seeker grinned more broadly at Dialyzer's startled expression. "So yes... you have been very much ignorant of my age, dear Doctor."

"I... Well, aside from this one current issue I'm glad to say you show every sign of being in tremendous physical condition. For the age I thought you were." She was certainly blushing this time. Starscream raised an eyebrow slightly.

"There, you see. Instead of insult you've flattered me quite skillfully," he purred. A stab of pain turned the trailing end of his statement into a low groan. Dialyzer patted lightly on her Commander's pauldron, forcing herself to carry a calm and professional demeanor again.

"Yes, well, the current issue is still fairly serious. Rather than encourage your flirting I think it best we move on with solving it."

"What, *flirting*?" Starscream sounded strained but still managed to keep his voice... sugared, "Nooo. A commanding officer would not be so incorrigible."

"Good, I'm glad you're taking my rejection well."

Dialyzer turned back to the Seeker, disconcerted by his lack of quip. What she was met with was the Commander's ordinarily proud and stern face twisted with mock-hurt, optics wide as a sparkling's. The instant she showed surprise at this, Starscream's show faded and was replaced by an amused grin again.

"Made you look, didn't I?" He snickered, holding his abdomen to avoid jogging his guts again, "But I digress... enjoyable as this is the... issue takes the top priority."

Doctor Dialyzer had less experience with the Air Commander than most of the civilian guests. And she'd had no idea the Air Commander had such a mischievous side to him. She was far more accustomed to seeing his fierce and commanding demeanor—the formal Starscream observed during official exercises and functions. She smiled slightly. "Very true", she pressed a few inputs on her panel, "I shall have to call in one of my assistants. He's a specialist in these kinds of ailments."

The Commander's expression fell and he dropped his brows in worry once again, "A specialist? I... I had thought you said this was easy to fix?"

"Not to worry. You won't need surgery or any long-term recovery period." The panel near her lit up with a responding signal—the signal of her call being received and replied to by the assistant she'd mentioned, "As soon as he arrives he will surely begin working on you."

"No surgery? But—" Starscream murmured, his talons rubbing together in a clear expression of confused thought. "I am unclear on how a defective organ can be repaired or replaced without some sort of direct involvement with it..."

"There will be." She studied the scan results once again, "Yes, he'll be able to relieve you without cutting you open is what I meant. With such a tiny part at fault, and itself with such tiny components to be revitalized, only very small tools are necessary to bring the valve back online."

Starscream cringed, "You are saying that in order to noninvasively treat me you are... or rather, your assistant is... going to insert some sort of instrument into my..."

"His specialty is administering to injuries along the oral route," she chuckled on looking at the unease apparent on the Seeker's face. "It is not as uncomfortable as it sounds. And far quicker and less destructive than full-blown surgery."

“Mmf.” The Air Commander found himself returning to his old mood about the visit—embarrassment and fear evenly mixed. “If it means no more debilitating pain every time I so much as twist too far, then I suppose I can tolerate it.”

“Won’t be more than a joor. Two joors at most,” she shuttered her optics softly, holding back a laugh. She should have known that the Chief of Seekers would indeed be Cybertronian, not a husk devoid of personality. But *this* personality was unexpected—this was rich!

“And here he is—” She said as the room’s door hissed open automatically. From Starscream’s berth-ridden point of view, it did not appear anyone had entered, though he did hear the low hum of a flying vehicle of some sort. Perhaps Dr. Dialyzer’s assistant was simply short?

“Oh geez—holy Primus—I came as soon as you sent the chart to me—” The rapid-paced and high-volume chatter gave Starscream a jolt he seriously wished it hadn’t, but the speaker continued on and drowned out the Air Commander’s low growl of pain,” Whoof, I hope I remembered the neural circuit tranquilizers—ah! Never mind I’ve got it loaded up here, exactly enough for the Commander’s metabolic rate and weight class. And I’ll need, hmm, a line clamp, a nano-incisor, ooh, and probably should have a sensory scope extender in case the worst bits are really deep in there—aha! I should be ready in a cycle to go, just need to have a patient...”

Starscream’s processor jumped here and there in bewilderment, having no idea what was going on and seeing no sign of assistant (though certainly hearing him). Matters were not helped by the excited squeal suddenly echoing through the room. The Seeker gripped the sides of the berth in his talons, grinding denta together.

“By the AllSpark, I had no idea! Err, oh geez, my apologies Sir! If I’d known you were in the room I’d have introduced myself sooner and definitely let you know what a great honor it is to serve ya—”

“Yes, yes, that’s wonderful.” Starscream huffed, his confusion finally giving way to anger, “But I have yet to see you.”

“Endo, please,” Doctor Dialyzer seemed to be gazing at the floor, a few meters from the edge of her toes. “Your eagerness to get to work is admirable, but please don’t forget that the Commander is unwell. Your excitement can sometimes be, erm... stressful.”

“Oh, oh—” The assistant quieted a moment. It did not last long, but his voice afterwards no longer squeaked with unbridled excitement and instead chirped happily and evenly, “Oh, no problem at all, Doctor! Just say the word and I’ll set meself down to Endo-level 4 or so—maybe even a 2 if ya like.”

Still the Seeker craned his neck, at least as far as was comfortable, to try and catch a glimpse of his surgeon. Every attempt was met with nothing but the sight of an empty infirmary office and his own legs sprawled across the examination berth. The sound of a dull humming by his left audio snapped his head around. There, hovering a meter or two from his face, was a tiny hovercraft drone. He blinked several times, studying the craft that would easily fit in the palm of his hand. Suddenly the pieces of information clicked together.

“You are a minicon.” It wasn’t a question, nor was it meant to be a disparaging or disbelieving statement. Soon after the hovering vehicle shifted into a little Cybertronian being—two legs flipping down and meeting the Seeker’s shoulder plating in a light *tinging* sound.

“Err... well... yes...” For the first time Endo seemed put off his chipper attitude. Starscream’s brows tilted up in understanding, “Th-that is true, sir! Err, err, I assure you though that—”

“—That you are very much capable of attending to my medical problems? Yes, I don’t doubt it.” The minicon was stunned as the infamously ill-tempered Air Commander came close to flashing him a compassionate and soft smile. “I have an unfortunately *uncommon* view of you smaller subtypes...”

“O-oh!” Endo’s already large blue optics became even larger—and shinier. Aside from his tiny size (which, Starscream noted, was short even for a minicon) he seemed sparkling-like, excitable, and incredibly eager to please. But more eccentric characters had proven to be expert at their tasks before. Starscream sighed and massaged at his throbbing abdominal plating.

“Well, now that you have acquainted yourself with the Commander it would be a good idea to go over your procedure, Endo.” Dialyzer had one hand behind her back and the other servo on her chin, digits covering her mouth to be sure the Seeker couldn’t see her smirking, “I shall be back shortly... I have a sneaking suspicion that you shall be done before I return, though.”

With that, the Doctor left in a few long and graceful strides, leaving the Chief of Seekers in the care of her minicon assistant. Endo smiled broadly, showing a full set of shimmery denta, and hopped across the spar of Starscream's chestplate to land in the center. The Seeker winced.

"I am going to have to order you not to do that." He coughed.

"Oh!" Endo grinned, more sheepishly, before straightening up lacing his digits together, "Yes, Sir, totally understandable Sir. Sometimes I forget that my patients are injured w-when I'm not on-task at the moment, eheh..." He hopped again, this time not onto Starscream's still pained chassis but down onto the berth's surface beside him. "But if you would permit me, Commander, I will get right back on it!"

Starscream tilted his head, arching an eyebrow, "And pray tell, describe to me the task you're intent to get back 'on'." He smirked, glancing to the doorway where the Doctor had left, "I *was* promised an overview..."

"Certainly," Endo beamed, darting over to the Doctor's input panel and stamping several keys as if typing. The view zoomed back out slightly, showing only the readout from jaw-down, and from fuel tank up. "Ah, yep, this valve here is currently *stuck* open just a smidgen—usually when that happens a very particular articulator is worn out inside the valve housing itself—all I'd need to do is make a teeny opening in the valve and remove the articulator, then re-route that'n's major control circuit to split the motor controls between the good articulators that're left. These things are pretty numerous—*super-redundant*—so quite a few of them can get removed with no effect on function—"

The Commander interrupted the minicon with a frustrated huff, tapping his talons sharply against the berth. Endo jumped.

"Mm-hmm, very good, I understand the basics of the *surgery* half." He squinted at the minicon, "What you've neglected to mention is the *instrument* you're going to use to even get at this valve of mine..."

"Oh, that's the simplest thing—I won't be needing a special instrument!" Endo chirped, sauntering back to Starscream's prone form and stopping close by his arm, standing puffed out with no small amount of pride, "I go in myself orally and take care of the problem in no time at all."

“Ah, so you...” as his eyes widened in recognition, Starscream executed the most perfect specimen of a double-take ever experienced in vorns, “Wait—*what?!*” As Endo took a step closer to his arm he found himself fearfully pulling it away, tucking it against his chestplate, “Th-that cannot be standard procedure..!”

“Calm yourself, Sir, please!” Endo raised his hands, “It’s a perfectly normal procedure when the surgeon’s a minicon—”, he raised a finger. “The only difference really is that instead of fumbling around with a limited endoscope, I am the endoscope!”

“So, what? Y-you expect me to just allow you to go in through my... my...”

“Mouth?” Endo offered. Starscream swallowed nervously as he nodded, an action that he regretted instantly upon the thought of what he’d be required to do. Endo giggled, slightly nervous. This wasn’t an odd reaction from a Cybertronian—but this was Commander Starscream, and he wasn’t sure how equipped he was for persuading *him* to accept such a treatment, “Yes—mouth, maw, jaws, gob, facehole, guzzler... whichever you’re inclined to call it. I ain’t gonna lie though. A lot of my patients find the idea kinda queasy, but it is perfectly safe for me—and of course harmless for the patient.”

“B-but you would have me—” Starscream stuttered, cutting off abruptly as the minicon clambered up his shoulder and stopped just an arm’s length from the Seeker’s face. The Seeker’s lips were sealed, his head recoiled from the little mech as far as possible—as if afraid of opening his mouth in front of Endo while the topic was present. After a long pause the Seeker sucked in a deep intake cycle and sighed, “To say I find the idea of swallowing a fellow Cybertronian alive ‘queasy’ is the master of all understatement.”

“Erm... why?” The minicon gave a nervous laugh as the Commander’s surly glare turned to him, “Uh, S-sir.”

“*Why?*” Starscream was struck. And stuck. After a moment of flustered stammering he finally hissed, “Because, young minicon, it comes so fragging *close*... Close to *that*. Something which was done for pure cruelty long ago..!”

Endo’s eyebrows shot up, eying the serious scowl on his volatile patient’s face with a new sense of worry. He patted Starscream’s cheek in what was meant to be a comforting gesture and not at all astoundingly bold, “W-well, I can understand your

apprehension but, erm, the method and intention here is, eheh, far removed from what you're referencing. I mean, typical Cybertronian internal systems can't so much as tolerate an inert hunk of cybermetal, let alone a whole, live robotic organism made of many *many* kilo-units of the stuff—charged and live stuff too, which is much tougher than— ”

“But still..!” Starscream’s gaze was centered on the miniscule hand still resting on his faceplate, too tightly wrapped up in the current line of disturbing thought to balk at the tiny surgeon’s insolence. “If you expect me to *enjoy* the idea, you are sorely mistaken...” A cough interrupted the spiel, prompting Endo to grab hold of one of Starscream’s audio covers for support. Starscream grimaced, his optics sealed tight, “If not for being filled with excruciating pain that cannot be solved in any other way, I would outright reject your procedure.”

“Eheh...” Endo tilted his head, “So... this means you consent to the procedure, Sir?”

“Regrettably... yes.” The Seeker cracked his optics open a shred, brows hovering dangerous and low over the gleam of red. The minicon backed up a step as those optics focused in on him but flashed his winning smile anyways. “You do understand that by allowing you to do this, you are breaching a certain level of... privacy.” He blinked, which Endo could only tell had happened by the brief absence of ruddy light on his face, “Understand also that it will reflect poorly on you should this not be handled as unintrusively and as, ahem, *secretly* as possible.” Endo yelped as he felt two of the Commander’s taloned digits closing about his shoulders, forcing him face-to-optic with the much larger mech, “Am I clear, minicon?”

“C-Crystal, S-Sir!” Endo tumbled back onto his aftplate as Starscream released his grip on him. He scrambled upright, obviously shaken by the veiled threat, “F-forgive the wait, Sir, I’ll just be a m-moment to r-recalibrate some of my equipment...”

The Seeker watched the minicon scuttle out of his periphery. He growled softly to himself. He’d terrorized and threatened and given all sorts of uncomfortable orders in his career—none of it felt so sore as when he did so out of pure selfishness. This instance in particular was shameful—perhaps it was the fact that the smallest and most harmless of minicons had to be terrified into submission just to alleviate his anxieties? Disgraceful... luckily, the fact he’d been threatened would be secret as well.

And no amount of internal disgrace would be worse than having the idea getting out that *Air Commander Starscream* was fine-and-dandy with devouring helpless minicons and relishing in their squirms—

He hitched his intake cycle, cutting off that thought with a shiver. No—he was too esteemed a figure to possibly have that get out. And aside from public image—it simply wasn't true! ... It *wasn't*!

“Sir, erm, eheh...”

Starscream snapped out of his fearful reverie, glancing to the side and seeing Endo had returned, though his cheerful grin was noticeably more strained and his footing shifty. The Seeker's pang of guilt was almost enough to rival the pang of disgust. At least this tiny surgeon was used to this—for the Commander this was going to be revolting...

“F-forgive the hastiness but, ah, I'm ready to begin.” He rubbed the back of his helm. “And I'm going to need your cooperation for this bit. Er, s-sorry in advance if this makes you uncomfortable—it'll be a few cycles and the worst of it will be over.”

“You mean the part where I swallow you,” Starscream gave a dry, dark laugh. Endo laughed as well, rapid and trailing with nerves. The minicon blinked in sudden surprise as the Seeker wasted no more words and opened his mouth.

The minicon forgot about the sinister-toned threats and the gruff exterior of his patient. His face brightened. The *interior* was his specialty anyhow—and far less intimidating.

Starscream found his usual method of holding back trembles and shakes was unavailable to him—he could not grit his denta due to needing to have his mouth open. The tiny surgeon had crawled up his chestplate and laid servos on his lower lip. Endo's head was ducked inside. What Starscream could not see was the contented look on his face as he marveled the details of the oral cavity: Twin semi-circles of shiny flat denta, glossa creased with articulation plates, the mouth's roof lit with a dim blue—lubricant nodes, glowing a healthy energon-blue—and in the very back a ring-shaped intake valve, currently tightly sealed. The Commander forced himself to be still when Endo's tiny hands left his lips and instead grabbed hold of his denta; the minicon had hopped inside as calm and casual as an engineer hopping into a maintenance duct.

“Nngh...” His optics screwed shut. There was no mistaking these sensations—tiny hands and knees feeling about in the softer seams of his oral cavity. His systems seemed undaunted by their owner’s unease and soon every surface and every glowing node was slick with lubricating drool.

“C’mon, open wide.” Endo chirped, rapping on the rim of Starscream’s sealed fuel intake with his knuckles. The Seeker’s optics flashed open with a stifled choke, and the entrance to his intake popped open in reflex.

Endo felt himself pressed against the roof of the Commander’s mouth as the mech closed his jaws. His glossa twitched, but the Seeker held back. That reflexive movement was so easy it frightened him. How easy it was for Endo to induce swallowing with a jab in the right place. Starscream glared down at his own chassis and growled. The growl abruptly cut off in shock as a wriggle of Endo’s digits upon one of the backmost nodes became apparent.

“Commander, you’re going to need to swallow and swallow hard now,” he still sounded upbeat, but more cautious. Low-key, as if to avoid upsetting the larger mech further. Starscream grumbled deep in his throat in response.

The Seeker’s talons gripped the sides of the berth. He steeled himself. This was happening, whether he wanted it to or not. Starscream edged his tongue back, pressing the minicon through the ring of the open valve, gulping audibly with shuttered optics.

The tiny surgeon grinned and he let himself go limp, tucking the parts of his plating in that were liable to become snagged in Cybertronian throats. Thoroughly-slimed plating lined the tubing he was sliding down—they stretched apart and made way for the slippery bundle. Yet more blue-glowing lubricant nodes popped into view. The Seeker’s gullet seemed to have them in great numbers. Due to this, the going was easy, at least from the minicon’s perspective.

Starscream gasped—his talons shot up to his neck and felt a notable bulge slipping through under the surface. He still had the taste of Cybertronian mesh lingering in his mouth as he felt Endo’s small form dive deeper, a warm, slightly pulsing weight pressing aside the soft components under his chestplate, heading steadily into his abdomen. Endo must have turned his head, shifted a leg, something—because the sudden squirm against his throat’s flexible plating caused the

Seeker to writhe back against the berth. He had been trying to forget another living thing was inside him—where fuel and only fuel was meant to go. He relocated his talons, and noticed with a low whimper that they were shaking, from throat to gut, silently hoping that there would be no sign of a wriggling mass in there from the outside. Visible or otherwise.

Continued in Part 2!