

Revenge, Predator-Style

(A not-so-sweet mech vore story:)

[Contains: Unwilling, freaked-out prey; Macro/Micro; Mecha pred and multiple human prey; psychological teasing and torment; non-fatal outcome; robo-snark]

It had taken months of work and dedicated rethinking of opinions on the parts of all the Autobots to arrive at this point. Starscream's included—it had been an effort of great restraint at first but finally he'd come around and earned the removal of his probation.

Now this came with it the promise of actual involvement in assignments. The Seeker didn't mind. In fact, he felt eager to get to work as if he were a youngster working his way up the Seekers' ranks again. What had he needed Megatron's approval for anyways? That madman had never rewarded hard work well at all, and though what Prime gave him was not quite the same as "rank" and "power" it was similarly pleasing to his extra-large ego.

Besides, he'd always felt more himself as Megatron's enemy. Some things never change.

And while Miko was still very... difficult... the others seemed to afford him some respect here and there. That at least felt significantly better than the prospect of scraping by alone.

He sat, hunched like an impossibly large bird, on one of the benches to the side of the Groundbridge area, paying rapt attention to Optimus passing along necessary information for this mission. They'd be split into two teams for this: Arcee and himself on one, Bulkhead and Bumblebee on another. Prime and Ratchet would stay to protect the base and operate the bridge... and to have extra eyes on the human kids, who for the last time were most definitely *not* to go this time.

This was a direct order of Prime, and it had everything to do with the object of the mission. While still risky, Cybertronians (including Decepticons) could easily miss spotting smaller entities. But today they were breaking up and capturing an important sub-group of MECH... and human terrorists would both easily spot kids trying to

stop them and have no moral problem with bringing them great harm.

Of course, this would not be a mission without danger for the giant, mechanical team members either. This would be stealthy and tactical.

“Arcee, Starscream, you will be the first group to infiltrate.” Optimus explained, “It will be critical that you enter the encampment unseen and cut the power. Bee and Bulkhead will rush afterwards—you two should be enough to take most of the MECH soldiers by surprise.” Prime peered back over to the pair of slender mechs, pausing an extra moment on the flier, “If any groups try to escape capture you two will be able to cut them off. Remember, our goal is to deliver these people to the U.S. government for trial... unless we have no other choice none of us should resort to using lethal force.”

Starscream resisted the urge to snort; it was obvious why he’d been given “the look” on those instructions. He had some very good reasons to hold a grudge on this particular bunch of humans. But then so did Bumblebee. He brushed it off—after all, his hatred had died down somewhat during the probational period, and the idea he’d see the very soldiers who pilfered his T-cog cowed and surrendering to him was satisfying enough.

As he stood he allowed himself a snarky grin, one which he wasn’t shy about letting the yellow mech see as the two of them followed their teammates through the bridge.

Things were going smoothly. The encampment of MECH operatives was only about the size of a football field, set in a ravine between a pair of jagged plateaus. There was a sleek antenna rising above a series of army-style field tents which Arcee had correctly deduced was a signal jammer. On the opposite side of the base was a parked stealth helicopter. Bulk and Bee were waiting beyond it for the main lights and power systems for MECH’s advanced weaponry to go down.

“A shot of engex says Bulkhead flips the ‘copter,” Scream whispered, cheerful even to the Autobot who received his banter most coldly.

“I don’t bet while on missions,” she growled, “but yes. He is so going to flip that over.”

They split up, Starscream slipping down one side of the largest tent. He heard a light smack from the other side as the two-wheeler met up with a lone guard and knocked him out cold. The area was clear now. One talon slit a wide gap in the flimsy canvas wall, which he then pried open to reveal a mish-mash Frankenstein's monster of a generator. It clearly ran on energon, but clumsily at best considering it looked, sounded, and smelt like a lump of non-updated Earth tech. With a deep growl, the Seeker reached in and plucked up a vulnerable power supply cord. His claws snipped like scissors, and the whole camp went instantly gloomy.

"And now the fun begins." He snickered, the sounds of Bulkhead and Bumblebee barreling into the stunned encampment (and flipping their escape copter right over, as he'd predicted) echoing around in the ravine. From his distant position he watched the silhouette of a leader-type operative make a dash for a weapons' cache before Bee's comparatively huge frame loomed up and mashed the crate of rifles flat underfoot.

Starscream was chuckling at the scout's fierce warning bleeps when a movement to his far periphery caught his attention.

As he crouched, wings pinned back like a pissed-off cat's ears, behind a rocky outcrop he watched a series of five figures scrambling to the edges of the base, most of them swearing or panting in fright. The man at the head of the pack held up a pistol, but aside from that they appeared to be mostly unarmed. Once the last MECH escapee had been lost to view among the rocky trail, Starscream stood out of his hiding place. An intrigued look crossed his faceplates. It seemed the half-destroyed tent had blocked Arcee's view of this happening. Only he had this band in his sights.

He grinned. With soft steps he stalked after them, red optics seeming to glower much brighter with wicked inspiration. He had an idea; a non-lethal one as per protocol, but given what he knew of the instincts of humans, it would be a very unpleasant one for his quarry.

The Blue team leader was the most experienced of the group of MECH operatives currently escaping the raid. He cussed out a few of the followers for kicking loose stones from the steep trail, knowing that at any moment one of the Autobots could catch them up or cut them off. Dragging one of the slower soldiers

by the arm he ducked down into a smaller ravine and allowed himself a break from the running. They were almost a half-kilometer away now, but that was not far at all by a giant robot's stride. He shoved at one of the others, one who was lugging a small comms box.

"Call for backup!" he hissed.

The soldier had only managed to set the box down and stoop by it before the five men were chilled by a deep, menacing laugh.

The leader's head whipped around. Above and behind him stood the massive shadowy figure of a winged mech, fixing him with a pair of viciously red glowing optics. It was a familiar shape.

He pulled his pistol and removed the safety, but as he raised it to aim at the giant's eyes or throat (the only places such a low-powered firearm could actually sting the creatures) he felt a sharp wind whiff by him. The gun clicked, then felt suddenly lighter. He shook as he glanced down and saw the barrel had been sliced clean off, the loaded but now useless firing chamber exposed in an exact cross-section.

"Now, now," the mech smiled, raspy voice dripping with a sickening amount of delight. "Let's not have anyone get *hurt* here..."

"You're not an Autobot," the leader was dumbfounded. He could have sworn this was the same jet-type transformer who had tried cutting a deal with Silas a while back. "What do you want with us?"

"Oh, am I not?" The giant took a step closer, the faint lights of the abandoned comms box glinting off his silvery armor, "I think it best you shut your mouth, rather than make claims like that."

"As for what I want with you... I will make that apparent." His optics glared over the slow, antsy soldier attempting to creep back into the rocks, "Try to run, and I will try *my* hand at *organ theft*..." the long talons clicked together for emphasis. The soldier whimpered but was now frozen in place.

"You're with the Autobots now." The leader ground his teeth, frustrated he'd been caught. The Seeker's eyes widened, his interest piqued.

"Funny you should notice that..." the mech leaned down so his optics were

close enough to cast their light over the man's panicked expression. With a prod of one talon, he smirked. "You recognize me."

"So what?" The man bit his tongue, instant regret smacking him upside the head.

"It means you were *there*," Starscream narrowed his optics into evil slits, chuckling as he stood back upright, "That makes what I'm going to do to you oddly appropriate."

As the claws closed about the leader's midriff and lifted him to face his captor, he noticed for the first time the edge of the tongue, slick with some sort of lubricating fluid, graze by the robot's lower mouthplate... Was he...? Licking his lips?

Before he could wonder more, Starscream's growl of satisfaction answered for him:

"Well human, since you were once *so eager* to invade my innards, why not be treated to a closer look?"

The remaining four MECH ops. watched in silent alarm as the Seeker forced their leader's head and torso into his gaping mouth.

Starscream smiled broadly like a child enjoying a sugary treat, though with the marked difference of the kicking legs dangling free from his lips and the muffled yells echoing from the back of his throat. The legs he clasped between two claws, stopping the man's last mode of resistance instantly. In a smooth motion the Seeker eased his intake valve open and gave the legs a swift push—the wriggling human gave one more trailing yelp as he was plunged completely inside.

The soldiers were horrified, but could not look away. They probably had yet to comprehend what they were witnessing, even as the giant mechanoid swallowed hard and sent the bulge in his throat downwards. Nor had they quite connected the dots enough to know that the rest of them were most likely next.

"Ahh~" The mech let out a low purr of pleasure as he felt the first of his victims drop into his fuel tank and begin struggling against the slick walls for an escape. His gaze flicked to the cowering bunch below him, expression still devious.

"Y...Y...You *ate* 'im?!" the slow soldier was first to come to grips, ironically.

“Yes, human, I did.” His smirk was both sardonic and proud. He took a step towards the speaker, looming overhead. This caused the man to fall back against the ground, pleading in unintelligible tones. “Hmmm...~ He was much tastier than I expected. Perhaps it’s the metals in the body armor...”

One talon snaked down and hooked onto one of the gun harnesses the quivering soldier wore, pulling him upright.

“How convenient!” Starscream showed his gleaming denta in a grin, causing further sputters and whines from the human. He wasn’t daring to put up a struggle. The Seeker noticed, raising an eyebrow as he lifted the man up higher, “No fight, hm? That’s a little strange. Not that I mind,” he chuckled, optics half-shuttered in a teasing mockery of compassion, “Here now, I’ll reward you for your *willingness*—you may climb in yourself.”

The Seeker’s mouthplates split wide, a warm, humid exhalation making the dangling soldier flinch. The tongue slid out and licked at his legs—which he immediately squirmed away. Starscream studied the human’s twitches, patient now that he’d instilled such fear in them all. At this point the man would rather crawl inside himself than risk whatever violent imaginings the Seeker had inspired with his threats.

Shakily the soldier shut his eyes and reached into the slick maw. Starscream hummed, letting the MECH ops. hands and knees make it onto his drool-soaked tongue and denta before unhooking his claw from the harness. The human immediately slipped without the support, helped along by the Seeker tipping his head back slightly.

“Nonononono—oommmmpfh!” Starscream’s promise was only partial—as soon as the victim protested he was slurped inside and pressed against the intake with his tongue. He gulped and the heavy mouthful was squeezed into his throat, wriggling soldier heading towards his leader still fighting for a way out of their captor’s belly.

Before reaching for the next human the Seeker gave his tank time to accommodate and adjust to having to having two men scrambling for an exit inside it. With a stretch of his arms and wings he vented a short belch. The sudden sound gave the remaining MECH ops. a jump.

A casual glance down at himself had his faceplates twisted into a silly grin. His

abdominal plating—the parts that linked up and mimicked the cockpit of an F-16—was beginning to disjoint, the moving mass inside pressing each segment outwards. There was still a long way to go before he reached his tank’s maximum capacity, which the huddled men understood with a shiver as the towering mech looked back to them with a hungry stare.

The encampment had been taken down. Bulk and Bee were quick to disarm and round up all of the MECH operatives, counting thirteen in all. They were making ready to guard their march back through the Groundbridge when Arcee became suspicious.

“What did you say?” she demanded of a hunkering soldier, prodding him with one of her guns. The man shuffled, probably cursing himself for being overheard.

“Spit it out. I *will* use these,” she tapped the barrel on his forehead, “If I have to.”

“I said... Blue team leader and the others... a-aren’t here.”

Arcee’s optics widened, brows creasing in worry. They had missed some.

Upon sharing this revelation with the others, Bumblebee took a quick scan of the scene and thought to mention the more obviously missing person: Starscream.

“Aw, scrap,” Bulk snorted, “could he have... y’know?” Clearly, he suspected the Seeker’s older, flightier attitude as being responsible for his disappearance.

“He may have seen those soldiers escaping the raid and headed them off,” Arcee, shockingly, was the one to put forth the more faithful version of events. “In that case one of us should go assist.”

Bumblebee volunteered. The others gladly let him take up the task.

It was entirely possible, given the grave and concerned look crossing the scout mech’s wide optics, that Bee had remembered that odd grin the Seeker had flashed him just before the mission. He may have thought, given his teammate’s temper and talent at bearing grudges, that Starscream was contemplating some sort of unspeakable revenge on MECH, and due to the shared experiences they had of

having their T-cogs plundered, ‘Scream had been less reserved about these feelings in front of Bee... A thousand possibilities rushed through his head, not one of them pleasant. If Starscream ended up killing or injuring those men... it might mean the end of the Seeker’s Autobot status.

Maybe the youngster did have a bit more compassion for the ex-Decepticon than the others—and maybe it was the shared struggle of not being able to transform that was the root of it—but in any case, he was not happy to let the jet’s vengeance screw things up.

The yellow mech was cresting a hill when he spotted a faint light in a small ravine. Some sort of electronic device putting out a blue glow. He changed course, making for the gully and hoping he could muster the words (or rather, the code) to talk ‘Scream down.

He winced as the first noise he picked up was a shrill cry for help—in a human voice.

The Seeker’s unmistakable rumbling laughter followed it—and in a more sadistic tone than usual. Bee sped up, popping around the corner and steeling himself for a horror show.

A MECH operative was scrambling on all fours right towards him, spotting the Autobot arriving and freezing just in time for Starscream’s talons to close about his armor harness and drag him back. Bumblebee stood dazed and blinking at the scene of the Seeker dangling the man rather harmlessly at chest level, eying him with an entertained expression. Something was immediately... different about the jet mech. Bee took a moment to figure it out, but when he did—

“Ah, Bumblebee...” he greeted, sounding supremely satisfied with the situation, “The others are wrapping up, I assume?”

He almost laughed when he realized the difference. Right there, plain as his sharp talons or broad wings: His *gut*. Or, more officially, his entire abdominal section. The armor plates were pushed far apart, seams between them stretched out and rounded. It was even pushing his oblique plates out to the sides, the structures underneath lit up with reddish neural circuits. And what was causing this distended belly... Bee came to that realization much quicker. As quick as noticing that the large bulge was wriggling and twitching slightly.

Optics stamped with confusion, Bee blurted out the accusation. Or question. He wasn't sure himself.

"Well, where else do you think I put them?" 'Scream grinned from audio to audio, raising up the last uneaten soldier. "If you want a demonstration..."

Bee frantically beeped out that there was no need to go further with this, and that carrying the man in his free servo would be better. The soldier gave a strained sigh of relief as the Seeker shut his wide-open mouth, shrugged, and complied.

"Ah well... four humans is a bit much anyhow." He smirked, "Very worth it, though!~"

Bee frowned and asked if he was really sure about that. The jet mech looked a bit perplexed.

"What do you mean? Of *course* it is." He began to grin again, shooting a sly look to the human still being carted around, "You should have seen their faces when I started—"

The scout then mentioned, with some anxiety, that it was too risky a thing to do to unarmed captives.

Starscream blinked, fixing the younger bot with an unnerved stare. Absentmindedly his free servo touched his bloated midsection.

"Bee," he sighed after a huge pause, "Has anyone... Were there not biology lessons on Cybertron anymore by the time you were born?"

With a shrug, he admitted he knew only a few basic things Ratchet had told him, plus stuff he'd tried to pick up from Raf.

"Oh, the *boy*. Well of course you'd think it risky. Humans are..." he paused to glance at the unhappy camper in his hand, "Well, they are incredibly frightened of being ingested. For good reason. Except they don't take into account mechanical life, just organic life."

Bumblebee gave an odd look to the movements picking up in the Seeker's belly before looking back up and cutting to the chase.

"Yes, yes, they'll be *fiiiiine*," 'Scream handwaved with a huff. "Though *deservedly*

uncomfortable. Slimy. Cramped.” He laughed. “Believe me, I would not throw away the time and energy it took to get included fully in your tanks on these pitiful low-lives. Prime said *capture*... so I captured.”

With a sigh, Bee suggested they return to base and have the incident sorted out in full. The Seeker agreed, fuel tank beginning to complain to him of being overfilled (and of non-fuel, no less).

The scout, in a sarcastic tone atypical for him, asked if it had at least been fun for him.

Starscream didn’t comment—verbally at least. The absurdly pleased grin he wore as he kneaded his bloated gut told all.

FIN