

Pastimes

[Content: Post-Golden Age but Pre-War, Transformers Vore, Macro/Micro, “Faux unwilling” willing prey, male pred and prey, overt sensuality, non-fatal outcome and the fluffiest of fluff, bits of Cybertronian swears and dark cultural shizz]

The row of minicons waited, tense and uneasy, before the reclined figure of their Master. The room was massive to them, though for Commander Starscream it was a simple private ready-room large enough for only a small computer console and an officer or two to sit with him. The single window panel was tinted against the last rays of sunlight filtering in and to any peeping optics. The lighting was dimmed but not darkened—comfortable. It was the oddest thing for the younger members of the small group. Strange that bulks would ever make an effort—any effort—to specifically welcome minicons.

Though it was an unpredictable job nowadays, what with the new tensions the Seeker’s Commander dealt with. And a caste system, imposed after the great tragedy of Cosmic Rust, had complicated matters. Their station was just a bit less valued (as if it could get any more difficult for the tiny transformers, whom some regarded more as slaves or vermin than just very small fellows).

This was not something forgotten in this chamber, but it was pushed to the backs of their minds as they waited on him to choose, facing his gargantuan legs and trying to keep the nerves from their expressions.

“Hmm...” He was obviously flustered, bothered by troubles from earlier in the day, his chest puffed out and brewing with ego to compensate for inner uncertainty. His wings twitched in erratic rhythms. His heavy brows quivered, settling in low slants above his coal-like optics. Indecision. He would choose eventually; he was too hungry to give up on it today.

The minicon standing on the far left was a somewhat squat but stubby figure. He was clearly Kalisian in origin—rounded armor shapes, two-toed, a little crestish imprint on his simple forehelm. No crown, no audio spires or spikes, not even winglets. He was a sort of chestnut-goldish color with optics also amber, and overall the bulkiest of the row of tiny mechs.

Somehow, he felt he'd be the one chosen the moment the ferocious glower scanned over him. The others seemed to know it too. He was new to this duty, and on days like this their Master craved something "fresh".

As he examined the newbie Starscream felt his fuel tank give a long, low groan of approval. His sealed his mouthplates more tightly, noting that his oral cavity was now dripping with new lubricants. A single talon pointed his prey out.

"You."

The others bowed and softly made their way out. The gold minicon watched after them in his periphery for a milliklic before returning his full attention to the looming Seeker. To say he was afraid was somewhat pointless—and obvious. For a lightly-built flier Commander Starscream was larger than average, with every tapered feature seemingly honed towards ferocity and agile strength. He had Resting Anger Faceplates like no other bot, a reputation for hypervigilance, terrible temper, and high expectations. Since the old Quintesson Wars of his youth he was legendary. And the stare he was leveling the shaking volunteer with was undoubtedly hungry. Starving even.

Starscream waited for the doors to slide closed and the soft warning blip of them locking to sound before he dropped his guard. His faceplates split into a broad grin and he beckoned the small mech closer with two talons. The minicon obeyed with haste that screamed of masked terror. The kind of terror that made him run *forward*, not away. The Seeker's tongue slid out and licked at the edges of his mouth; *Mmm, subservience*, something that was always rich and delicious. Especially spiced with a healthy bit of fear. Hopefully, though, he'd be able to coax out other, rarer flavors, given some time. This one had such a chunky, friendly appearance that reminded him of another. A friend.

A friend who was, unfortunately, unavailable. But at the very least this newbie would bring him some comfort and fill his belly nicely.

The minicon was trying his hardest to push worries of position and what he'd learned of "appropriate minicon-to-bulk interaction" out of his head at what he needed to do: He climbed, grasping as gently as he could at the larger mech's leg plating. Starscream neither spoke to him nor helped him directly, though he wore a smirk of amusement and slid his legs down into an easier slope to scale. Soon the

small one stood atop his thigh and gazed up at the tower of abdominal plating in front of him. It felt faintly and pleasantly warmer here—Starscream’s thermal outlets were positioned either side of his tank region, emitting a faint reddish glow that indicated they were active. The minicon was mesmerized somewhat, blinking rapidly as he listened to the low rumbles from under the surface.

“So,” Starscream finally spoke, still a commanding growl but quietened now that his audience was in close. One of his brows cocked upwards; again, amusement, “I get the feeling I know one of the things you’re in this for.”

A claw hooked behind the small mech’s head and coaxed him closer, prompting a shiver and a glance up to his Master’s overseeing optics. Pointed knuckles pressed him up against the smooth abdominal armor and held him there firmly.

“Listen,” his command reverberated through both of them at a low purr. Starscream felt the little one’s frame mush closer and relax all at once.

“Yes, Sir.” The minicon nodded, then sighed, and then allowed himself to do just that. The huge body gave off a constant low hum of life, with a liquid throb of spark-pulse underneath. Just beyond the armor plate he was pinned against he heard a soft churn and slush of the fuel tank’s walls readjusting, rollers sliding past each other and settling. A gurgle bubbled up from further in as processed energon flowed through many thousands of absorbent conduits.

“Tell me,” the clawed digit against the back of the minicon’s helm stroked lightly on his nape. The small mech shivered even harder, confused and relieved by the affectionate gesture. “How does it make you feel to know you are going inside there soon?”

His amber optic flicked about. “S-soon, Sir?” He cringed. It sounded very stupid now that it’d been blurted out, but then he was very nervous. Maybe not nervous... excited? He was not sure yet.

“As soon as I’m ready to eat you,” The Seeker let out a soft chuckle and remained patient. “But please, my question.”

“I...” He swallowed and braced his shaking servos against his Master’s belly, “I’m not sure. I’ve never done this before.”

“You’re afraid.”

“Y-yes, Sir...”

The little fellow was endearing to say the least, quivers and all. Starscream let one claw trail down his small neck again before resting it against the tiny shoulder.

“That’s fine,” he cooed. His glossa darted out again; patient as he was making himself be, he was still drooling with anticipation. “Most are. Even those who enjoy it.”

The Seeker’s chest rumbled with a raspy sigh and his talons shifted from holding the minicon against him to grasping him around the middle. The smaller one went limp, peering up expectantly. His Master’s mouthplates were shiny and slick with lubrication; he was clearly not kidding when he said he’d eat him *soon*...

Optics brightening, he lifted the minicon to his face; the little one whimpered at the humid exhale, but snuck one optic open to watch his Master’s lips part and expose dark-silvery denta and tongue sliding over them. The giant’s hum of pleasure rattled through both of them as the slimed plating of his glossa curled around the gold minicon’s neck and chin. He both shivered and smiled, squinting optics against the fluid drenching him. Obviously Starscream enjoyed the way he tasted. The tongue slithered down his chest and curled against him as the hand holding him loosened and began pushing him headfirst into the maw.

Now his chest, shoulders and chin were propped against the soft glossa’s plating, his back pressed to the roof of his Master’s mouth as little by little he was sucked in. He blinked as slime dripped on him from luminous nodes that cast the space in a blue glow. The tongue beneath him flexed in a slow wave and pulled him in deeper; he was forced to giggle as the Seeker’s talons grazed against his dangling legs, and not by accident. Toying with him.

Starscream smirked as much as his full mouth would allow—fearful or not, his volunteer seemed to be getting a thrill from this, and from that was beginning to relax. That only made things sweeter for him. His wings had spread out to full span and were twitching in bliss, two rivulets of drool beginning to sneak out his oral cavity and run down his chin.

The small mech felt digits brace against his peds and give a gentle shove—

aiding the quickening waves of the slick glossa underneath him. His forehelm was pressed against the sealed plates of his Master's fuel intake, and as he reached instinctively through drips of slime to press back the sealed valve sprang open. With a squeak he slipped through.

Rather than falling, the slowly-pulsing throat tubing flexed closed around him. He panted, dizzy from being turned about and giddy at the strange embrace he found himself in.

A deep purr echoed around him. Starscream gave the tiny, curled-up peds a last playful tickle with the tips of his talons before sealing his mouthplates around them. His next purr was even more smug—more than anything he loved being able to make them squirm. Whether they were genuine in their struggles or acting it out for his entertainment didn't matter. But there was one tasty variety of wriggly resistance that stood out: Scared, or perhaps a little embarrassed, and torn between fighting back and letting the comparative giant slurp him down.

The Seeker gave a slow, partial swallow, curious how his snack would react.

The minicon smiled weakly and let out another whimper as the tip of the tongue curled around his ticklish peds and tugged him deeper. The slime-drenched plating in the intake tube squeezed and snagged against his shoulders. A tight, yet well-lit tunnel—the healthy cyan light of lubricant nodes refracting through sheets of the stuff, pushing him downwards steadily. He hadn't gone far; he could still feel his feet resting on the back of his Master's glossa. The warmth and bodily drone were increasing.

He swallowed again, stronger. His throat tightening suddenly caused the minicon to spasm with alarm before being completely encased. Two talons stroked the bulge sinking in his throat, relishing in the faint wriggling before his prey slipped in too far to follow, under his chestplates.

“Mmm... good...” as he leaned back in his seat and sighed happily his glossa snaked out and flicked the trails of drool from his jaws. He could still taste minicon mesh, and strongly. He relaxed a bit and allowed his internal servos and valves to loosen. It would give his prey a smoother ride and himself an easier time—he'd learned from experience that his small guests thrashing around too close to his spark chamber was... uncomfortable. At worst, it was painful. It was more rewarding for

both parties to be still and calm, letting his systems do all the lifting for now.

It was so much more disorienting and hypnotizing than he'd imagined. He'd always figured it would be a little darker, moodier, but as the waves of pulsating tubing lessened in force and became more rhythmic he was dazzled by a brightening light. In his audios a deep throb became louder, vibrating him and all of the mechanical flesh surrounding him as he passed the light source. It clicked suddenly where he was—the fuel intake tube, when it dived through the chest passed behind the spark chamber and in front of the transformative engine components and neural cord. He'd been less than a unit away from the source of his Master's lifeforce.

He shivered and shuttered his optics. Darker flesh hugged about him and pulled him further, faster; he was almost there now.

Below him another set of seals slid open, stretching to allow his broad shoulder pauldrons to pass through. Slime-coated and flexible rollers greeted him in a damp embrace, clutching at him as he was lowered onto his back and his legs were finally released from the throat.

The rollers seemed as voracious as his Master, and as he tried to steady himself in the shifting pit they slithered across and around him, forcing him into a tucked-up resting position. He flinched and chuckled as bits of the impromptu “nest” curled up and around him. A warm pool of energon—likely the remnants of Starscream's last refueling—had submerged his legs up to the knee plates and cast the entire chamber in a soft aqua tone. The minicon's whole frame vibrated as the internals around him thrummed. The Seeker was “purring”—engine components and bellows giving out slow rumbles of enjoyment.

And for good reason. As the weight of his volunteer meal settled into his fuel tank the Commander let his chassis rest against the back of his chair. Optics slid closed, lazily; while the little gold mech was mostly keeping still, every so often he would shift against the coil-covered walls or adjust helm or ped against them. Each movement jogged pressure and EM sensors embedded in his systems and left him soothed by hazy pleasure.

“Mmm...” With a pair of talons grazing the slightly bulging seams of his abdominal sections he glanced down. The minicon inside him quivered in response to his throaty groan before going limp in the tangle of rollers. Starscream smiled. The

newbie—Primus, in his eagerness he'd completely forgotten to learn his name!—trying so hard to appease him though not knowing exactly what the Seeker was interested in this for.

With a bit of concentration his innards squeezed in about his prey. His grin widened at the yelp of surprise and feeling of small hands pushing back against his inner seams.

“Now that I have your attention,” he said after stifling a belch, “would you mind sharing your name?”

“M—” If he had had the space, the little mech would have pulled a double take at the question. “My name?”

“Yes, your name!” Starscream chuckled, purposefully soft to avoid jostling the small one. “What are you called?”

That's not something bulks ask us. That was what he thought, but not what he said. In general, it had been true for him. Minicons fell into an untouchable category since the beginning of the caste system, and while the Seekers (especially the ones born in the Golden Age, or earlier) seemed laxer about caste roles he was still treated exactly as Functionist rule required. They ranked slightly below beast-formers... and slightly above non-living tools and vehicles.

But when Commander Starscream requested your name, it was best to divulge it.

“Erm, I'm...” Almost indistinguishable from the soft heat of his Master's interior was his faceplates heating up in a flush of shame. He was very young—he didn't *have* a name. At least not a real, good name. He had a *designation* only which had been pressed on him from birth by whichever convoluted bureau kept tabs on the lowest-ranking castes. And he wasn't creative enough to invent a half-decent label for himself. His voice lowered: “I-I've been given the designation SF-55, though...” he swallowed, pulling his helm back as a roller flexed against his shoulder with extra force, “I don't think that's a name, exactly...”

Starscream produced a low rumble but otherwise remained silent. The minicon waited several milliklics, flush spreading, until he tucked his helm against the nearest roller to hide his face. *Shouldn't have said anything.*

“No name, hmm.” Red optics glared distantly into the wall across from him, and the way his brows had descended he looked as if he could have burned through the wall if he wanted to. “Should have guessed... you were born only three cycles back. Not long after when...” He trailed off. No mech liked to linger on that.

Why would he know that? How wasn’t a question at all—to work for the Seekers meant the High Command had access to one’s records. He stared into the ripples of the energon pooling about him, watching each minute rumble creating a new set of them.

“Have you thought of a name?” Idly, the Commander stroked a talon against his abdomen again; he paused as he noticed himself doing so, and then picked up again as there was no one to stare or ridicule such sentimentality anyways. “I can declare you.”

“You... would?” The gold mech forgot to be speechless and servile. Because of course this was somewhat ludicrous. He’d heard of it, obviously, in the rare cases of bulks and minicons involved in friendships, but legally the tiny Cybertronians could no longer declare themselves—*name* themselves—and relied on sympathetic bulks to give them names. In the best cases their *actual* names, using the oppressive convention as a loophole, though not always. He wondered if he should have expected such a kindness from the gruff Seeker despite appearances. The older mechs did seem to have such disdain for the new system; was it any wonder the notoriously critical Commander Starscream was as well?

“Yes,” he murmured, smiling giddily as his guest sat up suddenly and the movement set off a fresh wave of sensations. “I’d be happy to.”

“Th-thank you, Sir...” the minicon bit at his bottom mouthplate, “I haven’t... thought of one yet, though.”

“Hmmm, no trouble there. You’ll find one.” The Seeker’s optics shuttered partway. The sun had almost set completely, with just a few hazy purplish lights streaking over Vos—dim shadows of two of Cybertron’s three moons beginning to glow and become more visible. Somewhere in the city below a racer revved their engines and was immediately cursed at... loud enough to faintly hear even through Seeker HQ’s soundproofing. “If you like, you may stay over and think about it tonight.”

“Stay...?” The minicon quivered again. “You mean... in here?”

“Would be optimal.” The Seeker chirped, obviously pleased with the idea of having his belly filled with small mech the entire night.

“Of... of course..!” The little mech felt like he was shivering, at first. Wide-eyed. Confused by the quaking’s onset, the Seeker blinked and tilted his head while settling a taloned servo on his belly. He opened his mouth to check on the minicon before reminding himself he didn’t have a name to utter and shut it again.

With a low huff he hoped he hadn’t overdone it. He normally had no qualms with more forceful forms of this play with free-thinking and free-living companions—but considering the times the little mechs were not exactly “free-living”. The idea he’d pressured the already-pressured youngster into staying longer was... somewhat *sickening*. He forced his rollers to keep from twisting and roiling up.

He was soon relieved: The small gold mech cracked a shy smile, his excited quivering lessened and was replaced by faint purrs (far weaker than Starscream’s own riotous ones but just as significant). Starscream felt the minicon snuggle his rounded helm and pauldrons back against the shifting tank components.

“Hmmm...” As the Seeker relaxed his brows drifted up, smirk following suit, “Glad to hear it. Your services are always appreciated.” His purr was interrupted by a belch, and then a hiccup, before he chuckled and gave his middle a lazy pat, “*Very* appreciated.”

Internal chronometers were a handy thing, though it was obvious upon waking that his passenger did not possess one. Or at least one that was attuned to morning and shifting him out of recharge mode smoothly. His tank was now emptied of energon but still comfortably stuffed. Still bleary, he felt his middle and groaned; the minicon seemed to be asleep, nestled into a loose curl, his helm pressed up against a bundle of rollers he was hugging onto tightly. Deeper in, fuel processors rumbled but he felt no hunger.

Commander Starscream winced and slowly edged himself upright. More than likely this would jolt his prey awake. He stood, unpinned his wings from behind his back and stretched them, marveling that he hadn’t woken the gold mech yet. Must be

snug in there. His volunteers were usually relaxed, and some more than others, but they had always awoken before now.

“Hate to do this to you,” he stepped towards a counter. It was the spot where he usually groomed himself in the mornings, a large mirror letting him admire his form from chestplates up. Today there was a tough, absorbent towel laid there exactly as he’d left it last night. His guest would probably need it in the near future.

The minicon’s first conscious observation was that he was being shuffled out of his warm “nest”, and with a grumble he gripped tighter onto the armful of rollers. A metallic *ting*-ing sounded nearby—Starscream rapping his talons on his own abdominal plating.

“Come on now...” The tank shook with a deep chuckle, “As much as we’d both like it, you can’t stay in there forever.”

“Unh, oh—” The Commander’s voice shook the last fuzzy edges of recharge mode off him, and he scrambled upright in the slippery confines, “S-sorry, didn’t mean to oversleep, Sir...”

“It’s no trouble,” his rumble sounded deeply smug, and the minicon flushed somewhat as the tank walls pressed in at him. Conscious movements.

“Th-thank you.”

“And there’s no need to make ready to exit. Not yet,” Starscream chirped and finished examining himself in the mirror, checking for grit and other detritus trapped in his armor seams. Nothing major—nothing he cared about anyways—and he turned away from his own smirking visage and made his way to his personal terminal. “Relax a bit—you have until I need to refuel and that’s some ways off. Besides,” he sat, rumbling as the movement jogged some squirms from within. “I would like to invite you back sometime.”

The rollers settled around him more closely this morning. The small mech was thankful for it—the lack of energon inside left the space significantly less warmed and the closeness made up for that. Starscream was still faintly purring every so often, broken by soft grunts of thought as he responded to whatever he was reading on his computer. Most likely High Command business. Nothing a minicon aide was meant to be paying attention to.

The bright cyan spots of the lubricant nodes had caught his eye. As he allowed his Master's fuel tank to form around as he wished he caught himself distantly staring at one. Clear liquid dripped from the lit area, forming a thin rivulet down the surface of the roller coil it was set in. Slimy stuff. He almost giggled; he supposed others might have found it a little disgusting to be in this position—covered in another mech's internal fluids and cramped into a squishing, constantly flexing chamber. That was fair. Another droplet landed with a light *plit!* on his helm and rolled off. The slime was harmless and clean—slime though it was—and if anything, the oddness was funny...

The light, the liquid, the dampened metallic sheen bouncing off the coils; he was reminded of the thought he'd fixated on last night.

"C-Commander?"

"Hm?" Starscream peered over his shoulder, as if looking back at someone waiting on him in the room, and he didn't bother correcting himself aside from smirking at himself. He'd been hoping his guest would call his attention away from these sobering reports anyhow. "What is it?"

"Do you remember the thing we talked about?" The gold mech smiled. "Last night, I mean. When you asked me my name..."

"Ah." The Seeker straightened in his chair with an especially languid purr, "Declaring you, yes." Talons touched against his abdomen, "You didn't have one in mind last night, but... I suspect now that might have changed, hm?"

"Yes..!" His small hands gripped lightly on the rollers nuzzling against either side of him, faceplates splitting into his shy smile as it resulted in a comfortable groan from the larger mech.

"So, now," a bit strained from the small but sudden massage, Starscream tapped his belly with one servo. "I'm anxious to hear it. What's your name?"

"*Leukos*," the minicon let it roll off his glossa. The happiest sound in the world, or at least that's what it sounded like to the Seeker. It was easy to feel some of his generously-portioned pride for the small gold mech for this.

"Leukos. I haven't heard that one in a long time," he beamed. "An interesting

choice.”

The small one—Leukos—felt his faceplates flush again.

“And you’ll really declare me?” He leaned back against the tank walls as if trying to be heard better. Despite how it could have sounded he was glad his tiny voice carried a tone of pure hopefulness. “I know you’re probably busy, so—”

“*Very* busy!” The Commander laughed, leaning towards his console again with optics shimmering. He sought out a very different document, shoving dim and spark-taxing duties aside, “Frag it, I say. *Those* can wait a bit.” A few deft movements of his claws made the declaration form ready, “I think I can spare a few more moments without refuel, and why not spend it doing this?”

“Th-thank you, Sir.”

“Now,” the large mech’s voice thrummed around Leukos, who could not help but reflexively purr himself. “Spell it out for me. I want to be sure I do this right...”