

Slightly Too-Deep Kisses

[Contents: Semi-unwilling half-size vore, nonfatal outcome, Technorganic Autobot Starscream and romantic Arcee feels, Male pred and female prey, silliness and banter and teasing and chasing and wriggling belly stuff!]

“*Scream*,” Arcee’s tone was almost horrified—at least suspicious—which was something completely understandable once she caught a glimpse of the devilish look of mischief plastered across his faceplates.

“Scream, what are you doing.”

“Good morning to you too, Arcee.” His voice was sing-song, head tilted sharply to one side. Something was vastly changed about him. *Vast* was the keyword; he had always had a huge height advantage compared to her small frame, but now ...

“Something’s *different* this morning,” he continued to tease, stalking one step closer and ducking slightly as the top of his much spinier crest brushed against the large doorway. “I wonder what that could be?”

“It’s you, Scream.”

“Oh.” His grin creased further, almost from audio to audio. “Is it really? Tell me, what’s changed?”

Arcee had been around the obnoxious Seeker long enough by now to know that the much-embiggened bot had some sort of endgame attached to this line of questioning. Whether he was just excited to hear from her own mouthplates what she thought of the form shift or he had something more extreme in mind was what she couldn’t tell. She took several more careful steps back to make certain the fuel-dispensing counter was between her and the looming mech.

“What in the Allspark *happened*?” She said with a low and urgent tone. Starscream stood up straighter in surprise and took on a dumbfounded look. His added height had been forgotten and his wingtips flipped up and scraped the ceiling.

“Oh, don’t get excited now,” he blinked rapidly. “Nothing’s gone wrong. Everything’s fine!” He soon forgot her demand, or maybe more accurately tried to

ignore just how much she was refusing to play along with his guessing games. His chest puffed out, metal and seams straining in a way they'd not quite managed to do before, "But really, what do I look like now? What jumps out right away?" His brows tipped up, "Anything you like, hm?"

"Just tell me what caused all this," Arcee feigned distraction as she leaned on the countertop, kneading at the base of her helm. Despite her keeping a stealthy optic on him he did not try to sidle closer while she was "unawares".

"Not doing it for you?" He stepped up closer to the counter, the once-tall island in the center of the refueling room now only coming up to his abdomen plating. The face like a wounded puppy showed itself again; Arcee almost felt compelled to let her guard down. "I volunteered for this in exchange for a complete forgiveness of all my debts."

"That's great, but please tell me," Arcee gritted her denta. "What is the 'this' you volunteered for?"

"Technorganic Adaptation Refitting," his grin started to spread across his face again. "It's an experimental form change Ratchet's working on." His wings gave a quick wiggle, "He needed a volunteer and I didn't see any risks I wasn't comfortable with."

"What about the risks *I'm* not comfortable with?" Arcee growled, both servos balled into fists on the counter.

"Oh, I have a feeling you'll become very comfortable," he purred, eyeing her with a look so strange and devious she instinctually backed up from the counter, away from him. He gave a wicked-sounded chuckle, "What's the matter? The mass increase is just a minor side-effect—and Ratchet's made it much more efficient since he started working on it. I didn't get *that* much bigger, did I?"

"You're a lot larger than I expected you to be when you walked in," she huffed, optics flicking over the various transformed parts of him. His wings were very obviously "technorganic" as he'd called it—they no longer bore any resemblance to a fighter jet's wings but now reminded her of a dragonfly or insect of some kind. His red crest was now organically-spiky and proportionally taller. Shoulder pauldrons, spurs, bits and pieces of his backplates had also grown more swooping pointed sections that would be very out-of-place on an F-16. And his singular chestplate in the

center had developed an unusual split in it, something a bit more like her own. Perhaps an adaptation to allow for more flexible movement? She dashed all wondering. What she needed to really wonder about was what Starscream was hinting about with such a Cheshire cat look. No doubt something directed at her. Smug peacocking—some dare or challenge he didn't think he'd win at his former size and shape that he now had a scarily large amount of confidence about.

“I'm no bigger than Optimus Prime. You trust him, don't you?” Puppy-dog eyes again, their persuasive impact stunted somewhat by the slight smirk he cracked during it.

“You're a completely different story from Prime,” Arcee had to snort at that, laughing softly as she started to quietly shift her footing. She bet she was still faster than him by just a bit. She just needed to keep ready to get away and into the public eye if he tried anything ridiculous.

“Eheh,” ‘Scream seemed to admit his comparison was a bit false by the light flush reddening his faceplates. He started lacing and unlacing his enlarged talons together. “Well... You have me on that one. Still, a few extra tons of me shouldn't be this much harder to deal with, right?”

“Haha.”

Starscream snickered at her deadpan look, beginning to step around the fuel dispensing counter and putting her back on edge. His brows lowered and his lips turned up a bit as he caught on to how she matched his distance and not-so-subtly kept up a buffer zone between them.

“Come on, let's have a sit down and talk about this...”

“We can discuss it from here!”

“No no, please, I think it'd do both of us better if we just had a little *snuggle* and worked this out...”

“...Why do you insist on getting closer?”

“Why not? We're at a point in our relationship where we should be able to be close to one another!”

“You’re being a little creepy about it.”

“Am not—you’re the one creeping away.”

“Because you’re chasing me around this counter, you aft!”

“I’m not running. Who’s running? Not me.”

“You’re *following* me!”

“Because you are my significant other who I have not seen since I left to have this done yesterday! And I want a hug or something!”

By now Arcee had abandoned the fuel dispensary entirely and had backed away into a hallway. Starscream grunted and ducked low to follow, his form filling the entire corridor from shoulder to shoulder. The “or something” he’d mentioned made her mesh crawl especially fiercely as he looked up with a bit of his extra-fleshy glossa poking out.

“Starscream,” Arcee squeaked as he started to speed up his gait, forcing her to scuttle backwards in a little burst to keep out of reach. “Whatever you’re thinking, don’t even. ‘Scream, *don’t* even...”

“Not even a little smooch?” He cackled, claws braced against the walls so he could make more ground. His mouthplates were obviously slippery with drool. Arcee’s optics were as wide as dinnerplates as she darted to the side, desperate to get out of the confining hallway.

“Oh scrap.”

The move had not been the best. She was now faced with a room smaller than the fuel dispensary and with no large furniture she could put between herself and the pursuing Seeker. She turned at the sound of his wasp wings just barely scraping through the doorway.

“Don’t you dare, ‘Scream.” She kept up a stoic pout, flattening against the wall. His optics were lit with mischief as he shuffled closer, claws flexing and unflexing.

“You better think about this, ‘Scream,” her servos went up, primed to punch away whatever he tried to grab her with first. She was not so sure her strength would be enough compared to the immense force a mech his size could likely summon...

Talons clutched her on either side, pinning her arms immediately no matter how hard she pushed against him—and he loomed toward her with a deep feral noise, somewhere between purr and growl.

Smac!

Arcee squirmed, a bit less urgently now that the first thing he'd done with his overwhelming advantage was... plant a heavy, overly wet kiss on the crown of her helm. She glared up at him.

"You had me so freaked out for *nothing!*"

"Ooh, I'm not done," one of his large brows raised, optics half-shuttered and smiling. Arcee squirmed harder; she noticed his grin widening the more she struggled and started to panic... "You should have fought this hard to keep away in the beginning! Maybe then I wouldn't have caught you so easily."

"Ughh, eugh!" Arcee flinched as his bright blue and massive tongue slipped out from his lips and slithered up the side of her helm. A "doggy kiss", she figured—or rather, she hoped—but soon realized as he gave a low rumble of pleasure that this was not what that was. Nope—he'd tasted her.

The talons wrapped more securely around her, lifting her several metrons off the floor with ease. He'd tasted her, and from the hungry gleam he studied her flailing legs with she guessed he liked the flavor a little too much.

"Starscream!" She grunted, trying her damndest to land a kick somewhere soft enough to deter him. He ducked his helm back, giggling at her attempts. "Starscream, put me down! Lemme go, you big... erk, you big slobbering aft!"

Pursing his lips, he giggled even more at her. Despite how insulting she'd tried to make her digs his expression seemed to only grow warmer, fonder, and more decorated with trickles of oral lubricants.

"Aww, how sweet of you," he lapped at his jaws with his huge blue tongue, shifting his grip so that he could pin her kicking legs together in one hand. "I love you too, Arcee. I'll let you go later," he took a short break from drooling to nuzzle the base of his crest against Arcee's helm, something she was too restrained to wriggle away from. "I promise. I just want to hold onto you for a bit..."

With that, he opened his mouth wider than Arcee thought possible for a mechanical lifeform. But then, he wasn't 100% metal-based now. A thought occurred to her about what exactly he was going to do; he wordlessly confirmed it as he clamped his jaws down around both of her peds. And his denta stopped—no chomp, no crunch, no rip. Most importantly him making a mouthful of her twitching feet gave her no pain whatsoever.

Starscream groaned, mouthplates spreading wider apart as he lifted her legs and began gently sliding them further in. Her lower legs were soaked; she shivered at the temperature contrast as her heels sunk into his throat. His glossa was wrapping partway around her kneecap, tugging the rest of her legs inside.

"You're..." Arcee was paralyzed with surprise for a long minute, staring down at the faceplates of her lover stretching apart, jaw sections unhinging along their seams and engulfing her legs, then her kneecaps, then her thighs. Starscream's optics cracked back open, peering up at hers in a look she could only describe as adoring. "You're swallowing me."

The tight throat that was flexing snugly around her legs suddenly opened for the tips of her toes. As she flexed them once her desire to fight back suddenly clicked back into her head.

"Scream, please listen. You're *eating* me, do you realize that?" It was possibly too little, too late. She sensed her legs starting to be bunched up as her peds met the pit of Starscream's extra-large fuel tank; her waist had just been sucked down into his throat. Her legs weren't blocking her own view anymore—and what she saw made her wriggle in a panic. His abdominal section's plating had been pushed apart enormously already, rounded bulges kicking out and plainly marking where her feet were resting inside his body.

"Starscream, listen—you are eating me!"

His brows tilted up—questioningly. *Did* he realize what he was doing, she wondered? Maybe increasing in size was not the only side effect of the Technorganic Adaptation process—maybe his mind was being affected, his cranial unit being scattered and confused by an innate impulse of whatever creature his organic tissue donor had been? A deep growling rumble echoed up through him and the talons that had been pinning her legs before reached up and stroked the back of her neck.

A loud squish sounded as he began swallowing again, dragging another few feet of her torso into his maw. Arcee's struggles renewed but she found her legs too bunched and squeezed by belly flesh to give her much leverage. Her arms Starscream were now pinning together and holding out above her head, pressing her shoulder plating together. Easier to fit down his gullet, she supposed, and she fought to spread her arms, pull herself up using 'Scream's own grip on her, anything to keep her from being devoured. He had to be mental—what was he even going to *do* once he finally swallowed her? She would be trapped and he would be unable to take in any fuels. They'd be stuck in that precarious position until—she hoped, anyways—someone else came around and found him bearing an engorged gut, her stranded inside.

“Scream, think about this—” That was all she managed before her neck and shoulders were pushed inside. His bright tongue licked at her jaw plating, cutting her off as she jerked her head to the side. Another heavy gulp and her faceplates were being cradled in the middle crease of the tongue, only her arms and the tip of her crest poking out of the Seeker's mouth. He no longer needed to pin her arms together. Her servos grasped at his chin and jawline fruitlessly for a handhold as another swallow pulled them into his jaws.

Her only sight now was the close quarters inside her lover's fuel intake tube—a dim series of blue lights marking out lubrication nodes sliding by every few seconds. A satisfied hum rattled around her, trailing off into a raspy growling. She felt his mouthplates seal around her fingers and announce she had no way of pulling herself out now. The fuel tank's lining was stretching to meet the space demands of her frame filling it. A few gurgles, slurps, and soft swallows later and her arms were freed of his throat.

She immediately planted her servos in each side of his slippery rollers, pushing out in opposite directions as hard as she could. The components here were resilient and elastic, stretching leniently until they reached their limit before tightening up. Arcee found herself panting from her efforts in a tight ball, surrounded closely by warmth, mechanical flesh, low burbling and pulsing, dripping fluids.

“Ahhh...” Starscream's efforts seemed to have exhausted him as well. Arcee felt the bass-y thuds of him stepping back, turning, and beginning to slowly pad off somewhere else in their living quarters. Some part deeper in his guts bubbled. She flinched.

Suddenly the belly folds and rollers in front of her were pressed closer; the new pressure moved up and down in soft strokes. Rubbing his belly. Arcee squirmed to turn her helm to the side and opened her mouth to curse at him.

“Mmmmm,” his whole chassis rumbled in a thrum. “Take it easy, Arcee. That’s it...” His footfalls echoed further, her weight swaying slightly with the inertia as he came to a stop. Where in Primus’s name had he gone off to? “Enh, now, let’s just relax a bit...oof!”

Her added weight must have messed with the sleek Seeker’s center of gravity; suddenly, she was horizontal with the warmed fluid dripping on her running in rivulets around her shoulders and legs, instead of down them. She dug her elbows into his belly walls, trying to sit up on impulse.

“Starscream, what—”

“I know, I know,” he chuckled. He sounded subdued. Full, probably. She frowned. “I’m an aft.”

“You are magnificently more of an aft than you know,” she grumbled, trying to ignore the soft walls pushing on her armor in rhythmic waves and the low thrumming that her super-sized SO was now producing. “What possessed you to *eat* me?”

“I told you,” Starscream’s voice crackled a bit—embarrassment, she’d learned that one ages ago. Again, she got the feeling he had his hands laid over top of his bulging abdomen, “I was away from you a long while. I wanted to get closer. A snuggle.”

“By swallowing me whole?” Arcee was exasperated, not panicked, now that the deed was done. She lightly punched at the rollers closing about her shoulders. “But how are you going to get me out again?”

“I can spit you back out,” he cooed. His talons tightened over his belly a moment, “Just... not yet.” Arcee felt the Seeker’s purrs grow louder a moment, fuel tank walls closing in around her in a snuggler hold for a moment before letting her have her tiny space back.

“Starscream.” Arcee blinked and mulled over the pitiful show her devourer was putting on for her. While he obviously was not a stranger to trickery she didn’t believe

these were lies. And it seemed a long road to go—struggling to understand each other, forgive each other, and finally grow this close just to have ‘Scream only want a chance to trap her like this. His story as the over-eager, overly mischievous lover making use of a new adaptation to grab her this tightly was more plausible than anything else. “I want you to promise me something.”

“Yes, ‘Cee?”

“Please warn me ahead of time when you wish to partake in this kind of ‘hugging’.” She smirked. Starscream’s belly quivered as he let out a nervous giggle.

“Well... it’s more like... ‘Extreme Kisses’...”

Arcee butted her head against the soft wall in front of her, prompting an “oof” and another giggle.

“—But yes, of course. Whatever you want.” He purred extra loudly. Her digits were pressing up against the inside of his gut much more gently now, kneading his EM and pressure nodes and making up for all the kicking, kneeling and struggling. He was still a bit bad at this whole “romance” thing; at the very least his attempts at loving gestures had not fallen completely flat.

His optics flickered and he stifled a yawn.

“Good.” Arcee relaxed her shoulders into the fleshy confines, “Now go ahead and have your nap.”

“Eheh... Arcee?” He blushed.

“You aft.” The bulge in his body wriggled briefly before his occupant settled comfortably and let herself nod off. He allowed himself one triumphant and cheeky grin; he’d told her she’d become *very* comfortable with this.

Fin