

Inside Jokes

Part 2

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

Endo arrived at his destination with a slick *plunk* sound and a flood of blue light nearly blinding him. Having gotten there headfirst, he realized with a bubbly chuckle that he was upside down and shoulders deep in what was left of Commander Starscream's liquid breakfast. Fumbling in the overpowering energon-light, eventually one servo grabbed hold of the rounded edge of something and he pulled himself upright.

"Whoof!" He shook his head, flinging droplets of the blue stuff from the paired swooping crests on his head. "Well that coulda been more graceful..."

Now he had a much clearer view of Starscream's inner workings. The energon the Seeker had imbibed earlier was pooled in and around a mass of well-slimed roller coils that lined the entirety of the fuel tank. Every so often one coil decided to shift, some length of it plunging into the unseen lining of the organ while an equal amount replaced it from above, this section freshly slimed with mechanical lubricants and clear of any liquid consumables. But the plated coils were not the only things of interest—Endo stepped back upon noticing one of his feet was set on the lip of a fuel processor valve. It was one of three of the circular discs planted deep in the fluctuating pit of rollers, sealed with three articulating pieces of dark cybermetal. The one Endo had just backed away from opened up with a low slurping as a few liters of energon were drained away, then snapped shut. The minicon cocked an audio to hear a low rumble as the fuel met up with its respective processors deeper in. He looked strangely chipper for a Cybertronian who was essentially listening to robo-guts growling.

"Yes indeedy, Endo, insides are *severely* underrated..!"

"Insides are also *severely broken*, if you wouldn't mind getting a move on,

minicon...”

The little surgeon jolted and grinned sheepishly at the cavernous voice scolding him from all directions. There was a lot of growl to the Commander’s voice, Endo noted, but also quite a bit of whimper. The minicon let out a nervous chuckle and decided to get the first steps out of the way, unhappy it would mean less time to inspect the unique scenery.

“Yes, Sir!” Endo took great care in propping a knee against a relatively stable coil, “I’ve got the prepwork underway—er, the anesthesia, I mean.” There before him was the problem area. One of the fuel valves, one that filtered away the liquefied slurry of supplementary metals Cybertronians would occasionally ingest, was high and dry of the energon pool. Endo jerked his head back as a few electrical sparks suddenly shot out of one side—and on that side, something was definitely off about the dark-hued plating. Open just a crack, here and there along the seams of what should have been a tight seal were burn marks and blackened places. The minicon leaned in, one eye squinted and stroking his beard spike.

“Ouchie...” With a few clicks and a whirring of transformation noise his left hand became a rather intimidating-looking syringe, the needle of which was more of a dagger than medical instrument, “Just, uh, well, I would grab onto something... or bite a polythrene strap... just a suggestion.”

“What?” Uncertainty and a spike of fear echoed around, “What for?”

It was a milliklic later that Starscream became aware of the fact that something had stabbed him. The berth-ridden Seeker’s optics swelled in size at the same rate that his talons were sinking into the tempered metal of the medical berth.

But before he gathered the breath to cry out, the stabbing pain along with the constant ache of his ailment melted into nothing. The Seeker realized he had been biting his glossa. He relaxed, tugging his sharp digits free of the new piercings in the berth.

“Lemme know when you’ve got a pleasant tingle goin’!” Endo’s chirp was slightly muffled, but perfectly audible through the tightly-packed organs and abdominal plating of his patient. Starscream stared with a slack jaw at where he felt the small movements coming from.

Oh Primus, he could *feel* it... And now, pain numbed, the weight of Endo's knee pressed against the walls, and the little shifts as he fidgeted were more obvious than ever.

“What do you mean a ‘pleasant tingle’?!” Starscream groaned. He could not hold back the need to clasp both hands over top of his writhing guts for all the pride in the universe, “If you mean the lack of stabbing sensations, then yes! Get on with it!” His optics crinkled shut in a deep cringe, “How in the Pit could you think to call this ‘*pleasant*’?”

And that was the kicker. The Commander, of course, knew he *should* lie. Primus damn it—it *was* pleasant. *Extremely* pleasant. Every time the minicon inside him moved or so much as shifted his weight the tiny peds and servos and winglets pressed against his tank's sides, stimulating the neural EM and pressure sensors underneath. And each time that happened... how a massage could get any more involved seemed impossible. An internal massage to the vulnerable, sensitive parts of internal Cybertronian anatomy. The Seeker's eyebrows floated upwards in a dreamy grin as he wondered what it'd be like if the minicon actually started *trying*...

His brows furrowed back into his standard glare/frown. No, this was a medical procedure. Asking for that was out of the question. Probably would take another round of threats to the little 'bot's career, certification, and general limb attachment to ensure word of such an unusual indulgence stayed silent. So Starscream would stay silent.

Endo grinned to himself. He had found a roller coil that was mostly stationary to use as a seat right next to the area needing work—and as he watched the flexing of the tank's walls slow and relax he had that sneaking suspicion again.

“Okie-dokie...” As he scooted closer to the malfunctioning valve his right hand shifted into a clamp and suctioned tight to the little organ's casing; his left hand transformed into a much scarier-looking implement—a dagger-like saw. This was tough work, and luckily for the patient the very notion of pain was “off”. Only pressure and pleasure remained. Something Endo knew very well by now.

A queasy idea or no, the minicon surgeon had often observed his larger patients put up a great deal of assurances that they were definitely (*definitely*) not enjoying him being inside them. But there was always something a bit incredulous

about the claims. As if the large bots were in a state of disbelief themselves. It smelled an awful lot like denial to Endo. The saw fired up, sending up bright sparks as it traced a small slit in the burnt valve casing. He squinted against the light, a slight grin still on his face despite concentration.

“So...” Endo chirped as the saw’s whirr died down, “Didn’t feel that, I hope?”

“Nn... No.”

“Lemme know also if you get a little sicky.” He remembered with bright eyes, “I’ve got a little something for that. Doesn’t happen too often but ya never know how sensitive the tank is, mech-to-mech—”

Starscream’s plaintive groan interrupted his chatter. The Seeker Chief’s eyebrows were a complicated mess of expression, talons clasped over his gut. He told himself again this was to hide how the plating pushed out and moved. That *had* to be it—certainly wasn’t him trying to sense the tiny movements further, guessing as best he could what shifts meant what movement.

“Sicky?”

“N-no!” Starscream’s glower returned as he snapped out of it, “The fewer cocktails of drugs the better.”

“Yessir,” Endo’s voice was temporarily more muffled, face buried in the task of clamping open the incision like an eager child poring over his favorite book. “You’re welcome to ask away questions if ya got ‘em.”

The Seeker growled—and the sound vibrated around Endo like a peal of thunder. What nerve he had. *I hope he heard that.*

“I’m guessin’ no?”

“Here’s one,” The Seeker muttered, “Do you ever stop talking?”

“Humm... only under extreme duress?” Endo blinked, pausing with one hand about to reconfigure into his sensory array, “Or while asleep?”

“Dammit.”

Endo giggled, clapping a servo over his mouthplates too late to stop the sound

reaching his volatile patient. The Seeker's silence was unexpected.

"Really..." Starscream kneaded at the base of his crest with two knuckles, "Well, at the very least *you're* having fun here."

"I try ta keep a positive attitude."

"Mhm."

The Commander let his head fall back with a defeated clank. There was a sensation of great heat in the pit of his tank as Endo made another small incision. Why did it feel so nice? What logical purpose did touch-sensitive circuitry even have inside a mech's fuel tank—sensing foreign objects? If that, then why were they so sensitive to light touches and pushes?

A faint whirr of the minicon surgeon's tools made it to his audios. He blinked. Well, perhaps it was slightly more uncomfortable when not anesthetized. In that case... maybe this was a rare pleasantness. It was probably alright to enjoy it while it lasted... maybe.

Endo fiddled with his swooping crests and activated a dark visor section to protect his optics. His left hand's clamp fitting had shifted, now dedicated to holding the slit in Starscream's mineral-valve wide open. His right morphed from saw mode into a cutting torch. He hummed to himself, nibbling on the edge of his glossa. The Seeker was quiet now, abdominal servos untensed enough that the entire frame around the organs had relaxed and shifted the fuel tank outward. He was concentrating too hard to ponder that much, though he did like the extra working room. He made a mental note to study the sudden change of spark later before starting his torch's white flame.

"There you are, ya bugger..." The fire lit up the pitch black interior of the valve—and the blackened, twisted articulator causing all the issues. It was a tiny servo that was supposed to be jointed and armlike, made of silvery cybermetal. At some point it seemed to have simply buckled from strain—too weak and shortened to properly close the valve's moving parts. Endo grunted unhappily as he spotted burn-marks on its neighbors also—from where its errant sparking had started attacking the mech joint fluid naturally coating them.

The torch nipped right through it at the base, precisely missing the surrounding

neural circuits.

“Whoo!”

Starscream twitched, eying his belly in alarm.

“Did you just *cheer*..?”

“Yup.” Endo grinned, snipping the top portion of the faulty part away as he did so, “And another ‘whoo!’ for that!”

“What the heck are you *doing*?!” The Seeker’s internals tightened again, taking away that extra room Endo had been so pleased about.

“Eh?” Endo lifted out the bad articulator and set the twisted hunk aside. “I’m doing surgery, and doing it real good.”

“Erm...” Starscream blinked rapidly, one brow raised, “Al...right?”

“The anesthesia’s still working, right?”

“Y-yes?”

“Oh! Okay, then we’re good,” the minicon leaned back in, hand shifted into a light source so he could more easily make out the circuitry’s paths. “The bad actor just got cut out.”

“The... Ah, the, erm, malfunctioning part, yes...” The Seeker mumbled. He was still confused, but Endo felt the rollers under him untense as he became less alarmed. “Which means you will be done soon.”

“Aw, yeah,” The surgeon’s cutting torch became yet another implement in his bag of tricks—a circuit clamp.

“You sound disappointed,” Starscream snorted, glancing about the back room, pondering the question.

“Well, I mean, I like doing this!” He chirped, “Not that I wanna see you or anyone else all banged up, but when ya are... I do like it.”

“Hmmm...”

Endo gave a nervous giggle, peeking around at the patient’s tank as it vibrated

with the low rumble. His circuit clamp detached several luminous red strands of neural cords and shifted their clipped ends over to a few of the excised servo's neighbors. After a moment, he leaned back with the job completed.

"Minicon."

The little bot hadn't expected the low, curious tone from the Commander. He jumped, the slimy surface under his aftplate causing a slip in the expert's balance. Fortunately, he didn't have far to fall; Endo slid backwards off the roller coil and landed amid the tangle of them lining the back wall with a soft squish.

"Err, Um! Yes, Sir! Listening!" He managed to pull himself upright, not without some wriggling but quick enough.

Starscream touched one claw against his abdomen, just above where he'd felt the sudden uptick in movement. The minicon had fallen over. And he could tell—he felt it. It hadn't even been a joor and he'd already learned what those squirming and pressing sensations meant. He cleared his throat with faceplates heating already.

"...Do you *like* being... erm, in there?"

Endo squirmed, halted squirming—squirmed again. Trying to sit up again, eyes wide and buggy and puzzled. Something had shifted and it wasn't the slippery coils under his aftplate.

"Eheh..." He scrambled forward, hastening to double-check the quality of his work so he could seal up the slit in Starscream's guts. "Well, I guess I couldn't be in here if I really disliked it."

"But do you *like* it?" The Commander's voice took on a bit of a huff. His abdominal plating pushed out a tiny fraction and he stared down at it in a needy way, hastily covering the moving part with a palm. He needed an honest response. Yes, it was unfair to demand that answer first, but without it...

"It's, uh, it's a very decent place to be, really." Endo admitted, pausing before activating his cybermetal-welder for a shaky chuckle. "Fr-from a minicon's point of view, I mean. It's... well, it's *very protected*..."

"...Protected?"

“Well, erm, the thickest exoplating is on the abdomen area...” Endo studied the newly-sealed surgical wound wafting steam as the patchmetal cooled against the steady drip of lubrication fluid; it all appeared well with everything holding together as it should. “And it’s impossible to get stepped on or bumped or swatted in here... eheh, there’s a lotta bots I’d prefer to be *in* than *near* for, uh, those reasons.”

“And I’m one of them.” Starscream sighed, optics half-shuttered. He didn’t even know why he should be disappointed. He understood, if grudgingly and only to himself, that he was sometimes tempted to be too “hands-on” with those in his command. Okay, maybe *sometimes* was an understatement. Maybe it was the minicon angle that bothered him—rationalization or no, he was far less physically aggressive towards them. Probably not noticeably since the aggression came when he was in nasty moods. His brows drooped; speaking of nasty moods...

“Oh, no! Not you exactly!” Endo patted the shifting walls, a hasty reassurance. Possibly an “under duress” reassurance—the added growl in Starscream’s tone seldom meant good things. But then he didn’t really know. Just as he probably didn’t know that his simple gesture had sent shocks of pleasant tingle up the larger mech’s abdomen; the Seeker grunted softly and Endo felt compelled to continue: “You’ve been... well—you’re *imposing*, Sir, but not, y’know, the type of mech that bothers me.”

“And to be honest, I ain’t really *happy* working in those types,” Endo leaned back against the rollers, too lost in conversing for the moment to notice them twitching like horse’s flanks before flexing to conform to his shape. “I’m more glad to be out of reach of ‘em. Not with you, you’re uh...”

As Starscream rumbled his soft, contented rumble Endo suddenly took notice of the new seating snuggling around him. His thought tripped and stumbled over itself as his faceplates lit up; he crumpled his legs up, embarrassed.

“S-sir?”

The coils jolted to a stop before inching away, giving the minicon room to sit upright once again. Starscream’s faceplates were vivid red. He pawed at his neck tubing.

“I don’t know why that happened.” He lied. The Seeker Commander knew exactly why it had happened—he just hadn’t expected his fuel tank to just jump up and do it for him once his guard dropped.

Endo's nervous laugh echoed up to him, "Ah, heh, it's alright, Sir." He shrugged, very slowly, softly to avoid stimulating the larger mech's chassis into unconsciously snuggling him again. Not really something he'd have minded that much, but everything about Starscream's hurried excuse warned he should not trigger it again, "N-natural movements, no helping it!"

"Right..." The Seeker gave a dubious grumble. His brows migrated up, happily, as the tiny surgeon shifted one of his peds so that it pressed into the floor of his tank. "So, you don't mind this with me. And you prefer to be out of reach of those who may have not so charming behavior around minicons," His claws tapped against the slight overhang of his main chestplate and taking note of how the sudden rhythm caused Endo to turn quickly. "But what about *friends*?"

"Oh," Endo was redder than Starscream's own neural circuitry at this point; he was a professional and he liked his job, but his little quirk was something fully in the realm of "weird things". Society never liked "weird things", harmless or not. Helpful or not. Pleasant or not. "Ah, eheh..."

"This is not something you do with friends, then."

"N-no, not really." Endo lied. He squinted, glanced to either side, then sighed as he peered up towards where he figured the Commander's taloned servos were resting on his belly. What the heck, why not? The small surgeon was probably in as high a position as he could get, and being a minicon it hardly mattered whether larger mechs looked at you funny or not because they would always treat you a bit off. Weird interest or not. He did not need to be sneaky at all—he had no mighty reputation to uphold; he amended his answer: "Not that I wouldn't like to."

"...They do not allow you?"

"Well... in a way." Endo shuffled his weight back and forth, grinning ever so slightly at the response of the body around him. Rollers slid by, the wall he was nearest to pressing closer and pinning his winglets to either side of him. "I mean, it's not exactly something I can ask for from, well, anyone."

The Chief of Seekers laid still a moment. The minicon wasn't flinching away from his innards' movements anymore. Comfortable, he supposed. That made two of them. A marvel that he could feel so physically cozy not a breem from having a chunk of his internal anatomy chopped out.

“Hrmm.” He grumbled. “So you’d enjoy this were it not for the judgment.”

Endo’s optics clicked in a blink of surprise so sudden it was audible. The pressure of one of the Seeker’s palms depressed the tank lining down enough that a roller managed to brush the top of the smaller mech’s crown.

“Since none of this will leave this room, I... I’ll admit this is...” His heavy brows twisted up, one high and one low, over widened optics. “This feels enjoyable... er, once I’ve gotten used to it.”

The last stammer wasn’t needed. Endo’s winglets flipped up to a higher angle and squished against Starscream’s insides. The soft grunt of surprised pleasure was all the more encouraging.

“Y-yeah,” the minicon chirped. “I like it very much!”

“I like this—oorf—as well,” The Seeker’s wings jittered underneath his frame. A quick glance to the doorway confirmed no one was approaching and his frame relaxed more fully.

“Eheh, Sir,” Endo giggled. Starscream’s brow cocked: He was nervous, but in a better way. Anticipation was a better word for it. “I hope you don’t mind—I should, uh, do some pressure checks around your mineral valve there. Make sure the anesthesia is wearing off and all the bits and pieces are good and stable.”

“Pressure checks..?” The Seeker groaned with optics narrowing, suspicious of the story. He felt the little scramble—*excited* scramble—back towards that side of his belly. One corner of his mouthplates curled up in a sly grin. “Oh yes. Of course. Feel free...”

The surgeon could not have picked a better phrasing; he felt free to lean against the supportive walls, a broad grin on his face as he began to poke and prod at where he knew those sensory nodes to reside. The Seeker’s voice processor began with the pleased little noises that could not be classed as either grunt or moan—and then a soft rumbling picked up as his engine components revolved in a deep purr. The minicon was bewildered at the speed of it: Sure, joy and pleasure could trigger a “thrumming” response in most body types, but he’d never heard it start up so quickly before. Or rather, *felt* it start up and vibrate through him. Theory confirmed. Fuel tanks were quite sensitive to touch in ways most doctors hadn’t bothered to think about.

“Hmm, well. Is this a good response, Doctor?” The Commander ditched the convention of withholding the more respectable title from a mere assistant. By the Allspark, he’d already ditched some other very conventional worries, why not? The great little slagger deserved it judging from the soothing tingles shooting up through his chest and neck, fizzling out down his arms and to the tips of his wings. Endo held a giggle, faceplates warming.

“A-A very good response!” He fibbed again, and somehow knew the Seeker Chief had caught on to his fake reasoning for the massage. “It... It’s hard to tell you’ve even been operated on!”

“I assume the procedure will warrant follow-ups?”

“Well, it’s pretty mino—oop!”

He was shaken by raspy chuckles at the same time as roller coils tightened around his legs, shocking him out of his standard, and honest, response. He blinked, hearing the purr rev up for a few seconds again as he pushed both hands against the closest roller.

“Oh... Oh, yes, that’s right!” The tiny surgeon made an uncommon expression of sly squint, something similar to what Starscream pulled off on a daily basis. “Whenever you think it’s, eheh, needed. You know. If something’s bothering you.”

The Seeker’s wings rattled and he rumbled. A wonderful, if secretive, turnaround. He loved it when a plan came together, even if the best outcome was never something he planned for.

The green minicon fluttered his winglets; even if Doctor Dialyzer or one of the nurses popped back in they wouldn’t see him continuing the delicate rubs against the Commander’s belly. He felt doubly safe now. What a weird place to find sanctuary.

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