

Tiny "Treats" (Or "Treat" Is A Relative Term)

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Summary

A series of microfics, in which Vortex and Lacewing break a bunch of their toys, clean up some of the Combaticons messes and they're almost affectionate with each other.

Notes

These fics are short, but in keeping with the characterization for Vortex and Lacewing for this 'verse, be very mindful of the tags. Each and every one of them is meant seriously, and i've actually gone back twice to add more so that no one is surprise-triggered by anything. Please remember, this is super-brutal Vortex and his equally brutal pet Insecticon.

If you're still here, this is your final warning to turn back now, especially if brutal BDSM, torture, mutilation and/or vore are not your cuppa.

1. "Master, may we have that one?" Lacewing's voice was imploring as she looked at the brightly colored minibot the slavers were auctioning.

Vortex didn't have the spark to say no to her, and lifted a hand to place a bid.

2. "What do you think pet?" Vortex ran his finger along their newest toy's spike. The mech squirmed, but couldn't get out of the chains holding him down. "Do we let him keep this lovely spike or add it to our trophy room?"

"He should keep it, Master. At least until we're done with him." Lacewing grinned and licked a teasing line up the mech's spike next to her master's finger. "He'll give us the prettiest screams if we use the electric sounds on him."

"I like the way you think, pet. You may play with him while I get the toys ready."

3. "Are you hungry, pet?" Vortex asked as he tossed the shaking senator into Lacewing's room.

The Insecticon flicked her wings in excitement and licked her lips as she looked over the well-maintained politician. "Oh yes, Master. May I have all of him?"

The rotary nodded. "Onslaught says our employer doesn't want *any* trace of this one left."

"Thank you, Master." Lacewing's smile turned predatory as the Senator attempted to back away from her. "Will we play with him first?"

"If you like, pet. You may have all the fun you want, but I have to get back to work. Swindle's in trouble again."

"Thank you, Master!"

4. Lacewing moaned as Vortex turned up the output on the electrodes attached to her spark chamber. The additional electricity crackled across her spark and created the sensation of blades dragging across the surface of the energy that kept her alive. She overloaded before her Master gave her permission, but the sensation was so divine that she wasn't worried about the punishment he would give her.

Vortex responded to her overload by activating a charge inhibitor and increasing the output on the electrodes again.

5. Lacewing looked around the waiting room and frowned in confusion at the sight of the other slaves sitting there. All of them were chained down onto uncomfortable looking chairs, and more than one had unrepaired damage. "Master?" she asked softly, even though he had told her she was not allowed to speak.

"Not everyone takes good care of their slaves, pet." Vortex ran a finger down the length of one of her wings in a way that might have been soothing if it hadn't triggered so many sensors and activated her interface drive. "You're such a good pet that we won't need the chains or the stasis fields, though."

"No, Master." She would never dream of misbehaving and embarrassing him in front of his friends. But it didn't stop her from feeling bad for how his friends treated their slaves. Their masters must not love them as much as Vortex loved her.

6. "Open your panel, pet," Vortex instructed.

Lacewing complied, retracting the plating and spreading her legs wide so that her Master's view would be unobstructed.

"Good pet," the Combaticon praised. He slid two fingers into her valve and stimulated the first two sensory nodes he found until she was shivering with arousal. Then he removed his fingers and slid a small ball inside. "We're going for a walk now, and you may not close your panel or let the ball fall out. If you do, I'll put the flight blocks back on your wings."

"I understand, Master." She shifted her hips to see how easily the ball moved. It threatened to slide out immediately, and she knew her Master had given her a task that would be almost impossible. She was determined to please him, however. "Am I allowed to overload while we are out, Master?"

"Not today, pet. I want to play when we get back home."

Lacewing moaned with anticipation and arousal. Vortex may have given her an impossible challenge, but he was going to reward her whether she failed or not.

7. "Don't move, pet."

Lacewing locked her joints and did her best to obey her Master's order as he began removing her abdominal plating. "Yes, Master."

"This is probably going to hurt a great deal." Vortex caressed the exposed lower edge of her spark casing before resting a hand on her damaged energon converter. "Try not to overload until I have the new converter installed. The additional charge will make things much more difficult."

"Yes, Master." The Insecticon hoped she would be able to resist the urge; she wanted these repairs finished more than her Master did.

"All right. I'm starting."

Lacewing's vision went white with pain and ecstasy as Vortex grabbed the wires connecting the damaged converter and disconnected them with a jerk.

8. Vortex examined the damage to Lacewing's valve lining critically. "We'll have to find a medic, pet. This is more than I can repair here."

"Yes, Master." She would have sounded truly contrite if not for the damage to her valve, but the pain--not the fun, pleasurable kind--just made the Insecticon sound miserable.

"And no more playing with the barbed toys when I'm not home. I don't like coming home and finding my favorite pet in a pool of energon on the floor."

"Yes, Master. I'm sorry, Master."

9. Lacewing straddled the footstool and slowly settled down onto the dildo extending from the center. She sighed happily as it stretched her valve just beyond comfortably full. She opened her mouth for her gag, and gave another happy sigh as Vortex fit it carefully into her mouth.

"No, sound pet. And no overloading, standing up or trying to touch our toy. You may have him after I'm finished." He reached down and rubbed the plating that covered the sensors that had once been connected to the spike he had removed after she came to live with him. She twitched into the touch but didn't make any voluntary moves. "Good pet, nod if you understand all your instruction."

The Insecticon nodded.

"Good." The stimulated the sensors a second time, making her twitch again. "Enjoy the show, pet."

10. The Insecticon whimpered as Vortex lowered the medical saw down toward their toy's spike. The bound mech screamed as he watched, unable to move his head or deactivate his optics thanks to her Master's programming skills.

The first spurt of energon was bright and and splattered onto her face as her Master sawed through the outer layer of the spike's plating. Their toy shrieked, and his back arched as he tried to move away, but Vortex's programming had disabled his major mobility functions and his legs wouldn't respond to his commands.

Lacewing squirmed in excitement, eager for him to remove their toy's spike so that she could play.

The toy kept screaming as the saw cut through sensors and the transfluid line, spraying silvery liquid in mockery of overload, and then through the delicate plating again. Vortex grinned as he held the toy's severed spike out toward his pet.

"All yours, pet." The toy whimpered as the Combaticon spoke, too damaged to do more.

"Thank you master." Lacewing took the severed spike and put the tip in her mouth. She sucked it in the way she would if she were pleasuring her Master or one of his teammates and cleaned off the splattered energon and transfluid. She hummed happily as she worked.

Once it was clean, she leaned back to give her Master the best view, and slid their toy's spike into her well-lubricated valve.

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