

Snuggle treatment

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Summary

Drift have a bad day and need his medic

Notes

Tumblr prompt

Graveyard's shift used to be the one Ratchet hates the most when he was a younger mech. At the beginning it was because he hates inaction and been bored was really bad for him. During the war he dreaded them because the most devastating attack often happened. Short staff was often meaning more casualties.

Since he gotten on the Lost Light those shifts have rapidly become his favorite. Between his crewmates that seem to attract danger like magnets and Ultra Magnus strict rules on reports, those were the only time he had to finish reports. And with all those idiots Primus knows he had a lot of those reports.

Ratchet shakes his head realizing Drift would probably be annoyed with him to use in vain the name of a god he don't believed in. Thinking about the Swordmech made the old medic realize he hasn't seen him all day. Normally the younger mech always takes time to pass at the medbay after his shift when they are not working at the same time.

He guesses he has been really busy today. Still he feels uneasy and he doesn't know why.

"Slag kid with all you talk about negative energy." He mutters under his breath. He begins to think he passes to much time with Drift. Not that he minds so much. At the same moment the door of the medbay opens. "I really hope it's for a good reason." He grumps and looks up expecting someone with a stupid wound or an embarrassing situation.

Ratchet just thinks about the mech standing there but he hasn't expected him.

"Drift?" He asks a bit concerned. The white mech was looking everywhere except him watching if the medbay was empty. It's even weirder that his EM field so close to his body that the plating seems to be shaking.

Ratchet frowns a bit as his optics scan Drift looking for any injury as his own EM field reaching for the other. It takes him a moment to understand what is wrong. His optics softens a bit.

"Come here kid." He offers turning his chair completely to face him.

Drift didn't need to be asked a second time. In three steps he crosses the medbay and literally jumps on Ratchet's laps. The chair makes a creaking noise as the sudden added weight but holds on.

Not like they haven't tested how strong it is before...

"Easy Drift." Ratchet grunts. One arm wraps around his waist to secure him on his lap as the others hand guide his head so it nests in the curve of the older mech neck. "I got you kid." He says softly in his audios.

The red servo gently pets the elegant finial as Ratchet stays quiet. Not often that Drift gets in that kind of dark mood and the medic never knows what gets him in that state. He learns to not ask and just be there for the speedster.

After a cycle he can feel Drift's EM field tune itself with his. Still Ratchet continues to caress his helm and holds him closer, small encouragement because he knows that those days don't disappear suddenly. Drift makes a soft sigh and nuzzles against him
"Feeling better?" Ratchet asks softly.

The swordmech nods slowly. "Your snuggle treatment always helps." He says with a weak smile that does not quite reach his optics. "Can I stay here a bit longer?" He asks moving a bit back clearly expecting to be kicked out.

Ratchet rolls his optics, reach for his helm and bring him to rest against his chassis. "Like you have to ask, kid." He grumps and rests his chin on top of his head. "Just stop moving so much so I can finish those reports."

"Okay." Drift mutters as he turns offline his optics and wraps his arms around the bulkier frame.

Ratchet keeps one of his arms around him letting his servos lazily caressing his back strut and helm in smoothing motion. He tries to get back to his work but he can't really concentrate. He just drops the datapad back on the desks.

Drift turns online one optic looking at him curiously.

"I have other moments to finish theses." The older mech answers simply as he warps his other arms around his waist and lean back in the chair. This was more important than any report.

The younger mech just snuggles closer as possible to the other frame. Ratchet smiles weakly and turns offline his optics. This kid would be the death of him...and he doesn't mind at all.

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