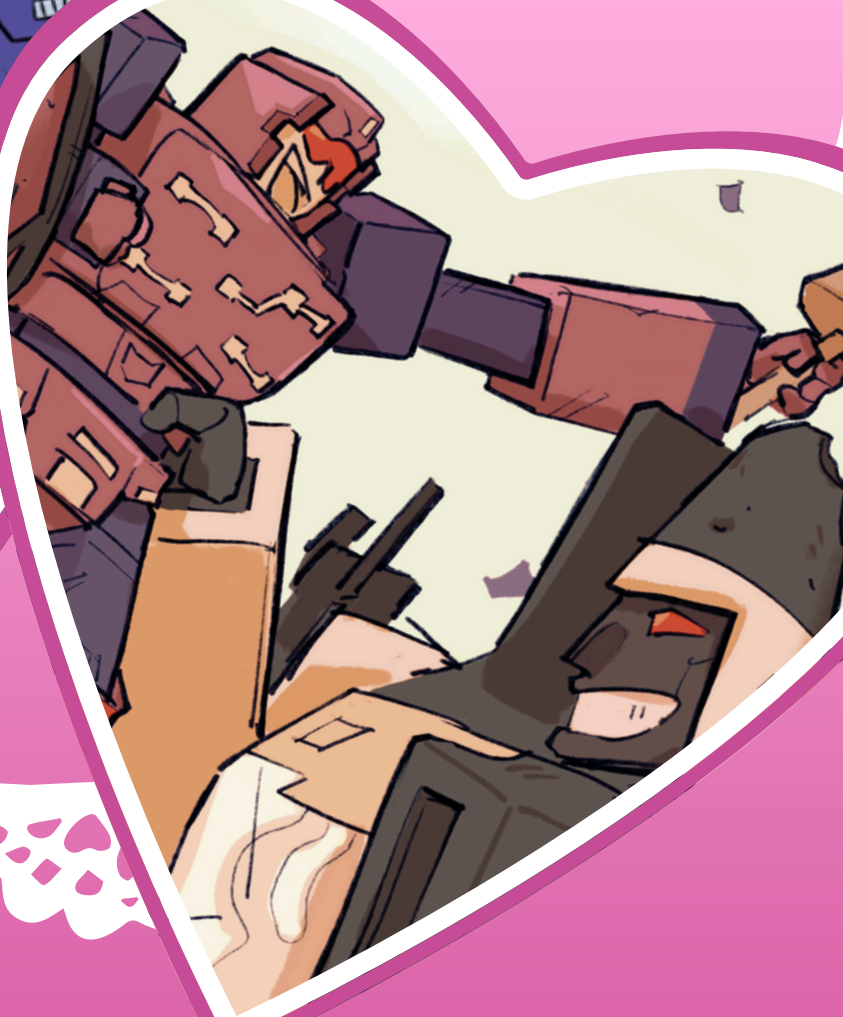
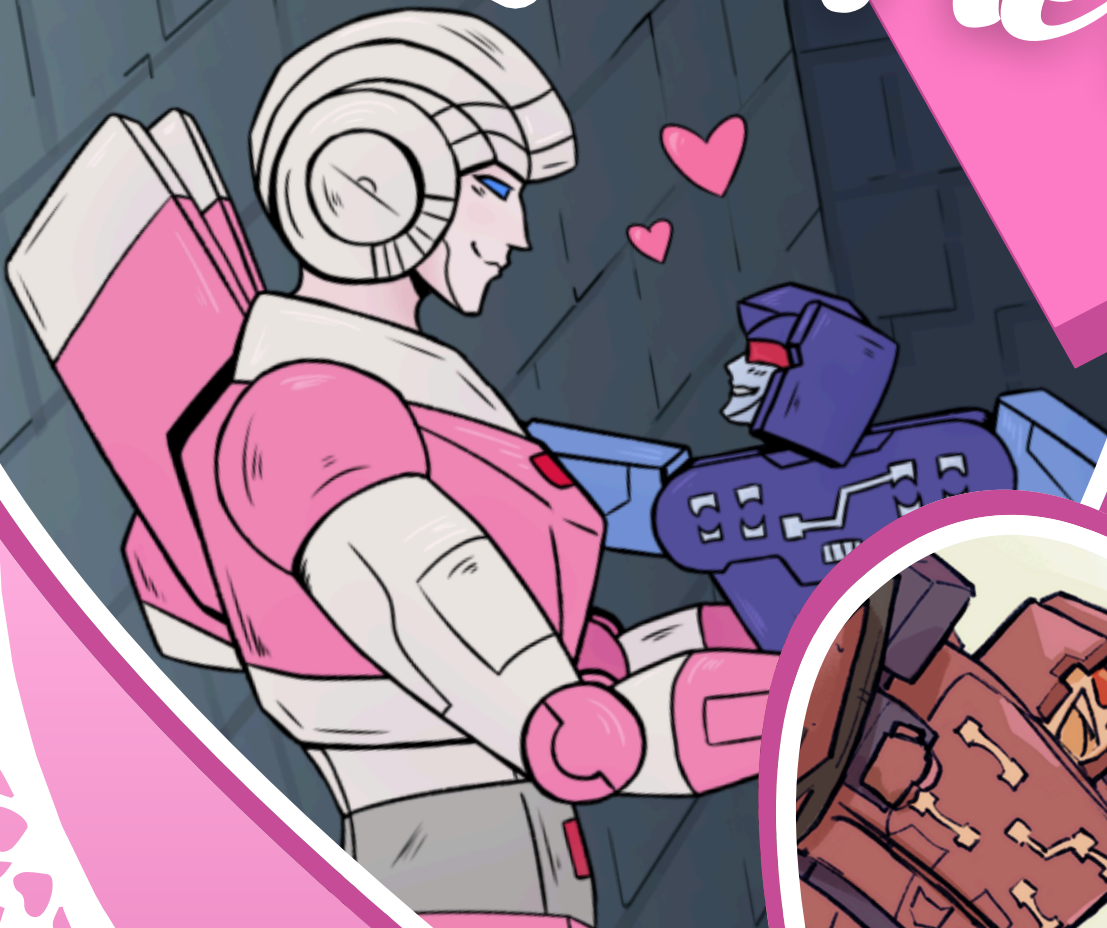


# Precious Metals



A FUCK IT, GOOD ENOUGH

Rarepairs  
Zine

## G1

### GEARS X BRAWN

MINEKIDD

### RUMBLE X RAMJET

MARBLELLOUS

### SUNSTORM X SMOKESCREEN (G2)

REYDELCASTILLO-LEMONERZEST

### BREAKDOWN X DEAD END

23SANGUINITY

### SHRAPNEL X BOMBSHELL X KICKBACK

TUG (ROTARYSADIST)

### ARCEE X RUMBLE

PERFECTLY ROMANTIC BY ADAMTHEAPPRENTICE

### WRECK-GAR X HOT ROD

@MINDDRAWSPICS

### FRENZY X REFLECTOR

PEPSI-TIME287

### ARCEE X RUMBLE

@GAYSIDESALAD

## BEAST WARS

### DEPTH CHARGE X RAMPAGE

SYNCHROS

### AIRAZOR X BLACKARACHNIA

ECTONURITEZ

## TRANSFORMERS ANIMATED

### BULKHEAD X PROWL

@NOTHERNOTHING

### BULKHEAD X BLITZWING

GUMSYBUGSY

## IDW

### AMBULON X PHARMA

SIX

### DRIFT X BLUDGEON

CANTRIPCAN

### PROWL X SCRAPPER

FOOLS GOLD BY DAIKYOJIN

### NICKEL X ROLLER

BATSTORM

### MEGATRON X REWIND

AGENTBLACKBLOOD

### WHIRL X RUNG

DOGYDAYZ

### PIPES X NICKEL

SPORKSPROXY

### OVERLORD X SWERVE

KISS-THAT-FORMER.BSKY.SOCIAL

### REWIND X JETFIRE

ASTROPEP

## CYBERVERSE

### DEAD END X PERCEPTOR

DERPAWORLD1000

## EARTHSPARK

### CROSSHAIRS X BUMBLEBEE

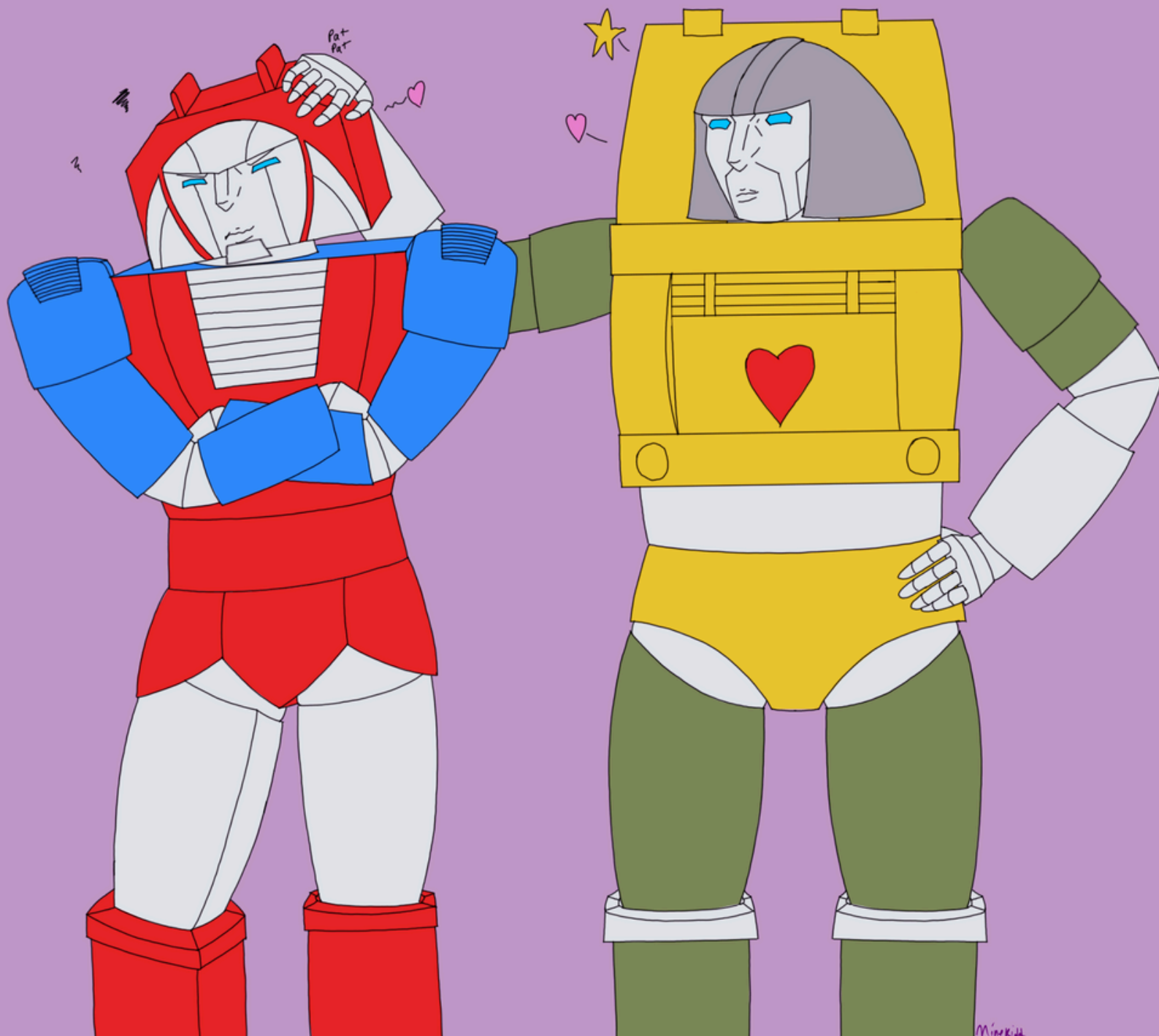
DEADANGELCAT

## FAN CONTINUITY

### CONSTRUCTICONS X PROWL X JAZZ

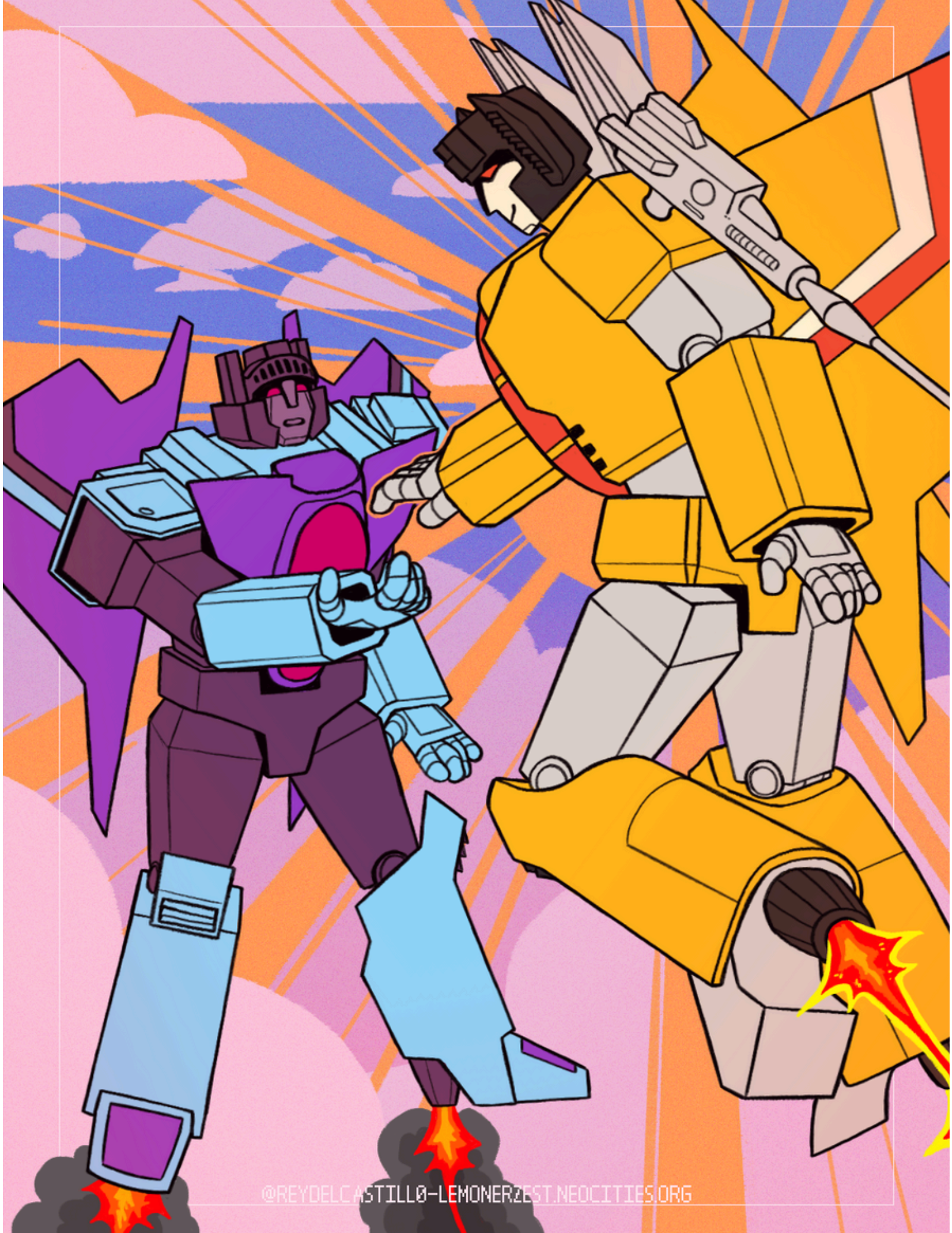
SLIIDE







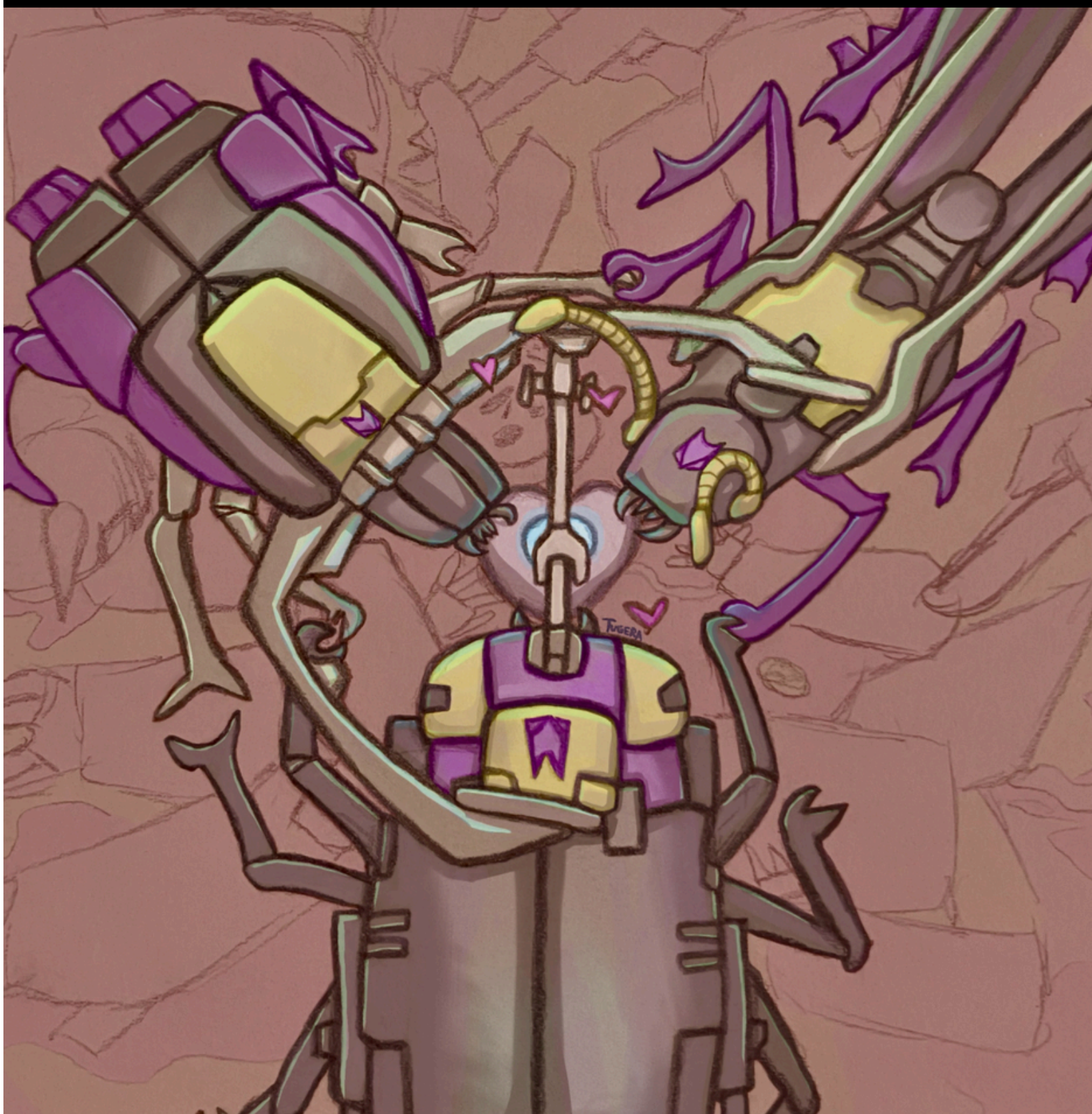












# Perfectly Romantic

BY ADAMTHEAPPRENTICE

Arcee hums softly, running her servos through vibrant green grass. The sun glints off her plating, reflecting off the water of the pond she sits near the edge of. It's a perfect day, clear blue skies above and a light breeze to rustle the grass and send gentle ripples across the pond.

She was surprised when Rumble suggested a date on Earth, and even more so when he suggested a picnic of all things. It was easy to suspect that he had gotten the idea from all of the Earth media he'd been consuming, and especially so if he'd been watching chick flicks with Thundercracker again.

Rumble wasn't there yet, but that wasn't a surprise seeing as Arcee had come to their little picnic spot early. She liked seeing the look on his face when he hurried over, excited to be near her. Bluntly, Arcee loved the way she felt like a goddess with the way he practically worshipped her.

Speaking of...

Arcee looks up as she hears a far off shout of excitement. She laughs softly as she watches Rumble jog across the field, a wide grin spread across his face. He slows down as he comes closer, down to a trot when he finally reaches her.

"You're early! I was gonna set up a blanket and everything."

Rumble does, in fact, have a large blanket. Arcee stands to let him spread it out before joining him on it, leaning down to press a soft kiss to the top of his head.

"You put a lot of thought into this date, I see."

Rumble grins, lopsided but proud as he nods. From his subspace he produces a pair of glasses and a bottle of high grade.

"When do I not make sure you're treated like a queen?"

Arcee hums. The answer is obvious enough that she doesn't have to reassure him. Since they met, Rumble has proven himself to be quite the thoughtful boyfriend.

"You picked a beautiful spot. I'm surprised you picked Earth, though. We could've gone anywhere at all. Why here?"

Rumble pauses as he's pouring their cubes. He turns over the question in his mind for a few moments before deciding on the answer.

"You like it here. On Earth, that is. I dunno if you've ever been... here here."

He finishes pouring the first glass and hands it to her (with both hands) before pouring his own and sitting close by her side. They sip their drinks slowly, enjoying the beautiful day together.

It's not long before Arcee notices Rumble fidgeting with his half empty cube. Gently, and with lots of practice not to knock him over by now, she nudges him with her elbow.

"What's on your mind? You're suspiciously quiet with none of the usual mischief."

Rumble's face flushes, and he sets his cube aside.

"I got you something... I was tryin' to figure out how I wanna give it to ya, though. I never really did stuff like this before, so I don't wanna disappoint you by doin' it wrong."

Arcee smiles and sets her own cube down before gently pulling him closer so she can wrap her arms around his slight frame and press soft kisses to his helm.

"Oh, Rumble, that's so sweet of you. I promise, you're not going to disappoint me. I would love to see what you got for me. You don't have to do anything fancy, okay?"

Rumble nods, still looking nervous. It's so strange, seeing him so shy instead of his usual loud confidence. Strange but endearing. Arcee loves that she brings out all of his cute nervousness and knowing that she's the only one that gets to see him that way.

From his subspace, Rumble produces a box wrapped in colorful paper and a fancy wrapper. Arcee can't help but be surprised as she recognizes what he's brought her.

"Oh, Rumble! How did you know I like this flavor of jellied energon? It's even my favorite brand..."

Rumble grins, looking very proud and perhaps a bit smug.

"I had Frenzy ask Springer. I wanted it to be a surprise."

Arcee smiles fondly and leans in to press another kiss to his helm.

“You’re even sweeter than these candies. I love it, sweetspark.”

Rumble opens the box, careful with the colorful wrapping. “Want one? I wanna try something I saw in a movie me and Thunders watched the other day.”

Arcee can't hold in a little laugh at his confirmation that she was right about where Rumble got the idea for a picnic.

“I would love one. Thank you.”

Rumble eagerly takes one out. “Here, close your eyes and open your mouth.”

Arcee cocks an optical ridge but does as she's asked. She waits... and nothing happens. Though she does hear Rumble struggling. She opens her optics and looks down to see what's wrong.

Rumble is on his feet now, trying to feed her one of the candies. His reach, unfortunately, falls just tragically short. Arcee is about to ask if she should lean in as she notices that Rumble clearly didn't realize how embarrassed not being able to reach would make him.

Gently, Arcee lifts him up and stands him in her lap so that they’re close to meeting optics.

“Here we go. I wanna try again.”

She closes her optics and opens her mouth again, humming softly as she closes her lips around the candy. She opens her eyes and gives Rumble a smile as she chews, noting that he looks much happier now.

“Thanks... It was a lot more romantic in the movie.”

Arcee hums and swallows before she speaks. “I think this is perfectly romantic, Rumble. I'm really glad you invited me out for this date.”

The pair share a soft kiss, and Arcee lets Rumble stay in her lap as they take turns feeding each other the remaining candies. The playful breeze catches their laughter and the golden sun catches their frames as it eventually sets on their happy moment.



DARE TO



BE STUPID

Sapato



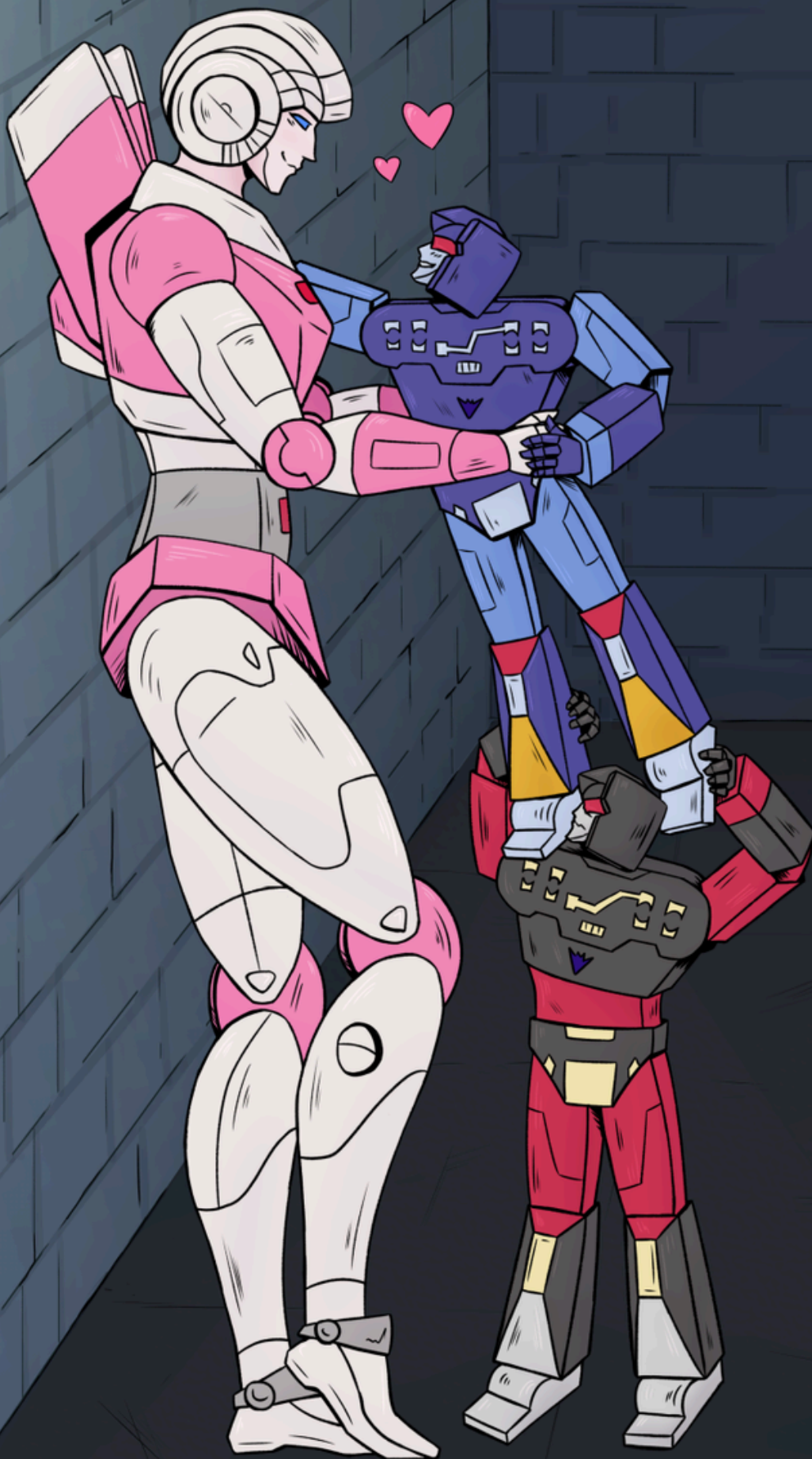
I'll let ya  
have one if you  
Promise Not to tell  
the boss I was  
smokin'!

Take my  
Picture already!

Reflector,  
buddy!

Think ya  
Could gimme five  
Sharix to use  
on the vending  
machine?

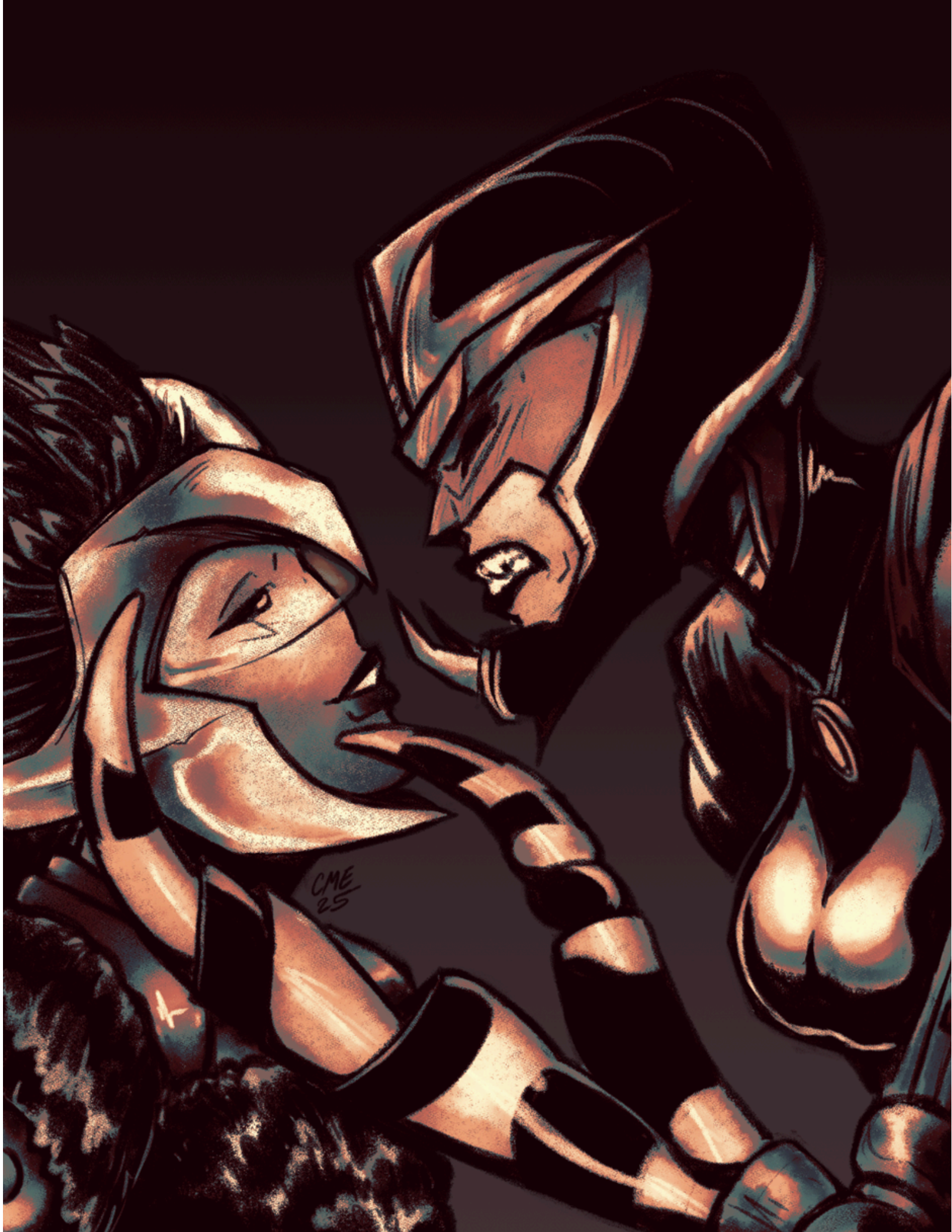






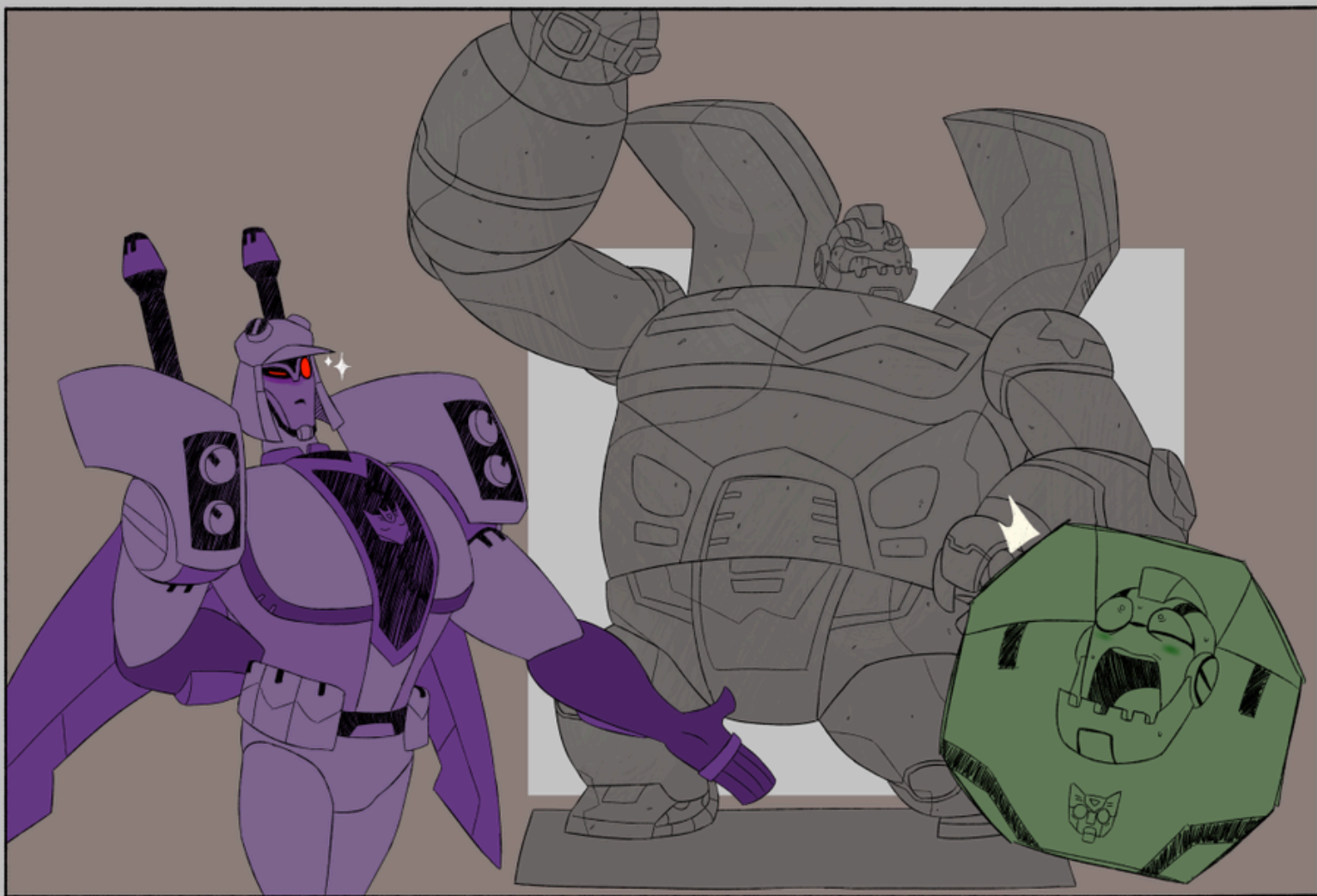








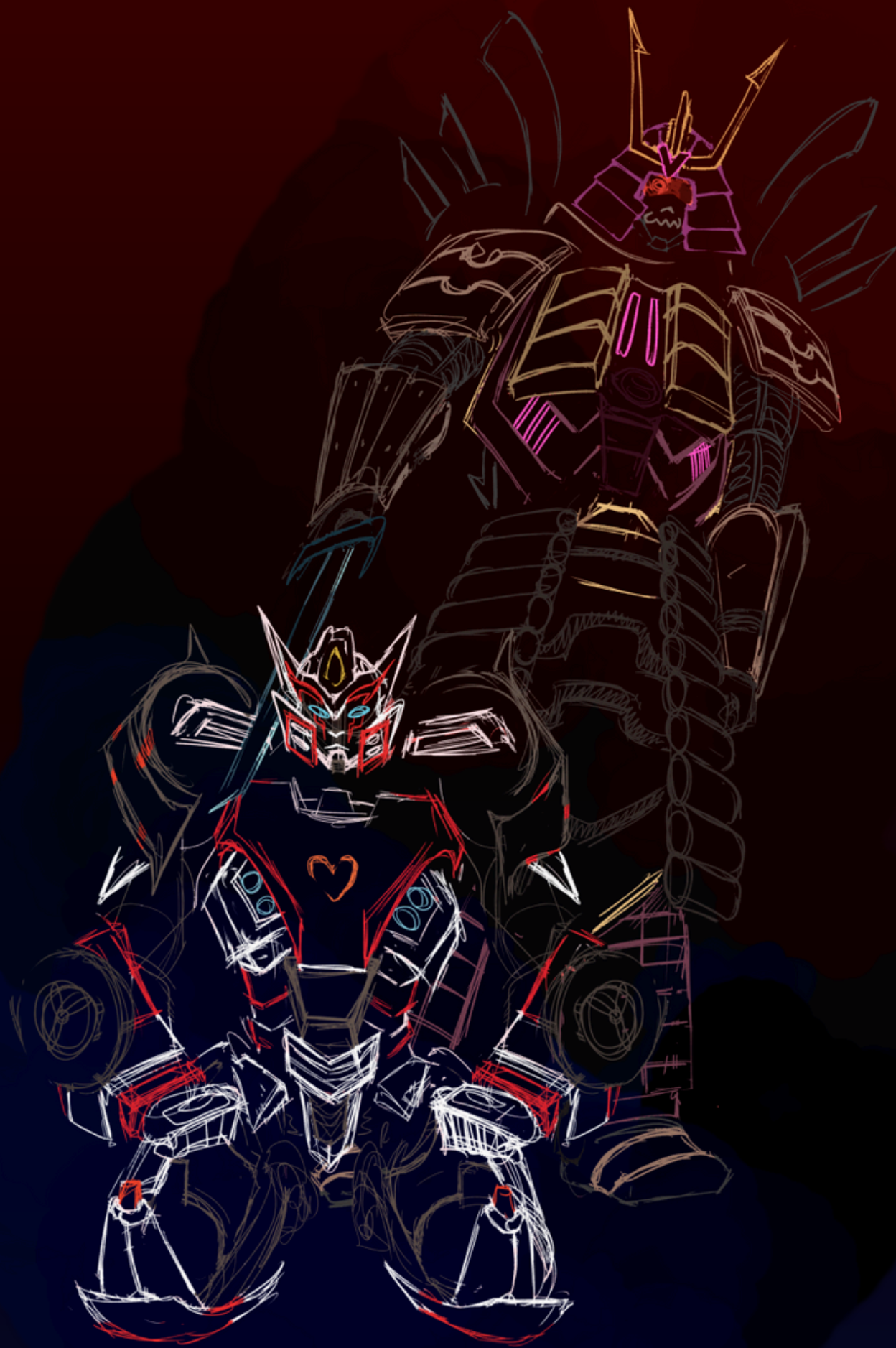












# Fool's Gold

BY DAIKYOJIN

Prowl frowned as he caught the unfortunately familiar sight of green and purple standing in his office doorway. “What do you want, Scrapper?” he asked, not doing anything to hide his annoyance. At least it was one of the more tolerable ones from the group this time, dare Prowl admit, his favorite.

Ignoring the other datapads and figures strewn about Prowl's desk, Scrapper slapped down a blueprint, containing schematics of some... invention? Device? Building? He wasn't sure – Scrapper's designs were not easy for others to interpret, a kind of organized chaos only he understood.

“I'll keep it simple: you need better supply storage, nicer bunkers.” Scrapper tapped on the datapad he brought, spinning around a model of the storage unit. “When were the original ones placed? Thousands of megacycles ago? They've got so much weathering on them that it's hard to tell. Some of them are so worn down that the supplies within are barely functional.”

A good idea for once. Unfortunately, Prowl had other things to worry about. “This is how you want to use your talent?”

“Skill. And don't give me that attitude when we're your only construction crew. You should be grateful for our service.” Scrapper paused, then looked up at Prowl, his visor glowing a bit brighter before simmering down. “You also forget that I know what you're thinking. It's a good idea that we will proceed with once you approve it.”

Optics widening, Prowl leaned back in his seat. He huffed in frustration, knowing he couldn't hide how he really felt from the constructicon, the gestalt bond still powerful within the constraints of his mind despite how hard he tried to turn it off. Even with Scrapper somehow being brought back and repaired to one piece – a project which Prowl personally helped with in hopes of escaping their faction, Prowl remained a part of them through the mysterious force. The others were vaguely present in the back of his processor, but they didn't matter right now. Only Scrapper.

Prowl tuned them out and focused his attention on the bot in front of him. Scrapper was a technical genius, the inner workings of his processor an enigma that Prowl strangely understood. As twisted as he could be, he respected Scrapper for being able to lead the rest of the bunch, something Prowl didn't care to do.

He was drawn to him. Despite Scrapper having been dead for a while before Prowl joined the scene, he felt closest to him, even before they properly met. Prowl wasn't sure if it was the nature of the gestalt link that had made him feel this way, or if it was the calling of their sparks to one another.

"I- Listen, Scrapper," Prowl started, unsure of how he could convince him that this wasn't actually a necessary endeavor. "There are other priorities that must be taken care of besides replacing a few rusty crates. Can't they be repaired instead?"

"No point when so many of them are in disrepair and dilapidated to no return." To make his point, Scrapper brought Prowl's attention back to the datapad. "It's easier to remove the old ones and replace them. The guys would prefer that, as well – you know how they are. Secure with a special alloy our chemist created, they'll be able to weather any storm. I would also recommend stationing a few more in supplemental locations for better supply distribution."

Prowl brought a hand to the datapad to zoom out on a map Scrapper had pulled up. Their servos brushed against each other, sending a small shock up Prowl's back strut. Scrapper let out a soft chuckle, clearly enjoying Prowl's reaction as he visibly shuddered.

"How quickly can they be finished?" Prowl asked, trying to appear unaffected. Scrapper had a certain charm to him that, while annoying at times, was persuasive in a way that spoke to his spark.

"It takes less than a cycle to finish one. We have the raw materials already, so it shouldn't take very long to complete all of them." Scrapper purposefully put his hand over Prowl's, sending another shock through his system. "For you, we'll get them done right away. As fast as you need."

There it was – the charm. Prowl couldn't pull away from his touch for some reason. Relaxing, Prowl let out a deep vent. "Make sure you do. I'll sign off on the necessary paperwork."

Scrapper, sensing the maelstrom of emotions Prowl was experiencing, chuckled, making Prowl scowl for a second before he gave his servo a squeeze. "And while I'm here, I'll help you complete that paperwork as usual, right? No need to wait for the head of the crew when you've got him right where you want him."

"Sure," Prowl reluctantly replied, knowing that where he *really* wanted Scrapper

right now was buried in a heap of shrapnel in an undisclosed location where no one would find him. Scrapper laughed once more like the asshole he was, deepening Prowl's unhappy expression.

He had to take his hand away from Scrapper's so he could pull up the paperwork and prepare it for filing under the proper channels. Scrapper was quiet as he turned to his main computer, pulling his hand back to rest at the edge of his desk instead.

"You know, we miss you, Prowl."

"I'm sure you d—"

"I miss you."

Prowl paused in his typing, feeling something foreign and vulnerable bubble up within his spark. He could feel the longing from Scrapper's side of the bond, something genuine and sincere that made him regret the attitude he had up until now. Secretly, he felt the same desire for connection, for someone who had understood him or could at least see where he was coming from. The constructicons all gave him that, Scrapper even more so.

Saying he missed them wasn't true as they usually popped in whenever they wanted, but he knew what Scrapper meant. "I'm right here," he mumbled, trying to keep focused.

Scrapper leaned down, hovering over Prowl and his work. "Don't be obtuse. We feel the same, yes? So why not accept it?" He lowered his voice to a murmur only meant for Prowl. "At least let this moment be a little enjoyable for us. Let me keep you company, get you some energon. You look like scrap. When was the last time you recharged?"

"You sound like the others."

"Yet, I'm not."

Prowl registered the unclicking of Scrapper's faceplate before he felt his cool lips press to his cheek in a gesture of intimate affection that made Prowl shudder. He tensed up, but quickly relaxed, knowing Scrapper had meaningful intentions. It did feel nice, after all.



Before Prowl could respond, Scrapper was grabbing his chin and tilting his helm towards him, giving him a rare view of his handsome face. "Quit pushing us away. Quit pushing me away, Prowl."

"I wouldn't have to if you all weren't so stubborn." With a resigned vent, Prowl pressed the front of his helm against Scrapper's, the most affection he intended on showing him today. "If I get a cube of energon after we do this paperwork, will you leave me alone?"

"For now," Scrapper said, faceplate clicking back into place, "but I make no promises. You should be grateful that someone cares about your well-being."

The vulnerable feeling in his spark flared up again at Scrapper's words because, while said in a teasing manner, held some significance to him. There weren't many bots that truly cared for Prowl. Scrapper did; Prowl knew it from his annoying visits alone, the way his voice assured him in his processor that he wasn't alone. For the first time in a while, Prowl truly felt that way.

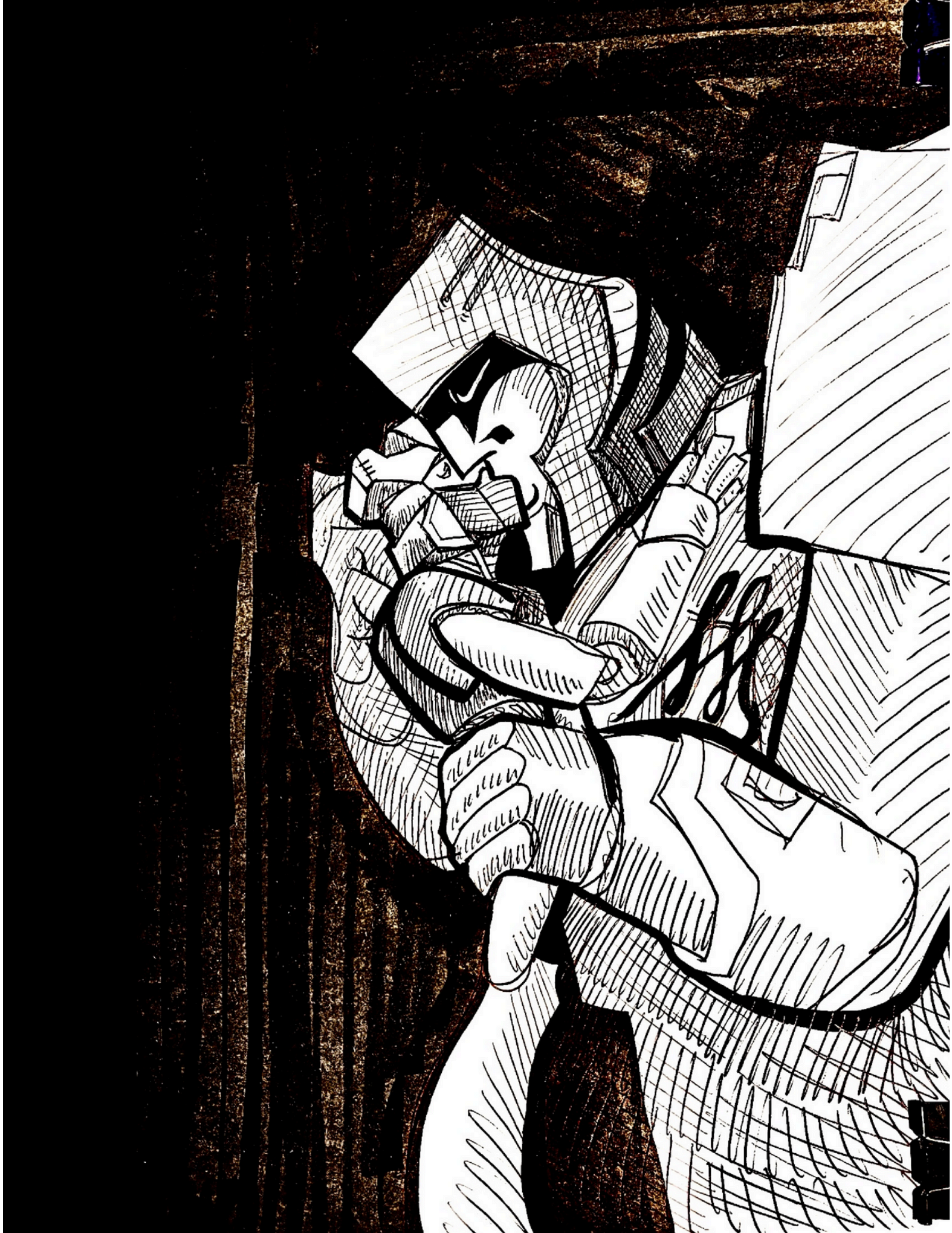
"I am grateful, Scrapper." Hesitantly, Prowl put his hand over one of Scrapper's, his servos curling around him in a way that betrayed his true feelings. "Thank you."

Scrapper chuckled, and Prowl knew he was smiling underneath his faceplate. "No need. Let's get this done so we can both get back to work."

Work sounded good to Prowl when Scrapper put it that way. He nodded and prepared the files with a renewed energy, Scrapper's presence and affection more needed than he realized. Servos brushed against each other in fleeting moments as they worked over cool, refreshing glasses of energon. Prowl didn't mind the impromptu visit today – in fact, he liked it.









How is it that when you look at me, you see anything more than what I've become? Torn apart, put back together, yet some pieces left missing.  
On purpose.

What beauty is there that you see? The words that spill out are rarely pleasant. I cannot control that. They took my ability to long ago. What at all seems to make you stare, if it is not in horror? What about what they've done, what I was left with, makes you so amazed?

You know I'll never be right. You've known that for so long, now. They wanted you to fix me, but you knew it was an impossible task. There is no fixing me.  
I don't think I need it, either.  
I don't need fixing.

Yet, I still believe what I'm left as is something that should not be viewed the way you do so. It should be impossible. Everything about YOU should be impossible.

How have you remained so kind?  
How has your light not snuffed out?  
I can see you hurt, yet it never stops you.  
You stare into eyes of those in agony, who threaten you, and your gaze remains soft.  
You stare at me, a freak against everything natural, and your gaze is even softer.  
You are an impossibility, and I fail to understand.

But, do I even want to?

Because, all along, you have remained. You're a constant. Your face was so foggy, in my mind, yet you were there. You've always been there.  
Since the very start.  
Since the days where my digits could create.  
And you'd looked upon the things I'd made with such wonder. For the longest time, I couldn't even recall the name of the little mech. The one who kept returning to such a humble alleyway shop, filled with mechanisms that ticked on, filling usual silence with comfortable patterns.  
And then you interrupted it... And you were just as comfortable.  
You were the first one I could ever call a friend.

... And I was pathetic. Because some nights, I imagined myself, just a lowly mech constructed cold, holding your glimmering face in my hands.  
And the way you'd smiled at me. I couldn't forget it. Not truly.  
It was in the back of my mind, this whole time. Millions of years, and every now and again, I would remember how someone had smiled at me, once.

I was so bitter, thinking I'd never see something like that again. That such a pleasure had been ripped from me, shattered and silenced like every one of my beautiful creations had been.  
I hated what others could have. What they were. What they were still allowed to be.

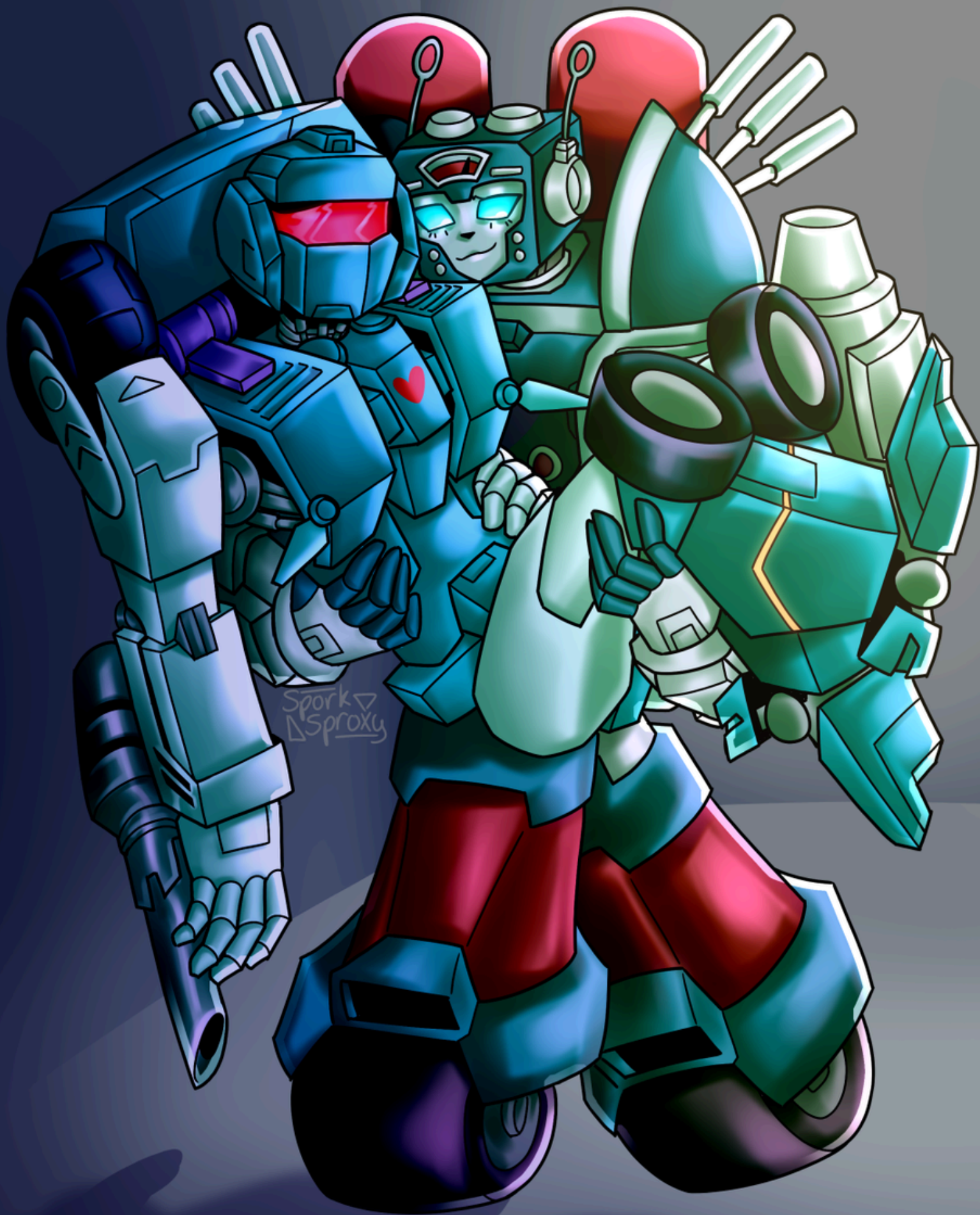
But, you'd seen me. So many times. Through all the nightmares I'd caused, all the carnage, all my pain slipping out to inflict upon anyone else who got too close...

And you still saw in me what had been torn away. And you still smiled at me. It was so familiar.  
It made me feel that I still was someone.

Perhaps that was why it was so easy for me to call you my friend.  
You'd always been that.  
And now that I remember those days, when I had a face to show my own joy, I can say for certain.  
Nothing about you has changed.

You've remained the brightest spark.







Kiss-that-formerbsky-social

Drinking  
of you













