

SERRATED

A TRANSFORMERS GURO ZINE



18+

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An Introduction

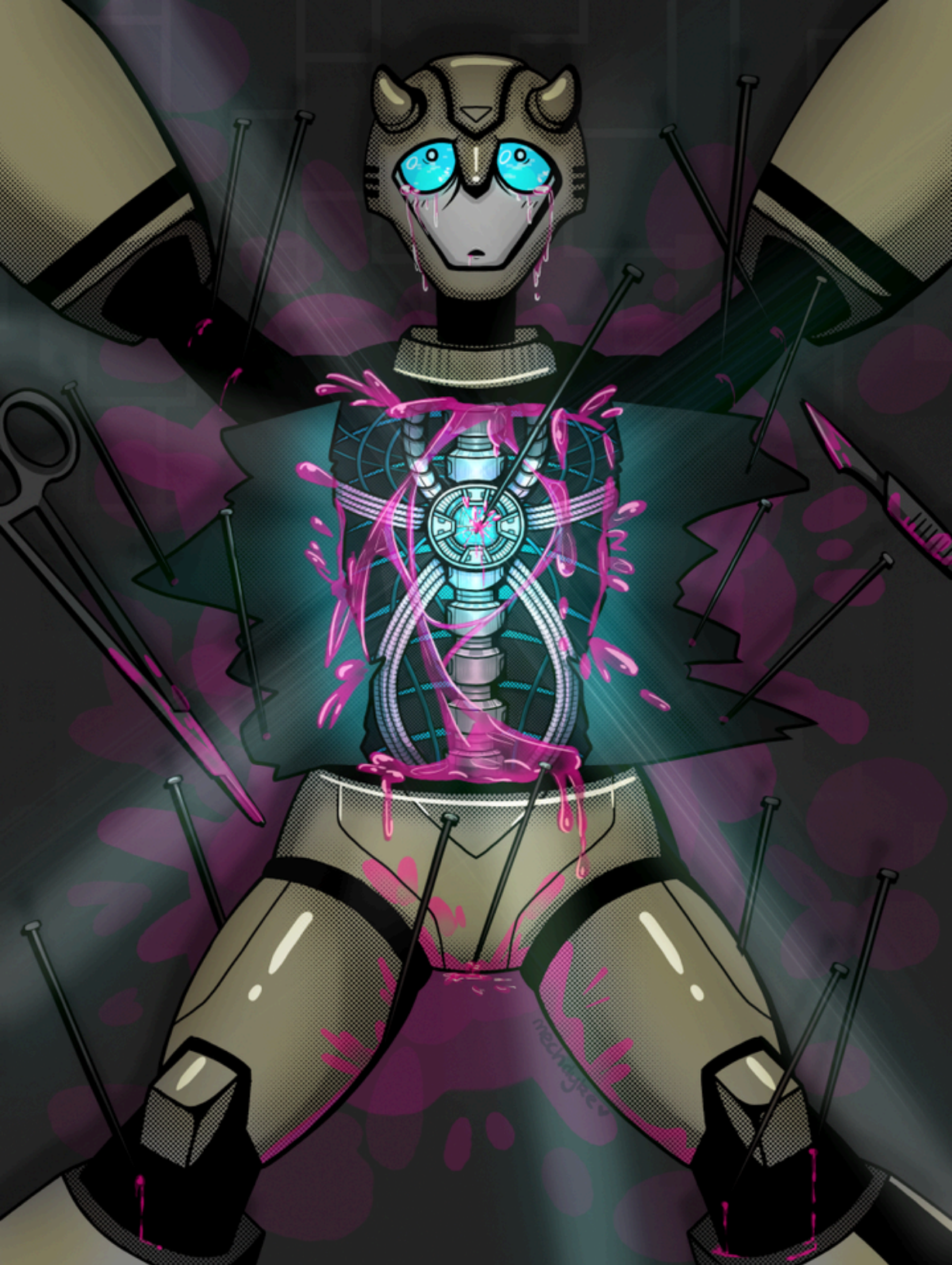
There's just something about cogs and wires that's mesmerizing in a way distinct from organic gore. Especially in a franchise like Transformers, where so often characters go through gruesome and violent events, but somehow manage to come out the other side alive and well. It's not just energon and internals that are captivating, but the intimacy of getting to know someone very literally from the inside out. The immense trust it takes to allow someone to damage you and know that you will be repaired in the end.

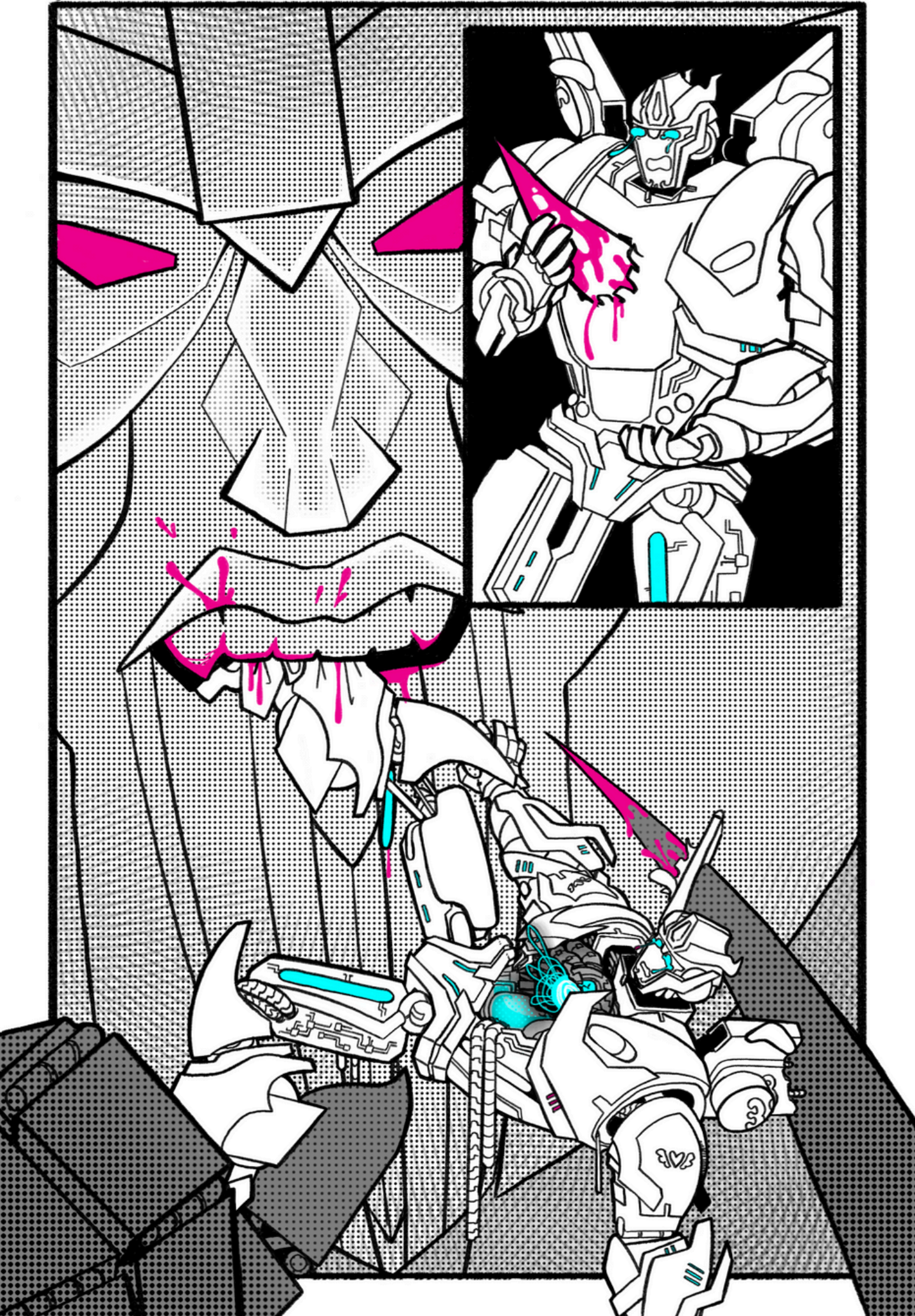
Whether or not robot gore has the catharsis of fictional destruction or comfort of a happy ending, this zine serves to celebrate all aspects of it, from the erotic to the elegant to the horrifying. So sit back, relax, and enjoy the gore.

This zine includes excerpts from longer fics, all of which can be found in the Serrated Zine collection on Archive of Our Own. You can find it by copying the link or scanning the QR code below.

https://archiveofourown.org/collections/Serrated_Zine









The ground is strewn with rubble as you step out of the groundbridge portal. Ruined buildings - collateral from the recent fighting - are all around. This clearly used to be a settlement, but you aren't even sure that enough of the native inhabitants have survived to rebuild. Up ahead, the top of a hill is dominated by a building that the tiny organics who lived here would have called large. For a Cybertronian, it looks like the ceiling will barely be high enough to stand up straight.

Your HUD shows an energon signature coming from inside, so you make your way up the hill and squeeze through the doorway.

Immediately on the other side is a small ante-chamber. The mech you find there has blue and gray plating, a large crest on his helm, and the thinnest waist you've ever seen.

He grins. "Go inside if you want," he says, gesturing to the inner set of doors. "Be our guest."

Curious, you open the doors and duck through.

The smell of spilled energon is overwhelming, and you nearly double over. After the first wave of nausea passes, the scent changes. Underneath all that energon, you can smell ozone and burnt circuitry. You dampen your olfactory sensors and look around.

Your mind refuses to process what you're seeing at first. You force yourself to look, and as you stare, details emerge. The arms of the mech in front of you are broken in several places, digits curling in what was clearly agony. Its chassis is split open, exposing a spray of severed wires. The liquid dripping from the ruined center has a luminous quality to it.

With another lurch in your tank, you recognize it as innermost energon.

You quickly look away, only to have the next mangled frame meet your gaze. Then another. And another after that. The carnage is so all-consuming that you barely register the movement at the edge of your vision, but you finally look up once your audials register the deep, purring growl of an engine.

The mech sitting at the front of the room is so large that you wonder just how he got inside without wrecking the doorway. His frame is mostly dark gray, but is punctuated by sections of rust brown and brilliant scarlet. Six massive spines jut out from his chestplates, and the panels unfurled around his face bizarrely make you think of a picture you saw of the organic flowers that grow everywhere on this planet. The area right above his face is adorned with a small satellite dish.

He's holding the top half of a mech who is either dead or dying. You watch with sick fascination as he cracks open the back of the frame and begins carefully removing the mech's spinal column.

Once he has the primary cord, he turns his attention to the back of their helm and cracks it open, too. He winds the spinal cord and stray wires around his wrist before he grasps something and gives it a sharp yank.

You hear a frizzing pop, and the dying mech's optics flicker off. The large mech lets go, and the lifeless frame falls with a hollow CLANG. His servo is filled with the dead mech's brain module.

As you stare in horror, you realize that he's looking directly at you.

You're covered in heavy armor, but you've never felt so exposed.

You meet his gaze, and a cold dread fills your spark. He beckons you with his free servo, and your pedes carry you forward before you can even think to refuse. You do your best to avoid stepping in the puddles of energon, but as you get closer there's too much.

By the time you reach him, every transformation seam below your knees is glowing with it. His optics flash, and a strange feeling blankets your processor. You're sure you were here for a reason. You just can't remember what it was.

Still holding your gaze, the mech raises the brain module to his intake. His dentae are flat, but still look jagged, somehow.

You gasp as you realize what he's about to do, but you can't make a move to stop him.

His dentae connect, and you hear the grinding of metal on metal. He pulls his intake back to reveal the outline of a bite in the brain module - a ragged hole of missing circuitry that had once housed hopes, fears, and memories.

He raises it to his intake for another bite, and warmth floods your frame. You're so terrified that you don't recognize the feeling as arousal at first, but as his dentae tear through the layers of metal, you feel the first pings from your array.

Shame courses through your lines as you feel your lubrication protocols switch on, but it's not enough to stop you from getting closer. When you're barely inches away, he reaches down and without a word lifts you to sit on his lap.

"Aren't you a beautiful creature?" His voice is low and raspy, but something about it reverberates through your frame. The pings from your array are becoming more urgent, and you worry that your panels will start leaking soon.

He holds the brain module in front of your face, showing you the hole his dentae tore. As you look, you realize that along with the arousal flooding your frame, you're terribly hungry.

The metal bauble this strange mech is holding out to you looks tasty.

You feel a gnawing sense of doubt - like you've forgotten something vital - but surely if it mattered, you'd have remembered. You lean forward and open your intake.

He presents the bauble, and you give it a slow lick. Your calipers flutter at the look on his face, and you lick it again. The energon beading out and pooling in the bite tastes sweeter than standard, and you want - need - more.

You eagerly bite into it, and the flavor fills your intake. The metal on the outer layers flakes away under your dentae. Underneath is wonderfully dense and slightly chewy, and the sweet energon infuses the entire bite.

You can't remember ever having a treat this satisfying. You shiver with pleasure and stretch after the bauble as he pulls it away.

"Patience, my dear," he says. He takes another bite, and you whimper with need. Oral lubricant is flooding your intake, and your valve cover is definitely leaking now.

His free servo slides beneath your aft and lifts. The pressure against your valve draws a noise from you that you'd probably be embarrassed about if your processor wasn't swimming with enjoyment. He lifts you until you're level with his face, and then holds out the treat again.

Eager though you are, you can see that he wants to watch, so you take your time. You open your intake slowly and wrap it around the treat, letting the outer layers flake away slowly before biting down hard. You pull back, and your engine purrs as you chew.

He takes another bite as you finish yours. There's not much left now. He pops it into your intake, but instead of watching you, he pulls your face to his and kisses you.

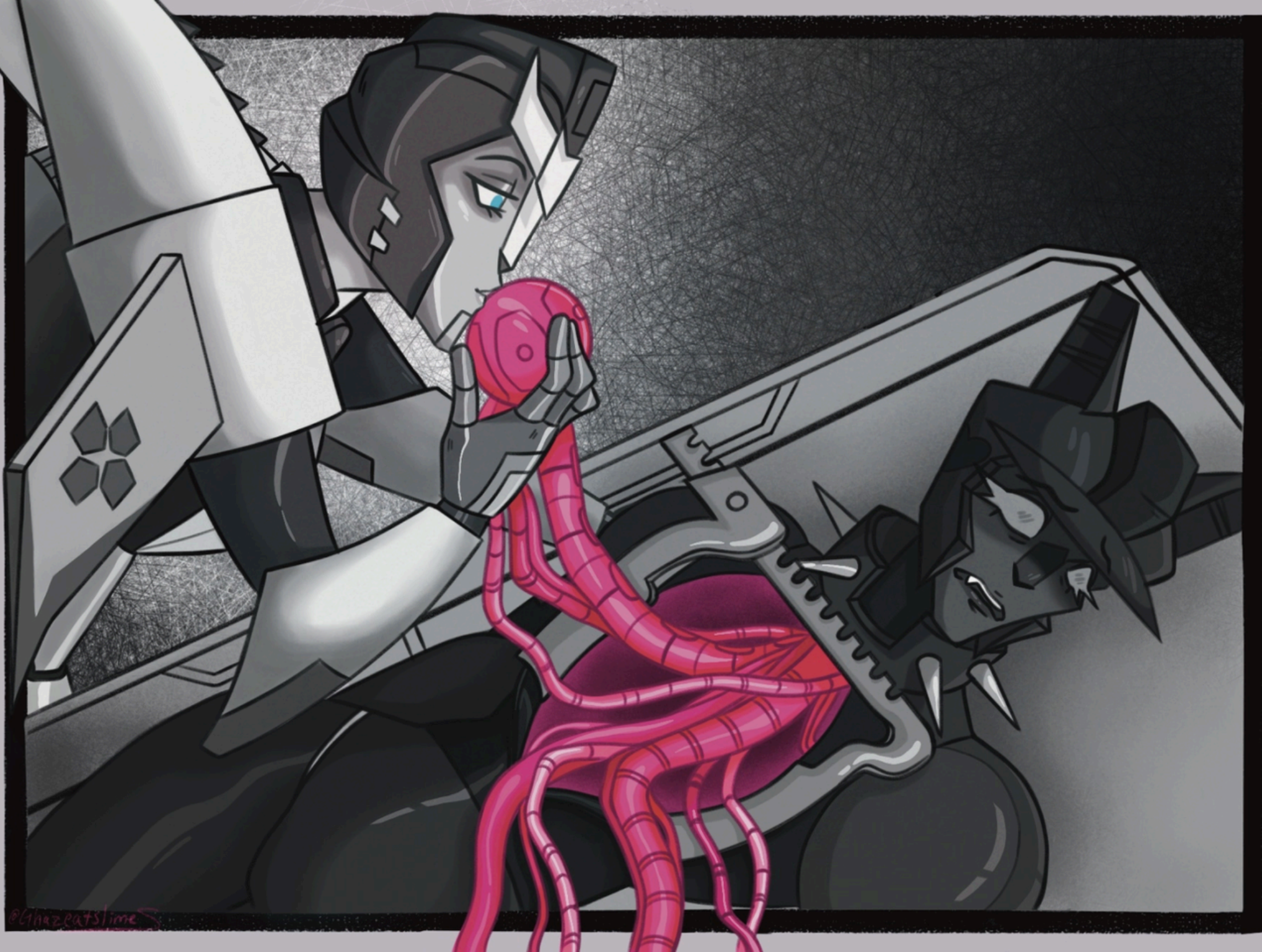
Your calipers clench down on nothing and your intake opens. His glossa is simultaneously exploring your intake and lapping at the morsel he gave you. He breaks the kiss long enough for you to swallow, and then his intake is pressed against yours again.

You kiss him back eagerly.









"Crush it," Pet suddenly hissed, a frenzied look overtaking his optics.

"What?" The demand caught Pharma off guard and for a moment he looked at the mech below him with confusion and displeasure.

"Please," Pet whined, desperation saturating his voice. "Pharma, I want you to crush it."

"I'm keeping you as pristine as I found you. Leaving any damage behind would be an insult to my skill."

"Fine then, don't crush it, snuff it!" The little mech spoke with a needy passion, "Take it- take me. You already hold my spark in your servos, why not steal it?"

"Let you slip away?"

"Yes, yes exactly! Send me off to the well-"

"Then snatch you back from Primus himself?" Pharma interrupted. He raised a brow, studying the spark in his servo as he pondered the possibility.

"He can't have me," Pet spoke with a breathy voice, his desperation growing stronger with each passing moment. "Only you, Pharma. Only you can take me and break me and make me new again."

Pharma liked the sound of that, and he could certainly feel Pet's passion emanating from the glowing sphere. Sure, he always held Pet's life in his servos. Even when he wasn't splayed open with internals littering the room, Pharma controlled his life. But defying Primus for his own delight? He'd considered it before, thought through and strategized each step until he was certain it would work. Then he'd spend time playing it out over and over in his mind, leaving his panels pulsing with desire. One time after harvesting a cog, he couldn't shake the thought of distorting the body and bringing that poor bot back to life. It was an idea that thrilled him so deeply, he had to step away and self service before he could refocus his thoughts. His servos, still stained in the mech's energon, worked for a frenzied release before Pharma could finally collect his composure enough to dispose of the body. Now this daydream was being served to him without hesitation. A spark he could toy with, execute and recall as he wished.

"I want to know what it feels like," Pet's desperate whisper shook Pharma from his train of thought.

"To die? I hear it's cold," Pharma smirked.

"Then let me freeze!" Pet pouted, unamused by Pharma's lighthearted response.

If he weren't paralyzed, he'd be crossing his arms in disapproval. "Please, Pharma?" his expression softened and his voice grew sweet, "Just think of how nice it'll be to look me in the optics when I go offline... Don't you wanna be the last thing I ever see?"

Pharma's optics narrowed and Pet tried to keep his composure, since he knew this was Pharma's "maybe" face and he was close to caving. There was silence between them interrupted by rhythmic beeps of machinery and the roar of Pharma's cooling fans that grew louder with each passing second. Pet's anticipation built as Pharma's will waned until it snapped, slicing through the tension with a warning.

"I might not bring you back," Pharma stated, in all seriousness.

"What an exhilarating surprise," Pet replied, stifling a delighted squeal and watching the surgeon with wild optics.

Pharma gave him a sinister smile before placing Pet's spark back into his open chest cavity. He stepped away to adjust the medical systems integrated into Pet's frame, carefully following the step by step fantasy he'd played out in his mind countless times. Pharma's servos didn't hesitate as he input commands that would kill the little mech, splayed open and completely helpless to his whims. He gave no warning this time, unsure if he'd stop now even if Pet begged him to. So instead of giving Pet the chance, Pharma simply authorized the actions he'd set up before stepping back to watch the dominos fall and snuff out this rambunctious life.

Pet's excitement came to a sudden halt as he began to feel himself shutting down. It was happening far quicker than he'd anticipated, and Pharma hadn't spoken a word, leaving the mech clueless. His processor was fighting, working overtime to stop what was happening. But Pharma was able to override every attempt, forcing it to abandon automatic processes and slowly cease function. Pet felt his spark flutter, but he couldn't tell if it was from his own panic, or if this was the first sign of it giving out. His optics flicked back and forth, looking at every part of Pharma he could, absorbing everything as his senses began to dull.

"Pharma-" Pet frantically whimpered.

"Yes, Pet?" Pharma cooed, cradling the mech's face and taking great delight in watching him come untethered from reality.

A sharp "Ah-" was all Pet could get out before something made his vision flicker and sent a jolt of energy that radiated from his core. It wasn't painful, but it was so overwhelming he couldn't form any word or thought apart from "I feel like I'm going to die". For a moment, he wished he could take it back, tell Pharma to stop. But it was far too late for that now. There was nothing he could do to fight it, only look up at the mech he ached for, the mech he'd given himself too, and the mech he desperately hoped would be able to follow through and bring him back.

"Look at you," Pharma sighed wistfully, "Optics so tearful and intake agape." He stroked his thumb back and forth across Pet's cheek.

"The mech's furrowed brow and trembling lip made it look like he was on the verge of either an overload or a breakdown. Perhaps with Pet's devious little mind, it could be both. Either way, Pharma loved it. Pet looked at him with that same desperation he'd seen in the optics of other mechs on the verge of death. They looked to him for rescue, a hope that dissipated as they returned to Primus. But Pet? Pet looked at him like he needed to sear this image into his very spark. Like he could take a piece of Pharma with him to the well of allsparks and survive on that alone until Pharma called him home again.

It was the most passionate look Pharma had ever seen in the optics of another, and it stirred passion within him too. The power he held to extinguish a spark always gave him a rush, but knowing this was asked for, *begged* for, made him feel like a god capable of imposing his will to shape the world as he pleased.

Pet's optics went wide as another jolt burst through him, stronger this time and leaving him weak. He felt like he didn't even have the strength to blink. He watched with unblinking optics as Pharma hushed the garbled mess of sounds leaving Pet's vocalizer as his helm began to involuntarily twitch. Pharma lifted Pet's spark casing up to his lips to kiss it while gazing down at Pet, and Pet saw his own spark flickering and growing dimmer in the doctor's grasp. It looked like Pharma was speaking to him, but he couldn't hear anything anymore. His vision blurred and the blue glow faded, until both optics and spark went dark.

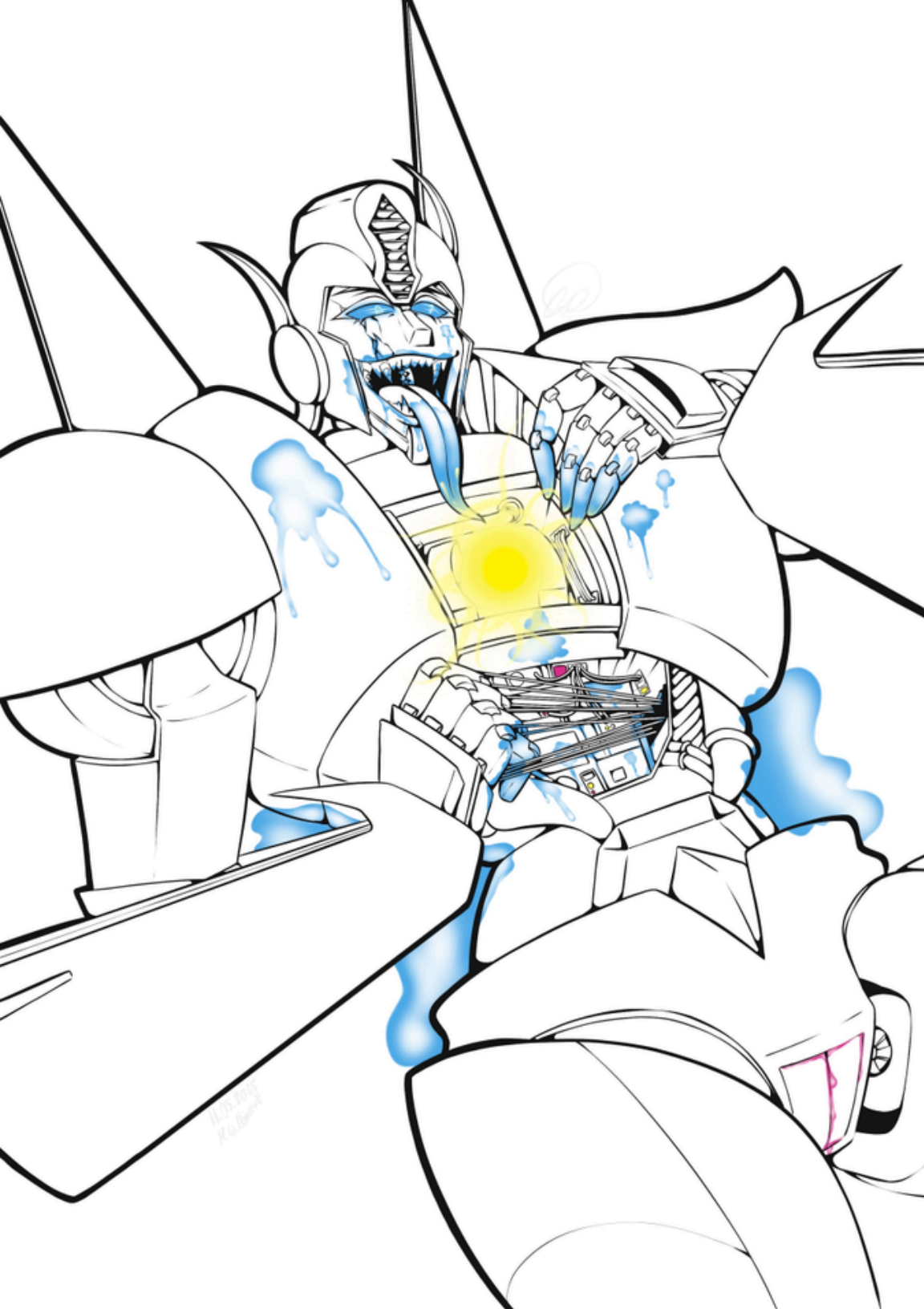
Then it was over, the machine's rhythmic beeping now a constant, high pitched whine.

Pharma's fans were heaving as he stood motionless for a moment before his optics frantically scanned Pet's frame, darting back and forth between the body below him and the machines confirming his death. The scene surrounding him sunk in and Pharma couldn't help but giggle as he squeezed the now dull spark casing in his palm. He was in no rush to undo this deed, still unsure if he wanted to bring Pet back at all. It was a task more labor intensive than killing him, and Pharma knew there was likely a time limit on how long Pet's frame could be lifeless before his spark would simply refuse to return.

His mind was buzzing with excited static as he glanced around the empty room, checking behind him and noting that he had in fact locked every point of entry. He stared down at Pet's corpse, his intake still agape and optics frozen open without a hint of light to them. The image of Pet's last desperate look flashed across his memory, fueling his lust for the mech, and for control. Pharma mindlessly squeezed the spark casing harder as his optics trailed across all the lines and wires tangled up in the pit of Pet's body and splayed across the table. He paused and looked at the little object in his servo, now devoid of a soul, then Pharma anxiously glanced to the side. *Perhaps* there was more to be done before a decision was made to revive this spark.









Food was getting scarce. Ever since the sun turned red, their prey had gone into hiding- Razorclaw said they had gone deep underground. Laserwing wasn't so sure herself- all she knew was she needed energon for her growing clutch of eggs, and she needed it soon.

She hid between the rocks, wings held tightly to her frame as she laid low and watched. She couldn't be picky at this point- she needed energon, no matter how little. She wasn't a fan of eating the mini ones, minicons, they didn't have much. Weren't as filling to the tanks.

Her helm perked up- in the distance, she heard it. Roars- the flying ones, Seekers. She growled. Seekers were favoured prey among her kind, the energon was sweet and the chase was always good. But that was back when they were well fed and fuelled up. Laserwing couldn't risk a prolonged hunt, not in her state.

The roar grew closer and closer with every passing nanoklik. This was the first prey in cycles. Her processor ran wild as she silently stretched her wings, her energon pumping through her frame as she prepared to jump- any nanoklik now, that seeker would appear and she would try her hardest to take it down.

She waited. And waited. Legs pumped and bent ready to leap, wings quivering- her optics narrowed, the warm dusty air brushed over her and she leaped, powerful wings beat and lifted her high into the air, directly to the unsuspecting Seeker.

It was a split second, she could hear the shout of surprise over the roar just before she clamped her jaw into the right wing, claws dug into its frame. The taste of energon and metal filled her intake, the scream of pain and shock filled her audials. With one hard yank, she tore the wing off. The sound of snapping wires and tearing metal almost over powered the screech from the seeker. Then she let go, letting the jet fall, spiralling down.

Laserwing stayed in the air, torn wing in jaw and fresh energon dripping down her maw as she watched the jet fall. She then swooped down, landing a few paces behind them.

Laserwing chewed on the wing, slurping down the energon. Seekers really did taste the best, she pondered whether the thrill of the hunt made it taste sweeter like Predaking said. He would know more than she would. She swallowed what remained of the wing and looked over at her prey.

She walked closer and watched in mild surprise as the seeker managed to transform themselves into their root, bipedal form. She had seen other seekers attempt this with a torn wing and had watched as their frame shredded itself to pieces. Briefly she pondered on whether this was an upgraded individual.

She was not a sadist. She did not revell in her prey's pain. Unlike some of her brethren, she saw no reason to prolong the fear and suffering of those she hunted. Especially not now, how the seeker glared at her with watery, flickering optics and a shivering frame that leaked energon from the torn wing. Energon she- no, her clutch- desperately needed.

She saw no reason to apologise to the dying Cybertronian. This was the circle of life, as harsh as it was. Laserwing had no doubt that if the tables were turned, this seeker would have no qualms about hunting her down.

She pounced before the seeker could shakily bring their arm up, pinning the blaster attached to the side to the ground with one claw while the other pinned their chassis. The seeker warbled out and cried, panic clear in both its voice and optics as it weakly thrashed beneath her. Laserwing pitied it, in some capacity. But she needed to survive- her species was already dwindling from the madness caused by the red sun.

She looked down at the seeker- sleek and shiny, lithe and aerodynamic. They didn't have much in terms of nutrition but choices were limited and her tank had been running low for cycles now. She needed this. Her eggs needed this.

Before the seeker could begin to beg and plead for their life, she plunged her claws into the chassis and pierced the spark. The seeker made a gasping sort of noise, their optics impossibly wide- then, in an instant, their frame fell slack and their optics grew dim, their face becoming slack. Slowly, the colour of their frame went from cyan and red to a stark gunmetal grey.

Laserwing couldn't waste any time- not here. She pulled out her claw and with it, the seeker's spark. She popped into her maw, still sparking and chomping down on it, lifting her helm so as to not waste a drop of energon or a scrap of metal.

Laserwing closed her optics, relief and bliss flowing through her frame. The innermost energon tasted oddly bittersweet, but she paid it no mind. She could not remember the last time she had eaten another's spark, and in the back of her processor she worried if she ever would. Swallowing greedily, she ignored those thoughts as she bit into the arm, ripping it away with a sickening tear.

She chewed, keeping her optics peeled for danger, for other predacons. Though she ate, her frame was coiled, ready to fight or flee if need be. Most of her kind had been driven mad by the red sun, causing chaos and disaster. As far as she knew, only herself, Predaking and a handful of her kind remained sane. Her mate... was not one of the fortunate handful.

She looked down at her meal, and wondered if their kind was also suffering from the madness. Shaking her thoughts away, she swallowed the arm and bit off the helm, crushing and chomping it in only a few bites. She didn't particularly like the texture of the brain module, but she did not have the luxury to be picky. Though, to be fair, Laserwing never had that luxury to begin with.

A noise- her helm perked up from her meal and she stayed still, deathly quiet. She could hear the flap of wings in the distance. She checked her tanks- only a quarter full. She needed to eat what she could, and fast.

She messily bit into the chassis, not caring if she made a mess. Closer and closer, she could feel the danger. She ripped and tore into the metal, energon spilling onto the ground and smearing across her maw. She bit into the fuel pump, energon burst into her intake and dripped onto the quickly hollowing corpse. She had no time to savor the taste nor texture of her meal- she had maybe half a breem, maybe less.

Transformation cog, circuitry and tubing all meshed together in a sensory nightmare, but she ignores it all. She slurped down any and all energon she could. Her spark spun and she could feel her energon pumping- from fear or adrenaline, she could not tell.

It's almost here.

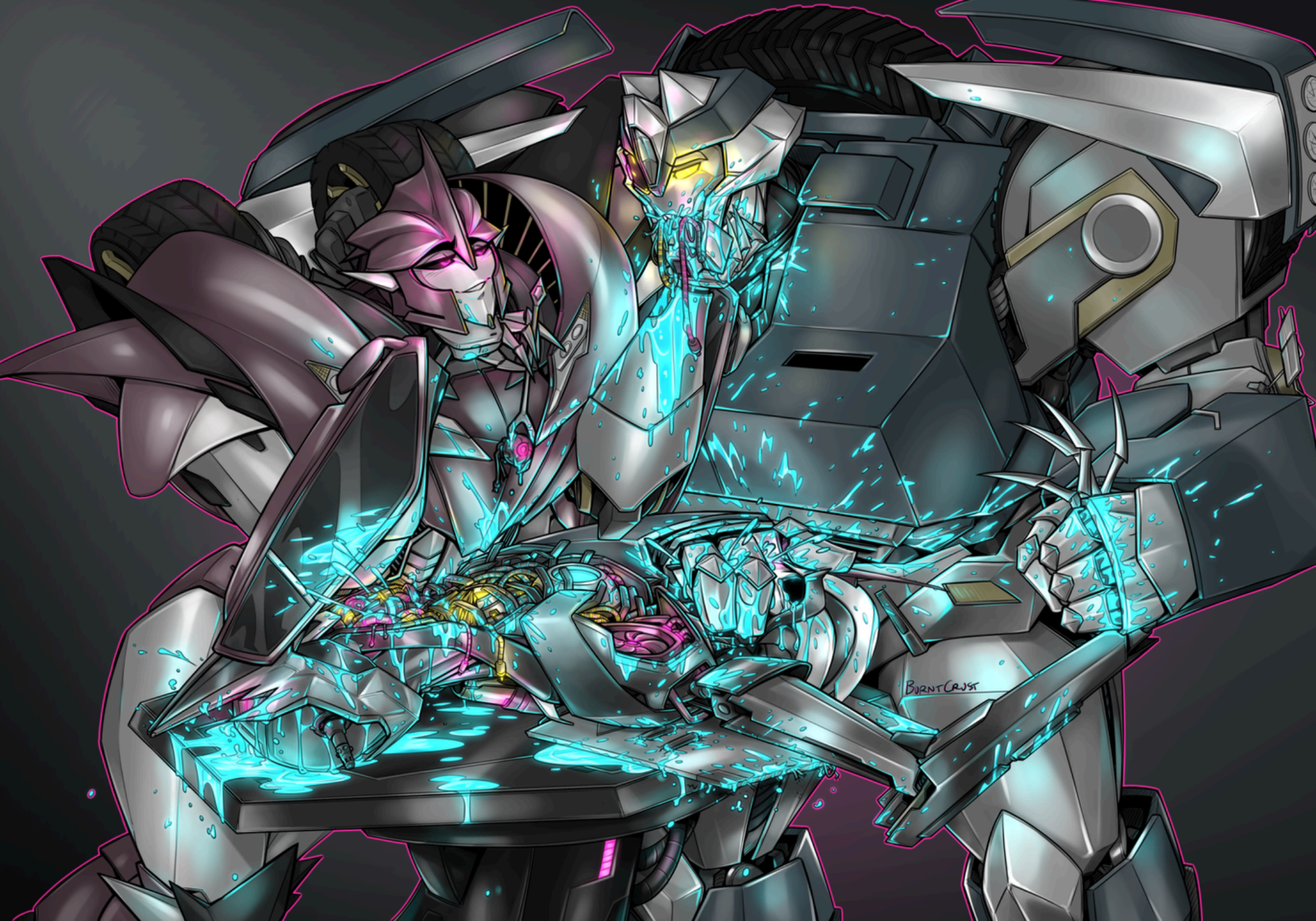
With a snarl, she unfurled her wings and began to run, flapping her powerful drake wings before jumping into the air, taking flight. She dared not turn her helm to glance at her adversary. If it was someone she once knew...

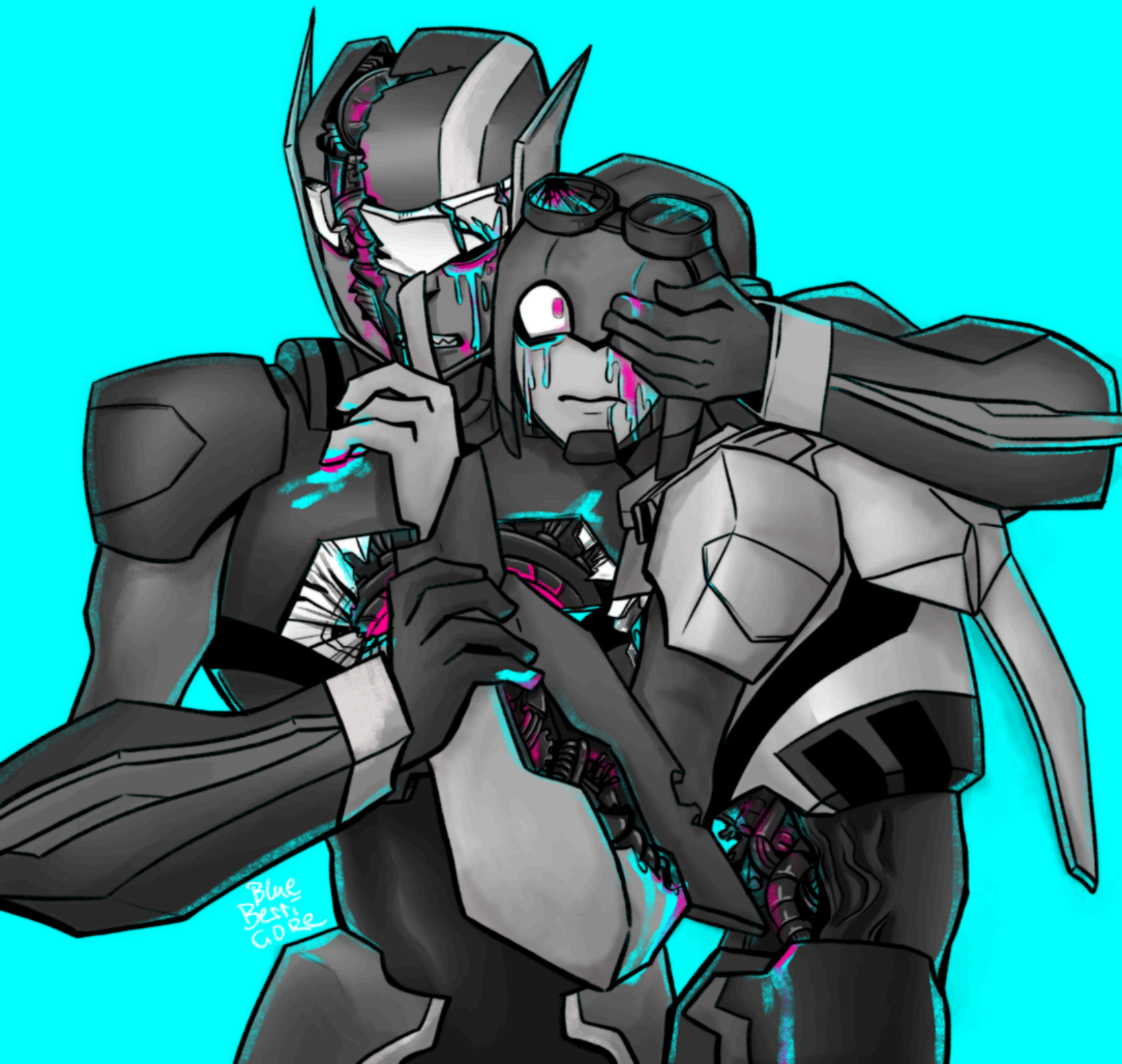
Her tank was half full. She had consumed enough sentio mettalico that she didn't need to worry about the nutrients her eggs needed... for now.

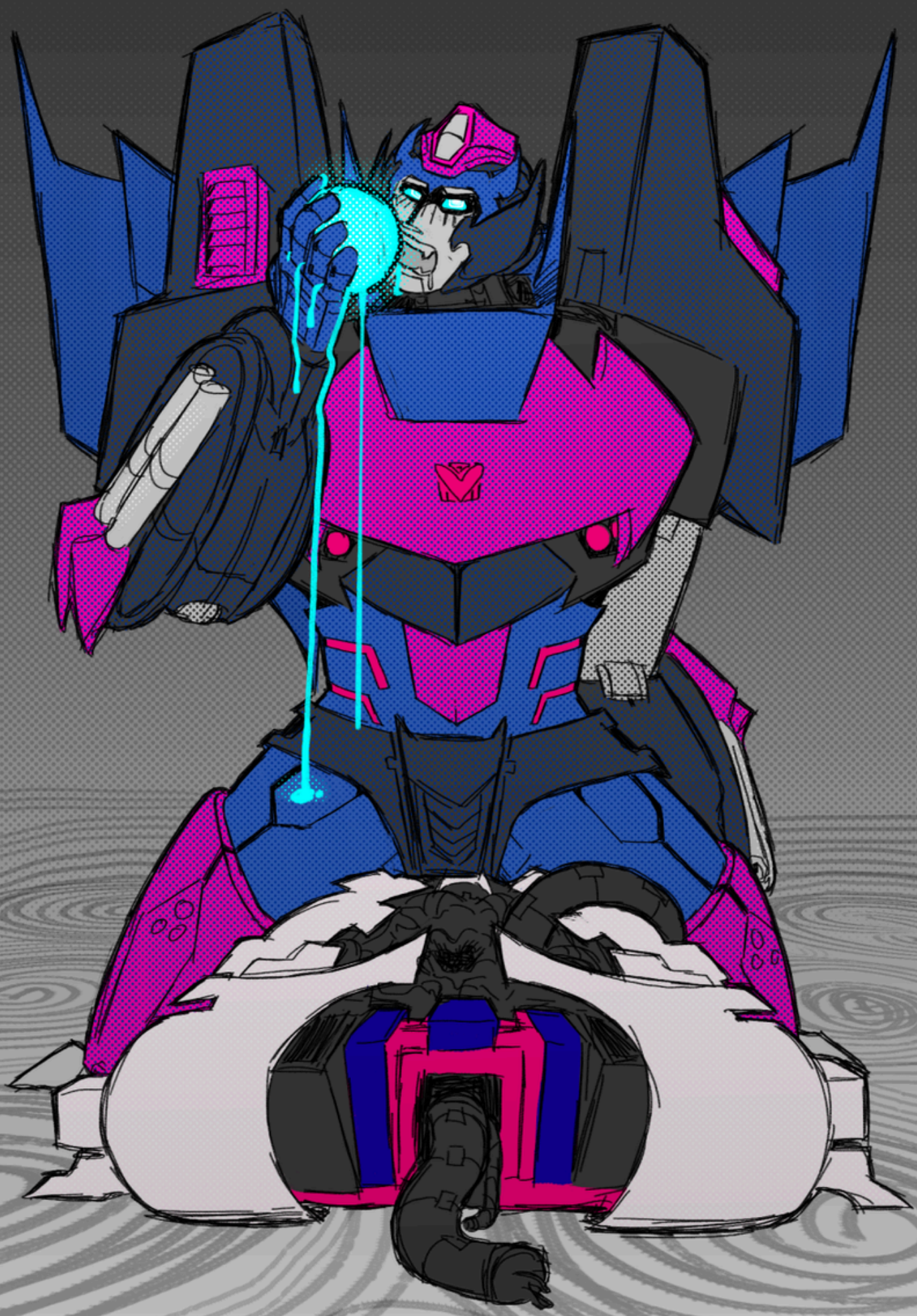
Against better judgement, she turned her helm and looked back. No one was following her, most likely distracted by the half hollowed frame she was forced to leave behind. Turning her helm back around, she closed her optics for a klik, feeling disappointed. She stamped it down along with the despair, and opened her optics, flapping her wings.

Tomorrow, she thought. Tomorrow I'll find another.









6-7-2025

This zine was lovingly made by members of the Shamelessly Valveplugging Discord server.

They served as the guinea pigs for my first foray into zine making and were a massive inspiration and motivator for creating Fuck It, Good Enough as a larger zine making project.

Thank you to everyone who contributed along the way, and for so enthusiastically jumping on board with the idea in the first place. Your excitement and joy in the creative process is what makes doing this so much fun for me, and I hope to keep making zines together for as long as you'll join me.

- TAG
(ROBOT-HORDE)