

Saving Life

Von Atemue

Kapitel 5: Chapter 05

Part: 5/?

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Warnings: angst, romance, suspense, slash, SPOILER for Transformers Movies 1+2

Pairings: Jazz/Prowl

Feedback: Please, yes, I love feedback! =^^=

Summary: When one mech is on the edge of being offlined forever, another mech realises the truth of his past and the destiny he is supposed to have. But what do you do, when you wake up from the brink of death just to stare into the eyes of what is supposed to be the enemy? If you happen to be an ops mech – you collect your answers of course.

Disclaimer: Nothing is mine I don't make money with it and write only for fun and to get better in writing English. ^_^

Helpful Pointers:

Vorn - 83 years

Stellar-cycle – 7.5 months

Orn - 13 days

Joor - 8 hours

Breem - 6 minutes

Astrosecond - 5/6ths of a second

Klick - 1 millisecond

"..." - Speaking

/.../ – Sparkbond speaking

Please note that I've only ever watched the two movies from 2007 and 2009. While I've 'met' a lot of Transformers from the comics and cartoons, that more often than not show up in fanfics I, of course, have not seen them in action and therefore might not be able to interpret their characters right. I am using mostly what I've learned through the movie (and maybe fanfics) and while catching some ideas here and there I am mainly using my very own ideas for things like energon, space bridges and so on.

And not to forget, much thanks to Taralynden for betareading.

Also, the inspiration for Prowl's and Jazz's past was mostly taken from the fanfic 'Story of a lifetime' written by the wonderful Taralynden. This was taken with her permission. Go and read her story, you'll love it.

Jazz jolted out of recharge with a start and his first thought was that Prowl was back from his mission to get them some fuel. However he quickly realised that the barn was empty and silent apart from the slightly louder-than-normal noise of his own engine that interrupted the peace and quiet. A quick look out of the tiny barn window nearly under the roof told the saboteur that about two-thirds of a joor must have passed, if his reading of the stars had been correct.

Jazz had only the sky as reference to time because his own chronometer had been damaged after his unfortunate clash with the Decepticon leader. Acknowledging his surroundings and the fact that he was still alone, his optics dimmed shortly, a sure sign of his confusion. Prowl had stated that he would be back in around half a joor, and past experience told him that his calculations were nearly never wrong. They certainly were not supposed to be wrong now. Still, more time than expected had passed and the special ops agent could not help the nagging worry he felt.

He had come out of recharge too suddenly and too soon if his assessment of his wounds were correct. And such a startling rousing only happened if something was wrong. He had not ended up in ops for being pretty or smart: his instincts were one of the most important talents he possessed and he was not about to brush them aside right now.

Suddenly he felt a nudge from the bond, and then he knew what was wrong: Prowl had tried to contact him through their bond. It was the only method of communication they had since his radio was just as slagged as his chronometer and as most other parts of his inside workings were.

/Prowler?/ he tried to send carefully through their bond, testing. He was not sure how far away from each other they were and after all those many vorns blocking most parts of their spark connection from the very beginning he doubted that it was strong enough to allow long range communication now. He should not have worried though, because the answer followed immediately.

/Jazz!/

Relief flooded through their sparks, quickly followed by worry and to Jazz's great surprise the beginning of panic.

/Jazz, I encountered unexpected complications. I am not sure I can return to the barn any time soon. I cannot risk sending them to your place when you are barely out of danger of deactivation./

Sensing the dire situation the saboteur quickly fell into his usual role as third in command and Autobot soldier, his demeanour becoming serious and businesslike.

/Ignorin' mah unfit state of fightin', what's th' situation wit' ya, Prowl?/

Jazz was also ready to defend his case that he should at least know what was going on and knowing Prowl and the protectiveness he sometimes showed, he was ready for an argument. But to his surprise all resistance he received was a long sigh. It worried him all the more, because if the tactician was already willing to answer his questions, then he must be in a really tight situation that did not allow much distraction.

/I am currently chased by Starscream and his trinemates Skywarp and Thundercracker from above as well as Bumblebee, Sideswipe and Sunstreaker on the ground/, Prowl reported to his mate with a resigned voice.

/WHAT?/

Jazz shot up into a sitting position so quickly he did not even realise the pain until his shout of surprise had stopped echoing from the walls. Wincing and honestly regretting his uncontrolled movement he tried to calm down his own arising panic when the seriousness of the situation sank in. With a flaring spark, he listened to the rest of his bondmates report.

/I was successful in accessing the fuel needed when I caught a report on both open Decepticon and NEST communication channels that I watch. Since the beacon was installed without my consent when I was offline, I have no knowledge how to deactivate my Decepticon signal. Given that I have been an experiment for the Decepticons, my movements were supposed to be watched. My only success so far has been to dampen the signal. Unfortunately it seems now both Decepticons and NEST have caught it anyway. I was just in time to receive reports of their near arrival here in Mission City./

/But if ya received their messages before their arrival, ya shoulda been able t' hide in th' city/, Jazz mused, shocked by what he had been told. /Th' dampenin' of yer beacon would at least not allow them t' pinpoint exactly there ya are./

/That's right and I immediately drove deep into the city to go underground./

No longer able to concentrate on formulating sentences, Prowl sent his memories through their bond. In rising horror Jazz watched how his mate had tried to find cover inside a parking building only to be spotted by one of the three Seekers circling in the sky. Starscream of course recognised the form of Barricade immediately and during Prowl's desperate attempt to lose the seekers within the city he received an Autobot report of Sunstreaker spotting the Seekers.

He of course got orders to follow the Seekers with his two comrades and find out the identity of the unknown Decepticon. No calculations in the world could have told Prowl from which direction the Autobots would arrive. Therefore his battle computer advised his best chances for survival were to concentrate on getting out of the Seekers' sight. Unfortunately, that effort ended rather disastrously when he nearly crashed into Bumblebee at a sharp turn.

The young Autobot of course also recognised Barricade. Add to that the two twins who were always eager for a bit of Decepticon pounding as well as the Seekers immediately wanting to get rid of the "Autobot scum" and the fight between both factions was unavoidable.

Prowl, fearing for the life of humans and his fellow comrades, saw no other choice than to get out of the city and away from human populated areas altogether. The Autobots and Decepticons, noticing the running Ford Mustang Saleen, immediately forgot about fighting each other for the moment and continued their chase. Unfortunately for Prowl, the first street out of town had been the very street that led to the deserted farm, where he and Jazz were staying at. Determined to simply drive by instead of returning to his still seriously injured mate Prowl sent another inquiry through their bond when he felt Jazz had ended reviewing his memories.

/Are you able to shut down your beacon?/

Though he was not agreeing with his bondmate's choice of action, Jazz knew it was not the time to discuss matters right now. He quickly checked his programs and could not help the feeling of satisfaction and relief when he realised that his beacon was working and beyond his control to shut down. Honestly, they had been lucky that the signal it emitted was so weak, the Decepticons had not been able to locate it and would only do so if they were near the farm he and Prowl resided at.

/It's shot just like most o'mah other programs/, he sent back, not even apologetic about his satisfaction for the broken program. /Ah know ya disagree an' fear for mah safety, but ya got no choice but return here. Wit' meh not bein' able t' shut down mah beacon, at least one faction might notice it an' wit' our current bad luck it'll be the Cons./

/Jazz, this is no joking matter!/ the tactician replied distressed.

/Ah know, love, Ah know/, the saboteur tried to sooth. /An' Ah'm takin' this seriously, ya know Ah am. But ya gotta admit this is funny. Honestly, a whole twenty-seventh part of a vorn of peace an' quiet an' now, when ya just want t' refuel jus' like ya have a hundred times before, the Cons an' Bots find a signal of yer beacon at th' same time? If that ain't reason t'laugh then nothin' is./

Prowl sent a small hint of exasperation through the bond, but at least, the special ops agent noted, he was not about to panic anymore.

/Come back t' meh, Prowl! Wit' Autobots bein' part of th' chase, we've at least a chance t' get out of this alive. An' th' best, we might be able t' receive a portion of Ratch's "tender" care again. How does that sound?/

There was silence for a moment and even the emotions through their bond seemed to have stilled. What Jazz did not expect to hear next was colourful cursing and a surge of renewed panic.

/Optimus will be joining the Autobots with the human members of the NEST-team/,
Prowl reported tightly. /And so will Megatron for the Decepticons./

/Well, slag!/ was all Jazz could come up with before he finally found his wits again.
/Return t' th' barn, Prowler! If Optimus can't get this under control, then no-one can./

/Acknowledged!/ Prowl agreed shortly and through their bond Jazz could feel his
bondmate's quick return to their temporary resting place, even if the noise of jets and
screaming car wheels had not been indication enough.

Prowl came to a sudden halt close to the entrance doors of the barn and transformed.
He did not dare to step too close in fear that it could put his injured mate too much in
the spotlight, but at the same time he stayed close enough to ensure he would be
able to protect the entrance from being entered without his consent.

He instructed the saboteur to stay inside and hidden, an order Jazz would normally
have happily ignored. However his body was still weak, he could barely sit up without
pain. Also, the Autobot third in command was not stupid, he knew that it would be
better to wait for now and save his strength for when he needed it.

The seekers were the first ones to arrive, their ability to fly giving them an advantage
over the enemy, though the Autobots were not far behind. The Decepticons had just
taken in the area and noticed the surprising fact of another Autobot signature besides
the three of their followers being nearby.

But the moment Starscream started to point the new signal out to his trinemates, the
arriving Autobots interrupted him. They transformed just as the Seekers had done
and while Bumblebee pointed his guns on the transformed Saleen, Sunstreaker and
Sideswipe were looking at the Seekers with nasty grins on their faces, or in
Sunstreaker's case a dark scowl, while their weapons hummed threateningly.

What surprised both Prowl and the Seekers though was that just before Bumblebee
transformed first, his driver's door opened and a small human stepped out. A human
that both Starscream and Prowl knew very well. Sam Witwicky wisely stayed right
behind his yellow guardian, mostly ignored by friends and enemies alike.

Prowl wanted to scream how they could be so stupid to bring a civil human right into
a battle place and even Jazz, who witnessed everything over the bond, was surprised
for the presence of the young man in their midst. However the special ops officer
tried immediately to reassure his mate.

/Trust Bumblebee, Prowler. He's not stupid an' as far as Ah noticed he's already acted
very protective of th' human when they just met. He certainly wouldn't put Sam in any
kind of danger if not for a good reason. Now pay attention t' th' Decepticons! Ah don't
expect Bee an' even th' twins will attack ya as long as ya don't look at them th' wrong
way./

/Which does not really help because one ALWAYS looks the wrong way in Sunstreaker's opinion/, Prowl objected dryly. But overall the tactician officer had to silently agree with Jazz and turned his attention back on the Seekers, who were answering the open hostility of the twins with sneers on their own. At least the Seekers had a history with the twins, bigger than anything else, so thankfully they would always be the twins' first priority.

Of course, since he could not be careful enough in his current situation, Prowl was level-headed enough to keep a small portion of his awareness on the Autobot scout, who was still pointing his weapons at what he must be thinking to be a Decepticon. Yet, after he did not even more than acknowledge Bumblebee and glance at Sam with something like horror, the Camero also concentrated most of his attention on the threatening Seekers.

For a long moment enemies just stood there without noticing much else. Naturally it was Bumblebee, as trained ops and scout to notice the signal of a fellow comrade first from the Autobots. His eyes glowed a bit brighter in surprise and through his own communication connection to both Autobots and Decepticons Prowl was able to listen to the yellow scout and Starscream reporting to their respective leaders of their findings.

After their reports were finished and both leaders announced their imminent arrival, Starscream was the first to address what he thought to be his fellow comrade.

"So, you were able to track down one of those Autobot scum, Barricade", the Seeker sneered down at the Saleen. "That is great work, but don't expect that one little 'bot will make up for disappearing in the middle of the fight and vanishing for nearly six stellar-cycles. Lord Megatron won't forgive deserting that easily."

/Ah bet Ah know who th' first 'Con was tha' put his tailpipe between his wings an' got out th' first chance he got after Megatron fell/, Jazz commented sarcastically over the bond. The mates were both concluding the same, even though they had not witnessed the finish of the fight in Mission City. But of course, Prowl stayed silent with his opinion. And he did not need to say anything, because the twins had plenty to retort after that opening.

"Ignoring the fact that deserting certainly must be your speciality, Starscream", Sideswipe sneered, "you don't really expect us to stand by and watch you take out one of our comrades, do you?"

"We could take you out first, if you prefer that", Skywrap suggested nastily his arms humming with the first sequences of a transforming weapon.

"How about the other way around?" Sunstreaker threatened, his eyes narrowing and his weapons targeting more obviously the seeker with the teleporting ability. Prowl watched the whole exchanged, his body tense, ready at any klick to protect the barn that kept his injured bondmate away from prying eyes.

He also spared a small glance at the human, who was still keeping cover behind

Bumblebee. It was strange, but even though the talking had taken place in Cybertronian, the wide eyes of the boy made him look like he understood every word of it. Though with the way both factions stood and changed their positions with every further word said, it was kind of obvious that a fight was in the air.

However, it seemed Bumblebee had enough of the twins' actions and for the first time he allowed himself to speak.

"ENOUGH!" the voice of an unknown man shouted over the radio, that the young 'bot used for communication, before he gritted out in perfect English with his own, still damaged voice. "We have orders. No fight, just protect!"

The twins immediately fell silent in surprise and even Prowl and Jazz were astonished.

/Since when'd Bee become so authoritarian?/ Jazz asked over the bond. /Th' last time Ah spoke t' th' youngling he was still not sure he was th' right 'bot for th' job of tracin' th' Allspark./

/You forget the courage he showed time and time again when he protected his friends and the boy here on Earth/, Prowl reminded his bondmate. /And you were considering naming him head of ops if anything should ever happen to you and Mirage. I do expect you made that decision for a reason and not just by gambling on a random successor./

/Right Ah give ya that. But still, he would be th' last one t' raise his voice, not t' mention givin' orders t' other 'bots./

/Given the faces of the twins I think they would like to agree with you, Jazz/, Prowl commented casually but could not help the small sliver of amusement seeping through the bond despite the seriousness of the situation. It was not often one got to witness the infamous twins speechless. His answer was Jazz's own amusement as they returned to watch the events unfolding.

"Yeah, listen to the Bumblebot", Skywarp snickered at the twins, after having witnessed their speechlessness. He was taking a careful step back though when deeply blue glowing optics focused on him. He and Thundercracker had not rejoined the Decepticon forces long ago, but some of their comrades told them that the yellow Autobot had become a lot more deadly since their last fight with him. Besides, most Decepticons were in unspoken and grudgingly awe of the young special ops agent after he stood up to Megatron all those vorns ago in Tyger Pax, and got out of it alive.

So now, unlike in the past, the seeker was not quite so aloof and uncaring anymore to have those deep, blue eyes glued on his person.

Bumblebee only threw a short, sharp look at the teleporter with the purple stripes before his gaze returned to Starscream.

"Take your... comrade... leave us our... friend. And... scatter off!" he commanded through various bits taken from the radio, this kind of communication the better option since his voice was still barely able to be heard.

Starscream, however, smirked right back into the Autobot's faceplate, his posture giving off the usual arrogance he was known for when feeling superior.

"And abandon the opportunity of getting rid of at least one more Autobot idiot?" the second in command asked, humoured. "Please, we are four against three and since your little comrade inside there", he let his hand casually sweep over the direction of the barn, "has not shown a bit of his armour yet, I take it that he is no match for a fight anyway."

The twins bristled at the words, but the attentive Bumblebee noticed to his great surprise that Barricade seemed to grit his denta at the Decepticon's last comment as well. This was not exactly a reaction the Autobot scout had expected from a Decepticon. Also, the Saleen seemed to be tense for a fight. That was not unexpected but his attention, instead of being paid to the Autobots, was nearly fully on the three Seekers, as if he was expecting more danger from them than anyone else.

Before he was able to continue his observation however, the air suddenly filled with the scream and humming of an incoming flier. Bumblebee exchanged a quick look with the twins and their sparks sank. None of their current comrades here on Earth were fliers and with the available Seeker all present, it could only mean one thing.

/Megatron!/ Prowl informed his bondmate calmly, though he could not deny the shock and dread he felt on Jazz's behalf as he watched the Cybertronian aircraft arrive and transform in midair.

tbc...