

Saving Life

Von Atemue

Kapitel 7: Chapter 07

Part: 7/12

Author: Usagi-Atemu-Tom

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.

Snarls and growls were the answer from where the Autobots stood and the hum of charging weapons could be heard from Ironhide, Sunstreaker, Chromia and some of the human soldiers. While nobody dared to fire without Optimus' order, they were determined to show the Decepticons that they damned sure would the moment they were allowed to. No one, not even Optimus, had understood what exactly the Decepticons were talking about, and the Prime did not see any sense in triggering the first attack for what could turn out to be a nasty fight as long as the enemies were obviously absorbed by a struggle between themselves.

But of course, his comrades would always recognise a threat thrown in their faceplates and the hotheaded amongst them felt inclined to react. However, just like Bumblebee, Optimus could not help but notice the strange reaction Starscream's last words seemed to have on the Decepticon Barricade. Optics glowing brightly, he nearly threw himself against the wall behind his back. There was obvious panic and fear in that mech's bearing. Adding that to Barricade's former refusal to fight them, the leader of the Autobots got the urgent and unpleasant feeling that he was missing something important here, something he should figure out quickly or the results would be devastating to someone who did not deserve it.

Confused and secretly even a small bit frustrated, the Prime's senses suddenly caught the quiet noise from inside the barn. It sounded like something heavy fell and then was dragged along the ground. Barricade tensed even more, his mouth opening wide in disbelief but it seemed he was incapable to move or speak out loud. All of a sudden there was a loud blast and the left door of the barn burst away from an explosive hit it took. A second blast followed and everyone was able to recognise the Cybertronian beam of a small arm canon that sailed through the air and struck a hole right through Starscream's left wing. The attack had been so sudden and unexpected that the seeker's attempt to duck came too late, saving him from having his spark blasted from its casing but not escaping unscathed.

With a howl of pain Shockwave's device fell to the ground as the Decepticon tried to clutch the energon seeping hole in his left wing. Cursing and growling he triggered the commands to stop the flow of energon in that area as well as offlining the affected pain receptors. Having taken care of the most urgent problems, he turned his face to glare hatefully at the one responsible for the injury. However angry faceplates soon changed into a stare of disbelief when he caught first sight of who shot him.

And he was not the only one. One by one the mecha and humans caught sight of the attacker, who moved out of the barn with a mixture of limping and dragging numb feet behind, generally looking as if only sheer willpower was holding him up. Even Megatron could not help but stare in utter denial at the mech he could now see coming out of the barn.

Jazz's visor was glowing brightly with emotions as he glared at Starscream. His left arm still held high, weapon ready to fire again even though he obviously was barely able to hold his balance with the use of both arms much less one. His voice was filled with static, if from the amount of anger or because of the obvious injuries was unsure but finally he was able growl out one clear message at the shocked Decepticon Seeker.

"Pit NO!"

He came to a painful stop beside the black and white Saleen, who finally woke out of his stupor and reacted on pure instinct. Quickly he put his arms around the saboteur's upper body to steady the already dangerously swaying mech.

"Jazz, stop it!" he whispered fearfully. "You are not even supposed to sit up without assistance, let alone WALK. You are still seriously injured."

As if his words were a trigger, Jazz's body lost all its forced up strength and he slumped against the hands and body of the mech now holding him up. There was a disbelieving whisper of "Jazz!" coming from the left where the Autobots and NEST soldiers stood, but no one knew who had uttered it, though the direction indicated one of the mechs who had been certain they had witnessed Jazz's death by the hands of Megatron.

The exclamation was followed by Ratchet's absent mutter of "At least now we know why we never found a body," before he turned his full senses back on the scene before him.

"Doesn't matter in th' light of what that cursed Seeker was about t' do", the exhausted ops agent in Barricade's arms just muttered into the other's shoulder joint, voice accentuated by static. "Ah coulda never allowed him t' go through wit' his threat. Had t' try an' stop him or we would've both been lost an'way."

/Don't think Ah didn't hear ya through th' bond, Prowler/, Jazz added silently through said connection. /Don't expect meh t' ignore yer feelin's of terror an' panic, of ya screamin' that Ah shouldn't allow this t' happen. Ah'd rather kill us than ever let 'im change ya into a Decepticon puppet ever again./

He stroked his bondmate's face, ignoring how much the visual appearance was still the faceplate of a stranger. Instead he sent his love, desperation and tenderness through the bond before speaking up again.

/Ah would never allow them t' use ya again, love. Ah'll honor yer wish. But don't deny meh th' right t' try an' save ya first, because Ah could also certainly feel yer bitterness an' resentment that fightin' so long t' save meh might've been for nothin'. An' Ah really can't help but admit that Ah can't deny mah own wish t' try an' believe in ya t' see th' Autobots an' us through th' war. Besides, if chances are we ain't survivin' this day, why rest mah broken body any longer?/

Prowl let out a loud sound that was a mixture of a sob and a laugh before he allowed himself to fall back into the connection of their sparks. And for the first time since they first knew each other, it was the tactician, who seemed to have lost all hope.

/Why fight the inevitable, Jazz? Even if you just succeeded to shoot the device out of Starscream's hands, it's still with the Decepticons. They don't have to use it now. They could take off and take care of me later. Use me like activating a sleeper./

But Jazz shook his head, a sad smile on his face.

/They won't do that, love. Th' cons are aware of our relationship, it was never a secret ever since Ah had t' spill th' beans. They may not know th' depth, th' secret of our bond, but they will certainly realise that Ah know what's going on. Allowin' ya t' be a sleeper ain't an option. They either try t' get ya back under control now or they simply want t' destroy ya, if they deem ya useless./

Jazz optics behind his visor glowed brighter before he added.

/An' turnin' ya back 's not an option Ah'll ever allow them!/

Prowl stared deep into his bonded's concealed optics, his spark searching through thoughts and emotions until finally he was satisfied and nodded. He still was not able to rein his emotions back to their usual calm state, but he finally succeeded in taking control again, weakening his panic and masking his feelings for no one else but his bondmate to notice.

In the meantime, the first shock of seeing a mech thought dead had ebbed away and finally movement returned to the ranks of Autobots and Decepticons. Starscream, realising that his attacker was still seriously wounded, regained his confidence and with a hateful glow in his optics he stared down at the saboteur in the arms of the mech that was supposed to be on their side.

"You!" the seeker sneered until he remembered everything said and done before the sudden attack and his optics glowed even brighter when the pieces clicked into place.

"Of course, it makes sense that you would try to save him", he grinned down at the tensing pair nastily. "But obviously in the end you could only delay the inevitable. He looked to the ground in order to locate and pick up the device, but for three astroseconds of horror he realized that the device was already gone. Unfortunately for Prowl and Jazz however, the seeker finally spotted Shockwave's back up tool in the hands of no one else but Megatrons'.

The leader of the Decepticons was already studying the device with interested optics before sending a rather cruel smile over to the helpless couple. Long before his second in command had made the connection, he had already remembered the rumours about the relationship between the Autobot tactician and the infamous and

rather troublesome Autobot head of special ops.

"It seems", the Decepticon purred rather silkily and without compassion, "that your luck just ran out."

For a seriously injured and exhausted mech, Jazz reacted rather quickly. With a loud scream of "NO!" he turned and grabbed into Barricade's subspace, where he knew he was keeping an energon knife. But before he could aim it at anyone, Starscream charged his nullray, firing and hitting the hand holding the knife, while seconds later Skywarp turned up out of thin air just between the couple and kicked the injured 'bot so hard that it sent him flying right at the feet of the assembled Autobots who along with the NEST soldiers had been watching the whole unfolding scene with growing confusion.

First their Jazz was interacting rather peacefully with a Decepticon. Then he was trying to protect him from something that had obviously to do with the strange device Megatron was gleefully holding in his hands now. Ratchet was the first to react, medical instincts kicking in as he ran to the broken saboteur's side.

"Jazz!"

He fell down besides the groaning mech and carefully helped the stubbornly struggling ops agent to at least sit up again. Not being able to do more than absently pressing one of the medic's hands in thanks, Jazz glanced over to where he had been forced to drop the knife, thanks to Starscream, then over to the nastily grinning Decepticons.

"No killing of our 'dear' comrade today, little Autobot", Megatron rumbled before sadistically adding. "Say goodbye to your mate, Autobot!"

Everything happened very fast after that. As Megatron moved to press the button of the device, Jazz locked optics with his bondmate who had sunken to the ground in defeat after Jazz had been forcefully separated from him. Ideas and scenarios were entering and leaving the saboteur's processor in clicks until one last, desperate idea remained.

Megatron pressed the button and Barricade's form doubled over in pain. This time he could feel the burning heat of the virus travelling within his energon lines and washing through his systems, trying to corrupt them. It was painful, like something trying to eat one inside out, breaking one in two, just the way Jazz had felt when Megatron was really breaking him apart. Groaning he activated his antivirus protocols, one last, desperate attempt to fight the virus before it reached his processor.

He knew he was fighting a losing battle, but the one last comforting thought he had left was that even though Skywarp had physically separated them, nothing could hinder his beloved bondmate from killing himself. The Decepticons did not know about their sparkbond. In fact no one knew. Otherwise they would not have been so

dumb to separate them and sent Jazz simply flying over to his own comrades.

Another wave of pain rolled through his body and his spark reached out to its other half. He could feel Jazz's answer and then a whisper of a question.

/Prowler, Ah know we're out of options, but do ya trust meh?/

/Of course I do, Jazz. I would not love you, would not have bonded with you, if I did not trust you./

/Then allow meh one last try before we end this./

And the saboteur sent over the images of his scheme. A plan so crazy that Prowl could not help but balk at the very idea of it.

/That's dangerous!/ he cried out. /You will more than likely fail!/

/Prowler, Ah hate t' inform ya but our fate is sealed if Ah don't try it./

/But it will hurt you. It will be really, really painful./

The tactician could feel the comforting, soothing emotions his bonded sent over to calm him down.

/Ah'm ops, Sparkles. Ah'm used t' pain an' torture. An' before ya object, Ah remember what ya think about mah tendencies for self-destruction. But this ain't about meh, this is about saving ya. Because Ah've t' admit Ah'd rather see ya live a little bit longer than let ya die now./

He allowed his bondmate to see his conviction, his absolute determination to at least try everything in his might to save the one mech he loved with his entire spark before he ended it all.

/Please, love, let meh try!/

And Prowl, in face of the overwhelming feelings he was suddenly confronted with, could do nothing but give in.

/Alright, try it. But if it takes too much out of you I simply want you to end it. Your suffering is not worth the inevitable./

/Thank you, love!/

Jazz came out of the connection and looked over at the energon knife near Prowl's doubled over form. Then he glanced up at Ratchet. The serious, determined expression on the saboteur's face caused the medic to experience a nasty feeling of déjà vu. The last time he had seen the other look like this was just before he went off to fight against Megatron, forcing his comrades to witness the Decepticon leader ripping him apart and believing him dead.

"Whatever happens th' next astroseconds, Ratch', don't interfere or ya could easily cause mah death."

Not allowing the shocked Autobot a chance to ask what in the pit Jazz was going to do, the saboteur already activated his magnetic field on his uninjured hand and aimed it at the energon knife near Prowl's feet. The knife flew into his waiting hand and with a swift command he triggered the opening sequence of the protective layers to his sparkcase. Before anyone could move or utter more than a horrified scream Jazz plunged the knife in the direction of his spark.

Shouts echoed around the farm, only to be drowned out by the painful scream of Barricade whose body suddenly twitched spastically on the ground while both his hands flew over the place that hid his spark and pressed against heated breast plates in agonising pain.

Jazz answered that cry with a quiet groan of his own. His hands were slightly shaking in an obvious battle for control. The energon knife hovered over his exposed and glowing spark, the tip just barely breaking the surface. It was not enough to kill him but it triggered nearly unbearable pain and it took all his past training and experiences as an ops agent to bear with the pain enough to keep his hands steady. He could not allow himself to twitch and accidentally drive the blade deeper into his spark, causing an instant death. But he could also not allow himself to recoil because that would destroy the very reason why he did this and he would not get a second chance.

Therefore he bore and tried to suppress the agony as much as he could while he was not able to prevent waves and waves of pain rolling over the bond to the still twitching Prowl on the ground.

The Saleen was lying helplessly where he was, the bond continuing to tell him that it was about to be broken, that the other half was dying. It was agonising and he clearly remembered feeling this kind of pain once before, orns and orns ago when Megatron tried to rip his beloved into two. But besides the horrible pain, there was something else. Just like before his whole processor was focused on his spark and bond and it recognized something trying to interfere with who Prowl was in essence. Different firewalls and antivirus programs were triggered and while the pain of the bond continued to roll in waves, at the edge of his consciousness he realized that the heat and ache caused by the virus decreased until finally nothing was left.

Decepticons, Autobots and humans were all watching the unfolding events with shock and confusion, some with horror and terror on their faces.

Ironhide was even screaming at their medic in panic and anger.

"Ratchet, what the hell are you waiting for? Stop what he's doing, he's killing himself!"

But Ratchet was barely able to shake his head, his body stock still supporting Jazz as

he forced himself to not even twitch for a klick.

"I can't", he ground out in a mixture of anger and deep concentration. "If I try to interfere I could kill Jazz. We can do nothing but wait and see what this stupid, processor-rusted slagger has been thinking for doing this after he finishes."

Ironhide seemed about to respond with his own choice of words when he was interrupted by a screech of furious anger.

"Dormant? How can that slugging virus become dormant again?" Starscream stood beside his leader and glared heatedly down at the device in Megatron's hands. Obviously the tool had taken another scan at the twitching form of Barricade on the ground and the result was certainly not what the second in command expected.

In front of the medic Jazz let out a sigh of relief, removing the tip of the blade from piercing his spark. However he did not move the knife fully out, instead allowed it to hover just above his spark, much to Ratchet's anger and resentment. He knew Jazz was doing it on purpose. It seemed he was not done here, simple awaiting the next phase and hindering the Autobot commanding medical officer to disarm him the first chance he got. Ratchet did not like that fact at all.

Throwing a look over at the angry Decepticons and Starscream's exclamations of "Why?", Jazz lips turned up into a grim smile.

"That's for meh t' know an' ya t' never find out, fragger", the Autobots nearest, like Ironhide, Optimus and Ratchet, as well as some human soldiers and Sam could hear the saboteur mutter.

Jazz spared an especially long glance at the young man who he had last seen as a frightened teenager desperate to get the Allspark away from the furious Decepticon leader. Sam had taken his place right beside Ratchet ready to offer any help he could with the current situation and Jazz's strange behaviour. He had obviously seen a lot those past years and he had certainly grown.

The saboteur sent a small but honest smirk down the young man's direction and waved with the hand that was not busy holding a dangerous energon knife over his open spark chamber.

"Hi Sam, long time no see. How's crackin'?" he greeted the human with a ghost version of his old self. How had he been able to crack stupid little jokes anyway again, with his beloved Prowl thought lightmillennia away?

Sam Witwicky waved hesitantly back at the ops agent.

"Seriously?" he replied to the Autobot's greeting. "I would feel better if you were not pointing a sharp, dangerous knife to your exposed spark and if the Decepticons would be simply gone. Or perhaps locked away securely?"

The saboteur could not help but snicker over the choice of words and the way the teen had spoken them, while half of his processor was busy checking on his mate and exchanging love and pride through their bond. He certainly liked the young man, even if he had not known him for long. Being a perceptive mech, thanks to his job, he had noticed from the first moment that the boy seemed to have a knack for using speech, even when terrified or nervous.

Sadly, his moment of amusement was broken, when Starscream loudly required another activation of the virus. Sighing again he sent one last burst of love through the bond while addressing his fellow comrades.

"Okay, everyone with queasy fuel close your optics and offline your hearin'", he muttered. "Here we go again."

And through the protest of every Autobot, the NEST soldiers and even his own bondmate, he pierced the tip of the blade through the first layer of his spark again. His last coherent thought before pain filled his senses once more was his surprise about noticing that Sam was one of the few who stayed oddly silent while watching his actions.

tbc...