

Precise digits held onto a scalpel, hovering over some organic tissue belonging to some local from another planet. One wrong cut would compromise the whole procedure... Caelus carefully observed the organ twitch under the surgical lights, the blade carefully angled and ready to make an incision

His optics flicked between the slick organ on the tray to his data pad, where he'd pulled up what notes regarding his deductions about the local life on Argos-9. Apparently, this was their vital circulatory organ... It was so slimy though, the way it twitched while it was still outside the body was slightly unnerving, the smell didn't help either.

He couldn't deny that it was quite fascinating how it still managed to move outside the body, the alien he 'borrowed' the organ from stopped moving but its 'heart' didn't seem to stop. Maybe there was more to these organic life forms than meets the eye. The smell of the organ was off putting, but it was interesting. The slick that coated the twitching mass of flesh was slimier than anything he'd seen on that planet.

The silence of the medbay always helped, he could always focus better and maybe even clear his head if needed.

He finally figured where he could cut, carefully moving the blade of the scalpel over the delicate membrane. He was excited to see how it looked inside, what colour would it be on the inside? Would it be as slimy as it was on the outside? Would-

The doors hissed open.

Heavy yet pointed footsteps echoed throughout the medbay. The concentration was broken as a familiar loud irritating voice demanded his attention

"Caelus!". The cyber-lynx jolted.

The blade plunged into the soft tissue

And out came a violent burst of blood which hit the medic's faceplate, earning a hiss from the medic as he shut his optics tight.

"Ugh! What the frag?!" Caelus yelled, cringing from the feeling of warm blood on his face. Thank Primus it didn't get on his fur, that would've been difficult to clean up.

"Y'know, there's an unwritten rule about barging into the medbay while the medic's working?" Caelus seethed, blindly snatching up the towel nearby to wipe his face. "Or were the doors being closed not a sign enough?"

"Honestly... must you perform these grotesque 'experiments' in the medical bay? On my ship, no less?" Starscream's voice dripped with disdain, ignoring his question as his upturned nasal ridge wrinkled at the sight of the bleeding organ on the table and Caelus's gore-covered faceplate, didn't help either.

"You couldn't perform these 'autopsies' in a lab? Or better yet- not at all?" Starscream scolded, placing a servo on the side of his hip "Must you desecrate the medical bay with these... things? A place of healing, no less. Where do you even get these?" He gestured a servo to the twitching organ

"I had to understand the creature's anatomy, you'd never know what you could find. Megatron was going to incinerate them, i just... accelerated the learning curve" Caelus replied casually, wiping his faceplate of the blood which began to get a bit sticky, much to his dismay "Also... 'Your' ship? This is Megatron's ship last I checked" He snarked, a little payback for the ruined procedure

Starscream's faceplate twitched with a hidden and controlled anger "Details" He said dismissively "Ones you'd do well not to parrot if you wish to keep your spot here, *Caelus*" Before he ended with a scowl

"Remember, you're only here because Knockout said you could be here, one call and i'll have another more competent medic in your place, *halfling*" reminding Caelus of the authority he held over the cyber-lynx

Caelus glared at Starscream, wanting to deck the fragger for the threat of contacting Knockout and for using that word.

It was bad enough that Knockout was paranoid about letting Caelus stay alone on the nemesis while he and Breakdown would be stationed elsewhere, it took a lot of convincing to let Caelus stay on the Nemesis as a medic.

Caelus tightened his servos, trying to hide his rage at Starscream, he knew there were bots he could snap at and bots he had to endure.

Starscream cleared his intake tract, his tone returning to normal like he didn't just threaten him "Enough with the senseless dribble, there are far more pressing matters than your little side project that demands your... particular talents"

"If you're quite finished playing 'vivisectionist', your talents are required elsewhere." He waved a servo looking away from the cyber-lynx "And do try not to leave entrails this time, it's a pain to clean up organic matter and the complains of the organic odour will earn you a demotion" even with his back turned, his smirk was barely concealed by the tone of his voice

*Like I needed your permission to get clean, you pompous parrot. Keep yapping and I'll leave those entrails in your intake while you're in stasis lock.*

Caelus growled mentally, almost scrubbing the plating off his servos and faceplate as he recalled the lead seeker's words

*"Organic odour" "Entrails" "Halfling"*

Starscream never passed up on an opportunity to remind him he was half-organic, a lesser being

He may have been vouched for by Knockout, hoping being a medic would earn him freedom from these kinds of insults... he guessed wrong. He couldn't say anything, lest Starscream would know how to set him off.

Still wiping his servos dry, he gave a sad look to the ruined organ. Shame he couldn't see what it was like on the inside

"Well then, it's not like I can't get another one of those" Caelus muttered with a shrug as he tossed the used rag into a bin, before turning to Starscream "Lead the way, I guess" Caelus rolled his eyes, earning a glare from Starscream.

Caelus smirked a little but didn't say anything as he obediently followed the seeker. Caelus never understood him. Starscream was already the official lead Seeker, but somehow, that title was never enough

He found his thirst for status and power rather... amusing in a way. He didn't know why Megatron still kept him around, much less keep him as a second in command- though, those questions were far above his pay grade and he liked his job as a medic

Walking behind Starscream was a chore, not because Caelus was a slow walker, but because seekers were big, bigger than automobile mechs. Caelus, as a beastformer, had a smaller and compact build which made it impossible for Caelus to catch up with the other bots at times and it certainly didn't help that Starscream was probably aware of this and didn't seem to care.

The halls of the nemesis echoed with Starscream's pointed pede steps as Caelus followed behind. The nemesis was always the same, purple, dreary, and almost impossible to navigate. Sure it was stupid to hope, but Caelus always did imagine something exciting happening. Like, what if Starscream finally gets to eat scrap and some bot else becomes the seeker?

Maybe Thundercracker, he's more rational and, in Caelus's eyes, more suited to be a leader. He was loyal but never to a fault, and seemed to be more vocal against Starscream's antics

Or Slipstream, he'd heard that Slipstream was the second fastest in the seeker army so she was selected as the second-in-command to Starscream. Plus she was the second scariest bot next to Knockout, so he could imagine how cool it would be to see someone finally make Starscream feel like slag for once

Caelus's thoughts droned on until they reached the door to the seeker room, they slid open to greet their arrival

As they walked into the seekers training room, there stood Thundercracker and Skywarp, along with another seeker who was red in colour. Caelus had seen him often but he never really learned anything about him. His medical training never left him time to socialize

"Caelus, I'd like for you to meet my pupil ScytheStreak" Starscream gestured to the red seeker.

Looking at ScytheStreak, it was clear that he was a bit smaller compared to the other three. His frame was rather sleek and his plating was smooth, smooth enough to let Caelus know he hasn't been on any field missions. His visor was cherry red, and despite it covering his optics, Caelus could see him look away the instant their optics met

"He's... okay" Caelus dead panned, earning a bit of a sigh from the head seeker "Why am I here again?" He asked, turning to Starscream

"He's my youngest seeker, fluent in battle strategies, though he's hopelessly spineless" The young seeker seemed to visibly shrink at that, earning a slight chuckle from Skywarp but a frown from Thundercracker. "You, on the other hand, possess more ... grounded disposition. The capability to perhaps mold someone into something more useful" Caelus craned his neck up at Starscream, his eyebrow ridge raised up in confusion. His help? Mold him? Why Caelus?

"And... Why me? I'm just a medic in training, aren't you his handlers?"

"Well Thundercracker here worried that our methods would be... too intense for the bot. Apparently it's become more fashionable to raise this generation of bots with silk servos" He rolled his optics

"I said *you two* wouldn't be practical, Starscream." Thundercracker muttered, rubbing his temples

Starscream didn't pay him any heed "We believed someone in his maturity range would be a better help. Since you lack an edge and clearly have a bit too much time for your... biological fascinations, I thought this might keep your claws occupied."

Caelus shot a side glare at Starscream, knowing damn well he didn't approve of Caelus's studies on organic life forms, he had to put that aside.

"Screamer, he needs guidance, not trauma. Didn't he just finish pulling organs out of that prisoner earlier today?" the blue seeker stated, sighing heavily. "I mean... I don't want him traumatizing the poor guy"

"Psssh- He'll be fine! Yo, tiny medic, maybe show him how to rip out a fuel pump! Best thing I ever learned!" Skywarp laughed, ignoring Starscream's side eye while Thundercracker didn't even flinch

"That suggestion alone is why i don't trust you either, Warp" Thundercracker dead panned, looking at Skywarp with plain disbelief

"What? I'm just saying I saw that when I was his age and I turned out fine!" Skywarp laughed, however Thundercracker just raised an eyebrow ridge at that

Studying Scythestreak, Caelus could see he was a rather shy dude from his demeanour, the seeker visibly shrunk when Caelus glared at him a bit.

Caelus had the feeling this guy was probably going along with this because Starscream said so, he couldn't confirm it but he had the slight doubt it was so

He didn't mean to scare him, but Primus above this guy needed a spinal strut.

He figured he could have Scythe as an assistant, not that Caelus needed help with medical procedures but he couldn't deny the idea of having an assistant was kinda appealing

"Fine, I'll do my best" He shrugged

ScytheStreak's wings twitched a bit as his lip plates curled into a smile, Caelus always liked how a seekers emotions were always given away by their wings.

That lunar-cycle, Caelus laid awake in his berth staring at the ceiling like it said something unbelievably ridiculous. He realised something, something he should've thought about before accepting Starscream's request

*How do I train that guy? I'm a fragging medic, not a drill seargent*