

Poor Imitations

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by [Spoon888](#)

Summary

Sometimes, when no Megatron is available, the next best substitute just has to do.

Tarn hated him enough that the sex was almost good.

Five stellar-cycles away from the fleet on an extended excursion -and subsequently away from Megatron's *infuriating proximity*- Starscream was being driven wild by pent-up frustrations. Boredom had set in swiftly, but as dreary and depressing as solitude had been, Tarn's company had hardly been an improvement.

The aggression, the threats, the undeserved sense of superiority - for the first time in over a month, Starscream was feeling homesick. And it was all Tarn and his weird Megatron-fetish's fault.

Such a long journey into uncharted space meant it was impossible to find reliable fuel stops. Spaceports and refuelling stations were out of the question, and Starscream was having to call upon nearby Decepticon vessels for aid.

Between starvation and spending an evening with *Tarn*, It had been a tough call to make. The wrong call, he realised soon after, trying and failing to concentrate on his star maps with the cabal still, lifeless Megatrons looming over him and reminding him all too vividly how tall, and broad, and fierce looking his absent leader was.

And all while Tarn sulked across from him, glaring at him for having the audacity to so much as look at his precious collection.

Starscream leaned back in his seat and nodded towards the Megatrons. "Is this why you're so obsessed with killing me? So you can add my corpse to your little museum?"

Tarn's optics narrowed behind his ridiculous mask. "What value could a traitor add to my collection, dead *or* alive?"

"Come now, Tarn," Starscream smirked, twirling his light-pen around his fingers. "I know you think of me as more than just a traitor."

Tarn's frame seemed to tense. Huge hands had curled into fists. "Your first mistake is believing I think of *you* at all."

Starscream licked his lips, watching the mechanics of Tarn's massive hands shift and move as he flexed them. Megatron's hands did that, moments before they struck out and caught him about the neck, pinned him down, grabbed his thighs and pushed him open-

Tarn had more self-restraint than Megatron, aided by a delusion he held that he was somehow above wanton violence - above carnal desires. Starscream let his optics track up and down what he could see of Tarn's frame behind the table. He held ...some appeal, when he managed to keep his vocaliser muted. Starscream could admit that if he didn't know Tarn, had only seen him from across a bar, somewhere the music was too loud to hear his opinions, that if he'd had just enough engex to wash away his inhibitions ...he probably would frag him.

But he was sober, and he had standards, and Tarn was but a poor shadow of the mech he idolised.

But Starscream's spark was aching for the raw animalistic feel of Megatron's hips between his thighs-

"I think you think of me," Starscream goaded gently. "I think you think of me with Megatron."

There was a pneumatic hiss as Tarn's armour tightened in on his protoform and locked in place. He stared at Starscream, unblinking, unspeaking.

"I think," Starscream span his chair to face the row of Megatrons, "That you like to picture yourself in my place, under him, in ways you'll never be. You want to tell him now much more *grateful* you'd be for the privilege."

Tarn stood, slowly. He was breathing harshly, his colossal shoulders rising and falling with his deep inverts.

"Or maybe," Starscream adopted a considering expression, tapping his light-pen against his bottom lip. "Maybe you tell yourself that the filthy things he does to me are all I deserve? That he does things to me that he'd never do to any self respecting, *loyal* Decepticon."

Tarn's shadow fell over him. Starscream smirked to himself. "Given the chance, what would *you* do to me?" He twirled his seat around to face Tarn, uncrossing his legs and spreading them open. Tarn's furious gaze was set firmly on his face though. Starscream slumped down the seat a little, angling his hips up-

"Your vile attempts to goad me are juvenile at best," Tarn's low, menacing voice bit out.

Starscream chewed on the end of his light-pen, "Really? Then why did you come over here?"

"To silence you," Tarn warned.

Starscream's spark twirled with giddy excitement, "And how are you going to do that?"

Tense silence stretched out between them. Starscream parted his lips and licked the end of the light-pen with the tip of his tongue. Tarn twitched, the faint but unmistakable sound of an engine stalling sounded. Smiling in victory, Starscream leaned back, and opened his panel.

After the *snk* sounded, Tarn was able to resist looking for an hilariously noble two point three seconds.

And then Starscream was being bodily hauled out of his seat by a wing. The strain on the joint sent a spike of pain shooting down it into his back. His laugh became a sharp gasp as that pain transmuted into pleasure.

He was thrown at the table, catching himself against it with splayed hands, the edge jabbing into his hip. Tarn shoved against him from behind, pressing him down onto it, a hand on the back of his head pinning his cheek to his own unfinished star maps.

His pedes were kicked apart, Tarn moving his bulk between his thighs and pushing him further up onto the desk so his big, clumsy codpiece would be comfortably wedged against

soft, exposed valve mesh. Starscream wasn't quite tall enough, his toe-pedes barely grazed the floor.

He scrambled for purchase on the smooth table, knocking his own work to the floor and scratching the polished surface with his claws. Tarn ground against him roughly, the flat surface of his codpiece providing a woefully unsatisfying lack of friction on his intimate sensors. He growled in frustration and Tarn withdrew for the briefest moment, before coming back with a hot pressurising spike.

Starscream moaned, pushing back against the thickening length grinding against the slit of his valve.

Tarn lifted his hand away from Starscream's head and hooked a thumb in his valve, exposing the inner rings of mesh to open air. Hot, blunt protometal nudged his entrance. Starscream sucked in a sharp breath, and Tarn entered him, gliding through well soaked silicone and mesh, sinking in to the hilt.

Starscream moaned loudly and babbled nonsense -mostly to annoy Tarn. The spike withdrew, just an inch, before thrusting back in sharply, shoving Starscream further up the table and bumping the sensors at the end of his valve. He yelped, legs kicking. His pedes no longer reached the floor.

Tarn took his hips and started to move. Unable to find something to brace himself against, Starscream was rocked helplessly, back and forth, falling forwards only to be roughly dragged back to meet every plunge of Tarn's spike.

Unable to rise off his front, Starscream rested his cheek against the table's cool surface and stared at the row of watching Megatrons, trying to imagine *his* hands, *his* spike-

Tarn was a different shape. His spike held less of a curve and it's ridges were shallower. His engines didn't run as hot, and there was no massive fusion cannon looming in Starscream's peripheral vision. His wings were left unbitten and un-kissed. And Tarn was silent save for huffing breaths and hushed whispers of Megatron's designation.

Starscream was tempted to return the favour and start screaming Megatron's name back, but rather than insult Tarn it was more likely to send him into premature overload. Starscream supposed he could start yelling for Prime. That was sure to rile the tank.

"Faster," he snapped.

Tarn slowed, as if in spite, but Starscream soon realised it was more likely because his sharp, high voice had knocked Tarn from his pathetic little fantasy. "...Do you make such demands of Megatron?"

"No," Starscream glared at the Megatrons, feeling a sudden rush of yearning. "I don't ever *need* to."

To his credit, Tarn sped up, gripping him a little harder, fucking him a little more harshly. The thunderous sound of their armour colliding filled the room and Starscream shut his optics and

summoned a dozen memory files of Megatron. He hated him, and he hated Tarn. He had hoped that would be enough.

All too soon, Tarn came with a noise so low in octave, Starscream was shaken by the vibrations, rattled to his core. He whined helplessly as he felt Tarn liberally coat his valve in transfluid, and twitched when the tank finished with a last few token thrusts before easing out.

Open and dripping, Starscream shuddered as the weight of him rose off his back, and he was left exposed, strewn across his own work.

Tarn seemed to be taking in the sight of him. Starscream could sense his satisfaction.

"Let's hope Megatron never learns of this," Starscream smirked nastily, rolling onto his back and folding his arms behind his head. "Or else you might be finding yourself on your own List."

Megatron didn't actually care much how Starscream entertained himself in his absence. War often separated them both by great distances and long stretches of time.

But Tarn didn't know that.

And his sudden silence was remarkably telling.

Starscream's little excursion was proving more fruitful than he'd expected. The sex may have been subpar, but the blackmail?

Starscream winked, delighting at the building horror in Tarn's optics. "I can keep a secret if you can?"

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