

Total Hellzone

By DeathCaller13

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(Set in Energon) A femme has come to Ocean City seeing help from Optimus. There's a problem with her and a hidden past that haunts her dreams. Can't Optimus save her before it's too late? Or will the femme remain floating in darkness?

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Chapter 1

“Surprise Newcomer”

“Optimus Prime! Super mode!” the Autobot commander exclaimed out as he finished combining with his Prime Force. “Energon blast!” He extended his arms and legs, shooting out the many lasers of energon to his Terracon enemies. Optimus watched as the mechanical foes exploded and crumbled to the ground.

The last of this battle’s Terracons were defeated; some escaping through the warp gate, like they usually did, away from the fight on Mars.

Iron Hide, Jet Fire, Hotshot, Inferno, and Kicker drove up to their leader, the mech transforming as Kicker stood next to Iron Hide. Optimus looked upon his men and nodded in satisfaction that the battle was won and everyone was fine.

“Let’s head back to Earth, men.”

“Yes, sir!” The mechs saluted.

“Hey, Iron Hide,” Kicker tapped his foot on his companion’s heel, “I just wanna say...” he folded his arms and looked to the ground as the Autobot warp gate opened some feet behind Optimus.

“Huh?” Iron Hide looked down to the human, “What is it?” He looked worried.

The others headed through the gate as Kicker smirked, “ya need to watch where ya shootin’ next time! I was almost hit by your cruddy aim! Hehehe.” The human ran through the gate as Jet Fire began to enter.

“Hey! Get back here, Kicker!” Iron Hide transformed to vehicle mode and screeched hysterically as he rushed to get after the trouble maker.

A shadowed form peeked from behind a rock and quickly made its way to the warp gate, its feet thundering a bit as its short form ran through the warp gate, its feet thundering a bit as its short form ran through the gate just before it closed.

“I’ll show you ‘cruddy aim!’” Iron Hide threatened Kicker as he chased after his companion.

Optimus Prime, now in his normal robot mode, and Inferno walked side by side as the two younger soldiers ran ahead and out of view into Ocean City.

“Optimus, we can’t just continue fighting the Terracons forever. They just keep coming,” Inferno broke the silence.

“I’m working on it, Inferno. As long as Megatron is hidden from us, we can’t move on in this battle. But as long as I still have energon running through my circuits, I will do everything within my power to find the Decepticon base and defeat them once and for all.”

Prime always had to make a speech. He must be proud of his noble mind and enjoyed showing it off without even knowing it. Sometimes he’d let the words just drag on, but others he would make short and sweet. His speeches were something meant for encouragement in the darkest of times.

Inferno sighed and looked to the sky, “You always have some kind of plan.” He then jerked his focus to his commander’s yellow optics, “Did you hear something?”

A loud metal thud was sounded somewhere behind the two, almost inaudible.

The mechs turned around and looked over the area. Nothing came to their optics that would have caused the noise.

“Optimus!” Iron Hide’s voice called out from behind the leader and Inferno, “Optimus!” He drove over to them in full speed with Kicker in the driver seat, then skidded to a stop and let Kicker out. The rookie transformed to robot mode and huffed, catching his breath.

“What is it, Iron Hide?” Optimus turned around with Inferno following his lead.

A shadowed figure tumbled from behind a building some numerous meters behind the Autobots and human. “Ow,” it breathed in a feminine voice and noticed that she was in extreme danger of being seen.

“Hey. What’s that?” Kicker questioned and pointed passed Optimus and Inferno.

The femme’s red optics widened and she quickly rolled behind the building and hid. A glint of lavender flashed as the sun reflected from her armor.

“I didn’t see anything,” Iron Hide answered.

“What did you need to say, Iron Hide?” Optimus brushed away Kicker’s find.

“Oh, yeah! Uh, there was an intruder in Ocean City somewhere, but it doesn’t seem to be an enemy. The alarms didn’t sound.”

“Hmmm,” Optimus turned his head to look over his shoulder, a flash of light passed over his optics in a thoughtful manner.

“Misfit, I can’t do this. They’ll laugh at me.” the hiding femme sat up against the building that shadowed her as she spoke through her crackling com-link.

“Just go, Forte. You need that training, and Commander Optimus and his team are the ones to help,” a young male voice spoke through the static.

The femme, Forte, sighed and whispered back, “But what if they find me as a hazard and send me back? You know I have a hard time controlling my...” She was interrupted by the sound of footsteps, “Here they come, I better go.”

“Go get ‘em, you petro tiger.” The com-link broke, leaving Forte to herself and the Autobots.

“So,” Optimus peeked from beside the building, making Forte scream in dreaded surprise and scrambled further in the shadows, “this is our little noise-maker.”

“Talk about little,” Kicker walked in front of the commander and smirked, “She’s hardly twice my size!”

“You’re not a minicon, are you?” Iron Hide walked around Optimus, followed by Inferno, and stood by his side.

“No,” Forte quietly answered, her red optics glowing in the darkness.

“She must be some Decepticon spy!” Inferno readied his arm cannon.

“No!” Forte curled into a ball as she sat on the metal ground. “I’m not a Decepticon. Please don’t kill me. I know I shouldn’t have stayed,” she whimpered.

“Lower your weapon, Inferno.” Optimus reached a hand to the frightened femme, “why are you here?”

A shaky gray hand reached out and gently gripped the commander’s friendly hand. Optimus pulled her to a stand and out into the sunlight. The femme was only eight feet tall and bulked on her arms and legs from the armor that allowed her to transform into whatever she would be. Almost like a miniature form on Hotshot, only with a feminine body and lavender paint.

“I was sent here for special training.”

“Special? Like what?”

Forte looked to the ground, “I’d rather not say it in front of so many people.”

“Fine,” Prime released the femme’s hand and watched it drop to her side. “Let’s head into the city and we’ll get you settled here, uh...”

“Forte. My name is Forte,” the lavender Transformer softly spoke.

“Talk about ironic names,” snickered Kicker. He kicked the femme and walked back to Iron Hide proudly.

Forte’s optics narrowed slightly with anger, but quickly widened back to innocence when she was poked on her shoulder by a red mech that was looking down on her. She looked up to find that it was Inferno.

“Sorry about the Decepticon thing. I couldn’t see your Autobot symbol with all of that darkness covering you.” He walked off with Optimus, Iron Hide, and Kicker as the femme flashed a small smirk.

A seagull swooped by and cawed out its smooth cry, flying toward the sun and disappearing in the bright light. Forte ran after the others to catch up. All five of them walked through the city gate and traveled onward as the large metal door slid down and closed with a rumbling boom...