

Bad Case of Loving You

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G1: Wheeljack has had a little too much to drink, and his bondmate is not amused. Ratchet/Wheeljack

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Ratchet sighed and shook his head as he stood in the doorway of the Ark's break room, surveying the mayhem taking place inside. Music was blaring from massive speakers that Jazz or Blaster must have acquired with some help from Spike, and every Autobot – minus Optimus and Prowl – was crowded in the room, either dancing like drunken fools on the makeshift dance floor, partaking in high grade drinking contests, or already passed out on the floor.

Ratchet was about to turn around and quickly run back to the safety of his med bay to escape the chaos, but he caught sight of his bondmate and groaned.

"Doctor, doctor, give me the -hic!- news, I've got a -hic!- bad case of lovin' you!" a horribly drunk Wheeljack sang as he staggered up to Ratchet, unable to stop himself as he stumbled into the medic's chest.

"You're slaggin' drunk!" Ratchet growled as he grabbed Wheeljack's shoulders to keep him from falling to the floor.

"And you're -hic!- slaggin' sexy!" Wheeljack slurred, grinning up at his mate as his headfins flashed a blue-green color. Ratchet was not amused as he angrily crossed his arms over his chest.

"I told you to take it easy on the high grade. Your fuel tanks are still healing from the damage you took from Soundwave yesterday! The high grade is too strong, and you'll end up-" Ratchet began scolding, but he was cut off as Wheeljack suddenly bent over, removed his face mask, and vomited violently all over the floor.

"-Purging your tanks..." Ratchet finished, smacking a palm to his face in frustration.

"Ugh...Ratch, I don't, ugh, feel so good..." Wheeljack groaned as he slumped to the floor.

"No, really? I hadn't noticed." Ratchet spat more harshly than had meant to. Wheeljack groaned again and Ratchet sighed as he reached down and carefully pulled the engineer to his feet. Wheeljack staggered a bit and lurched forward, like he was going to purge his tanks again, but he managed to keep their contents in place for now.

"C'mon, let's get you to bed." Ratchet said as they left the chaos of the party. They headed down the hallway in silence, with Wheeljack moaning and groaning periodically.

"This is your own slaggin' fault! I told you to take it easy tonight! You're slaggin' lucky that your fuel tanks didn't burst or your aft would be in the med bay for emergency surgery right now!" Ratchet scolded,

glaring at his bondmate.

"Eh, I feel like they've already burst..." Wheeljack moaned, gulping as he tried to keep from vomiting again.

"Oh no, you'd know if they'd burst, because you'd be offline faster than you could say 'Primus help me.'" Ratchet growled as they reached the door to their quarters. Ratchet slammed his hand on the door switch and it opened with a 'whoosh.'

"Aw, I'm sorry Ratch. I just got a little carried away." Wheeljack said softly, looking at the floor to avoid meeting the optics of his angry bondmate. Ratchet's optics softened as he stared at his weak, hurting bondmate. He suddenly felt a wave of guilt pass through his chassis; he shouldn't be this angry at Wheeljack.

"Eh, it's okay 'Jack. I'm overreacting. I just worry about you." Ratchet said as he helped Wheeljack into their quarters, shutting the door behind them. He still kept a firm hold on his stumbling partner as he guided them to their shared recharge berth, and Ratchet carefully helped Wheeljack onto it. The engineer's optics dimmed as soon as back hit the cool metal, and he slipped into recharge soon after.

Ratchet sighed as he watched this bondmate recharging peacefully. He wished that Wheeljack would listen to him when he told him to be more careful. Ratchet didn't show it often, but the truth was that he worried about Wheeljack constantly: after every lab accident, battle with the Decepticons, and any other dangerous messes that the engineer got himself into. It didn't help that Ratchet could feel Wheeljack's pain through their sparkbond. Ratchet winced as he recalled the terrible pain he felt yesterday when Soundwave had blasted a hole straight through Wheeljack's abdomen; it had taken Ratchet and First Aid all night to put his fuel tanks back together. Ratchet was scared to death that one of these days, his millions of years of medical knowledge wouldn't be enough to save his bondmate.

Ratchet was pulled from his thoughts as a flash of blue filled the dark room. The medic looked at his bondmate and smiled. Wheeljack was mumbling in his recharge, and his headfins flashed every time his incoherent babble passed his lips. Ratchet decided that he could use a good recharge too, so he climbed onto the berth next to his bondmate and dimmed his optics. He was about to go offline when Wheeljack rolled over and wrapped his arms around Ratchet.

"Mmmm...Love ya Ratchet..." Wheeljack mumbled, his headfins flashing a light blue. Ratchet smiled and placed a soft kiss on one of Wheeljack's headfins as his bondmate snuggled closer to him.

"I love you too, Wheeljack." Ratchet whispered as he slipped into recharge, a smile crossing his face.