

[Fanfic] Seaspray Rex.

Part 1

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This is a hymn of redemption and a testament to salvation. This is a tale of one man's immutable capacity for hope. This is a love story...

December 27th, 2001

7:47 a.m.

Behind the wheel of a well-tuned machine another well-tuned machine was lost in thought. "Only thirteen minutes of freedom left," thought Seaspray. "If I had the pores, my hands would be sweating on the wheel right now." He released a subdued and confident laugh. "Good thing I'm a robot."

Seaspray was on task this morning but, like it sometimes tended to do, his mind wandered for a sentimental moment. He went back to a time when he wasn't a robot. "Elana..." His mind faded into happiness as a warm glow overtook him, but again, only for a moment. He was Seaspray, for God's sake, and he had not the spare time to dream! After all, how often are you late for your first day of work?

Barreling down the highway at 155 miles per hour, Seaspray hit a blind curve. He sharply turned the wheel to the right: His red Countach reacted instantly, hugging the road, throwing Seaspray's body to the left. He jammed his foot on the accelerator, and thirteen hundred feet-pounds of torque pushed Seaspray back into his seat.

"Heh heh! This is fun!"

A cat ran into the car's path. Before Seaspray had time to think, his red sports car reacted on instinct, swerving out of the way. At full speed, the passenger side was pulled off the ground. A mere fraction of a second later the car was airborne, in a barrel roll.

"Holy crap!"

High above the ground Seaspray was thrown from the car. In a turbulent spin, a disoriented Seaspray hit the road and tumbled over himself like a rag-doll for nearly ninety feet. His car rolled violently into a nearby ravine.

His body a twisted, aching mess, Seaspray picked himself up. With a deliberate gentleness, Seaspray gingerly brushed debris off his tender body. What was earlier a shiny new paint job was now a banged-up and marred collection of scratches and dents.

Seaspray shook his head in disgust. "Man. This sucks. I've been waiting all month for this. Now look at me!"

Seaspray was interrupted by a loud moaning, emanating from the ravine.
"Oooooowwww, my aching fender..."

"Sideswipe!? You okay down there, man?" inquired Seaspray.

A moaning voice called back. "No! ...I should've hit that cat."

"Are cats sentient?" asked Seaspray.

"I think you mean sapient," answered Sideswipe as he appeared from some foliage. Pulling himself from the ravine, he favored his left shoulder.
"Owww. To answer your question, though, I don't think so."

"Then yes," Seaspray said. "You should've hit that cat."

Sideswipe sat down beside of the road and held his head. "There's no part of me that doesn't hurt! ...I think I warped a camshaft."

"What are you doing?" snapped Seaspray as he stood up.

"I'm sitting here," responded Sideswipe.

"But I'm going to be late for work," exclaimed an incredulous Seaspray, waving his arms madly.

Completely oblivious of Seaspray's protests, Sideswipe stood up and walked away in the opposite direction.

"Where do you think you're going?" screamed Seaspray.

He received no response.

Quietly, Seaspray watched Sideswipe walk away, disappearing into the horizon. Seaspray sat down at the side of the road.

"Aw, crap."

December 27th, 2001

8:42 a.m.

Seaspray walked into the parking lot of the corporate offices of J.R. Phillips. He checked in at the guardhouse. The guard glared at Seaspray and noted that he was late. Seaspray chuckled sheepishly and proceeded his way into oblivion.

No one is late for their first day of work. Not even a slack-ass like Windcharger. And especially not Seaspray.

Seaspray marched ever closer to the entrance and marveled at the sights he saw. Fountains decorated the premises as blinking lights would decorate one

of Wheeljack's creations. Everyone drove fancy cars, he noted. "I bet they transform into really uptight pricks," Seaspray thought.

The actual office was a single level compound on a sprawling campus. Security was tight. No chance of Decepticons ruining things. Seaspray didn't exactly know what his job was to be but he knew that it was important.

Seaspray shuffled into the building, through the main entrance. The corporate logo stood high above the entrance way. Seaspray felt a rush of pride as his cheeks flushed in a crimson glow. Well, his cheeks really didn't flush. He didn't have cheeks, after all. But his mouth plate turned red, I can assure you of that.

J.R. Phillips was a large chain of lingerie outlets. Seaspray knew this but he was also aware of hush-hush black ops-sorta stuff. That's why he was here, he was certain. He had heard that they were producing a limitless power source and the Decepticons were interested in stealing it. He knew this because Cosmos told him so. And Seaspray knew that Cosmos never lied.

Seaspray sat down in the main lobby. He was a little too big for the chairs, so he sat down in the middle of the couch provided to him. He felt the frame buckle underneath his mass and the wood creaked, as if calling out in pain. He caught an ireful look from the receptionist and quickly stood up. He stood there, visibly nervous for a few minutes. Growing bored he looked for something to read. He shuffled through a couple of assorted newspapers and magazines. Uninterested in the latest issue of Redbook, he fingered a vase of chrysanthemums resting on a coffee table.

The receptionist tugged the rim of her glasses and removed them to look at Seaspray with her own eyes. She called out to him.

"Are you waiting for the orientation?" she asked.

"Why, yes," Seaspray responded.

"You're an hour and a half late," she said.

Seaspray looked at her for a second.

"Aw, crap."

December 27th, 2001.

11:13 a.m.

Seaspray wandered about the corporate offices in a disoriented stupor, looking for his supervisor's office. Like Diogones, Seaspray walked, cursed to search for something that did not exist. Well, no, not exactly. Seaspray didn't have a lantern. He also searched for something that was very much real. So, in a fashion, he wasn't like Diogones at all. That didn't hinder Seaspray from drawing the parallel, however. Seaspray so very much liked drawing.

After what seemed like years meandering the campus, Seaspray found the office. He lost two good men, three fast sled dogs and a two-week lead he had on that cad Percival Somersbottom. Damn him!

Seaspray's supervisor, Ms. Kreugenstein, was on her lunch break. Seaspray sat in her lavender office and helped himself to some mints he found in a bowl on her desk. It wasn't a very spacious office. It was nice, he supposed. It was missing something, however. He couldn't put his finger on it but there was definitely something it lacked.

He sat there for a few minutes, bored. The mints were good, though, at least. They were the expensive kind. He helped himself to the whole bowl.

"Mmmm. This is good," said Seaspray.

He then ate the bowl. "Crunchy."

Seaspray heard a door swing open and he quickly turned around in his seat.

"May I help you?" asked an attractive young woman.

Seaspray looked her over. "Are you Ms. Kreugenstein?"

"Ah, you must be Seaspray," she said. "Yes, I'm Kelly Kreugenstein. I'll be your supervisor while you're with J.R. Phillips."

Seaspray eyed her over, noticing the subtle tones in her hair and the way the light plays with the blue of her eyes. He noticed her large breasts most of all.

"That's great," Seaspray exclaimed. "I'm very excited to be working under you."

She smiled and sat down in her seat, her breasts within arms' reach Seaspray noticed. "How did orientation go?" she asked.

Seaspray stood erect. "Oh! That's what I came in here for!" He slumped over. "I missed orientation."

"You what?"

Seaspray responded "I missed orientation! This morning I was driving down the road and a cat ran in front of my car. My car saw the cat and swerved out of the way... causing... causing a wreck."

His supervisor looked at him with amazement. "Your car...swerved out of the way? Independently of you?"

"Yeah. He didn't want to hit the cat."

"*He*?" she stressed. "He didn't want to hit the cat?"

"That's right."

"You did pass the drug test?" she asked.

"What?"

"You must be stoned."

"What?"

"I don't know how they do things in India, Mr. Seaspray, but in America we do not come to work under the influence of drugs."

"I'm not following you," Seaspray remarked.

"In America, Mr. Seaspray, we do not tolerate such things. In India this may fall under some sort of 'religious expression,' I don't know. I don't want to know. But in America, drugs are not allowed at work."

"India?"

"YES, India. You're from Delhi. It says so in your profile."

"I'm an Autobot. From Cybertron."

"No," she said. "I don't know anything about that. What I do know is that you're from Delhi, India. It says so in your profile. You're a father of three, recently divorced from an American woman named Elaine."

"Elana?"

"No," she rebuked. "Elaine."

"Elana..." Oblivious of other external stimuli (even Kelly's perky breasts), Seaspray was swept away to a time and place not easily forgotten. He was reminded of sensations just out of reach, faint hints of tactile pleasures now foreign to him. He was lost in the arms of his love, her skin tightly pressed against his. Like a shallow breath, the moment was fleeting: All too brief, it left him gasping for more...

"Mr. Seaspray! Pay attention!"

Seaspray nearly fell over in his seat. "Sorry! Where was I?"

"Your HAND was nearly in your PANTS."

Seaspray looked at her inquisitively. "I'm not wearing pants."

"..."

"Now if you'll excuse me..." Seaspray stood up and walked toward the door.

"Where are you going?" asked his supervisor.

"I'm going to get to work. I've got a lot of catching up to do, including what I do exactly."

Kelly collected herself and regained her professional posture. "Not so fast, Mr. Seaspray," she remarked. "You're not working for rupees now. You're working for greenbacks. This is J.R. Phillips, after all, you make a handsome salary." She flashed a very professional, practiced smile. "You can afford to wait." She motioned toward his seat. "Please, sit by me. I need to

review a few things with you."

Seaspray, being an idiot, misinterpreted this. To Seaspray, this was clearly a come-on. Why, his supervisor might as well be unbuttoning her blouse.

Seaspray took the chair and laid his arm across her shoulder. He made a strange gurgling purr, like a cat contentedly drowning.

"What is the meaning-?" she demanded.

"Hush," said Seaspray. "You don't have to say it. I know how you feel. I feel it too."

Earlier, Seaspray had noticed that something was missing from the office. Well, he **finally** realized what that was.

He looked at her and smiled (the best he could, not having a mouth and all.) Tenderly, Seaspray said "I was thinking earlier, there was something missing in here. Now I know what it is, our wedding photo."

"Mr. Seaspray..."

"What is it, my sweet little energon goody?"

"I'm a lesbian."

"That's okay," Seaspray said. "I'm an Autobot."

"No," she said. "I don't go for men. I like women."

"I'm not a man," he said.

"I don't go for transgenders, either, Mr. Seaspray."

Seaspray stepped back to give her some room. "No, no. You misunderstand. You see, I'm a **robot.** I like women **too.** We're both **different!** You don't fit in out there, I don't fit in in my world **either!**"

"Mr. Seaspray, I fit in just fine."

"Just give me a chance," he pleaded!

"Mr. Seaspray, I've only known you for two minutes. And for the last time, I like women! Not men! Not robots! Women! END OF DISCUSSION! Now, you leave for the rest of the day. You're not needed until tomorrow. Come early and please, for the love of God, try to act professionally!"

"Okay" relented Seaspray.

A smarter robot would know when to give up. Luckily, this story is about Seaspray.

December 27, 2001.

10:11 p.m.

Seaspray shuffled through a bunch of boxes back at Autobot Headquarters. He looked for whatever spare parts Wheeljack had laying around. He was mostly looking for Aerialbot parts; wings, blinking lights and stuff like that. Oh, he was also looking for glue. Luckily, young Daniel had plenty of Elmer's white school glue. Man, that stuff will glue anything.

After finding his requisite components, Seaspray locked himself in the bathroom. From within could be heard the most horrendous noises imaginable. Sheet metal could be heard tearing as a string of profanities filled the air loud enough to wake even the most lethargic minority Sparkplug could conjure. (It was common knowledge, after all, that Sparkplug was a bigot.)

A concerned and conveniently present Warpath walked to the door and knocked, asking "*BAM* *BOOM* Are you all right, Seaspray?"

In response he heard "The man you knew as Seaspray is dead..."

"Wha--?" muttered Warpath.

The door swung open. Seaspray emerged, adorned with two new wings, a flashing light on his head and a pretty new pink paint job.

In a shrill falsetto voice Seaspray continued "...standing before you is the woman known as Astroglide! Now no force in the universe can stop me!"

"...*Bam*! You @&%!!ing idiot. *Kablooey!*"

"We shall see, Warpath," said Astroglide. "We shall see..."

End.