

GENERAL NEECH?

URGENT MESSAGE FROM YOUR CONTACT. SIR—HE'S ASKING TO SPEAK TO YOU.

TELL HIM I'M BUSY.

THE RETALIATOR
(GALACTIC COUNCIL CLASS B WARSHIP)

NO, ACTUALLY—TELL HIM I'M UNHAPPY.

TELL HIM WE HAD A DEAL: HE ISOLATES MEGATRON AND WE DO THE REST. HE SUPPLIES THE COORDINATES, WE SUPPLY THE KILLER.

A VERY SIMPLE QUID PRO QUID AND WHAT HAPPENS?

FIVE HUNDRED ANGRY DECEPTICONS BEAT US TO THE PUNCH.

OVERLORD INSISTS THAT THE P.J.D.'S PRESENCE IS A POSITIVE. THEIR LEADER ALSO WANTS MEGATRON DEAD.

...WE MAY HAVE TO ESCALATE MATTERS.

GOOD, BECAUSE THIS CANNOT END ANY OTHER WAY. IF OVERLORD FAILS...

THE COUNCIL WAS PREPARED TO TURN A BLIND EYE TO THE LOST LIGHT'S HEROICS SO LONG AS THE CREW HELPED ONLY THEIR FELLOW MECHANICALS.

MILIARIUM CHANGED EVERYTHING.*

MEGATRON SAVING ORGANICS? THE CYBERTRONIANS' MOST NOTORIOUS BIOPHOBES—THE GRANDFATHER OF TECHNOISM—AND SUDDENLY HE'S DOING OUR JOB?

NO. THAT CANNOT STAND. IF THE PLANETS UNDER OUR PROTECTION QUESTION THE NEED FOR THAT PROTECTION, THEY QUESTION THE NEED FOR US.

*SEE ISSUE 50.

YOUR CONTACT, SIR...

YES, YES. WHAT DOES HE ACTUALLY WANT?

HE WANTS TO KNOW IF YOU'VE KEPT YOUR PROMISE—YOU SAID NONE OF THE OTHER AUTOBOTS WOULD COME TO HARM.

I BELIEVE IT'S GET-A-WAY, SIR.

WHAT WAS HIS NAME AGAIN? THEY HAVE SUCH FUNNY NAMES.

TELL GET-A-WAY I DON'T RECALL MAKING THAT PROMISE...

DOWN BELOW...

TOGETHER?

TOGETHER.

KRKR

CHOOM
CHOOM

CHOOM

WHAT THE HELL JUST—

—SOME KIND OF FORCE-FIELD?

MORE A PANIC BUBBLE THAN A—

—THOUGHT ONLY TRAILCUTTER COULD DO THAT?

HE'S USING TRAILCUTTER'S FORCEFIELD GENERATOR HE FOUND IT ON THE CORPSE.*

HE STOLE IT? WHY?

I IMAGINE, AUTOBOT—

*SEE ISSUE 35.

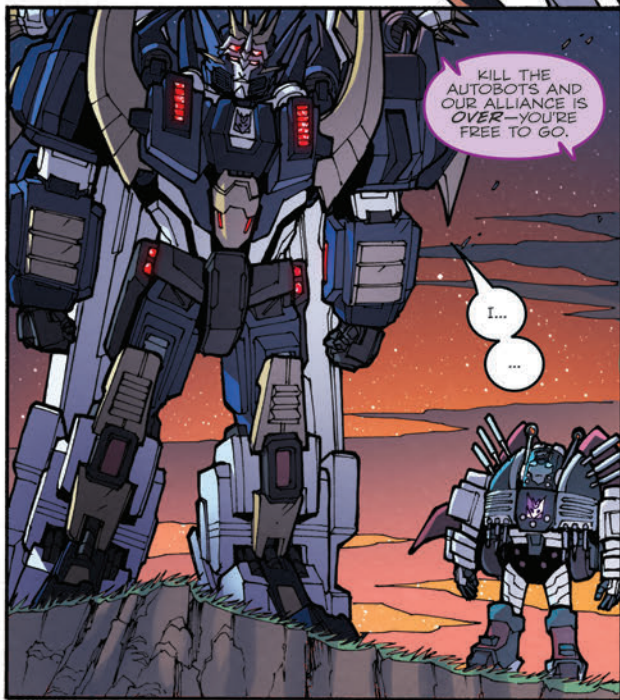
MEGATRON!

"—THAT IT WAS IN CASE SOMETHING LIKE *THIS* HAPPENED."

I'M COMING FOR YOU!

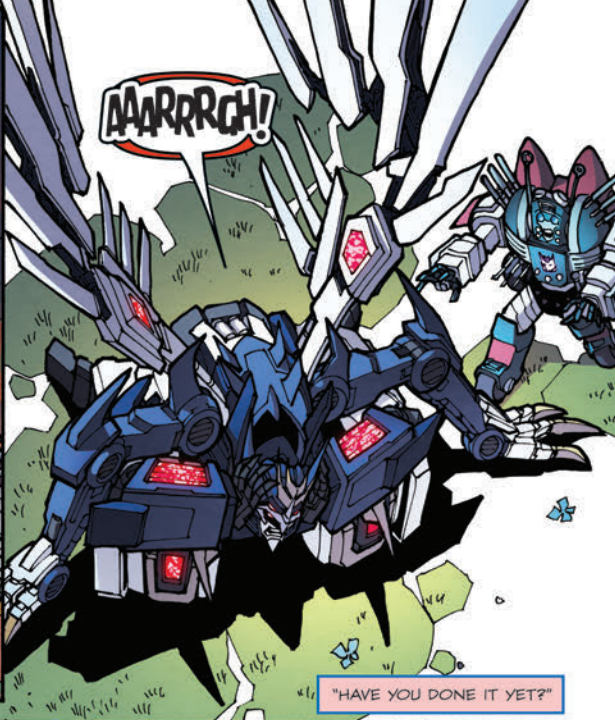


TESARUS, VOS, HELEX, NICKEL—
TO ME.
DEATHSAURUS—
TAKE THE OTHERS
AND LAY SIEGE TO
THE FORTRESS.



KILL THE AUTOBOTS AND OUR ALLIANCE IS OVER—YOU'RE FREE TO GO.

I...
...



AAARRRRGH!

"HAVE YOU DONE IT YET?"



HAVE I DONE WHAT?

MY BRILLIANT IDEA. THE NECROBOT'S *DISTRESS SIGNAL*. THE—WHATEVER IT'S CALLED. THE PSYCHIC WEAPON THING. HAVE YOU FIRED IT AT THE DECEPTIONS?

JUST NOW. WHETHER IT *DOES* ANYTHING IS ANOTHER MATTER...

...IT DEPENDS HOW MANY DECEPTIONS ARE SUSCEPTIBLE TO AN *ATTACK OF CONSCIENCE*...



ALL MY FAULT...

IT'S ALL MY FAULT...

HOW MANY OF MY OWN HAVE I KILLED TODAY? HOW MANY?

IT'S NOT TOO LATE FOR US TO DO SOMETHING.



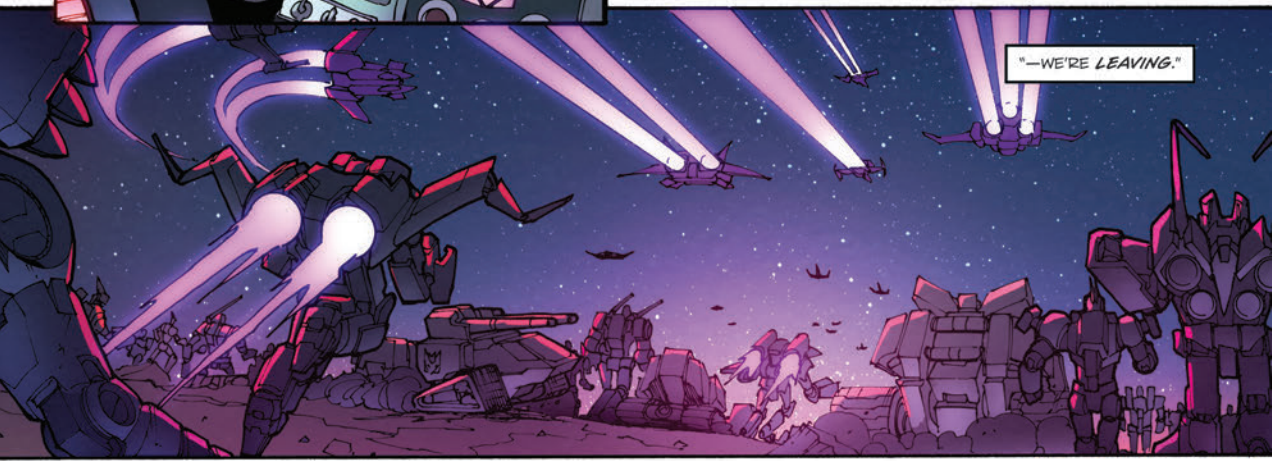
"US"?

I WAS WRONG ABOUT TARN. I THOUGHT HE CARED ABOUT THE DECEPTION CAUSE. BUT ALL HE REALLY CARES ABOUT—ALL HE'LL EVER CARE ABOUT— IS MEGATRON.

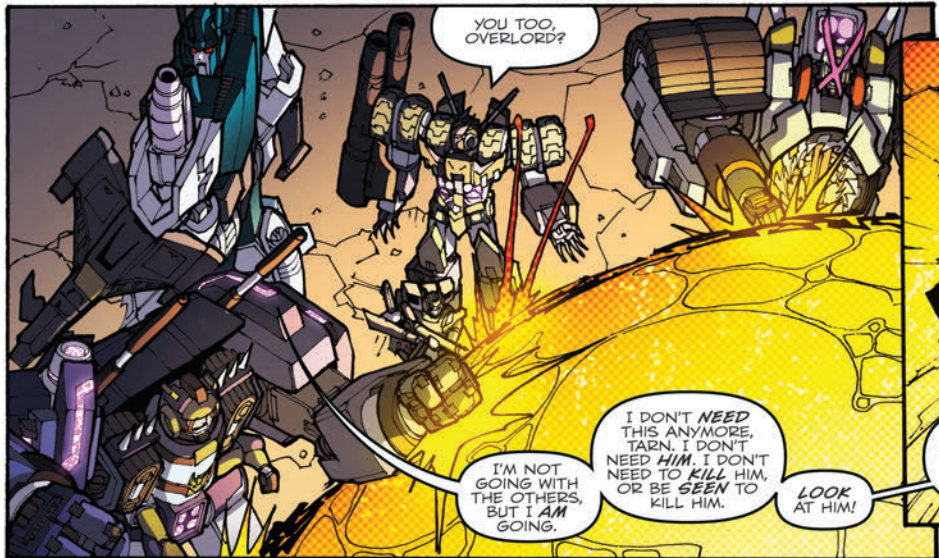
IT'S TIME SOMEONE ELSE TOOK CHARGE. GIVE ME YOUR HAND.



ALL UNITS RETURN TO THE PEACEFUL TYRANNY—



"—WE'RE LEAVING."



YOU TOO, OVERLORD?

I'M NOT GOING WITH THE OTHERS, BUT I AM GOING.

I DON'T NEED THIS ANYMORE, TARN. I DON'T NEED HIM. I DON'T NEED TO KILL HIM, OR BE SEEN TO KILL HIM.

LOOK AT HIM!



WHY WOULD I WASTE ANOTHER SECOND OF MY LIFE ON A COWARD?



YOU WANT HIM?

HE'S ALL YOURS.