It Takes a Big Brain

by Caius

Summary

Windblade is into Metroplex's brain. Chromia is okay with that.

"Figures it'd take a giant brain to get you in the mood."

Windblade whirled, startled, not having noticed Chromia sneaking up behind her. She did not, however, remove her hands from her wings. There was no shame in it, and she had long ago stopped counting the times she had found Chromia with her spike buried in a willing mech or femme.

And she found, for once, that she did not regard those memories with the usual casual indifference. She was, indeed, in the mood.

She glanced up at the Metroplex's brain again. The little flashes of light--which had shown pleasure, today, in her company--brightening at Chromia's arrival.

Windblade was not the only one in the mood. And as for Chromia--she looked her up and down, with more pleasure than usual--her comrade-in-arms was as much as the mood as she ever was, for sex or combat or both.

"Come here, then." Windblade extended her arm. Chromia snorted, but quickly crossed the room, joining Windblade in the light of Metroplex' giant processor.

"Let me guess. Do whatever I want, just don't block your view of the big sexy brain?"

Windblade nodded, and arranged herself comfortably on the ground, much as she usually recharged,
although with her legs and arms spread to accommodate Chromia.

"You're lucky you're hot," Chromia grumbled, but didn't hesitate to get between her legs, groping the wings and chestplates and sliding the thighs further apart, goal-oriented as always. Windblade sighed in pleasure and let her work, petting her helm absently as she gazed at Metroplex' lights, watching and waiting and appreciating.

Chromia, as always, broke the mood, whistling crudely as soon as she got Windblade's panel open. "Pit, you're wetter than Nautica. This really does rev you up!"

There was no point in responding to the obvious. Windblade wrapped one leg around Chromia and pulled her closer. Chromia could see that she was ready, so Chromia should get on with it.

"You're hot when you're desperate." Chromia allowed herself to be pulled for a moment, then stopped and pushed a hand between them.

Windblade moaned as Chromia rubbed her spike, showing Metroplex her pleasure.

But Chromia took it by the tip and pressed it commandingly back in its housing. "Sheathe your little sword, Wings. You know how I like it."

Windblade grunted her discomfort. The other times they had done this, her sword had only hardened in its housing when Chromia was already inside; but this time, it had popped out, hard and yearning for the Titan around them.

But she didn't resist, or complain. Her valve ached even more, and she wanted Chromia to feel huge inside.

Strong hands pressed her spike back as far as it would go, then attached one of the little caps Chromia kept with her, to stimulate it and hold it in place.

"Much better," said Chromia, and Windblade moaned as she palmed the little nub, then slid a finger inside to stroke it through the valve wall.

There was just one thing that could make this better--"Show him," and Windblade pushed back on Chromia's shoulders, wanting to show Metroplex her prepared array.

"We don't even know if that thing has visual sensors," Chromia grumbled, but let Windblade move her away, even framing the little valve and capped spike with her hand. "It's pretty small for a cityformer, but it stretches." She slid two fingers into the valve, spreading it, and whether or not Metroplex enjoyed the display, Chromia sure did.

As did Windblade, arching and spreading herself in a way Chromia had seldom seen before. "You really are hot for giant brains," Chromia said, fondly, and lined herself up. Even if it wasn't for her, the display was hot enough that she was more than ready.

"So tight, Windblade. You really don't--do this much, do you." Chromia pressed inside, slowly, watching Windblade open up for her--or Metroplex, whatever. "Or maybe you're just that hard inside..."

Windblade shuddered around and beneath her, legs clutching at Chromia's waist, pulling her closer--she did enjoy Chromia's spike, even if she was seldom interested in interface. And aroused like this, the hard pressure against her valve and spike was overwhelming, almost as if it was a whole city inside...
Her field flared and her valve clenched, showing her pleasure to both Chromia and Metroplex as Chromia moved faster, expertly opening and pleasing her valve.

"You're so hot for that brain," Chromia said, between thrusts, and the there was more wonder than derision in her voice. "You like that, 'Plex?" she leaned back, spreading Windblade open with her arms to give the brain's hypothetical visual sensors a good view of Chromia's spike in Windblade's valve--and she may not be a city former, but she could fill Windblade just fine.

Windblade squealed in pleasure, hitting a note Chromia had never heard from her, staring up past Chromia at the brain as she arched and clenched and moaned through a decidedly theatrical orgasm.

Chromia was too turned on to criticize the theatrics. She just rode the clenching, sparking valve into her own overload.

As soon as she was finished, Windblade said, "Show him," and pushed Chromia back with her legs.

Chromia grunted in minor annoyance, not quite ready to leave the hot tight hole yet, but pulled out, watching appreciatively as Windblade spread her own valve with her fingers, showing Chromia and Metroplex both how hot and open and used she was.

Perhaps Windblade could see something in the lights, but Chromia, frankly, wasn't looking in that direction.

"If I were a cityformer, I'd sure wake up for that," she commented.

Windblade smiled at Chromia briefly and absently.

"Right, I'll be going. Leave you two to your private time." Chromia gave Windblade one more leer, packed up her bits, and left.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!