Unintentionally Enticing

by BumbleBooty

Summary

After watching some vids of Bee dancing, Grim can't help but think suggestive thoughts of his commanding officer.

Notes

I felt on working on pose descriptions and writing porn, so have this poor excuse for a fic. Also, Bee and Grim would 1,000,000,000% screw with each other based on old faction lines.

See the end of the work for more notes

Sideswipe snickered as he put the stabilizer on the table, and Russell popped a piece of popcorn into his mouth with a matching grin. Strongarm was off doing...something. Not that it mattered. Drift was
on patrol, Bumblebee was sorting things, and Grimlock was probably punching stuff. Fixit and Denny were nearby at the command console, but the TV before the two would be more than enough to excuse any laughter.

Sideswipe started up the holoprojector he had nabbed from the recent mission to Jasper, Nevada, and both tried their best to stifle giggles when one of Bumblebee's old 'workout videos' began to play. The image of the younger scout lit up the screen, and the giggles quickly dissolved into laughter as a comprehensive step-by-step instruction on how to stretch one's legs in root mode played. By the end of the video, Sideswipe was almost in tears. Sideswipe quickly swapped the chips out, and Russell stuffed more popcorn into his face as the next started up.

Instead of the expected workout video, they were met with an even younger Bee- obviously still a frame back, but still holding the same brightness in his optics- stepping away from the camera, quickly jogging over to an amused Arcee. Bass suddenly thrummed through an off-screen speaker, and the two easily set into an obviously rehearsed dance. Russell was half-screaming with laughter, and the two only got more rambunctious as about a third of the way through the song another bot joined for a few moves. Jazz was surprisingly flexible- far leaner than his current armor, but with enough kibble where they knew he wasn't a permanent member of the base.

The trio dissolved into laughter, and sharp beeping erupted as Bumblebee tried to wave someone onto the screen. An easily recognizable chuckle rang out before Optimus declined, and Bee's wings flattened in a pout- Less than a second later, Bulkhead thundered onto the screen, and the dance party resumed with a rather terrible unison. Bee and Arcee were obviously the most rehearsed, spinning and hitting poses with a point only mastered by Jazz' natural pazzaz. After another verse, Bulkhead tried futilely to hit one of the single-footed poses. Arcee barely managed to get out of the way of the falling mech, but Bumblebee came crashing down with Bulkhead.

Jazz danced out of the way with a squeal, before looking back and bursting out into laughter, covering his mouth and half-falling off the screen to dissolve into giggles. Bee helped Bulkhead up, and Arcee trotted forwards on the lightest pedes Sideswipe had ever seen. The camera was suddenly lifted, and the giggling warrior became camerafemme extraordinaire. The song shifted into the mid-bridge, and Bee trotted forwards with a few happy beeps. Optimus made a slightly reluctant face, turning his helm to refuse as Bumblebee happily took the massive servo within his own. Bulkhead and Jazz laughed, cheering them on with 'common OP! Dance wit 'em!' and 'you can do it big bot!'

Bee happily bounced back a few steps, shifting from pede to pede happily with the larger semi in tow. A bark of laughter sounded as Ratchet joined the room, and Optimus shook his helm as he gave Bumblebee a small, one-handed spin before releasing him to torment the medic. Bumblebee took the incentive well, bounding forwards to dramatically throw his arms around the unsuspecting mech. Jazz swiped the camera as Arcee doubled over in laughter, and an overbright visor lit up the screen as the feed was cut off.

Sideswipe and Russell were both curled up by now, and Fixit scared the scrap out of both of them when he suddenly piped up from the right. "I thought you gave the Lieutenant those videos. You shouldn't be watching peas-trees-" Fixit smacked his chest with a sharp bang. "These!" Sideswipe rolled his eyes, waving the minicon off with a few remaining snickers. "Relax Fixit! I swiped a whole box of these! And I DID give him the one we watched earlier. He didn't ask if I had others!" The speedster gleefully switched the chips out once more, and Fixit made a failed move to grab the box.

The next video started with obviously-sneak footage of Arcee dancing by herself, and distinctly human cooing. The camera panned to show a younger girl with pink-tipped buns leaning over the railing, watching the graceful dance with a look of wonder and happiness. There was another teen
beside her, leaning far more casually. The dark haired boy looked over with a soft chuckle, shaking his head as he looked back to the bot. The camera turned with a boyish giggle, and Sideswipe snorted a laugh as a familiar young scout crept towards the dancing femme. "Ohh, Bee's gonna get his aft kicked! Just watch!" Fixit frowned, shaking his helm. "No, he wouldn't!"

The yellow bot easily snuck up on the femme, earning a squeak as he effortlessly stepped in during a spin to pull Arcee close. Arcee broke into laughter as she slid an arm around Bumblebee's neck, twirling alongside him as her servo snuck into his own. Sideswipe's jaw dropped as the two dipped into an outright masterful dance, spinning and twirling around the base under the amused optic of Optimus- who helpfully stepped over to the command console to give them more room to dance.

Grimlock chose this time to happily wander his way in, his ecstatic greeting being cut off with a chorus of 'shhhhh!' that resonated loud enough to draw Denny over as well. The dino and the human crept forwards with similar frowns, before both fell silent in awe of the twirling duo on the screen. Bumblebee was surprisingly strong, lifting Arcee into a spin and keeping pace with the tune they hummed, dipping her into a sweeping bow before spinning her out 50s-style. Grimlock muttered a quiet 'Woah...' as he settled in to watch as well, shaking anything in the vicinity as he flopped down. No one minded though, as the flawless flip had everyone entranced. Strongarm appeared quickly afterward, but Grimlock quickly reached out to both yank her down and cover her mouth as all eyes remained transfixed on the screen.

With the song coming to a close, Bee happily dipped Arcee into another dramatic bow, supporting all of her weight before easily lifting her upright so she could playfully swoon. Bumblebee happily bounced on his pedes, clicking out some notes in binary with excitement. Ratchet rolled his eyes from his place beside Optimus, chiming in with some classic clap back. "Uh, no. That would be Optimus." The semi went rigid, shaking his helm in denial. "Primus, no. It's been far too long for me to be a good dancer. Those two are certainly the best nowadays, party ambulance." Laughter rang out all around, and Ratchet leaned back with a devious kind of smirk. "If we're talking that kind of dance..." Optimus turned to give Ratchet a rather stern look, but was met with a mischievous leer. The medic pushed Optimus towards the approaching mecha, who each grabbed a servo and began to pull the reluctant semi. "Oh come now, it's been far too long! I probably won't even remember the moves!"

His rejections were ignored as a slow waltz overtook the speakers, and Arcee happily placed her hand within Optimus' own. The pointed staring contest that followed lasted only a few seconds before the Prime caved with a sigh, delicately setting a servo on her waist and guiding her into a shockingly light-footed dance. Bumblebee bounded over to Ratchet with a trill, and the two watched as a rare smile overtook Optimus' face.

Watching Optimus guide Arcee through a far more complex waltz kept the group at the scrapyard transfixed, and Strongarm didn't even complain about the infringement of privacy. Eventually, Arcee broke down into embarrassed giggles, breaking away mid-song with a polite bow. Optimus returned it gracefully, but almost fell as Bumblebee bounded into his arms to finish the song. There was a quiet laugh and a twirl, and brows shot up as the Prime and his Scout took things up at least three notches. Cheers came from the film as they stepped together in time, years of trust and combat giving them a natural feel for each other that easily extended into a dance of twirls and spins, of rapid steps and flips that had the two breathing heavily by the time the final bow was taken.

The gang was so transfixed by the applause that they didn't hear Grimlock's quiet yelp until it was far too late- Bumblebee was giving them all a cross-armed half-glare, his frown set as he waited for the group to notice his presence. The video continued for a moment with cheers and a very embarrassed Optimus, but eventually cut off with the human girl turning and bounding down the stairs to get in on the action.
Sideswipe popped the chip out to dig for another vid, but outright yelped as the box was suddenly lifted by a black and yellow servo. All heads swung around, and most of those involved had the decency to look sheepish under Bumblebee's disappointed stare. "How many more of these do you have Sideswipe?" The speedster sunk with an embarrassed pout, shaking his helm. "None..." Bee gave him a disbelieving look, pursing his lips. "Sideswipe." "Really, that's it! Either way, when did you learn how to dance like that?! That was awesome!" Sideswipe quickly waved off the disappointment in his leader's faceplate, instead leaning forwards with an excited grin. "It doesn't matter Sideswipe. If you happen to find more of my personal property laying around, please bring it to me. *Without* looking at it." The group watched Bumblebee disappear with a sigh, and eventually separated their own ways.

Sideswipe spent more time sulking, as he didn't get to watch 'like, *any* of them!', so he and Russell switched to the horror movie station to pity binge. After a short discussion, Strongarm decided to help the humans move around some larger scrap to a less problematic spot. Grimlock just continued to stare at the isle Bee had slipped into before slowly pushing himself to his pedes, setting off to find their wayward leader. It didn't take too long for the quiet sound of shuffling boxes caught Grim's attention, and he padded his way over to Bumblebee's resting quarters. He tapped on the open side of a rack with his knuckle, giving the Lieutenant a sheepish grin when the mech glanced back.

"Heya Grimlock. Something up?" Bumblebee stood tall as he crossed back over to the mech in the 'doorway', with the same patient smile that set the Dinobot's spark churning. "I...I just wanted to say sorry for watchin' those videos. I came in when you were dancin' with that femme, an I got distracted...You're such a good dancer Bee!" Bee shook his helm as a dark flush overtook his faceplate, and he gently patted the green shoulder before him. "It's alright Grim. Mostly, I'm just...well. I'm honestly not even surprised Sideswipe didn't give me all the videos, but it still has a bit of a disrespectful sting. Ya know? I don't actually mind people watching them. I just wish he'd *ask.*" Bee quietly waved Grimlock in as he stepped back over to the boxes, and the dino moved to sit in the middle of the room as Bumblebee straightened seemingly random things. His pedes twiddled happily with the forgiveness, and Grimlock took the quiet to watch the lieutenant clean. With the new knowledge of Bee's dancing habits, the lightfooted grace was glaringly obvious in his every movement.

"Yeah...So what's the big plan for the rest of the day?" Bumblebee laughed quietly, shrugging without turning around. "No idea. Probably go on patrol and wait for a big bad con to make life...well, interesting." Bee gave him a playful grin over his shoulder, chuckling quietly as he shelved another tote. Grimlock gave the mech a once-over, a grin growing as he silently pushed himself upright. He crept forwards, doing his best to stay in the mech's blind spot as he stalked closer and closer. Bumblebee didn't even have time to squeak before one sharpened servo covered his mouth, the other around his waist, and Grim's massive chest pressing against his back to force his wings apart. Smaller servos gripped at Grimlock's forearms, and the muffled yelling was cut off as Bee was effortlessly lifted and pressed against one of the shelves.

"If ya wanted a *big bad con* to make life interesting, ya coulda jus *said* so." Bee's wings shifted into a sharp V, and Grimlock purred quietly as the startled grip began to relax. Bee's pedes rested against the shelving, and his helm slowly lulled back to stare at an amused Grimlock for a long moment. Grimlock didn't push his luck while the lieutenant decided, supporting the smaller in a way that there was virtually no stress on the yellow Urbana's body.

Bumblebee eventually pushed on Grimlock's arms, and the dino willingly accepted the rejection. Bumblebee was set gently on the ground, and Grimlock took a respectful step back. "Sorry bee. I guess I read that wrong..." Bumblebee stared intently throughout the explanation- his face a brighter blue than the sky itself- and Grimlock shifted nervously under the gaze. "I...uh... Should I go?"
It took Bee several attempts to get his vocalizer working, and he eventually snapped his jaw shut. Looking the dino over with a far more critical eye, his wings fluttered with indecision. Grimlock gave him a sheepish grin before stepping back again, turning towards the door after the assumed dismissal. Bumblebee was faster than he was though, and had crossed the small distance between them before the larger mech's pede even touched the ground. It was Grimlock's turn to make a surprised noise as lips suddenly covered his own, but grinned and used the momentum from the turn to sweep Bee up and press him against the shelving once more. Thankfully, Bee's wings spread before he hit the shelving, so it was a comfortable sandwich between the cold metal and warm chest.

Even with all his years in SpecOps, Bumblebee knew it would be difficult to hide exactly how much he enjoyed that kiss. His legs shifted upwards to frame Grimlock's hips, and those larger servos drifted down his thighs to grip his aft for support. Bumblebee's servos slid upwards to hold Grimlock's helm against his own, the desperate grip helping to muffle the quiet, hungry noses both mecha made with each passing moment. Grimlock shifted his grip, effortlessly supporting the smaller mech with one hand. He purred his engine as Bumblebee's own gave a sharp rev, and Grimlock knew without a doubt that he had misread the smaller mech's hesitation. His now-free servo caressed yellow plating, savoring the way it slowly heated under his touch. Eventually, Grimlock's fans kicked on, and Bumblebee forced himself to withdraw from the kiss to heave deep breaths.

"Perhaps...you should join me on patrol Grim. I think I need to check up on those caverns... You know, the really deep ones that are so easy to get lost in." Bumblebee muttered, shifting his hips to roll against Grimlock's modesty plate with a downright salacious smirk. The dino just purred in response, slowly sliding the lieutenant down his frame until he stood on his own pedes. Bee gave him a flirtatious flutter of his wings, scratching a well maintained nail under Grim's chin as he walked towards the exit.

Grimlock marveled at how easily Bumblebee composed himself, showing no outward signs of the rather heated make-out that had just taken place as he checked in with Fixit. It took very little time for the minicon to approve the little outing against the patrol register, and Bee turned to flash Grimlock a dazzling grin that definitely didn't make him double-check his fans. "C'mon Grim. I can show you that training spot we were talking about."

Bumblebee was quick to transform (...maybe a little flashier than usual), and the Dino was quick to follow the example and pursue the shiny southbound sports car. The actual patrol passed rather uneventfully...Not that Grimlock noticed. He was a little too busy watching the polished aft end of his leader's alt, thinking of how good it would look covered in his paint transfers.

He barely managed to not trip on the smaller bot when he suddenly stopped, transforming and grabbing Grim by the wrist to tug him through some foliage as he spoke on his comm. "Thanks Fixit. We'll be home when we're done training, but I wouldn't wait up if we're gone past sunset. I'm also going to set us both to unavailable, so when Strongarm asks tell her I said to survey the northern half of the scrapyard." The chipper affirmative had Grimlock grinning, and the former scout gave him a grin before taking off into the woods at top speed.

Grimlock's instincts went through the roof, and the T-Rex tore after the smaller mech. Trying to keep pace with the experienced escape artist was more than a workout, and Grimlock found himself transforming time and time again to volley over or break through various obstacles, coming oh so close to capturing his prize so many times- only to watch Bumblebee turn last second and disappear into the thicket once more.

He burst through a group of small brush to stare into the yawning mouth of one of the more secluded caves. A dim flash of yellow disappearing deeper into the darkness was all the incentive Grimlock needed to transform into his root mode, grinning wolfishly as he stalked the sweet scent of the
aroused mech. The cavern took several twists and turns, and Grimlock was proud that he didn't scream when Bumblebee suddenly appeared from a side tunnel. However, the servos that sank into the armor around his neck were more than enough to prompt the ex-con to forgive the scare. Grimlock purred as he stepped into the narrower corridor to follow the smaller mech very, very closely.

If they happened to have taken some breaks to make out against the walls, there was no one around to mention it. They were certainly too busy to point it out after all. Bee tugged Grimlock into a small 'room' that had been dug out of the rock face, and Grimlock shot Bumblebee an amused look. Bee just pressed a digit to his own lips with a playful wink, slipping back to set a static disruptor on the ground before the entrance.

A rather solid hologram of a rock appeared, more than enough to deter anyone that might find them from investigating further. Grimlock stepped forward, reaching out to carefully stroke a digit over the yellow hips before gipping them with a quiet hunger. "So...Training, huh?" The confident smirk distracted him from the arms sliding around his neck, and Grimlock chuckled as Bee backed himself towards the wall. "Oh yeah. I come here all the time for some...solo training." Grimlock grinned wolfishly as Bee's back hit the wall, and he leant down to inhale his leader's scent. "Oh, I see. You should be in top-shape then~" Bumblebee snorted a chuckle, letting go of Grimlock's neck to lead the larger servos to his waist. "Oh, I don't know Grim...it's been so long since I've had a decent training partner. I might need a good warm-up." Grimlock outright snickered then, burying the sound with an open-mouthed kiss to his neck. It was rather easy to get their temperatures to rise again, and the heavy petting that followed the taste-test set their sensornets ablaze beneath their plating. Grimlock nuzzled his way up to Bumblebee's audial with a loving purr. "Really though, when was the last time you got fragged?"

Bumblebee kissed the portion of Grim's jaw that was closest to his lips, sinking his claws into the plating above Grim's shoulders to absentmindedly knead the firm metal. "Before I was promoted from a scout. Knockout and Smokescreen fucked me stupid when I got my confirmation date for the ceremony." Grim's brows shot up, and he hummed sympathetically. "All that time all alone...I'm gonna need to take real good care of ya then."

Bee's engine kicked into a purr, and Grimlock's helm was pulled back to his own for another hungry kiss. This one didn't stop when fans started to whirl louder, and glossae tangled as the lieutenant was blissfully squashed against the rock-face. Bee made a possessive growl when Grimlock slipped too low for him to kiss, and Bumblebee was about to yank him back up when he realized the path Grimlock was making down his frame. Instead, he purred even louder and put more of his weight against the wall, spreading his stance and bracing up so his legs wouldn't give out. Grimlock affectionately nipped at his abdominal plating, and Bumblebee lightly rubbed Grimlock's audials in return.

The dino barely caught sight the smirk, and he felt his own amusement well up from within as he remembered the comment that got this all started. "Wasswrong Autobot. Somethin' funny?" Bee's smirk blew into a full-blown grin, and he tried his best not to laugh as he hummed thoughtfully. "Just find it funny that a big bad con like yourself is on your knees before me." Grimlock buried his laughter into Bumblebee's stomach, and wrapped his servos around the sunshine yellow thighs before him. Bumblebee bit his lower lip, raising his right leg to rest it on Grimlock's shoulder. The ex-con purred, and coaxed the other pede to join the party. "Such a strong bot too...shame you had to be a con. We coulda had some real fun~" Grimlock purred as he nuzzled Bumblebee's thigh, a toothy grin almost making Bee reconsider allowing Grim near his interfacing panel. "Guess I'll have to be a good parolee and earn some of that fun back!"
Bumblebee did laugh then, shaking his helm and covering his face with his servo. Grimlock took the opportunity though, leaning in to lick a stripe up Bumblebee's modesty plate. The sudden heat made the lieutenant's laughter cut off with a muffled moan, and his legs tightened marginally around the other's helm. Grimlock drug his teeth along the smaller seams, but Bee playfully kept it shut. Grim's optics glittered in amusement, using his tongue to dig into his thigh-seam and panting hot breath over the sensitive cabling until the panel popped with a hiss.

Grimlock wasted no time burying his face into Bee's valve, purring loudly when the lieutenant squeaked in surprise. The noise quickly dissolved into a shuddering moan, and Bumblebee used his grip on Grim's audials to push the Dinobot harder against his hips. When that massive tongue stroked between the lips of his valve, Bee was suddenly very happy his legs were around Grimlock's neck and not keeping him upright. The thought was quickly lost with a keen as the slippery, flexible muscle forced its way inside of his valve. Bumblebee's vocalizer seized as the writhing tongue began to quickly pump in and out of him, twisting and licking anything that could possibly have flavor or pleasure.

Under any other circumstance, Bee would have been ashamed of how quickly he got revved up. Within mere minutes he was a groaning, unintelligible mess, half curled over Grimlock's helm as he desperately panted like a bitch in heat. This prompted Grimlock to lift a servo, roughly pressing against Bee's stomach to force him back against the wall. He started purring as the display of power made Bumblebee's valve ripple around his tongue. Bee arched against the rock, his claws dragging down Grimlock's helm as a thick servo began to trace around the rim of his valve, and he couldn't help another keen slipping out with a desperate tinge. The point of his claw certainly helped the digit breach the smaller mech, earning a shaky exhale and a slight roll against the newest intruder.

Grimlock ignored the smaller mech's scratching as he started to thrust the digit, his field flaring with a pleased amusement as the pedes dangling near his waist reflexively twitched. The loosened walls made it far too easy to quickly slip a second servo in, and Grimlock couldn't help but chuckle at the click of Bee's vents upping another notch. Grimlock slowly withdrew his tongue, angling his helm so the slow lick streamed right past Bumblebee's anterior node. The blissed-out look on Bee's faceplate made for a wonderful bonus too! The yellow mech rolled his helm back against the wall, and Grimlock made certain to keep the pace of his finger fucking at the steady rate that was already rewarding him with thick globs of natural lubricant streaming down from the succulent valve before him.

With a personal challenge issued, Grimlock began to twist his servos with each push, licking the inside of Bee's thigh and attacking the sensitive wiring beneath. He surged closer and closer to his reward, and a sharp wail suddenly sounded above him. One feather-light servo disappeared from his shoulder, clamping over Bumblebee's mouth and muffling the desperate cries caused by Grim masterfully scraped over all the right nodes. His wings flapped against the rock, and Grimlock absently lapped at some of the small beads of lubricant running down his wrist. With the addition of
a fourth digit came a desperately hungry growl, and Bumblebee's hips kept twitching towards Grim's perfectly thick servos with small aborted thrusts.

Grimlock popped his own panel, lapping at the bright yellow node once more as he grasped his spike. It only took a few short tugs before his arousal forced prefluid out the tip, and the added slickness made Grimlock growl against the delicate mesh of Bumblebee's valve that his mouth was currently reacquainting itself with. His bows hit his helmline when Bee curled around his helm with a shout, purring as his digits were trapped in the vice of Bee's valve. The overload felt like a good one too, leaving Bee strutless and draped over his larger mate. Grim smirked, releasing his spike and taking each of Bee's thighs in a servo to hold him wide open.

He kissed his way back up Bumblebee's frame, and didn't bother to wait for permission to line his spike up with his commander's valve. Using the post-overload relaxation to his advantage, the thick head of his spike slowly speared Bee open for the first time in far too many stellar cycles. Claws weakly dug into his shoulder and back armor, and Grimlock growled possessively as the trembling valve swallowed more of his spike by the second. Bee's hot breath washed over his neck cables, and Grim carefully withdrew slightly to spread the lubricant over his spike. The additional slickness helped greatly, and earned him a little more space in the molten cave that was Bee's valve. Grimlock purred as the last few inches began to slide into place- only for him to grind against Bumblebee's gestation chamber with about two inches to go.

"By the Pits...you almost took it all in one go Bee. Then again, you Autobots have always been eager to please others." Grimlock ground against Bee's gestational seal, purring at the needy keen the smaller mech whimpered out as another half an inch was forced into his valve. Bee's helm hit the wall as a particularly nice shock went up his spinal strut, and Grimlock nipped at the newly exposed throat happily. "That's really the best part about you bots. These hot little valves of yours are ready to take a spike at any given moment." Grimlock quickly withdrew his spike with a grunt, pushing it back in instantly and earning both a gasp and a reflexive kick. Grim shifted his grip to hold Bee's legs even further apart, starting up a rolling rhythm that left the lieutenant scratching divots into his shoulder plating.

It was easy for Grimlock to set a pace with Bumblebee, with the former scout angling his hips for the dino to take full advantage of. The pace was just rough enough where Bee couldn't seem to get his processor together, but smooth enough where he wasn't completely overwhelmed. Grimlock found himself enjoying it more every second, purring as the walls clenching around him loosened with each push. Bumblebee laughed as he pressed his back against the wall a little firmer, using his legs to counterbalance as he got a better grip on Grimlock's waist. With a mischievous grin, the mech shifted forwards, wrapping his arms around Grim's neck and pulling himself upwards to help keep the momentum. "If I'm so little, show me how big and strong you cons are. Try to fuck me into treason, if you think you can."

Grimlock took the weight with ease, effortlessly holding the smaller mech without the support of the wall. The thrusts were noticeably slower and far less deep, but the new angle had Bumblebee's frame rolling all the same. Anything that was lost wasn't missed however, as Bumblebee used his own strength to grind down against the Dino's spike whenever it was fully seated inside of him. Grimlock purred as he realized exactly how light Bumblebee was, squeezing his soft aft as he bounced him on his spike. "That's an offer I think I couldda used back in the war Bee. The bot's wouldda lost a good scout, an I wouldda got a good lil' fuck toy- all for myself."

Bumblebee laughed, pressing his pedes against the back of Grimlock's upper thighs and rolling his hips. "W-well, there's no time like the present to make up on past dues. Besides..." Bee leaned in close to Grimlock's audial, trying not to fall off the spike in the process. "Maybe my valve's so good it'll convert you instead." Grimlock burst out laughing, crushing Bumblebee close as the smaller
mech joined him in laughter. The lieutenant whined his discontent as he was lifted off of Grimlock's spike, but unlocked his joints to be set back onto the rock. His arms stayed wrapped around Grimlock's neck, and they both tried to stop laughing as they kissed once more. Grimlock yelped as his back hit the rock, and Bumblebee pushed hard against Grimlock's shoulders. The dino sank onto his aft with a comical thud, and Grimlock started to purr once more as he processed the view he now had.

Grimlock eagerly leant forwards to lick at Bee's valve again, but he was stopped with a palm to his forehelm. "Ah ah ah! I know you cons are greedy, but if you want to be a good Autobot convert you need to learn to take direction." Bumblebee smirked as he slid two digits of his open hand through the swollen lips of his valve to spread lubricant around his node. Grimlock's smirk grew, and he quickly reached out to forcibly pull Bee's hips closer to his mouth. The yellow bot almost fell, gripping Grimlock's audial horns and whining when the mech's tongue slithered back in for a taste. Bumblebee laughed breathlessly, rolling his hips against Grim's faceplate and purring his own engine in approval. He ground down against Grimlock's mouth, his wings flaring with each flick of pleasure, each scrape of dentae against the sensitive mesh. Grim didn't continue nearly as long as Bee would have liked though, withdrawing his tongue when he felt his commander's knees going weak.

Grimlock drug his tongue between the folds once more, forcing his tongue into the slit of his spike housing for a quick taste. It took no time at all for the spike to pressurize slightly, and Grimlock grinned as he forced the spike back into its home with his tongue. It was then that Bumblebee fell limply onto his lap, but the Dinobot quickly slid his servos up the shuddering frame to help guide him down.

Grim pressed his servo between Bee's wings, easily tilting Bumblebee back enough to slide his own spike back inside the needy valve that was gaping open for him. The smaller mech shook his helm as he tilted himself backward further, bracing his forearms on the ground and firmly planting his pedes against the wall on both sides of Grimlock's waist. "Alright, then big bot, your turn. Make me a con." Grimlock rumbled a laugh, leaning forward to steal a kiss and grind against Bee's hips. With a firm grip on Bee's waist, Grimlock slowly started thrusting once more, covering Bee with his frame and nipping at his throat.

Bee laughed as Grimlock's purring rumbled through his entire frame, and the dino shifted once more for a more comfortable position. Bee's legs were pulled off the wall, and he was spread slightly wider as his knees were cradled in the crook of Grimlock's elbows. The new position had both of them purring, and Bee had to grip Grimlock's thighs to keep from being fucked straight off the larger mech's lap. Once they had gotten themselves settled, Grimlock licked a stripe from Bee's lower chest to his throat, gripping his waist harder and really going to town on the smaller bot. Bumblebee keened happily as Grimlock finally stopped holding back, the rather vanilla position letting the Dino frag him as thoroughly and as quickly as he wanted.

Bee wound up sinking his claws into Grim's plating to help keep himself anchored, and his helm thumped against the ground as a new wave of pleasure overtook him. Grim snickered as he lifted Bee's hips slightly, slamming directly into a rather sensitive set of nodes and drawing a scream from the beautiful mech beneath him. The lieutenant could feel Grimlock's spike swelling more and more with each thrust, and the growling only increased as Grim neared his own completion. The breath against his neck was the last straw, and Bumblebee's frame seized once more with the wild electricity of a full overload. He could barely hear Grimlock's desperate growl, and he could feel the half-aborted thrusts as the spike was squeezed so tightly the mech couldn't even thrust- it was quickly remedied when Bee fell limp against the floor of the cave, and Grimlock possessively sank his teeth into Bee's throat.

Grimlock shuddered as he fucked his commander hard, desperately rutting into the smaller frame
until his own overload exploded across his vision. With a final swell, stream after stream of hot transfluid forced itself into Bee's valve, and it was only seconds before his knot followed. Bee quickly felt the difference rise in his hips, and he began to wiggle on the spike as the pressure grew more and more by the nanokilk. His attempts were futile though, and he quickly found himself stuck on his new lover's spike. The transfluid kept coming, and Bee barely managed to angle his helm to watch his stomach bulge further and further until the pressure caused his gestational seal to fail. The sight of his stomach quickly deflating was enough to push him into a secondary overload, shivering and clinging to Grimlock until his consciousness slipped from his grasp.

It probably didn't take too long for Bumblebee to reboot, as when he managed to drag himself back online Grimlock was still heaving over his frame. His neck and hips were quickly becoming sore, and a careful roll of his valve confirmed he was still thoroughly stuck on the mech's spike. After remembering how servos work, Bumblebee gently stroked Grimlock's helm until the mech came back down from his own high. The dino forced himself up with shaky servos, and looked down in embarrassment when he tried to pull out. "U-uhh...I..." Bee chuckled, rubbing Grimlock's shoulders. "Oh, I know. You got me pretty good too."

The sudden awestruck look made Bee slightly self-conscious, and the lieutenant tried to raise his helm to look down his frame. Grimlock's gently servos on his waist made him abort the action, shuddering as his stomach was caressed. "Yer belly's all swollen. I didn't..." Bee hummed in question, sliding his servos down to join Grim's own. "Didn't what?" His brows furrowed as he realized his stomach was more swollen than usual, and he raised his helm again. This time, he was successful, and his optics widened in shock as he saw just how much he had taken. "I didn't think you'd take the whole tank." Bee's jaw slowly dropped with shock, and he lightly traced over a smaller second bump- only for Grim to shudder hard, and the bump to swell slightly more...and the pressure around the knot grew incrementally as well. The lieutenant slid back down to lie flat, and Grimlock stroked over the curve of his stomach with growing excitement.

"Frag Bee! No one's taken all of it before! Look at how big you are!" Bumblebee covered his faceplate with his servos, busting up laughing at the T-Rex's excitement. Grimlock just purred deeply again, kneading at the softened metal. They settled down after that, with Grimlock kissing and stroking over Bumblebee's frame, praising him with love and affection with each kiss. Bumblebee just tried his best not to move, lest the knot tear something important. It was a weird feeling once it started to deflate, and Grimlock just snuggled up close as the pressure decreased by the second. It took maybe five minutes for the knot to fully deflate, and Grimlock helped Bumblebee sit up. The ex-scout pulled his pedes beneath him, using Grimlock's shoulder as a support brace as he slowly rose off the rigid spike.

He shuddered when he felt the tip pop free, and whimpered when the gush of fluid followed. He could feel Grim's matching shudder as he pushed on Bee's stomach, leaving them both whining as even more transfluid leaked from the overfull chamber. Bee leant back further on his heels, digging two digits into his valve to stroke along the tender lining. His other servo stroked over his stomach, pressing at different angles to try to empty as much as possible before they stood to clean up. Grimlock leaned in for another kiss, sliding two of his own inside of Bee's valve to help spread the delicate lips. Their tongues twirled against each other's as the stream of fluid dripped to a trickle, and they broke apart with matching grins as Bee finally fell back onto his aft to survey the damage.

He dissolved into laughter when he saw the size of the puddle both on and around Grimlock's thighs. The dino didn't seem to mind though, beaming with his usual ecstatic grin. Bumblebee let his wings wiggle happily, before tilting his helm with a playful grin. He leaned forward until he could balance on his servos and knees, creeping towards a suddenly blue-faced Grim with a particular sway in his hips. "So Grim...ever had a dry overload?" The dino found particular difficulty swallowing, but shook his helm no. Bee bent down, licking a swath of cum off his thigh before glancing up from the
corner of a highly amused optic. "Do you want to?" Grimlock snorted, using a servo to push Bumblebee's helm closer to his spike. "Shut it and suck, Autothot." Bee laughed, but licked the tip of the pulsing spike before him. "Whatever you want, Decepticunt."

End Notes

They probably shouldn't try to dirty talk if they have somewhere to be. It tends to draw things out.

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