Mederi had come and gone. Most mechs were continuing their lives, even on the lost light. However Rodimus seemed to only be accompanied by his fantasies, ones that weren’t destined to come true. Or were they?

Rodimus had been out meteor surfing again. It was his go to whenever his processor was clouded. He had been having a hard time lately, nothing seemed to be going right for him.

It had been awhile since their adventure ended at Mederi and most of the bots on board were getting used to their new lives. None of them wanted to leave, this was their home after all. However, that doesn’t mean they couldn’t live their lives and explore on their own once in awhile using the smaller shuttles. Quite a few of the bots had even found their conjunx endura, making a life together with their partners.

Rodimus sighed as he sat back in his chair. They were on their way to a new destination, a new place to explore, but it felt like something was missing?

He had started scribbling something on his desk. It was already filled with scribbles and doodles, but he somehow managed to find room for a few more. He was waiting for his metal to cool down.

He didn’t get far with the desk doodle before his processor started drifting to other thoughts. It always went to the same mech, Megatron. He didn’t really know why either. Maybe it had to do with the fact that he kissed Megatron not too long ago? He had to admit, it was stupid, but he was drunk and someone else dared him to do it. The one thing you’ve got to understand is Rodimus never turns
down a challenge.

Megatron irritated the hell out of him though! He never really tried to take over on their missions, he’d just give his opinions and tips where he could be helpful. Most of the time they wouldn’t get out of those situations if it wasn’t for him. It’s not like Rodimus would ever admit that to him though. He might start acting all high and mighty if he did.

Right now, all he could think about was Megatron. It was getting worse as the days cycled by.....What would it feel like, to have Megatron’s spike in him?

He shook his head rapidly as he tried to focus on the doodle on his desk. ‘Where in Primus’ name did that come from?!’ Sure he had thought of Megatron before, but not like this. More so as the egotistical stubborn co-captain of the ship.

He’d clear his processor, start doodling and then before he knew it he was thinking of Megatron’s spike again. The way the larger mech would hold him down as he pounded into him. His systems shuttered as his metal started heating, transfluid starting to build behind his panel. Shifting uncomfortably in his seat he tried to think of the upcoming destination....it wasn’t working though.

‘Damnit!’ He slammed his servos on the desk in frustration. Deciding to walk around a bit he stood to leave. Maybe having other things go on would help him focus on something....It didn’t even matter what! Anything but Megatron was a good option right now.

He walked over to the door, punching in the code to open it. As soon as it was clear to go, Rodimus moved a pede and slammed right into a giant metal wall. ‘There’s not a wall right outside the door, what the hell?!’ He backed up rubbing his face a bit as he looked up.

“Damnit....”

“I’m aware you’re not fond of me, however I did not think my presence warranted that kind of a reaction.”

‘You’ve got to be fragging kidding me.’ He inwardly groaned. He wanted to get his mind off of Metatron, but now he was literally only a servos length away from him.

“That’s not.... I just wasn’t expecting to run into you, literally!”

“Perhaps you should watch where you’re going then?”

Rodimus looked at him, his optics somewhat wide and a brow raised. “Are you saying I don’t know how to look before I walk?” He was getting irritated. The more the other mech talked, the more his systems heated. “You know what, don’t answer that. Just let me leave.”

“And if I don’t? I did come here with a reason.”

“I’m sure that reason is a good one too Megatron.” He waved his servo in the air a bit. “But you’ll have to deal with it yourself, or go talk to Magnus about it...I have something I need to take care of.”

He tried moving past him, but the larger mech wouldn’t move aside. Instead, Megatron put his servo on Rodimus’ shoulder, slightly pushing him back until they were both in the office and the door had closed.

The larger mech had pretty well backed him into a corner. Megatron’s engine let out a low rumble causing Rodimus’ fans to kick on in an attempt to cool his heating systems.
The two of them had never been so close before. Megatron was practically hovering over him.

“You have been avoiding your duties all week Rodimus. What makes you think that’s okay?”

“Wait...that’s what this is about?! Damnit Megatron Im not dealing with this right now!”

He tried shoving past Megatron but he was much stronger then Rodimus, so his efforts were in vain. Megatron took a servo and placed it on Rodimus’ chest as he gently pushed him back. Rodimus felt him slightly flinch at the contact. His metal was hot and Megatron wasn’t expecting it.

Watching as the larger mech looked him over his vocoder hitched a bit.

“You’ve been out meteor surfing? Really Rodimus...When are you going to take this seriously? You have other bots counting on you.”

He huffed folding his arms. “Who says I can’t go out and relax once in awhile? I don’t have to be stuck in the office or on the bridge all day! Besides my metal’s not hot because of the surfing....”

Megatron gave him a questionable look, raising a brow slightly.

“It’s none of your business, now let me leave.”

“Are you ill? If so you should see a medic. It will be no good to have the captain out of commission.”

“I’m not ill!” He just wanted to leave, go back to his hab and not have to deal with anyone for the rest of the cycle.

“Besides why do you even care? It’s not like you even need me around, you’re more than capable to captain the Lost Light if I’m down for awhile.”

His spark ached at the thought of that. Sure Megatron was a great leader, and he more than enough proved himself to the crew...but it still hurt to know that Rodimus wasn’t the only one the crew looked to for leadership. Sure there was Drift and Ultra Magnus, but they never really tried to take over the leadership role. Not that Megatron did either, they were all very good and helpful in different circumstances but... damnit! Being captain was Rodimus’ thing!!

He tried to leave again but Megatron continued to block his path. His processor started jumping to conclusions thanks to his predicament. Megatron pushing him down on his desk then there, hovering over him as he thrust his spike into Rodimus’ valve.

‘Primus Rodimus stop it!’ He mentally yelled at himself, his frame continuing to heat as his fans kicked on to try to cool himself down. His body quivered a bit as transfluid continued to build behind his panel, slowly beginning to leak through and down his thighs.

He closed his optics as his frame tensed. This wasn’t good, he needed out of here now but Megatron wouldn’t move....It’s not as if he could actually tell him what was going on either.

He vented in frustration as he felt digits on his chin, lifting his helm ever so slightly.

“Rodimus, what is wrong?” The racer caught the other mech’s optics slowly trailing down his body as he scrunched his legs together as tight as possible. A light blue now gracing his faceplates as Megatrons optics stopped at his dripping panel.

He wasn’t sure why he was so worried. Sure he’d had these thoughts about Megatron before, but the
like probably wasn’t the same for him. Did Megatron think about him like that? Or does he think about another mech? Would this disgust him?...He probably just though Rodimus was an overbearing idiot who rushed into things with no concern for others. Of course there’s another mech Megatrons more interested in then him....There was that ache again in his spark. Why did he care so much what Megatron thought?

He was pulled from his thoughts as he felt a large arm wrap around his torso, pulling him close. The other servo moving from his chin to cradle the side of his helm...Then he felt lips on his own. Rodimus’ optics shot open for a split second. His systems running a mile a minute trying to process what was happening before he slowly closed them again and leaned into the kiss, letting out a muffled moan.

As Megatron pulled back, Rodimus let out a wimper.

“Now that I have your attention ‘captain’, tell me what’s wrong, because I know it’s not ‘nothing.’”

He continued to hold onto Rodimus, not letting go in the slightest as their optics locked.

“...I--I want--” He trailed off as his voice became a whisper. Why was this so hard?

“I can’t hear you Rodimus, speak up.”

His face began to flush a deeper shade of blue as his engine rumbled.

“I want you to frag me!” He all but yelled in frustration, slamming his optics shut. Frustration over what he was thinking, the situation he was in, Megatron wanting him to tell him what was wrong. These feelings, these sensations were all too much for him and he couldn’t take it.

Before he could tell Megatron to forget it, before he could make Megatron let him go so he could leave, he felt his pedes leave the floor.

When he opened them again Megatron had moved them to the desk. Megatron was sitting down with Rodimus in his lap, the racers back to his chest as he wrapped his arms around him. Megatron took his servo and began rubbing Rodimus’ sensitive panel.

The red mech tensed up as a moan escaped his vocoder.

Megatron moved his helm and rested it on Rodimus’ shoulder, his mouth next to Rodimus’ audial receptors. “Open it.”

“Meg-“

“I said open it Rodimus.”

His voice was low and husky, making Rodimus lose himself. He leaned back into Megatrons embrace, one of his servos coming back to hold onto the arm Megatron had around him, the other resting on the larger mechs leg.

Megatron was not hesitant, as soon as he heard Rodimus’ panel click and slide back, his servo moved to Rodimus’ wanting valve.

Megatron began rubbing the folds of his valve ever so softly, getting a feel for him. Rodimus’ servo tightening on Megatrons arm as he teased him, closing his optics as pleasure began coursing through his systems.
Softly, Megatron put pressure on his valve, pushing his digit inside. This caused Rodimus to moan again. Frag if this is how he felt with just a digit, he was in trouble!

Megatron continued to pump his digits into Rodmius’ valve as he leaned closer to the racers helm, taking a part of it into his mouth and nibbling on it tenderly.

Rodimus tensed for a moment before relaxing. Who would have known Megatron could be this tender? He had waited so long for his fantasies to become a reality and now that they had, he was losing himself in it. His charge building more each time Megatron moved his digits.

Megatron moved his hips slightly, using the momentum to move Rodimus forward a bit, his digits never leaving his valve.

Within seconds Rodimus could hear Megatrons panel clicking and sliding open before he felt himself being moved again. This time he felt Megatron withdraw his digits in order to place his servos on Rodimus’ waist, earning a disappointed whimper from him.

He was soon distracted by the loss when Megatron lifted him slightly before lowering him down onto his spike. Rodimus hissed as he felt Megatrons spike pushing its way into his valve, sending shivers of pleasure through his systems.

Megatron was going slow as to now hurt the smaller mech in his embrace, but with how tense he felt to Rodimus, he knew he was trying to hold back.

“Ahh....M-Megatron!” Megatron began rocking his hips gently as he thrust himself into Rodimus.

Not long after, Rodimus felt a servo rest on his spoiler, gripping it tenderly yet demanding as the other arm snaked its way around his waist, making sure he couldn’t leave.

Megatron began exventing, moaning next to Rodmius’ audial receptors as he thrust into the racer.

“M-Megs....If you keep f-fraggin’ groping that I’ll-....ah! I....”

“Already tired, Rodimus ‘Prime’? Mhhhm...”

His body tensed at that. Was he challenging him? His valve clenched down on Megatrons spike causing the larger mech to shiver and tighten his grip on Rodimus’ spoiler as he thrust into him again. Megatron was playing dirty damnit!

He could feel Megatron speeding up, his charge building, transfluid leaking with each thrust the larger mech gave. His spike pressurizing almost against his own will.

One servo still grasping Megatrons arm, the other now gripping his own spike, he began to pump his fist. The pleasure Rodimus felt, between Megatron pounding his spike into him, and the pleasure he was giving himself was unreal. He shuddered each time Megatron fondled his spoiler, causing his valve to clamp down on Megatrons spike. The two of them exventing and moaning in pleasure.

Megatron had gone back to the spot on Rodimus’ helm, nibbling it tenderly again, but not leaving anything else wanting attention. Another thrust as Megatron moved his servo down from its spot on his spoiler to rest over Rodimus’ servo that was on his own spike. He tightened his grip causing them both to squeeze Rodimus’ spike as he moved their servos up and down in unison.

He felt his overload was over him as Megatron thrust into him hard this time. Rodimus’ systems rippling with his charge as transfluid leaked from his spike, his valve clamping down on Megatron eagerly sending him into his own overload as well.
Megatrons grip tightened around Rodimus’ frame, pushing the racer down on his spike as much as possible as his charge released and his transfluid flowed into the mech sitting on him.

Megatron held Rodimus there for a few moments as they exvented together, trying to gain some energy.

“Feel better Rodimus?”

His faceplates turned blue when he heard Megatron talk, resetting his vocoder, his grp tightening on Megatrons arm.

“Primus yes...”

He heard Megatron let out a small laugh as he felt the mech brush his lips against hid audial receptor.

“Primus had nothing to do with it.”

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