Inspiration

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Summary

Rodimus scratched an itch he shouldn't have and now it won't stop itching... help comes in unexpected, miniature form.

Notes

This was going to be a third chapter of Patience, but it wouldn't end. It wouldn't stop. So I decided to make it a standalone.

Warnings: Violence, mild bloodplay, biting, sort of unhealthy coping mechanisms, sap, and of course Rodimus Prime.

See the end of the work for more notes.
Chapter 1

Just because self servicing didn’t seem to be working didn’t mean he had any intention of stopping. Just because it seemed to be making him more angry didn’t mean he was going to give up.

Venting hot air from his frame hard and glaring at the mess he had just made of the floor under his desk, Rodimus hissed a curse. Not only had that overload taken far too long to achieve, he actually felt worse than he had before he made the decision to start.

Probably because he had only been able to reach overload while conjuring up images of Optimus Prime in his head. While recalling all the hateful things he had said.

“I’m a disgrace, am I? Me? A disgrace?” Rodimus said, sliding off his chair to clean the floor with a cloth he had set aside. “Who’s the disgrace, Optimus? Or is it Orion Pax? Never can be too sure about that these days.”

The entry chime on his door sounded. Rodimus remained where he was, continued what he was doing. “What?” He growled in way of permission, and the person on the other side of the door had the decency to hesitate before coming in. “I’m busy.”

“Sorry to interrupt.” Shit. It was Rung. Of course it was Rung. “Ultra Magnus said you wanted to see me?”

“I said no such thing. Thanks for dropping by.” Rodimus said, wiping his servos clean, swiping an unsoiled part of the cloth across his interface equipment and closing his panals before standing.

Rung was standing just inside the doorway, giving him that slightly startled, unassuming expression he liked to wear. He was clutching a data pad to his skinny chest, and after a moment or two of processing, he frowned.

“There must have been some reason for Ultra Magnus to mislead me.” Rung said, Rodimus rolling his optics. “And considering his stance on lying, there must be something terrible going on.”

“There’s nothing going on.” Rodimus said firmly. “Just a case of ‘mind your own fragging business, Magnus.’ I’m fine, I don’t need a head doctor and I definitely don’t need any company. Door’s behind you, have a good night.”

Rung continued to stand there. Rodimus was getting the urge to throw the cloth he was holding in the stupid nerd’s face.

“If that’s what you wish, Captain, I’ll leave you alone.” Rung said at last, lowering his optics. “My door is always open if you feel the need to talk.”

“Sure. Thanks.” Rodimus turned away, waiting until the door closed and he could no longer feel the sickeningly supportive, reassuring EM field Rung always had around him, then sinking back into his chair with a heavy ex-vent.

His frame ached. He was still buzzing with unfulfilled tension. He went over the same flimsy arguments in his head again, as he had been the past six months or so, that kept him from just going out, getting shit faced on Engex and having someone frag him into the floor.

He was a Captain, he couldn’t behave that poorly. He had to be an upstanding role model for the crew. He used to be a Prime, he couldn’t behave that poorly. He had to be an upstanding role model
for the people. He was a leader, he couldn’t behave...

Blah blah blah blah blah...

“Fraaaaaag.” Rodimus put his servo over his optics and hung his helm. “Wasn’t even worth it in the end, was it Roddy? You got an itch that you just had to scratch and now it won’t stop itching and there’s nothing you can do about it. You stupid bastard.”

Getting back to his feet, Rodimus commed Ultra Magnus to say he was taking the rest of the day off and headed to the training room. Hitting someone with a weapon sounded like a good second choice right now, if there was even anyone there who would want to spar with him.

Tailgate hurried down the hall as fast as his legs could carry him. It was around the time of evening that Cyclonus went to Swerve’s for a drink (by his lonesome, as usual,) and he wanted to intercept the warrior before he left.

Luckily for him, Cyclonus was in his usual spot in the corner, and Tailgate wasted no time climbing up next to him. He gripped the larger mech’s arm and tugged, whispering his name insistently.

“Yes Tailgate, what is it?” Cyclonus said with imperceptible tolerance.

“I just saw something really... strange.” Tailgate looked around, making sure no one else was listening. He leaned up further, cupped his servos around his face mask and switched to his private comm. :: I was in the training room, watching a couple of mechs doing their thing. Rodimus came in! ::

:: It’s not unheard of for the Captain to make use of the training room. Drift was teaching him sword skills. :: Cyclonus said, taking a long drink and ex-venting slowly.

:: He and this other mech were sparring. They were going all out on one another! It looked like they were trying to kill each other and the mech got Rodimus pinned and- :: Tailgate paused, looking up at Cyclonus with a frown. The larger mech was looking at him with interest now. :: But he didn’t kill him, so calm down. :: He scolded. :: But Rodimus... Rodimus just lay there, then he pushed him off and made some excuse about forgetting something and he just ran off! ::

Now Cyclonus was giving him a look that clearly urged him to get to the point of all this.

:: His cooling fans were going. :: Tailgate said, leaning into the larger mech further.

Cyclonus’ expression shifted ever so slightly, becoming more of an ‘I think you’re making a big deal out of nothing’ sort of look.

:: His cooling fans were on high. :: Tailgate continued. :: And his field, when he went past me, it was all hot and embarrassed. ::

“Tailgate.” There was a note of warning to Cyclonus’ voice and the mini-bot reached up to take the warrior’s face in his tiny servos.

“Cyclonus. Cyclonus? Look at me.” Tailgate said in a demanding tone. “I think this is important.”
“Not it’s not.” Cyclonus replied.

“It is for me.” Tailgate said. “It might be an opportunity.”

“I highly doubt it.” Cyclonus drained the rest of his drink and made to stand up, Tailgate practically falling into his lap. “I’m going home.”

“Cyclonus waaaait.” Tailgate clung to him. “C’mon, at least think about it?”

Cyclonus simply stared at him, now with his optics narrowed and an expression of ‘you’re getting one of those terrible plans together aren’t you?’

“I have a plan?” Tailgate confirmed, his servos moving to the sides of Cyclonus’ chest and digging into hidden transformation seams. “It’s a pretty good plan.”

Cyclonus made a brief noise of near curiosity, though his servos closed over Tailgate’s and pulled them away. He would never admit to wanting to hear any of the mini-bot’s plans, but he also didn’t tell him outright to shut up. At least not yet.

“You could fight him.” Tailgate said, visor bright. “And then we’ll see if it’s something important or if I’m just imagining things.”

“You want me to fight him.” Cyclonus’ field had a long suffering feel to it. “He will never agree to that. Not with me.”

“He will if you word it right. I have a plan, remember? I can get him to do it.” Tailgate wriggled in his grip and Cyclonus briefly offline his optics. He appeared to be silently weighing his options and Tailgate watched with anticipation.

“What exactly is in this for me, other than an aching processor and possibly being thrown in jail?” Cyclonus finally asked, and Tailgate tugged his servos free so he could throw his arms around Cyclonus’ neck.

“You can get all that rough stuff you won’t do to me out of your system.” He said very quietly.

“And what do you get out of it?” Cyclonus asked dubiously.

“Me?” Tailgate’s field practically crackled with excitement. “I get to watch.”

It was much harder than Tailgate thought to convince the Captain to go along with his plan. Rodimus was upset a lot these days, and all of Tailgate’s persuasiveness had to be dialed up to 11 to get him to even consider it.

“I’m really busy right now, but I’ll see about finding some time... sometime.” Rodimus said after the third time the mini-bot approached him with the request. The Captain’s field was absolutely seething with frustration, and even all this time after the match in the training room, he felt prickly with embarrassment. “Why is this so important to you?”

“Mechs have all sorts of ways of dealing with stress. You seem really stressed out. I know you and Cyclonus don’t always get along, so I thought if you two sparred a bit, it might make you feel better.” Tailgate said, clasping his servos behind his back. “And if you won the fight, maybe Cyclonus would take you more seriously as a Captain, you know?”
“Yeah, ma- wait, what?” Rodimus frowned down at him and Tailgate lowered his optics while allowing a flicker of shame to move through his field.

“I don’t think he expects you to take him up on it. I think...” Tailgate twisted his digits together and kicked at the floor. “I think he thinks you’re too scared to do it, or that you know you’re too weak to win a fight against him.”

There was a shift in Rodimus’ field, in his face plates, and Tailgate knew he had finally found success.

“You can tell Cyclonus to meet me in the training room in two hours. I just need some time to limber up.” Rodimus said shortly, drawing himself up to his full height. “And I want an audience. So everyone will know when I beat him.”

“We could always get Rewind to record it.” Tailgate said, and wasn’t that thought absolutely thrilling?! He’d have to rush over to Rewind’s hab-suite right away.

“Cool.” Rodimus said, putting servos on Tailgate’s shoulders. “Two hours. Make sure he’s there.”

By ‘limbering up,’ Rodimus meant ‘pathetically trying to get it out of his system.’ He wasn’t about to have the same mortifying response to being pinned to the mats, so he made a brief stop at his hab-suite and jerked off furiously in his private washracks. It was as unsatisfying and difficult to reach overload as it had been since that encounter on Cybertron during Megatron’s trial, but he hoped it would at least do the trick.

He didn’t like the thought of Mr. I’m Not a Decepticon trash talking his Captaining skills, but he was hardly surprised to hear about it. Since Megatron was technically co-Captain now, Cyclonus would probably rather see him take over completely.

It had been a long time since Rodimus had last practiced with a sword, but he didn’t think it was something you just forgot how to do and was fairly confident he could hold his own in a fight.

Cyclonus was waiting in the training room. Tailgate and Rewind were seated on some equipment in the corner. Otherwise, the room was empty.

“Alright then. Let’s get this over with.” Rodimus said with an ex-vent. “I’m going to kick your aft, Cyclonus.”

“Unlikely.” Cyclonus said in an even tone. He picked up his heavy sword and gave Rodimus an expectant look.

“You recording this, Rewind?” Rodimus asked, hefting his own weapon.

“You got it, boss.” Rewind said, Tailgate letting out a muffled giggle.

“Awesome.” Rodimus moved without warning as soon as the word left his mouth, but Cyclonus was hardly caught off guard. Their swords met and Cyclonus surged forward, his shoulder connecting with Rodimus’ chest and driving him backwards a step or two.

The warrior backed calmly away, beginning to circle, assessing him with cold red optics. Rodimus ex-vented, mouth plates pulling back to bare his denta, then he struck again.

This time, Cyclonus dodged the blow, seized his wrist in one servo and yanked him forward. Their
helms met with a dull clang and Rodimus’ vision filled briefly with static. Again, Cyclonus knocked him backwards and it was all Rodimus could do to keep his pedes under him. He had only just recovered his balance when he looked up to see the warrior’s sword flashing down towards him. Yelping, Rodimus brought his own up to block, his leg joints protesting as they struggled to keep him upright.

“I was expecting at least some semblance of competence.” Cyclonus said with a strange calm in his voice. “I guess you really are a slow learner.”

Rodimus felt his faceplates heat along with other, more alarming bits of his frame, and he shoved upwards with all his strength. Cyclonus pressed back against him with equal force, Rodimus clenching his jaw as his arms began shaking.

“I am NOT-” Rodimus said with difficulty, words becoming static as he locked his leg joints and released his sword with one servo. He balled said servo into a fist and planted it Cyclonus’ face, making the warrior grunt in surprise and causing his grip to falter. They fell away from one another, Rodimus’ vents open to dump the heat that was building up in his frame and Cyclonus sporting a dent under one of his optics. “I am NOT a slow learner, and I’m also a quick thinker.” Rodimus said, jabbing a finger in Cyclonus’ direction. “Admit it. You’re out of your league.”

Cyclonus tilted his helm to the side slightly, digits brushing the dent on his face plates. Heated air hissed out of the flyer’s vents, and Rodimus saw his optics flick to the two mini-bots sitting in the corner. “That was dirty.” Cyclonus said. “Though I suppose it was never stated this match had to be fought with swords.”

“That’s right.” Rodimus said, nodding matter of factly and feeling a shiver run down his back struts.

Cyclonus dropped his sword on the floor. Rodimus hesitated for a split second, and that was probably why he didn’t react in time when the warrior suddenly hurtled across the training room and tackled him.

They landed heavily, Rodimus letting out a startled cry. A clawed servo was suddenly on his throat and he hastily drew his EM field tight against him as fear, arousal and utter humiliation flared through it.

Cyclonus was leaning his weight against Rodimus’ chassis, pinning him down. Rodimus tried to get one of his legs up, tried to find purchase, tried to push the other mech away, and those claws tightened in response.

“I admit it.” Cyclonus said mildly. “I AM out of my league.” Rodimus tried to raise his arm, but Cyclonus shifted so his knee pinned the limb to the floor. “This has been a complete farce. Your ego is utterly astounding.”

“Rewind.” Rodimus said, voice thick and rough with static. Cyclonus tightened his grip again and Rodimus gasped. “Rewind, s-stop recording.”

“Already did.” Came the soft reply. “Uh, should we go?”

“Yes.” Cyclonus said, voice cold.

“Right.” Rewind said, small footsteps moving to the door. “Tailgate?”

“I’m gonna stay. Make sure everything’s alright. It’s okay! You go.” Tailgate said hurriedly, and Rewind murmured an affirmative before the doors swished open, then closed again. “Well?”
“Let me up.” Rodimus said, hoping his voice didn’t sound as weak as he thought it did. He was starting to get dizzy, no doubt due to Cyclonus cutting off some of the Energon supply to his brain module.

“This is beyond pathetic. The feeling of second hand embarrassment barely seems to describe this situation satisfactorily.” Cyclonus said.

Rodimus was all too aware of the fact that his body was responding in increasingly ill advised ways. “Let me up, Cyclonus.”

“Why, so you can continue making a fool of yourself?” Cyclonus said, fixing Rodimus with an intense stare and furrowing his brows.

“I’m gonna do that just fine in my current position if you don’t let me up.” Rodimus said, immediately wishing he could take the words back.

Tailgate didn’t seem worried. In fact, the mini seemed strangely... excited?

“I told you.” Tailgate said, sounding a little breathless. “I told you, didn’t I, Cyclonus?”

“You weren’t completely wrong.” Cyclonus conceded after a moment, his grip loosening around Rodimus’ throat.

“I feel like I missed something.” Rodimus said, waiting for the flyer to get off of him so he could get up and hopefully run away. “What are you two talking about?”

“Can I ask him now?” Tailgate said in what was probably supposed to be a conspiratorial whisper. Cyclonus responded by rolling his optics and saying nothing. “Rodimus? Captain? Sir?”

“Still here, pinned to the floor in a state of confusion.” Rodimus said, looking up at the mini-bot who was crouching near his helm.

“You’ve been so angry lately. So stressed. I’m guessing you might need some help.” Tailgate said quietly. “Cyclonus and I can help. It’d be mutually beneficial.”

Rodimus stared. He reset his audials a few times, opening his mouth to speak before shutting it again. Tailgate’s cooling fans were running and Rodimus could practically feel the heat coming off the mini-bot. His own interface array was making sure he was aware it was online and being neglected and his spark was pulsing uncomfortably fast. “Sorry. Must be glitching. For a second there, it sounded suspiciously like you were propositioning me.” He said.

“If his assumption is completely off point, I apologize for our unseemly behavior.” Cyclonus said.


“Sorry! I’m sorry!” Tailgate said, servos outstretched. “I saw you fighting that mech the other day and you ran out all flustered and embarrassed but we want to help! We wouldn’t judge you! You don’t have to be embarrassed with us!”

“It’s not... I don’t...” Rodimus said indignantly, and Cyclonus tightened his grip again briefly before pulling away and allowing the brightly colored mech to sit up. “It isn’t like that at all!”

“Can I explain?” Tailgate asked, his servos touching Rodimus’ shoulders tentatively. “Rodimus, can I explain this a little?”
“Please do.” Rodimus tensed, and Cyclonus settled down in front of him. The ships strangest couple now had him effectively boxed in. “Cause I’m pretty freaked out right now.”

“Cyclonus and I have this whole… size difference thing. Right?” Tailgate said, digits tracing along Rodimus’ spoiler. “He’s a lot bigger than me, so he’s gotta be careful with me. So I don’t get hurt. It’s sort of frustrating for him.”

Rodimus’ traitorous array had his processor send him a request that he ignored. To make matters worse than they already were, he was now imagining Cyclonus and Tailgate interfacing and that was as bad as remembering the last time he and Optimus were together.

“Fighting with people sometimes makes it better, but it’s not perfect.” Tailgate said, digits continuing their journey along his spoiler. “So we were thinking… we were thinking that maybe you’d like Cyclonus to pin you down and frag you hard so you can both get it out of your systems at once.”

Cyclonus ex-vented in a drawn out, long suffering sort of way, reaching up his free servo to pinch his nasal bridge and offline his optics.

“And we’d like it if maybe you’d let me watch.” Tailgate sounded positively giddy now. He draped his arms around Rodimus’ neck from behind, quick, heated vents washing over the Captain’s back. “Would that be alright?”

Cyclonus’ gaze was steady. There was some sort of thrumming curiosity in his field as he let it flare out and brush against Rodimus.

Rodimus lifted a servo and pointed over his shoulder at Tailgate, Cyclonus giving him a very brief and surprisingly attractive smirk before shrugging a shoulder. “Are you... okay with all this?”

Rodimus asked.

Cyclonus didn’t answer right away. His expression changed subtly, his field shifted through varying emotions, and he finally ex-vented, met Rodimus’ optics and gave a slight nod.

“Oh holy shit.” Rodimus said, Tailgate’s arms tightening around him.

“If we’re going for blunt honesty, I have to ask what got you into this state.” Cyclonus said, still unbelievably calm.

“I did something really stupid and probably selfish and now I’m having a bit of trouble dealing with the consequences of my actions.” Rodimus admitted, grimacing immediately. “I’ve tried to. I really have.”

“Was it Megatron?” Cyclonus asked, and Rodimus gave him an affronted look. “I didn’t think so.”

“I’d rather not say who. Reputations being tarnished and all that.” Rodimus said, shifting uncomfortably. “I guess mine already is... I mean, I know it was obvious something was wrong but I was trying to handle it! Stupid Ultra Magnus sending stupid Rung after me, I don’t need a head doctor! I need... I need...”

“You need.” Cyclonus supplied, standing and offering Rodimus a servo. “Don’t expect me to go easy on you.”

“You don’t have anything to worry about. I don’t want you to go easy.” Rodimus took his servo and allowed himself to be helped to his pedes again, Tailgate still attached to his back. “Uh... we are keeping this between the three of us, right?”
“Only person I wanna share you with right now is Cyclonus.” Tailgate said, his warm little frame pressed into Rodimus’ as he hooked his legs around the Captain’s waist.

“We will endeavor to be discreet.” Cyclonus said, lifting his chin. “Is your hab-suite soundproofed?”

“Yes.” Rodimus said with a brow arched. “Why?”

“You’re loud.” Tailgate said in reply, Cyclonus rumbling his agreement. “So. Your place, then?”

It wasn’t weird to see three mechs traveling down the halls of the *Lost Light* together. It wasn’t even weird for people to be giving Tailgate piggy-back rides down the halls of the *Lost Light*. Rodimus didn’t outwardly attempt to avoid optics as they moved, Tailgate chattering away in his usual mini-bot fashion, but the Captain couldn’t help but feel that people were staring.

He punched the door code for his hab-suite in with a trembling servo, lurching slightly when Tailgate abruptly let go and slid to the floor so he could go inside. Cyclonus followed, and Rodimus glanced hurriedly up and down the hall before entering the room himself. When the door was locked behind him, he tried his best to relax.

“No cameras.” Tailgate chirped, having apparently already searched for them.

“Oh of course not. Don’t need anyone spying on me.” Rodimus said. “I got rid of all the hidden ones that Red put in here without me realizing too.”

“Good.” Cyclonus said.

Tailgate settled himself on the berth, Rodimus opening his mouth to ask how all of this would be going down. His words cut off with a startled shout when his arm was twisted behind his back and he was swung unceremoniously into the table just to the right of the door.

“Cyclonus!” Tailgate said sharply. “Safeword!”

“Sorry.” Cyclonus said close to Rodimus’ audial without giving the impression that he meant it at all. “Tailgate and I usually use ‘Optimus.’ Does that work for you?”

“N-no!” Rodimus bleated, arching when Cyclonus leaned more of his weight against his frame. “No no no, that doesn’t work, not at all.”

“Ha.” Cyclonus was smiling, Rodimus could feel it.

“Oh you son of a bitch...” Struggling briefly, Rodimus let Cyclonus push his face into the table. His cooling fans clicked on and he made a pained noise. “That was a cheap trick!”

“I owed you for the dent on my face.” Cyclonus said. “Safeword.”

“Banana.” Rodimus said loudly, Cyclonus’ claws pulling carefully away.

“What is it?” Cyclonus asked, and Rodimus made a noise of hesitation.
“Tailgate wanted to watch. This table’s bolted down... put me on the other side of it so I can see him too.” He said, Cyclonus jerking him upright and moving him around the table.

“Better.” Tailgate said. He was sitting at the edge of the berth, servos pressed between his thighs and visor bright. As Rodimus ended up face down on the table again, Tailgate squirmed. “Much better.”

Claws were digging into his panel with insistent pressure. Rodimus shifted his legs further apart, and those claws were wrenching him open manually. Rodimus gasped, Cyclonus pressing his palm between the Captain’s legs and rubbing firmly.

Tailgate let out a frustrated whimper, Cyclonus’ vents hissed, then the warrior pushed two digits into Rodimus’ valve to the last knuckle.

“Ah!” Rodimus gripped the table with his free servo, gritting his denta and dimming his optics.

“How is it?” Tailgate asked, fixing his gaze on his partner. The mini squirmed again, one of his servos rubbing his own panel.

“Wet.” Cyclonus growled, then his digits were moving.

“F-frag...” Rodimus said, letting out a thin, desperate noise as Cyclonus pushed him down harder to keep him from moving. It felt so good to lose control like this, felt so good to have another mech touching him.

As Cyclonus’ digits thrust into him, Tailgate watched. The mini wriggled, spreading his legs and retracting his panels so he could touch himself. Rodimus thought Tailgate was probably more worked up about this than either he or Cyclonus were, but then Cyclonus was grinding against his aft and plunging his digits in deep, dragging claws across sensitive inner nodes.

Charge burned through Rodimus, but everytime he tried to push his hips back and into the warrior’s, his arm was twisted and he was pinned a little harder.

“C-c’mon Cyclonus.” He said, his vents opening to release heat. “S’that all you got?”

“Silence.” Cyclonus hissed. “You will speak only if you need to use the safeword. Mute yourself, or I will tear out your voice box.” He emphasised his threat by releasing his hold on Rodimus’ arm and closing his claws around the back of the Captain’s neck.

Rodimus’ fans clicked higher and he brought the arm Cyclonus had been twisting forward to better brace himself. His optics met Tailgate’s, the mini currently leaking lubricant on the covers of the Captain’s berth and rubbing two digits against his anterior. Rodimus’ valve clenched around Cyclonus’ digits, the warrior rumbling inarticulately and pulling them free.

“One of his legs was jerked up until he could rest his knee on the table top, spreading him wide. Then two digits returned to his valve, quickly joined by a third. They spread him, stretched him, thrusting deep and relentlessly.

“Please.” Rodimus panted, sharp pain burning through him as claws dug into his neck. “Hnnngh!”

“Like I said,” Cyclonus said, “You’re a slow learner.” His claws contracted, drawing Energon and Rodimus tried his best to muffle his cry. Cyclonus pushed him down as he straightened, the pressure quickly becoming uncomfortable, but there was the distinctive snick of the warrior’s spike uncasing and that made bearing the weight worth it. One of his legs was jerked up until he could rest his knee on the table top, spreading him wide. Then two digits returned to his valve, quickly joined by a third. They spread him, stretched him, thrusting deep and relentlessly.

Cyclonus was venting hard, his thrusts becoming more and more firm, and Rodimus realized the warrior was trying to match the pace of his partner.
Tailgate had sunk to his knees on the floor, three digits stuffed into his own valve. His free servo gripped the leg of Rodimus’ berth to steady him, and he let out a little grunt as he thrust his hips forward to drive his digits deeper into himself. Never once had Rodimus ever considered this to be a side of the sweet, cheerful mini-bot. ‘Kinky’ was not a word he had ever thought of using to describe Tailgate.

Rodimus practically stuffed his fist into his mouth to silence himself when Cyclonus added a fourth finger to his valve, spreading him almost painfully wide. While those claws weren’t breaking through mesh, they were none too gentle as they stroked nodes and coaxed his charge higher.

Tailgate gasped, uttering a high pitched noise and arching his back. Charge burst in the corners of his visor, the mini-bot’s digits denting the leg of the berth as he overloaded. Cyclonus let out a hushed sound that may have been a curse, then he pulled his servo free and Rodimus was left woefully empty.

Not for long. Cyclonus released his grip on Rodimus’ neck, flipping the Captain onto his back. “Hold on.” He demanded in a hoarse voice, dragging both of Rodimus’ legs up to bare him wide. Rodimus got a brief glimpse of Cyclonus’ spike before it was impaling him in one neat roll of the warrior’s hips, Rodimus’ servos scrambling for the edges of the table to hang on so he wasn’t knocked to the floor.

Rodimus shouted as Cyclonus began to frantically thrust, a clawed servo immediately clapping over his mouth hard. He reached up and gripped Cyclonus’ arm, legs unable to find purchase and requiring him to wrap them around the warrior’s waist.

There was frustration and impossible amounts of lust in Cyclonus’ field, and it washed over Rodimus in a suffocating cloud as he continued to move. Tailgate’s field joined Cyclonus’, overflowing with affection and glee, and if it weren’t for the fact that the warrior was pounding him into the table, Rodimus would have felt like the third wheel.

Cyclonus’ claws tightened around his face, Rodimus letting out a small noise of panic when the pressure started feeling like it was going to cause damage. Cyclonus pulled his servo away, slamming his fist into the table and leaning down to sink very sharp, very terrifying looking denta into Rodimus’ neck. His deep, steady, pounding rhythm faltered and he let out a feral sounding growl, claws screeching across the table top.

Rodimus’ fans were doing very little to cool his frame. He dumped heat as fast as he could, but no amount of panting was really helping. He lifted one servo and began groping along Cyclonus’ back to find something to hang onto. Fangs tightened on his neck, the sharp pain making Rodimus buck his hips upwards. He found the base of Cyclonus’ wing and dug his digits in, the jet rearing back with red optics wide. His field pressed even more heavily down on Rodimus, battering him with more emotions than there could possibly be glyphs for. There was Energon from a small line in the Captain’s neck ruptured by his denta on Cyclonus’ mouth, which opened wide as he shouted his release and slammed in hard enough to jar the table’s bolts loose.

Rodimus once again stuffed his fist into his mouth, muffling the shriek that escaped him when that last thrust jammed right against his ceiling node. Transfluid flooded his valve, molten heat filling him. Cyclonus’ entire frame shuddered, rattling, and he jerked his hips forward once, twice, finally pushing Rodimus over the edge and into the most intense overload he had experienced in what felt like years.

His valve clamped down around Cyclonus’ spike, and he barely managed to mute his vocalizer to cut off his cries. He arched, tightening his legs around Cyclonus’ waist, holding him in and grinding against him.
Thought fled. Sounds faded. His vision filled with error messages before going completely black as his systems overheated, rebooted and glitched out. Rodimus’ servo dragged along the edge of Cyclonus’ wing, the warrior’s rumble felt rather than heard and holding no emotion that Rodimus could decipher in his current state.

His legs fell limp, his fans howled and he panted desperately. Cyclonus didn’t immediately pull away, Rodimus startling when the warrior’s glossa, slick with oral lubricant, eased over the wounded line in his neck. Cyclonus eased his spike out of Rodimus’ body, licked his neck again slowly then pulled back to give him more room to cool down.

“Are you alright?” For a moment, Rodimus thought Cyclonus was addressing Tailgate, but his optics rebooted at last and he saw the warrior looking down at him.

Static escaped him when he tried to speak, Rodimus un-muting himself and resetting his vocalizer before trying again. “M’okay.”

“Rodimus. Are you with us?” Cyclonus unsubspaced a cloth and held it to the wound on his neck.

“Yeah. I’m here.” Rodimus said, trying to sit up. A clawed servo pressed against his back and helped him, the Captain’s field flickering with confusion.

“Good. I need you to tend to Tailgate.” As Cyclonus spoke, Rodimus turned his optics sluggishly to the mini-bot.

Tailgate’s thighs were pressed together hard and he was squirming. He held the servo that wasn’t still clutching the leg of the berth out, making grabbing motions at Rodimus with sticky digits.

“Please.” Tailgate said hoarsely.

Cyclonus helped Rodimus off the table, the Captain’s legs dangerously wobbly. “What do I...” Rodimus murmured. He was beginning to wish he hadn’t bothered self servicing earlier that day. With Tailgate in front of him, wriggling in desperation, and Cyclonus close at his back with servos supporting him, he would be more than happy to indulge the pair in a second round. He was utterly exhausted though, and wasn’t sure exactly what Tailgate was expecting him to do.

“Your mouth...” Tailgate said, uttering a small, frantic noise. “Cyclonus can’t... but you could...” He spread his legs a bit and uncased his spike. It was remarkably large for such a tiny mech, and Tailgate shivered as it rose in front of him.

Rodimus’ optics widened. “Ah.” He said, utilizing the support of Cyclonus to kneel down. “I get it.”

“Pleeease.” Tailgate begged. Rodimus’ arms trembled as he picked the mini-bot up and put him on the berth again. Bracing hands against Tailgate’s thighs, the Captain pushed them further apart. The mini was hot to the touch and he whined as Rodimus leaned down to drag his glossa over the head of his spike.

“Guess I’m not the only one who needs to work on his patience.” Rodimus said softly, one servo circling the base of Tailgate’s spike. There was a cry as he took it in his mouth, and Tailgate bucked his hips up, clamping both servos around Rodimus’ helm.

It was easier to suck a spike this size. While it was big for a mini-bot, it wasn’t as big as the last spike he’d had down his intake, and Rodimus did everything he could to draw all sorts of adorable noises from Tailgate.

“I’ve al...always w-wanted to know what this feels like.” Tailgate said, panting and rocking his
hips into Rodimus’ face. The Captain held his thighs apart, leaning until his nasal ridge pressed against Tailgate’s frame and swallowing around the mini’s spike. “A-aa-aaah!!”

Digits dug into Rodimus’ helm with considerable force, holding him in place as the spike in his mouth twitched and pulsed. Though it wasn’t what he normally would have done, Rodimus waited until Tailgate stopped overloading, then pulled slowly back and swallowed again.

Tailgate stared at him with dim optics, then threw his arms around Rodimus and rubbed his frame against every part of the Captain he could touch.

“Ugh, no... I’m not against cuddles, but I loathe filthy cuddles.” Rodimus protested, but it was half-sparked. Cyclonus chuckled behind him, making no attempt to help the Captain dislodge his tiny, pale cling-on. “C’mon, washracks first, then if it is absolutely necessary, we can cuddle.”

“It worked!” Tailgate said cheerfully, though his vocalizer was static laced and tired sounding. “You’re feeling better.”

“I’m feeling much better.” Rodimus admitted. “So thanks, I guess.” He turned to look at Cyclonus, though he couldn’t bring himself to meet the warrior’s optics. “It was good. It was what I needed, but... uh, next time, if there’s a next time, try not to give me a safeword then make it so I can’t actually use it if I need to.”

“I apologize.” Cyclonus said, sincerity in his field. “Something about Tailgate inspires violence.”

“I think it’s his face.” Tailgate wasn’t letting go, so Rodimus stood with difficulty and cradled the mini-bot against him. He carried him into the washracks, Cyclonus joined them and together they washed away the evidence of their tryst.

They didn’t really talk about it afterwards. Neither party approached the other for a repeat performance but Tailgate kept a sharp optic open for any warning signs in Rodimus’ behavior just in case.

Cyclonus’ attitude towards Rodimus was still cool in public, and neither of them would admit that the warrior smiled more than he used to.

Ultra Magnus commented that Rodimus seemed to be doing better but demanded never to know the reasons why. “As relieved as I am that your behavior has improved, I get the feeling it’s not something I need to hear. Ever.” He said as he handed off command of the bridge to the Captain one evening.

Tailgate managed not to gossip about it, reveling in the fact that he had an ‘awesome secret’ all to himself.

Rodimus didn’t even mind if there wasn’t a ‘next time.’ All of the strange comfort and reassurance at the end of the encounter had a healing effect on him, and he was finding he could deal with his frustrations in better, healthier ways.

Of course, it also gave him a hint of hope that when encountered Optimus Prime again, he could approach the situation without the bitter resentment of the ages behind him. After all, Optimus had said ‘next time’ himself, and had asked that they ‘try this like normal mechs sometime.’

The thought put a smile on his face and a saunter in his steps.
Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

So there is more! This isn't as long as the first part, nor is it the end. I hope you enjoy!

There were times when Rung found it hard to sleep. He often wondered what it said about him, the mech who spent his days trying to mend broken minds and spirits losing sleep while contemplating all the things he had heard and seen during the day.

He had his fair share of nocturnal wanderings, and found they were good for his spark. After all, the Lost Light had a life of its own, and the people who lived on it gave it such colorful personality.

Tonight was no different from any night he found himself restless. Rung walked the halls quietly, looking for something new, something soothing, something to take his mind off the busy day. He was carrying a data pad, his intention to perhaps find somewhere to sit and read.

The ship was full of strange noises, especially at night when most mechs were recharging, but Rung wasn’t entirely sure what it was he started hearing as he moved into yet another empty hall. A dull clanging noise, followed by the screech of metal on metal... drawing closer, he paused.

Cooling fans. Heavy venting. A deep, rumbling growl of arousal.

Oh dear.

Standing frozen in the middle of the hallway, Rung debated fleeing. If he left now, he could feign ignorance. However, this was the sort of thing that ought to be reported to Ultra Magnus, who had strict rules about interfacing in public spaces. It wouldn’t hurt to at least figure out who it was before making a decision, and thus Rung chose to creep a little closer with his audials tuned higher.

The door he soon stood outside led to an observation deck, and it wasn’t entirely closed. Inside, Rung was surprised to see Tailgate kneeling on the floor. Even more surprising was the fact that the mini bot had his servo between his legs and was obviously self servicing.

Rung wasn’t naive. He knew that while Tailgate seemed very young and quite innocent, he wasn’t a youngling and couldn’t be expected not to have such urges, but Rung had never ever imagined seeing Tailgate in this position.

And if Tailgate was in there, then that meant Cyclonus surely was too. It was no secret that the two were more than suite mates, even though Cyclonus did his very best to act aloof in public. Tailgate was watching his lover as he was interfacing with someone else, self servicing in apparent delight...

This was completely shocking.

And he really shouldn’t be watching! Turning away, Rung touched his servo briefly to his mouth and ex-vented to keep his cooling fans from coming on. A loud crash from inside the room made him jump, the data pad he held slipping from his servos. Making a mad grab for it, Rung managed to snag it before it hit the floor, almost stalling in panic.
There was a wail from inside the room, not from Tailgate and obviously not from Cyclonus. The sound warbled to a weak halt and there was a snarl of approval. Curiosity was a powerful driving force, and Rung found himself creeping closer again to see what exactly was going on.

Oh Primus. He should have just walked away.

Pinned to the floor beneath the purple bulk of Cyclonus’ frame was Rodimus Prime. Optics dim with bliss, lip plates swollen and a trickle of Energon mixing with oral lubricant at the side of his mouth, the captain arched his brightly colored frame upwards.

Cyclonus was driving his hips hard into Rodimus’, his pace almost feverish and his red optics fixed on Tailgate. Under the force of that stare, Tailgate began self servicing a little harder, both servos now tucked between his pale thighs.

“A-aaah yes, right there!” Rodimus suddenly cried as Cyclonus shifted ever so slightly before continuing to thrust. “Oh PRIMU-”

“What did I say about talking?” Cyclonus gasped, voice deeper and more hoarse, no doubt due to the heat in his frame. “Tailgate... come over here and ensure our captain’s silence.”

Positively wriggling in excitement, Tailgate drew servos stained with lubricant from between his legs and crawled on all fours to the pair on the floor. He straddled Rodimus’ helm and seated himself on the flame colored mech’s face plates. High performance engines gave a loud rev and Rung forced himself away from the door again.

He didn’t quite run back to his hab suite, but his pace was certainly brisk. As soon as the door was closed and locked, Rung leaned back against it and tried to steady his frantic cycler.

‘Keep calm, Rung,’ he told himself. ‘All parties seemed to be perfectly willing. It was completely consensual interfacing between grown Cybertronians and there’s no reason to get worked up over it and CERTAINLY no reason to get involved. It is their business, not yours.’

He knew that Rodimus had been having some trouble... coping. There were tantrums he was called to attempt to mediate. There were bad days, worse days, and days where Ultra Magnus begged Rung for some sort of solution to Rodimus’ increasingly erratic behavior.

As of late, things had seemed to be getting better. Rung was fairly sure Rodimus had found a coping mechanism that was working... but how healthy was it?

Rung made a memo to himself to call on Rodimus and see how he was doing at more appropriate hours, and in more appropriate situations.

And thinking on inappropriate situations, Rung moved to his closet and rooted around until he found a few of his old data pads that he had tucked away for the sake of nostalgia. He needed a little relief, but there was no way he could condone self servicing to the image of Tailgate self servicing, nor to the image of Rodimus being pinned to the floor and thoroughly ravished by Cyclonus.

Choosing one of his old favorites, Rung settled onto his berth and started reading. As far as dirty novels went, it wasn’t the silliest one he owned, but it did have a great deal of purple prose that made it easy to get lost in.

Tonight though, he felt his thoughts straying back to the scene in the observation lounge, and try as he might not to give in, he eventually brought himself to overload with the image of the mechs he had seen there.
Rung gave it a few weeks, doing what he did best in the meantime. He observed. He didn’t so much follow Rodimus around the halls, but he made a habit of being where he thought the captain might be during the day.

Rung started going to Swerve’s at a different time in the evening so as to catch Rodimus socializing there. He changed the route he walked through the halls to get to work and to get home because he knew Rodimus took the same paths. He called on Ultra Magnus more often than normal, especially after the technical second in command was getting out of meetings with the captains so he could see how Rodimus was doing.

It didn’t take as long as Rung thought it would for Rodimus to start deteriorating again. Small things began to irritate the captain more. He started drinking alone at the bar. He trudged through the halls with a storm cloud above his head.

He picked fights with people, petty and foolish ones that he normally wouldn’t have bothered with. Rodimus even got into physical altercations with Megatron over something as innocuous as whose turn it was to write the morning report or who got to sit in the captain’s chair when they were both on the bridge.

It was after one such altercation that Rung went to see Rodimus, the brightly colored mech almost immediately dismissing him from his presence.

“I’m afraid I can’t obey that order, sir.” Rung said gently, continuing to stand in the doorway. “It’s a medical matter, and while I’m not a doctor like Ratchet, my rank supersedes yours in matters such as this.”

Rodimus stared at him heated, then waved a hand in irritation at the chair across the desk from him. “Fine, whatever.” He grumbled, Rung nodding graciously at him and taking a seat. “What sort of ‘medical matter’ do you think this is?”

“You and I have spoken before about this.” Rung pressed on. “It was by accident, I don’t think any of you thought there would be someone wandering in that section of the ship at that hour, but there I was.”

Rodimus went still and silent, and Rung could hear his vocalizer clicking nervously.

“You and I have spoken before about this.” Rung took his glasses off and set them on the desk, steepling his digits. “It’s about your coping mechanisms.”

“The frag?” Rodimus’ face scrunched up and he clenched his servo into a fist. “Seriously? This again? Just go away, Rung, I don’t have time for this.”

“I saw you a few weeks ago.” Rung pressed on. “It was by accident, I don’t think any of you thought there would be someone wandering in that section of the ship at that hour, but there I was.”

Rodimus went still and silent, and Rung could hear his vocalizer clicking nervously.

“Your mouth was bleeding, but you didn’t seem to be distressed. In fact, you seemed to be rather enjoying yourself.” Rung leaned forward, keeping his expression level. “I am glad you seem to have found yourself an outlet, but I worry about the potential self destructive spiral you could be falling into.”

He expected Rodimus to swear at him and tell him to leave again. Instead, the rigid mech deflated, put his servo to his face and ex-vented slowly.

“They’re helping me focus.” Rodimus said, averting his optics. “I need... someone to make me give up control. Someone safe. Someone who’s not going to judge me for it.”

“And whose idea was it to start this?” Rung asked. “If you don’t mind me prying...”
“I don’t really know. I think it was actually Tailgate.” Rodimus flicked at the doodles on his desk moodily and continued resolutely avoiding eye contact. “Does it matter? Why do you even care, Rung?”

“Because I don’t want to see you hurt, Rodimus.” Rung leaned back and reached for his glasses. “You seem to be punishing yourself, or allowing yourself to be punished for something you feel you’ve done wrong. Violence like that tends to escalate.”

“Cyclonus won’t let it.” Rodimus muttered, finally glancing at him in embarrassment. “He takes care of me after. Makes sure I’m alright.”

“I am relieved to hear that.” Rung said honestly. “But you don’t seem to be.”

Rodimus did something Rung was very familiar with. He shrugged one shoulder and frowned, looking away again and resuming his agitated digit flicking. Rung wasn’t going to get any further right now, but at least Rodimus was aware he was paying attention.

“If you find it’s becoming like a drug and you’re unable to get your fix with the arrangement you’ve made, you may start seeking relief elsewhere. Not everyone will be careful. Some of them may be spiteful, some of them may want to hurt you very badly.” Rung said, Rodimus looking at him with a brief flash of rage and regret. “If you find things moving out of your control, Rodimus... I can help.”

“I don’t need a head doctor.” Rodimus snapped, making to stand.

“I’m not offering my professional services to you, Rodimus.” Rung said, making the other mech freeze in place again. “And I can be very discreet when needed.”

“I couldn’t... not with...” Rodimus weakly protested, closing his optics and slumping back down in his chair. He pressed both servos to his face and Rung slowly got to his pedes. Reaching out, the smaller mech brushed digits comfortingly over Rodimus’ helm. “I don’t know what I’m doing anymore.” Rodimus said mournfully.

“Then perhaps what you need is some focus, then you can start figuring it all out.” Rung said in return. “If you need me, you can call me. I will make every effort to be there for you.”

“Why?” Rodimus asked in a small voice without bothering to lower his servos.

“Because we need our captain whole. And because it is my duty to see that he stays that way.” Rung managed a smile, still petting Rodimus’ helm in a comforting manner.
Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

Warnings: Lots of robot smut ahead! And, as always... Rodimus Prime.

He thought about it. Rodimus thought about it quite a bit. He thought about it in all seriousness and with heavy consideration.

He thought about it more after what turned out to be his last night with Cyclonus and Tailgate. Once they were finished and he and Tailgate had cuddled together on the berth while Cyclonus went to the wash racks to clean up, Rodimus had to live through the humiliation of being dumped by the mini bot.

Something about ‘we figured everything out,’ and ‘thank you for your help.’ Even a little bit of ‘this has been so nice and I’ll really miss it.’ Whatever. There were plenty more mechs on the ship, and he was a hot piece of aft. He could find someone else.

Except that Rung had been right. Rodimus was spiraling out of control. His partners were delighted to be a little rough, but their insults were swiftly beginning to become far too personal for his tastes. Not to mention he actually had to visit Ratchet the last two times to have wounds tended to that he couldn’t just excuse away or leave to his internal repairs, and that was beyond mortifying to try and explain.

There was really only one thing to do, before all of this got to the point where he had no dignity or respect left to be offered.

The expression on Rung’s face when he came into his office one morning to find Rodimus leaning against his desk wearing his best ‘come hither’ look was... well, it definitely wasn’t what Rodimus had been expecting.

Rung smiled politely and closed the door behind him. He walked to the desk and set his data pad down. “Good morning captain.” He said in a pleasant, kind manner. “What can I do for you?”

“Morning, nerd.” Rodimus fluffed his armor and smiled charmingly. “I was thinking... you and I oughta get a drink at Swerve’s together sometime.”

“Oh?” Rung continued with his polite smiling and Rodimus could feel himself deflating a bit. “I suppose that might be nice. Thank you for the offer, captain.”

“Yeah.” Rodimus said, looking away with a slight frown. He stood up straight, venting slowly and looking down at the smaller mech. “You got someone to see this morning?”

“Not for a few hours, no.” Rung sat at his desk, folding his servos and looking up at Rodimus. He was calm, infuriatingly so. “I haven’t had my morning ration yet... it’s not a drink at Swerve’s but perhaps you would like to join me?”
Rodimus was probably staring. It was probably rude. But honestly, he couldn’t believe this was happening right now. Had he misread what Rung had been saying to him? Had he dreamed the whole offer up?

“I guess.” He said bluntly. “You got another chair I can use?”

“Well, there’s the couch.” Rung gestured to said couch with one slender servo. “There’s the chair by the door, you could bring that over here, or we could sit on the couch together.”

“That’s for patients.” Rodimus said lamely, Rung touching his digits to his mouth to stifle a soft laugh.

“The whole office is for patients, yes. Is there something you wanted to speak about?” Rung said, Rodimus fighting the urge to face palm. Violently.

Of course, the nerd HAD said to call him. Now Rodimus felt like a complete idiot.

“Nope.” He said, trying to play it cool. “I really should go. Call me if you want that drink.” He was already walking backwards towards the door, giving Rung a cool wave and a cool smile and spinning on his heels in a cool manner to exit.

Yep, totally smooth.

Now he just had to go and hide in his room, in his private wash racks for the next million years or so to get over this horrible embarrassment.

As soon as he reached his room, Rodimus was pinged over his private comm. He answered almost immediately, without bothering to look at who was calling. It was probably Magnus. It was almost always Magnus. Rodimus had probably forgotten the period in a sentence on one of his reports or some slag.

:: Hello Rodimus. It wasn’t my intention to chase you out of my office. Is there something you wanted to discuss? ::

Rodimus stopped short just in the doorway of his wash racks, his optics wide.

:: Uh. :: Glancing around the room and remembering there were no cameras to watch him, Rodimus ex-vented and leaned against the door frame. :: Y’know, I really imagined this conversation happening differently. ::

If Rung was laughing at him, his glyphs didn’t indicate it. :: I can see that. If you’d like, I can come to your hab suite and we can speak in person. ::

Rodimus hit his helm against the door frame a few times lightly. He had a sneaking feeling this wasn’t going to work. :: I don’t wanna talk. I need you. You said if I needed you, you’d be there for me. :: He sent, then hit his helm a few more times for good measure.

It took Rung some time to reply. In fact, his reply came in the shape of the entry chime on Rodimus’ door going off and he wasn’t sure how Rung managed to make the door chime sound polite, but that’s how it sounded to him.

Rung waited so fragging patiently to be let in. He thanked him so graciously when Rodimus waved his hand in an awkward manner to indicate he should enter. He was so fragging fine and so clean and so proper and upright and-
And holy frag did Rodimus’ spark start spinning out of control when Rung removed his glasses, took Rodimus’ arm in a firm grip and leaned up on his toes to kiss the flame colored mech.

Rodimus had, once upon a time, never imagined himself kissing Rung. He had never thought of Rung that way at all until those few weeks ago when the nerd had come to him and demanded they speak about his ‘coping mechanisms.’ After that, he couldn’t STOP thinking about Rung.

He kissed back, wrapping his arms around Rung and pulling him tight to his frame. He found it was the smaller mech dictating the pace and the depth of the kiss, and every time he let his servos roam, Rung’s closed over them to still them.

It was a far cry from the violent, biting kisses that he and Cyclonus had shared. Rodimus whimpered, expecting Rung to silence him the way Cyclonus always had...

But Rung wasn’t Cyclonus. Rung made a sound of response and slowly pulled away, his fragging gorgeous optics bright with lust. “We should sit down.” He said in a voice thick with static. “I know you don’t want to talk, but I think we need to.”

“Ground rules and all that?” Rodimus panted lightly, releasing his grip on the smaller mech.

“In a manner of speaking.” Rung said with a smile, and it was so very very different from the polite ones he had been giving Rodimus earlier.

They sat on his couch, Rodimus’ spark pounding so hard he was dizzy. Rung touched his servos, but not in a doctory, clinical way. Their digits were twined together, their knees touched and Rung stared at him in a way that made his armor feel too tight.

“Are you alright?” Rung asked, and Rodimus almost nodded, but he realized that was lying and that Rung would KNOW it was lying.

“No.” He heard himself say, voice weak. He hated how weak he sounded. Rung’s digits closed around his a little more tightly and for a moment Rodimus just wanted to cease all this pointless dialogue, push Rung backwards and just frag away the pain. “I’m not okay. I’m really not okay. You said I could call you if-”

“And you did. I’m so proud of you, Rodimus.” Rung said, pulling one servo free and reaching up to cup his face. He dragged his thumb across lip plates swollen from their kiss and Rodimus vented against it.

“I dunno what to do now, though.” He said in a small voice. The whole time they had been on this ship together, Rodimus had been avoiding the mech he was now clinging to. He had avoided him like the cybonic plague because he didn’t want Rung looking at him the way he looked at Whirl, at Red Alert, at mechs who were sick, whose brain modules and processors didn’t work right...

But Rung was looking at him, really looking at him like he could see past the shiny frame into Rodimus’ fragging spark.

“Talk to me, Rodimus.” Rung said insistently. “Tell me what happened, why you came to me. What wounds have you suffered that need my help mending?”

And wasn’t that just so romance novel of him to say? Rodimus wanted to kiss the prose right out of Rung’s mouth, his glossa darting out to wet his lip plates in a nervous gesture.

“Cyclonus and Tailgate. Guess I helped them figure their slag out.” He said, bitterly and childishly. He averted his optics, but Rung’s servo was there still, on his face, and he was forced to look back
at those gorgeous orbs that were totally void of judgement. Part of him wondered briefly if it were possible to talk Ultra Magnus into banning glasses. Wearing those stupid glasses over such a beautiful face just had to be a crime. “They dumped me. I started looking elsewhere for the same brand of comfort. Just like you said I would.”

“We are all creatures of habit.” Rung said reassuringly, and how he managed not to make it sound like Rodimus was one of his patients, the larger mech had no clue. “Rodimus, thank you for coming to me. I want to help you. I couldn’t stand to see you slip further down that dark path.”

“What do you want from me?” Rodimus asked, and there was so much hurt in his voice that he wanted to take back.

“I want to offer you another choice.” Rung said, smiling genuinely, affectionately. “You crave release and I can give it to you.”

Rung lifted their still joined servos, turning Rodimus’ so that his palm faced upwards. He pressed his mouth to Rodimus’ palm, digits sliding to press between the seams on his wrist. The effect was electric and Rodimus didn’t bother trying to stop his cooling fans.

“If you let me, of course.” Rung continued, raising his optics to Rodimus’ face again.

“I will let you do whatever you want to me as long as I can frag you through this couch. Possibly through the floor. Maybe even through the hull.” Rodimus said hoarsely, Rung’s smile taking on a rather wicked little curve. He must have liked that idea, and Rodimus-

Rodimus was completely confused when Rung lowered his servo and climbed into his lap.

“I’m afraid that’s not how this is going to work.” Rung said, the smaller mech resting both servos lightly on Rodimus’ chassis. “If there’s any interfacing to be had in this arrangement, this relationship, it’s going to be on my terms. Is that clear?”

Whoa. Rodimus couldn’t help feeling he should have KNOWN Rung was a kinky fragger. He vented hard and leaned back a little, Rung moving easily with his frame. “Uh…” He said, Rung raising one of his impressive eyebrows. “I’m sorry. You lost me.”

“If you want to frag me,” Rung began, Rodimus making a choked noise since he was fairly sure this was the first time he had ever heard the smaller mech swear, “you are going to do EXACTLY what I say.”

“I- is this… Are you pulling rank on me again?” Rodimus asked in confusion. This was all sliding wildly out of his control.

“If it makes you feel better to think that way, then yes.” Rung lifted on his knees and slid his servo down between their frames. He worked his digits into the gaps at the junction of Rodimus’ thighs, his touches feather light and almost maddening. “Do you agree to my terms?”

“Do I get a safe word?” Rodimus asked in a slightly shrill voice, Rung’s face lighting up.

“Very good question. I’m glad we’re on the same page here. Of course you get a safe word. If it gets overwhelming at any point, just say your safe word and I will stop.” Rung’s digits continued, firmer pressure being applied and appendages growing slick the more aroused Rodimus became. “Which one do you prefer?”

Rung was a very smart mech. Not to say Cyclonus wasn’t, but that jerk had used a low blow and Rodimus didn’t want to take him seriously. Rung, though… He needed something better than
“banana.”

“O-optimus.” Rodimus blurted out. Rung was a far cry from the imposing figure that had been haunting his recharge and his every waking thought. He wasn’t going to accidentally call out the name of another mech when he was with Rung. He hoped. Primus, he hoped.

Digits stilling, Rung looked at him with wide optics. “I see.” He said, then his digits delved a little deeper and Rodimus shifted with a soft ex-vent. “We’re making good progress, then.”

“Don’t read too much into it.” Rodimus said. “That’s not what we’re here for.”

“Of course.” Rung leaned forward, speaking against Rodimus’ mouth. “We’re here for you. Your comfort.” His digits worked under the panel covering his valve and Rodimus bit his own lip briefly. “Your need. Tell me what you want. Tell me what you need, Rodimus.”

When Rodimus leaned forward to kiss the other mech again, Rung was quick to place a single digit to the captain’s mouth to stop him. “Ah ah, you have to articulate.” Rung said with a smile.

This was the exact opposite of what had become normal during interfacing for Rodimus. Cyclonus was a firm believe in ‘fragged but not heard.’

“Right now I want to kiss you.” Rodimus said, Rung making a noise of approval and pulling his digit away.

Rodimus kept in mind that living as long as Rung had meant picking up certain skills along the way. Rung had apparently kissed a lot of people because you didn’t get THIS good at kissing without having a lot of practice. Rodimus groaned into Rung’s mouth, being rewarded with the smaller mech’s glossa pushing deeper, tasting and exploring more aggressively but not with the same force as-

There really had to be a way to stop comparing his lapful of handsome doctor mech to other, less immediately desirable people. He drew carefully out of the kiss, Rung allowing him to, and opened his optics again.

“I want to touch you.” He said, Rung making a noise of approval and pulling his digit away.

Rodimus ran his servos all over the slim frame pressed against him. He found himself touching the same spots again while applying different amounts of pressure just to elicit more of the small noises that kept escaping Rung’s voice box. Just to watch those optics widen or narrow depending on Rung’s reaction. He still wanted to kiss the nerd till neither one of them could taste right anymore, but doing that meant not being able to look at him.

By now, Rodimus’ spike was straining against its panel and no amount of subtle shifting was easing his discomfort. Rung fixed him with a rather piercing stare and another of those wicked smiles.

“Remember to articulate.” The static in Rung’s voice made him sound ridiculously sexy. That was as law breaking as glasses, Rodimus was pretty sure.
“Frag, I dunno how to say it and be polite.” Rodimus said with a hint of panic, his digits curling against Rung’s hips.

“It’s alright, say it however you need to. Just remember that I can’t help you if I don’t know what it is you want. I cannot read your mind, Rodimus.” Rung said, his digits once again on Rodimus’ face.

“I want... I wanna be inside you.” Rodimus could feel his face plates heating up. It was never this hard to say with anyone else, he had no idea why Rung was having this effect on him. “Rung, my spike’s about to punch a hole through my panel.”

Rung made a sound that there were honestly no words to describe. “Then open your panel and let me see what I’ve got to work with.” He said, Rodimus whimpering again as he did what he was told.

Rodimus liked his spike. He loved it, actually. He’d spent money and time getting it to look as good as one could expect it to when the rest of him looked as good as it did. Plenty of biolights and mods to bring more and better pleasure to his partners.

As Rung’s digits took hold of it, Rodimus couldn’t help feeling a fleeting sense of self-consciousness. This was a mech that saw different meanings in everything he looked at. Deeper meanings. The worst thing that could possibly happen right now, the thing that would likely cripple him more than anything else that had happened already, would be Rung taking one look at his pretty spike and telling him he was trying to compensate for something.

Rung’s lips parted and he ex-vented shortly, looking up at Rodimus with a smile. “Obviously,” he said, Rodimus bracing himself, “you are going to have to prepare me a little. It’s been some time since I’ve handled a spike quite like this.”

Rung’s words were stroking Rodimus’ ego as deftly as his servo was stroking the flame colored mech’s length.

“I’d like to touch you again.” Rodimus said, pushing his hips up slightly.

“I think that would be for the best.” Rung replied, pressing a kiss to the corner of his mouth before trailing more down the side of his neck. There was the distinct sound of the smaller mech’s panel opening and Rodimus’ servo moved to seek out his prize.

Rung was running very hot, and his denta dug into a cable in Rodimus’ neck when the larger mech slid a digit over his node and against the lips of his valve. Already slick and gently pulsing, Rung’s frame gave him no resistance as he pushed the digit in to explore.

Venting with a soft sound of pleasure, Rung pushed himself against Rodimus’ servo. He uncased his own spike, rubbing it against Rodimus’ before closing his servo over both of them and giving them a firm squeeze.

“How long do we have?” Rodimus said, voice full of static.

“We have plenty of time.” Rung replied, mouth pressed against Rodimus’ neck again. “There’s no need to hurry.”

“You sure?” Rodimus asked with a smirk. He pushed a second digit into Rung’s valve, the smaller mech making a desperate noise, quavering on when the digits began to move deep.

The servo around his spike suddenly gripped tight and Rodimus bit back a groan. Rung
straightened up a bit, then began rocking into his servo and forcing Rodimus’ pace to pick up.

“Is that what you want, Rodimus?” Rung said, arching a brow at him. “Do you want more? Faster?”

Oh yeah. Articulation. Rodimus had been trying to tease and had obviously forgotten who was in charge here.

It was getting very, very hard to concentrate.

“If that is indeed the case, I think you could easily fit another digit inside me. Don’t you think?” Rodimus’ gaze snapped to Rung’s wickedly smiling face, his servo slowing its movements. “I think I’d rather you finish within me rather than without.”

It was a little more difficult to fit a third digit into Rung’s valve, but Rodimus managed it with some careful pressure. Rung gave a pleased purr when he began thrusting all three, spreading and stroking them along inner nodes. It was the smaller mech that decided when he was ready, gently pulling Rodimus’ servo free and lifting himself up a little further.

“Do you still want to be inside me?” Rung whispered, Rodimus’ voice box giving a few frantic clicks. The smaller mech’s servo slid along the underside of his spike and he lifted his hips again. “Rodimus?”

“Y-yes!” Rodimus blurted out. “Yes yes yes, I want that! I want you to ride me till I... till I fill you. Please. Primus, PLEASE!”

As soon as Rung sank down atop his spike, Rodimus became dubious that the smaller mech had needed any sort of preparation. Taking him in without pause, pressing down until their hips met, Rung let out a gasping cry and Rodimus had to bite down on his own lip to keep from shouting himself.

This wasn’t the hard, fast, deep fragging he had resigned himself to. This wasn’t the violent fragging he thought was the only thing that could possibly get him off. This most certainly wasn’t the lackluster self servicing he had been subjecting himself to for months.

Rodimus wasn’t being pinned down and brutalized. He wasn’t bleeding, he wasn’t hurting and the only ache he felt was the struts deep kind that preceded overload.

He just hoped he could hold on long enough that Rung could finish first. He wanted to see the nerd’s face twisted up in ecstasy, in passion caused by him and his pretty spike.

“Oh gods yes...” Rodimus groaned, digits gripping Rung’s hips tightly. He tried to make the smaller mech move, but Rung took his servos and pulled them free. “C-c’mon Rung! Move, please!”

“Patience.” Rung said, and even though Rodimus wasn’t looking at him, he knew the nerd was smiling.

“R-rung, please...” Rodimus was begging. How had Rung reduced him to begging?

“Patience.” Rung whispered this against his lips, Rodimus letting out another desperate whimper that was swallowed up when the smaller mech kissed him. He slowly ground his hips in a circle, Rodimus bucking upwards before Rung used his smaller frame to push him back down.

At any point, Rodimus could push Rung onto his back and take him, but he found he didn’t want
to. Even though control wasn’t being torn away from him forcefully, he had given it up.

Rung moved so very slowly, rocking against him so that his spike pressed into the smaller mech’s ceiling, along with every other node hidden within him. Rodimus heard the careful, even venting, the soft, breathless sounds Rung made and he gripped the couch as hard as he could.

Shifting so he could recline further, Rodimus stared in wonder at the smaller mech astride him. Rung had one servo on Rodimus’ thigh and was leaning back, his optics dim. He wrapped his free servo around his own spike, his rocking becoming a little harder and deeper. Rodimus was afforded an incredible view that he appreciated as much as his overtaxed processor would allow him to.

He was fighting off overload, and it was one of the hardest things he’d ever had to do.

Rung whispered his name, leaning forward now and shifting his grip from Rodimus’ thigh to his chest. His digits dug in and he hunched his slight shoulders. The servo wrapped around his spike began moving feverishly and his rocking became more like bouncing.

“Frag, Rung...” Rodimus gasped. “You’re so f-fraggin’ gorgeous.” His spike jerked within Rung and he hastily tried to ward off the end. Just a little longer... he just had to hold on a little longer.

Releasing his grip on his spike, Rung raised his servo to his mouth, first pressing his digits against it then closing his denta on one of his knuckles and letting out another noise that defied description.

“Ah, Rodimus!” Rung cried, his optics brightening and fixing on the larger mech’s face. “D-do you still want me to r-ride your overload out of you?”

“No.” Rodimus panted, and the confusion on Rung’s face was adorable. “No, I want to put you on your back. S-so I can feel every part of you when I make you finish.” He reached out and took hold of Rung’s hips again. “I wanna feel you writhing under me.”

“Good.” Rung breathed. “Very good. Do it then. Take me.”

There was his permission, and Rodimus wasted none of the very little time he had left. Surging upwards, wrapping Rung up in his arms, he pressed him backwards on the couch. Slender legs closed around his hips, slim arms around his neck and Rung arched against him with an eager cry.

It only took a few thrusts, then Rung was shouting his name. Rodimus felt the small frame rattle wildly in his arms, felt silken heat clenching hard around his spike, rippling, undulating...

Overload didn’t burst through Rodimus. It crept from the tips of his pedes, crackled across his thighs, tightened the base of his back struts and made his helm snap back. His optics sparked and he cried Rung’s name before lapsing into inarticulate wailing.

His spike pulsed, jets of hot transfluid striking the ceiling of the valve it was pressed into. Rung gasped and Rodimus almost overloaded again when he was rewarded with exactly what he had requested.

That small frame writhed beneath him, servos and digits gripping, clutching. Rung’s hot mouth pressed into his neck, his shoulder. Satisfaction deeper than any he had ever felt settled over him with the last small spurts from his spike, and Rodimus let all the tension bleed from his frame.

He wasn’t big enough to crush Rung when he fell against him, but air still burst from the smaller mech due to his weight. Rung laughed. It was one of the sweetest sounds he had ever heard. Just a
small, quiet laugh, then digits stroking along his spoiler in a comforting manner.

“How’d you do that?” Rodimus said weakly, Rung making a questioning noise. “How was that so good?”

“Well, while I haven’t had as much immediate practice as you, I’ve been honing my skills over the millions of years I’ve existed.” Rung said in reply with another soft laugh.

Rodimus grunted and pressed his face into Rung’s shoulder. “… I’ve sorta been a selfish whore, haven’t I?”

“I wouldn’t say that.” Rung murmured, digits still moving along his frame comfortingly. “You’ve been conducting an increasingly violent exercise in futility.”

“Stupid nerd and your stupid fancy words.” Rodimus said, but he felt a little better that Rung wasn’t judging him. That’s what he had asked for wasn’t it? A way to focus without being judged? “Frag. I don’t think I’ve ever felt so wiped out.”

“Glad to be of service.” Rung’s valve squeezed around him and Rodimus flushed. He shifted enough to pull his softening spike free but didn’t bother getting up. “Do you feel better?”

“I feel incredible.” Rodimus admitted, because he did. “I feel like I could recharge for a decade or so, but I don’t feel... I don’t feel angry or bitter.”

“Good.” Rung smiled at him sleepily. “Then you’re already making very good progress.”

“You keep saying that. Was this all a ‘treatment,’ Rung?” Rodimus raised an eyebrow at him and Rung snorted.

“In a way, yes. If it is a treatment, I’m going to suggest on regular check ups.” He said, Rodimus’ tired engine giving an excited rumble. “I should have offered a long time ago. When I first noticed your descent.”

Rodimus was silent, leaning his helm on Rung’s chest and focusing on his warmth, his venting, the digits moving along his back. “I’m having a bit of trouble.” He said, Rung making a questioning noise. “I’m not sure why I was such a mess to begin with.”

“May I make an observation?” Rung asked, Rodimus grunting in way of permission. “I believe it all came down to you clinging very diligently to control that you didn’t have to begin with. You used your power, your position, to exact a price that was never meant to be paid, and then the guilt of collecting said price started to consume you. You started allowing yourself to be punished, convinced it was what you deserved. What you were owed.”

It honestly made a lot of sense, though admitting that didn’t make it hurt any less. Rodimus had been selfish and entitled and Primus damn it all he owed Optimus Prime a million and one different apologies. He would have to send them immediately. As soon as he was ready to move.

“Thank you.” Rodimus said softly, and Rung moved his servo to the larger mech’s helm, once again petting him in a comforting manner. “Thank you...”
Chapter 4

No matter how hard he tried to fix it, Rodimus thought his message sounded pathetic. He had written it down, practiced it in front of his mirror, made sure it was cool, even awesome. When he sat down in the comm center to record it though, it was wrong. Everything about it was wrong.

Grumbling in frustration, Rodimus reached up and rubbed his servo over his face plates. He viciously hit the delete key to get rid of his recording, then kept hitting it with increasing violence until he was worried it would break the keyboard.

“Frag this.” Rodimus said beneath his breath, opening a new recording file and ex-venting hard.

The first few seconds of the recording, he was silent. “Look.” He said, more stern but no less weak than before. “I know we didn’t exactly part on good terms, but... I need to talk to you. Please call me when you get this, okay?” Servo hovering over the stop button, Rodimus hesitated. “I’m sorry, Optimus. Please, just call me.” He concluded, quickly cutting the recording off and sending it before he could change his mind.

The reply to his message came at an inopportune time, Rodimus letting out a frustrated groan when his comm started beeping at him. He was busy kissing Rung like he needed to in order to keep on living, so his mouth was preoccupied and he couldn’t issue the command to stop the comm from continuing to beep.

Eventually, he wrenched away from the smaller mech and growled, servos seizing his own helm and squeezing. “Damn it... sorry, someone’s calling me.” He said, Rung blinking at him in surprise.

“Oh, uh... I see.” Rung said softly, and Rodimus could feel the flicker of disappointment in the smaller mech’s field. “Is it important?”

“It better be.” Rodimus said, gritting his denta and activating his comm. :: What? Sort of in the middle of something. ::

:: Sorry to interrupt. :: Blaster said. :: But there’s a priority incoming call for you. Looks like it’s from Optimus. ::

Rodimus felt a strange jolt move through him, unsettling his tanks and making his spark skip. :: Got it. On my way. :: He said, making a rueful noise and leaning his helm against Rung’s. “Frag. It’s really important.”

“What is it?” Rung asked, leaning in to steal another kiss. Rodimus closed his denta over Rung’s
bottom lip and let out another groan. He wanted nothing more than to just keep making out with this hot nerd, but he couldn’t put this off. Not any longer.

“Optimus.” Rodimus said, Rung’s optics lighting up. “Yeah yeah yeah, don’t-”

“Read too much into it. I know.” Rung said, pulling away from Rodimus and making him regret his every decision. “This is good, Rodimus. You should go talk to him.”

“And then I’m gonna come back.” Rodimus stated boldly, getting to his feet and reaching down to haul Rung up into his arms. “Because I am really, really not done with you yet.”

“Oh good.” Rung said with a smirk. “I was going to insist upon it. I appreciate you taking the initiative.”

“Oh, I am going to show you the fragging initiative.” Rodimus snickered, letting Rung go and moving to the door. “Don’t go anywhere. I’ll be right back.”

Rodimus was the captain, so he figured the speed limits in the halls didn’t apply to him as he shifted to his alt mode and raced all the way to the comm room. His frame was hot from a combination of transforming and moving so fast when he entered, Blaster raising a brow at him as he flopped into a chair.

“Gimme the room, please?” Rodimus said, Blaster nodding at him and getting up.

“Don’t do anything I wouldn’t do.” Blaster snickered, slipping out of the room.

Rodimus locked the door behind the other mech, looking at the screen and briefly burying his face in his servos. He queued up the incoming transmission only after steeling himself, making sure he didn’t have any oral lubricant on his mouth and getting his cooling fans to settle down. Rodimus thought he would be alright, thought he was ready for it, but as soon as Optimus Prime’s face popped up on the screen, his vents hitched and he started feeling like he was shrinking.

“What is it, Rodimus?” That voice, that deep voice that haunted his recharge even now, asked with more than a hint of long suffering to it. “Your message sounded urgent.”

“Nah, not so urgent just...” Rodimus waved a hand lamely, barely able to look Optimus in the optics. “Like I said. I wanted to talk to you. I wanted to apologize.”

There was a long pause in silence, and Rodimus looked up just to make sure that Prime was even still there.

Optimus was smiling. He had his battle mask up, but his optics were turned up at the corners. He was smiling brightly and Rodimus felt even worse about all this.

“Thank you.” Optimus said, genuinely, gratefully and in that same gentle voice he used so long ago, the first time Hot Rod approached him with his ridiculous request. “I, too, am sorry.”

“Thing is...” Rodimus straightened, then shut his optics briefly. He took a moment to gather his strength, then looked up at the screen, looked into Optimus’ optics, glossa darting out to wet his lips. “Back when I was... back before I was Prime? Before I was Rodimus... Optimus, I was young. I was stupid. I was selfish. I kept hearing all these stories about what it was like, losing your seals, becoming a ‘real mech.’ All that bullshit.”
Optimus didn’t speak, but he did gesture with one servo for Rodimus to continue and to indicate he was listening.

“I wanted it to be you. I came to you untouched and terrified, and I couldn’t... when you rejected me, I had never, ever felt so crushed. I thought you were the one. I thought... I thought it was going to be us, together, facing whatever Megatron could throw at us!” Rodimus found the words coming easier now, and he tried to fight the anger that was welling up, threatening to turn this into another fiasco.

“I am truly sorry I ever gave you the impression that it would have been possible. Us. Together.” Optimus said softly, Rodimus resetting his vocalizer a few times. He really hoped Blaster wasn’t listening in on the other side of the door. He really hoped that there were no recording devices, and no prying eyes to see him in this state. “It would not have been possible. Not in our positions.”

“I know.” Rodimus said bitterly. “I didn’t CARE though. I didn’t care that you were Prime and I was just a kid. I felt... entitled. I was marked, I was chosen and that resonance made me think I was... I was OWED your affection. I felt like it shouldn’t have been any other way.”

“That was foolish of you.” It wasn’t said cruelly, but it stung. Rodimus pulled his mouth into a thing line and closed his optics again.

“I know.” He said, mashing his servos over his face and ex-venting heavily. “So I’m sorry I pushed you. I wasn’t owed anything. I never deserved you, not even the way you ended up taking me. Frag, I’ve been so messed up over all this. The things I’ve done to try and forget it... I’m surprised no one’s tried to unseat me. I’ve been acting like a complete ass.”

“You’ve never been one to handle rejection well, Rodimus. Though if I recall correctly, I never outright rejected you. I simply asked you to have patience.” Optimus said, and Rodimus looked up at him with a frown. “You are young. Impulsive. Sometimes it is better to wait and see if it’s really what your spark wants.”

“I gotta admit... this is going better than I feared.” Rodimus managed a weak laugh. He didn’t want to be doing it this way. Optimus should have been there, with him. He should have been able to touch him. “For a long time, I couldn’t stop thinking about it. About what we did. About what you said.”

“I crossed lines that were never meant to be-” Optimus began, Rodimus holding up a servo and shaking his head.

“You’re one of the strongest mechs I know, Optimus. It must have been some extraordinary bullshit I was spewing to make you crack like that.” He said, Optimus looking at him in surprise. “I... I’ve been talking to someone about it. Someone who’s helping.”

“I’m proud of you.” Ouch. That stung even more than the name calling did. There was something strange and unsettling about that fatherly tone of voice Optimus was using.

“I thought about the whole ‘next time’ thing you talked about.” Rodimus said.

“And what was your conclusion?” Optimus asked.

“I don’t think there needs to be one.” It was easier to say than he had imagined, and Rodimus felt physically lighter having said it. “I mean, if it happens then I’m not going to complain. But I’m not going to chase you down, seek you out. I don’t need to anymore.” He paused, venting shallowly. “I don’t need you like I used to.”
“I, too, have thought long on the subject. I believe the decision I made regarding this whole matter was the same one I made in the first place.” Optimus said, and Rodimus managed not to visibly flinch. “I regret the actions I took. I never should have hurt you or humiliated you.”

“You certainly put me in my place. I think it might have been what I needed.” Rodimus rubbed the back of his neck. “I’m going to miss you. And I’m never going to forget your taste. Your touch. I’ll probably still dream about it even, but... Thank you for teaching me an important lesson, Optimus.”

“Oh Rodimus.” Optimus said proudly, and his smile was even more brilliant this time. “Thank you for contacting me. It is good to hear from you again.”

“Yeah.” Rodimus managed a smile of his own. “You too.”

Rung was reading something on a data pad when Rodimus returned to his hab suite, and he looked up with a gentle smile when the larger mech crawled onto the couch, removed his glasses from his face and planted at kiss on his forehead.

“Can I expect you to depart to see him soon?” Rung asked, Rodimus sitting back a bit and giving him a bemused expression.

“No.” Rodimus said simply, and Rung’s optics widened in surprise. “No, I’m not going anywhere.”

“But... I thought-” Rung began, Rodimus using his mouth to cut off the protest. Kissing the smaller mech was high on Rodimus’ list of priorities at all times, after all. And pulling him close, Rodimus could feel Rung’s frame heating.

“Mm.” Pulling away and nuzzling his face into Rung’s neck, Rodimus huffed out heated air from his vents. “Like I told him... I don’t need him anymore, Rung.”

“I... I see.” Rung put his servo on Rodimus’ face, their optics meeting. “Are you sure?”

“Hey Rung?” Rodimus traced the smaller mech’s mouth with a single digit.

“Yes, Rodimus?” The larger mech loved the shape of Rung’s mouth, the way it moved when it was saying his name.

“You’re all I need. Okay? I dunno how you did it... you probably did your doctor thing and tricked my brain, but I think at some point I fell for you without meaning to.” Rodimus said earnestly.

Rung stared at him, bewildered. Then he burst out laughing, quickly covering his mouth with a servo, his optics wide.

Rodimus grinned at him, pushing him backwards on the couch.

“Are you entirely sure you’re alright? You’re acting very strange.” Rung giggled, Rodimus parting the smaller mech’s legs with his thigh and leaning down to kiss him again.

“I mean it.” Rodimus said. “I love you, nerd.”

Rung once again took Rodimus’ face in his servos, peering into his optics in a focused, intense way that normally would have made the larger mech squirm in discomfort. “Hm, yes.” He said eventually, digits stroking lightly down the sides of Rodimus’ face. “Yes, I think I might love you too, captain. At least I am willing to give myself a chance to.”
Rodimus smiled at him, putting his own servo over one of Rung’s, then he ground his panel against the smaller mech’s and elicited a muffled sound of pleasure from him.

“Now that we’ve got that out of the way, I have some initiative to show off!” He cried, moving his servo to grope between Rung’s legs.

“Rodimus!” Rung burst out, amused and scolding at once, but he didn’t try to stop the larger mech’s attentions.

“How do you want it?” Rodimus asked, slipping two digits into Rung’s valve when his panel folded open. Primus, he was already so wet...

“You’ve kept me waiting so long I guess the only choice is ‘hard and fast.’” Rung teased, lifting his hips into Rodimus’ servo.

“Hey, I was conducting important, soul searching business.” Rodimus said with a smirk, his digits moving deeply and making Rung gasp. “If I get you off, can you handle a second round?”

“I-I’m not sure.” Rung vented, moving his hips with Rodimus’ rhythm. “I s-suppose that depends on you.”

Leaning down, Rodimus grazed the outer edge of the glass protecting Rung’s spark chamber with his denta, making the smaller mech arch. He crooked one of his digits, rubbing firmly into a node he had discovered a few days ago that was evidently very sensitive.

Rung’s thighs clamped around his forearm, Rodimus letting out a soft laugh and repeating the motion of his digit.

“R-rodimus!” Rung gasped, his valve clenching.

“Right here, Rung.” Rodimus said, and Rung’s thighs tightened their grip. The smaller mech was rocking desperately, fragging himself with Rodimus’ servo, and the captain was happy to let him. “I’m right here and I’m not going anywhere.”

Chapter End Notes

And that's it! The saga of Rodimus is, for the time being, over! I hope you enjoyed it!

End Notes

Thanks for reading! Please let me know if there's any issues with spelling or grammar, or if there's problems with my characterization.

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