Early to the Meeting

by flutterpen, thedragonfly

Summary

Prowl and Jazz arrive early for a team meeting. Time for a few kisses without getting caught. Right?

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Prowl was seated at the opposite end of the conference table from Optimus’ spot at the head. He had a small pile of data pads in front of him that he was shuffling through and making sure for the fifth time that his part of the presentation was in perfect order.

Jazz walked in whistling a tune that was stuck in his helm and stopped as he saw Prowl alone. He walked over quietly and touched one of Prowl’s doorwings, gently.

“Hello Jazz,” Prowl said, looking up at his friend. He set down his data pad on the pile and turned slightly towards Jazz, giving him full attention.

“Prowler,” Jazz said grinning and leaned down kissing Prowl. The tactician reached up, putting a hand gently around the back of Jazz’ neck as he returned the kiss.

Jazz broke the kiss looking at Prowl. “How you doing?”

“Quite well. I am prepared for the meeting and have managed to reduce my workload for the cycle,” Prowl said, gently tugging on Jazz’ arm to pull the mech into his lap.

Jazz sat down at the invite, wiggling a little. “Glad to hear about the workload,” he said running a hand along Prowl’s face.
Prowl leaned his face into Jazz’ hand, his optics dimming slightly from the caress.

Jazz smiled keeping his hand on Prowl’s face carefully trying to sit on the table. “Think we’ve got time,” he said quietly.

Prowl watched Jazz up on the table, optics looking over his mate up there. It was wrong. It was in public; they could get caught. He leaned forward, sitting up higher in his chair as he kissed Jazz on the front bumper.

Jazz grinned, pulling Prowl up to standing. ::Come on, be adventurous,:: he said and slid his legs apart.

Prowl looked up from the Autobot sigil on Jazz’ chest as he stood. He took the half-step separating himself from the table and kissed his mate on the lips, his hands on the table to either side of the Porsche.

Jazz slipped his arms around Prowl pulling him down on top of him.

Prowl broke the kiss wide-opticed in surprise as he found himself on top of Jazz in the middle of the conference room table. Energon flushed his faceplates in a blush as he looked down at his mate.

::Ah come on, lover,: Jazz said looking up at his mate. He pushed himself up enough to kiss Prowl.

Prowl checked his chronometer, ‘We still have four minutes,’ he told himself as he closed his optics and returned the kiss once again, using his weight to push Jazz back onto the table.

Jazz moaned happily into the kiss, as Prowl licked at his lips. Jazz opened his lips and Prowl dipped his glossa into the Porsche’s mouth with a quiet moan of his own.

Optimus walked in, smiled. “I wouldn't worry. It has held more weight than that,” he said quietly.

Prowl broke the kiss, sitting up quickly. Energon flushed his faceplates again as he looked at the Prime.

Jazz groaned. “Let me guess you've done it too?” he said quietly.

“Yes,” Optimus said moving to help Prowl up.

“Thank you, sir,” Prowl said, checking himself over for any paint transfers. Last thing he needed was more evidence of this kiss in front of the other senior officers.

“Welcome,” Optimus said and helped Jazz up.

Prowl checked his chronometer again, ::He was a minute early,:: he said to Jazz with a tiny smile as he took his seat again.

::He just needs some time to settle down then,:: Jazz said.

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