

NSFW

FUCK

IT

GOOD

ENOUGH

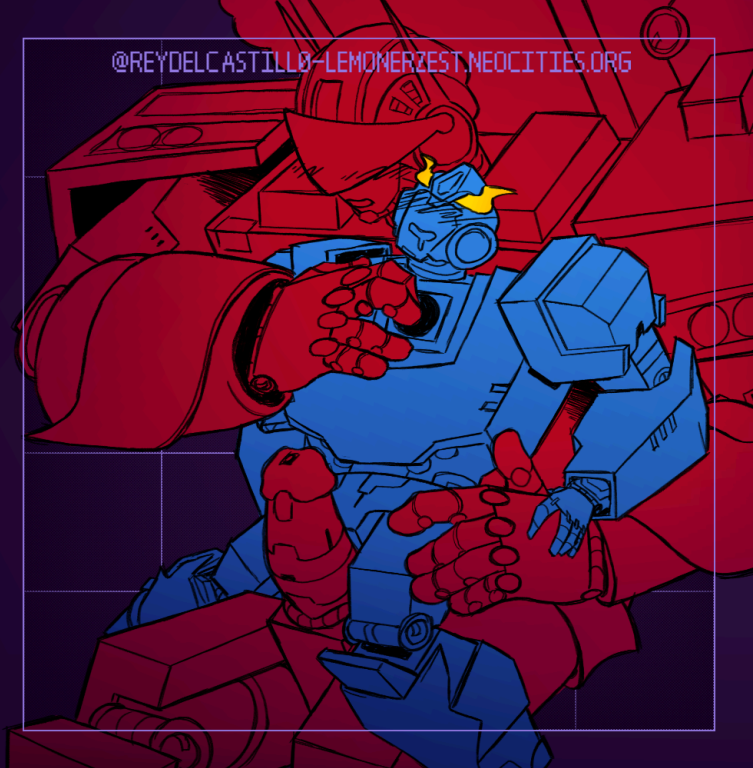
A FAREWELL

18+

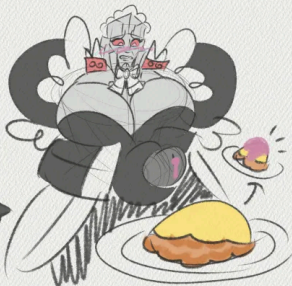
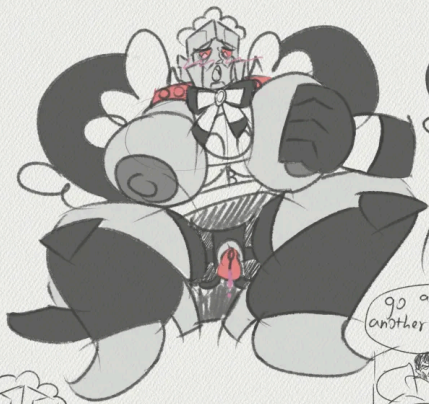
CREDITS

- 1 reydelcastill0-lemonerzest.neocities.org
- 2 NuclearJax
- 3 Gera the Horrible
- 4 DeadAngelCat
- 5 argitscumdump
- 6 - 12 In Worship of Thighs By NyonSuperstar
- 13 vileknight
- 14 ThunderTitty
- 15 blood-pomegranate
- 16 anónimo :D
- 17 GumsyBugsy
- 18 DogyDayz
- 19 minekidd
- 14 Vibingmaquia
- Cover Robot-Horde

@REYDELCASTILLO-LEMONERZEST.NEOCITIES.ORG



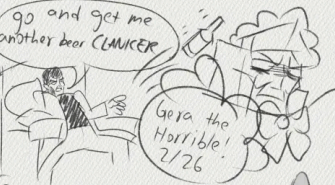


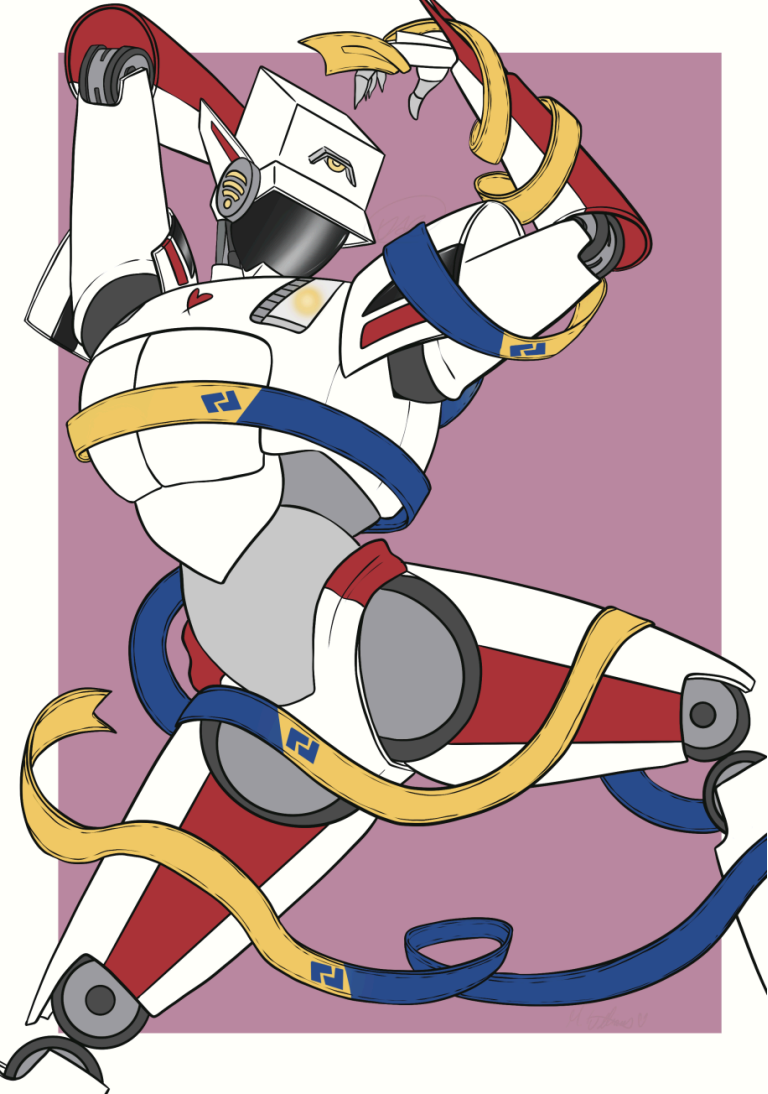


go and get me
another bear CEMICER

Gera the
Horrible!
2/26

Gera
the
Horrible!
2/25/26







In Worship of Thighs by NyonSuperstar

Ultra Magnus always considered himself to be a practical bot. He did his job, and he was good at it. There was nothing else to focus on.

Truly, nothing else... that he should have to pay attention to.

However, sometimes his desires were far deeper than simple instinct or thoughts. Sometimes he caught himself squeezing the bar so hard that it left a dent (which he would fix, of course, he was no ruffian).

Yet Rodimus paraded into Swerve's with such gusto, wiggling his aft and sauntering about.

With those perfect, round thighs.

Oh, how the Matrix's upgrades gave them such scandalous curvature! How his layered armor made the tops tease the viewer with a glimpse of protoform at the top of his hip. How cute he was when he rubbed them together as he walked (and with such a slutty little pay-attention-to-me walk!), Rodimus always put on a show with the way he pushed his aft out to lean forward onto a table.

Thighs

Thighs

Such beautiful thighs!

They were nothing short of succulent. How badly Magnus wanted to grab them, to wrap his tubes around and between them, and make them writhe as he stuffed Rodimus full of his fluid. They would be so perfect and cute squirming and painted with Rodimus' own lubricant and conductive fluid. Would they tremble? Would his knees wobble as hot exventilation flooded over them? Maybe Rodimus would even spit hot steam that would condensate into drops of water that would slide down his thighs in beautiful, cleansing rivulets. Perhaps the water would ripple with each each needful, pleased tremor.

His delectable red and orange plating would flare with arousal, making him look even more succulent.

It was all too vivid. The brilliant orange of Rodimus' thighs peeked out between Magnus' thick blue and white tubes, spread beautifully as they shook with pleasure. The heavy plug slotted in between Rodimus' legs, and secured into Rodimus' waiting latch with a satisfying click. They were fully intertwined now, locked into place by their own equipment. Rodimus rolled his hips with excitement as Magnus began to pump, letting his entire frame rock and bounce with each pump of conductive fluid. His thighs tried to squeeze together, but were held fast by the tubes. His electromagnetic field was abuzz with wanton desire, and Magnus could feel it all the way down to his struts. "Oh Primus! Oh Mags! Oh~! Oh!" He moaned.

The thighs were at their best wrapped up like this and quivering from pleasure...

Thighs

Thighs

Every pump from Magnus' tubes created delightful tremors, until the Prime was practically vibrating with arousal.

The mental projection was enough to drive him binary. How could a bot be so perfectly shaped? Surely he knew! Surely he was aware that such gorgeous legs deserved to be pampered, praised, to be wrapped in thick, sturdy interfacing cables and spread by a hefty hose!

He worshipped at the altar of Primes between Rodimus' legs. He gave his offerings and sought to please with pious adoration.

Such improper thoughts would do nothing to help with his work efficiency. Sure, he was off shift, but he could always go back to work. Work would be a welcome deviation from this perverse obsession that crept in time and time again.

He tried to distract himself with thoughts of scheduling, of audits, of reports.

Anything to year his attention away from Rodimus, who cut a sultry silhouette leaning over the bar to flirt with Swerve—, no, order drinks for himself and some would-be guests.

Ultra Magnus could be his guest, if he wasn't a coward. He could find the perfect combination of words to get Rodimus to leave with him, but there were billions of combinations of millions of possible words and sentences. How could he choose the correct one? Well, the vast majority of possible sentences would be gibberish, so that narrowed things down.

But his imaginings were interrupted by another beautiful pair of thighs. They were quiet and graceful, each step perfectly behind the next, here was a bot who cared for expertise and finesse. A bot who had spent centuries refining the art of swift movement to develop an expertise in killing.

Those thighs, too, were enough to stop a spark.

They could squeeze together as Magnus' tubes slid between them, beset by glorious friction. Their electromagnetic fields entangled until they became coiled together as one sentient magnet.

Together, they could be a world of electric wonder, writhing in delight as those curvaceous thighs were wrapped and wriggled.

They had a cat-like grace that slowly came unwound as the pleasure built, and it surged between them. Perhaps it would draw them closer together, delight permeating the static in the air. Thighs would flare apart, together, and apart again as pleasure and pressure built, and the difference in their size would result in a bit of excess conductive fluid dripping down between them.

They could revel in their proximity, wound together as deadly mechanisms drawn so close to climax, surging in power and desire.

Thighs

Thighs

They'd quiver as their owner was pumped to capacity, savoring attention and filling from Magnus' equipment.

Such glorious thighs would haunt him with every sway and step. They coursed wild need through him as they brushed against each other, as they pushed a silhouette outwards, as helms were tossed back in elation and climax. Wobbling and loose from far too much chargez they'd relax, still hot from the surplus charge.

Magnus wrestled his thoughts away as they pushed into the booth, thick black and red armor brushing up against cute orange thighs, as they conspired together without a thought to their voluptuous lower halves.

He made small talk with Swerve, commenting on the schedule. He complimented the improvements to the maintenance of the faucets, which the minibot accepted with flattered reluctance.

Ultra Magnus was well aware he was terrible at small talk, but he would never improve if he didn't try. Maybe it would have been for the best if they pretended to ignore each other, but Magnus wasn't the first pent-up bot here, and certainly wouldn't be the last.

He heard the third pair of thighs before he saw them; they were built in old hydraulics and strong joints. The compact power of a hauling-class mecha compressed into a medical frame.

Ratchet did not strut or saunter, but his new reframe emphasized his sturdy, practical thighs with a bit of hip.

How Ultra Magnus wished he could grab those hips, pull them in close, and have those powerful thighs straddle his own.

Ratchet always enjoyed a romp or twelve, and hadn't slowed in his old age. Instead, he'd only become more choosy about his partners.

Upon his return, he'd blossomed once more in interfacing, confidence and experience made him a fiend as his digits curled between other bots' thighs, low whispers and abrupt words.

Ultra Magnus tried to focus once more but he was captivated. He was always captivated by the casual power of those thighs. They could easily carry the weight of a mech three times his size, barely creaking from strain. They practically climbed into powerful tubes, added by practiced digits caressing said tubes until they were practically crackling with electricity.

They were freshly painted and shone in the neon-tube lighting. They would reflect a distorted mirror image of the digits that reached between them, sliding them open to make way for hefty, industrial-grade tubes. The memory of thighs bubbled to the surface unbidden.

Thighs

Thighs

There was no hesitation as they allowed thick tubing to encircle them and latch into him.

They were surprisingly flexible and pliant, moving with every shift in Magnus' motion. Precise medic fingers fondled the tubes encircling hips and the tops of his thighs. They did not resist his movements, but pulled him in, languid and almost tantric in his effortless coupling.

He was secret power, and beautiful skill.

Thighs that fueled white-hot desire and insatiable lust.

They brought him to the brink with effortless ease. Few bots interfaced for fun with such simple expertise, modest but competent. Sturdy thighs framed his own as Ratchet rode him, each movement securing more charge, building a riot of shared need between them.

Ratchet rolled his hips over and over, beckoning him into matching motions, whispering husky nothings...

Those perfect thighs—

The sensor in Magnus' knee flared, reminding him of how hard he was gripping it.

He released it slowly, placing both of his hands on the counter as he steadied himself.

Focus.

Forget the thighs.

Think about sprinkler heads. Door hinge audits. Next cycles schedule. Think of the next shore leave, for which he would schedule and specifically request that everyone have fun.

Think nothing of this.

He bit his lip, willing his vents to expel some excess steam from his smokestacks.

Focus on the sounds of the room. The voices of the mecha around him talking.

“Yeah uh, you got the stuff to make a Pan-galactic gargle blaster?”

“No, I haven't sat on a hand that big—”

“You haven't?”

“Primus, I'd leave so many paint transfers. They're white!”

“Yeah, but it's fifteen shanix.”

“So? Conductive fluid glows on black, too.”

“What's the problem?”

Thighs

“It complements your paint anyway.”

“I'm flexible enough...”

Thighs...

Magnus stared into his cube. The energon was unfiltered blue, the counter was silver. There were green and purple bottles on the counter. Red and silver rust sticks sat in the cup to his left.

"I'm gonna ask him."

"What I wanna do is sit on his cables, so bad."

"Yeah that's fine, I think I need it tonight..."

"Hey, Mags..."

"Pass me a straw?"

"Mags?"

"Ultra Magnus!" Swerve tapped the counter in front of him to get his attention, then gestured to the booth. "The captain is trying to get your attention."

Magnus turned, slowly.

Rodimus was all smiles, waving at him. "Hey Mags! Wanna join us? We're all going to my quarters soon!"

All three coveted pairs of thighs and the bots attached to them were close together between the table, knees pressed close, conspiratorial.

Magnus felt his hose twitch.

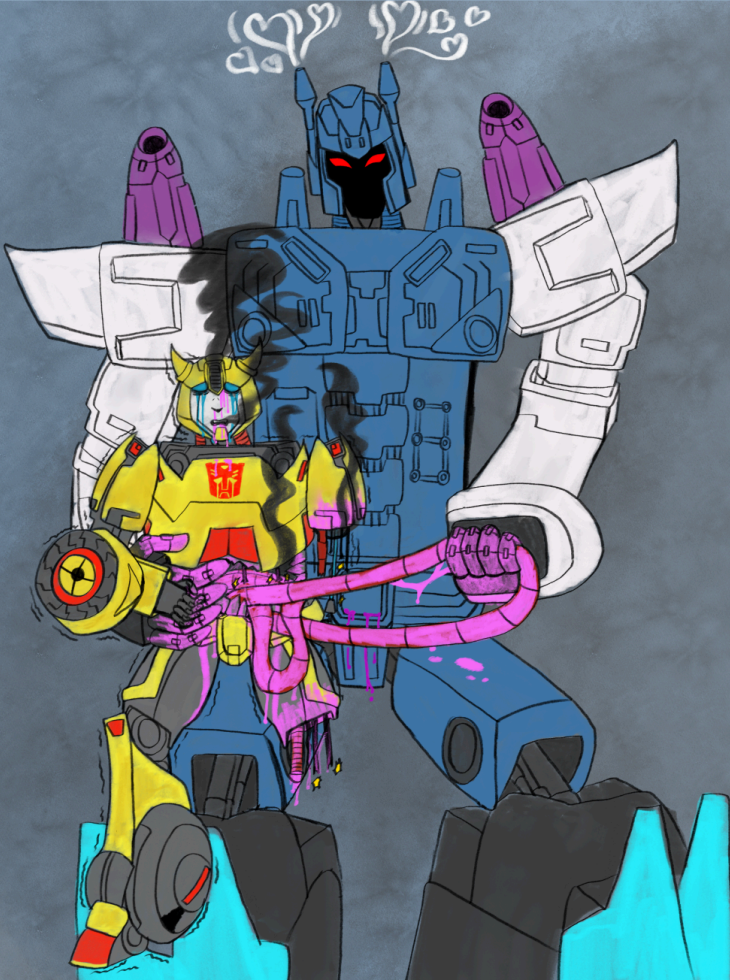
He paid for his drink, got up, and joined the thighs and the thighs and the thighs.



VLEBNIGHT



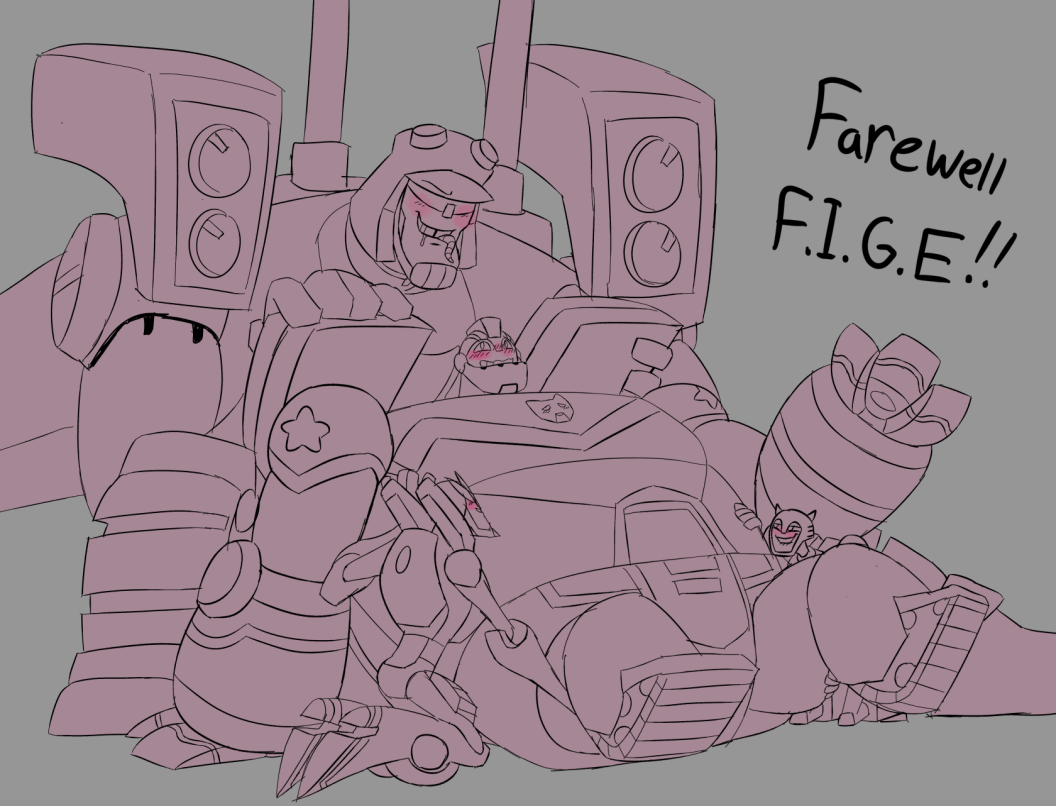
Sig
2016





HA It's getting hot
in here, isn't it?
HA HA he-ha HA ha

haa..
ha



Farewell
F.I.G.E.!!





@CICIDAVIBE

