

The First Rena Toy: Providing the Service

Ross smiles, waving at them, “It can do its very best, though it doesn’t have any technical skills as a mechanic to help you recycle the car, but if there is any physical labor it can do, please don’t hesitate to let this one to know. It has a lot of skills it can do to help relieve any stress too. Though it would recommend such breaks not be taken on company time. After all, it heard what you said about quotas and how Dasjina would be mad at you. It wouldn’t want to cause any of that to any of you,” it says with a loud squeak as it walks up to them, hips swaying in a teasing alluring way.

Rash smirks, adjusting his dirtied mechanic’s uniform, “Like I said, you came at a good time, and glad to have some help. Despite you...” he looks over the renamon, moving around her like the predatory anthropomorphic raptor that he is, “Not lacking in some respects, the no knowledge is one, I believe you are good at following instructions?”

Ross nods, “Very much so. This one will do its best to follow any command given,” he replies, the sleek red and black renamon toy, with only the dust on its feet dulling its polish.

The brown furred anthropomorphic female ferret pulls herself from underneath the truck, brushing herself off, “We are getting a toy?” she smirks before it shifts quickly to a frown, “Dang it. These pants are always coming undone,” she states, reaching down, pulling the pants up, clasping the strap around the top of her tail to lock it back into place. She flicks her tail, “There we go. So, what do we call you?”

“You can call this one toy. It hopes that works for all of you?” it asks, hiking its tail with a loud squeak.

The black scaled dragon takes in step with the raptor with his predatory look of the renamon, his eyes stare up and down the sleek renamon toy body, “What a positively lovely delight. And after all that you said Rash about Dasjina, and now we get this sweet, lovely eye candy to help us with our work? How could you be so wrong about her?” he says with a deep chuckle, flicking his wings.

“I said I take back what I said, Kromm and you’ve been commenting about the issues as much as anyone one of us. Though speaking about that and the quotas we have to fill. We’re going to have to stay extra to get it done. Otherwise... well you know what that means.”

Kromm crosses his arms, spreading his wings looking off to the side in the renamon toy’s direction, “Do we get to have that around during our overtime stay? At least then while we’re on break we could perhaps relieve some stress? Right?”

“I know as much as you do,” says Rash, turning to Ross, “Toy, how long will you be here?”

“This one is sure it is here till it needs to get molding and its Mistress will pick it up then. But in terms of absolute terms of time? It is sure at least the entire day. And this one doesn’t need breaks or gets tired. It is here to be of service,” it says with a cordial squeaky bow, its body creaking loudly, tail hiked to give a good view to Kromm who can’t help but admire the *assets*.

Feria shakes her head, placing her hands on her hips, "I'm not too sure Dasjina sent her to help or just to be a cruel trick to get you two too distracted to be of any use," she looks up at the renamon who has a clear foot and a half over her in height, "What can you do?"

"Feria, let me figure that out. I am in charge here."

"Right, right."

"Of course," he says, walking over to her, leaning over her, "If you want to take charge then take responsibility for any delays? I'm sure I could try to arrange that if you want," he says with a big tooth grin.

She holds up her hands, shaking them, "No, no. You can take care of that."

"That's what I thought," he says, standing tall, pivoting on his foot, facing the toy, "You have no skills whatsoever when it comes to dismantling cars?"

Ross takes a moment to think, rubbing his chin with a squeak, finger mindlessly slipping into its mouth, starting to suckle it. The sensation of such a feeling is so natural to him. The finger pops out slowly, a trail of saliva from his lips, "Not that this one knows of. But its purpose is to be of service and service in anyway it can. It will try to learn whatever you tell it to learn."

"I see... I don't think you could learn much in the way of a mechanic, nor it would be worth teaching you that, seeing your purpose is... distinctly not for that. Unless you're our new permanent member and going to be here for months if not longer?"

He shakes his head, "This one doesn't think it will be. Perhaps a week, going on how it goes through rotations of its work."

"That's good to know. If anyone asks for a tool, grab it. I'll give you a quick overview of the tools, so you'll know what they are, and if we need any muscle, we'll rely on you too for that."

Kromm scoffs, "Muscle? It's a fuck toy, what kind of muscle do we need, when we have me?" he asks, showing off his thick muscular scaled arms, flexing them.

"I've heard the toys are very strong and powerful, though easy to overpower."

"You've heard? From who?"

"Some of the other shops that got toys to assist them."

"There's only one thing I really want to use the toy for, and its not to be working on a car," he states with a wink.

Rash smirks, "We'll get that too."

Feria rolls her eyes, "You can only think about that hmm?"

"Please, you can't tell us you aren't curious how it feels," says Kromm.

"I'm getting back to work. We have a quota to fill, remember?" she says, laying back onto an under-car roller, "We could work a bit better if hydraulics to the lift wasn't busted, but not like we could have it work to get the car lifted then hold it there," she chuckles, sliding underneath.

"That's not a bad idea," says Rash with a smirk, "But I will let you all know we'll be working late today. Which is why I am asking the toy how long it will be staying."

Feria pulls out from under the car, her tail button unsnaps again, “What? Another late night?” she groans, adjusting her pants, fixing the unsnapped button, grumbling, “Damn pants.”

“We don’t have much of a choice in the matter. We’ve been down a person, yet our quotas don’t change. But I’ll make sure we get some lovely, ‘breaks’ in-between to help with the stress of the moment,” he says, looking over to Ross.

“I can agree to that,” chuckles Kromm.

“That benefits you for sure,” says Feria, sliding back under the car, “Let’s get back to work. The sooner we get done and caught up the sooner we get to go home, right?”

“True enough, but if we can get the car raised up, we’ll have easier access to parts to dismantle. Which I think instead of having you as a tool helper, we can have you do that,” says Rash, going up to Ross and smacking him on the ass, “You think you can do that toy?”

Kromm looks at Rash with jealousy as Ross responds after a soft needy, lustful moan, “Toy will do whatever you ask of it to the very best of its ability. It is not sure how strong it is as it's never tested such abilities, but one way to find out is to do it, right?”

Feria slides back out from under the car, “You can’t be serious.”

“I am,” he says, pulling out a key from his pocket, walking over to a floor panel, “Come over here toy,” he states, unlocking it.

“And what if it can’t hold it in place?”

“Even if she can’t, it takes a good minute for it to come back down, plenty of time to get out of the way in-case anything should happen,” he explains, lifting the metal grate to a large valve handwheel with flaking red paint. It’s connected to a pipe system that goes straight toward where the car is.

“That doesn’t make me feel confident.”

“If you wanted a job with regulations, you wouldn’t be here.”

“I think we all wouldn’t be here given the choice.”

Ross tilts his head, “Is everything alright? Is there something this one can do?”

“Right, right, enough of that jabbering,” says Rash, waving his hand off in the conversation, “Now, toy, you see this turn wheel?”

He gets onto all fours, tail hiking, leaning in closer, “Yup, this one does.”

“Good, I want you to turn it till it won’t turn anymore, that will raise the car. Now there is two very important things to remember. The first is to *not* let go of the wheel once you are done turning. And to especially *NOT* to let it go when someone is underneath. Do I make myself clear?”

“Crystal sir.”

“I wouldn’t mind a Krystal toy,” remarks Kromm.

Rash rolls his eyes, “Alright. Let’s see what you can do, get to it,” he says, taking a step back and giving the toy some space.”

“As you wish sir,” he replies, thinking, “*Good toys obey. Good toys serve. Good toys can be objects of use beyond sex,*” he thinks, shivering in delight, grabbing the wheel, turning it with relative ease. Though it quickly becomes apparently to him that there is strength and

leverage needed to keep turning the wheel and to hold it in place. He places his feet in small divots in the ground that force his legs apart, and he holds tightly onto the wheel and another leverage point to keep himself in place. It's not as *heavy* as the car itself, but there is a bit of force behind it nonetheless. Each turn raises the car, the mechanics standing back to watch with mixed results, from amusement from Rash, disinterest except in the toy's ass from Kromm, and reserved concern from Feria.

Once the car reaches its desired height, Ross holds it in place, his hands in the best positions he can manage, tightly gripping the valve wheel, making sure it can't move an inch under its tight grip, "How's this?" he asks, looking over to them.

"Impressive, not something I can do let alone hold so easily," says the raptor.

"You aren't as strong as a dragon, so that is a given," says Kromm with a sly smirk.

"Do you want to hold onto it then?"

"No, I'm good. I have the skills needed to take this thing apart, it doesn't."

"Thought so. Feria, are you good?"

She sighs, "I'll be as good as I'll ever be."

"Good, now let's get to it," he says with a raptoric purr, the trio getting right to work, disassembling the car down to its key components.

All the while Ross is helplessly watching, body exposed, breasts hanging just an inch over the cool ground, making its nipples perky and hard. The toy's tail swishes side to side, body squeaking, firm, tense, sex twitching, lips glistening in the light, and though he finds himself *stuck* and *bound* to the location, he's not growing tired. He's just as easily able to hold the wheel in place during the first opening minutes as the next few hours, and it's not because more of the car is taken apart making it lighter.

"I think it's about time for lunch, what don't you Feria go get us some?"

"What? Why do I have to go get food for us?"

"I'll pay."

She raises a finger about to say something but withdraws it, "Alright, I can do that, where are you thinking of getting?"

"How about Thai?"

"Thai? That's like a thirty-five-minute drive round trip."

"Isn't almost every place?"

"I better get extra time to eat then if I am driving."

"Sure, sure, does that work with you Kromm?"

"I suppose that will work for me," he says, eyeing Rash, who slyly winks at him, and he gives a subtle nod in return, "If you are paying, I ain't complaining."

He grins, "Perfect."

Once Feria is gone, Kromm pats Rash on the back, "The Thai place is the farthest place away she'd be willing to go. What is going through that clever guy brain of yours?"

"What do you think? She's been all huffy about the toy. I wanted to enjoy it while she wasn't here to complain about it."

Kromm's pants grow tight, "Is that so? I get first dibs on its ass."

"I wanted the mouth anyway, but I had a fun little idea."

"You have a fun idea?" he asks, flicking his wings.

"I like the toy to be nice and helpless. Why not fuck it while keeping the car up?"

He chuckles, "Oooo, I like that idea. You hear that toy? You're not allowed to lower that car as we fuck you," he says, unzipping his pants revealing his thick black draconic length. Pre-cum glistens on the cocktip. The dragon quickly kicking his trousers off to the side.

Ross moans, eyeing the length, watching Rash take his time to remove his pants, showing off his pink twitching flesh. His eyes torn between the two members, his holes clenching and relaxing, eager to be of service, "This one loves to be of service in every way possible. It is what a good toy does."

"I do like that response," says Kromm, spanking the toy on the ass.

Ross moans, feeling the weight of the smack against its sensitive black rear, his toes pressed firmly into the ground while he increases the strength of his grip on the wheel, not wanting to let it slip, locking him in place, exposed to the two predators around him.

Rash places his pants before the toy, using them as a cushion as he presents himself before the toy, his claws running across the renamon's muzzle, lifting the head, pulling it over toward his twitching length, "Suck."

"Yes sir," he replies, licking its lips, opening his needy mouth, wrapping his lips around the tip, tongue caressing the raptor's tapered cock head, taking a firm moment to suckle just the tip, hearing the raptor moan and buck into his mouth before Rash grabs the back of his head and forces his head down fully onto the length, "I didn't say just the tip!" he growls.

At this exact moment Kromm presses his cock against the toy's hot dripping sex, his cock slamming into the toy-to-be with little care about how he will hold onto the valve wheel that locks him into place. The dragon growls, moaning in delight, tightly gripping Ross' hips with his claws, digging them into its tough rubber skin that doesn't scratch despite how sharp his talons are.

The toy's sex squelches, the well lubricated hole being stretched and easily taking the massive dragon cock into his form. He closes his eyes, bobbing his head up and down on the twitching raptor length, taking it all into his mouth, slurping it down, tongue snaking around it to add to the pleasure while he deep throats it. His hips buck against the powerful dragon, whose force makes his breasts bounce against the cold ground, nipples being teasing scratched by the course ground.

"What a tight fuck hole it has," says Kromm, leaning down to put more of his weight into each thrust, arching his back, spreading his wings as he growls in domineering over the renamon toy. His heavy balls smack against the toy's sex with a loud squeak, while any moans the toy-to-be could possibly make are completely muffled by the raptor's dick, lodged deeply within the renamon's mouth.

Ross shudders in delight, hands remain tightly held in place, feet kept apart, kept in the crevices. His head bobbing up and down on the raptor's cock, suckling it down with ever

growing need. The balls kissing his lips, while vision is completely focused onto the raptor's nether regions thanks to the raptor's scaly thighs and caressing claws that guide the pace and speed of each suckle.

He's held helplessly in place, unable to do anything but take their abusive thrusts against his hungry needy holes. His body squeaking, stretching, creaking, grinding against them. Hands bound to their duty to keep the car up only some feet away.

"Good toys obey."

"Good toys serve."

"Good toys do as they are told."

"You are a good toy," whispers the voice in his mind, giving him the *strength* needed to be bound by his own duty as a toy, keeping that car suspended while being fucked harder and harder, spit roasted between the two scaly beasts.

The dragon's powerful thrusts help force Ross' head down onto the raptor's twitching aching length. Pre-cum spurts into his mouth and without pause he hungrily slurps down the salty appetizer, knowing the full meal will soon arrive at any moment.

Without realizing it the two predators get into synch with one another, helping the other enjoy the toy just that much more. To use it like the fuck object that it is, having zero clue that Ross was human, or was he? It's hard for Ross to even think about that, especially at times like this when he sucks and serves them, with little thought of his own desires. To be completely used by the two users, is all he needs to know, to follow through with their commands. To squeeze down hard on the dragon's dick, milking it, squeezing out that pre-cum, lubricating his length so it can slam harder into him.

For his mouth slurp away, take the very hilt of the raptor's cock again and again and again, only to want to do it more, to edge out that climax and bring it out to its fullest extent. Pop, pop. One after the other, hard to tell for anyone but Ross which one gave in to his constant use first. Their essence flooding his mouth, warming his sex. A surge of raptor and dragon essence shoved into him, which he happily slurped, squeezed, milked clean, not once letting his hands slip from that wheel valve. Hands so useless they might as have been in mittens or tied behind his back, but the fact that it was bondage of the mind over his physical form made the user's pleasurable release all the sweeter.

"Perfect," pants Rash, falling onto his back, his cock spent, but tenderly cleaned by Ross, not wanting to waste a single drop of the raptor's essence or to leave a mess on the floor, while Kromm rested on the renamon's ass. He milked him dry, eventually he pulled out, putting his pants back on. The two regained themselves well before Feria returned, who was none the wiser.

Ross watched the ferret, seeing her frustration in her eyes, thinking, *"This one knows she wants it. It can tell. But is too bound up in herself to let it happen. Hopefully it can be of service to her soon,"* he thinks, and later in that evening that opportunity would arise.

The car was lowered down, the engine block was removed, and now due to Feria having a slightly more extended lunch than the others was left alone with Ross in the garage while the other two ate in the breakroom.

Ross stands over the ferret while she's head deep into the front of the car, butt high in the air, tail swishing quickly from side to side, "Do you need any help? Any tools it can get you?" he asks.

"I got it. I don't need a toy to help me on this. I'm the only one flexible enough to unscrew these parts," she says, waving the toy off.

"You seemed very stress, anything toy can do to help with that?"

"Can you pay off a massive debt?"

He shakes his head, "Not that this one can think of, no, apologies."

"Then no, there is nothing you can do," she huffs, the clicking noise of a wrench is heard.

"It wishes it could do more. Just let this know."

"Look, the last thing I need is any help from a toooooooy!" she exclaims, her foot slipping, lowering her body deeper into the engine area, her pant button coming undone, "Damn it," she grunts, squirming and wiggling, "Well isn't this peachy."

"What is it? Need any help?"

"No, I got this, I'm just a little stuck."

"This one can help you get out."

"I said I got it, I don't need your help to get out," she says, wiggling and squirming the pants coming loose, sliding down to reveal she's been going commando this entire time, "God damn it... tell me if those two horn dogs are in here with me?"

Ross looks around, "No, they aren't," he replies, noticing the ferret's sex is puffy and wet, a visible shiver seen through her fur.

She sighs in relief, "Good"

"Anything else?"

She squirms within the car, tugging and pulling, only to lower her pants more, giving an even clearer view of her ever-growing heated sex. Feria's heart begins to pound and the cool air brushes against her warmth, "*God damn fuck it. Why am I turned on by this shit?*" she thinks, then saying, "Yeah, help deal with my issue there, okay?"

Ross grins, "With pleasure Miss," he says, grabbing the ferret's rump, her thumbs running across the wet folds.

"H-hey what are you doing?!"

"Helping you Miss like you asked," he says, giving another tender rub, parting the lips, revealing just how heated and wet she has become. He takes a moment to lick both of his thumbs, squeakily suckling on them as he savors the ferret's flavor.

"That is not what I-I-I...ahhhhh ffffuck," she exclaims, moaning softly as Ross' rubbery tongue runs across the folds, teasing and suckling along the warm vent.

"What was that Miss? It didn't hear that," he asks, hiking his own tail, giving another long tender lick across the folds, while his hands gently support the Feria, making her held up position a bit more comfortable while denying her the about to get out of it, keeping to the previous command to not to help her out of the truck.

Slow tender licks slowly pull-out soft moans that escape Feria's lips. Her tail stiffening, bapping against the toy's head and the roof of the hood with an audible metallic thump. Toes curling with each lick, tensing, relaxing, tensing relaxing. The rhythmic licks break down that harsh exterior, letting the lady to finally relax and have one of her essential needs tended to, the stress edged away under the soft loving licks of the renamon toy-to-be over her.

Ross wraps his entire mouth around Feria's sex, tongue sliding in deep, curling in and out of the folds, drawing out some of the delicious nectar that is being produced, a clear sign of just how much she's enjoying it.

The ferret knows if she tried she could yell and scream for the toy to stop, yet something in her stops herself from doing so. The cracks in her tough exterior continue to grow with the growing volume of her moans, which soon draw out the predatory scaley co-workers.

"Oh, what do we have here?" chuckles Kromm, approaching the pair, Ross not taking the time to explain, simply continue to lick and tease the ferret, preventing her from putting up much of a response at all.

Yet when Feria heard the dragon's words, her sex tensed, heart throbbed, the idea of being stuck like this, caught in such a compromising position made her body shiver, ache, bringing the pleasure to newer heights, the heat of the moment starting to burn away her judgement of the situation, letting it continue.

"We waited all this time to use the toy yet here you are using it when we went to eat dinner. How could you do that to us Feria? And here we thought you didn't like the toy," says Rash, with hints of sarcasm, crouching down to look under the car to see the ferret's blushing face, "You okay down there or do you need help?"

Feria moans, hands clenching onto parts of the car, her tools finally dropping, clattering to the floor.

"I'll take that as a yes."

"I say we help enjoy the toy then, I could go for another... ahh, a first try," says Kromm, when he catches Rash's gaze.

"I get the sex this...is my shop that I am running so I should get first try," he states, already undoing his pants.

"You know that is going to make it awkward when I pound the toy's ass. Every hole of it, should be in use," he states, crossing his arms, spreading his wings.

Rash pants him on the back, "I think you can find a way to accommodate it," he says, grabbing an extending undercarriage roller, rising it up, so he can slide himself right under the toy's sex, his cock twitching hard, hands on the toy's butt, driving Ross' sex down onto him, "See I helped," he said with a moan.

Kromm rolled his eyes, "Thanks, you're such a team leader," he remarks, removing his pants, climbing onto the bumper of the car, which bounces under his weight, taking his length and slipping into the toy's sissy hole, grabbing the renamon's tail in the process for extra support.

“Fuck watch it!” exclaims Feria, from the car bounce, gripping the car even tighter while Ross licks deeper into her wanting fold, the toy’s lips tug at the toy’s sides, pulling and toying with her sensitive flesh, making her scream in utter delight when Ross’ teeth ever so gently bite and pull on her vulva.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck, yes,” she moans, getting into the moment even more, encouraging the toy to tease with her body, loving the feel of the renamon’s claws running through her fur, squeezing her ass, parting her lips more, so he could just continue to work her over.

With deft agility Ross squeezes and rides both guys behind him. His tight rear hole takes the massive cock with ease, while remaining impossibly tight, the rubber providing the stretch and give needed to take the length while making each thrust into his body feel like it's the ass' first time of taking something so large.

Rash growls in delight looking up at the dragon that towers over him, not minding the view as he bucks up into the renamon’s tight well lubricated hole. Harder and harder he thrusts into it, taking it for the best ride he’s ever had. The warmth slick hole making each thrust as slick as it can be, his balls bouncing up to smack hard against the toy’s crotch.

Kromm’s claws dig into the bumper as he thrusts faster, harder, making the partially disassembled car rock back and forth with each and every delightful thrust.

Ross’ body takes the punishment, absorbing some of the shock to make the ride better for everyone else. His breasts jiggling to show the force and strength of the dragon and raptor behind him, while still able to tenderly provide the attention that Feria needs to be brought closer to her well-deserved, earned and needed climax.

Feria is unable to stop herself as she makes loud dooking noises to show just how pleased and happy she is at this very moment. Her body clenching hard onto the car, barely noticing its rocking back and forth as her head sways back and forth, her sex clenching tightly onto the invading tongue as the heat burning within her grows ever hotter, till it simply bubbles over. Her hips spasm, tail stiffens, and a loud screech of pleasure escapes her lips as her hot ferret lubricant squirts out right into Ross’ awaiting maw, who has taken opportunity to wrap his entire moth around the ferret’s sex, allowing him to suck the juices right out of her.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck,” she hisses, shuddering as the pleasure hits the peak. The other two still going at it for a few minutes longer, giving Ross the time, he needs to provide the gentle positive aftercare that Feria will need with slow tender cleaning licks across her wet exposed folds, holding her body up as the weight of the exhaustion of the hard climax hits her.

When the two men behind her reach their peak, unloading another but just as virile as the previous ones. Their hot essence gush into the needy renamon’s holes, which are hungrily suckled up and squeezed out of them.

Ross happily provides his service taking all of the essence he can get from both of them. They pant and moan in delight, Kromm being the first to slip out of the toy, some of his essence leaking out of the toy’s well-used rear, while Rash is pleased to just relax in his makeshift fuck bed, letting the toy’s sex squeeze and caress his softening member.

“I might say, this is one of the best late night shifts I have ever did work.”

Ross pulls his lips away from Feria's sex, giving one last nuzzle and soft cooling blow to make the ferret shudder and squirm within the renamon's grasp, "This one is pleased to hear it."

"As is this one," says K-2003, who is standing in the back of the shop, leaning against the back of the door, arms crossed its breasts, showing them off.

The three mechanics tense, Rash slips out from under the toy, jumping onto his feet, scrambling to put on his pants, while Kromm takes more relaxed approach, slowly slipping on his pants.

"Fuck, was there someone else watching?" Feria complains, thinking, "*Why is the thought of that making it that much hotter?*"

The sergal toy waves at them, "Don't mind this one. It is just here to pick up its toy as its time today has come to an end."

"Has it been sixteen hours already Mistress?" Ross says, still holding Feria in her position, tenderly rubbing the ferret's butt.

"No, but you don't work the entire time back here as this recycling center tends to close down by now. It wasn't expecting a long shift to happen like this."

Kromm snerks, "Recycling center?"

Rash adjusts his pants, "We had a long shift, and we were catching up. Toy here helped us relief some stress."

"This one is glad to hear it."

"We do have some long quotas to fill the next few days, will be okay we have the toy around during the entire time?"

"Well, if it is to help, this one can't say no. Recycling is important."

Rash slowly nods, "Right..."

"How much more time do you need?"

"Uh... two more hours?" he asks looking at Kromm.

"Two hours sounds good to me, Feria?"

Feria raises a hand, "I'd love to be part of this conversation, but I need a little help getting out of this."

Ross answers, "This one can help if you want it now Miss."

Feria sighs, "Yes please."

Ross with tenderness and care pulls her out, "There we go."

She looks over herself, a total oily mess on her upper half, pants hanging down by her ankles on the lower, "Yeah two hours will be good, I can't complain," she says with a blush.

K-2003 nods, "This one can manage that. It'll be back in two hours. Good luck you four," it says, waving, slipping out of the shop.

Kromm smirks, "I'd like to fuck that toy sometime."

"I wouldn't recommend it," says Rash.

"Why is that?"

"I hear it has ties to the boss' boss. And you don't want to get into that mess."

"Really?"

“It’s a rumor, but do you want to risk it?”

“I suppose so,” he says, looking over at the toy.

“Round three?”

“This one is here to be of service,” says Ross with a bow.

Feria glares at them, “Round three? You said this was your first time.”

Kromm shrugs, “Doesn’t matter.”

She sighs, “Lets finish this job and then round three. After I take a shower.”

Kromm and Rash look at each other in surprise, “Are you suggesting all of us together?”

She reaches up and pats both on the sides, spreading her oily fingers on their clothes,

“What do you think,” she says with a wink, getting back to work.

Ross smiles, happily thinking, *“This one is doing such a good job. It can feel it. It’s nearly complete.”*