

Marna carefully taps the container of blasting powder, pouring it into the back of what she perceives to be a rocket. The rocket has a small compartment at the front where a mongoose is going to be placed. She stops, thinking about the mongoose and pats the cage next to her gently. "There there..." The Draenei lowers her goggles, looks back towards the door and yells. "Mack! Maaack!"

Mack, a medium-sized goblin male with pale green skin and a slicked-back hairdo enters the room. He wipes grease off of his brow and stares her down. "What!? I'm workin here..."

Marna pouts. "Do we really have to use the mongoose in the rocket?"

"You didn't name it, did you?" He huffs, walking up to the bench she is sitting on. He tugs her tail with an annoyed expression, causing the woman to gasp. "Well? Did you?"

"No..." She lies.

Mack releases her tail, leaving it to wag back and forth without his grip. He hops up onto the bench beside her. "Listen, you dunce." He begins in a low tone, pointing up at her. "This here is supposed to be a snake seeking missile. How is it going to seek snakes if we don't have the snakes mortal enemy in the pilot seat." He throws his arms up. "Where the hell's it gonna go!?"

"It's a rocket." Marna states quietly, but assuredly.

Mack spits off to the side. "The fuck you just say to me, you cow?"

"I mean, you slightly green grease rag-" Marna leans down, getting in his face. "If it has to be piloted by Mr. Longoose it is a ROCKET!" She shouts.

Mack shakes his head, balling his hands into fists. "Tryin' to tell me, a master goblin engineer, the difference between a rocket and a missile!?" He pauses, staring her down. She doesn't budge. Her tail continues to wag happily behind her on the bench. In the midst of the immense tension they both close the distance until their faces are inches apart. Mack is the first to grab her horn to pull her all the way in, kissing her deeply. Marna leans on him, testing his strength by putting just a little of her weight on him as she returns the kiss and drapes her arms over his shoulders.

While still leaning in and kissing him she brings one of her legs over the other side of the bench so that they are facing each other fully. Mack is the first one to break the kiss. He leans back and takes in her appearance as she straddles the bench. He is still baffled as to how he lucked out in getting such an unusual Draenei under his wing. The woman stands about seven feet and six inches tall. She has an athletic figure and small breasts that he would never consider complaining about, as a c-cup on a girl Marna's size is still more than a goblin with Triple D's. As she lifts her shirt up for him he smirks and is immediately reminded of her most important feature. The auburn-haired Draenei woman is entirely down to fuck a goblin male gearhead that is just a quarter her size. She tosses her shirt away and leans back on her palms, spreading her legs wide. The woman had taken to wearing tight daisy dukes around the workshop ever since Mack hinted that they looked good on her. He steps close, digging his hands into her tits.

She moans. "Your hands are greasy..."

He lifts a brow and in annoyed tone snaps back with. "It's a workshop waddaya want me to-"

“Keep going!” She giggles, her nipples perking up right in front of him. Mack exhales sharply, running his greasy thumbs over them. She bucks on the bench, her cheeks flushing deeply. After several rotations of his thumbs around her perky purple nipples she falls back onto the bench, guiding him on top of her. He quickly draws out his cock, letting it flop down between her blue greased up tits. There is just enough meat there for him to gain purchase even while they are wet with oil. He presses them together around his dick and begins begins prodding at her lips. “You're sooo big for a goblin!” She giggles. As his cock grows and thickens she is able to tilt her head forward and fit the tip between her lips as he fucks her breasts.

“Shit...” He says breathlessly. Staring down, it is almost enough for him to cum right there; seeing her alien tongue circling the tip of his cock while she looks up at him with a sultry gaze. “How'd you get so perfect, huh?”

“Years of practice.” She coos, closing her eyes as Mack unloads over her face and down her neck. “That is a lot...” She is not surprised. Marna often wonders if all goblins have as much spunk as Mack, or if it is just him.

“Heh. Yeah.” Mack rubs the back of his neck.

She brings her hand to her face, running a finger over her cheek. She eyes the glob on her finger and pops it into her mouth. “That is okay. Have you refilled the shower with blasting powder?”

“Go. Did it this morning.” Mack grabs a nearby rag and uses it to clean himself off.

Marna casually walks back into the office of the workshop, using a small towel to dry her shoulder-length hair. Mack had moved to his desk after she left. He glances back at her. “Yo. Got some new schematics from your home town.”

Marna rolls the towel up and drapes it over her shoulders. “Bloodmyst? That is exciting for me, but I did not think you would have any interest in draenei artificing.”

He taps the large schematic. “It's not draenei, it's goblin. Take a look.” Marna tilts her head curiously. She unfolds her thin, round reading glasses and balances them on her nose. She leans over Mack's shoulder to take a look. It is a few minutes before she takes it all in. Once Marna has fully grasped the schematics she leans back. “Kinky, right?” Mack comments. “They sell this stuff, there?” He chuckles, marveling at the detail and craftsmanship going into what he assumes is weird fetish gear.

“What are they trying to do? Draenei Mount Equipment?” She questions. “Saddles, hooves, bridal, straps... They even added a set bonus if you have all the pieces put together. Isn't it a little strange, Mack?”

“I mean... There's less blasting powder than I'd liked to see. I can point out a lot of wasted space where we could add rockets or missile turrets. Other than all that, it seems pretty hot.” He grins up at her. “What, you don't wanna be a cute mount, Marna?”

She rests a hand on his shoulder, lifting a brow as she stares down at him questioningly. “Are you

kidding? Do you want me to be a mount, Mack?" She does not seem bothered by the idea, just a bit uncertain.

"Well... Seems like it could be interesting. There's almost no difference between this and bondage and you love when I do that shit."

Marna shrugs, thinking back to the few times they had done it. "You're right." Finally, she goes to pull up a chair and sit beside him. She leans over the plans, looking at them in more detail. "Alright, we can make this. Let's just go over it real quick and figure out how we are going to do it. There is actually a tiny bit of draenei artifice mixed in."

Mack's eyes light up. "Yeah! Yeah, of course." He watches Marna inspect the plans carefully, seeming to form a list in her mind. In his experience, she has a talent for calculation and a knack for cutting corners, but in a way that doesn't lead to a catastrophic failure. As a goblin, he had always admired that skill of hers from day one.

"Alright. Sooo, from the top." She pulls a blank page and starts writing with her other hand. "Gauntlets and Helm."

"Hooves and bridal straps with collar." He corrects.

"Okay. You're getting into this, I see. Two piece set: The Draenei can no longer stand upright, but walking on all fours becomes easier. Strength increased for carry weight and speed." She looks at him to see if he has anything to say about all that.

"Seems busted." He lies. "Daaamn, I wish I could wear this gear!"

"Uh huh." She goes on. "Chest and legs." She stops, waiting for Mack to cut in.

He feels it is his duty to say. "Saddle and Saddle straps."

"Mhmm." She continues calmly. "Four piece set: The Draenei's sense of duty and loyalty is reinforced. The Draenei's stamina is increased for the purpose of long trips." She furrows her brow. "Sense of duty and loyalty is reinforced? What does that mean?" It is the first time she becomes a little worried.

"Sounds great, doesn't it?" Mack comments. He is also not sure what that actually means, but he likes the way it sounds.

"I already like you and feel loyal, so what will it do, then?" He just shrugs, not sure of the answer himself. "Right. So, last pieces. The shoulders and feet. Or as you would call them, horseshoes and mount armor." She is tired of the back-and-forth and decides to simply preempt what he is going to say.

"Now you're getting it!" He compliments.

She makes a face to show him that she is unimpressed. "You know, I'm probably not the one who is intended to read this out."

"Why? You're my partner!"

She rolls her eyes and goes on. “Six piece set: The owner may now summon and dismiss the draenei as if they are a normal mount.” She sighs, pointing out the added text. “When you are tricking the subject into wearing this armor, take advantage of their races nativity. Stress things like honor, strength and duty. Once it is on you may drop pretenses, but it may help to ease them in to the roll beforehand by treating them like they are livestock. Give them pet names, feed them carrots. Just have fun with it, it is actually super easy.”

Mack blinks. “W-well-” Marna stands up. “Hey! Marna, wait! I didn't read that part...” He was not lying. He tends to lose interest in schematics when they don't involve explosions in some form.

She stops at the door and looks back. “What? What are you going on about? Aren't you going to fill the fabricator with blasting powder so we can do this?”

Mack grins excitedly. “Y-yeah! Right away, babe.”

Marna is sitting on her knees in front of the assembled products. “Apparently these are super cost-effective and lucrative. I've been looking into how they've been utilized at the Exodar. Biiig, big profits” She mentions offhandedly.

“You're still thinking about the business at a time like this? That's why I'm DEFINITELY gonna pull you out after I have a bit of fun with you. You've really done wonders for my numbers since you came on as my apprentice.” He holds up the hoof gauntlets. Marna slides her hands into them, feeling them tighten once inside until she can no longer feel her fingers, then eventually her entire hands up to the wrist. Instead, she is able to move and rotate the hooves as though they were her own.

“Oh wow.” She comments.

“What's up?” Mack asks.

“They actually feel just like my real hooves. I can't feel my hands, but I can move these just fine. I wonder if there's some type of nerve interface?” She looks at them closely. To Mack it is somewhat comical and he notes it down as maybe being worthwhile to just have her wear these around the office sometimes for a good laugh.

He manages to control himself. “Maybe. This is a test run for our own business, so let me know everything you're feeling and thinking, alright?” He asks professionally.

“Got it. Put on the next piece.” Marna tilts her head forward so that he is able to reach. Mack wraps the collar around her neck, then attaches the connecting straps which lead to a bridal. Suddenly, once the piece is fully in place, she feels an intense weight and discomfort that subconsciously drives her onto all fours. “Oh my! This is powerful.” She moves around and tries to get up or bring her arms up. “I actually can't get up at all. It feels like my skeletal structure and musculature has changed to accommodate the way I'm standing and moving right now.” Mack gulps and gives her an odd look. “What?” Her gaze trails down to his pants. She gasps. “Y-you're getting hard!? Are you into this?”

“I mean... Who wouldn't be into this?” He argues.

Marna rolls her eyes. "Alright, Mack. We can get kinky later. Just keep it in your pants for the test."

"Promise?" Mack chuckles, grabbing the remaining straps and pieces. "Well, let's speed this up, then."

Marna furrows her brow. "Don't speed things up." She says as he wraps the straps around her naked mid-section. "This is a test. We're not going to rush through this." Mack tightens them, causing her to let out a little moan. "Ooh... Okay. Not bad."

Mack grabs the saddle and prepares to drop it on her. A thought crosses his mind. "Hey, you gonna let me ride you around once this is on?"

Marna shakes her head angrily. "Come on! Head out of the gutter. Just put it on. We're trying to see what it does for now. We can do the kinky shit later. I-" He shrugs and drops the saddle onto her back, locking it in place. She suddenly begins shaking. Her head lowers and she seems to be cringing from where Mack is standing.

"What's wrong, Marna? Are you good?"

"I am not good." She states, still shaking.

Mack's eyes widen. "Shit, you need me to pull this shit off of-"

"I have been a TERRIBLE partner!" She looks to be almost in tears.

"Eh?" He takes a step back in shock.

"I would be absolutely HONORED to carry you on my back. As a mount it is my DUTY to serve you in that way." She insists emphatically, stepping forward to follow him.

"Holy crap, this thing is strong... Uh." Dirty thoughts flood the goblin's mind. "Well, she did mention not to rush things. I need to test this stuff out." he clears his throat. "What's your name?"

"My name is Marna, for now." She says to him. Her tone is respectful and direct. Very unlike the very casual way she usually carries on a conversation with him.

"For now, huh." He mutters to himself. "What are you, Marna?"

"I am a mount." She says it without hesitation, as though the roll is engraved in her psyche.

"Would you be fine even if you spent the rest of your long life carrying me around?" He inquires, poking her perky tits to see if she reacts. There is none.

"I would be honored, of course." She says, bowing her head. "Please make full use of me to your hearts content."

"Well, she would probably be mad if I didn't finish this." Mack carefully places the armor on the 'mount' and fits the last set piece. Once he does he feels an item suddenly appearing in his hand. It is a small crystal. He focuses on it for a moment and sees Marna disappear before his eyes. He gasps.

“Shit!” He focuses again and sees her appear as though nothing happened. “Feel any different?” He gulps, hoping the answer is no.

“I feel like a mount.” She says frankly.

Mack groans. “Right, right.” He removes everything except the saddle, the straps and the hooves so that it is just a 3-piece set. Marna's mouth falls agape. “What's up, babe?”

“Holy light... That, that was terrifying!” Mack nods sympathetically as he gets a nasty thought. “I was me, but I couldn't disobey or even feel like disobeying. I was like a trained animal.” Mack nods, stepping up beside her. He swings himself onto the saddle on her back. “I- What are you doing?” She asks, suddenly annoyed. “Can you not tell I am being emotional?”

“I'm riding my mount.” Marna's heart thumps as he says that. Either these are some residual feelings, or she thinks that this is somewhat appealing. “Personally, I think I like you better with a personality. Makes it more sweet when I do this.” He gleefully digs his heels into her side hard enough for her to feel it but not hard enough for it to hurt her.

“H-hey!” To her own surprise, she actually does begin moving around. She does not have her full bridal, so he instead leads her by grabbing her elegant, curved horns like the handles on a bike.

“If you hate it I'll stop.” He says genuinely. Marna bites her lip, hesitating to ask him to stop. “Do you want me to treat you like a mount for a bit?” She offers a slow nod and in response is given an affectionate scratch behind her horn. “There's a good girl. Such a good mount, Marna.” He compliments. Her face goes deeply, deeply red. “I need to run some errands. Are you gonna be able to carry me and my stuff there and back?” She nods, obviously quite flustered. “What's that.”

“Y-yes!” She stammers, her voice cracking.

He chuckles. “Alright, let's go! I wanna show off my new mount.” He digs his heels into her side again and rides her out the front door. Others begin to notice immediately. It is mostly goblins in the town, which almost makes it worse. To begin with, the situation she is in is already very humiliating, to say the least. But on top of acting as a mount, she is completely naked. Her tits are on display and even her tight, shaved pussy is being shown off as she carries Mack to the market on all fours. It would not be possible for her to go on, except for the fact that Mack's soft praise is being whispered into her ear the whole way. “Such a good girl, Marna.” As well as. “You are such a beautiful mount. Look at everyone staring. They're jealous, huh?” Then finally ending a little while later with. “You wanna just stay like this for me, girl? You wanna be my permanent m-” She stops and he feels her whole body shake. He looks back, seeing her cute tail wrapped down between her ass-cheeks, over her pussy and between her legs. “Did you just-”

“S-shut up!” She definitely just came and it is impossible to hide. Whether it is her light shaking or the juices seeping down her thighs. They walk the rest of the way to the market in silence, and then ride back, which for him was a hard and awkward choice. Certainly they could have gone back immediately but he was out of cola and they were halfway there already. She looks extremely distressed and embarrassed, so he pulls her out of the equipment the moment they get back, allowing her to get up, walk around on her own two hooves and take a shower.

Mack sighs, sitting down at his desk. He looks over the schematics again. “Shit... Maybe I fucked up.”

He groans, putting his head in his hands and just sitting there for about ten minutes, agonizing. Finally he throws his head back and screams. “Aaagh! What do I do!? She isn't just hot, she's good for business.” He mutters, narrowing his eyes. Without much else, he looks closely at the schematics. “The set bonuses worked... If she's gonna leave anyway maybe I should just-” He stops, hearing the sounds of her hooves on the hardwood outside the office.

“Hey...” She says quietly, standing in the doorway.

“H-hey! Yo! What'd you hear, babe?” He flinches as she quickly closes the distance, dropping to her knees in front of his chair. “Huh?”

Marna looks up with an infatuated gaze. “When's the next time we are going out?” She places her hand to her chest, blushing deeply. “That was actually so... Amazing! Did you see? I couldn't even make it to the store without cumming.” She giggles, sounding utterly embarrassed, but also incredibly excited.

“What?” Mack is almost speechless.

Marna stands up, leaning over the desk to look at the plans. “The concept is good, but maybe we could fabricate something for me without the other set bonuses. Those were kind of lame... I wanna be able to feel it and be myself while you're riding me around. Don't you agree?” She asks, just going off on her own tangent as he sits there dumbfounded.

“Uhh...” It takes a few seconds for Mack's head to stop spinning.

“Holy cow, maybe I am getting ahead of myself, but do you think we could sell this stuff to more goblins and Draenei here?” She offers, making some notes on the schematics. Mack sees margins and projections being written down skillfully and quickly on the page.

“You ain't leavin'?” He finally utters.

She gives him a look of disbelief. “What are you talking about, silly? We're partners.” She bumps him with her elbow jovially. “Now more than ever, right?” She lets out a chuckle, shaking her head.

He laughs nervously. “Y-yeah! Totally.”