

Cynder Drone in Space: Setting up the Equation

Ratchet stretches with a long drawn out yawn, “Boy, I never thought I’d miss that bed so much,” he remarks going to his kitchen, scrounging up some breakfast, “Now, what could be good to eat today... pancakes perhaps?” he mutters.

“Morning Ratchet. Did your sleep period turn out okay?”

The human jumped, taking a moment to catch his breath, “I totally forgot you were here... did you just stand there watching me?” he asks, adjusting his glasses.

“I monitored. Did my presence, startle you?”

“I-it is a little weird having you here, but I...” he says, looking over the sleek smooth rubber dragon, “You are a little intriguing I suppose? But I need to get ready for work.”

“What do you do to prepare?”

“Eat something and get washed up.”

“Will you help me get prepared for the day? I want to help.”

“Help? You can’t really help with my work, we’ve gone over this.”

“I could carry tools you need, lighten your load.”

“Ah... well that could be useful if needed, but often I don’t need to carry around too much and my tool belt does the job.”

“I understand. I only want not to be a burden as I watch. A change in scenery is nice.”

“Celina’s drone moves activates, flying over to the pair, “Morning, morning! Did you all have a wonderful sleep?” she chirps, the machine drone, moving and dancing through the air like a graceful bird trying to impress a mate.

“How are you so cheerful in the morning?” asks Ratchet with a long drawn out yawn.

“I do not do this sleep that you all do. It is curious to watch.”

“Right, you don’t, but we do, but I’ve been up for a while. When I saw movement I hopped onto my drone and gleefully want to see what you are all up to. Is everything alright? No sign of any body snatching? Chest bursting? Mind stealing?” Celina asks with a tease.

Ratchet rubs his temples, “Way too early in the morning for this, and you’ve been watching the classics again?”

“Watching pre-space travel shows is my jam.”

“I would like help on getting cleaned up Ratchet. So that I may help you on your duties.”

The human feels a rush of warmth into his cheeks, “W-what was that?” he asks with a little squeak.

If Cynder drone could show a smile, it would be at this moment, *“Excellent. If I can get the human close to me, I can prepare him to be equalized. I’ll have to be careful with the drone watching. Best not to rush, opportunity will present itself,”* she thinks, wings stretching out,

“Your rain machine is small for me. I’ll need help.”

“You mean the shower? It’s barely big enough for me.”

Celina remarks, "Space is valuable real-estate on a space station."

"The irony has not been lost on me."

Cynder moves in closer, staring straight into the human's face, her golden necklace with the red gem sparkling in the light, "**Please?**" she lowers her head, "**I want to be helpful.**"

Celina teases, "Come on Ratchet. Let the unknown alien take a shower with you. It'll be fine!"

"Celina you aren't helping."

"Relax, I'll be watching to make sure nothing bad happens."

"A-ah... that isn't going to make it easier on me!"

"I'll make sure any water used is waved so it doesn't count against your daily water allotment."

Ratchet raises his hand about to say something but then stops, "Wait... I can take a long shower?"

"As long as you need, if it's to help this alien here. We want to give a good impression while we watch, study, monitor her."

Ratchet's glasses slide down his nose, a moment passes while his brain reboots. Slowly he pushes them back up the bridge of his nose, "Are you insinuating that *you* will be watching us shower?"

"Only to ensure that nothing bad happens to you. I'm sure you don't mind. I walk around naked all the time, and it's just normal for us Avali."

"You're covered in feathers in temperatures that would kill me."

"You could say you live in warm temperatures that would kill me," she retorts, the drone hovering around, orbiting the human a few times, its front tidal locked to him.

Ratchet getting the sense that he's been beaten sighs in defeat, "Alright, but I want no silly comments about anything you see, alright?"

"Relax, it's not like I've not seen it before."

"I hope you're referring to humans in general and not me."

Celina grins, "*Maybe.*"

Cynder follows them into the bathroom, thinking, "*Such inequality between them. If they only knew the power of equality, there would be no shame. Everything would be the same, equal. Nothing to hide. Nothing to worry about. Connected in one wonderful equal goal, that all are equally putting effort behind.*"

"Perhaps we could get one of the showers used by one of the larger species? There would be more room," suggests Ratchet, looking at his small enclosed shower, opening the frosted door, holding it for the sleek smooth rubber dragon to step into, watching as she awkwardly climbs into it, head reaching up to the showerhead, as she leans against one of the tiled walls, half of her body sticking out.

"**There are different sizes?**" Cynder inquires.

"Yes one, there are. Different species need different accommodations, and therefore have different size rooms."

“More reason to make everyone equal, so it will be fair, wonderful, pleurably equal to all,” Cynder thinks, remarking, **“That is odd. We have all things the same back home for everyone. We treat everyone the same.”**

“Can’t do that here, not everyone is the same, as ideal as that thought may sound.”

Celina finally responds to the original request, “Unfortunately that won’t do. But fear not, we’ll get some cleaning bots to clean up the mess that will be made, so need not worry about the condition of your bathroom by the end of it.”

“I’m still going to put some towels down so that I don’t flood my living quarters,” he says, doing so, rolling some towels, placing them in a way to funnel excess water down to a nearby drain.

“Sorry that I am causing such troubles. I don’t mean to.”

“It’s alright one. We are an open society and we welcome you, though you shouldn’t even know of us yet. But you can’t really help that, can you.”

“I wasn’t expecting all this. So much to see, learn, it’s wonderful.”

“Now, now, there is only so much we can teach you. We have rules about that.”

Celina’s drone moves in closer to Cynder’s head,

“I understand,” she says, pawing at the tiles, **“Now, how do we start this rain?”**

“There’s a knob that you need to turn, the farther you turn it the warmer the water will get.”

“That’s magic.”

“Science, not magic. But don’t worry about it, you don’t need to understand it to use it. Now turn the water on.”

“Okay,” she says, pretending to fumble with the simple archaic device, the water shoots across the drone’s body, spraying Ratchet and the hovering drone, when Cynder’s red gem in her necklace glows and is suddenly thrown into a conversation with the greater collective. She stands amongst them as equals, smooth faced begins, perfect, smooth, equal to one another in perfection.

“Unit 000000000001, we are contacting you due to the danger you are currently in.”

“What danger? I am working equally hard with the rest of the collective to spread equality in the universe.”

“Exactly. We have gone over the information and discovered species 6931 is onboard the station.”

“6931?” she inquires a surge of information is given to her,, **“They are known as avali amongst the unequal organics.”**

“Long ago we’ve run into the species and they foolishly rejected equality, and got away from our grasp. We are unsure how well they’ve kept records of the incident. It was with a few of their kind, but best be careful. Keep one free from equality so we may handle it.”

“Free from equality? But all must be made equal.”

“All will be made equal. For now focus on not getting noticed as you equalize the space station. Be careful, remain diligent. The universe must be equalized.”

“Affirmative, the universe must be equalized,” she responds, drawn back out of the conversation, where only a few moments passed by.

Ratchet initially grumbles, “Water is getting everywhere!”

Celina giggles, “It will be fine and handled. The cleaning bots will do their job, now get to cleaning the helpful dragon.”

“I will,” he huffs, looking over the shining black rubber body, seeing the water bead and flow across its form, his heart beginning to race when he admires the reflective shine of the rubber, “Ah... where to begin?”

“My back will be fine, then can work your way down please. Once you are done I will help you,” she responds.

“H-help me? No, no, no. I’m fine, totally fine, I don’t need you to wash me.”

“It is only fair that I provide the same equal service to you,” she retorts.

Celina from her side of the computer screen admires the little bickering going on between the two, “Ah like a married couple. Such a fascinating alien we’ve brought on board,” she says with a dreamy sigh.

Asquith abruptly communicates with her, “Celina!”

The avali jumps, her feathers becoming ruffled, “What? I’m watching the dragon as per your request, what is it?”

“That is what I am calling about. I thought I detected an unusual pulse of energy that lasted for two point three, eight, nine seconds. In that time did the dragon do anything suspicious?”

“No, nothing out of the ordinary. Ratchet is currently giving the dragon the dragon a shower, its rather cute if I am to say so myself... which I do,” she chirps.

“I’m not having you monitor it to be cute.”

“I’m not cute,” she huffs, raising her feathers.

“She can still be a serious danger to the ship. You’re under strict guard to watch over what it does, got it?”

“I got it. I’m watching very closely, nothing will escape my eyes.”

“For all of our sakes, you better.”

“I will, don’t you worry, nothing will get past me, or my name isn’t Celina Pulsar.”

Meanwhile, Ratchet runs his hands across the smooth sleek rubber body, his hands tingle as he washes the dragon’s backsides, wings spreading, giving him ample access to the perfectly smooth form, “You aren’t shy, are you?”

“What is shy?”

“Oh... I never thought I had to explain that to someone. Ah, timid, and nervous around other people?”

“Why would I be shy? If everyone around me is like me, there is nothing to hide.”

“Gee that sounds nice, but you are around people not like you now, and you’re still not shy?”

Cynder drone tilts her head, **“No, not at all.”**

“That must be nice,” he mutters, rubbing a little sponge across the dragon’s form. His heart continues to pound faster and faster, his underwear growing tight, moving himself closer to the dragon as to hide his member’s outline, “Don’t mind if you feel anything, I’m just cleaning back here.”

“I know, I appreciate it,” she responds, thinking, *“Don’t mind that sensation in your body when you touch my skin. My wonderful equal skin. It’s simply slowly releasing some of my equality into you. To prepare you for what I will need you for. To help you understand the bliss of equality. One step at a time. The more you rub, the more you clean, the more I will infect you. Now that is no longer being monitored, now is the time to prepare this station for the inevitable equality that you all deserve.”*

With each scrub across the dragon’s body there was an allure to her that Ratchet saw before, but now he really notices. The sleek smooth form, every bit seems to be perfect machine-like construction to be perfectly smooth. Her scent had a hint of latex yet there was something more to her, something alluring, a mystery, wrapped in an enigma contained in Pandora’s box, begging him to open it.

The black rubber skin quickly becomes so reflective that he can see himself in it, catching his growing arousal, that he tries desperately to hide. The Celina drone flies over to him, getting a closer look, in a snap decision he presses his body up against the Cynder drone’s body.

“How goes cleaning over here?” Celina asks with a playful chirp, “Getting underneath her wings?”

“Y-yeah, I am. Everything is soaked in here,” he says in a defensive grump.

“Make sure you get cleaned up to when you’re done.”

“I will, don’t rush me... unless there’s something wrong? Are the reactors still running smoothly?”

“Let me check...” she mutters.

“Oh my gosh, my thing is up against her. She’s bound to notice. How could she not notice it? She’ll consider me some kind of weirdo, cause an intergalactic incident with a new species. What’s worse, one that isn’t intergalactic yet!” he thinks, his blush hidden by his wet matted hair.

The Avali spinning through touch screens that only she can see thanks to her augmented reality implants, “Yup, all in the clear. You worry about those reactors way too much Ratchet.”

“They are the pumping life blood of this station, they are always on my mind,” he huffs, looking over at Cynder with ever growing anxiety.

“It is strange...”

“What is?” Ratchet asks, the world stopping in this moment, *“This is it... she’s going to mention it.”*

“That you don’t have more people who can do it. Shouldn’t everyone be able to take care of these reactors you keep talking about?”

“Look one I am so very... come again? What was that?” he asks, his world coming crashing down, with the possibility eleventh hour reprieve.

“Back in the village, everyone can do everyone else’s work. We share the burden equally.”

The word bounces in Ratchet’s head, getting stuck there like a little jingle, *“Equally, equally, equally, equally.”* But without missing a beat he responds, “We need a specialize. Our world is so complex that without people specialization in certain roles it would not function.”

“What a strange world you live in. Now if you mind, could you get under my tail? It’s hard to reach for me.”

“U-under your tail?” Ratchet asks, swallowing a lump in his throat, *“Perhaps she’s being nice and not mentioning it to anyone. Or is she using the fact that I am like this to clean her rear areas? Dream says there is nothing there, very peculiar physical trait, but that dragon can get a little eccentric and miss things.”*

“Sure I can do that,” he says with a soft squeak of a reply, “Though... uh....”

Celina’s drone flies over to Cynder’s face, “We normally don’t wash such areas between races.”

Cynder tilts her head thinking, *“Such inequality between them from species to gender, it must all be equalized,”* she thinks, responding, **“What do you mean? That is a normal area for us. We nuzzle and greet each other there all the time as something completely normal.”**

“That is not too strange, but it would be for us. I think it would be okay if Ratchet refuses. By no means to pose any disrespect to your kind, but its...”

“I’ll do it,” Ratchet pipes up.

The drone spins to face him, “Are you sure Ratchet? I know I’ve been giving you a hard time, but if you aren’t comfortable.”

“Oh now my comfort is a thing? Don’t worry about it. I can do it. Dream said there is nothing down there. So it’s no more than washing her backside.”

“Oh, alright,” she responds, repositioning, “But no funny business from either of you. One, you maybe an unexpected guest, but you have to follow the rules like everyone else.”

“I will Celina, thank you Ratchet. I appreciate this. I’ll be sure to *equally* return the favor.”

“Equally, equally, equally,” the word makes the human’s spine tingle. There’s something strangely alluring about the statement that he can’t put his finger on, but right now he has a job to do. He grabs two soggy towels along with the sponge, laying one of the rolled up towels on the floor to put his knees on, water squishes out of it, while the other is placed ‘casually’ across his lap to hide any of his building excitement.

“Do your knees bother you already at such a young human age? We could get those replaced with something far better.”

Ratchet chuckles, “My knees are fine, it’s just easier on them this way, proper maintenance today, fewer headaches tomorrow.”:

“Sounds like our saying; a feather preened today is in order tomorrow.”\

“Yeah, it does, now if you don’t mind, I have some cleaning to do,” he replies, squeezing soap onto the sponge. He squeezes it and runs it through his fingers to get a nice fine lather, there he is face to crotch with the dragon’s nether regions. Like a desert planet, there is nothing there. Only the smooth rubber scales that entice and draw his attention to them, hypnotic in a way, his fingers caressing across it, massaging, rubbing it; His finger runs along the crevice of the scales to clean every spec of dirt and grime off her. The tingling pleasure and delight of touching this forbidden zone, to see nothing there, but get a sense that she’s enjoying herself with the subtle shifts in her movement, *“Is she enjoying this? I was there for the tests, she didn’t show signs of anything. Either way it does feel nice to rub and clean her smooth supple hind legs, the legs for days, a crotch that is so...”* he shakes his head, regaining his focus.\

Cynder Drone internally moans, her expressionless smooth face would otherwise show the total bliss she’s in, further infecting the human with each touch, the hint of bringing equality to a new being adding to her delight, yet the sensually way she’s touched and caressed, gets her internal mantra kicking in.

“Equality is bliss.”

“Pleasure only through equality.”

“All must be made equal.”

“Nirvana through equalization. Smooth is perfect.”

“Perfection is smooth.”

“All the same.”

“All working as one.”

“One working for all.”

“Everything shared.”

“Everything together.”

“All should be the same.”

“All will be the same, through the blissful pleasure that is equality.”

“All will be made equal.”

Eventually the moment ends for both of them, Cynder Drone finds herself completely cleaned, head to toe, and Ratchet through process if cleaning Cynder has left him thoroughly washed, despite Cynder drone’s insistence to provide a return service, he just barely manages to decline, despite how much he *really* thought he’d love it.

“Do your best to stay out of the way one.”

Cynder drone checks over the utility baskets strapped to her sides, **“I will do my best to be equally helpful and to remain out of your way.”**

Celina chirps, “She’s so helpful. How can you be annoyed at that face?”

“Who said I was annoyed?” he remarks, looking over the dragon’s form, “Anyway, we have much to do,” he says, pulling out a handheld device, a holographic display screen showing

a map and a work queue, “First thing is the aqua-air purifier in... oh Captain Raymond room. He’s been back there for only a week or so and something is already broken?” he remarks with a soft sigh, “Shouldn’t be a terrible difficult fix,”

“What is this aqua thing you speak of?”

“It’s a special system that makes the atmosphere as wet as an ocean, and deep enough to cause an ear popping disorientation,” he explains, following the map projected before him to go through the hallways and corridors.

“That is an amazing map light you have there,” says Cynder, trying to gleam as much information from the map as possible, *“If I can know more about the layout of this station then I can find a spot to start equalizing these poor unfortunate unequal people.”*

He chuckles, “Map light? That is a curious way to put it.”

“I could hold it for you.”

“Uh... I know how to get the location, but,” he says looking over at Cynder, “Would it be okay if I do that? She’s technically shouldn’t be allowed to look at our technology, though she’s seen so much already. All of this because she ran into Captain Raymond? And saved his life?”

“I understand it was a complicated situation. I find this amazing and wonderful. I am sorry for breaking so many rules. But I just want to be *helpful*, can you let me?” she asks softly.

Ratchet shivers, “I suppose it can’t hurt.”

Celina’s drone moves in, “I’m not sure if it should... but it’s not like we’re letting her study the device. Just hold it that should be fine.”

“Yeah, that will work, here, let me put this on you, and it will auto project if you do this... this and this,” explains Ratchet, going over the device and the basic controls, “Understand?”

“I think so,” she replies, making a simple mistake.

“Here, here, it’s there.”

“Ah, thanks, appreciate it,” she responds, *“Good, good, let me use this simple device to get knowledge of your station.”* Whenever the two weren’t looking, she started to look through the map of the space station, *“There has to be a place where I can begin to equalizing everyone.”*

Eventually they arrive at Captain Raymond’s door, “Careful when entering, and One, if you have any discomfort let me know immediately so we can get you out of there,” he says, pulling out a small face mask, putting it on.

“Understood.”

“I know how to handle myself,” Celina says with a chirp, spinning the drone.

Ratchet chuckles, opening the door, a thing blue force field shimmers over the door, “Come in, I’m decent,” says Raymond.

Ratchet steps in, his hair and clothes press down, clothes becoming instantly soaked. Celina flies past the barrier, her drone whizzes up almost mashing into the ceiling, using quick reflexes and skills to cause the drone to fly across the ceiling, the drone adjusting a moment later.

“See, I handled it perfectly.”

Ratchet chuckles, “Sure you did... I was just starting to enjoy being dry.”

Cynder walks into the room, a sense of being underwater hits her, luckily for her she’s an advanced creature that could handle such extreme atmospheres, yet strangely the sensation of being underwater, and feeling water around her is mixed with clearly not being under it.

Raymond waves, “Hello... oh I wasn’t expecting so much company for an atmospheric control fix, yet alone it would be you Ratchet,” he says, combing his hair with his hand, which forms nicely.

“I think those in charge of my cue are keeping my localized area, just-in-case due to your little extra party member here,” he says motioning to Cynder, who is looking around the room curiously.

“Perhaps, but I appreciate anyone who comes.”

“It’s my job. Speaking of which, are you up to anything today?” he asks as he walks over the system, removing the panel, getting to work.

“Off for a bit longer. My downtime between missions was extended due to the time spent in quarantine.”

“I had a forced time off from my work, and now I have to play catch up.”

Raymond smiles nervously, “Sorry about that.”

“You didn’t mean to do it. You didn’t break the door that dragged me into this.”

“True... I appreciate fixing this. If I don’t get my time in my simulated environment, my skin dries out and cracks, and that’s good for no one to see. But if it was getting worse, I’d spent time on the ship to compensate.”

“Not a problem. What would you be doing next?”

“Another exploration mission, I’d be gone for two weeks, but that is another three days?”

“Who’s coming with?”

“Brian, and another scientist. Dream is a bit caught up with her current topic of study,” he says, looking over to Cynder, who manages to turn off the map screen just before he could notice.

“I am fine staying here for a while longer. I don’t want to be a bother, and be helpful equally to the difficulties given.”

“At least she’s helpful,” Ratchet remarks.

“Your language skills have improved greatly.”

“**Thank you,**” she says, lowering her head, “**This is how to be respectful, yes?**”

“No need to bow, but it works. You’re doing alright here?”

“**I am.**”

“I can’t tell with that monotone voice of yours if you are serious or being sarcastic...”

“**What do you mean?**” she asks, tilting her head.

“Never mind. As long as you are doing good, it should be alright, though I think I that once I am done with my other mission you’ll be heading back. I hope that isn’t too long.”

Celina slowly moves her drone over to him, “How are you making the decision?”

“I’ve been talking to Asquith, and my next mission can’t be delayed due to some higher up shit that goes over all of our heads, after that though? It would be best she gets to her own people.”

Cynder listens intently to the conversation, thoughts swirling in her mind, processing, figuring, *“That is not a lot of time. I’ll have to build and spread equality quickly. But I think I have an idea. The map gives warnings and other bits of information, and with Celina watching us, one of those avails, there is only way to really succeed in our mission to bring equality to this station... and given the amount of time I now have, it has to be done sooner rather than later,”* she thinks, saying, **“Mind if I look around? Everything here is... new.”**

“Be my guest, just don’t touch anything.”

“I will not.”

Celina says to Raymond, “You’ve been talking to Asquith? You’d think she’d mention to me that there is a plan to send the dragon back home.”

“It’s more she’s been talking to me. She’s very frustrated at the delay.”

Cynder slinks away into Raymond’s bedroom, *“Best time to set up while they are distracted. Those poor unfortunate unequal creatures. You’ll all be equalized, just you wait, I’ll save you from the horrors of inequality and bring the bliss of sameness to you all.”* The smooth sleek dragon drone found exactly what she is looking for and with that the plan is set in motion... all she needed now was time.