

"Oh, dear..." The lovely looking stranger gaped, then rose her golden eyes to the two last standing patrons. Harley looked as though she were holding back all her worry with a cheeto. The female Gravant went on gently, "Um, I'm sorry to pop in. My name is Andromeda, and this package flew out of my portal, and it isn't at all addressed to me...."

Harley and Engel's eyes dropped to the box—and Engel be damned, it was his parcel.

"Huh." Engel chirped with a playful smile curling at the corner of his mouth. "Well, that oddly worked out."

Andromeda peered down to Freddy as she stepped fully through the portal and into the messy shop, carefully stepping past him as she did. She surveyed the area then closed the distance between her and Harley who already had her hands up to take the package.

"Well that's great! Thank you so much! Wait—" Harley looked at the package, then back to her. "Did any others come through?"

Andromeda blinked. "Others?"

The portal did that glitch again, catching everyone's attention as they turned to the violently rippling thing.

Freddy, the poor guy, groaned as he lay back flat on the floor. His hand came to his head, rubbing it. "Wha-?" He looked around him, then to the portal that was making that coughing noise again. "Oh no—"

Like a tidal wave, the portal whooped again, then began spitting back the mail which it had previously lost. Spewing it all around the room to make more of a mess than it already had before. Without fail, every other package or letter hit Freddy in the face with its long spew. Leaving him covered in them and likely sporting a few welts where they landed.

"Oh my." Andromeda sighed once it was finished.

Engel scoffed a short laugh, then placed his hands on the counter, rising back to his full height. Still laughing, his head shaking, he laid his pink eyes on the room one last time, then burst into a dry laugh. It was all pathetic. These poor two guys wouldn't stand a chance, and Andromeda? Well, she was at the wrong place at the wrong time, it seemed. But... might as well put big brain to good use.

"Freddy," Engel began as he shucked off his jacket and placed it on the counter. "Unplug that thing. Clearly there's an issue with it. Harley," He was walking to the front door, locking it, then flipped the open sign to closed. "You call a mechanic. And Andromeda, was it? Are you doing anything today?"

She blinked, nervous that she was being addressed all of a sudden. "N-No, not necessarily."

"Great, would you mind helping us pick these all up. None of this is going to get fixed and I don't want to go back to my boss without knowing this stupid thing is going to be sent out at an acceptable time. With the four of us, we can get this cleaned up, sorted, and on our way, how does that sound?"

"You'd do that?" Harley preened happily. "Really?"

Engel rounded the counter to enter the back of it, for once taller than the lot of them there.

He watched a moment while Freddy did as he was told and had unplugged the portal that blipped out quietly.

"You have me til three."

"Alright team!" Harley clapped, not wishing to waste a second. "Andromeda you do the letters. Freddy and I will do the parcel's, and uh—" She looked at Engel wh's tail flicked.

"Engel."

"Engel! You sort them! Each letter has an area, all you need to do is put them in that area into each of these baskets. They'll be sent out to the appropriate mail person or shipped to the correct area via the portal once its fixed. You understand?"

"Easy enough."

"Awesome, let's get to it!"

Between the three of them, there indeed was enough hands to get everything cleaned. It took two hours, lots of bending, and a few questions, but the place in time was clean and floor was visible again. When all was picked up, the three had joined Engel in the sorting making that task go by even faster.

When all was said and done, the room was clean once more. Just in time, too, the clock was inching to three, and there was a tap on the door of the portal mechanic.

"This worked out!" Cheered Harley, who was prancing to the door to unlock it for the green crook who tipped his caddy hat.

"Broken portal?" He asked tiredly.

"Back here!" Freddy called, waving his hands to gesture for the crook who waltzed on in to him.

Engel pushed hair back from his forehead, parched and a little tired from all the work but was happy to see the room in an organized state. He was irritated that this took time away from his own day, but he would have felt a certain way had he left the two to fend for themselves like this.

Andromeda, quiet and sweet-smelling, walked to Engel, where she held his parcel. "You know, looking at the address again, it's right next to where I live. I could drop this off at my neighbor's if you'd like."

Engel's eyebrows flew up, looking to the address on the box as though it might confirm that, then he looked back up to her and offered a small smile. "Ya know? I'd bet my prickly boss would love that."

She giggled, then looked to the portal. "I think I'll just fly home. Its not too far and I don't want that portal fritzing out on me."

"Smart." Engel concurred, and Harley laughed.

"I don't know how to thank you both. I could offer-"

Engel rose his hand, his head shaking. "You don't owe me anything. All I want to do is go back to my room. I need to get ready for work soon anyway."

"And I want to get back to my boyfriend." Andromeda sweetly expressed. "This was fun! I never thought mailrooms were so much work."

"You'd be surprised." Harley laughed, then smiled as the two of them looked to be heading to the door of the shop. "Maybe I'll see you guys again? And if you ever need a job-?"

"Nice try." Engel purred as he opened the door for Andromeda. Tossing over his shoulder as he let the door shut behind him. "Good luck, you both."

Standing there with Andromeda, he gave that same short smile. "Thank you for taking this. Boss lady would have been a nightmare to deal with if it didn't get sent."

"Its no worries at all!" Her smile only grew. "Good luck with your work day Maybe I'll catch you around!"

"You as well." They nodded to each other, and before Engel could see her lift off, he was already walking away, back towards the casino.

What a day.

He didn't need to help them, but there was something about taking charge like that which was different and exhilarating. He had done it well... Everyone had gotten that place clean and all were in a chipper mood after. Maybe he could...?

What about Dazzle?

No, he couldn't just leave him there. As much as Engel wished he could start some kind of life for himself, there was another sad soul trapped within the walls of the casino that needed his help far more than that mailroom ever would.

And that was a silent promise he would always keep to himself.

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