

The barmaiden put a plate on the table, then refilled the patron's mug. Without looking at her, Gwenyver grunted what seemed to be an expression of gratitude devoid of any cordiality, her bold face scaring the poor girl.

"Knife-eared bastards", she thought. She was grateful the mayor covered her expenses, but she wasn't so keen on staying on a place ran by elves. She had no respect for them, hiding in their forests instead of joining civilization like any level-headed, able-bodied individual should.

The tavern was quiet, almost overly so. It was a small town and, due to the problems she was hired to solve, not many merchants had made their way there, the flow of money to taverns and inns grinding to a halt. She finished the simple meal and climbed the squeaky stairs to her room.

In the dimly lit accommodation, Gwenyver checked her belongings. For a knight of The Order, she traveled with way more baggage than her equals. She knew from experience that hunting critters was completely different than fighting her own kin, and she wasn't afraid to adapt. Traditions were essential, but there's only so many traditions you can keep before the cost you your life. Besides, there's no such thing as underhanded tactics when your opponent isn't even human. Studying her weaponry, she thought about what to take.

"Goblins". She almost retched as the words left her mouth. This kind of work belonged to first timers, mercenaries or adventurers getting their feet wet, but orders were orders.

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Brandishing the reins, the rider picked up speed. Sunlight was nearly extinguished, the sun against the horizon like a huge orb of flames, dyeing the sky in a deep orange. Cloak fluttering against the wind, sacks tightly tied to the white horse's loins, the rider knew about the dangers that lurked, but there was nothing that could be done now aside from rushing to the nearest town.

His eyes focused on the road, the rider almost didn't notice the faint glimmer on the dirt road. Pulling the reins to the side with force, the horse reared. As it landed on its front legs, the rider could finally take a better look. Caltraps.

"Get off the damn horse and make it quick!" said the voice coming from behind. A glance to the side revealed a crossbow primed and ready. As soon as the rider's boots hit the ground, a trio flanked them. Faces covered in crimson rags, snake-like yellow eyes, bent-up ears and unimpressive height.

The voice came from the one in the middle, wielding a sword with two hands, which seemed to be a shorter blade likely stolen from a less fortunate traveler. "Let's see what we got here... And don't try anything funny, pal" he said, pointing his sword at his teammate, wielding a crossbow almost as big as himself. "This is almost too easy", he chuckled as he approached the horse.

A simple wink escaped the rider's eyes.

Before the bandit could react, his chest was smashed by a full-on kick from the horse, flinging his body across the road. The sack on its loin fell, spilling out its contents. Dirt.

A bolt flew, but before it could even leave the crossbow, the rider's heavy cloak engulfed the attack, trapping him to the ground. Gwenyver drew her mace, her shadow engulfing her last opponent, her red tabard looking

crimson under the late sun, her long blond hair flowing in the wind.

In a desperate attack, the goblin lunged at her with knives in hand. The knight's lips contracted in a smirk as her enemy's arc, seeking her throat, only met Gwentyver's dark boot, the kick launching the small green body through the air. When the shooter could finally get rid of the cloak, the only thing he could see was a fist flying at his face.

"Good job, Feuer" she said, stroking her horse's mane. She dumped the fake cargo, then used the ropes to bind her assailants, strapping them to her horse. Ending their lives would be almost a sign of mercy, but she wasn't fond of ruthless violence. They would get what they deserved by the hands of the law.

The town was still ways away, and Gwentyver wasn't sure if there were any reinforcements incoming. It would be wiser to find some place to camp. Picking up the reins, she rode away from the beaten path.

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Fire crackled in the glade. Gwentyver took the criminals from Feuer and tied them to a tree. Finally in safety, the knight took off her gear. Contrasting with the amount of tools she usually brought, the pale lady wasn't fond of heavy, encumbering armor. Of course, it was useful in case you were facing for the cold bite of a war axe, but chasing satyrs through a forest or stalking crafty kobolds in clanking full plate would spell certain death.

She favored leather over metal, donning a tight vest beneath The Order's tabard accompanied by simple pauldrons on her shoulders. She was fond of steel on her arms, however, the leather gloves and gauntlets outfitted with shiny plates to help deflect blows. A belt kept her tabard close to her hips and also gave her quick access to an assortment of trinkets and bottles. Her most curious piece of gear, however, were her thigh-high boots.

A couple of belts and buckles kept the thick, dark leather held tightly against her powerful legs. That, combined with the very short garment protecting her privacy, left her thighs in display. Subhumans were still made of flesh and she well knew the power of having your enemy's blood flowing to the wrong places.

Stripped down to her tabard and belt, feet on the comfortable grass, she made sure to rummage through the goblins' gear before calling it a night. All non-humans weren't trustworthy, but goblins were specifically devious. A small dagger hidden inside the hem of one's pants. A small, circular blade behind a mechanism in the belt buckle of the other. She was used to those tricks, but the third goblin managed to surprise her.

Pull his mask and bandana away, Gwentyver uncovered something strange. The cloth hid away a dark blue, shaggy shoulder-length hair and, while her eyes were the same treacherous yellow, the face was rounder and less angular, pouty lips covered in dark paint.

Gwentyver raised her eyebrows in surprise. The crossbow-wielder had spent most of the brawl trapped underneath her cloak, so she never had the opportunity of noticing how her hips were wider than her shoulders. Her pants, with patches sewn with the finesse of a butcher, hugged her thick thighs tightly. She retrieved a dagger from her belt and cut the goblin's vest loose.

Layers of binding cloth fell down, making the restrained flesh bounce

free, covered only my a thin white shirt. The knight was impressed at the volume, bigger than even some human girls, their pear shaped barely hidden by her clothing. The goblin groaned, contorting her face, her senses slowly coming back to her, the welcome but somewhat humiliating lack of pressure in her chest makes her eyes widen.

"What the hell do you think you're doin'?", she snapped, trying to stand up, then realizing her arms were tied to a tree. "Let me go!" she continued in her shrieky voice, her attempts to free herself only made her body jiggle for Gwenyver's amusement.

"Stop squirming, you savage" she said, her gruff voice cutting through the goblin's. "If it's freedom you want, I will give it to you, as long as you cooperate. The goblin scoffed. "The hell d'you want?"

"It's simple" replied the knight. "I shall untie you. You will get up and take off your clothes". The goblin furrowed her brows like it wasn't the first time she was requested that. "Sure, yeah, fine..."

The ropes came off and she got up. Her eyes darted around the glade, looking for a way out, though Gwenyver stopped her in her tracks.

"Trying to run away now won't do you any good" she said, making the girl tremble with her stern voice. She didn't seem completely resigned to her fate, but she complied for now.

The top came out smoothly, revealing her green skin covered in darker freckles across her chest, its plentiful volume topped by even darker nipples that pointed slightly outwards. Her bottom hung on her hips for second, until she saw the knight playing with the pocket knife that was previously hidden under the belt. With a sigh, she kicked off her boots and pants, showing off her wide hourglass figure.

"Typical of savages", thought Gwenyver as she looked at the dark hair between her legs, covering her intimacy. "Ok, now what?" asked the grumpy girl, arms crossed, trying to hide her features.

"It is very simple", the knight replied while walking towards her. "You repent for your crimes."

Gwenyver wouldn't be a worth member of The Order of Light if she didn't strive to better the world, and she had a very particular way of doing that.

Heroes aren't only measured by their immediate actions, but by their legacy, by how they've changed the world long after their passing. And what better deed than making sure your offspring populates the world, bringing non-humans and humans closer together?