

MEMORIES & MONSTERS 1: NEW FOES

The beast came at her again, all clanking armor and silver edges. She quickly dodged out of the way, spinning herself around a small tree to stab him in the back. Her blade met his armored arm instead and scraped off with barely a scratch. He reeled around, slamming his axe clumsily against the tree she had just been bracing herself against. She was gone by the time the weapon struck and she heard him groan in frustration, his annoying noises echoing in his armor and reverberating throughout the woods. He was an impossible challenge for a small goblin like Skaut, her svelte frame was not suited for heavy combat like this. With her large ears light green skin, and trained upper body, she was fantastic as light defense in the woods but almost completely outmatched in a fight against a heavily armored opponenet. Regardless, if she didn't stop him here, he might harm someone in the village. Worse, he might die there and then even more like him would come. She had to end this fight here and now, no matter what it took.

Skaut scrambled up a tree, hiding amongst the green leaves to catch her breath. Her long brown hair had come undone during the fight and she absently wrapped it high while searching for her pursuer. Below and several trees over, the knight was still struggling with his axe. He had buried his gauntleted hand into the crack and was attempting to free the weapon with it. Skaut rifled through her own belongings. She was not prepared for this fight, wearing just a few scraps of clothing and cobbled leather that could only charitably be called armor. She had a small bow, useful for rabbits, useless against this threat. Two broken daggers that now held her hair, a single shining one, and a small hatchet that was currently somewhere on the ground. She could always use her claws and teeth but against his fully armored body, these would only crack.

"Hey," she shouted, her voice cracking from exertion. "Hey, you leave."

"I can't!" He shouted. She imagined for a moment how loud his own voice must be inside the helmet and laughed. "I'm here on orders! I need to meet with your Boss."

She rifled through the Common language she had picked up, mostly from interactions similar to this.

"New orders. Mine. You leave!" she commanded.

He grunted hard, finally freeing the axe from the wood. "That's not how it works!" he shouted back.

He whirled around, trying to locate her from her voice. She snapped back into her hiding spot but was caught by her shoulder. A strap of her leather armor had been cut loose and was now trapped amongst the small branches. Some of her clothing had come with it, exposing half of her pale-green chest to the woods around her. She cursed at the knight for ruining her clothing while also being thankful at the hesitation it had caused in him earlier. She had already assumed a lot about him, including the assumption of "him" and this revelation confirmed it. He was a clumsy fighter, ill-suited to be in the woods, and this inexperience, mixed with his reaction to her exposed body, let her know he was probably younger. No longer a child but not a seasoned adult, something else she was thankful for. She knew she stood a chance.

Pulling her strap loose, she attempted to tie it back, failed and gave up quickly. She let out a frustrated grunt and a second later felt a rock whiz by her head. That bastard wasn't giving up. She could run but he'd just go deeper, looking for her home. She had to find a way to turn him, here and now. She pulled once more at her strap when the idea hit her. There's no way whoever ordered this whelp around would have given him full armor, he didn't deserve it, nor could he use it. She hopped from tree to tree, shaking branches against other branches as she leapt until she was able to get behind him. She saw exactly what she expected.

His own straps were all over, holding the armor together and giving it the appearance of something greater. In reality, it was a collection of metal plates haphazardly held together, much like her own, only made of polished metal. The straps

themselves were painted silver, not an exact match to the metal plating but enough that she hadn't noticed them in their initial fight. A cut here, a slice there, and he'd be reduced down to his underclothing. Just a few minor bruises and scrapes after that and the dog would go running back with his tail between his legs. There might be some repercussions for that but nothing she and her village didn't already deal with.

She would have to be exact; her single remaining dagger would still break against the metal if she wasn't careful. She reached to her belt, pulled a broken blade, and tossed it slightly away from her into a nearby tree. The fool fell for it easily. He approached the distraction and was almost underneath her, no more than fifteen feet or so. She shifted slightly, readied for a jump, felt a crack under her feet, and came tumbling down with a branch. The knight tried to turn but was smashed against the oncoming leaves. Skaut tumbled with the fall, twisting one ankle on the impact but rolling to her feet regardless. She stumbled over to the knight who was thrashing on his belly and trying to get the leafy end of the branch off him. She made three swift cuts, severing the two straps on his breastplate and digging under for one for his leggings. The knight shouted in fear, even though she thought she drew no blood.

Skaut had to retreat, get to a safer position and wait for him to discard his own armor before coming in for the decisive attacks. She winced at her ankle, hobbling towards a nother tree to hide. By the time she made it a few dozen paces away,

he had finally freed himself. She hid by a large root that had risen from the ground, surrounded by two bushes on either side. It gave her a perfect vantage point to see with very little risk of being seen. She saw him stand and begin cursing. Some of the words she had heard before, some she was not familiar with. She would have to ask the Boss what some of them meant if she made it out of this.



She saw his breastplate fall to the ground. He tried, in vain, to put it back on, lacking both the ability to fix it and the strength to hold it up for very long. He let it clang to the ground after just a few attempts. He breathed heavily for a moment, regarding his lost armor. His arms remained covered and two additional straps covered his chest, presumably holding the back of his armor up. A single strap went from the top of his leggings up and over his shoulder while a final one hung loosely from his leggings. His body was mostly smooth with only a light trail of hair crossing the middle of his chest and driving down his stomach. Sweat glistened against the waning light of the day and a few trails of blood could be seen smeared across his body. They had been fighting for a while but she had not cut him, directly at least, and she wondered how the blood had come to be there. He wore no undershirt, confirming her suspicions as a rookie knight, or maybe just some fool who had stolen a set of armor. The sight of him sent an extra beat to her heart that she blamed on finally seeing the weak spot of her foe.

He roared, took a single step in her general direction, and fell face first into the dirt. His left knee no longer corresponded to the same space in his armor, causing him to appear to spasm before he fell. He yelled again, this time into the dirt, before getting back up. She saw him pull a small dagger from his side before she retreated back under the root. He was going to try and kill her. After a moment of panicked thinking, she raised her head again to a hilarious sight. The fool had cut the last strap of his legging and was in the middle of taking them off. After a quick moment he stood, chest puffed out in anger and arrogance, and surveyed his surroundings. His small knife was nowhere to be seen. He was still wearing a helmet, his back was protected, and his arms were still covered fully, but otherwise he was standing in tiny underclothing that could only barely be called that. They weren't much more than scraps that left very little up to the imagination. Still, Skaut felt her mind wander momentarily as this very silly, but somehow somewhat appealing, man appeared before her. The fight had been a hard one, and she had even found herself enjoying it more than she anticipated. This extra flutter

within her was waved off as that, nothing more than a healthy respect for a hard opponent.

"That's enough!" He shouted into the air. "Come face me, goblin!"

Despite herself, she laughed. It was just too much. He still thought he had a chance, even when he looked so... vulnerable. He caught the small giggle and began treading her way, pushing over branches, bushes, and his own armor. She flew into a panic and hopped up from her hiding spot, doing her best to scramble into the treetops again. He was fast approaching, and she had only seconds to climb. Her ankle flared and she slipped, catching her belt and satchel on the way down. She caught herself quickly, looked his way and saw that he was only a few feet from her now. She redoubled her efforts, pulling against her own clothes to make it up quickly, no matter what she lost. By the time she made it to the top, she was missing the rest of her daggers, her arrows, and the bottoms of her clothing and underclothing. She cursed herself, seeing as now she was just as exposed, if not more so than her foe.

She leered down at him as he rifled through whatever of hers had fallen. He found only the unbroken dagger useful and held it in front of his helmet. He lifted the visor up, inspecting the weapon a little closer before he let it drop down to his side. He looked up at her, spread his arms to the side, and cleared his throat.

"Alright. I'm sorry. Come down, I just want to talk," he said to her.

"I do that, you split me in half," she hissed back at him.

"What?" he said. "I mean, with what? Your little dagger?" He asked. His voice seemed somewhat genuine, but she assumed this was some sort of trick.

"With axe!" She said, as if answering a child.

"I lost that." He lied, or, at least, she thought he lied.

"Lies! You leave!"

"I told you, I can't do that. I have orders," he said with a sigh.

She had enough of his lies, she needed to get rid of him, send him away. Even if she had to kill him here, come whatever may, she would. She was out of regular weapons, nearly naked, and running out of energy for this fight. For all the

negative thoughts she had about this knight, he was a strong opponent, full of stamina and will that almost made up for his lack of skill. He could not be underestimated. She ground her teeth together and flexed her hands, she could see his throat. If he opened his mouth again, she would tear out his windpipe.

"Leave!" she shouted, "Go or die!"

He sighed again heavily and looked up at her. "Look, I've been sent here to try and establish rel-" She leapt at him.

She landed on him with a thud, her claws finding his throat with ease, holding back for just a moment before she pulled on his flesh. His hands flared above his head as he fell, one getting caught in a tangle of vines but the other staying up in an act of submission. She looked into his raised visor; deep green eyes stared back into her. They were full of fear and something she couldn't quite identify but they seemed without malice. She felt him shift under her, and a shock ran through her body. The look in his eyes came into focus and her own softened for just a moment. They both breathed deeply with adrenaline, fear, and something new.

His underclothing had been knocked to the side in the fall, exposing his hidden armament beneath. She had landed squarely on his length, pressing his hardness against her exposed body. She was resting heavily on him, pushing himself into his own stomach, the pressure pressing firmly against her as well. He was shaking with fear and anticipation, his own hips slowly shifting for room. She pushed her hand deeper on his throat, gently sliding herself with the motion. Her heart raced as she looked into his eyes and her grip softened. He was a worthy opponent, maybe... maybe she could rout him another way. The idea was fuzzy in her mind but overwhelming. She rocked again, partially enveloping his front. He was sizable. She shouldn't go this way, this wasn't... what? She rocked again, this time sliding to his peak and back again. Why shouldn't she? There may have been reasons, but they were far away, quiet voices balking at her actions. He was slick with her already. Again, she rocked, fighting to regain control of her adrenaline filled mind. Her hand moved down to his chest, gripping what hair was there instead of his neck. He remained in place,

shaking as she stroked against him, his hands never moving from their submissive pose. She enjoyed the way he shook, the fear and excitement made him look almost cute, instead of the life-threatening beast he had been before.

Before... before! They had fought, he tried to hurt her, he would hurt her again, worse, her family. She snapped back to reality for just a moment. She wanted this, desperately wanted to know what he felt like, how he could fill her. But he was a foe, a trespasser, a threat, and... would she be any better taking him like this? He was defenseless, she wanted this, but it was without honor, without agreement. She lifted herself from him, separating their heat for just an instant. Fear filled her as his unbound hand swung down, coated in armor, holding her knife. She felt the sharp touch of metal on her hip and gasped as she was sure she had been stabbed. But there was no pain, only cold and firm pressure. She looked down, seeing his gauntleted hand on her hip, his thumb dug into the crease of her, the knife resting on the leaves beside them. She looked back at him, into his emerald eyes. There was still fear but the overwhelming lust had made itself known and would not be denied. He wanted this; he wanted her. His hand pushed her back down and she sank back onto him. He pulsed underneath her, eager for more. She felt herself twitch in response, the movement shaking through her whole body. She rocked forward, gliding along him again, knowing they would not stop here.

With each movement, their breaths grew longer. He bucked beneath her, holding her hips and setting a rhythm. She glided along him, losing herself to the feeling each time she rocked back. He would be too much, this is how he would split her in half, not with his axe but with a new danger. She knew that some pain was coming but she didn't care. She rocked forward again, staring into his eyes, growing her body used to the idea of accepting him. Each time she moved up, he dipped lower, brushing his tip against her threshold. She toyed with that space, holding back as much as she could, savoring the feeling of a near miss each time. Like their battle before, they were both intense fighters, pushing just at their own limits, brushing with the inevitable with each and every strike. Sweat built up on her forehead, dripped

from her short nose, and fell onto his chest. It felt to her like a signal, the right time to give into this fully.

She rocked forward heavily, sliding heavily and grazing his belly button before arcing down and guiding him into her. It was a tremendous motion, her body pushing open with force. She could feel herself stretch, gliding along his length as he dove into her. He pushed his back up in response, reaching into her just a bit deeper. For an instant, she retreated up him, then pushed back onto his shaft. The force was intense, more than she could have prepared for and she winced a few times as new depths were met.

"Are you ok?" He asked. His voice stupid and annoying to Skout's ears.

"Quiet," she snapped. "I want." she said sharply.

"You feel am-" he started.

"Quiet. Orders." She said and pushed herself further.

She looked down, comparing the paleness of his skin against her green. She enjoyed the appearance of him disappearing into her but was shocked he had only entered about half way. She would not let this opportunity go, she may never get it again. She began to ride him, slowly at first, savoring each time she closed and opened for him. He groaned loudly into the woods, a sound she found less grading than his voice. With each new stroke, she strove to push him in deeper, always feeling like she was making progress but never quite sure if she actually was. Her pace quickened, matching the rhythm his body was begging for.

He was sweating, his chest and legs becoming covered in dirt and leaves. His hips bucked with her, demanding more and more from her body with each stroke. She pressed down, growing fond of how much further she was going. Enjoying the squeals of this human, enjoying the release into their temptation. Goblins had no strict taboos about lovers, but she knew humans did. She reveled in taking him like this, of pushing against his chest, of the large quivering body beneath hers. The controlled force of his hand against her hip, the desire welling in his eyes. This... may be something she could get used to.

His pace quickened, rocking underneath her and pulling her hip down onto him harder each

time. Each throbbing pulse rubbed away at the sharpness of her mind, of the clarity of thoughts. She could feel heat brimming within her, whether it was him or her, she could not be sure. Her body shook with pleasure, and she pushed herself upright, straddling him with just her legs. She dropped, lower and lower, until she finally felt it. She hit the base of him, fully impaled upon his body, reaching deeper in herself than she thought possible. She screamed out in that moment, shocking even herself as she writhed on him. She stopped, only for a moment, before rocking again slightly in that space.

He had reached the deepest part of her, a spot that was a mixture of pain and pleasure she had never felt before. She wondered at it, rejoiced in it, and moved only slightly to test this new sensation. The hesitation lasted only a moment and before long she was thrusting herself back upon him. His free hand moved upwards, grabbing her waist, resting just under her exposed breast; he struggled with his restrained hand, and gave that up quickly. She felt the heat well in her again, heard his breathing become more rapid, and knew what would happen next. She would not hold back, come whatever may.

She lifted slightly, rocking him slowly up, away from that deepest place. She could feel him swell, or maybe that was her. It was hard to know exactly anymore. He clenched his hand on her, began to moan, and his reactions sent her over the edge. She slammed down hard on him, pushing herself far beyond the pleasure she thought she could have. Her body shook, her breath caught in her throat, he pulsed and released deep inside her. His moans echoed through the forest, she likewise, released her own, both of them mixing together in a chorus of desperate ecstasy. They pushed at each other, grasping at their partner's body without thought. They slowed, moving only in short bursts, occasionally stopping before pushing back against each other again for a few more strokes.

She collapsed onto him, feeling his body breathe under hers. His heart was loud, his breaths were too long, but there was a warmth to him she could not deny. He grew softer inside her, an easing of pressure that she enjoyed as long as she could. After just a few moments, her legs

began to cramp, and she pushed herself off. He spilled out of her, releasing another shock of pleasure to her body. She stumbled and he gently caught her with his open arm. She righted herself, stood, and looked down at him, the fool she had just conquered. He pulled his hand down, towards his helmet, removing it with some effort.

She was right, he was young, how much so she didn't have context for. An adult for certain but only by definition. His beard, what he had tried to grow, was unkempt but still somewhat charming in its incompleteness. He had deep green eyes, a soft chin, and a strong nose. His black hair was somewhat longer than she had seen human men keep them and looked unkempt. She smiled at him, both amused and somewhat pleased to see his face.

Until he opened his mouth.

"That was... you were. Hi, I'm Aiden," he tried.

"No. Quiet. You ruin," she said with authority.

"But can we talk about why I'm he-"

"No," she said, picking what was left of her clothing. She stood over her dagger, regarded it for a moment. Then she picked it up too and placed it in his free hand. "You go now."

He looked at her, his face switching between amusement, sorrow, and confusion. He said "I'll go, but I'll have to come back. I have orders."

She walked away, redressing herself and taking a great deal of pleasure in the sensitivity of her body as the clothes brushed against her. Her ankle still flared but the pain felt distant now. She rounded a tree, losing sight of him for just a moment before taking one step back.

"I here too." She smiled, sharp teeth shining in the joy of it.

EPILOGUE

"Sir!" Aiden stood tall, hand saluting his captain.

"Well?" The captain asked. His overgrown gray eyebrows forming a look of curiosity and annoyance. "Were you able to make contact with the goblin Boss?"

Aiden's eyes shot to the floor, then to the side. He remembered his failure but then his... success? He had gone over his report in his head hundreds of times on the walk back. A few dozen more as his armor was repaired. Still, in this

moment he found himself pausing and not knowing exactly what to say.

"Aiden!" the captain barked. He stared intently at Aiden, then sighed and softened. "I recognize that this is a difficult and... honestly foolish task. I don't know exactly what the king expects here. These... others. Goblins, orcs, gnolls, mimics, dragons, lizardfolk, even the demons, they've done fine on their own thus far. I don't understand why the king wants them brought into the fold now."

"They are in our land, they are ours to care for," Aiden responded thoughtlessly. The idea had been beaten into him during training, but now the captain made the idea feel hollow.

The captain paused, regarded him, lips folding into a frown under his thick mustache. "Yes, that's what we're doing. So, were you able to make any relations with the goblins?"

"Um, yes. Yes sir, I was. I was given this dagger, as a... token, sir," Aiden said.

"Good," responded the captain. "Let's build on it. Keep it up Aiden."

"I'll... do my best, sir!"

GOBLIN'S DAGGER

Weapon (dagger), uncommon

This thin blade is meant for attacking weak targets with little to no armor. If you're attacking a creature with an AC of 13 or less, this dagger gains a +1 to attack and damage rolls for the first attack made on your turn.

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