

A Chapbook From Asterion:

six amorous poems which are certainly canon,

but do not necessarily have a place in the game currently,

but are still worth sharing.

[from KangaRube:

I wrote these in the spirit of Asterion Minoides of Krete musing upon his growing affection and arousal toward the MC; these were the sketches on the way to the poems in Chapter 20. The kinds of thoughts he has as his passion grows, from the bashful to the wanton. However: among the many written, these ones do not have a direct place in the game itself. Regardless: I present them here as if Asterion presented them to you himself, perhaps chanted to a lyre tune. They have been arranged to go from longing— to action— to satisfaction. I thank the Muses for their aid, and sing their praises here, and in another song.]

Epigram on touch.

What tightens tail and arches back? His touch:
it makes my spine a proud and rigid curve.

"Ode to a certain frantic mood"/Bottom-heat
scattershots.

A longing filled me tight with emptiness,
then knocked me down into a cloud of steam.

What tension's this, an emptiness which strains
the innards, straightens tail? What is this ache
that hitches struggled breathing, makes one feel
that depth acutely in his arch of back,
a breath forever in?

To draw, to hold,
to flush: To fly: a lark spurred singing on
with eagles' flight around the heart.

My heart:

It echoes loud to muscles round to make
that ache for worked satisfaction (that
warm ache which calls to be made sore and loose)
exhausted, full, and conquer'd.

So each breath
makes stand the hairs down neck and back; my hand
can't keep them down, can't even reach quite far
enough.

He only touched my flank, yet now...

Fellatio quatrain.

My muzzle bows in meadows hugged by hills--
To graze begets a peace no satyr knew.
The air-- it's thick with peace-- o'erlooked by oak--
Arkadia: was always it so close?

Breather between breedings.

The sweat runs down my rump and makes me know
the rounded supple sensitivity
which presses me behind with hungrier
brute instincts than I've known. Through all my life
I've carried loads, but ne'er before has weight
on my broad back fulfill'd and goaded so.

Afterglow.

There radiates an ease from stomach's pit:
a warm and sleepy ease that won't allow
a weighty tension'd thought to even pass
through mind. That said, it forces lazily
an arm around (yet tighter in a hug)
a man (whose weight was just upon me)— or
an arm of his, while he keeps hold behind
(his essence, though, still left within, which gives
a calm ambrosial, confident, that gives
a soul in love repose, relief from such
a frenzied mood so thoroughly dispelled).

A first draft from Chapter 20.

[This last one I have not edited or fixed up like the others, but will leave as it was while I was first writing horny verse and ideating around Asterion's wants and needs; it is the first draft of a poem that got heavily rewritten for chapter 20.]

"My reach behind--

A spring coils up my back and pulls my breath--
At bath: here, thought I to cool wanton fogs,
but fingers slick with cleansing oil brush clean
the musk between the lifting halves behind
and thunders flesh to rapt attention! Each
soft prod calls gingerly forth shivers, coos;
my hand drifts closer and my breath begins
to leave in groans (and with it: stresses, thoughts)...
Left warm, all calm: what sprung attention, now
makes fall my shoulders. What blunting of flame
these digits blunt me gave."

Thank you for your time, everyone.