

Sta. Huberta,

Dec. 2022 HAR

how she fared and came to shame. (Ultimately transliterated as St. Hubertus)

Sta. Huberta thought herself as well above all of this
As the beasts in nearby forests sought attention
Alas, the soft spot, near her arse, it proved to be amiss
And threatened to rob her of redemption.

One day she ventured out to prove herself to all involved
She sallied forth her gun all poised, she reckoned to insist
To force a stag submit to her resolve
She found him, aimed and shot and promptly missed.



The beast seemed gone, amidst the powder plume and mist
But from behind, an existential treat ensued by way the hot breath that she immediately felt.
“ Don’t hurt me, a forfeit I’ll perform! ” as she as, in assenting her request, got kissed.
Skirt raised and undies down and from behind she was enjoyed right where she knelt.

A new day found her loathing herself and loading; and fixing to hunt, out in the wood’
Again she sought and snuck and aimed and “BANG” The shot it missed.
Repeat the scene. Remorse, with forfeit quickly rendered, it all appeared not to be good
Aa she, this time: As in a sweet goodbye with gratitude, got kissed.

Must bring an end to this she vowed! By practice as need be: “Ready, steady, aim and fire!”
So aim she did, and she did fire, and there She missed again, as if it happened by desire.
Stag’s breath again upon her neck, speaking to her after one extensive kiss
Exposed, right where she knelt and bend: **“You’re doing this on purpose! Aren’t you, miss!?”**