

Shot Patrol Translations



Believe me,
Saint More,
for when I gaze
back upon our
sacrament past,
a sense of
bereavement
knows not when
to set me free.

That by each
passing lune
our union
waned; turning
cold and brittle
as the winter
birche's bark,
but 'twas as
it was forbound
by the seasons.



A fortnight
past I was
from my
marriage
undone.



孤独な中年を癒やすのは……

Dost thou
forsake thy
labours when the
sun has yet to
grace the
yardam?

She came
upon me
like th'
apparition
of King
Hamlet.

**屍サポ
ビッチ
コム**

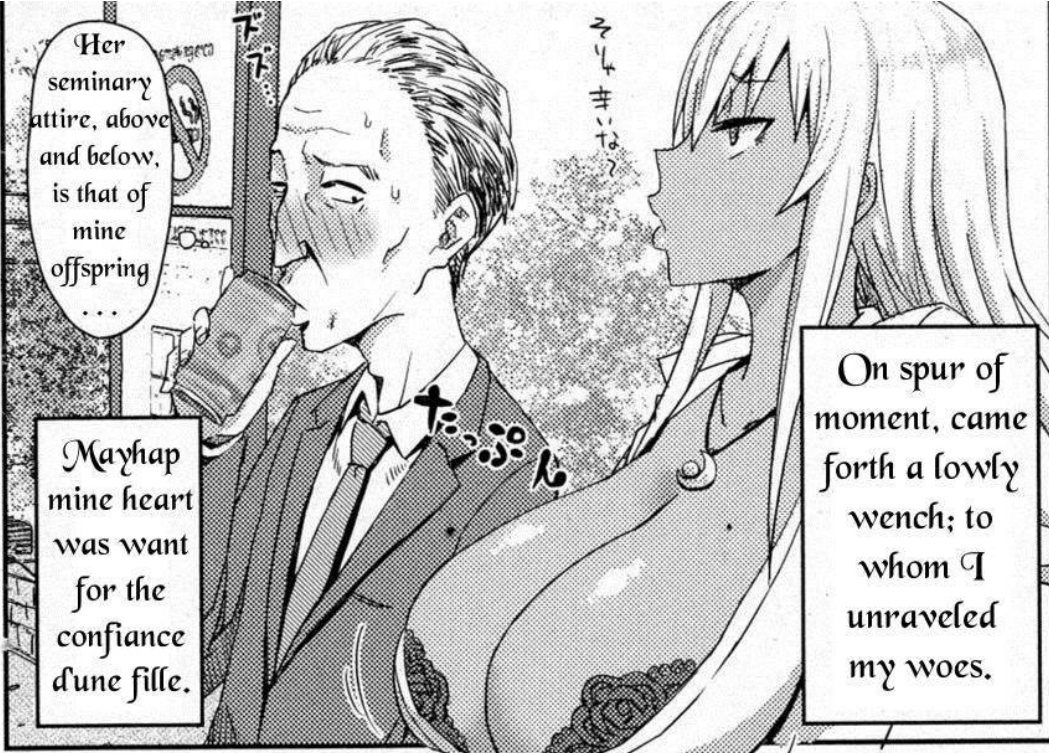


Ah!
This man
seems a
barrow
before the
butcher
lay.



Hail
ye of
veteran!

The hours
of my labour
drew heavy
upon mine
weather'd
wit; and th'
allure of
nature I
could but feign
to resist.



Her
seminary
attire, above
and below,
is that of
mine
offspring
...

Mayhap
mine heart
was want
for the
confiance
dune fille.

On spur of
moment, came
forth a lowly
wench; to
whom I
unraveled
my woes.



Eh?
Thou wert
from thy
marriage
untimely
ripp'd?



Take
not thine
elder for
an ass!

Nay:
'twas
truer
than an
arrow.

Hoh!
Forgive
me for I
spoke in
sanguine
jest!



Is it that
thy visage
desires to be
drawn unto
mine
décolletage?

Ah!
Mea
Culpa!



Mine
virtue
for two
and
twenty?

Say
...



Come
thou on
mine side
and allow
me to
entreat.



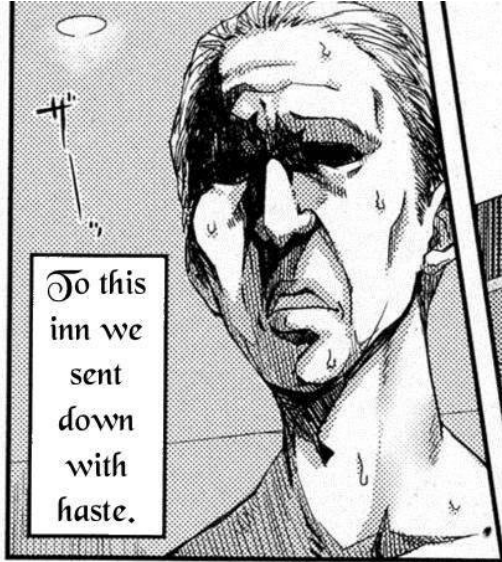
Mine
tea!

'Tis
unfit to
labour with
chaps soak'd
thus.

A
c
h!



Eh?



To this inn we sent down with haste.



But that such times would befall me to drop shillings for a harlot's flesh . . .

Allow me to slake mine parch'd gullet.



With dice am I well known; and mine flagons are n'er scant.

All's well. Fortune can forsake me no less than I am now.



Hark, ye gray man!

That thy mettle is aflutter lays clear upon thy countenance.



There is not a man who has taken poorly to these.

Hah!

Will these garments suffice?

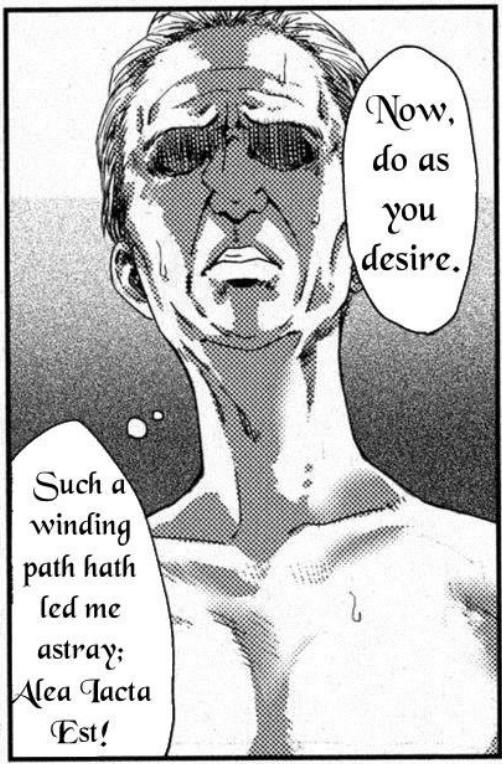
Ahhh ...



Alright then.



Hoh?



Now, do as you desire.

Such a winding path hath led me astray; Alea Tacta Est!



'T would be folly to allow this chance to pass!



Surely no sheath can lay claim to match thine falchion!

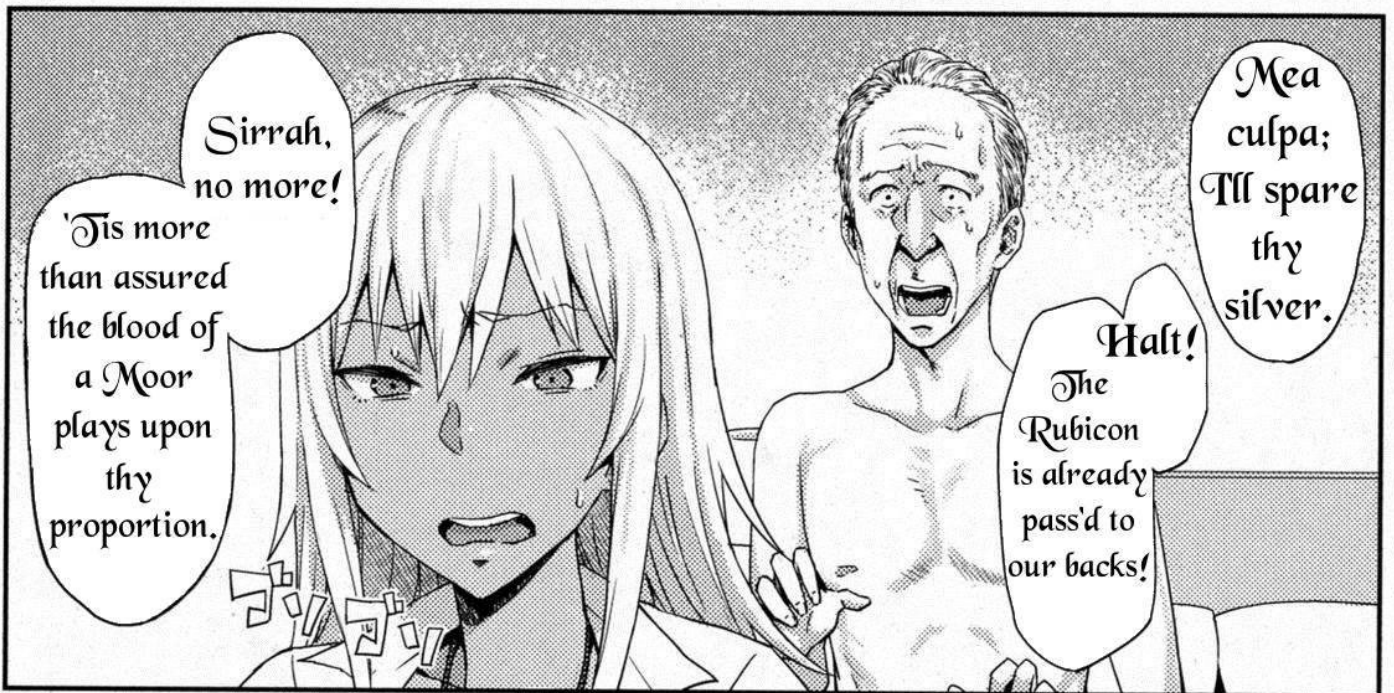
'Tis inconceivable!

This cannot be!



Eh?

Impossible...

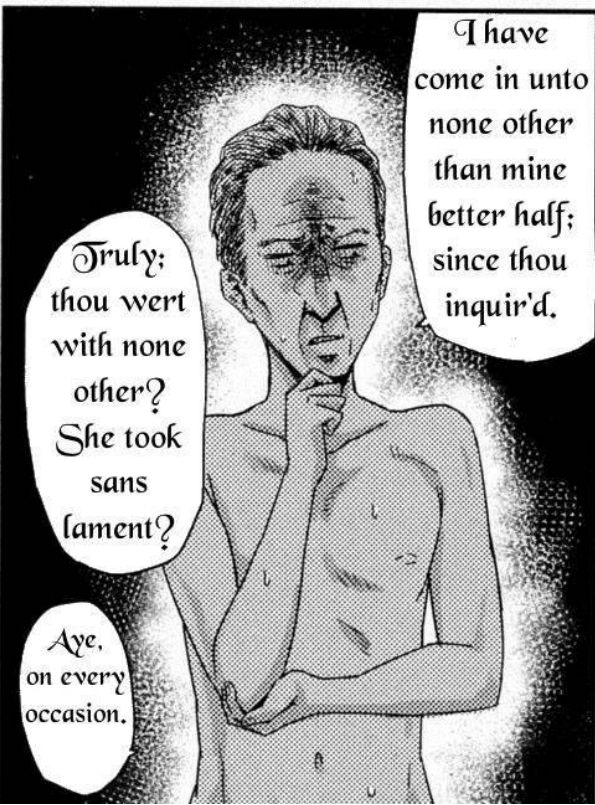


Sirrah, no more!

'Tis more than assured the blood of a Moor plays upon thy proportion.

Mea culpa; I'll spare thy silver.

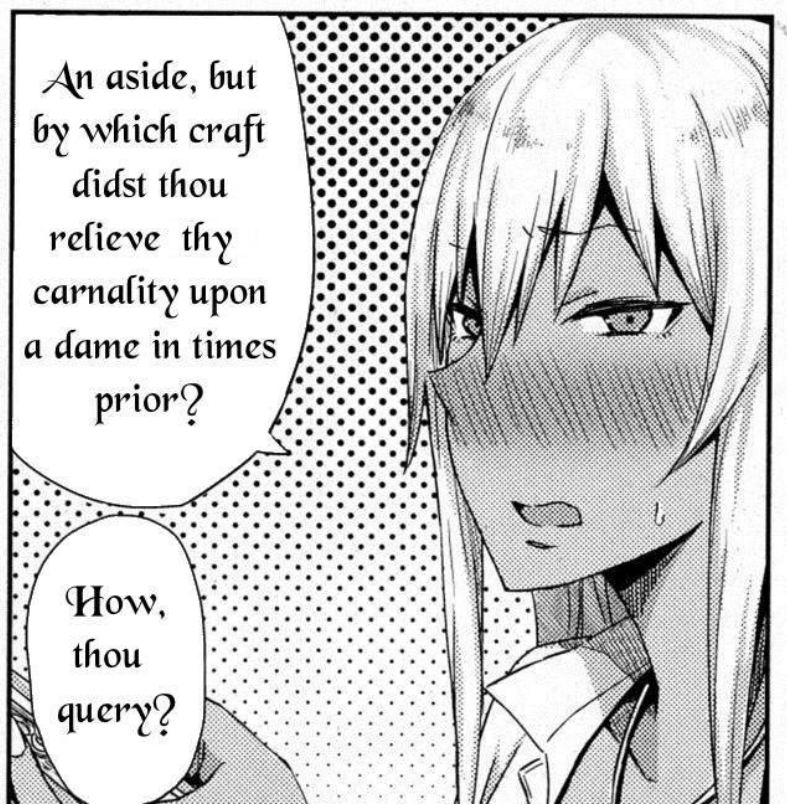
Halt! The Rubicon is already pass'd to our backs!



I have come in unto none other than mine better half; since thou inquir'd.

Truly; thou wert with none other? She took sans lament?

Aye, on every occasion.



An aside, but by which craft didst thou relieve thy carnality upon a dame in times prior?

How, thou query?



Belay that I beg of you; A caress upon mine codpiece, and from this mortal coil I can shuffle.

Eeh?



Alack!

I beg my leave from thou.

We say'd not with eachother since God bestowed upon us a daughter!?



Like a monk sworn, I have labour'd for half a score and five in celibacy ...

Hah ... 'Twas I who invoked you to give patronage to this inn after all ...

Merci beaucoup!

It struck me as lightning that I did not but drudgery since fatherhood.

Just mine caress will suffice I take?

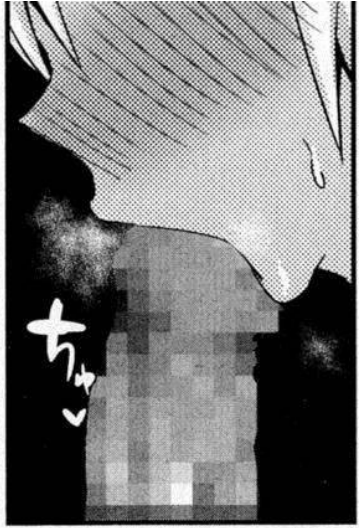
But of course.

Carnal matters compel me so; I must have this wench howling by day's end!

An extra shilling for the cop.

My purse is yours.

To think the day is come when a maid would present such a display.



This buffoon seem'd an easy quarry, but mayhaps I was the Charles to his Henry.*

*Read Shakespeare's Henry O.

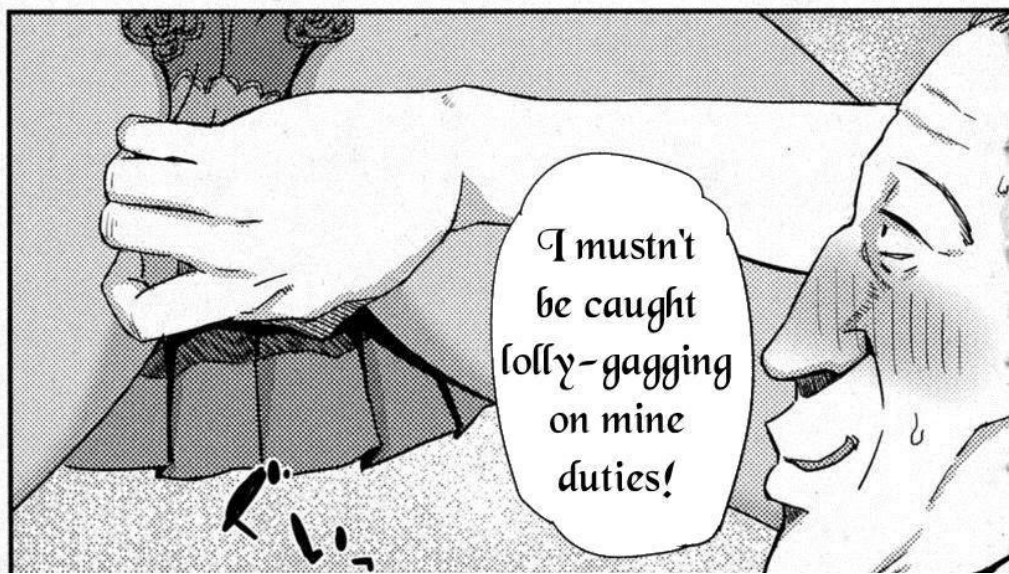


Well . . . Surely a moment's frolic will lead to no mischief.

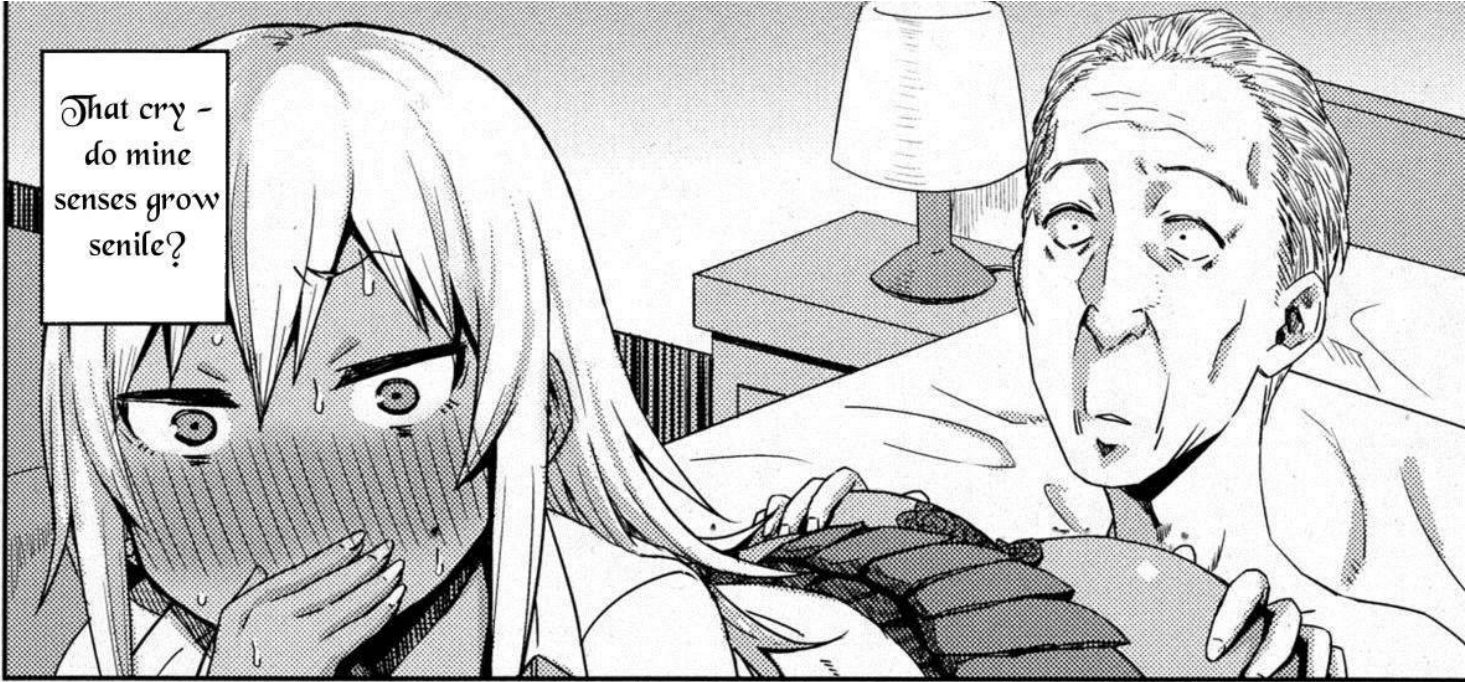
Oh-! I cannot recount the last time a maid's lips graced mine groin.



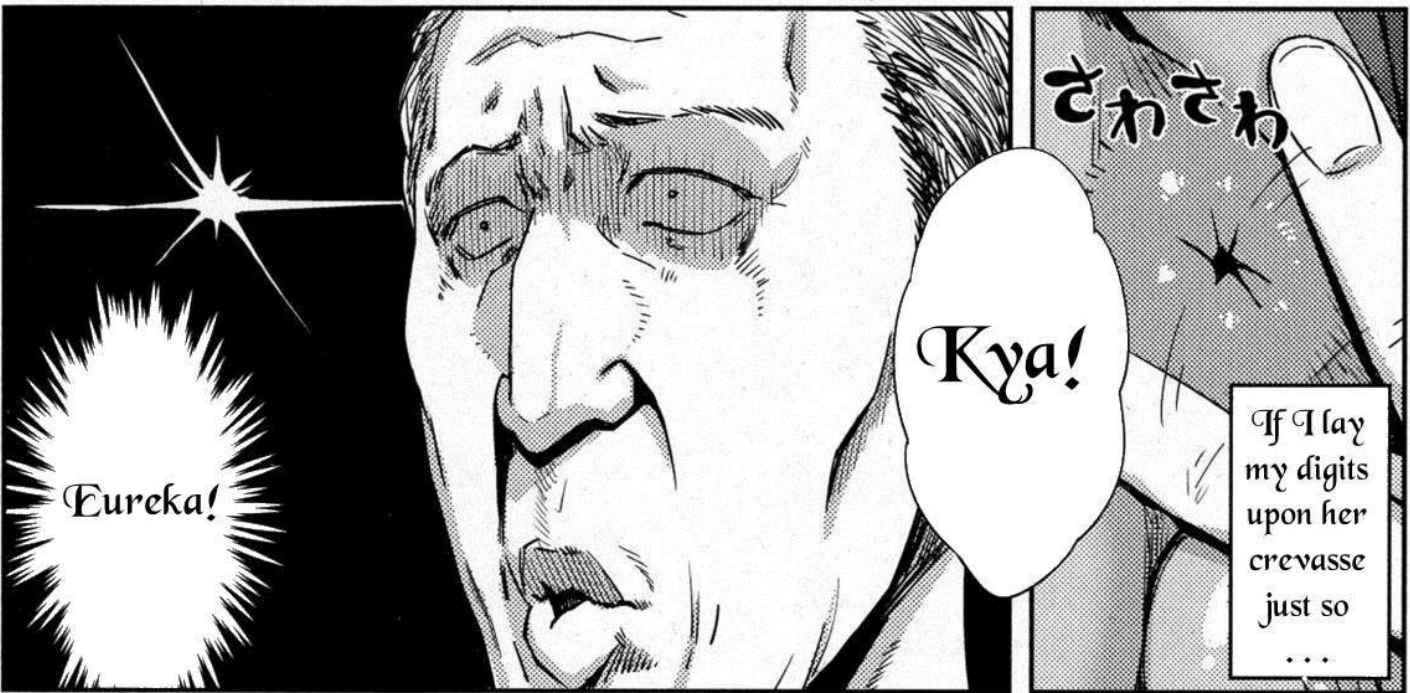
Kya!



I mustn't be caught lolly-gagging on mine duties!



That cry -
do mine
senses grow
senile?



Eureka!

Kya!

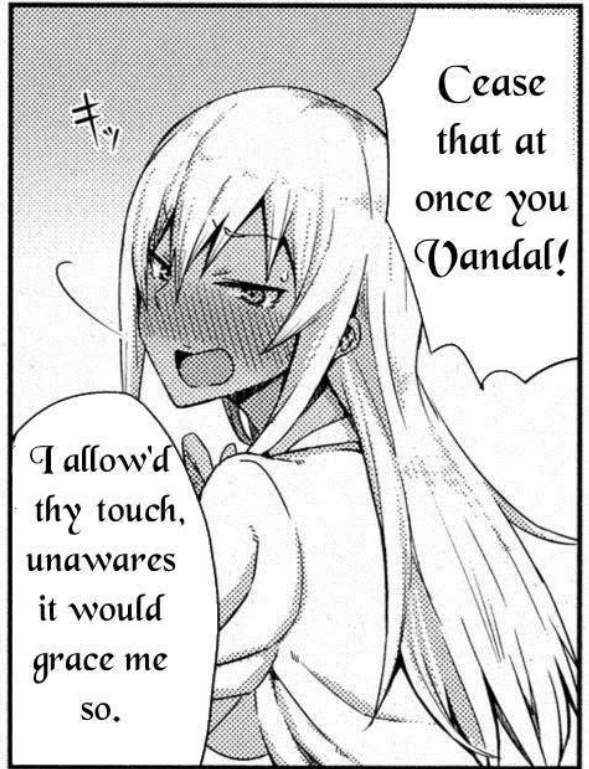


さわさわ

If I lay
my digits
upon her
crevasse
just so
...

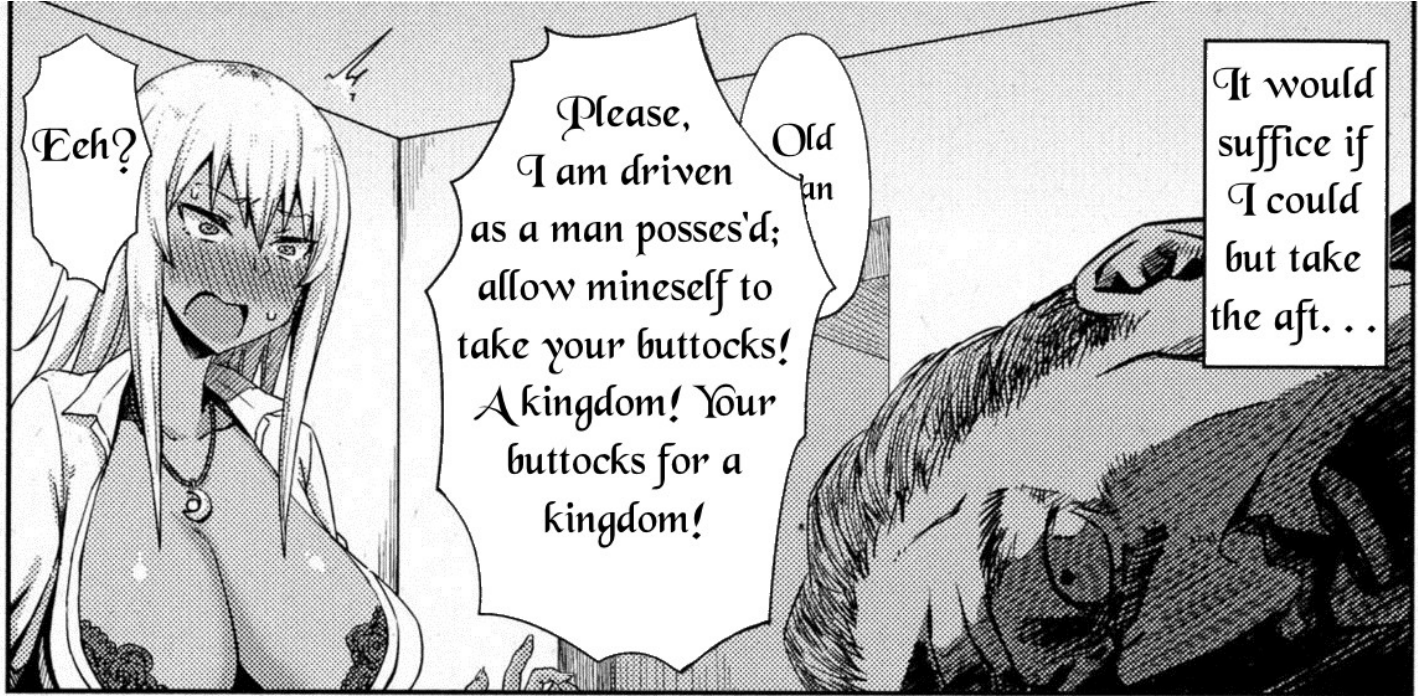


B-but
...



Cease
that at
once you
Vandal!

I allow'd
thy touch,
unawares
it would
grace me
so.



Eeh?

Please,
I am driven
as a man posses'd;
allow mineself to
take your buttocks!
A kingdom! Your
buttocks for a
kingdom!

Old
an

It would
suffice if
I could
but take
the aft. . .



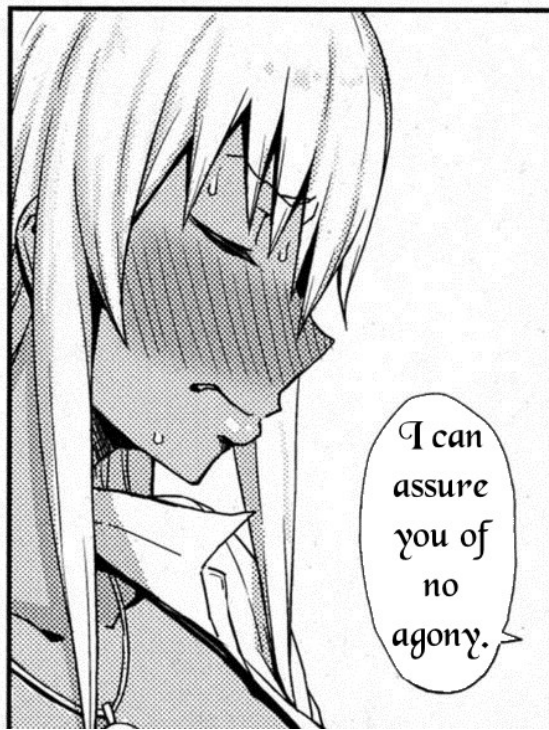
I shall
double -nay
treble the
shillings of
mine offer
prior!

Regardless,
use thy
petty
aveling

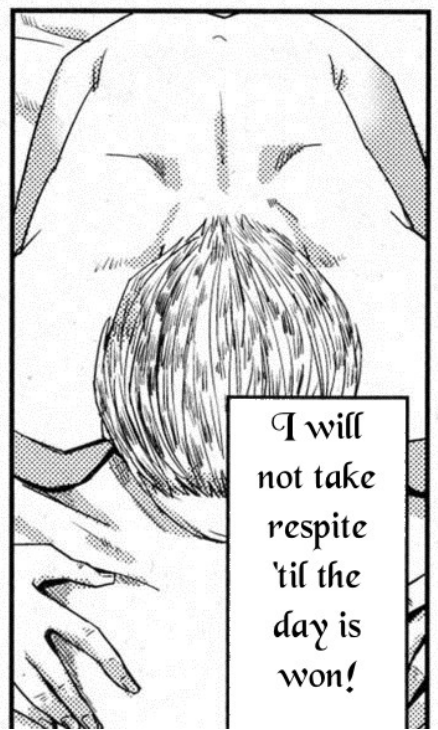
Nay;
such an
asnine plea
from an
obstinate
fool!



If you
treble the
pay and
add yet
one more
...



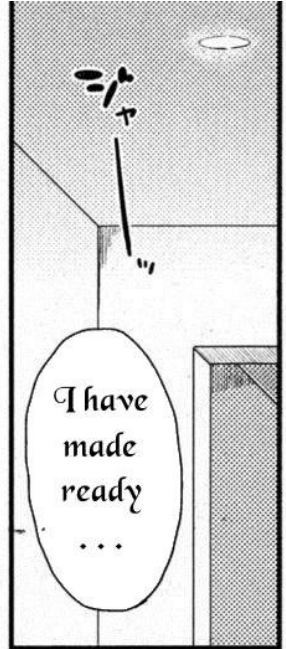
I can
assure
you of
no
agony.



I will
not take
respite
'til the
day is
won!



Ah,
I too have
prepar'd
with fervent
alacrity.



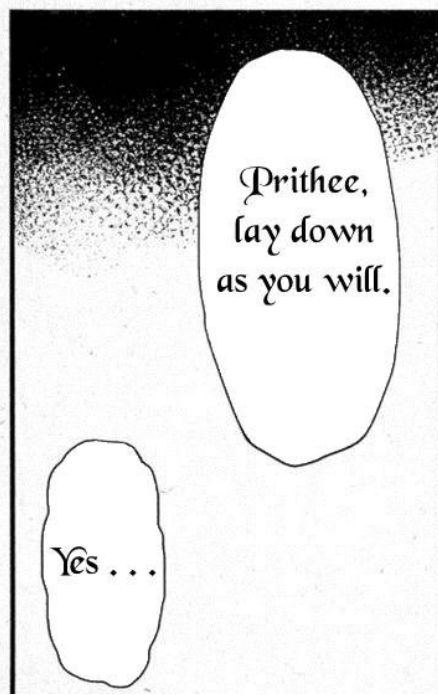
I have
made
ready
...



'Tis
but natural
for an abode
such as this
to posses
the fairest
Parisian
sifks.



That
cloth hangs
upon you
like the robe
on Aphrodite.



Prithee,
lay down
as you will.

Yes...

This
inn lacks
not for
anything,
Eh?



Allow me to ease thou unto the stapes.

Must I lay with mine legs splayed so; the pangs of shame o'er come me.



Thou claimst to advance with caution; thou keepst thy words not, knave!

Tis naught but a precaution, lest I damage thy flesh.



Oof ...



Nng!

Fue!

Could it be?

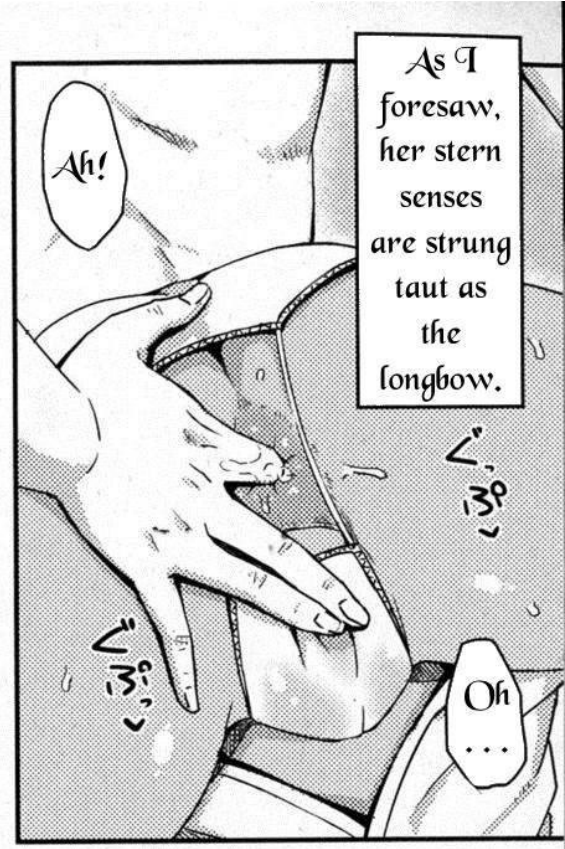
I'll wager this is a byway oft tread, is it not so?

!?

~ha~ha

~30~

~30~



Ah!

As I foresaw, her stern senses are strung taut as the longbow.

Oh ...



Hoh!



Allow me to hasten this cadence.

~30~

~30~



~30~

Hmm? Is this not agreeable?

Hng!

Nay nay, I assure thy conjecture is awry ...

7...



If that is so ...

Ah!

Hng!

Hihih!

Aah!

To think such girth would nestle as the key in the lock.



The pound of flesh which I demand of you, is dearly bought.

It is nature's course to exploit to the fullest that which one has paid for.

Hiii!



Fue!



H-Hark ...

Grant me a moment's truce ...



An hour past.

I must say ...

Ah

Ooh

... she hath come agape in a manner most supple and shapely.

あ...か...あ...



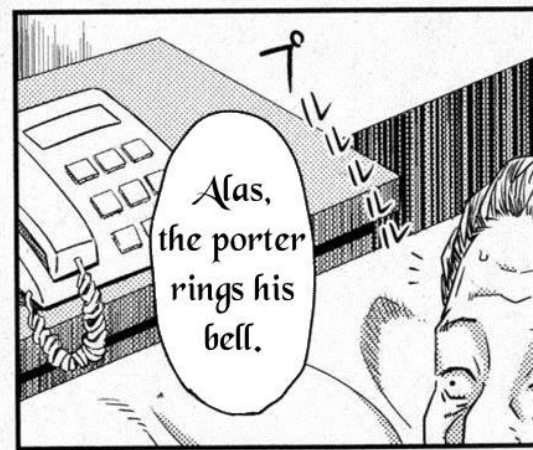
Verify, my heart aches so; to depart as such would be a shame.

For if we were to carry on so, mine coffers would surely run dry.



Oi! You there! Stop!

You would withdraw from the field in such a manner?



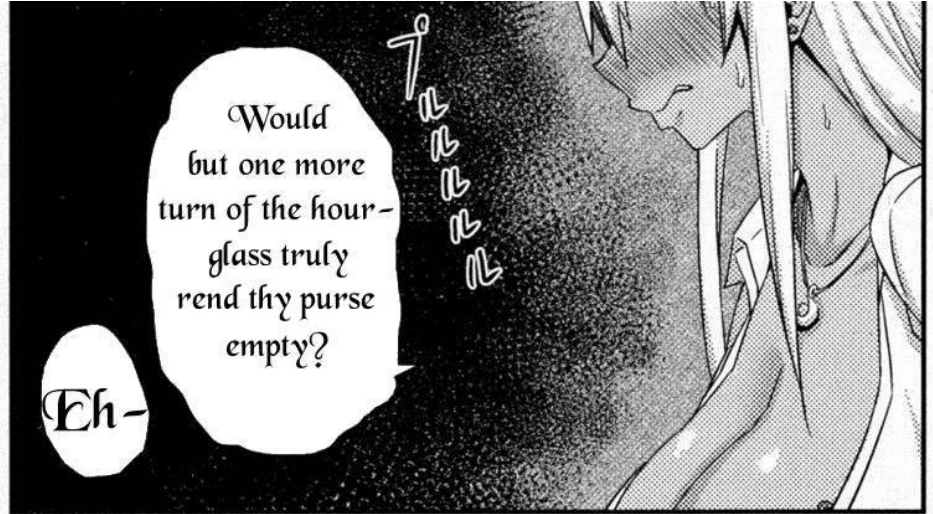
Alas, the porter rings his bell.



Oh, how the years play upon one's mind.

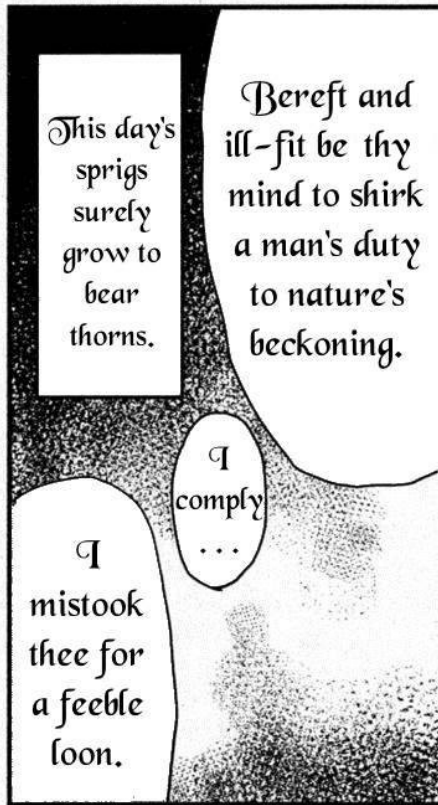


Hah!



Would
but one more
turn of the hour-
glass truly
rend thy purse
empty?

Eh-



This day's
sprigs
surely
grow to
bear
thorns.

Bereft and
ill-fit be thy
mind to shirk
a man's duty
to nature's
beckoning.

I
comply
...

I
mistook
thee for
a feeble
loon.

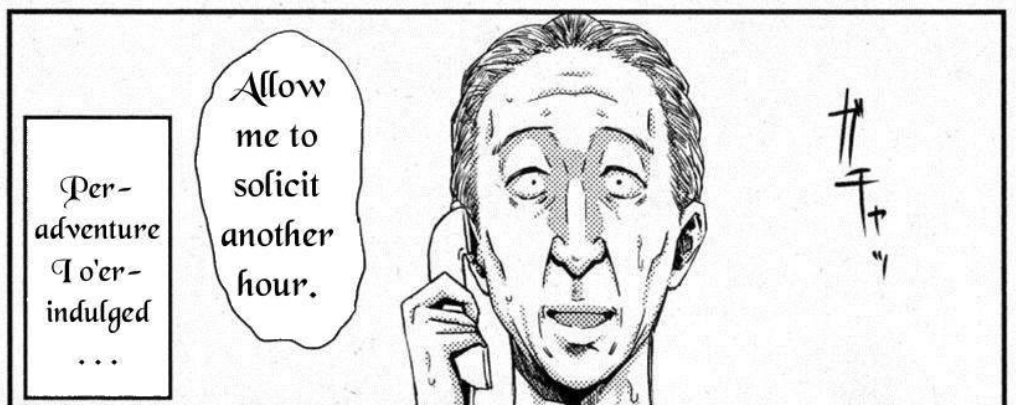


To
even think
a swain
could feign
to leave a
maiden in
this state
...

Whether
by magic
or by mettle
concerns me
not; make
it so.



But
what-ho
...



Allow
me to
solicit
another
hour.

Per-
adventure
I'er-
indulged
...



Upon this chaise allow us to meet as blade to quillion!

Eh?
Dost thou jest?

A pinch of pain, and I shalt lay thy chap in twain.

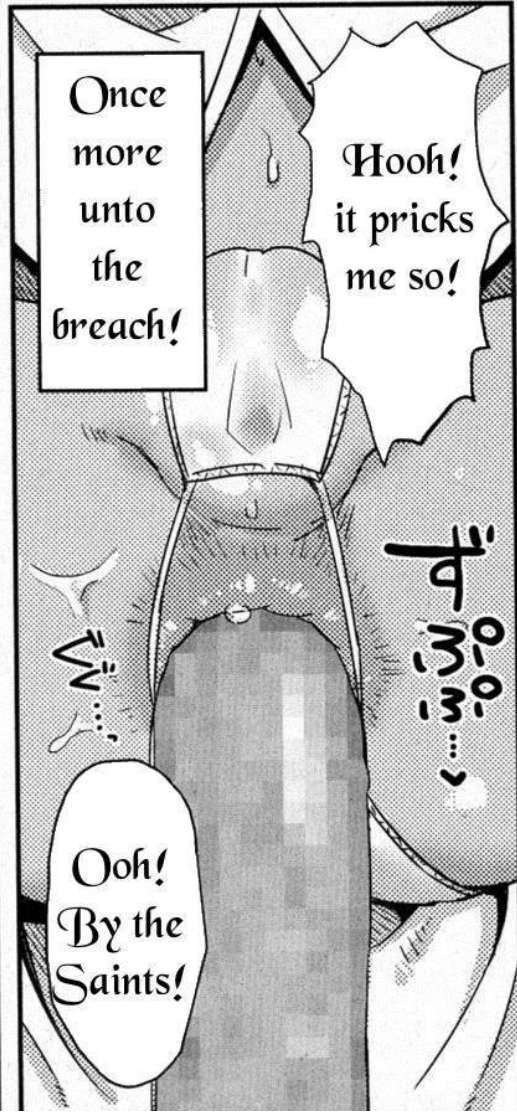
Yea!



'Tis been far too long since a bounty so ripe!

In tatter'd pieces mine senses lay.

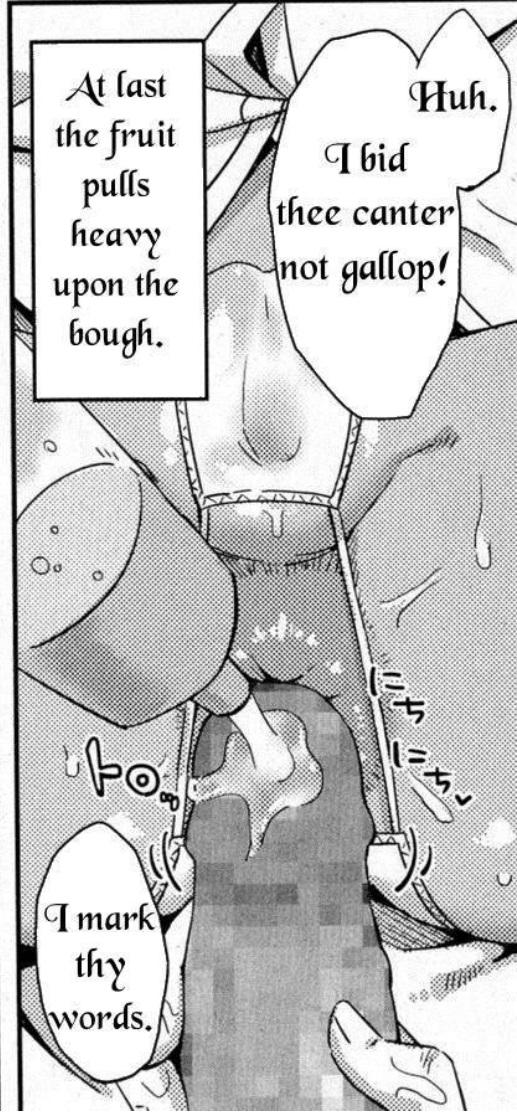
Oh! Thou rally'd a guard as sure as Ajax.



Once more unto the breach!

Hoooh! it pricks me so!

Ooh! By the Saints!



At last the fruit pulls heavy upon the bough.

Huh. I bid thee canter not gallop!

I mark thy words.



Ach!

Oh!
Hoooh!

Eh!

En
Avant!

Sire,

I beg of thee,
no more!

Sheathe
thy
falchion
at once!

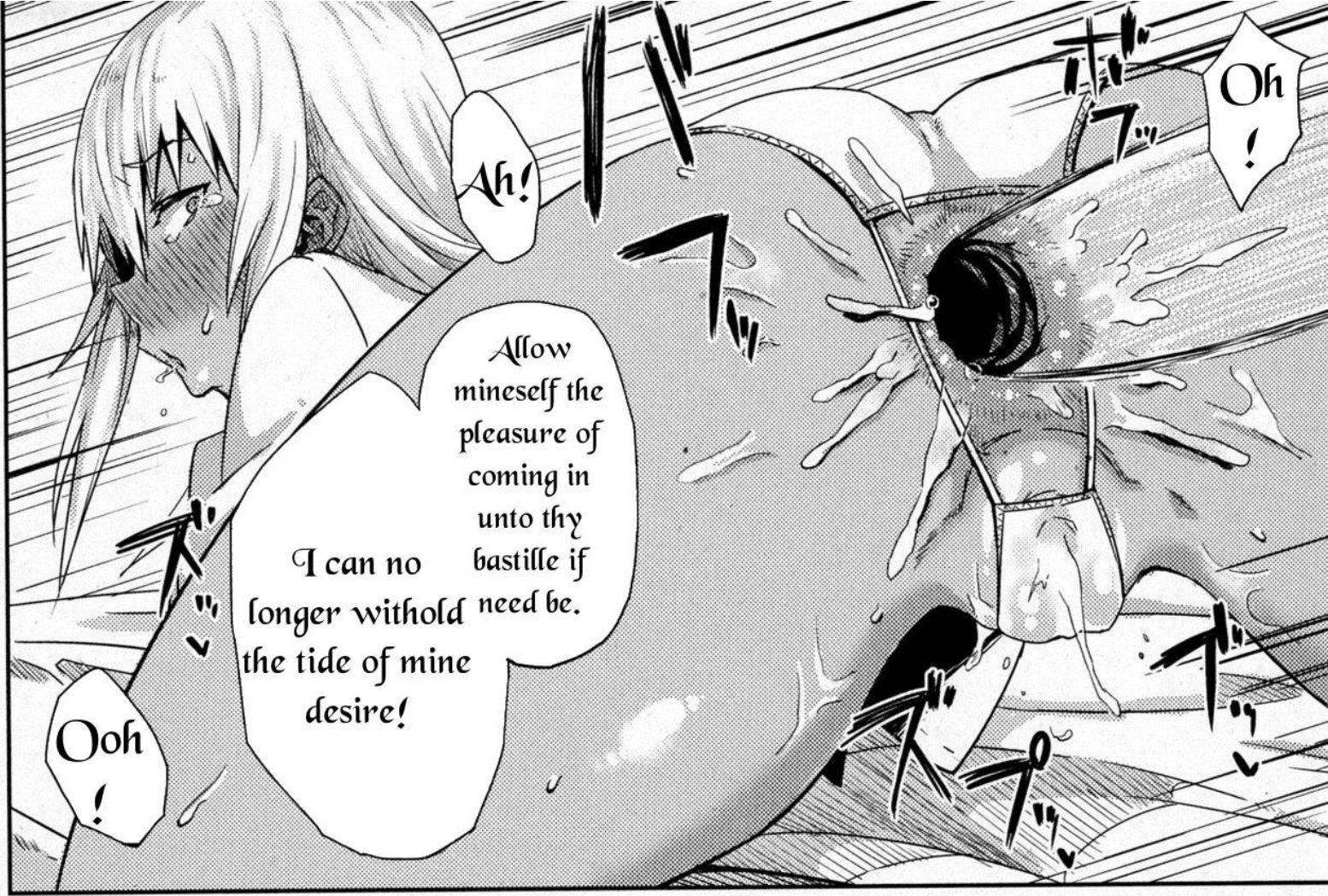
Belay
that!

I
struggle
to rein
in mine
stallion
...!

Aah-
Bliss
upon
me!

Sheathe
mine sword
you say?

Perchance
this is
what you
will?



Allow
myself the
pleasure of
coming in
unto thy
bastille if
need be.

I can no
longer withhold
the tide of mine
desire!

Ah!

Ooh!

Oh!



The
time has
come for
my kin to
sally forth!

I can
stand this
no longer!
I am
certain to
collapse!

Even
Hercules could
not me from these
hips untimely
rend apart.

Hng!

Ave
Maria!

Fue!

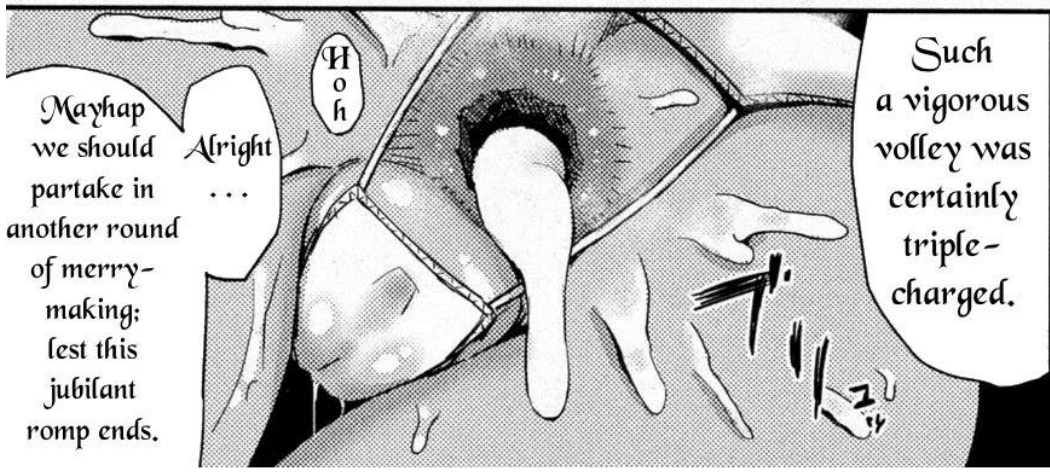


Bliss o'er-comes me!

Hoh!



Ach!



Mayhap we should partake in another round of merry-making; lest this jubilant romp ends.

Alright ...

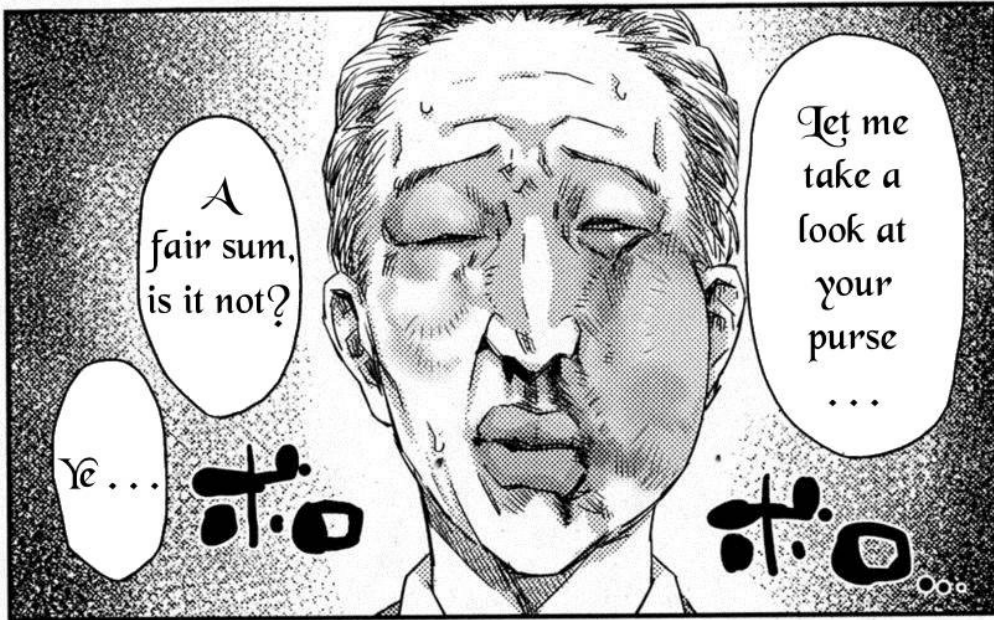
Hoh

Such a vigorous volley was certainly triple-charged.



Hah

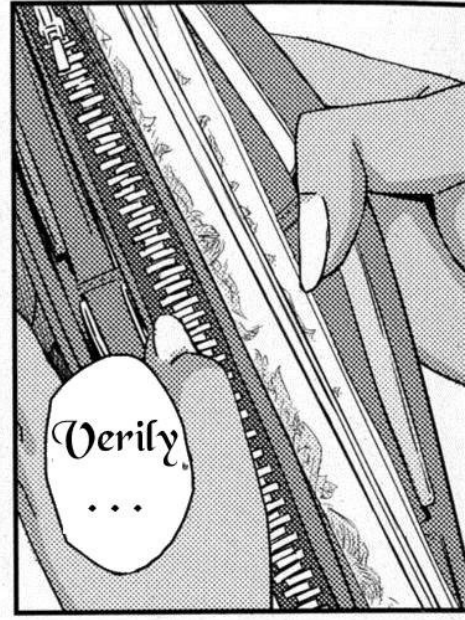
Oh



A fair sum, is it not?

Ye...

Let me take a look at your purse ...



Verify ...

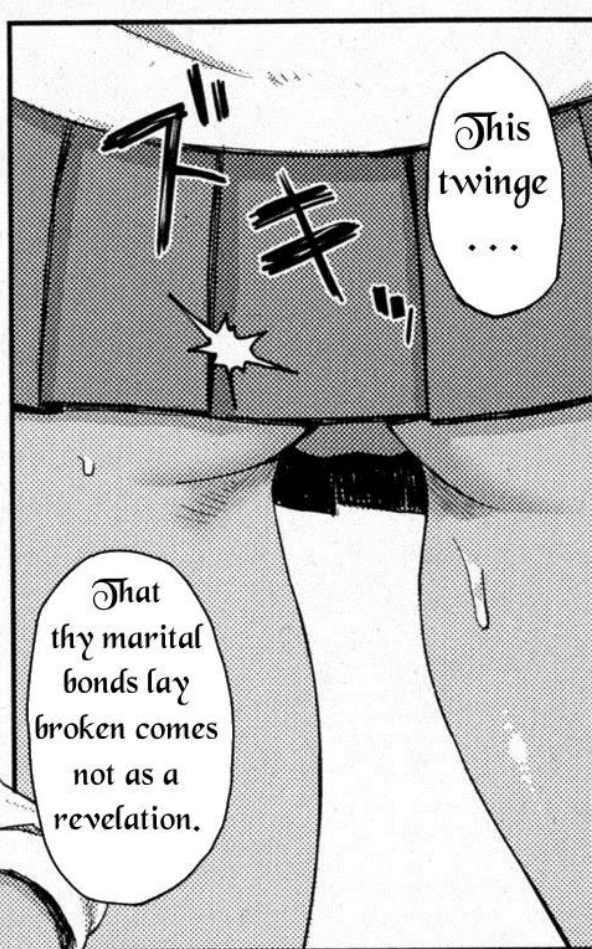


I will see to it that thou shalt never want for company.

...
Now I must redouble mine efforts at the guild ...

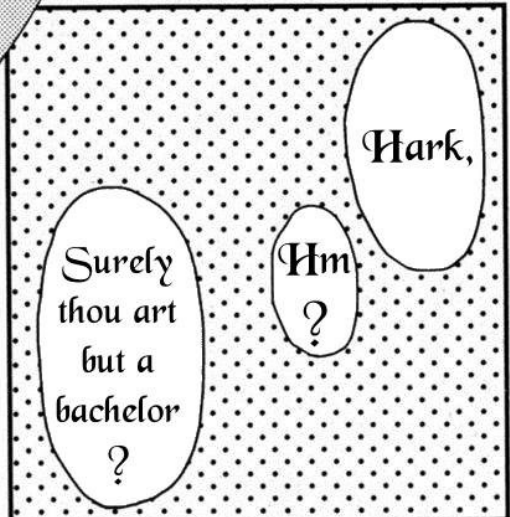
Should you long for a wench's warmth, I shall visit at a moment's notice.

-Exeunt-



This twinge ...

That thy marital bonds lay broken comes not as a revelation.



Hark,

Hm?

Surely thou art but a bachelor?



Thot patrol ♀
translations



Grazeek spoke thusly: should any man worthy enough to cast his eyes upon my humble composition be thusly entertained, and may he also turn a lesser gaze upon the mistakes, numerous as they may be; for this is but the second work in what I hope to be the mighty chronicles of **THOT** Patrol Translations. May the future be bright and my success be upon us!

Buddha Senpai spoke thusly: As a two-man team that has only but worked on two doujins so far, this one only being a day's work, my sincerest apologies if you find it so unentertaining. However, we do wish that there is a lot of you who enjoyed reading through this as much as us. Ave Maria.

씨밤, 개새끼 왜 이딴 중세 씨밤 영어로 하는게 재밌는지 모르겠다 씨밤. 이걸로 팔칠수 있으면 남 나처럼 미친놈.
씨밤. 맏큐.

