





Brewed for master, a bean-made broth.

What eye is not drawn, her ears so long; stamina stored, sorcery well read; with ample mind, an augur's envy;



feared in Friesland, like fiends marauding; an exotic being, as "elves" oft known.

I shirk such sayings, and stay your servant.

but remember the rule, my maid you are not.

Your strain is seen, Cecilia dear friend;



By my manner of speaking, I meant no offense.

Such elven kin, she is Cecilia.



In times by-gone ...

Obliged I am, blessings upon master.



do as desired, I dissent you not.

I cannot be cross, your countenance beseeches;

Recall the  
rumour, what  
reached my  
ear; six times  
sold off,  
shunned and  
used;



a  
tattered  
slave.



distressed  
to speak,  
she  
struggled  
in anguish.



At  
onset  
she  
moped,  
oration  
onerous;



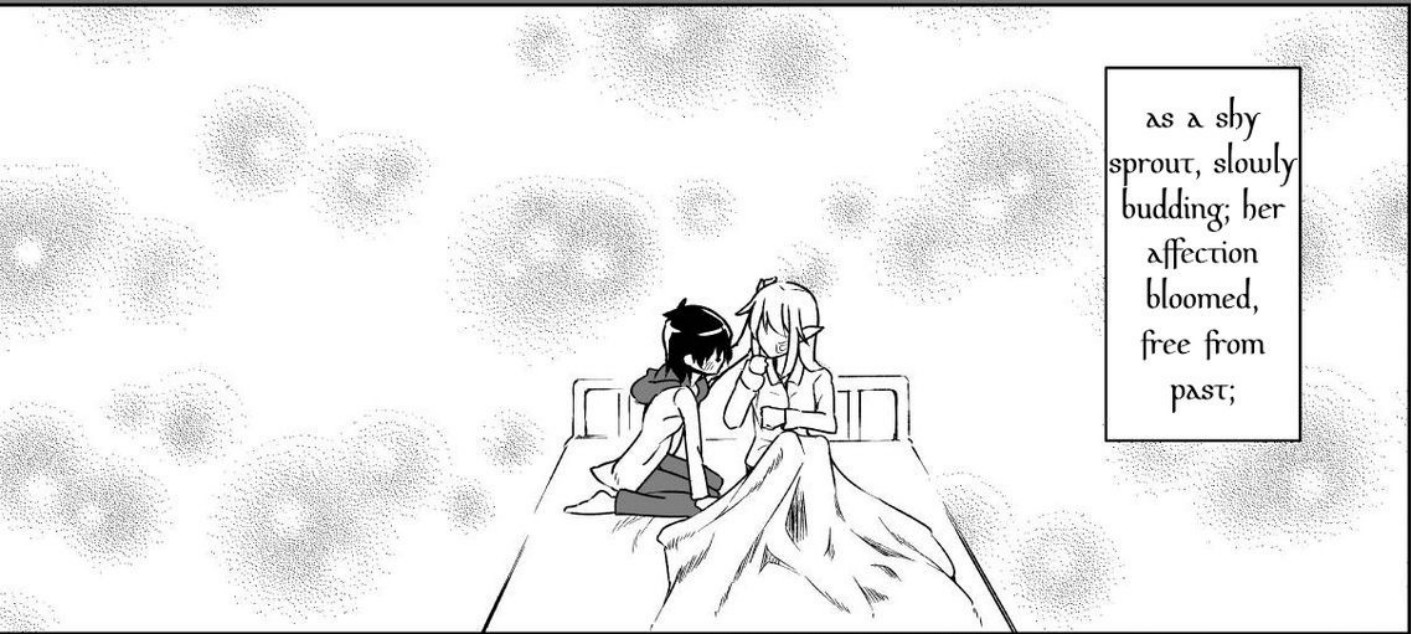
myself  
the seventh,  
proceeding  
much  
thought;

I  
carried  
to a  
close,  
her  
captive  
term.





But for twelve months, tenderly treated; her frigid heart, was found thawed;



as a shy sprout, slowly budding; her affection bloomed, free from past;



... until today, when matters changed ...



Ugh ...

Mm ...



Cease Cecilia, startled I stand.

so I soothe so, your sexual desire.

Strength and stamina, spent they seemed;



Unshackled from slumber, salute to master.



for a wench as I;

worry not,

Nay - I harbour no hate, in handling master ....



with rancour I reckon, you caress my rod.

H-halt those hands, with haste I beg; to allay my lust, is least of worries;



allow a maiden, to relieve this lance.



to men like master, familiar I am ...

クワッ



Her massive  
mammaries,  
mould to  
my sword  
...

I bid  
you lay  
back, in bed  
you will  
stay.



Hah...!



It hoists  
my heart,  
to hear you  
praise.

Ach!



Master is  
moaning,  
as a maiden  
you  
sound.



Spill your seed, as soon as desired.



Aa-  
Aaah!

It gushes like a geyser, gods have mercy!



She grips so fiercely, even Grendel would cower.



does ...

fury fill you, I fear to ask ...

Ab!

P-pardon this dunce, an impatient whore;



はー♡

はー♡

This sticky stench, it assaults my senses ...



Y-yes?

Cecilia.



my apol...

Yes,

I love you.

I confess with fervour, to refuse is your will.

...yes?



M-my aim was another, I affirm it so ...

S-scorn me not, with such deceit!

You slipped in stealth, as a sly serpent.

Fair and fetching, your form is splendid.

Uuu ...



Um ...  
love you still,

a lass as I ..?



for a defiled maiden, is fouler than muck; from wedlock she is walled, a wicked wench;

as a pontiff of Altheimr, the pious druid; my faith holds fast, firmer than alders;

handed round, for half a dozen; racked by day, raped by night; filthy I am, too foul for master.



Revered is our code, a vow of purity; the unyielding law, of Yggdrasil; our long-eared kin, lay low in worship; and woe betide, to wombs looted;



you suggest to a druid ..?

To reject my faith ...



such foresight eluded me, and the future is unclear; but ...

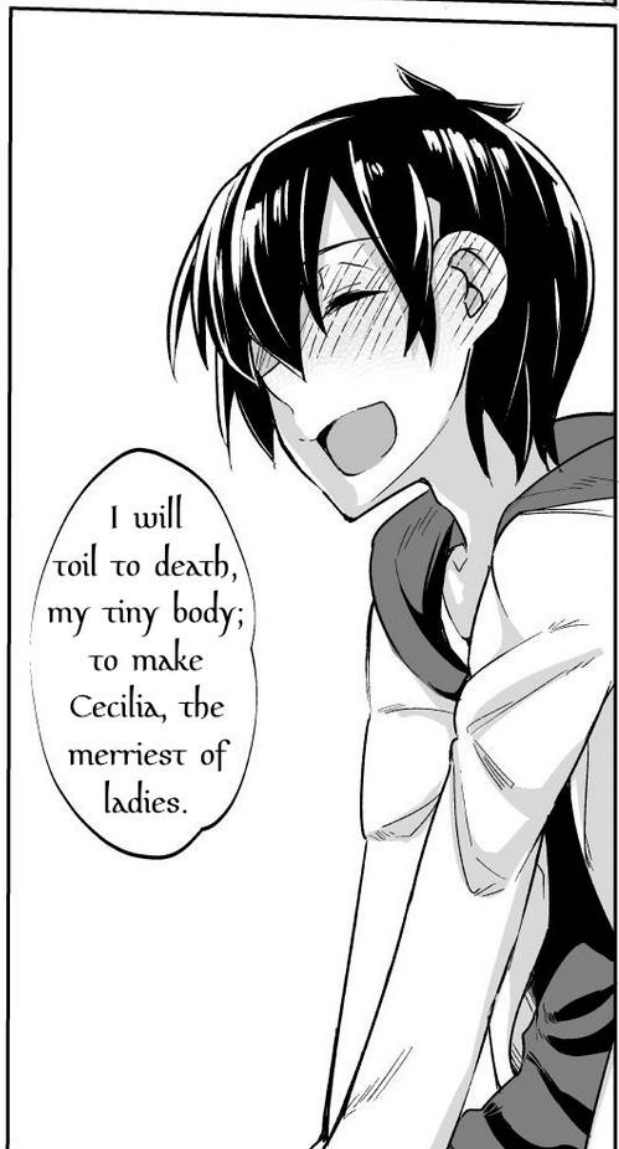
?



My love lingers on, I live for you.



!



I will toil to death, my tiny body; to make Cecilia, the merriest of ladies.







A single thrust, and my soul quivers ...



Ab! H-halt for a momen-

That calms my worries, continue I shall.

Perplexed and abashed, I ponder your craft; for I soared in rapture, from a single shove.





トコ!

Steady your nerves, savour the lust.



A moment's respite, master I bid.

joining with a lover, the joy is unmatched.



The slightest graze, strikes me numb;



I pet you like a pup,

for every stroke, she squirms and moans

Her buttered womb, like a beggar sticks;

and like a pup you respond.

N-no!  
Coddle my head not, cruel is master!  
Hng!

Hyaa ...!

Her woman-  
hood engulfs,  
my one-eyed  
snake;

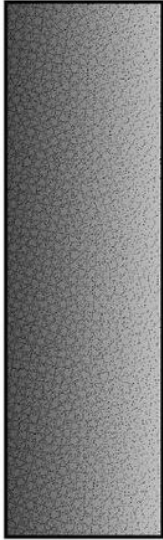
Uuu...  
that my head would  
be held, by the hands  
of master; the petting  
excites, this petty  
whore...

like  
maelstrom  
it beckons,  
to imbibe  
my kin;

her ridges and  
rhythm, reveal  
her humour; a  
barlot in heat,  
her hold  
relentless.

My kin  
come forth,  
I cannot  
withold!

Res-  
ist  
not!







Her plump posterior, a pleasure to behold;



and bosoms buxom, that bewitch the eye.



those healthy hips, the hallmark of elves;



inside I sow  
once more! my  
seed.

Her  
figure  
so fair,  
fastened  
my  
gaze;



きゅんぐわん

we  
sought  
our  
souls,  
steeped  
in  
sweat.



きゅん

ぐわん



きゅん  
ぐわん

きゅん  
ぐわん





withers for naught. Your wanton wand,



Sorry, Cecilia.

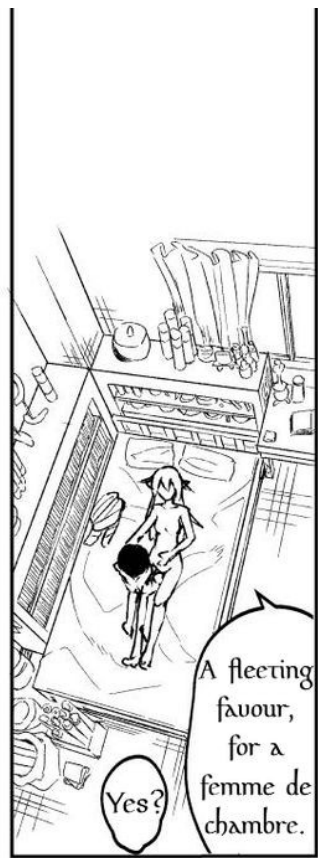




But of course.

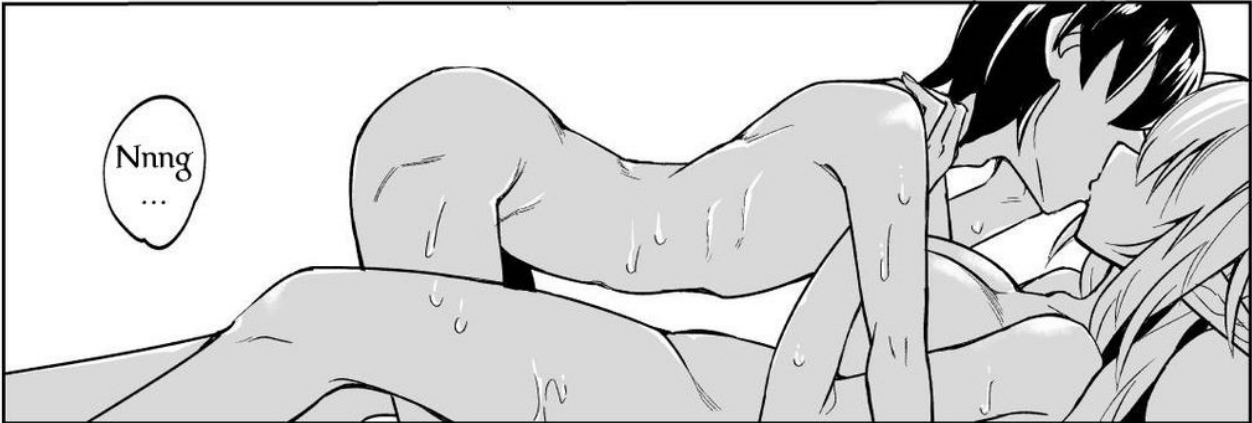


May our lips lock, as lovers do?

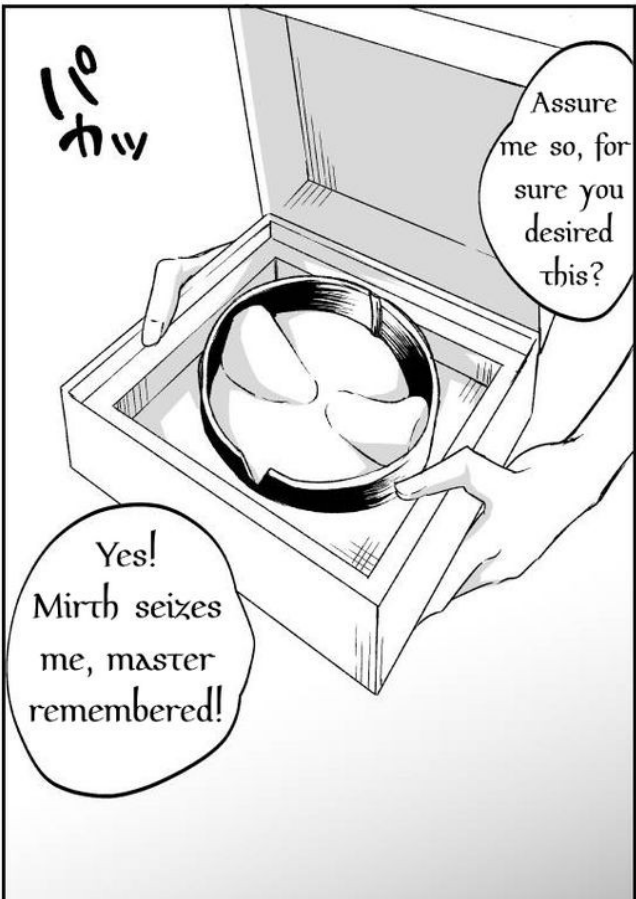


Yes?

A fleeting favour, for a femme de chambre.



Nnng ...



Yes! Mirth seizes me, master remembered!

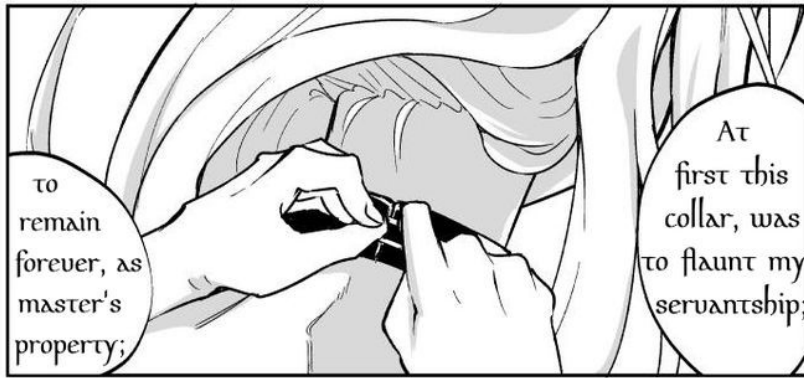
Assure me so, for sure you desired this?



What may it be?

It is what you wished for, a while past.

Ah, I forgot this gift, from Geatland begotten.



to remain forever, as master's property;

At first this collar, was to flaunt my servanthship;



but its former meaning, is now forged anew.



My pleasure.

I pray you place it, upon my neck.

I seldom have seen, you seeking for gifts.



my dearest darling.

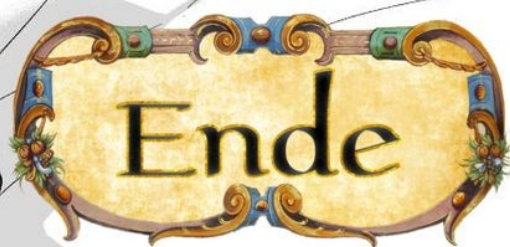
Adore me forevermore,



... To what may I ask?



To an eternal bond, of two admirers.





# hot Patrol Translations

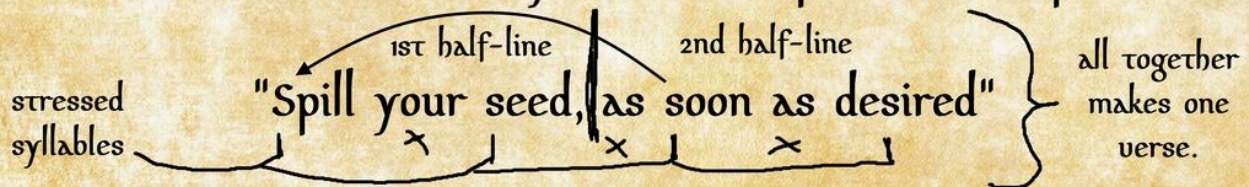


meus: in te confido  
non erubescam neq; ir-  
rideant me inimici mi  
et enim uniuersi qui



# Afterword

Firstly, we must mention that this doujin was translated from Korean into English prose, then from that prose into verse. There will be no posting by us of this doujin in prose ;) . As the more astute among you may have noticed, this doujin has been translated into the style of old English verse, with our main inspiration being drawn from the epic poem Beowulf. There are several strict rules to old English poetry that must be followed. Firstly, each verse is formed of two half-lines. The stressed syllables in the first half-line should alliterate with the first stressed syllable of the second half-line. In some cases only one of the stressed syllables in the half-line alliterates. Secondly, each verse must have a clear rhythm of two stressed syllables matched with a number of unstressed syllables. This is because old English poetry was often sung to the accompaniment of an instrument. The clearly defined metre of stressed and unstressed gives structure to the lines and makes them flow more easily from the lips. for example:



Another important feature is the use of kennings. A kenning usually consists of two words that replace another. An example from our work would be "meat-sleeve" instead of vagina. We also tried to allude to various elements of Beowulf and old Norse mythology (eg the sign saying "Heorot Apotheca" is our way of paying homage to the setting of Beowulf while staying within the context of the doujin). Some dialogue doesn't connect well. This owes to the fact that the original dialogue was absolute shit. The many synonyms present in the English language really helped in trying to alliterate in every verse. We had a lot of fun (and some frustration) with this project. We hope you enjoy it as much as we do. Cheers!

Posted on 26 August 2017, 03:19 UTC by: Voltra Shocker

Wait a second, this isn't my copy of Beowulf...

-Buddha Senpai  
&  
Crazeek