

Wat a stench!

It smells of young flesch, stil sweet with youth...

It smells like the flesch o' man, rank with sweat ...

Wat a stench!

I wille not grant myne target escape this tyme...

Wat ages heth synce I caught but a single quarry...



escusen myn one.

I ben a troubadour that hath loste his wae.

escusen myn, but mayhaps I can reste myn weary hed hir?

a troubadour you say?

身陷迷途的獵物
是羔羊：亦或是狼？



hot patrol translations

Should thee be
amenable to reste in
a pauper's hostelrye,
ragged by aeges of
shoures and wynd,
thou ar free to
make as thy
please.

I am
called
Hebihime,
a heathen
monster.

Qyte
a precarious
situation ye
find thyself in,
venturing this
far o'er the
montagnes.



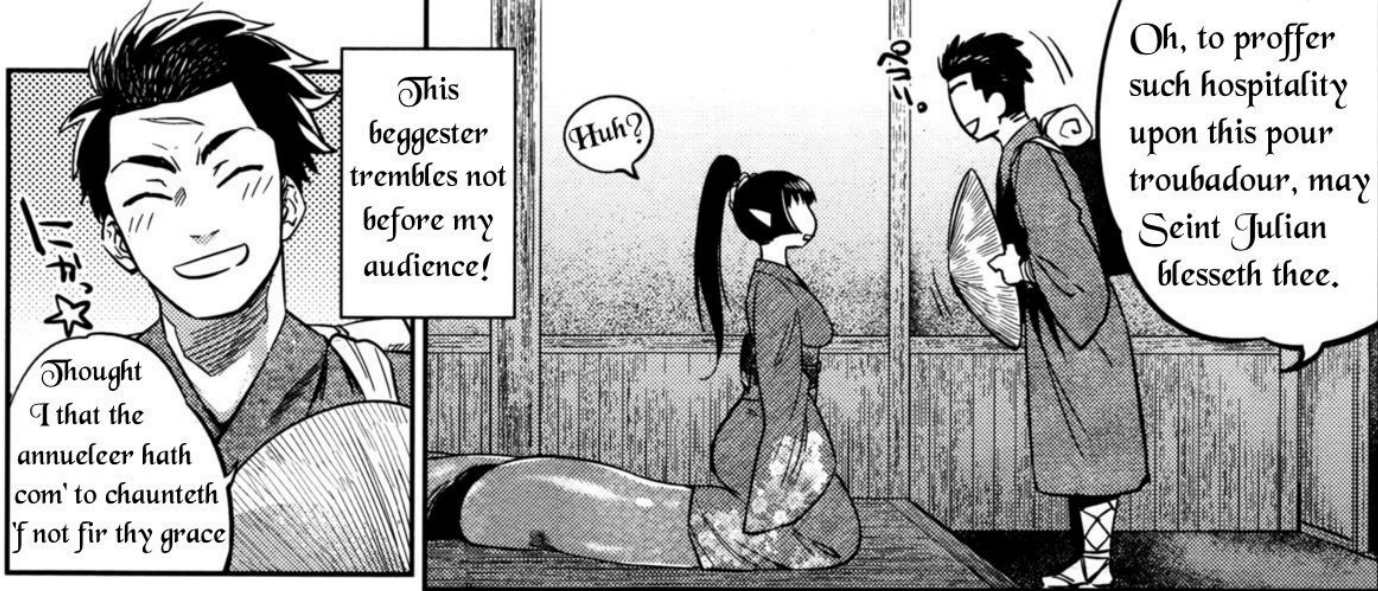
Shuppan...



aye...afore'
the mun doth
draw respite,
I'll swyftly
tear from him
his life'sbloode

Hah!
This
fool's jaw
hath
loc'ed up
in terr'r
...





This beggester trembles not before my audience!

Thought I that the annueleer hath com' to chaunteth f not fir thy grace

Oh, to proffer such hospitality upon this pour troubadour, may Saint Julian blesseth thee.



Ach, my intention hath faile' to penetrate thy wit seem'it.

for I am a heathen monster!

Be-hold!

H-hold thy harness fast, doth thy senses fail or haveth you truly no knowledge of the being I am?



This time 'er I swore that I do the natural duty o' a heathen mal, to consume an un'ware passerby and banish myn cravings!

I must smoothe myn ruffled feathers...



Thy beautee trap't I as a bee carry'd by the swift wynd o' Zephyrus to the soot'st dayesye in the vulgar heath.

"beau-tee..."

Let the heaven lay witnes' to 'er such a turn, as a rat in peril transformeth to a lusty capul!

Sancta Simplicitas! May the earth quake!



"This time..."

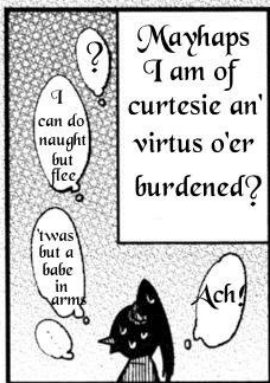


Twas many moons past that mine fellow monsters, born of Satan's gaze, seeke'd me out t'hunt noble man.

Youth comes but as spice for th' flavour o' man.

Verily? Thou hast yet to sup' upon the flesch of man, Hebihime?

A finer meal is yet to be seen on lande.



Mayhaps I am of curtesie an' virtus o'erburdened?

I can do naught but flee.

'twas but a babe in arms.

Ach!



Peradventure Thou art lost?

A lowe myneself to act a knyght an' ken th' path

Hoh! What a por wyght, surely thou art th' cobbler's kin?



A knyght so ferre and gay may rend me slayn.

But natheless, Victory ay ran to an' fro ful ofte



'Tis long 'afore the soone is riden out

My blessings upon thee!

My honour be scathe, I offrynge to thee a fest most fayre!

Ach!

Nay! I woulde be follie to cast mine arms aside.



A more gentil an' parfait mayde ther has not be'n. That ye have nay a bachelor foun' is beyond mine wiste

Vile beggester

'Tis thou that shall pass betwixt mine embrouches as the carrack abeam two shores



Such finery hast ne'er graced these humble lips!

oh, you surely flat-ter.

I'll don' the monkish robes, then lay entrapment with my vileynye and vixen wife...



a Fayre night's rest to thee.

Mine entrapment hath surely girt his wit! It is sprung!



ACH!

Un'er this nyghtertale Luna, I leer the heaven's feast, pity the pour swayn.

Packed is his bowel to the brimm, 'tis unnethes restraining myn voracity.

A-aa..

Huh?!
By the Seints, f not myn eyes defunct, he is not 'er!

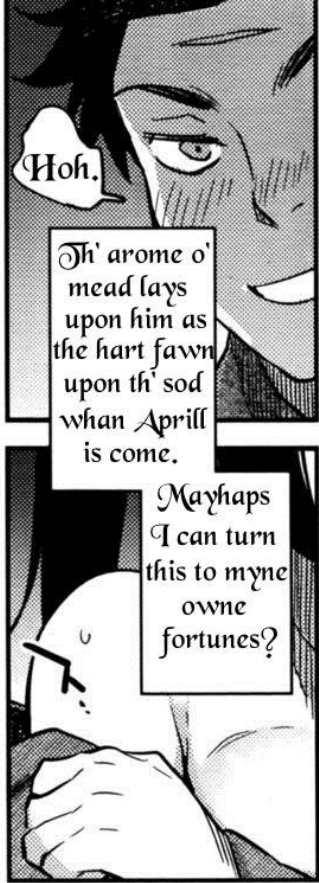
Shall't be the 'bout tyd fir the mare of sweven visiteth'm.

Per I granted an inquiry, f not too boor...
What hath a buddin' maiden such as thee, Hebihime, goth thynges at ain' a man's dwale den?
Ach, nay! hath he penetrated myn fog o' decep-tion?

Almost hath I cough'd up myn rote.
I wer' called to th' forst to piss' mynself a ryver.

Ach, 'twas not myn wille to constern such a rebekke delicate,

To Deum!!
May th' aungels rob me of the shadow that plagueth me!!!



Hoh.

Th' arome o' mead lays upon him as the hart fawn upon th' sod whan Aprill is come.

Mayhaps I can turn this to myne owne fortunes?



At last, allow us to ajoin as a union o' bacefor et mayden.

Aye, it has lync synce passed that I fairly empty'd mine testes an' came in unto a mayde such as thou.

Hah! Has myne charme lastly yaf thou th' mayde's shivers? Hast thyne mayden's silk burst it's banks as the Thames, and o'er flow'd with thyne nector d'amour?

Oh! Oh my! Meum corpus!

Has the mead at last added this knave's heede as the desert plays upon the turk's wyt?



E'en the fynest bard imbued with the muse make not such sweet sound to myne ear.

It has been auld lync synce last a felloe rit thees landes

For not to lay myne honor filthie an' unkempt, I prithe to accept myne corpus an' bawdy services as but a humble favor.



這次就用美人計!!

ほい

By the highest Jove!

A jape shallt thou witnes' fir wen as I pileth thy knobbes with myn wanges.

A whale of a flesch stalk is this one...

Myn wittes buds
Betrayed carole and is myn trow ronde!
'fore this divine taste o' a fesch man!

?

フムフム

Thy nectar is sweeter th'n any ciser I ken!

Al forms o' men's sondry tonges sans faille can scr-ibe this oral sensation not of this realm!

With haste thou gobbleth myn sword als sugre-candy.

The harlot o' Caligula so renoun'd boweth 'fore this un's crave!

フムフム

フムフム

フムフム

フムフム

フムフム



Uwah!

Ach!

Withold thyself!

Madam Hebihime !?

Ah, if myne memorie does not fail me, is this hole not the cavity from whence a bachelor's vigour sallies?

Shuurp!

If you handle myne sword with such vigor --!

Tll come in unto thyne lips!



Now, surrender thyself to th' deadly sin! Release in ful' force the seed bound so taut unto myn beguiling mund!

the connoisseur o' sins, wrappth its tail 'round the corpus to guid th' shadows to their circle o' inferno they deserve...
I swaddle thy baton as Minos,
Ha!

Ach! 'Tis a devel's werk by the tunge!

Ha!
Ha!

Ha!

Ha!

Gulp!



Ruptureth myn pintie!



What a lavish feast he hath given me!

By the Seints! I have come in unto thyne embrouche.



Truly this is ...!

The viscosity is such that it fingers in myne throte as doth the mist upon the morn'.



Mmphf! The fair volume of his charge hath made breathing an arduous task!

S R C C C !

S L U R P !



Large stylized sound effects and motion lines.

Large stylized sound effects and motion lines.

What sort
of spel hath
ablazed myn
sense and
soul?

W-
what...?

Hath I
perhaps
been come
unto
myself?

Ach,
strengthe
escapeth myn
corpus, myn
limbs so limp
as an unbound
fagot.

Doth thy
humours
kepth
well?

Am I...

Nestled
snug unto
a master
smith's forge
do I burn
when cradled
by him...

As a
cole
heap,



What ho! You encroachen upon me as the dawn upon nite!

I am but avaucen our sayre lover's daunce.

eh?

'Tis just as I thought - your meiden's envelope flouds fayrly as that what God layed upon Noah. Such be t'extente of thyne delit 'an pleasur.

Mayhap I have frighten'd you? Mayhap myne clip sayres too quik?



Oh...

But!



Thyne meid's lips woulde implien another storie - e'er deeper it beknen me ...

Ah!

Hah!!

Don!



Loosen thy muscles, maiden, for I shall be gentil.

Is't myn trewest of intention to bear the seed of this beggester?

Nay, I moste feed on him! 'Tis a ruse!



As I seyed, thy hoghol is drenched to the petal toppe.

By Jove! 'Tis so wett! So sodden!

Ach, my nervus are ablaze, my corpus aken!



only the speartip willt pass the agape port.

Then I shallt only jest fir a wink of a tyme, shallowest of merry making,



If that is thyne wille, may the Seints watch o'er, so be it...!



Ach!
You are
narowe
as the
Temese
in
drouth!

'Tis but
folie to
think one
coude cease
his advance
at the tip...

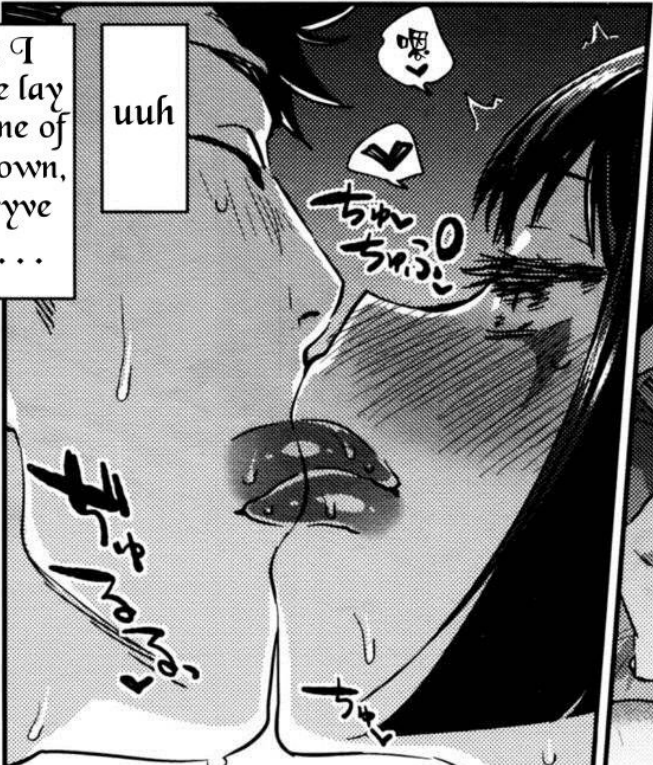
I tolde
you to but
insert the
point of
thyne
pike...



That I
woulde say
with one of
God's own,
an swyve
him...

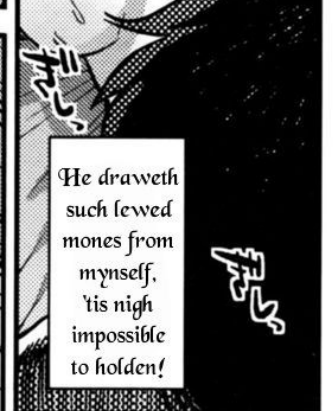
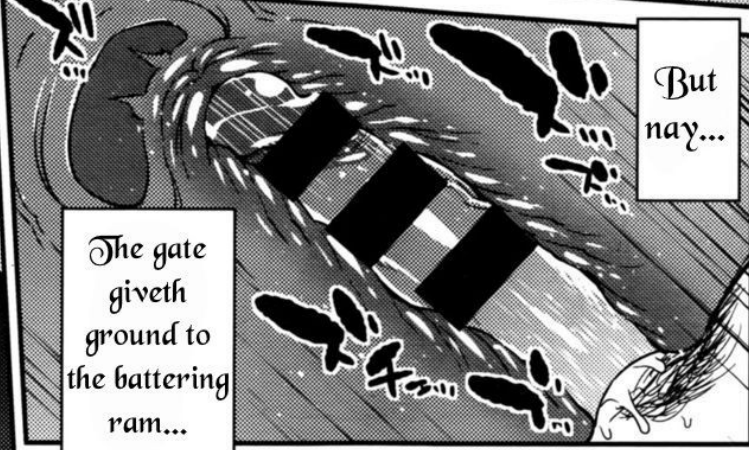
uuh

Ah!
slakke
in your
assaut...



aah...

Verray, if
thou are by
noon assent
in delit,
shou'd I
areste myne
viage?



Ach!
At erst
you wexe
laus! Thyne
meid's sheath
slakes its
grippe!

Heh
Heh...
I'm
fayne
...

At last!
I can enjoy
fornicioun
not as a feend
mais as one
in God's
lyghte does.
He treten
as his own
kind!!!

おはよう
おはよう
おはよう

From
dusk 'til
morwe your
wyf I can be!
Bed me as you
would your
bitreuthien!

Only
'till
morrow's
morn?

Ahh!
Depper!
Aah!

Eftsoone
plungen
myne
depthes
!!!

おはよう
おはよう





Thou art truly a strange felowe...

Wh-!

Cut thy words short, let not our mingling be only fir a nyght. Verify, an aeternity's worth, willst thou accept me as thyn?

Kenst not thou myn heathen origine travelour?

With truthe thou herte speaketh, fool?

Willst thou less a rying reste round thy finger?



Neigh... th' well-bottom o' myn minde hath been given licht...



Ach...

Thy entention giveth brooke to no sins or the devel's sootespeak!

Never willst thou giveth weg to mourdre a mann such as I!



Their eyes reflecteth the inglenooks of herte.

In myn Torney's paths, many a heathens and beests crossed I.



Surely
I can
quesse
him
...



Thenne
for
what
'resoun?

.....
By such
seeth
it is not
so ...

Sikerly,
you cannot
slee me, e'en
when yeven
ful aventure.



Knave!
Trew as
Phebus clambren
o'er th'orizonte,
myne benigne
acte is but a
facade t' make
you next
morne's
mete!
I fayrly
skof at the
idea that
I would
be
thyne
wyf!

I would take
but one swifte
dresse to
voyde this
unquiet foole,
to bireve him
of his breth an'
lay bare his
careyne ...



I cannot
leve myne
feende
comered
from
hethenese
lay eyes
upon me in
such a
contricioun.



Pester not
thyne heede
with such
petty quibble!
Let us hasten
e'er foreward
with our
merie
romp.

A fool's
tunge
dallys
sounder!

Thy
desiren
fir me to
accept
thou-

Hei, hei,
thou less
thy breath
veyn!

Thy hipe
shan't
be ydell
un'er
me!

Not e'en
the
sterres
in the
heavens
coude
forseeth
that I
woude
be rend
so
lovestruck.

Hiere vice
grippeth
e'en tighter
than before!

Howe'er...
see that thou
maketh baer
thy seed,

then, I
shalit be
a hen under
thy arms...

Swear
on th'
Styx!

Hei!
benyson
myn
kin!

I shallt
not guiden
myn seed
anyere but
to thy
womb!

Myn
babee
hus is
being
ramm'd?!

Ach! Then
less the dyke
be unbelted 'til
no lovelixer
springeth
forth!



Ah!
Cum
in

unto
me!



Cum-
ming
!!!

Ah

Cu
m
i
n
g
!

Myne
herberwe
is ful an'
trussed as
pastaerie
with fyne
creyme!

It is with
suretee
that I am
now
preignant-
By Seint
Anne!

Sans
faillie,
I must
be with
child
now...

ah

ah

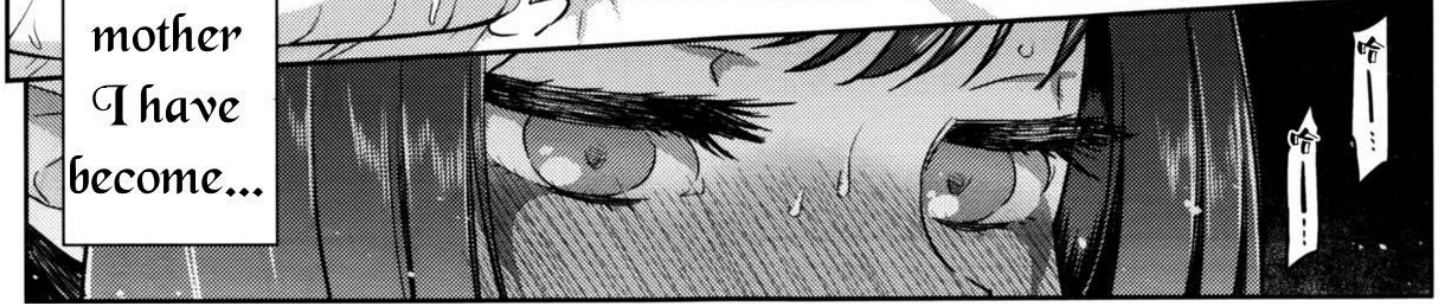


Hah...

I have become his..

And with this...

A mother I have become...



On the morrow less us mingle again.



Bid myn corpus safe, for I felt as Gomorrah.

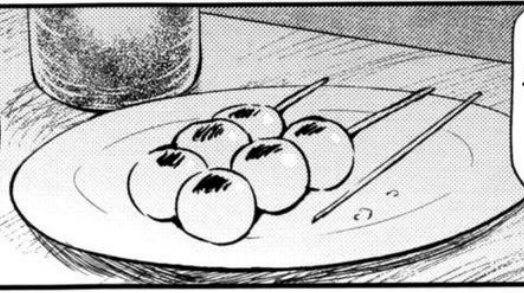
Mayhaps we merry another round to bid chance safe?

'Tis very much so enough fir today.

Truly! Thou jest not?!

She became a bryde! A hen under a human's arms!

I have given Hebihime a visiten fortnight back.



Ach, yes.



Verrailly,
I do
envie her.

Ha!
trewe
to that
meide's
carac-
ter.

So she had
caste to make
him her quarry,
but he reversed
her entente and
thus o'ermacched
her an' thus
keped her

The
damned
knave!

hertely
?



Aye
...

Ne'r have
I seene a
meide so
fayne
...





*Incipit liber primus Arismetice
numeriorū Doctri*



hot Patrol Translations

Abandon all hope, all ye Chotys who cast thyme unse
an' gullen, lewed gaze upon these ful worthy et noble
pages. Chot patrol translations is the designation o'
a fyne round of knyghts most fayr
an' ful of curtesie. Ser Buddha
Senpai et his camarade, Ser
Crazeek are two scolesys,
well versed in matters
of pilosophie and lye.



Thot patrol translations is a tl group dedicated to presenting a unique experience, to say the least, to the doujinshi readers through the mechanics of language, hoping to be a breath of fresh air in the ever-so-growing community. We are a two men team (Buddha Senpai & Crazeek) picking out doujinshis to rescribe, mainly for our own entertainment and pleasure.

Admittedly, we are not the most professional group, and can only transcribe already translated English and Korean works into a unique form of English, whether that be in the Shakespearean tongue or in the language of the enlightenment, but it is our sincerest wish that some eccentric souls out there will enjoy our labor and hopefully, brighten up their day.