





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

Brewed for master, a bean-made broth.



I shirk such sayings, and stay your servant.

but remember the rule, my maid you are not.

Your strain is seen, Cecilia dear friend;

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



By my manner of speaking, I meant no offense.

Such elven kin, she is Cecilia.



Obliged I am, blessings upon master.

In times by-gone ...



I cannot be cross, your countenance beseeches;

do as desired, I dissent you not.



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
...





Her massive
mammaries,
mould to
my sword
...

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



Hah...!

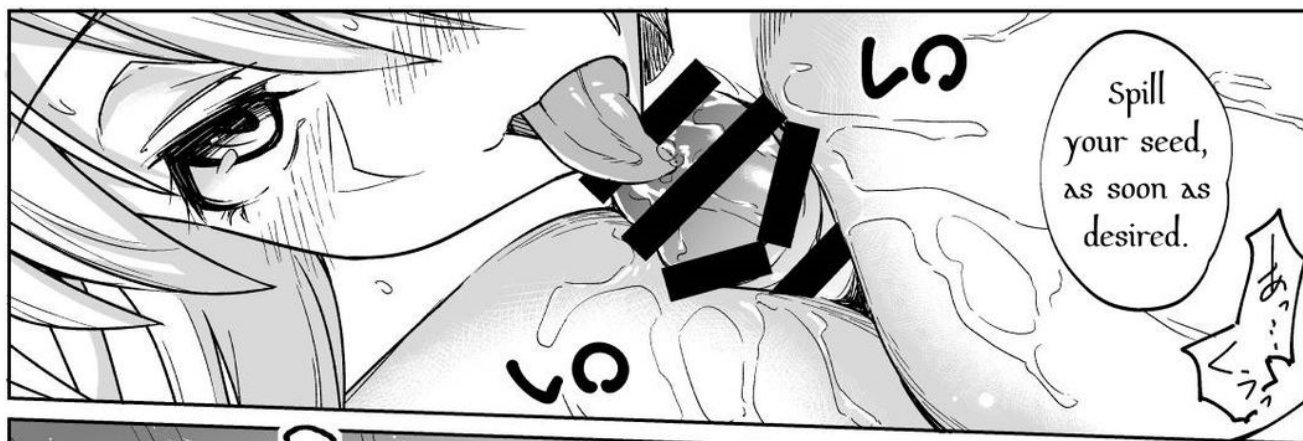


It hoists
my heart,
to hear you
praise.

Ach!



Master is
moaning,
as a maiden
you sound.





does
...

fury
fill you, I
fear to ask
...

Ab!

P-pardon
this
dunce,
an
impatient
whore;



はー♡

く3~

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 fetch-
ing, your
form is
splendid

Uuu
...



Um
...
love you
still,

a lass
as I
..?



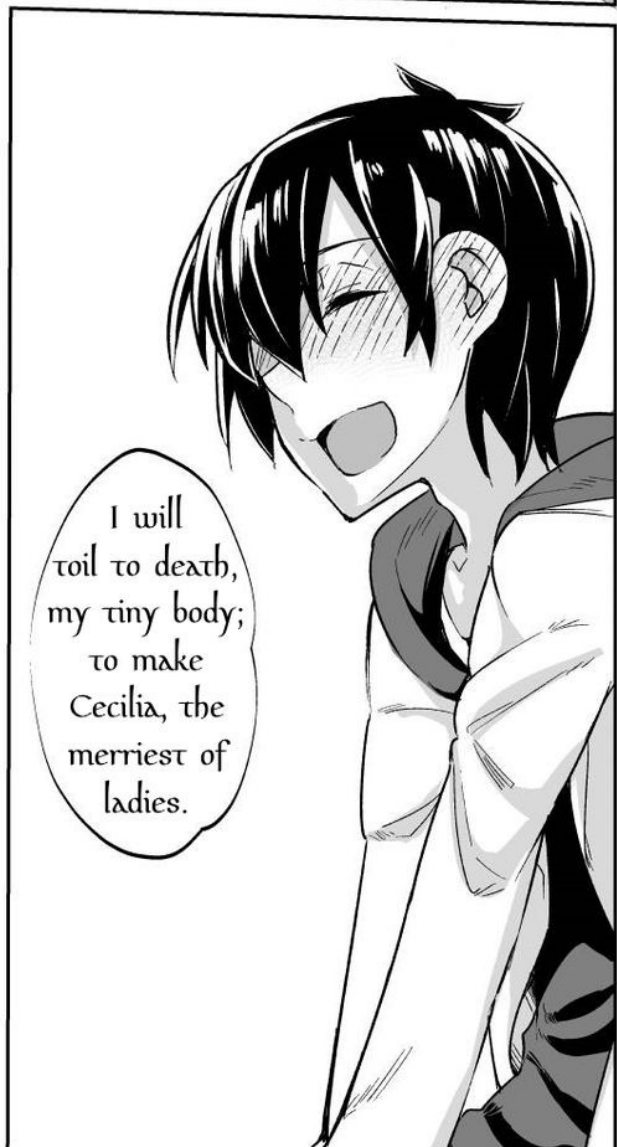
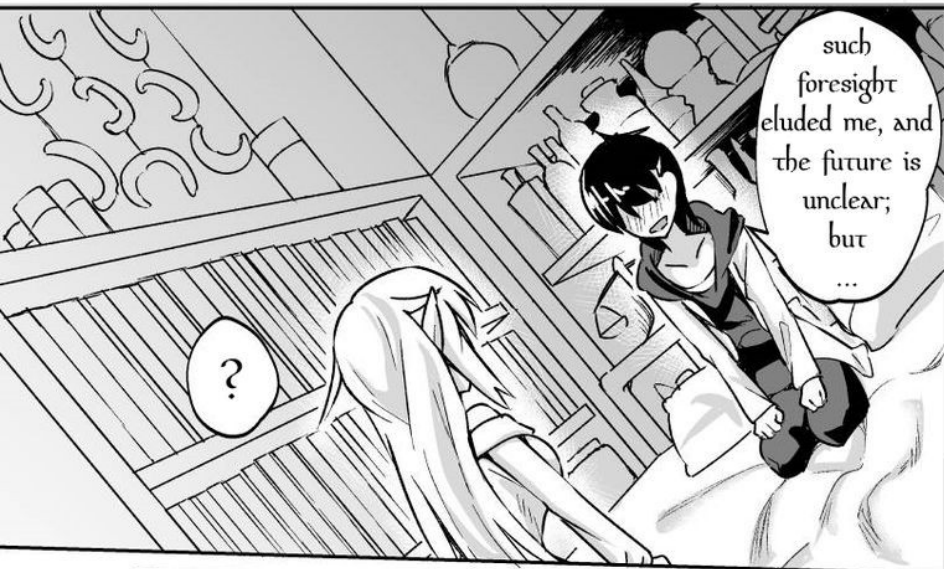
for
a defiled
maiden, is
fouler than muck;
from wedlock
she is walled, a
wicked wench;

as a
pontiff of
Alfheimr, 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 wor-
ship; and woe
betide, to
wombs
looted;

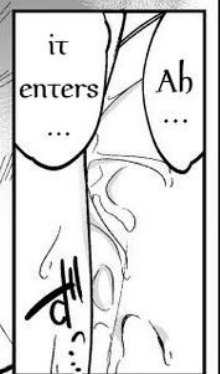


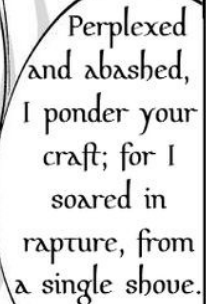
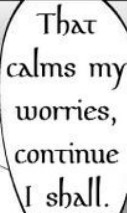




I resign myself, to stubborn master!









たふ

Steady
your
nerves,
savour
the lust.



A
moment's
respite,
master I
bid.

joining
with a
lover,
the joy
is
unmat-
ched.



The
slightest
graze,
strikes
me
numb;



I pet
you like
a pup,

for
every
stroke,
she
squirms
and
moans

Her
battered
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
harlot in heat,
her hold
relentless.

My kin
come forth,
I cannot
withhold!

Res-
ist
not!





As time tore
by, we took
no break; I
lost myself, to
a lustful craze.





bosoms
buxom,
that
bewitch
the eye.

those
healthy
hips, the
hallmark
of elves;

those healthy hips, the hallmark of elves;

0019



Her figure so fair, fastened my gaze;





Master!
Master-

Gracious
is God,
to gift
us with
elves;



Yonder I go,
yet again!

it violently
clutches,
such vigour
amazes me;
her meat-
folds wring,
my man-
stock weeps;



It pleasures
me properly,
partaking of
master!



she fits to
my form, the
finest meat-
sleeve; my
milt milked,
a myriad of
times.

clamping and
pulling, she
calls to me;
drawing me
deeper,
desperate for
more;





But of course.

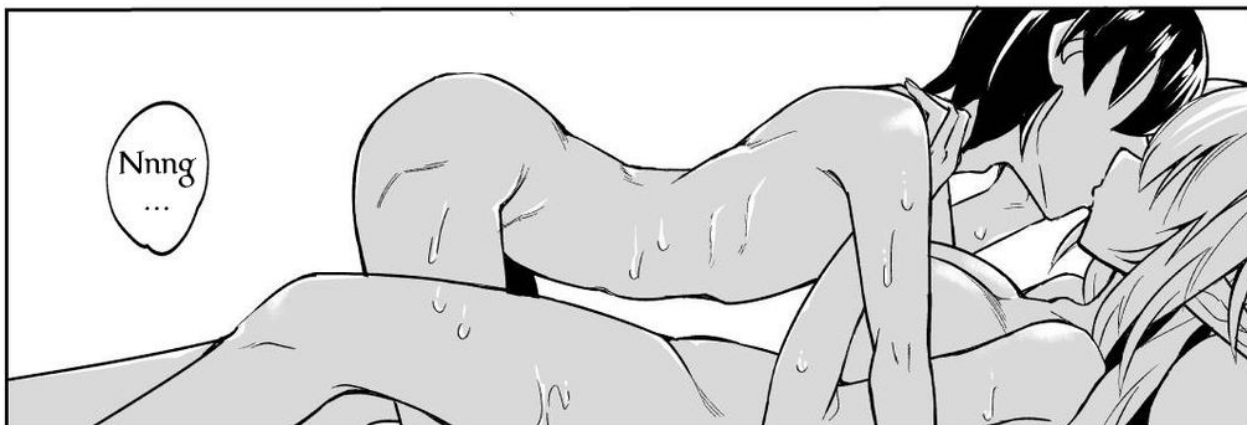


May our lips lock, as lovers do?

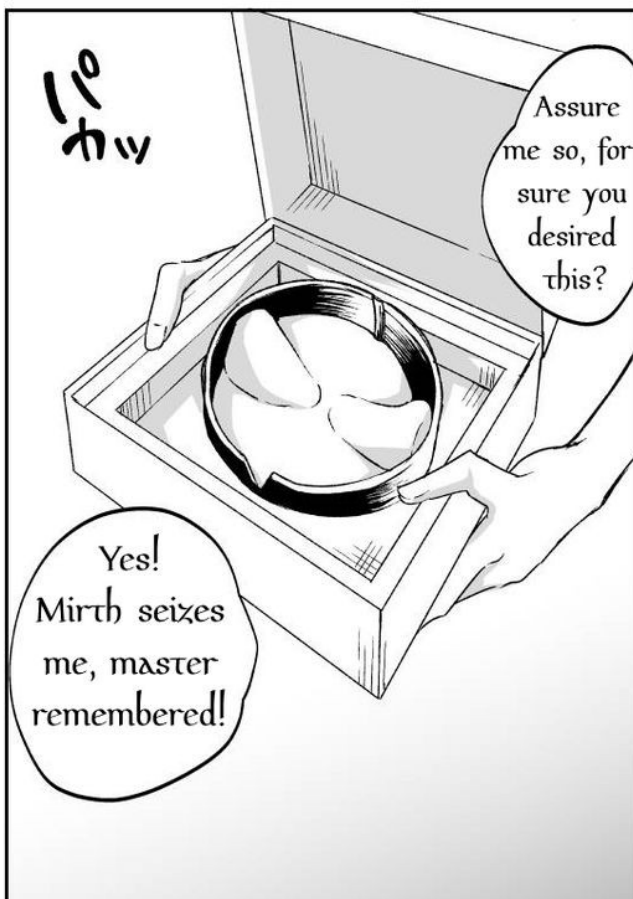


A fleeting favour, for a femme de chambre.

Yes?



Nnng ...



Assure me so, for sure you desired this?

Yes! Mirth seizes me, master remembered!



Ah, I forgot this gift, from Geatland begotten.

What may it be?

It is what you wished for, a while past.





hot Patrol Translations

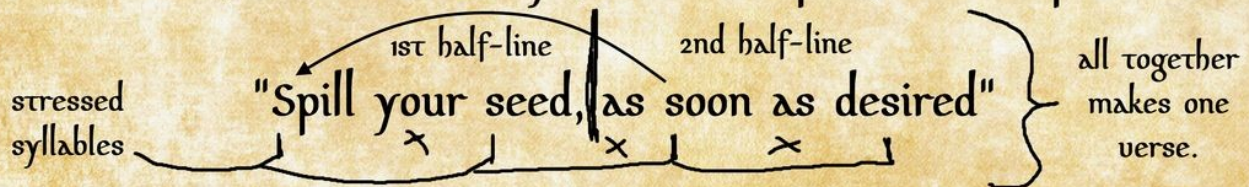


meus: in te confido
non erubescam neq; ir
rideant me inimici mī
et enim uniuersi qui



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