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The Passion of Dale Trilogy. Part 2 – For Tomorrow we Die

Author: Broadsword

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Keywords: Man/young girls 6-11, M/g10, ped, oral, anal, 1st, prost, lesbian, rom.

Warning!

This fictional story contains sexually explicit material involving minors. If you do not wish to read this type of literature, or you are under age, PLEASE LEAVE NOW!

If you wish to read material of this type, then read on and enjoy.

Summary: Dale, returning to the Somme after recovering from his injuries is soon promoted, through a mixture of ability and dead men's shoes, as the war takes its toll on other officers. He and his company play a major part in finally taking the village of Thiepval, which had been their objective on the very first day of the battle. He is billeted close by, where his landlady's daughters soon become very welcoming. Later, Dale is promoted again and sent further north to Vimy, where the Canadians win a very important battle. While there, Dale saves the lives of two orphaned sisters who show their appreciation as only little girls can.

Author's Notes: A full list of the characters in this story may be found at the end.

CHAPTER 1

Memories of Home

Dale had returned to the front after his head and groin injuries had more or less recovered and he'd been given the all clear to return to his unit, in September 1916. His and the other platoons in the Company, which had all been cut to ribbons that first day of July, when the Somme Battle had commenced, had now been reinforced with new recruits, who had been trained under the hard, but fair, expertise of C.S.M. Mason.

Going back into the line that autumn, the Battalion fought in many minor skirmishes, diversionary actions, night raids and brief battles. Dale, was a fast learner and quickly learnt the art of trench warfare; how to live and how men died; how to keep sane in a mad world. Guided by Mason, Dale noticed that the Company suffered far fewer casualties

than other companies in the Battalion. At first, he put this down to good fortune, but soon came to realise luck had little or nothing to do with it. Mason, using his decades of military experience,, had trained his men in survival. Captain Sellers, the previous Company Commander, had gone home after the first day of the Somme Offensive, having been wounded and saved by Dale's valiant action. But unlike Dale, had not returned.

Sellers's replacement was as useful as a chocolate teapot. At least that's how the entire Company viewed him. He was somebody's distant cousin, had languished in the army for the last thirty odd years, and had been promoted to get him out of other people's hair. His name was Captain Blenkinsop. However, he had one redeeming feature, unlike many of the generals from that God awful war, he was not responsible for the deaths of many of his men. In fact he was responsible for very little at all. He had learned early on that C.S.M. Mason knew what he was doing and left him to run the Company. Most of the time no one knew where he was. In reality, he spent most of his time either with his uncle, who was a colonel at divisional HQ in Albert, or in one of the 'blue light' brothels nearby.

On 25th September, they were sent up the line. They'd been informed they were to be part of an attack to take Thiepval Ridge, the following morning. It was a small part of the Battle of the Somme, which had started all those weeks before. Dale felt a shiver run down his spine. This had been the same objective way back on 1st July, when he had been wounded. During that assault, all attacks to the north west of him, on his left had failed with appalling loss of life. To the south east, on his right, the attacks had succeeded to a greater or lesser extent. The Schwaben Redoubt seemed to be the fulcrum point and as long as it remained in German hands, the campaign could never succeed.

He observed several things during that long night before the attack. First, was the absence of Captain Blenkinsop. Second, C.S.M. Mason seemed to be continually at Dale's side, as they made their way along the trenches, ensuring the men were as comfortable as the conditions allowed. It had rained for several days before the attack and although it had now stopped, they were all wet and found sleep hard to come by. Dale, was now the most experienced lieutenant in the Company. Mason was clearly relying on him to keep the unit together as a fighting force. The pair were a good team and the men seemed to know their lives depended on it.

They were next in line to men of the Canadian Corps, and during a break, Mason and Dale moved along the trench to meet the commander of the next Company to them to coordinate their movements the following day. The Captain's name was William Staff. His regiment had the glamorous title of Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry. The three men took to one another the moment they met. Each knew the other could be relied on in a fight. Lives would depend on it. Captain Staff invited them into his dugout and offered them a seat and uncorked a bottle of scotch whisky.

"I prefer Canadian whisky," said Staff, looking at the bottle as he poured, "but this will have to do. Cheers."

They chatted for a while, before Staff said: "I hear they're going to use half a dozen of those new machines in the assault."

"Tanks, I think they call them," said Dale. "Yes, that's right. I understand they're not very reliable, but if they help us to take the village of Thiepval, then all well and good." They

chatted for a while longer, before Dale and Mason stood and left Staff to make his own final arrangements.

“Good to know we have solid support on our left flank, Sir,” commented Mason, as they made their way back to the Company dugout.

“I agree, Mason,” said Dale, “unlike last time we were here and our own shells started dropping all round us.” They checked the lookouts were alert, and bedded down for the night. As Dale dozed off, his mind drifted back to happier times.

* * * * *

Having been severely wounded on the first day of the Battle of the Somme, and treated in Amiens Hospital, Dale had been sent home for further treatment at the Royal Hospital Haslar in Gosport. He then spent the next few weeks recuperating back home, where his family treated him like china. Nothing was too much trouble for them. They had half expected him to be killed like so many others they knew of, and yet he had survived, been promoted and awarded a Military Cross. Even Dale’s father had taken the trouble to travel down from Birmingham and visit him in Haslar. Although the two men had little enough to say to one another. Father had arranged and paid for a tailor to call in and fit Dale out with a new dress uniform. Dale knew his father well enough to realise he was trying to mitigate his own guilt and shame by raising his son’s image in his own mind.

On the train journey down to Devon, Dale was deeply embarrassed when a lady of ‘a certain age’, on seeing his medal ribbon, offered to give up her seat to him. He declined, but then was embroiled in conversation with her and her companion for the rest of the journey. It turned out she knew his mother and aunt from years ago and had to be polite, when he would have loved to have found a seat and slept. At last they arrived at Totnes, where he changed for Kingsbridge. His mother and Aunt were waiting with the pony and trap outside the station concourse for him, as he knew they would.

The journey down the narrow, bumpy, potholed, lanes of Devon was more painful on his wounded groin than he’d anticipated and by the time they arrived, his mother pointed out the blood stain which had appeared in the crotch of his new uniform. As a result, he was ushered into the house, stripped of his new trousers, bandages changed and given his old trousers to wear instead.

He wondered how the girls would be with him now. He’d worried about them during his time away, thinking they may regret what he had done with each of them, and perhaps feel bitterness and resentment towards him. Nothing could be further from the truth. They were all over him; well, as much as their mother hens permitted. Dale realised immediately he entered the house that a new atmosphere pervaded the place. At first he didn’t know what it was. Something was different. It was only over the course of the next few hours that he realised what it was. The mothers and girls had evolved a new rapport between themselves. They were all more relaxed together. Formality had, to all intents and purposes gone from the household. Something which was rare in those days.

Later that day, after they had eaten an early evening meal, Dale announced he had a present for each of them. He asked Mary and Alice if they would bring his trunk in from the hall, where it had been since his arrival. The two girls went out and dragged it in between them. When he had been in hospital, he had arranged with the tailor for a women's outfitter to call in. He had explained what he wanted and the woman had delivered seven beautiful dresses for the girls, his mother and aunt. But what surprised him, was when they all stood and removed their dresses, to try on the gifts. He couldn't remember the last time he'd seen his mother stripped to her underwear, and certainly he'd never seen his aunt like that.

The dresses were all modelled for him, the girls and ladies parading around for him to inspect. Each in turn came and kissed him on the cheek to thank him, before they once again sat down. What stunned Dale was the conversation which took place a few minutes later.

"Mama," asked Emily, "is it alright if Clare and I sleep with Dale tonight?"

"No darling," replied Evelyn, "I already explained to you that Dale needs his rest. You can have your turn tomorrow, I am only letting two of you sleep with him each night. So it's only fair it's the eldest two, Mary and Alice." Dale couldn't believe his ears. He knew his mother and Aunt Evelyn had known what he and the girls had been up to before he'd gone off to war, earlier in the summer, but it had never been spoken about. Obviously, since then, a Rubicon had been crossed and the girls were now able to talk freely about their love for him and one another. But it was her final comment which made his jaw really drop open: "Besides, darling, you know that you, Clare and Lucy are sleeping with Millicent and me tonight. I tell you what, though," she smiled at her nine year old daughter and said, "you can take in his tea in the morning."

He'd been travelling most of the day. After an early supper, Dale said he needed an early night, and using his walking stick, got out of the old leather armchair his grandfather had always sat in and carefully stood. All the younger girls and the adults stood in line so he could kiss them goodnight one at a time. He was followed by Alice and Mary, who seemed anxious to get him out of the room as soon as they could.

"Alice, Mary," said Millicent sternly, "remember what I said. Dale's wound was bleeding earlier. Take care you don't knock it in any way."

"Yes Mama," said Mary.

"Yes, Auntie," said Alice, adding: "We'll be very gentle with him." They both giggled as they followed Dale's slow climb up the stairs.

When they reached his room, the door was barely closed, before the girls turned to him and insisted on helping him to undress, each competing in undoing his uniform buttons, removing his Sam Browne belt and one pulling each of his long brown leather boots off. They carefully undid his trousers, slipping his braces off his shoulders and one on each side, pulled them down to the floor. Dale stepped out of them, as Alice and Mary, now grinning at one another, took hold of his khaki underwear and pulled them down too, letting his half tumescent cock spring free.

Dale sat on the edge of the bed, absently watching as the girls undressed in front of him. It was several weeks since he had last fucked them both, the night before he joined his regiment. They had thought of little else since, and were both anxious to get him inside them as soon as possible. They had argued earlier, after their mothers had told them they could sleep with Dale tonight, over who would be first. In the end, Millicent had tossed a coin and Alice won. But Millicent had then said, "Mary must be allowed to join in. Then when it is Mary's turn, Alice must be allowed to do the same."

Dale lay back in the centre of the bed and watched as the girls, in an obviously practiced performance, slowly stripped off their clothes for him, one by one, dropping them to the floor. As the last items came off, they turned towards him, feet apart, hands on hips, letting him feast his eyes on them. They knew Dale loved to just look at naked girls, so they stood there for several minutes, watching as his cock became longer, thicker, harder, seeming to pulse in time with his heartbeat, which was about one hundred a minute.

"Come to the side of the bed," he suggested, "one each side."

They moved to the bedside, their thighs pressing against the bedding. Knowing what he wanted. He reached out, and slipped his hands under their pudenda, feeling their warmth, firmness, dampness and tension. His fingers slipped down their mounds into the dimples at the top of their clefts and followed them down, feeling the slips of skin of their cowns, feeling them both jerk, as he touched their clitties. Not pausing his fingers found their entries, slippery with their arousal. He curled his fingers up and into them, feeling their passages open up to his intrusion, knowing his cock would soon be filling the voids.

He'd only been away for a few weeks, but already he could see and feel the difference in them. Their hips and bottoms had filled out a little, their waists seemed to be slimmer, their breasts now cones pushing out at him, inviting him to give them attention. But what he also realised was their hunger for him had increased too. As if reading his mind, Alice leaned over him, her puffed up nipple moving to his face. He turned and suckled it in, letting his tongue explore her shape and texture, as he sucked gently on her teat. There was a sharp intake of breath as the sensations of what he was doing surged through her young body down to her pussy.

He pulled away making a little pop, knowing his sister Mary would immediately be there. He took her little cone into his mouth and felt her shake as he caressed it with his tongue and gentle sucking. He felt movement, as the girls lifted themselves up onto the bed, their knees now either side of him. This was awkward, as his fingers were still fully inside their wet vaginas. Without waiting, the girls, as if previously rehearsed, moved down his body, and one each side, brought their mouths to the sides of his hard shaft and encased him, half in one, half in the other girl's mouth, their tongues working hard from opposite sides.

Dale couldn't believe what they were doing to him, and knew with their incredibly erotic movements, their mothers must have had something to do with their wonderful newfound abilities. Remembering his fingers were still all the way inside the girls, he started caressing their 'G' spots with his finger tips and their clitties with his thumbs. Very quickly, they were rising and it looked like they might all cum together; something which came to pass just a few seconds later. By now, Alice and Mary's mouths were pressed together, with his crown between, their lips enfolding him. They felt him jerk, his crown swell, then suddenly their mouths were filled with his hot semen, spurting out. Most went into one or

the other mouth, as they fought for possession. Some spread over their cheeks, lips and chins. All of it gave them pleasure, as they chased every drop to taste, savour and swallow.

Dale knew it would be a long night. The girls had hardly got started. This had just been the entrée. The main course would follow and who knows what deserts might be on offer. Then, as he drifted off to sleep he recalled Aunt Evelyn's comment about Emily and Clare bringing his tea in in the morning. It was nice to be home on convalescent leave.

CHAPTER 2

Thiepval

The first grey light of dawn found Dale's platoon standing-to. But this was no ordinary morning. Today they were to assault the notorious Thiepval Ridge. The same objective they had attacked and failed to take way back on 1st July. Dale's battalion were tasked with attacking the village of Thiepval itself. It was a hard nut to crack and they were to be supported by six of the new British tanks, which had only seen service for the first time ever, twelve days before.

Just as the men were about to go over the top, Captain Blenkinsop showed up. It was obvious to everyone he was as drunk as a lord, and was still in his blue and red dress uniform, rather than his khaki battle dress, as he walked along the trench towards his dugout to change. At that moment, the whistles blared out and the men climbed out of the trenches, moving forward. Dale, moving alongside Mason, directed the men, as the creeping barrage made a screen of screaming metal and fire and smoke in front of them as they moved slowly forward.

Author's Note: A creeping barrage was a method used to protect advancing troops. An artillery barrage over the enemy trenches kept their heads down. As the troops advanced, so the guns slowly lifted and the barrage moved forward. The challenge was coordinating the speed of advance with the barrage progression. A barrage lifting too early left men exposed; too late and men were hit by their own artillery.

Suddenly, as if from nowhere, Blenkinsop appeared, waving his dress sword over his head, shouting "Come on men, follow me!" He sprinted forward towards the creeping barrage, before anyone realised what was happening. He disappeared into the bank of smoke, fire and flying steel, just as the barrage intensified. He was never seen again.

"Looks like you're Company Commander again, Sir," muttered Mason alongside Dale. "At least I won't have to worry about what that fucker will do next to endanger my boys."

Just then, they could hear the rumbling sound of the engines and tracks of the six tanks a hundred yards or so on their flank. Dale looked across, and could see there were only four of them moving, two having already stalled with mechanical failure, and even as he watched, one lost a track, slewing to one side.

"C Company to me," yelled Dale, "To me!" The men moved across to him in groups of half a dozen or tens. As they came close, he pointed to the tanks and instructed his men to

advance under cover behind the machines. Looking to the other side, Dale saw William Staff appear from some smoke, his men following him. It would seem he'd had the same idea. Soon, the two companies moved forward, as the creeping barrage led the tanks, in front of the infantry.

Half way up the slope, another tank let out a puff of black smoke and stalled, but two were still moving and the fortification of Thiepval Château, on the edge of the village, could now be seen up ahead between the gaps in the smoke from the barrage. Dale looked around him. Compared to the carnage of earlier attacks during the previous few months, hardly a man had been hit, and those that had been, not severely, by the random shrapnel from the distant artillery, rather than the usual withering machinegun fire. This new tactic of following tanks and a creeping barrage was proving to be a huge success story; a tactic that would be adapted and refined for the rest of the war.

At last, they reached the crest of the hill at the edge of the village. The men were able to take cover in the ruins of Thiepval Château, as the one remaining tank moved forward. The machine moved along the German trenches, machine gunning anyone in sight. Dale and Staff's men followed on, clearing any remaining resistance and taking prisoners by the dozen. Soon, the second wave of the assault, mostly men of the Canadian Corps, arrived up the hill from the Ancre Valley behind them, and clearing the village moved on apace. By midday, the whole village had been taken and Dale stood his men down. Their objective achieved with very few casualties and not a man killed, other than the Captain, and no one was mourning him.

They brewed some tea and prepared something to eat. He and the men knew they had got off lightly today. They also knew it was in no small part down to Mason's careful training over the past few months. That and the new tanks following the creeping barrage. Soon after, Colonel Vickers walked up the potholed road from the valley below. It was unusual to see senior officers so close to the front, but then Colonel Vickers was an unusual and highly respected officer.

"Ah Winchester," said Colonel Vickers in his clipped Oxford accent, having returned Dale's salute, "good to see you back so soon. How are you feeling, my boy?"

Dale had been brought up to know that the definition of a bore is when asked by someone how they are, tells them.

"Fine, thank you. Ready for your orders, Sir."

"Good man," said the Colonel, seeing the livid scar which disappeared under Dale's hat over his left eyebrow, "let's sit down." Dale followed the Colonel's example and sat beside Vickers on a fallen tree trunk in what had been the front garden of the old château. He removed his hat and fiddled with it in his hands. The Colonel, noticed Mason walking towards them, carrying a piece of timber on which several steaming tin mugs of tea were placed. Without a word, Mason offered the Colonel a cup, then Dale. He took the third in his hand and was about to walk away, when the Colonel told him to sit down. Mason glanced at Dale, before sitting down beside him. To a casual observer, they looked reminiscent of the three wise monkeys.

"Bloody well done, you two," said Vickers in a tone brooking no contradiction. "From what I have heard, the division has suffered a lot of casualties. On the east, over towards Courcelette, it was bad and to the west our troops never got close to the Schwaben Redoubt. General Gough tells me the attacks will resume tomorrow. I have a feeling this campaign will just grind on until winter sets in. Your company seems to have achieved more than the rest of the battalion combined and with the least number of casualties. Blenkinsop walked right into the barrage, I heard. Blew himself to pieces. So I'm promoting you to Captain, Winchester. I want you to take over 'C' Company immediately. Mason, you're now R.S.M. (Regimental Sergeant Major) and not a minute too soon." The Colonel looked across at some of the men sitting around a small fire, eating their rations. "I heard some of the men joking earlier. One wag said: 'Captain Blenkinsop could never be found anywhere yesterday. Today he can be found everywhere'." A wry smile came to Vickers's face. "I shouldn't say this, Winchester, but the brigade is far safer with you leading 'C' Company than that imbecile. I suppose with his family connections, I will have to recommend him for some gong or other."

The Colonel stood and put his hat back on his grey head and looked around. "I want your men rested and ready in the morning," he said, pointing back south west across the Ancre Valley. "Take them over to Mesnil for the night. Brigade has set up a feeding station over there. There are barns there too, where the men will be able to sleep. It looks like it might rain tonight. If any of the men wish to go into Albert for the night, that's fine, as long as they're all in the line by dawn."

Dale realised the Colonel was giving the company a lot of latitude. If any man failed to show up in the morning, it would mean trouble for them all. Dale stood and the hundred odd men of the company stood as if commanded. They were proud of their young captain and Mason. They knew they had saved many of their lives that morning and were glad they would live to fight another day. Dale walked down the slope they had fought up, followed by the whole of 'C' Company, surprised by what a short distance it seemed now. They crossed the small stream, skirted the small lakes and ponds known as the River Ancre and started to walk up the far slope, over the crest and down the reverse slope, into the village of Mesnil-Martinsart half a mile beyond. It was more of a collection of farm buildings than a true village. As they walked along, they could see the guns of a unit of the Royal Garrison Artillery. Their 9.2" Howitzers still smoking from this morning's battle. Dale recalled this unit had been here on that fateful day he was nearly killed back in July and wondered if it was these same guns which had landed their shells amongst their own side.

Walking on, they came to a damaged church, where a dressing station had been set up to one side and a field kitchen the other. Dale instructed the platoon lieutenants to stand the men down, feed them and find somewhere they could bed down for the night. He repeated the words the Colonel had said about ensuring the men were to be ready in the forward trenches at dawn, but could have furlough until then. He suddenly realised just how tired he felt. Seeing a group of officers close to a building only slightly damaged, he walked over to acquaint himself. It turned out they were all medics, attached to the dressing station. He soon found out the building was being used as a temporary officers' mess and that food and some reasonable scotch may be found inside.

An hour later, he was curled up on a folding camp bed, sound asleep. When he woke, it was six o'clock in the afternoon. He got up washed and found something to eat, before going outside. Feeling like a walk in the evening sunshine, he bought some sandwiches

and cake plus a bottle of red wine from the mess sergeant and put them in a borrowed knapsack.

"I heard how your company got on today," said the sergeant. "I've put one or two little extras in there for you sir." Dale shouldered the knapsack and thanked him.

The sun was low in the sky, the shadows long in the late September evening. He walked along the street away from the other soldiers, dressing station and field kitchen towards the edge of the village. Before he walked out into the country on the Albert Road, he found a group of buildings, all damaged in some way. They were farm buildings, barns and outhouses. He was about to walk by, when a woman's voice called to him.

"Bonjour Monsieur." At first, he wasn't sure where the voice had come from. "Bonjour Monsieur," she repeated. He turned, seeing a woman in a shadowed doorway, a young girl almost hidden beside and slightly behind her. They were so alike, they had to be mother and daughter. He smiled and having nothing better to do, walked towards them.

"Bonjour medame," he said in his fluent French which always surprised and pleased the French people he spoke to. It was rare for any French person, in rural areas such as this, to speak any English. "It is a pleasant evening. How are you?"

"I am well, thank you Monsieur. My name is Claudine. This is my daughter Constance," she said placing a hand on the child's shoulder. "You are away from home, Monsieur. Perhaps you would like some home comfort. It is only five Francs, Monsieur. It is for my husband." Dale blinked, not understanding. Seeing his confusion, she added: "Many women in France have men at the front. My husband is at Verdun. I love him and want him to be happy. So I make five Francs each time, then I send the money to him and he finds a kind clean French woman to keep him happy. It is my way of looking after him."

Author's Note: *In rural areas, the practice of French wives prostituting themselves to send money to their husbands at the front is well documented and not as uncommon as some historians think. A French private soldier was typically paid a Sou per day (literally pennies). A red light brothel (used by the ordinary soldiers) charged a Franc; unaffordable to an ordinary French soldier. A blue light brothel (used by officers only) charged five. So by charging five Francs, women ensured their men kept 'clean' and were treated well.*

Dale was taken aback at the woman's matter-of-fact practical approach to the subject, which would have horrified many in English society. He smiled and made his excuses. She looked up the road, from where he'd come and saw another figure approaching.

"Ah, Reverend Evans is coming," she said a little hastily. "He often comes at this time for, err, communion. Monsieur, if you would care to visit our orchard, Constance would be happy to go with you." The girl, partly hidden behind her mother, was pushed out through the door. She took Dale's hand and walked with him down the path to the rickety old iron garden gate. As they went through, the elderly padre walked in the other way, his gleaming white dog collar seeming so out of place in this war ravaged village. Dale had no doubt in his mind what sort of communion the Reverend and Claudine would enjoy. It would be more of the body than the spirit.

CHAPTER 3

Feeding Constance

Constance seemed in a hurry to get away from the house. She tugged at Dale's hand, pulling him down the winding dirt track lane. He hadn't really noticed the girl until now and as they walked, he looked down at her, as she pulled at his hand. She glanced up at him and smiled. In that instant, his mind recorded her face in every detail. She had grubby cheeks and forehead, but her face was radiant. She had black hair and eyebrows which almost met in the centre over piercing obsidian eyes. She had a long narrow face and high cheek bones so common in the Gallic race. He guessed her age to be about eight, but as she had obviously not eaten well recently, evidenced by her thin face and body, she might have been older or younger. She was wearing a dirty looking hand knitted woollen cardigan above a dark smudged cotton skirt. One of her knee length socks was around her ankle, the other half way up her pencil thin calf.

The constant rumbling sound of guns along the entire Western Front was continuous throughout the 4 plus years of the war. As they walked, Dale heard the double detonation of a pair of German Howitzers perhaps a couple of miles away, followed by the screaming sound of the shells passing high overhead heading towards Albert or one of the surrounding villages. Dale was used to these random volleys of shells fired into the French countryside from behind the German lines. It was intended to keep the enemy on edge, fray nerves and deplete sleep. No one ever knew where or when the shells would fall.

Constance pulled Dale's hand to the side. He realised there was a hidden gap between two bushes in the hedge, which opened up as they pushed through. Beyond was a small area of open grass, with twenty or thirty fruit trees in neat rows.

"This is my special place," said Constance, letting his hand go, skipping ahead of him, spinning round with her arms outstretched, grinning mischievously at him. "Papa and I used to come here together sometimes." She didn't expand on why they came here, but skipped forward and jumping into the air with her arms stretched up, caught hold of a branch and swung back and forth, her feet swinging higher with each swing. She reached an almost vertical position, when she hooked her legs over another, higher branch. She came to rest in that position, her arms and glossy black hair loosely hanging down towards the ground. But Dale only noticed her skirt slowly start to slide down her thighs, gaining momentum as it slipped downwards, suddenly dropping, its hem coming to rest around her chest.

He was looking at her thin naked legs, bent at the knee, as they held her weight. Her panties were a grey homespun material, made to be functional rather than pretty.

"You're staring," she said, reaching for the branch with her hands, quickly swinging down onto her feet once more, the vision of her panties vanishing as soon as it had appeared. She brushed her skirt into place as she moved towards him, smiling.

She was about to say something more, when he beat her to it and said: "That was very good, Constance. You have a talent. Would you like something to eat?"

Her irritated expression suddenly changed to one of hope, her constant hunger readable on her pretty face. She didn't need to answer, as he took the knapsack from his shoulder and unbuckled it. Looking inside, he pulled out a bully beef sandwich and passed it to her. She snatched it from his hand and jammed it quickly into her mouth as if it might vanish before she could swallow it.

"Tu regardais ma culotte (you looked at my panties)," she said as the last of the sandwich was shoved into her mouth.

"Yes and very nice panties they are too," he responded. "I hope you enjoyed my sandwich. Perhaps it will help you forget about it." He smiled when he saw her expression, a raised eyebrow and a curled up corner of her mouth. They both knew a game was in play here.

"Would you like to see my panties again?" she asked hopefully, eyeing the knapsack still held in his hand.

"No," he responded nonchalantly, "I have already seen them, but I might buy them from you," he paused and looked at her, "for an hour."

Her eyes went wide, but immediately she realised this was just part of the game. "They are very expensive panties, Monsieur. More than a sandwich. Much more."

"Do you like wine?" he asked casually. "Good quality French wine."

"Monsieur, I am French. Of course I like wine," she grinned at him, her mouth already watering.

He held the bottle of Claret up for her to see. Even though she'd never tasted it before, she recognised the Château Lafite label. Her eyes went wide, her mouth dropped open. He then theatrically took out a corkscrew and the single glass he'd brought with him. Placing the knapsack on the ground, he took out his clasp knife and cut a ring around the capsule, the foil around the neck of the bottle and removed the top. He then inserted the corkscrew and carefully drew the cork, smelling the end to ensure it was good. At home, he would have decanted the wine. Here he didn't have that luxury. He carefully poured some wine into the glass, before placing the bottle on the ground. He held the glass to the light, inspecting the clarity, before bringing the rim to his nose to sample the bouquet. His eyes closing in delight.

She followed his every move, as if she were in his place. She expected him to sample the wine, but he didn't. Instead, he turned to her, holding up the glass towards her and said: "I wonder how much this glass of wine is worth?" He put the glass carefully down on the ground beside the bottle and picked up the knapsack and pretended to rummage in it. "What else have I got in here? Oh yes, I nearly forgot." He pulled out a glass jar and held it towards her. She recognised the contents, because she had helped her parents make it many times before the war. Foie gras.

Dale pulled a short length of baguette from the knapsack and broke off a three inch section. He unscrewed the cap of the jar and taking his clasp knife again, scooped out a

generous quantity of Foie Gras. He slowly spread the meat across the bread, before looking at the girl, who was now hypnotised, her face following his every movement.

“So Constance, how much is Foie Gras worth today?” He held it under her nose, before sniffing it himself. He glanced at her and bit the chunk of bread in half, chewing it a few times, before swallowing. He went to put the rest into his mouth, when he suddenly held his hand out and proffered it to her lips. She took a small bite from the corner, savouring the exquisite taste, her eyes closing, her expression speaking a thousand words.

“The rest is yours if you take off your cardigan,” he unexpectedly said. She looked at his eyes, then at the remaining piece of Foie Gras, back to his eyes, before she quickly unbuttoned the garment, dropping it on the grass. She leaned forward and took the remaining delicacy from his fingers, chewing away with relish. She was enjoying this silly game of his.

He looked at her young, thin body, now clothed in a grubby cotton slip and skirt and beneath that, the panties which he was negotiating to remove.

“Are you still hungry, Constance?” he asked, taking out another bully beef sandwich. Although her taste buds had exploded as soon as she’d sampled the tiny piece of Foie Gras, she was very hungry and the thought of another sandwich was just too tempting.

“How much, Monsieur?” she asked, knowing already she’d put herself at a disadvantage in the negotiations.

“Your slip, Constance. Only your slip.”

“She looked at him steadily, as she pulled the vest like half-slip up and over her head. She dropped it to the ground and when she looked up, he was already holding out the promised sandwich to her. As she munched on it, she noticed he was staring at her tiny boobs.

Dale studied her. He noticed how thin she was and could see every rib. He loved underdeveloped tits, and as she moved with the motions of eating the food, he watched as her flat chest moved around. Her slightly darker brown areolae stood in sharp contrast to her pale skin, a ring of goosebumps surrounding her tiny, but hardened nipples more like bee-stings than proper breasts just yet. He leaned forward and studied her closely while she ate. Then two things happened. Firstly she stopped moving, her chewing halted as she realised what he was doing. Secondly, he watched enthralled as her nipples grew in front of his eyes, swelling, lifting hardening, filling. Suddenly the vision vanished, as she clasped her palms over her chest, her face instantly blushing bright red. He smiled at her, as he watched her chew her mouthful, knowing the uneaten half sandwich still in the fingers of her hand would resolve the problem. She finished chewing and swallowed the last mouthful, looked at the remaining sandwich in her hand, then at him and frowning, quickly pushed the food into her mouth, covering her chest once more, but only after he’d seen how swollen her immature breast now was.

“You’ve eaten a little food, Constance, would you care to sample a drop of wine, now?” without waiting for her answer, he bent and picked up the glass. He brought it again to his nose and once more enjoyed it’s exquisite bouquet, while he watched her face recording

his every move. He moved the glass under her nose and watched as she inhaled the way few young people outside France were capable of. She took in all the subtle flavours of the fabulous wine, just from inhaling the bouquet over the glass. She leaned down, to sip some wine, disappointed when he pulled the glass away.

“No, Constance, I think if you want to taste this nectar, you need to hold the glass correctly, hold it to the light, sample the bouquet, before you put it to your lips.”

She looked at him, knowing what would now happen, but she didn't care. It was all part of the game, and as she took the glass in both hands, she smiled to herself as he looked not at her holding the glass of wine, but at her tiny boobs. She already knew it was worth it for a taste of the best wine in France.

Dale watched as she slowly, reverently brought the glass to her lips as though it were the chalice Reverend Evans was supposedly, at this moment, offering her mother, and took the smallest sip. He watched as her face with eyes closed, turned to ecstasy. She was tasting the best wine her country could produce, and she knew it. Her eyes popped open, the appreciation of the experience written clear. “Take another sip, Constance,” he said, enjoying her pleasure as she did as he instructed.

“Now I would like to buy your panties,” he said looking into his knapsack again. “But just for an hour.” He pulled off another hunk of bread and started to spread a generous helping of Foie Gras across it with his knife. He held it out towards her hungry eyes. She went to take it from him, but he pulled it away. “Uh,uh, Constance, full payment now please.”

She licked her lips, looked from the food to his eyes and back, before she bent and reached down under her skirt, pulling her panties off. She went to drop them on the ground, when he held out the Foie Gras in one hand and took the panties with the other. She held the delicacy in both hands and brought it to her nose to savour it's delicious smell. Then she realised he was doing exactly the same with her panties. It unexpectedly sent a thrill through her lower tummy. She almost reached down to touch her pussy, realising and holding back at the last moment.

Dale unfolded the panties in his hands. He looked at the little brown skid mark in a line, leading to a yellow line further along. He brought it to his nose and looking at her face, inhaled it slowly and deeply. His senses went into overload, as he simultaneously smelt her sweat, her bodily odours, her arousal. He hadn't thought she would be aroused, but the scent was unmistakable. He'd learnt to recognise it from his sisters and cousins often enough. He knew he had her now if he wanted her, but he liked the game they were playing and wanted to make this last.

As she wiped her mouth with the back of her hand, still chewing the last bit of bread, she looked up at him, wondering what would happen next, knowing full well what the result would be. She would be naked in front of this British officer, who she'd only met half an hour ago. But she liked him. He hadn't forced her or made her feel uncomfortable. His game was fun and it made her pussy tingle. She wanted to reach down and scratch it, but knew he would have won the game if she did that.

He waited as she masticated the food far longer than necessary, until she finally swallowed the last of it. He reached down and picked up the glass and bringing it to his

mouth, took the smallest sip, just wetting his lips. He pretended to savour the wine in his mouth, before swallowing. "That is a nice drop of plonk, Constance. Would you like to try it again?"

She licked her lips, knowing already how wonderful the Château Lafite tasted. The saliva was flowing hard and fast again. He handed her the glass, which she carefully took in both hands. "Turn to the side, would you, Constance?" She shuffled round, now in profile to him. She was holding the glass under her nose, once again inhaling the bouquet. He looked down and could see her skirt was held in place by four buttons in a vertical line, each about an inch and a half from the next. Around her waist, there was a cotton cord belt with a single bow.

"I would like to undo your skirt buttons and bow, Constance. You can take one sip for each button I release." He watched as she brought the glass to her lips and slowly sipped a mouthful. He could see she was moving the wine around her mouth. Her expression told him it was giving her great pleasure. He hoped she would do the same for him soon. As she finally swallowed, he released the bottom button with a quick flick of his fingers. Her head was bowed, looking into the glass. Her eyes came up to meet his, as she took the next sip of wine. Again she savoured it for several seconds, letting the full bouquet, flavour and impact flow through her, before she finally swallowed. She glanced down watching as his hand flicked the next button undone.

Constance was really enjoying herself now. She had needed to get away from the house. She was glad her mother suggested bringing the Captain down to the orchard. She hated to hear Reverend Evans grunting as he fucked her mother in the next room. She hated it even more when she knew her younger sister Celine was in there too. He spoke a little French, unlike most of the British soldiers stationed in Mesnil. Because of where they lived on the edge of the village furthest away from the British, and because Mum wasn't as young as the other women who 'entertained' the British, She had very few customers. In fact today's visit by Evans had been the first in the last ten days. It was their only income, and he only paid a single franc. They were hungry all the time, they were poor and Papa kept asking for money in his weekly letters home. The foie Gras and wine were wonderful. Before the war, Papa had made foie gras himself and made lots of money selling it in the market at Albert. If he sold everything, he always brought home a bottle of good wine for them to share in the evening. But this wine was better than anything she'd ever tasted before. She sipped another mouthful, feeling the next button release.

The last button went after Constance took one more mouthful. She had drunk more than half the glassful. Already it was going to her head, but knowing what was to follow, it helped to calm her nerves.

"When you have finished the glass, Constance, I will tug the bow," he said, taking hold of the end of the cotton cord belt, waiting. He was amused, because she now sipped the wine slowly, taking very small mouthfuls, delaying, procrastinating, teasing. At this rate it would take an hour to finish it. He waited until she brought the glass to her lips again, then tugged the cord, releasing the bow, her skirt dropping to the ground immediately. She jerked in surprise, almost spilling some wine in the process.

She was about to say something in protest, when he said: "Are you still hungry, Constance? Would you like some more foie gras, perhaps, or another sandwich?" He held

out the knapsack, and watched as she looked into the bag. She was in a dilemma. The sandwich was more filling in her empty stomach, but the foie gras tasted exquisite. She chose the foie gras. She watched, as Dale took another hunk of bread and spread the delicacy across it. She then realised he hadn't even glanced at her nakedness yet. She liked that. She was warming to the Englishman.

He finished spreading the meat and held it out to her. She was now holding it in one hand, the glass of wine in the other. "While you're eating, Constance, I would like to look at you, if that's alright." Another tingle shot through the little girl's lower body, as she felt his eyes start to move over her whole body. He moved slowly round her, circling, like a predator circling its pray.

She'd admitted earlier she was only eight years old, but as he looked at her thin, underfed body, she looked more like seven. In fact although her face looked like an eight year old, her body looked younger than his seven year old cousin Lucy's. His cock lurched at the thought. His mind went back to Fleur and Rose in Amiens. He remembered how the younger girl had excited him even more than the older. He secretly found he preferred fucking his younger sisters and cousins more than the older ones, although he would never admit that to them.

She had long black hair flowing down her back, almost to the rise of her bottom. Her arms and legs were thin although well muscled from constant exercise and work. Her belly, although now containing some food, sunk in below her ribcage accentuating her mons below, which seemed enormous on such a small child. He could see if he were to cup it, it would easily fill his whole palm. He looked forward to finding out shortly. Her cleft looked deep and long, dividing her full mons in two halves of delight. She had a deep dimple near the top, below which a tiny slip of skin showed where her clitoris was concealed. He bent down, his face close to her now. He could see in the early evening sunlight she had peach fuzz on her mound and thighs. He gently blew on her mound, smiling as she jerked back in response.

Dale walked round behind her, looking at her firm broad shoulders, her ribbed torso, the delicate small of her back, and the rise of her bottom, its deep valley enticing him to touch her, which he resisted for now. Her muscular buttocks twitched as she twisted round to see where he was looking, a dimple appearing at the top of each globe, disappearing again as she straightened up.

"You are a very pretty girl, Constance," he complimented her, as he completed his second circle of his close inspection. He looked at the glass, and saw she had finished it all and the foie Gras too had gone. "I would like to see more of you, Constance," he said, posing the leading question. "Would you like that?"

"Oui Monsieur," she said, thinking he meant he was about to leave, feeling dampness at the top of her left thigh.

"Are you still hungry?" he asked glancing into the knapsack, where the mess sergeant had placed a small fruitcake. Taking his knife once more, he cut a slice from the cake, seeing it was packed full of currents, raisins and cherries. He cut the slice in half, then in half again, each small piece less than a mouthful and popped one into his mouth and offered the

other to her, seeing her chew it in delight. She obviously loved the cake, because she looked longingly at the other half of the slice.

“Have you enjoyed our little games, Constance?” he asked. She nodded shyly. “Good, because I wonder if you might like to play some other games.” She looked at him wondering what he meant, but at the same time knowing. “I will give you the rest of my sandwiches and all of the cake, if you let me put you in positions I want you in and let me touch you any way I want for a few minutes. She looked again at the cake and knew there were several sandwiches left which would feed her mother her younger sister and herself tonight. She nodded, a knowing smile on her pretty face.

“Let’s start with something simple,” he said, placing his left hand on her shoulder and turning her to face him said: “Move your feet far apart for me, would you?” As she shuffled her feet a yard apart. He reached his right hand down and cupped her mons in his palm, letting his fingers curl up into her cleft, sliding into her recess, feeling her warm, wet vulva press against his fingers, as her labia opened up to his intrusion. His finger tip slipped over the entry to her vagina, curling back, locating her clitty again. He pressed gently and started to massage her once more, immediately feeling tension in her young body.

He was in no hurry and kept working on her little nub, while he let his left hand slip down from her shoulder, over her back, finding the rise of her bottom, letting his finger slip into her valley, quickly finding her anus, making her jerk, as he dipped in. He pressed, feeling her open up, his finger sinking slowly into her rectum, while all her attention was focused on what he was doing to her clitty. Sure, she’d touched herself there, but she’d never done more than that. She’d never felt the tingles coursing through her body that he was sending through her now. If she’d known how nice this would be, she’d have let him do this without being bribed with food. But she wouldn’t tell him that, she, her sister and Mama were still hungry.

Suddenly, Constance’s knees buckled under her, and it was only with Dale’s hands and arms supporting her did she not fall as her first ever orgasm swept through her eight year old body, giving her pleasure she’d never dreamt of in her short life before today. Even the artillery shell’s double crump, whistle and explosion less than a mile away didn’t distract her, so intense was the climax he was giving her just using his fingers.

At last, she calmed and looked up at him, slightly embarrassed. She grinned shyly, wondering what he would ask her to do next. “Well Constance, I hope you enjoyed that,” he said. “I hope you will enjoy what I would like you to do next even more.” She needed no coercion, and when he asked her to lay on her back and spread herself open for him, she did so without hesitation. Laying down, she took hold of her knees and pulled them back and outwards, knowing he could see her most private places, but she no longer minded. The wine and her recent orgasm had swept aside all inhibitions.

Dale had felt her, seen her in almost every mode, but hadn’t yet seen ‘inside’ her and that was what he wanted to do now. Kneeling in front of her, he leant forward and placing his palms on her thighs, brought his thumbs to her, already stretched open labia, and prised them even further apart. He looked into her vagina and watched enthralled as it slowly, oh so slowly, opened up to his view.

At first it was a tiny round dark hole, mucus stretched across the gap. Then before his eyes, the gap opened, stretching, widening. He could see into her deeper, pink and red colours started to coalesce, as the light reached deeper inside her. The pale pink of her stretched hymen opened like a flower, the little hole in it also stretching open, displaying the dark interior of the French child. In that moment, he knew he would have her virginity, had to have it. Not today perhaps, not tomorrow maybe, but he had to have it soon.

As he looked he could see she was so wet with her slippery arousal, he could have drunk from her like she had drunk the wine, knowing this was of a vintage far superior. With that in mind, he leaned forward and saw she was watching him intently as he brought his mouth to her pudenda. He encompassed her whole vulva with his wide open mouth. He then started to gently suck, while his tongue explored, seeking every crack and crevice. She may have enjoyed the foie gras and Claret, but his own taste buds went into overdrive as he tasted this incredible Gallic child's vaginal secretions as they flowed freely into his waiting mouth, while his tongue pleased her clitty once more.

Dale took his time, knowing she would cum again soon and the longer it took, the better it would be for her. The first thing he noticed was her belly starting to rise and fall as her orgasm rapidly approached. Her head suddenly arched back and she took a huge breath and held it. He felt the tension building. Then suddenly, she gasped once, twice, then moaned long and loud, while he felt her whole pussy convulsing on his tongue as she pulsed out her orgasm.

At last, she seemed to collapse onto her back on the late summer grass under the fruit trees. Her legs seemed to spread out wider, as her climax ebbed away. He could see her orifices pulsing gently, as her intense pleasure slowly ended. She panted for a minute, her hands clasped across her chest, pulling at her tiny breasts, her eyes screwed shut, her mind still far away.

She finally lifted her head and looked down her own body at him, his face still only an inch away from her spread pussy, just his eyes visible to her. "I said you would enjoy that even more, didn't I, Constance?" he said. She nodded, her head dropping back onto the grass, her knees flopping even wider apart, also settling onto the ground in a position only young girls can manage.

They remained like that for ten minutes or more, before, at last he said: "Would you like the rest of the wine and foie gras to take home with you Constance?" She couldn't believe it. There was more than three quarters of the wine left and over half a jar of foie gras left. "Would you do something for me now?" He paused for a second, knowing she was waiting for him to speak. "Savez-vous ce qu'est une fellation (do you know what a blow job is)?" She sat up, and nodded, resting on her elbows, knowing there was more. Her father had brought her here the evening his call-up papers had arrived. "Would you swing up in the tree again for me first?" he asked. She wasn't quite sure what he wanted, but knew he would explain.

Constance jumped up, grasping the tree branch and swung up, until her legs wrapped around the upper branch. She was about to swing higher, when he asked her to stop. She was hanging upside down, her knees curled over the branch, taking her weight, her arms and glossy black hair hanging down like before.

She hadn't noticed him stripping off, but as she came to a rest, she saw in her upside-down position, he was naked too. His cock directly in front of her. He stepped forward and clasped his arms around her waist. His thick, long, erect cock nudged her face. She reached for him with both of her hands and grasping his shaft, guided it to her mouth, knowing what he wanted; what Papa had taught her. She rubbed her hands up and down his shaft a couple of times, like Papa had taught her, licked her lips before opening her mouth wide and sucked him deep into her mouth.

Dale knew instantly that this girl had sucked cock before. He'd taken a lot of time instructing his siblings and cousins how to please him. It had taken a lot of training. This girl already knew. He could feel her tongue roaming around his crown, finding the sensitive spot under his fraenum. She was squeezing nice and hard with both hands, moving them up and down his shaft at just the right speed. She knew to pull his foreskin down so his super sensitive head would feel even better while his pre-cum flooded her mouth. He even felt her take him in deeper. His cock now nudging into her throat. She was an expert alright.

He decided to take this a step further. "You are a very good cock sucker, Constance. Does your Mamma know your Papa taught you to do this?" She went rigid, confirming how he thought she'd learnt to do this so well and also confirming her mother knew nothing about it. "I am going to hold your weight, Constance," he said, gripping her firmly around the waist, "release yourself from the tree. That's good, now I want you to open your legs as wide apart as you can for me. Don't stop sucking, do it harder, move your hands faster." She started sucking him again, then swung her legs outwards, her whole pudenda opening up once more just under his face and in a moment, his whole mouth encompassed her vulva, his tongue sinking into her vagina, pressing against her hymen.

Dale used all his skill bringing her up to the boil again. He worked his tongue into her vagina, along her cleft and over her clitoris and back all the way to her anus and back again, feeling her breathing get shorter by the second. Then he pulled away, just as she was nearly climaxing and said: "I must remember to tell your Mama how good you are at doing this."

She too pulled away from him, and gasped: "No, no Monsieur, please don't say anything. I love my Papa. I only did it because he was going to war and I wanted to show him how much I loved him. I only did it that once."

"Now you're lying to me, Constance. I must tell your Mama you sucked your Papa's cock many times and he taught you how to do it well, and lied about it to me." He tried not to grin as he looked sternly at her.

"Monsieur, please.... I will do anything you ask," she pleaded.

"Well I won't say anything to your Mama, but I want you to do two things for me in return," he said mysteriously. "Firstly I want you to swallow when I cum. Do you know what that means?"

She pulled off his cock again. "Monsieur, Papa never asked me to do that. I don't know if I can. What was the other thing you want me to do?"

"The other thing? We'll talk about that later," he said. "But I will make you feel really good now, while you see if you can swallow every drop."

The next ten minutes blurred into a haze in Dale's memory, when he tried to recall it afterwards. What he did remember was how intense she became as he sucked her pussy into his mouth again. She started to cum in just a few seconds and kept cuming continuously until it ended. Her sucking increased, he felt his cock slide down her throat. She'd definitely been trained. She bobbed back and forth on his shaft, her hands and mouth working hard.

Suddenly, Constance curled her legs around Dale's neck, pulling his face harder into her pussy. He started to buck his hips now, feeling his cock sliding in and out of her throat, her lips mashing into his pubic hair each cycle. How long this went on for he couldn't recall, but in one sense it was hours, but seemed to be over in minutes. She pulsed and pulsed on his tongue. She squirted juice into his mouth continuously. She tasted like ambrosia.

He felt the early signs deep down in his prostate. "Gonna cum," he managed to say, before pushing his mouth back against her open cunt, tasting her flows of eight year old arousal. Holding her weight with one arm around her waist, he slid the other down to her head. Then as the first surge shot up his shaft and into her throat, he held her firmly, making sure she didn't pull away. But she didn't try to anyway. She just kept sucking and gulping and swallowing and moaning as her own orgasm swept away all reason in her young mind.

At last it ended. Dale sat on the grass and lay back, she clinging to his front, her climax only now ebbing. After a minute or two, during which they both tried to catch their breath, she sat up on his tummy and turned round. She grinned at him and opened her mouth wide. He could see traces of semen all around her teeth, tongue and lips. Even a drip hung from a nostril. She closed her lips. He could tell she was collecting the remains with her tongue and theatrically swallowed what was left. She smiled again, opening her mouth once more for his inspection.

"So what was the other thing you want me to do?" she asked.

"Would you like to earn five Francs?" he asked, half a smile on his face.

"Of course," she replied "what would you want me to.....oh!" she said, suddenly realising what he had in mind. She blinked at him, as she processed her thoughts.

She was about to say something when he interrupted her. "Actually, I would like to pay you more than five Francs, Constance. If you let me fuck you properly, like your Mama lets Reverend Evans fuck her, I will give you five Francs, each time. And as you are a virgin, I will give you another five Francs the first time, when I pop your cherry, because it might hurt. But there is more." She looked at him wondering what else there could be. "If you let me do it up your bum instead, I will give you five Francs for that as well."

She lay back. His knees were up, so she leaned her shoulders and head on them, her feet on his shoulders, her knees splayed outwards. He looked down at her open pussy. It was reddened with the workout it had just received. "Will you bring the sandwiches if I agree?" she asked.

“Of course and a bottle of plonk. It won’t be Lafite, I’m afraid, that was their last bottle. But there is one condition.” She looked at him wondering, when he added: “I have to live through tomorrow’s battle.”

They walked slowly up the lane, hand in hand. She swung the Knapsack in her other hand, knowing her mother would ask where all the food and wine had come from. She knew she would have to tell the truth. But she wouldn’t tell Mama what she was going to do tomorrow; at least not until afterwards. As the farmhouse came into view, they saw the figure of Reverend Evans coming out of the old iron gate. He turned up the hill towards the church. In the distance, Dale heard the double crump of the German Howitzers firing yet again. He heard the scream of the shells an instant before the detonation. One landed at the top of the street, the other exactly where Evans had been standing. Dale ran forward to the new shallow crater in the road. He bent down and picked up the only recognisable item. It was a starched white dog collar. Smoke was drifting up from an edge. Claudine had just lost her only source of regular income.

CHAPTER 4

Pining for Home

Dawn was just cracking over the horizon behind the German lines. During the afternoon the previous day, hundreds of captured German prisoners had been marched away to Albert and the onward train journey to wherever they were to be incarcerated. Dale was under no illusion that reinforcements would have been rushed up to defend against the next assault, possibly even counterattack. He was gratified that not a single man had gone A.W.O.L. absent without leave.

The battle had continued almost non stop since the previous morning. Dyke Road and Zollern Trenches had been abandoned by the Germans, but the Canadians had been counterattacked at Kenora Trench. The Canadians took Stuff Redoubt and Hessian Trench. The battles had been local, sporadic and brutal. A platoon advancing in one place, another being driven back a hundred yards to their side. The Germans made many small attacks with bombs, later called hand grenades. Off to the north west, the Schwaben Redoubt remained obstinately in German hands forming a salient that would be a thorn in the Allied’s side until it was finally captured on 14th October, over two weeks later.

Dale’s ‘C’ Company spent most of the day clearing Thiepval village, working from one ruined building to another checking cellars, shell holes, a couple of pill boxes and some small fortified two or three man concrete built redoubts. They were careful, took their time and progressed steadily. It was late afternoon before the village was declared clear and Dale ordered the men to stand down. They sat around on the dusty ground, which Dale knew would turn to mud if the dark clouds above delivered much rain.

As he supped a mug of tea, holding one of the large square Huntley & Palmer Army No. 4 hard tack biscuits, which he dipped into the brew before attempting to chew a corner, his mind drifted back to his home and the extraordinary welcome he’d had from his family. His cock stirred just thinking about it. During that first night, Mary and Alice had both stood over him, before squatting down, impaling themselves on his long, thick, rock hard cock.

Without putting any weight on him, they had lifted up and down, his cock going deep against their 'G' spots. One of them would slide up and down his cock until her thigh muscles tired, when the other would take over, turn and turn about, until at last he came deep inside Alice. Sometime in the middle of the night, They had repeated it, ending with Mary getting a full delivery in her turn. But what had really pressed his buttons was while one was on him, she would use every means to arouse her cousin, knowing when they changed over, it would be her turn.

But as he stared into his tea, letting the biscuit soften slightly in the brew, he remembered what happened the following morning as if it were yesterday, when Emily and Clare had brought his morning tea in. Mary and Alice had left for their own bed sometime during the night when he'd been fast asleep. The first thing he knew was hearing a clink, as the bone china cup and saucer was placed on the nightstand, steam rising in the cool dawn air. The girls looked at his face, his eyes just slits as he came to. Nothing was said. Emily and Clare stood facing each other and slipped the shoulder straps off their night dresses, standing naked by the bed, acting as if he wasn't even there. They leaned forward and kissed, their hands quickly moving down and cupping one another's mound and pussy. Their fingers quickly working in well practiced movements, bringing pleasure, arousal and finally orgasm. It was all just a prelude, to arouse Dale.

Moving to opposite sides of his bed, the girls took hold of the bedcovers and drew them down, exposing his nakedness to them. They hadn't seen him since he'd gone to war and they were anxious to catch up on lost time. Then in a movement reminiscent of Mary and Alice during the night, Emily climbed up and stood over Dale, one foot either side of his hips. She reached down and helped eight year old Clare up too. The girls were standing astride him, facing each other and started to kiss again, their hands once more exploring the other's pussy, working their fingers hard, their climaxes again sweeping through their young bodies.

Emily then squatted down, holding Clare's hands for balance. Dale thought she was going to fuck him, like Mary and Alice had done, but suddenly realised his cock was nudging into her bottom. His pre-cum was, by now, flowing freely, but even so, he could feel there was some lubricant in there, probably Vaseline. She never hesitated and lowered herself quickly onto him, his cock sinking seven inches into her rectum. She smiled coquettishly at him, knowing how much Dale loved anal sex. When she was all the way down, she adjusted her position. She leaned back, resting her weight on her out stretched hands either side of his knees and moved her feet far apart, bending her knees, so he could see far into her wide open wet vagina, which she knew he loved to do, while she moved up and down on his cock. Finally, Emily curled her head far back finding Clare was ready, her spread legs waiting for Emily's tongue to give her the final treat.

Dale had watched and felt this incredible display by his young cousin and sister. But then he was to be amazed again, when on some unseen signal from one of them, in a matter of seconds, they swapped places. He was now balls deep in his sister, her legs splayed outwards letting him see deep inside her as she moved up and down on him. It was only a few minutes later his orgasm exploded into Clare's bowels, his semen squirting again and again into her. He had thought that would be the end of it. Afterwards they had laid alongside him, asking him about the war and the places he'd visited, how he'd won his medal, the girls he'd met in France.

It was halfway through the morning, when suddenly, unexpectedly, Clare straddled him once more and lowered herself onto him, letting him sink into her vagina this time. As they started to fuck properly, they could feel his semen slipping from her anus, dripping onto his balls below. Then, just as it was getting interesting, her climaxes continuous now, she had lifted off and let Emily take her place, until he'd come deep inside her. She collapsed onto his chest, her breathing still ragged, his cock deep inside her still. Dale looked up to see his mother standing in the doorway, Evelyn behind her. They both smiled and turned away. He heard one of them say: "He's so like Henry was at that age, don't you think?"

CHAPTER 5

Sexy Sister Celine

The rattle of a German Maschinengewehr 08 Maxim machine gun fire from the Schwaben Redoubt brought Dale back to the present. It was no danger to them at Thiepval, but confirmed that some poor buggers were making yet another attempt on cracking the uncrackable nut. He just hoped his unit wouldn't be called on to do it anytime soon. He needn't have worried, fate had other plans for Dale and his men.

Their relief arrived. He hadn't realised it was so late as he flipped the cover off his silver trench watch. Another present from his guilt ridden father. A battalion of the Lancashire fusiliers had been sent up to hold the line in the event of further counter attacks, and probe forward if practicable. Dale didn't need written instructions and immediately ordered his men back to Mesnil. Many of them had indeed visited Albert the previous night and the red light ladies there had done a brisk trade at a Franc a head. He told Mason they wouldn't be in the line the following day, and the men could have twenty four hours furlough.

They made their way back down the shell hole damaged road, over the rickety bridge across the Ancre and the surrounding ponds and marshland, up the hill and down the reverse side to Mesnil. As they entered the village, the men dispersed, heading for their various billets, before once again, he presumed, heading off to the delights of Albert. Dale's only memory of the town was the sight of the golden virgin looking down at him from the top of the shell damaged basilica as he looked up from the ambulance that fateful day early in July. Right now he had his mind on another virgin.

He headed for the officers' mess, where the mess sergeant welcomed him in as though he'd known him for years. With no other officers present at this time, they chatted for a few minutes, before the sergeant said: "Oh a young girl called earlier this afternoon, Sir," he said. "She returned the knapsack I leant you yesterday and said there was a note inside it. I have it here somewhere, Sir." He handed Dale a buff envelope. An address on the front had been crossed out with pencil, and the name 'Captain Dale' scrawled across it in a childish hand. Dale wondered what the sergeant thought about it, as he walked to the window to read what she'd written. He pulled out a scrap of paper inside, which simply read: "Même endroit, six p.m. Apportez quelque chose à manger. (Same place, six p.m. Bring something to eat). He screwed the scrap of paper up and tossed it into the sorry looking fire, giving the room some unnecessary warmth.

"Would you care for something to eat, Sir," asked the Sergeant, "or would you like me to pack some food into the knapsack for you again? I think I have some nice Camembert, some roast chicken legs, some cooked sausages and some fresh bread. I'll put in another of those fruit cakes as well, if you wish Sir. I'm sorry we don't have any more of the Lafite wine, but I do have some excellent Saint-Emilion, if that will do." The sergeant wasn't a fool. Officers often wanted pack-up meals when visiting the local ladies. They always tipped him well, as this officer had done the day before. He always looked after the good tippers. Where they chose to dip their tips later was no concern of his. It was already a few minutes after six, when he left the sergeant.

Dale walked down the main street, passed the church. He noticed as he went by a funeral was taking place. It was for Reverend Evans. It was quite common for one of the simple pine coffins used during the war to be filled with a few bricks or some shovels of earth to imitate a body, before being dropped into one of the makeshift cemeteries. Certainly like with Captain Blenkinsop, there wouldn't have been anything of Evans left to bury. Perhaps just the dog collar.

He saw Claudine standing in the doorway of her home. He noticed there was more damage to the building. Presumably caused by the shell that killed Evans. She eyed him curiously as he walked passed. Her expression that of resignation. She didn't invite him in. Their eyes met. She knew. He knew she knew. He felt her eyes on his back as he walked down the lane to Albert and the little orchard on the edge of the village.

Dale didn't see her at first after he pushed through the almost invisible gap in the hedgerow. He cast his eyes around the trees, knowing she was here somewhere, playing a game of hide-and-seek, knowing what the prize at the end would be. The orchard consisted of five rows of six trees. One corner had been hit by a shell some time ago. Eight trees uprooted in a tangle of splintered wood. All the fruit had long since been picked and sold in Albert market. It somehow had a forlorn look to the place.

In the centre of the orchard, he saw a blanket had been spread out on the grass. He walked across and sat down in the centre of the blanket. He un-slung the knapsack from his shoulder and placing it between his knees, opened it and slowly started to empty the contents. He knew it wouldn't be long. He heard a twig snap in a tree some distance away. He turned towards the noise and saw a movement high in one of the trees. A flash of blue and red. He stood and walked the few yards over to the tree and looked up.

"Are you pretending to be a little birdie up there in the branches building a nest, Constance," he chuckled, "or would you prefer to fly down and peck at the food I have brought for you today?" He smiled as she frowned down at him, a little mental game taking place. She certainly loved her little games and they both knew another game would be in play over the next hour or so. He walked over to the blanket, sat down and made a play of picking up the bottle of wine and slowly uncorking it. Just as he filled a glass with the ruby coloured liquid and put it carefully down on the blanket, he saw her drop to the ground from the tree, landing lightly on her feet. He'd filled a second glass by the time she'd walked over to him.

"Bonjour mademoiselle, comment vas-tu?" he said, looking, not at her, but at the wine bottle, before placing it on the blanket beside the two filled glasses. He finally looked at her and was careful not to respond to what he saw. For she had obviously spent a great

deal of time and trouble preparing for this occasion and he neither wished to inflate her ego or pop her balloon. She was wearing a royal blue blouse which had been embroidered with beautiful hand stitching. Below she wore a scarlet skirt which was pleated and decorated with tiny sequins each hand sewn in patterns displaying flowers, insects and birds. It was obviously her best outfit and she'd chosen to wear it on this special occasion. Her long black hair had been braided and tied back, where a single long plait hung down behind her neck. The end was tied with a red silk ribbon.

"You look beautiful, Constance," he said simply. "Come and sit with me and have a little to eat and drink." She smiled warmly at him and moved towards him. There was none of the coercion of the previous evening. They both knew what was going to happen today. They both wanted this to be special. She sat in front of him cross-legged her skirt forming a dip in her lap, where she folded her hands. She glanced behind her, up into the trees where she'd been hiding before he arrived.

He handed her a small china plate and a bone handled table knife and placed another for himself on the blanket. He then took out a large serviette and laying it on the blanket, took out the food from the knapsack and spread it out neatly. Her eyes went wide on seeing the array of delicious food and wine before her. She reached out to pick up one of the sausages, when Dale tapped her wrist with his fingers and said: "What would your Mama say if you dropped any grease on your beautiful clothes? Do you think perhaps you should take them off?"

Constance knew perfectly well that his suggestion had little to do with keeping her clothes pristine and a lot to do with his lustful intentions. She carefully unbuttoned the blue blouse and slipped it down her arms, revealing her naked chest to him again. She didn't feel embarrassed, this time, as she watched him once more studying her boobs carefully. She looked over her shoulder to the tree again, an action which Dale noticed and made him look there himself, before his eyes were drawn back to her, as she started to unclip her skirt at the side of her waist.

She slowly pushed the waist down slipping the skirt off her feet, exposing a pair of scarlet cotton panties beneath. He realised they were probably her best pair. She was unsure whether he wanted her to take them off, when there was a loud crack and a squeal from behind her. Another crack and a thump. Dale looked up in alarm, Constance already knew what had happened. Her stupid sister Celine had fallen out of the tree. Why couldn't she have just stayed at home like she'd told her. But, oh no, she had insisted on coming. Constance had only agreed to Celine coming on condition she remained hidden and silent.

Celine was not stupid at all. In fact for a six year old, she was very perceptive. She had realised what Constance was up to and had plagued her until she'd agreed to let her come along. Their mother, of course already knew what was happening, but had chosen to turn a blind eye. Constance had admitted almost immediately how she'd earned the food last night. But Claudine didn't have any other source of income and now that Rev. Evans was dead, she saw hungry times ahead. She'd fretted about whether to stop Constance coming to meet the Englishman today, knowing her virginity would be the price, but in the end relented and had watched the man walk passed her house with mixed feelings. She'd told Celine to stay nearby in case the soldier hurt Constance in any way and she needed help.

"Celine," shouted Constance, "I told you to stay still and not move." She knew her sister hadn't hurt herself falling out of the tree, because she was already getting off the ground, brushing the dust off her clothes. Celine turned to her sister and pulled a rude face then stuck her tongue out. She moved towards the blanket, then a few yards away, sat down on a fallen branch, folded her arms and simply said: "I came to watch."

Dale and Constance looked at each other slightly bemused. Constance shook her head and shrugged. Dale realising the situation started to pack the food back into the knapsack. He picked up a chicken leg, took a large bite out of it, and tossed it to Constance, who neatly caught it before looking at it forlornly. She realised the Captain was leaving. She had to do something and very quickly before she lost her meal and the money he'd promised her. She put the chicken leg onto the plate he'd handed her and put it on the blanket. She jumped to her feet and moved quickly to her sister and whispered loudly into her ear. From the few words Dale heard, he realised Constance was really angry with her sister Celine and was telling her in no uncertain terms what she thought.

Dale was about to buckle up the knapsack, when the two girls walked to him side by side. Constance was looking anxious, hoping she could save the day, but didn't know how. She'd already offered her virginity and yet it looked like he was still leaving. Celine stood now looking around. She saw the half eaten chicken drumstick on the plate at her feet and bent down, picked it up in her fingers and took a large bite out of it, looking at him, chewing defiantly.

"Sorry Monsieur," Celine said, picking a piece of meat from between two of her baby teeth, before sucking the end of the bone into her mouth. If she hadn't been so young, Dale would have thought she was being suggestive. What she said next absolutely floored Dale. "Voulez-vous que je suce votre bite, Monsieur? (would you like me to suck your cock, Mister?)."

Dale recovered his composure quickly. "Do you know what to do?"

"Oui Monsieur, my Papa showed me what to do," she paused and smiled, "every day." Both Dale and Constance stared at her with their mouths wide open, before looking at each other and bursting into laughter.

"You have been a very naughty girl, Celine," said Dale, trying to sound serious. "I should spank your bottom and send you home to your mother."

"But you're not going to do that are you Monsieur?" she said in a cheeky voice, "because you want me to suck your cock." Her eyebrow and the corner of her mouth rose in challenge. They both knew she had his measure.

"Well, Celine, you rudely interrupted the meal Constance and I were about to enjoy," he said, starting to unpack the food from the knapsack once again, laying the two plates and glasses out and opening the packets of sausages and chicken legs. He poured wine into the two glasses, half filling them, then cut two pieces of Camembert from the round. He handed one piece to Constance, who turned to Celine and slowly, oh so slowly ate it in front of her. They both saw Celine's tongue wipe across her lips.

Dale turned to Celine, as if he'd just noticed she was there. "Would you care for a little cheese?" he asked. She looked at the slice as he cut it from the round, but she saw him put it on his own plate. He looked up at her, as she stood behind her sister. "If you dress for dinner, I might let you have some." She frowned, confused and looked to Constance, who leaned in to his ear, whispering. Celine was momentarily shocked; but she was a far more outgoing girl than her older sister and quickly recovered. Constance had told her to strip naked for the Englishman.

As she quickly dropped her grubby woollen hand knitted cardigan to the floor and immediately pushed her knee length thick cotton skirt down, Dale studied her for the first time. He suddenly realised she was completely different from her sister in every way; character, age, colouring, facial and body shape, everything. It was as if they had different parents. Then it occurred to him perhaps their fathers might be different. Certainly the way their mother tried to earn a living suggested it was possible.

She pushed her socks down and off her feet, then stood in front of him and watched him as she put her thumbs into her knickers and slipped them down her thighs, letting gravity take them to her feet, then she kicked them to the side. She stood in front of him watching the lust in his face. More aware of the power she held over him than her sister; a power women have held over men for a million years. But she also knew instinctively that this man could only be pushed so far. It was a delicate balance, if she wanted the food he was offering, she would have to offer something in return.

"Let me look at you, Celine," he instructed. "Hands on hips, feet apart...no, further than that, wider girl...that's better. Stand still. That's good, now turn around. Feet further apart. Bend down and grasp your ankles. Don't bend your knees. Now stay in that position but bring your hands to your bottom. Pull yourself open. Wider, girl, do as you're told. That's good. Now stand up again and turn towards the side. Stand still." He watched her carefully while she had moved as he had instructed her.

Celine was as round and short, as Constance was tall and thin. She wasn't fat. No one in the village had an ounce of fat on them, food was too scarce. Her face had a round shape, with a button nose, narrow mouth, stubby chin, bright blue eyes, ears which although not ugly, stuck out like wings. All in all, she could only be described as cute. Her long hair was strawberry blond, in sharp contrast to Constance's black. Her torso and legs were short accentuating her rounded figure. When she'd stood facing him, he'd seen her plump mound was small compared to her sister's and where he could see her cleft at the front, where it curved from beneath her, it was only about an inch long.

The way she stood in profile, she was a typical six year old, her belly sticking out front, her bottom counterbalancing behind, in a shallow 'S' shape. But when she'd bent over and pulled herself open, his heart had skipped a beat. The whole of her pudenda was visible from the small of her back, down through her bottom crack, her perineum, vagina, vulva, cleft, clitoris and mons. Her rounded buttocks were two full globes either side of the valley of her bum in the centre of which her anus was the focal point, she was dilated and he could see an inch into her rectum. Her full peach shaped vulva bulged out, filling the space between her thighs. But her vagina was incredible. He'd now seen quite a few. This one was something else. She was younger than any of the others, but she was swollen with arousal, labia enflamed, her opening was dilated, her hymen had gone, and he could

see deep into her, red, pink, coral and cream colours seemingly moving around with the light reflecting off her dampness.

"Look at me, Celine," he said. She turned. "Sit down will you? I want to ask you something. I want you to tell me the truth." She settled in front of him, sitting with her feet apart, clutching her knees to her chest. He reached forward, his hand slipping between her thighs, moving his middle finger to her entry. She didn't stop him or move in any way. In fact, as his finger touched her, she moved her knees a little further apart. He just applied gentle pressure and watched enthralled, as his finger sank into the six year old, one two knuckles, all the way in. "So who's been in here before me, Celine? Was it your Papa?" She pursed her lips, then nodded. "Anyone else?" He wiggled his finger against her 'G' spot, making her jerk. She hesitated and nodded again. "Was it the Reverend Evans?" She glanced at Constance, grimaced and nodded once more. He slowly pulled his finger from her vagina and looking at her brought it to his mouth and slowly sucked it.

Dale reckoned he had the measure of the family. The father had molested both the girls, one more pliant than the other. Desperate for cash, the mother had offered her clients a 'feel' of the girl for a bigger fee. He now realised why Constance had been so keen to get away from the house yesterday. It was so the perverted padre didn't ask Claudine for Constance to pleasure him in any way. Well that would no longer matter. Evans had gone to the big knocking shop in the sky. He felt sorry for them. Trapped in poverty, with only one way to put food on the table. He decided he would try and help them. How, he didn't know. He would think about it.

"Well, Celine, now you're dressed for dinner. Would you like something to eat?" Without waiting for an answer, he turned to Constance and said: "You're nearly dressed for dinner, would you care to join us?" She smiled, pushed her knickers down and off her legs and sat down beside her sister. If he hadn't already known, he wouldn't have believed they were sisters, so unlike were they in every way.

"We will have several courses today," he announced. "Let me pour you some wine. I am sorry I only have two glasses, you will have to share." He raised his glass and said, "Santé," and took a generous sip. He watched as Constance took a gulp and passed the glass to Celine, who quaffed a similar amount. He topped up their glass, before putting the bottle down.

"Next, I think we should each take it in turns to eat something. What do you think?" The girls both looked at him puzzled. Constance knew instinctively this was one of his games. She smiled and nodded. "Let me see," he went on, "who had the chicken leg. Hmm it was Constance, wasn't it? So it must be Celine's turn to eat next." Celine looked at the array of food on offer, her mouth watering rapidly now. "What would you like, Celine?" he asked, waving his hand over the food, "a juicy sausage, a juicy slice of this wonderful Camembert, a juicy chicken leg, or as you yourself suggested, a juicy suck on my cock. I want you to swallow my cum, when you suck my cock Celine, think of it as an hors d'oeuvre." As he said it, he was already unbuckling his Sam Browne belt and unbuttoning his trousers. "Afterwards, you can wash it down with a whole glass of wine all to yourself." He stood and quickly stripped off his uniform before sitting down again. Whereas yesterday it had taken time, effort and some persuasion to get Constance to submit to his desires, he could already see Celine was readying herself.

Dale smiled at the bemused Constance, who suddenly realised her younger sister had usurped her evening. Dale lay back on the blanket, using his rolled up trousers as a makeshift pillow under his head. As soon as he was settled, Celine lifted herself over him and settled into a classic sixty nine position, her pussy opening up like a theatre curtain in front of him. He reached to the globes of her bottom and pulled her open, just as he felt her tiny mouth engulf the end of his rampant cock. He brought his mouth down to her pudenda and sucked her, just as he felt her suck him in too. She might have only been six, but she knew exactly what to do and Dale silently thanked the French soldier serving his country down at Verdun, where over 350,000 of his countrymen had already been killed, for showing his daughter before he left home, how to enjoy herself and also serve her country.

She had all the skills of a woman three or four times her age. She was an incredible cock sucker. She moved her hands up and down at exactly the right speed, gripping nice and hard, releasing and gripping again, sucking hard, easing, sucking again, her tongue roaming, flicking over his sensitive places, finding, pressing, before moving again, extracting the maximum of pleasure on his cock.

He knew this wasn't going to take long at all and all too soon he felt the surge deep in his prostate rushing up through his balls, his shaft and into her mouth. She never flinched as the first surge blasted into the back of her mouth. Then when the second huge ejaculation exploded, she gulped, swallowing his wad. Again and again he spurted into her tiny mouth and again and again she swallowed, as if she needed the nourishment to ease her hunger. When he calmed, he realised it had been so intense, he'd stopped pushing his tongue into her pussy and had just let his tongue flick up and down, finding her flavour where it could. She might have been only six, but it had been one of the most intense orgasms of his life.

He finally came to his senses and looked at Constance, sitting with her mouth open wide, having learned more about her younger sister in the last half an hour than in the last five years. As he handed Celine her full glass of wine, he said chirpily: "Well, girls, my turn, I think. I shall have one of those chicken legs." Dale knew he wouldn't be ready to go for a while, so set to making sure the girls ate their fill and enjoyed doing so. They chatted conversationally about their homes and friends, family, schools and countries, realising they had almost nothing in common, but had formed a bond never-the-less.

Celine, having eaten everything she wanted, became restless. She stood up, walked away a few yards and without any embarrassment, squatted down opened her legs and started to pee on the ground. She must have needed to go, because her tiny urethra dilated widely, as her urine flowed. When it slowed, Dale noticed her pee dribbled down her bottom, dripping off her upper thighs. She stood, not worrying about her dampness, or nakedness and ran off to play amongst the trees. "You have a very interesting young sister there, Constance."

"Yeah, so it seems," she replied, eyeing her sister in a new light.

Dale moved back a couple of feet and in a sitting up position, leaned against one of the trees, using his shirt as a cushion. "Come and cuddle me," he suggested. "Why not sit on my lap?" She shuffled over. He'd expected her to sit on him face to face, but instead, she sat on his lap, her back leaning against his chest, her feet either side of his knees. She

took his hands and wrapped them around her naked tummy and there they both sat for a while thinking their own thoughts.

The sun was sinking towards the horizon. It was getting late. "Constance," he asked quietly, "would you like to earn ten Francs or five tonight?"

She knew what he meant, he'd made himself perfectly clear yesterday. She had had a long conversation with her mother the previous night about where all the food had come from and how she had earned it. Her mother hadn't been angry. In fact Constance got the impression she was relieved. One way or another, they would have food on the table again, even if just for a few more days. When her mother had probed her with searching questions, Constance not only told her, in detail, what they had done the night before, but also told her that the Englishman had said every time he put his "pénis dans sa chatte, ou elle derrière (penis in her pussy or her behind)," he would give her five Francs. But when he took her virginity, he would give her another five Francs. Her mother had asked what she thought and did she like the Englishman? They had talked longer than Constance could remember ever speaking with her mother before. At the end of it, they had an understanding. Constance was to be the bread winner in future, and her mother would look after her and Celine.

She thought for a moment. "Monsieur, Mama told me that during the first time it hurts. Is this true?"

"Yes," he replied, thinking of the six virginities he'd taken in the last few months, remembering that some had hurt the girls more than others, but all had felt discomfort, "that is true," he continued, "but the pain quickly goes and the second time is much better for you."

"In that case, Monsieur, I would like you to, how you said, 'pop my cherry' now," she said quoting his own words back to him, "but nothing more, until tomorrow. You can then pay me five Francs as you promised."

There was silence for a few seconds, as Dale pondered her words. "And anything else?" he asked.

"Oui," she said. There was another pause.

"And.....," he prompted.

"Alors tu peux baiser mon derrière, (then you can fuck me up my bum).

Dale didn't move for a few seconds. He knew she was waiting for him. She had told him what she wanted, what she would allow and what she knew he wanted too. He lowered his fingers down over her tummy, finding her mound firm and hard to the touch. She moved her knees a little further apart, giving him room, as his finger sought her clitty. She stiffened in his lap, as arousal suddenly surged through her young body. She must have been on a hair trigger, because it was only seconds later, he felt her shudder into a short gentle orgasm.

Dale lifted her with his knees, giving him space. He reached beneath her, pulling his cock back. They were both covered in his pre-cum, trapped between their bodies, so as he pulled it back through her cleft, it slipped through with no resistance, settling into her vagina entry. He brought one hand back to her mound once more, his other seeking her clitty again, her weight still on his uplifted knees.

He felt Constance start to move in time with his finger dancing over her sensitive nub, tensing, wriggling, jerking. Her breathing intensified too, she was going to cum. He let her down an inch, feeling his cock push into her passage, her hymen resisting. He masturbated her harder, also trying to hump his hips, trying to let his invading cock stimulate her too. She started to cum. He let her build, using all his skill and experience. She arched her head back against his chest, knowing what was coming as he dropped his knees down, letting his cock slide deep into her vagina, sweeping away her virginity with it. A lance of pain shot through her lower body, just the way Mama said it would.

They both froze. He, to cause her no further discomfort, she, while the pain eased off. She was aware his cock was nudging into that spot deep inside her which she'd so wanted to scratch moments before; the place where all her inside tingles seemed to come from. He felt the tension leave her. Her body moulded into his, spooning together, joined where his unmoving cock pressed against her deepest, tingling place. They remained like that for several minutes. Dale could hear Celine behind him somewhere, playing in the trees, humming some tune to herself.

He wasn't sure if Constance was still awake, so still was she. He thrust his hips the half inch into her his scope would permit, pulling back and thrusting again in micro movements. He repeated it over and over. Still she was unmoving. His fingers, still touching her clitty started to carefully massage her. At last, she twitched. A cycle later, he felt her push back against him. She was rising. He kept this up for a few minutes more, then he felt her shudder again. She was having a gentle cum, her vagina clamping on his shaft. He let her calm, neither moving. Then when her breathing had resumed a normal pace, using his knees once again, he lifted her up again, his cock coming all the way out of her.

"Why did you do that?" she asked, "I was just enjoying that."

"You told me to pop your cherry, then fuck you up the bum," he reminded her. She folded her arms and harrumphed, crossly.

"That's before I knew how nice it might feel," she complained.

"Well now you'll have to wait until next time to find out, won't you?" Dale looked down and grasped his cock. Pulling it back the half inch to her anus. He could see it was smeared in blood and pre-cum. He decided she didn't need to know and lowered her a fraction, letting his crown nudge into her entry. His tip slipped in remarkably easy, his rim popping through the tight ring of muscle of her sphincter. She gasped in reaction. He knew he'd not hurt her, because she was already responding to his ongoing masturbation of her clitty poking stiffly out from her cleft.

He didn't need to push or thrust. He felt his cock finding it's own way deeper and deeper into her rectum. He relaxed his knees, letting gravity take effect, his cock going yet further

into her bowels. At last, he was in as deep as possible, her bottom pressed hard against his pubis. He relaxed again, feeling her once more mould her back into him, while his finger gently played with her love button.

Other than the microscopic stimulation of his finger, neither of them moved. His other arm was around her belly, her hands clasped over his. They were both deep in their own thoughts. Apart from their nakedness, no observer would have suspected he was seven inches inside the child. They had been like this for over an hour.

"How long do you think this war will go on for?" she unexpectedly asked.

"It will go on until the politicians have run out of money or soldiers or weapons or the populations of the countries fighting, who have lost all their men, refuse to support it any longer," he responded. "It is the same with every war; always was, always will be." They lapsed into silence, while he felt her clamping on his crown deep inside her, as he continued to play with her clitty and another little climax swept through her.

"I like your cock up my bum," she unexpectedly said, "it feels nice and warm and comfortable in there. Will you do it again when you come another time?"

"I will do it as often as you want," he said. "But I think once you've had it in your pussy, you'll like that even more. He smiled as her rectum started to clamp on his shaft again, her hand over his tightening her grip slightly. She showed no other signs of her pleasure as her new orgasm continued for a minute or so.

It started to get dark and the temperature dropped rapidly in the cool night air. Dale reached down to the blanket they were sitting on and wrapped the edges around them, cocooning them in a warm bubble of cosy warmth. Soon Celine appeared from her tree adventure and was about to get dressed, when Dale reached for his jacket and taking out his wallet said: "I know you were uninvited and I know you ate more than your share of Constance's food, but you did give me a really nice blow job, Celine." He took out a banknote. "I would like to poke my finger right inside your pussy again. If you can get it all the way in, I'll give you this five Franc note."

Her eyes lit up. She saw one of his hands was free, the other under the blanket somewhere. So she dropped to her knees, shuffled towards his hand, then moved her legs apart for him. She looked at him smiling, as he sank his long finger all the way quickly into her six year old cunt.

Dale increased his pressure on Constance's clitty, feeling her immediately react to the extra stimulation of his finger working harder and his suddenly swollen cock, which was much deeper in her now and was stretching her, making it so tight. She would cum hard in a minute, he was sure. He started to wiggle his finger deep inside the younger sister Celine, feeling her too rising again. She felt wonderful on his finger, her tight, warm, wet immature cunt giving him extra arousal. Constance then came hard, clamping along the whole length of his cock, sending him finally over the edge. It took a second or two, then he blasted into her bowels pulse after pulse, over and over. She was still cuming, Celine was cuming and now he was too, filling her with his hot wet semen, deep into the eight year old. The two sisters and the Englishman capturing a special moment less than two miles from the front line trenches.

CHAPTER 6

Settling in Mesnil

A few minutes later, the three of them were walking up the lane, hand in hand, towards the girls' battered farmhouse. Claudine was waiting outside the door, sitting on a milking stool. She was smoking a cigarette. He noticed the cigarette tin beside her bore the brand name Craven "A". He realised Evans must have given them to her before he himself had turned to smoke. The words of a stupid immature schoolboy song sprang into his head for some reason:

"Craven "A", never heard of fornication,
Craven "A", always pulled his tool.
Craven "A", quite content with masturbation.
Thought that 'cunt' was what you were called down at school."

His mind recalled the difference in his life down at school, compared to here in France, less than a year later. Sure in his final year he'd buggered plenty of the junior boys. All the prefects did it. It was expected. It had happened to him often enough when he'd been a junior. Those days seemed so long ago now.

He pushed open the old iron gate and followed the girls up the path who greeted their mother warmly. She could see the girls were content and looked at Dale and smiled, as if reassured he hadn't harmed them in any way, while having his way with them.

"Bonjour Madame," he said.

"Bonsoir Monsieur," she replied. "Have my girls been good?" her meaning was not lost on him.

"They were a credit to you Madame," he replied, making his tone ambiguous. They had polite conversation for a minute or so.

"Where are you staying this evening, Monsieur?" she asked.

"I expect I shall be able to bunk down up at the officers' mess," he said, knowing the beds were in all likelihood taken.

"I have a spare room if you want something more comfortable," she said. "I cannot feed you, but the bed would be just two Francs."

"That would be most kind, Madame," he said. "Let me go to the mess and let the sergeant know. I will return in about fifteen minutes." Dale walked up the road, as Claudine ushered her girls indoors, wanting, no doubt, to interrogate them before he returned. The mess sergeant was busy when he got there, but a nice tip resolved that problem and Dale quickly got what he wanted. The meal of the day was beef bourguignon. He got four

helpings ladled into a large lidded food container, together with potatoes, peas and carrots. While he sealed the lid, the sergeant handed him another bottle of the Saint-Emilion wine.

"I trust the young lady will enjoy this, Sir," said the sergeant with a glint in his eye.

"Yes sergeant. I hope so too," he replied, smiling, taking the bottle. "You look a little overworked," he said.

"Yes Sir," replied the sergeant. "We had a local woman who helped run the place, but she had to return to Albert for some reason, so we are short handed."

"I may know someone who might fill the gap," said Dale. "would you like me to ask her?"

"Yes Sir, ask her to call round in the morning. It pays a Franc a day."

Dale walked back down the road from the mess, holding the food container in one hand and the bottle in the other. He pushed open the old iron gate with his foot and used the bottle to knock on the front door, tapped a couple of times. He heard movement inside and as the door opened, Celine's face appeared in the gap. When she saw him, she quickly pulled the door open for him. The moment he stepped inside, the smell of the beef bourguignon seemed to pervade the whole house from his food carrier.

He followed Celine into the kitchen, where Constance and Claudine were waiting. Their smiles said more than words when he placed the food carrier on the table. Claudine stepped towards it, lifted the lid and took in the aroma of the food. "The mess has a French chef," said Dale by way of explanation. "They are looking for someone to help with running the place. Would you be interested?" She nodded and Dale told her who to go and see in the morning.

They sat round the small wooden farmhouse table, while Claudine put some plates in front of each of them and Dale filled them with hot steaming food. He handed the half full bottle of wine to Claudine and the unopened bottle on the table. She found four glasses and poured a generous amount into each. He lifted his glass and said: "Santé." He paused for a moment, before looking levelly at the woman and added: "Thank you."

"For what?" she asked, confused.

"For your beautiful daughters, Claudine. They remind me of my sisters and cousins at home." He reached for his wallet. "I have a photograph of them all here. Perhaps you would like to see."

She took the picture from him and studied it with interest. "Did you take the photograph?" she asked. He nodded. "They all love you very much. I see it in their eyes. You are a lucky man." Then, as if she were asking what food they liked to eat, or which were the cousins and which his sisters, she asked "Have you fucked all of them yet?" Dale smiled at her, knowing she was testing him. He'd seen the girls' expressions when he'd come back from the mess, and knew she knew what had gone on.

“Yes, of course,” he replied in the same tone as hers. He pointed to Emily, his cousin, “She’s my nine year old cousin and I fucked her first. During the following two days, I fucked all the others except her,” he said pointing to seven year old Lucy. “Her birthday and mine happen to fall on the same day. I was twenty one that day and she was now eight. So I fucked her then as a special birthday present.”

“How did you get her alone if it was a big birthday? Weren’t there other people about?” she asked, not sure if she believed Dale or not.

“We didn’t need to,” he said. “My mother and her mother are sisters, so they were there.”

“You mean.....” she stuttered.

“Yes or course. Well it was her first time and her eighth birthday, so we made it special,” he explained. “We all had cake and lemonade and all the presents to open and party games like musical chairs and pass the parcel.” Dale painted a happy picture, while Claudine sat there aghast.

“But why did those mothers allow this little girl to be fucked by you in that way?” she asked.

“What is the difference between me with Lucy in England on her birthday, and me with Constance here today?” he asked bluntly.

“But it’s not the same..... , I didn’t know about Constance.... ,” she blustered.

“Don’t give me that rubbish, Claudine,” he said looking her in the eye. “Of course you knew what she was up to. Did you think the food she brought home yesterday grew on those apple trees? Of course not. You knew what was going on. Then you let her go with me this afternoon. Did you think I was giving her English elocution lessons? Then little Celine...”.

“What about Celine,” she snapped.

“Little Celine,” he continued, “who has been trained to give the best blow job I’ve ever had in my life. Don’t tell me you didn’t know what was going on between your husband and that girl, while you were fucking Evans and other British officers, no doubt, for money.”

“but we had no money, we.....” she stopped and looked at him, seeing the expression in his face. He obviously didn’t respect hypocrites.

He raised an eyebrow then unexpectedly said: “Do you know what I think we should do, Claudine?” She tilted her head in query, not trusting her own voice. “I think we should eat this wonderful food before it gets cold. Then I think you should let me take your two daughters to bed, where I hope they will earn more money in a night than you’ve had in a month.” She didn’t answer, but instead picked up a serving spoon and started to fill the four plates with more of the delicious food.

They ate in relative silence. The girls chatted together, giggling and teasing one another, the way children of that age do. Claudine had been starving. What little food she’d

acquired had been given to the girls and that wasn't much. She tried not to shovel the food into herself, but was close to doing so, so hungry was she and so delicious the food.

Dale hadn't thought much about Lucy since he'd arrived here a few day's ago. But as they ate in silence, he recalled that amazing birthday party. He had been home for several weeks, and he was almost recovered. He knew he would need to return to France and his platoon before much longer. The morning of the birthday party, the doctor called in and signed him off.

That afternoon, his mother Millicent and Aunt Evelyn had prepared a wonderful spread of party food, cupcakes, small sausages on sticks, homemade sweets and every combination of sandwiches possible. They played games like hide and seek, pass the parcel, musical chairs, charades and all the games little girls enjoy playing. Then the time came for Dale and Lucy to open their presents. His mother had knitted him some new thick socks and a woollen pullover. She knew winter was coming and it would be cold in the trenches. His father had sent down a leather bound silver hip flask. It was inscribed with his name and the regimental crest.

The girls had found a small glass container, a bit like a jam jar with a screw lid. It had a pink ribbon bow tied round the lid. He carefully undid the ribbon, and looked at the small container in his hand. All he could see through the glass was what appeared to be cotton in different colours. He glanced at the girls. They were all grinning at him.

"When you open it," said Alice, "smell the contents." He did as she said, brining his nose to the opening. Instantly he recognised the unmistakable musk of little girl arousal. He looked at the jar again more carefully, and could several see marks and stains on the material. Then he realised they must have each taken a pair of their used panties and cut the gussets out and put them all in this jar.

"We each had to keep the same pair on for three whole days," explained Alice. "Mummy made us play with each other for hours, we weren't allowed to put our fingers inside. We had to push the material in. It was fun. When Mummy said we were starting to pong a bit, we cut the cloth and put the pieces all in the jar. Do you like it, Dale? We thought when you are away in France, it will remind you of us."

He brought the open jar to his nose once more, sniffed deeply, taking in the strong, rich aroma, before screwing the lid back in place. "It's the nicest present I've ever had," he said. "I will take it with me wherever I go."

"What did you bring for Lucy's birthday?" asked little Clare, who was herself approaching her ninth birthday. Dale reach over and picked up a brown paper parcel, held together with string. He handed it to Lucy, who pulled the bow holding the string, allowing the paper to fall away. Inside was a pink tissue paper wrapping. She carefully unwrapped the tissue, finding a small pair of silk panties. They too were pink, with hand embroidered flowers spaced all round them. They had fine lace trim around the waist and leg holes, as well as more trim in a cross shape at the front and back. She held them up in front of her inspecting them.

"They came from Paris. They have a surprise, Lucy," he explained. "Try them on."

Lucy stood in the middle of the room, her family all watching with excited interest, as Alice stepped behind her and quickly unbuttoned the line of fastenings at the back of her dress. She pushed the material off her shoulders and stepped out of it as it dropped to the floor. Without hesitation or embarrassment, she pushed her cream coloured cotton bloomers down and off, now standing naked in front of them all. She took the present from Alice, who'd held them for her and stepped into them, pulling them into place. They were a perfect fit.

She looked down at them, her hands smoothing the silk material into place, before she looked up at Dale smiling. "Thank you Dale. They are beautiful. I love them. What is the surprise?"

"Put your hands on your hips," he instructed, "then spread your legs as wide apart as you can."

She did as he said, her feet slowly sliding outwards. Suddenly there was a collective gasp. Lucy wondered why. She looked down, and gasped too, because the whole crotch of the panties had opened up showing her off from her mound, down through her cleft and beneath there was a three inch wide gap. "Turn around," he said. She spun round and as she did, he could see they were open all the way to the top, exposing half her buttocks on each side, her valley completely open to view. They were sensational.

Well that's something you don't see every day," said Millicent to no one in particular. She smiled and made a joke by adding: "I don't mean her little girl bits, I mean the panties." They all laughed.

"I bought a pair for each of you," he said after they had all finished admiring Lucy's gift, "but I thought as it was Lucy's birthday, she should have hers today. The rest of you can have yours tomorrow." He saw the expression on Millicent's face. "Yes Mother I bought some for you and Aunt Evelyn too."

Soon after, Lucy's birthday cake was brought in, with eight candles alight in a ring around the edge. Evelyn sat at the piano and played 'Happy Birthday' and they all sang heartily, repeating the song for Dale afterwards. Evelyn then carried on playing some music the girls would enjoy, while Millicent cut up the cake and put a small piece on some plates and handed them round to everyone. It was such a lovely occasion; so loving, intimate, just family. They all knew following his medical discharge, he would be away any time. They needed to waste not a minute.

Dale was sitting on a chaise longue, which he'd habitually used during his recuperation, wearing his long smoking jacket, fastened with a cord around his waist. He had a glass of whisky at his side and had just finished smoking a thin, mild Havana cigar, listening to his aunt playing some beautiful music, including the new hit song, which he'd heard for the first time the day he was discharged from Amiens Hospital 'Roses of Picardy'. As he already knew the song, they made him sing it as a solo. He couldn't have enjoyed his birthday more.

Evelyn beckoned Lucy over to the piano, while she was still playing another song, 'It's a long way to Tipperary', and whispered something in the child's ear. Lucy still naked, apart from her brand new panties walked over and sat on the edge of Dale's chaise longue. She

was still looking at the piano, joining in the songs, when she felt Dale's hand on her knee. She turned to him and gave him a smile. She so loved her cousin. He was at once her friend, her lover, her confidant, her hero and her favourite person in the whole world. This was their moment, and everyone in the room seemed to know it, as the well known marching song came to an end, and all the faces in the room turned to them, as if they'd all heard an unspoken instruction.

Lucy still sitting, leaned over him and brought her lips to his, kissing passionately as they had done so often before, when they had made love. He'd always been so gentle with her; never forcing her, when he'd gone so deep in her bottom or made her gag when she'd sucked him, while he'd given her such wonderful feelings when he did what her mother had told her was called cunnilingus. She reached down, and tugged the bow of his smoking jacket cord, feeling it go slack. Her hand moved, pushing the garment open, reaching inside. Beneath, he was wearing a pair of light slacks with an elasticated waist.

She leaned over him and taking hold of the waist with each hand, pulled down. He lifted his bottom up off the seat, letting her take the slacks down and off his legs. She looked and saw he was wearing a pair of his khaki, army issue, underpants, which she had off in a few seconds. Dale was reclined, wondering what his little cousin was going to do next. He thought she was going to lower her bottom onto his cock, as she had done so many times recently. Then he suddenly realised, to his amazement, she intended to lose her virginity with him in front of the whole family right here and now.

Lucy was the youngest of the five girls. But she was probably one of the most sensuous and vivacious of all of them. She wasn't shy, and even as they all watched, she took hold of Dale's rapidly rising cock, bent at the waist and in a moment sucked him deep into her mouth. He knew instantly she must have been practising with something, because she took him in deep and never hesitated or gagged. But this was her time too, and after just a couple of minutes of skilled sucking and licking, she pulled off him, kissed his end before lifting her leg over him and straddled him, her pussy hovering over his erection.

She had known all day what she was going to do. As a result, she was as wet and slick as she'd ever been in her short life. Her thighs were damp down to her knees. She'd spoken to her mother and aunt a few days ago about what she intended to do and they had finally agreed, after a lot of discussion about when, where and how. They had told her to go slow, there was no rush, to savour her first time as if it were her last.

So as she reached down and took his stiff cock in her little hand and guided it to her entry, it slipped in half an inch with no resistance at all, until his thick crown nudged against the tight cuff of her entry muscles. She felt his fingers touch her clitty. She jerked in response, she was feeling so sensitive. She started to undulate on his tip, letting the feelings of his cock sliding in her recess and his fingers against her clitty bring her arousal on and on. She was in a dream world of wonderful sensations, as her favourite person in the world was at last going to fuck her, as she had wanted him to do for so long. As long as she could remember.

The other girls paired up with their usual partners, Alice with Mary, Emily and Clare, even Millicent and Evelyn, now caressing one another, as they watched Lucy sitting astride Dale, slowly pressing down, letting him sink into her tiny entry. They all wondered if she could take him. Time would tell.

Lucy was now oblivious of the others in the room, only Dale and her own sensations. She was unaware, but she was moving her tummy forward and backwards in a roll movement, her little vagina feeling his cock pressing in from different angles as she did so. Suddenly, the rim of his crown popped through the tight elastic of her entry. She froze, now feeling him pressing hard against her hymen. She tentatively moved again, slowly, gradually increasing her pace again, her tingles increasing as before. She started to lift and drop; just an inch, feeling him press harder into her. But the pleasure of his finger on her clitty increased too. She was going to cum soon and she knew it would be a good one.

Millicent and Evelyn, now each with their fingers deep in the other's vagina, were watching closely as their offspring made love. Seeing Dale's long hard cock poised so strong and thick at Lucy's vagina entry. They were thinking the same thing, finally voiced by Millicent: "I so wish Henry were still here with us. It would have made this just perfect, seeing his daughter and nephew together like this." She paused in thought for a moment. "Perhaps he might have even been in Dale's place." Evelyn smiled and nodded, as she pressed her fingers harder to her sisters pussy.

Lucy had been enjoying a quiet ongoing climax. The only one who knew was Dale, as her cunt spasmed on his crown. It was just a gentle but long cum. She knew it was just the prelude to greater things. Her movements were increasing now, her tummy rolling forward and backwards faster and harder. Then suddenly she cried out, a spike of pain shot from Lucy's pussy, seemingly all the way to her flat coneless boobies. She stopped in mid movement, her face contorted in pain. Everyone knew what had happened and everyone hoped it would pass quickly. Her mother wanted to come to her to ask if she was alright, but nobody moved. Lucy remained like that for a whole minute. Then her eyes opened, and her face relaxed, then she looked around the room smiling.

"It's alright now, I think," she said. "The pain's almost gone. Let me rest a moment."

Lucy started to undulate again a couple of minutes later, her tummy rolling movement unlike any other girl's technique Dale had come across before. But it had the effect of pushing him deeper into her each time she did it. She was the tightest girl he'd ever penetrated and he wondered how deep into her he could get. Her movements speeded up, her eyes narrowing. He realised she was going to cum again.

Two cycles later, she gasped and pressed down hard. He felt his cock slide even deeper into her, nudging against her deepest part. As soon as his cock hit her cervix, Lucy's head arched back, almost touching between her own shoulders, her chest and tummy a bow-like curve forwards down to her mound now pressed hard to Dale's pubic hair. "How could one so young take such a long penis," every observer thought.

There seemed to be a pause, like a volcano about to blow, just as Krakatoa had done, just 33 years before. Suddenly Lucy let out a loud scream. But everyone present knew it wasn't a scream of pain, it was one of utter orgasmic utopian pleasure. A scream demonstrating sensations she'd never felt in her life before and would be glad to do so again. Lucy had lost control. Dale felt damp warmth on his tummy as urine flowed in small squirts from her over stimulated urethra. She had now lost coordination, so holding her by the waist, he started to move his hips up and down, penetrating her deeply, pulling out,

pushing in, feeling his crown pressing hard into her rubbery depths, making her gasp each time.

She was completely out of it, like someone sleepwalking. Awake but not. Her mind working without conscious thought. All she knew were the incredible sensations surging through her young body in pulses, as her cousin's cock seemed to be injecting more and more pleasure into her every time he hit her deepest part. Lucy wanted this to go on forever. She could die now and die happy. But even she knew it would end. "Just not yet, please not yet," she thought. Then she felt him swell deep inside her once. Then she felt him press really hard into her, his cock deeper than ever. Then without him moving, she felt him pulse once twice, then again and again. She felt his hot semen filling her deepest places, giving her even more pleasure as her own climax went on and on at an even higher plane.

Finally, it ended. The room was silent but for the panting of Lucy and Dale, as their sweat covered bodies pressed together, their mouths kissing passionately, her hands clasping behind his head pulling him to her, one of his hands around her back, the other across her buttocks, a finger trailing into her valley. Then without warning, she collapsed onto his front. She had passed out. He looked appealingly at his mother and aunt, who grinned knowingly. Her first time had been just too good.

Holding onto her bottom and shoulders, Dale sat up and swivelled round, before standing up, holding her to him, his cock still deep inside her. At that moment, Evelyn moved behind him and spread a towel on the chaise Longue. He understood and lowered Lucy onto it, slowly letting his cock slip from her as he did. He straightened her legs, and stood back to let Evelyn attend her daughter. Even now, Dale could see the pink tainted semen oozing out from Lucy, confirming her virginity had gone forever.

As Dale left the room to clean up in the bathroom, he turned, and was really surprised when he saw Evelyn had spread Lucy's knees wide apart, and her face was pressed against her pussy. He didn't need to speculate what she was doing, it was obvious; nor spectate, but he knew the sight would be a very arousing memory when he was lonely in the cold wet trenches of France for the rest of the war.

CHAPTER 7

A Night to Remember

Dale and his Company had the whole of the following day off. He allowed the men, under the watchful eye of RSM Mason to relax and enjoy themselves. They were permitted to go to Albert if they wished, but instead most took the opportunity to strip naked and boil their uniforms to rid them of the lice which every soldier was infested with. They ran knives down the seams, teasing out the eggs and popping them between finger nails. It was a sordid business, but so are most aspects of war.

Dale sat at the table in Claudine's kitchen and watched her back as she bent over the range, cooking some breakfast. The girls weren't up yet. It was late morning and although

they always rose early, hadn't woken yet. She had already been to his room to check on them.

"Thank you," she suddenly said, without turning to face him.

"For what?" he asked, slightly confused.

"For being kind to them and gentle and not hurting them and letting them enjoy," she replied, stirring a wooden spoon in a saucepan, still not facing him. She had gone out early with the money he'd given her and purchased some food.

"But they are still asleep in bed, Claudine," he said puzzled, "how do you know?"

"I have ears in my head, Monsieur," she said, finally looking briefly over her shoulder and smiling at him, "and it is a small house."

He smiled back at her, as she took a cloth, opened the oven door and pulled out some bread she had just baked. She brought it to the table, together with some raspberry jam. The smell of the bread was wonderful. She went back to the range and started to put some rashers of bacon into a frying pan. As Dale cut a slice of bread and spread some jam on it, his mind drifted back to the night before.

They had gone upstairs soon after they had eaten, Dale and Celine and Constance. Claudine seemed now to be quite accepting of the new situation. While Dale undressed, he asked the girls to do the same. Then he decided he would like the girls to perform a little for him, so remembering he'd only cum in Constance's bum a couple of hours before, he told her to get onto the bed on all fours.

"Celine," he instructed, watching semen starting to ooze very slowly from Constance's anus, "I want you to clean Constance for me." He pointed to where he meant.

"Eww that's disgusting, Monsieur," she protested, moving her finger through her sister's crack, scooping up a little of the cum on her finger. "Look it's even got brown bits in it, see." She held it up to his inspection.

"I know Celine and because you were a naughty girl most of this afternoon, I think it's payback time." His expression turned serious. "Suck your finger." They both knew this was the moment when she would either do his bidding all night, or he would tell her to go and join her mother. Her face flickered in doubt, when he added: "Do I have to give Constance all my money, or do you want some of it?" Her eyes were riveted to his, as she brought her finger to her mouth and sucked it clean. "Now the rest," he said, pointing to Constance's bottom. She frowned for a moment, bent over, taking her sister's buttocks in each hand, and quickly brought her mouth down.

Dale didn't expect what he heard next, as she started to suck, a slurping and gulping sound. After a few seconds, he said: "That's enough, Celine." But she carried on. "I said stop, Celine." The girl pulled away and turned to him, a coquettish expression crossing her face as she wiped her mouth with the back of her wrist. "Well done Celine," he praised, "I will get Constance to do the same for you before the night is over. Now don't move

Celine,” he went on, “you’re in just the right position. Let’s not waste any more time chatting. I’m going to finger you while I fuck Constance.”

He moved to the bed and knelt on it behind Constance, taking hold of her waist, he used his knees to push hers further apart, feeling her obliging him by spreading her thighs as wide as she could, the dimples at the top of her buttocks flexing nicely. He curled his fingers into her cleft from either side, pressed to her, then pulled gently outwards, opening her up as his cock dipped into her wet entry. As he pressed to her, her head arched backwards, her eyes closed in concentration.

Constance had teased and taunted and made fun of this British officer, ever since they had met. But she liked him. He didn’t force her or hurt her. He’d been gentle. But not only that, he’d fed her and her family as well as giving her feelings she never experienced before he’d come along. And now he was going to fuck her, be her first. She had enjoyed it when he’d popped her cherry this afternoon and had wanted him to continue, even though it stung a bit at the time. No, it had been good. And now he was pushing his long thick cock into her. “Aaaaaah, yes,” she thought, “this is what I really want. All the way in, yesssss, all the way. Nnnnnngggggghhhhh.”

Dale held her hips, watching her upturned face as he slowly penetrated the child. He watched her expressions. He could read her feelings in her face as he sank deeper into the eight year old. She was still slick from earlier and his pre-cum was flowing freely. He glanced at Celine. She was on her hands and knees, close to her sister, watching from just a few inches away, as his cock slid slowly into Constance’s vagina.

He couldn’t believe just how tight she was though. Her passage was squeezing him as tightly as Lucy’s had done that memorable birthday. God he loved them tight. He had long since admitted to himself that the younger they were and tighter and smaller, the better he loved them. So as he looked across at Celine, he wondered what would be possible with her. The thought almost made him cum then and there.

At last, he nudged her end. She’d cum all the way. He’d never had that before. This girl seemed to be able to cum almost the instant she was touched. But when his cock pressed into her cervix, she just exploded. He felt her clamping on his crown, her bum was rocking, her belly and back moving up and down, she kept pressing back at him, pushing him against that spot so deep inside her.

“Mon dieu le fait plus fort, Monsieur,” she stuttered, surprising him. She wanted it harder.

He was in the right position. He pulled almost all the way out and slid quickly back in, making her grunt as he plunged into her ‘G’ spot. He immediately pulled back and thrust in again, gaining speed and force, his end pushed progressively harder into her rubbery cervix, a grunt and moan forced from her lips each time. Faster and faster Dale moved, his thighs now slapping loudly into her buttocks and upper thighs, his long, thick cock so tight in her vagina. This was nothing to do with love or passion. This was everything to do with lust and desire and need and release when less than two miles away men were dying by the hundred every day.

He felt the early signs, and upped his speed even more. He was now reaching forward and holding her shoulders, pulling her back as he thrust forwards, his cock pounding deep

into her. The slapping sound between them sounding loud in the quiet house. As if she sensed what was about to happen, six year old Celine gently reached out and put her fingers against the underside of his cock, as he slammed into her sister. It was the moment of release. Dale pushed hard and deep into Constance and held himself there, pulling her shoulders. There was a couple of seconds pause, then suddenly he blasted deep into her, spurting into her. He felt Celine's hand move under his balls, cup them and squeeze very gently, as they emptied deep into Constance.

Constance already knew several things. She knew this was the nicest feeling she'd ever had. She knew she wanted this again before the night was out, she knew when he was gone, she would find other British officers wanting to fuck a little French eight year old and she knew she, Celine and their mother wouldn't go hungry again.

At last Dale's orgasm slowed and stopped. Still he held her shoulders, pulling her back onto him, enjoying the last sensations, as his semen finally stopped filling her deepest part. Then, holding her around the waist, he moved so they lay on their sides, still coupled together. He felt sleep overtaking him, even before his cock wilted within her. He didn't hear the girls whispering together, as his mind moved back to Thiepval, his dreams becoming nightmares.... The men were waist deep in mud, the machine guns were cutting them down left and right, there was no cover, then the artillery opened up, shells landing around them, then bang, bang, the double detonation of the fucking German howitzer shells exploding somewhere in the village, waking him and the girls. Sweat was running down his brow. He already knew the nightmare would repeat many times in the future, although the shells exploding had been real enough.

"Are you alright, Monsieur?" Claudine's voice called from outside the door. "May I come in?" Without waiting for his answer, the door opened and her silhouette could just be made out there. Even in this light he could see she was naked beneath her nightgown.

But the moonlight shining through the window showed Claudine that Constance's back was still spooned into Dale's chest, their naked bodies pressed hard together, with Celine clinging to his back, her little arm draped over his shoulder, even as she drifted back to sleep. Both girls in a deep sleep in moments.

He looked at Claudine and said: "There is nothing to worry about. They won't fire any more shells here tonight. I have been monitoring their pattern."

As if she'd not heard him, she said: "Was she good, my Constance?"

"Oh yes," he replied, "one of the very best. And I think if you ask her in the morning, she would agree."

"Thank you, Monsieur for your kindness," she said, moving back out, closing the door quietly.

Dale flipped open and looked at his trench watch. He had been asleep for over four hours. He was now wide awake and knew what he wanted to do now. He carefully extricated himself from Constance, pushing her towards the edge of the bed, sat up and got off the bed. Taking the chamber pot from under the bed, he held it in one hand, the other resting on his hip and started to urinate hard into the porcelain. He looked down at the naked,

sleeping sisters, feeling his cock immediately stir in his hand. He looked forward again, knowing if he got an erection, peeing would become impossible. Finally, he shook the drips off, put the pot back under the bed and looked once more at the naked children on the bed, lying on their sides, fast asleep.

He moved to the other side and lay down behind Celine, letting her little body mould into his front, his rising cock already nestling into the valley of her bottom, feeling her warmth against him. He wondered if she was really asleep, so reached down and gently pinched her buttock, getting no response at all. She was really out of it. He took hold of her around the waist, clinging to her firmly and rolled onto his back, bring her with him. Her bottom was pressed into his stomach, her head rested on his chest, her hair just below his chin. Her legs and arms fell outwards. Her breathing never altered. She was a deep sleeper alright.

Running his hands gently up and down over her chest, he could feel every rib in her thin body. Her tiny nipples were hardened pips on her otherwise perfectly smooth, warm skin. He explored further, feeling where her little tummy dipped below her ribcage, her innie tummy button dipping beneath his probing fingers. Her mound, rose up, firm, but soft, smooth, hairless to the touch, not quite big enough to fill the cup of his palm. His middle finger trailed down her open cleft, her labia encasing it as he explored her most private place. Her clitty was hidden beneath her cowl, but after just a few circular movements with his fingertip pressing against it, he felt it harden and come out to play. Keeping one finger there, gently rubbing her, he moved on with the middle finger of his other hand, dipping into her open vagina entry.

She was moist there, but she wasn't slick yet. So he reached down and with a little wriggling, pulled his cock out from under her bottom. Slowly releasing it, he felt it rest along the whole length of her cleft, his crown over the top of her mound. He bent it back and moved the end up and down her, all the way from the dimple above her clitty, to her rosebud and back. Up and down he moved it, keeping it pressing into her cavities, feeling her becoming really slick. The next step took a little care, as he didn't want to wake her up. He took hold of her hips and lifted her a little, slid her up his body two or three inches. He needn't have worried, her breathing never altered at all. Then, reaching for his cock, now having more space, he bent it back and lifting her little legs up with his knees, he pushed it down through her cleft, finding the dip of the tiny entry to her bottom, where it nestled nicely. Still being slightly bent, his cock was pressing into her bum constantly.

Leaving his crown trying to penetrate her tiny hole, and wanting to really feel her now, he reached down and took hold of her thighs, then lifting and parting his knees again, pulled her legs back into a full splits. Still she never stirred. her legs were spread so far apart, he could place his whole flat hand against her. He spent a minute simply moving his fingers around feeling her, exploring, enjoying her. He then moved his finger back to her vagina, and let his tip slip between her labia. In this position, she was spread so far, her pussy lips were almost stretched flat. He applied gentle pressure and waited. He had done this enough times to know that patience would be his friend.

It was about five minutes later, he felt his finger slip a tiny fraction into her. The cuff of muscles at her entry holding him back had relaxed. But at the same time, her sphincter had relaxed too, and he felt the rim of his cock pop through her tight entry. It was as if her body had given up the struggle to hold him back and was letting him in. Slowly, his cock

slipped into her bottom, while his finger penetrated her vagina, pushing through where her hymen had once been.

Suddenly, her bottom seemed to relax completely, and his crown sank deeper and deeper into her, the walls of her rectum peeling open to his penetration. Likewise, his finger sank further into her pussy, one knuckle, two, then all the way. He felt her end against the pad of his fingertip just before he was all the way into her. She jerked in her sleep, as he touched her most sensitive place.

He was now all the way into the six year old French child. His pubic hair pressing hard into her buttocks, while his palm was pressed to her vulva, his finger all the way inside her vagina. He didn't move a muscle. He simply lay there appreciating the sensations running through his body as her incredibly tight bottom squeezed his hard cock, while he enjoyed feeling deep inside her cunt.

At last, he started to tenderly move his finger against her cervix. At the same time, he undulated his hips against her feeling his cock inside her in micro movements. This felt just wonderful to him, as he enjoyed the sleeping child in the most erotic way. What surprised him though was he detected movement. At first he wondered if she was waking. But she didn't seem to be. Then the movement became rhythmical. She was rising to his stimulation. Was she really asleep? Then, as if to confirm, her mouth dropped open, and she took a deep breath, snorting out loudly as she breathed out again.

She grunted each time his finger pushed deep into her cervix. He couldn't believe it, she was cuming in her sleep. He could feel her clamping on his cock deep in her bowels, massaging him wonderfully. He knew this wasn't going to take long, and suddenly he was blasting deep into her. Her grunts turned to regular moans in her sleep, in time with his pulsing. It finally ended and the next thing he knew was the sound of two shells passing far overhead, following the double boom of those damned Howitzers the other side of Thiepval. He had slept until dawn.

Celine was still lying in the same position as before on his front, his flaccid cock still embedded in her bum, although his finger had by now slipped out of her cunt. He lay there, once more exploring her body again with his fingertips, feeling his cock slowly inflating inside her, growing, becoming aroused once more. He started his micro hip movements again, feeling his crown move deep inside the child. He was surprised when he came really quickly, filling her void with even more sperm filled semen. Then he fell asleep again.

He awoke unsure where he was for a moment, feeling movement. Celine was trying to lift herself off him without waking him. Her anus was stuck to his cock with all the dried semen gluing them together. Using her feet and hands to lift herself, she finally popped up off him. "He said you had to clean me too," said Celine to Celeste, giggling. She rolled to the side and getting onto her hands and knees, pointed her bum at her sister. Celine thought she wouldn't do it, and was surprised when Constance licked her lips, wiped her mouth with the back of her hand, clasped her sister's buttocks, bent down and applied her tongue to Celine's wide open, white encrusted bottom. She sucked and licked for several minutes, now rubbing herself at the same time.

Dale wondered what would happen next, but didn't have to wait long, because he heard Constance suddenly give a long sigh as she shuddered into a gentle cum. She pulled away from her sister, swung her leg over Dale, now astride over his rampant cock and grabbing hold of his shaft, aimed it and lowered herself onto him, the whole movement taking less than five seconds. She was cuming before she touched him, she was into a massive orgasm by the time she bottomed out on him. He could feel her clamping repeatedly on him, her cunt squeezing him hard along his whole length.

He knew this wouldn't take long at all, and it didn't. He was suddenly blasting deep into the child, his crown pressed hard to her cervix, her 'G' spot giving her greater pleasure than she'd ever had in her short life. At last it ended, she collapsed onto his chest, their breathing making their bodies heave for a minute or so. They were still like this, when the door was pushed open, and in came Claudine carrying a tray with coffee and croissants. There were two large cups of hot chocolate on the tray too.

"Good morning, Monsieur," said Claudine, as she pulled the curtains open, "I trust you had a comfortable night. It is a lucky thing you slept here."

"Why is that, Madame," asked Dale, not worried about her seeing his cock curving up into her eight year old daughter's vagina, nor the semen still seeping from the younger girl's bottom.

"You probably heard the two explosions during the night." It was stating the obvious, it had woken everyone in the village except those beyond hearing anything. "Well one of the shells landed on the British officers' mess. Many of the men sleeping there were killed."

CHAPTER 8

Nicoline

Dale walked up the street and found to his dismay the completely ruined remnants of the mess he'd been in only the night before. Smoke still drifted up from a pile of shattered timber and brickwork towards the back of the structure, where men of all ranks were helping move debris to search beneath for survivors and bodies. Amongst those sweating away, stripped to his waist, was Colonel Vickers. Dale immediately helped to organise a line of men to pass the debris out of the way, working alongside the Colonel. "Ah Winchester," said the Colonel, "thank god you're alive. I feared you were somewhere beneath this lot. I'm done in. Take over from me would you, chap? I need a break. I want to have a word with you later. But for now I need to go and sit down for a minute."

R.S.M. Mason ran up the road from Albert. Dale quickly explained what had happened, and in moments, he was barking orders at the troops helping, organising them into working teams. It was a couple of hours of gruelling discouraging work, as one body after another was unearthed, many of whom Dale knew as brother officers, until at last, they were sure they had checked everywhere.

He was covered in dust as he walked over and sat down beside the Colonel, who took a flask from his pocket, unscrewed the cap, took a swig and offered it to Dale. "Fucking

war," said the Colonel bitterly, "fucking, fucking war." Dale had never heard Vickers become emotional, but losing most of his officers in one single incident must have shaken him considerably. "I was in Albert last night, fortunately," he muttered, "attending a divisional meeting. Winter's coming, Winchester. It's almost October and as soon as the rains come, the Somme campaign will be over. We've lost over 400,000 men and a quarter of those are dead. And for what? Five miles of farmland. There's got to be a better way than Haig's brutal frontal attacks. At least Rawlinson tries to save as many men as he can. Your name came up."

"Mine, Sir?" asked Dale with surprise.

"Yes Sir, yours Sir," smiled Vickers, teasing Dale, "and Mason's," he continued. "It's been noticed how few casualties your company has suffered. I started to look into it. Using the creeping barrage and those new fangled tank things. No walking in long slow lines into machinegun fire, despite orders from Division. Instead you use Boar tactics. I was in South Africa with Mason, as you know. They didn't come at us wearing red uniforms. At least we learnt that from them and now wear khaki instead. They used camouflage and hit and run tactics and guerrilla warfare. Their units were called 'commandos'. Damn nearly beat us too. Mason was a useful man. I sent him to spy on the Boars on a few occasions. He learnt what made them tick. Well I want our whole battalion to learn what your company has learnt and I need it to learn it fast. Are you up for it Winchester?" The Colonel gave Dale a steely look.

"If you think it will save lives, Sir, of course," he replied.

"Good man," said the Colonel. "That's why I got approval last night to promote you to major."

"Thank you sir," said Dale, taken aback at his third promotion in as many months.

"Don't thank me, Winchester, you've a lot of work ahead of you. I thought there would be trouble in the battalion at you being promoted over other men's heads. But that problem seems to have been solved." The Colonel jutted his chin towards the line of ten bodies, now covered in blankets, beside the rubble of the officers' mess. "I shouldn't be telling you this, but we'll be winding this campaign up over the next few weeks. Haig wants to make a wide sweep for the channel ports next summer. The German subs are sinking too many merchant ships. Britain could be starved into surrender unless we can stop them. So we'll be heading back up to Flanders again after the winter, but I have a task for you in the meantime. Get this battalion knocked into shape. I want the officers to all think like you and Mason, which is why I am promoting him Lieutenant, acting Captain. He's to take over your company, but I want him to also act as your adjutant."

"When do you want me to start, Sir?" asked Dale.

"Immediately," replied Vickers. "The Battalion can't go into action without officers," he glanced once more at the line of bodies, "we will receive replacements in the next few days, no doubt. You can use your own judgement on whether to train the battalion in the rear, or in live action, or both. Just get them trained. I don't think I can handle another morning like this." Dale realised just how much the death of so many of the battalion

officers had affected the old man. The Colonel turned to Dale, a poignant look in his eye. "I need the battalion back on top form, Winchester, and I think you're the man to do it."

The next few days were busy for Dale and Mason. They were of one mind when it came to what they wanted to achieve and how to do it. The Colonel gave them a free hand and broadly kept out of their way. The new drafts of fresh faced officers, in their brand new uniforms, arrived over the following week or two. One of them Dale knew from school. He must have lied about his age, because three years ago Dale had fucked him up the bum as a new boy of twelve. It would seem the lad hero worshipped Dale and had followed him into the regiment.

Mason worked them hard, ensuring they learned their craft as fast as possible. They were told to forget most of the teaching they'd been given either at Sandhurst, Woolwich or for most of them, like Dale had had, the four and a half months training Officer Training Corps graduates received for their temporary wartime commission. They were taught tactics, advanced field craft, the concept of the creeping barrage, skirmishing, camouflage and hand-to-hand combat. They were soon very fit. Every morning the officers were trained, while the men were on the rifle range or being drilled; and every afternoon, the whole battalion performed in mock battles and war games. At last, Dale decided they were ready to go into training with live action.

He didn't want his four companies to get wiped out in a stupid frontal assault, so arranged for each of the sixteen platoons which made up the battalion, to make a night raid. Each officer was responsible for planning and executing the raid, which took place on different nights on different places along the line. Raids by both sides were common enough, for cutting wire, reconnaissance, testing enemy strength and alertness, as well as attempting to take prisoners. It was an excellent way for new officers to hone their skills, under the guidance of an experienced N.C.O.

Over the next couple of weeks, the battalion's individual platoons made night operations on a regular basis. Mason and Dale were out most nights with one group or another, assessing their progress, which improved quickly. Dale missed his nights with Constance and Celine, but needed rest like anyone, and returned to the house in Mesnil as often as he could, to find the girls waiting for him, ready to please him any way they could. It was on one of these occasions, he lay on his back, balls deep in Constance, who was straddling him while her sister sat on his face, as his tongue explored deep inside her, when Claudine came in and coughed quietly to gain his attention. It was a few seconds before he realised she was even there, needing her to cough again, slightly louder.

"There's a Captain Mason at the door, Monsieur," she said looking at her daughters in full orgasmic enjoyment, their eyes screwed shut, fists clenched across their flat chests, their heads twisted round with the intensity of the moment. "He says it's urgent. The girls won't mind waiting for you."

Dale was downstairs in a couple of minutes, slipping his arms into a pullover, over his hastily pulled up battledress trousers. The two men stepped outside into the garden at the back of the house and sat talking. "Sorry to disturb you Sir," said Mason. "I just came over from Brigade. As you know the Schwaben Redoubt has held out all this time. The 39th have almost taken it. They have been at it since we took Thiepval, but the enemy are mounting constant counter-attacks. Tomorrow morning, 14th October, Division are sending

in the 4th/5th Black Watch, the 1st Cambridge and the 17th King's Royal Rifle Corps of the 117th Brigade. The General has asked us to join them. They think we might just take it, finally. The General will brief all the senior officers at seven."

"Call together all the officers and NCO's," said Dale. "We'll have a briefing, after the General's spoken to us, let's say eight o'clock tonight." They spoke for an hour or more. After a few final words, Mason left Dale pondering on what was happening the following day. Realising there was little he could do now, he went back into the house, where Claudine met him in the kitchen.

"Monsieur," she said with a serious expression, "tomorrow you go to fight Les Boches. I know you may not return. I heard what your Monsieur Mason said. You have been kind to me and my girls. We were near starvation before you were here. I heard from my husband this morning. He is in hospital in Verdun. He has been gassed. He won't be able to fight again, so he is coming home soon." She moved to the side to let him pass, before adding: "Celine and Constance have gone to Albert for me for supplies. I thought you were going to join your battalion. I am sorry I didn't know."

"My friend Rochelle is coming here this afternoon," she continued, "she lives in a remote farm a mile or so west of here. Her husband is stationed at Fort Vaux near Verdun. I give her food because she has nothing. Her little girl Nicoline nearly died a few weeks ago before you came. The money you gave us bought the food which saved her life." Her simple statement shocked Dale, who hadn't realised the full extent of the penurious conditions the civilians of France were enduring. "She has been here twice to thank you, Monsieur, but both times you were away with your men." She glanced at the long case clock in the corner of the kitchen. "She will be here soon." Claudine looked at Dale, as if wondering how to phrase what she wanted to say. "Monsieur, you have taught my Constance and Celine many things since you were here with us. After you are gone, they will be able to help me put food on the table. It is not something I would choose, but..." she paused, shrugging, "we do what we have to do." He was about to respond, when she added: "Rochelle does what she has to do also, Monsieur, which is why I need to ask you a, how you say favour. Would you teach little Nicoline what you have taught my Constance and Celine?"

"I don't know, Madame..." he started, before she interrupted him.

"Monsieur, this is something Rochelle has thought about for several weeks. It wasn't easy for her and she has now made her decision. Please don't make it harder for her by refusing. I know you are kind and gentle and have never hurt my girls. I would be very grateful if you would help my friend in this way. Now there are three things you need to know." He looked at her with a raised eyebrow. Nicoline is eight years old, but only had her birthday last week. She looks much younger. Perhaps it's because she wasn't fed well for so long. Another thing is she is very, very shy. She goes everywhere with her mother and never lets her out of her sight. It may be a problem getting her to go upstairs with you and then for you to....you know.... teach her."

"And the third thing?" prompted Dale.

"Rochelle hasn't said anything to Nicoline. She wants you to, how you say 'test the waters'. If Nicoline cannot or will not do it, then Rochelle wants to pretend she never tried

to make her daughter do it. Let us have a secret signal if you think she might. Err why not say something like 'It's turned into a lovely afternoon, hasn't it?' Would you like some wine while we wait? Oh, I think I can hear them now."

Dale heard chattering and footsteps outside, followed by a tap on the door, before it was pushed open, revealing a woman and child silhouetted by bright sunshine behind them in the doorway. They entered and embraced Claudine in the French style, with three pecks on each cheek. The three, as if given a signal, turned to Dale. The light was still behind them, so he couldn't study their features. But from what he could see, the woman was perhaps thirty years old, but still looked thin from previous malnourishment and worn with worry, presumably for her child. Nevertheless, she had a grace and poise suggesting she had known better, happier days. She had a long featured face with an aquiline nose, long blond hair which had been put up into a bun on top of her head and bright blue intelligent eyes.

Claudine made the introductions. The woman and girl in turn moved into the room and in that moment, he saw a vision of loveliness. The child, Nicoline was stunningly beautiful. She had high cheek bones, a button nose, unlike her mother's, but did have her blond hair and blue eyes, so unusual in this part of France. She had a nervousness about her. She constantly wrung her hands, a habit her mother kept correcting her over. She was underweight for her age. He guessed she was less than 18 kg, four or five kilos below average and he estimated her height to be 3' 7", when she should have been at least six inches taller. But her striking feature was that she looked to be a young five or six year old, rather than the eight year old Claudine had alleged. She was wearing a clean but patched shift dress, made of the thinnest cotton, which hung from her shoulders to halfway up her thighs. He wondered how cold she felt on this autumnal day.

Claudine reached for the untouched wine bottle and poured out three glasses of the ruby coloured vin ordinaire. She then took a jug of home pressed apple juice and poured a glass full for Nicoline, who stood holding it in both hands, looking nervously at Dale, when she thought he wasn't looking, blushing bright red when he caught her glance on a couple of occasions.

They walked out of the kitchen, through to the small parlour used by the family and intimate friends and sat on the three armchairs available, Nicoline, having nowhere to sit stood, fidgeting nervously. Dale took the initiative and leaned towards the child and quietly said: "Why not come and sit down here?" He patted his knees with both palms. She looked anxiously at her mother, who gave her a thin smile and nodded. Still clutching her glass, she moved to him, turned facing away and perched her bottom on his bent knees. Dale realising her shyness was completely dominating the child, reached under her armpits and lifted her up and back onto his lap, making her squeak with surprise. She was rigid with nerves, every muscle tense. He wondered how much the girl had been told of why she was really here. In a way, not knowing excited Dale, his erection forming under her small bottom. She was so tense, he suspected she couldn't feel him pressing into her from underneath.

The two women made small talk, while Dale quietly chatted to Nicoline about what her school was like, her home, friends, places she had been to. Slowly she relaxed, leaning back against his chest. He realised he was going to make no progress with the girl, unless he took the initiative. Certainly he imagined if the women suggested he took her upstairs,

she would be terrified, freeze up resulting in disaster. So he decided to adopt a technique he'd practised at home with Lucy and Clare on occasion. It needed several actions together, but when done, looked perfectly natural.

"I am going to lift you into a more comfortable position, Nicoline, is that alright?" She looked over her shoulder and nodded. He twisted himself round, so he was leaning into the corner between the armrest and chair back. He wanted to move her so she leaned into the other corner of the chair, her thighs across his lap, her bottom overlapping his legs. Putting a hand on her knee, he swivelled her round so her legs were sideways to his. Then moved the arm around her small chest and the other under her bottom, he lifted her up and back into the desired position. It was so swift, the mother never noticed the change of position and the girl didn't realise he had pulled the back of her dress up from under her.

Dale kept his hand beneath her, neither touching her nor moving it, knowing she was unaware it was there, while his other hand curled around her abdomen, in a gentle hug. He continued chatting to her, letting her slowly relax, knowing she was loosening up when she finally leaned her head against his chest. He made no move for a good ten minutes, then whispered into her ear: "You are a very pretty little girl, Nicoline." She snuggled into him, all tension finally going. "Nicoline, would you like to do something naughty without your Maman or Claudine knowing?" he said very quietly. So quietly, he thought for a moment she hadn't heard and was wondering whether to repeat it. There was a pause before she gave an almost imperceptible nod, at the same moment putting her hand over his as he caressed her tummy with gentle invisible squeezes. She wondered what he would do. Perhaps he was going to touch her tummy button or even tickle her boobies. They tingled at the thought.

Dale's other hand was still unmoving in the gap between his thighs and the chair back, beneath her bottom. He could feel the cotton of the hem of her dress over his wrist, knowing there was nothing but air between his fingers and her drawers or bloomers. He curled his fingers up beneath her making contact.

Both Nicoline and Dale were surprised and then shocked. She, because the Englishman had unexpectedly touched her bottom with his fingers; he, because he discovered she wasn't wearing any underwear. He could feel her naked bottom. The touch made her jerk upwards for a moment, but nothing the women would think was more than a childish wriggle.

Dale didn't move. He kept his fingers pressed against her, feeling the globes of her buttocks in the palm of his hand, her valley parted with the position she was sitting in, his middle finger tip touching her little rosebud. She trembled slightly, but he knew if she'd been frightened, she would have leapt up from his lap. She slowly relaxed back against him, her tension once more dissipating. After a minute or so, he very slowly, very gently pressed his finger to her, then released. She didn't flinch, so he repeated it a few more times. He felt her hand over his, pressing him into to her abdomen.

"That was naughty, Nicoline, wasn't it?" he whispered into her ear. "Would you like to do something else naughty without your Maman or Claudine knowing?" This time her response was faster. She looked over her shoulder smiling at him and nodded more emphatically.

Dale started to wriggle his finger again, but now, he edged it forwards, letting it slip over her smooth perineum and into the dip of her dry vagina entry. Onwards he crept, his finger tip now ploughing through her cleft towards her sensitive little clitty. He knew when he made contact, because she lifted up a fraction and gave a little yelp. The two women, still holding their glasses of wine, looked across at the girl.

"Sorry Maman," Nicoline said, smiling at her mother, "I think I have hiccoughs."

"Sit still child and don't wriggle," said Rochelle, as she turned back to Claudine, talking about the war down at Verdun.

Dale's finger was still pressed to Nicoline's clitty. Her first sharp intake of breath settled into regular breathing again. He pressed and moved his finger against her, feeling her nub harden against his touch. She might look like a five year old, but her body responded like an eight year old. He felt her legs move over his, as she parted her thighs slightly. He could feel all the way along her cleft now, her hard clitoris arousing against his digital stimulation.

Her breathing shortened and quickened, but he knew she was concentrating on not letting her mother see her reacting to what he was doing to her. He didn't want this to end too soon, and knew if he continued, she would erupt any time and the game would be up. The game the four of them were playing. The man molesting the child nearly making her cum. The child trying to hide what was happening from her mother and the two women, who had colluded with him, pretending the girl was sitting innocently on his lap. In truth, at this time, that is what they did think. After Dale had got to know the girl for an hour or so, they had intended to go out and ask Dale to watch her, when they'd expected him to make his move.

So it was with great surprise they heard him say: "It's turned into a lovely afternoon, hasn't it?"

Claudine turned to Dale and said: "Yes it is. Would you care to join us for a walk, Monsieur?"

"No thank you, Madame, it is very kind of you, but I think I will go upstairs and rest for a while. We have a busy day tomorrow and I will need to brief the battalion later," he said.

"What would you like to do?" asked Rochelle. "Do you want to stay here or come and take the air with us on this lovely day?" As she said it, Dale rubbed her clitty a couple of times harder, then drew his finger back to her vagina, feeling dampness there now, and gently pushed into her, just a knuckle deep.

"I feel a little tired, Maman," she said, "is it alright if I stay here with Monsieur Winchester?"

"Of course," her mother replied. "Be a good girl and do whatever the Major tells you to do." The women stood.

As they moved to the door, Claudine turned back and said: "We will be about two hours, Monsieur. When you hear the church clock strike six, we will be another ten minutes." Dale smiled to himself. She was spelling out exactly how long he'd got with the girl.

The door closed behind the women and Dale looked down at the beautiful girl in his lap. Knowing what her mother hoped she would be willing to do, he decided he needed to be direct with her. But at the same time, he wanted her to enjoy what he hoped she would do with him as well. So he moved his hand up from her tummy up to her shoulder and pulled her to him, turning her more towards him. His finger pressing to her entry wriggled again, her slippery arousal letting him slip a little more into her. He wondered how she would react, as he brought his lips to hers and kissed her chastely. He kept his mouth there, and slowly opened it, letting his tongue touch her lips. Nicoline was an intelligent child and instantly reacted to him, letting her lips part and her tongue find his, a gentle dance taking place between them.

Dale found the girl incredibly attractive. She was beautiful, small, seemingly willing and available. What more could he want? But, he had been given a commission. Her mother needed to know if she would be willing to prostitute herself.

"I need to go upstairs to bed," he said. "Do you want to rest down here, or would you like to join me?" As if in answer, she lifted herself from his fingers and stood up, letting her dress drop down around her legs, turned and taking his hands pulled, encouraging him to stand too. Then, as they stood facing each other, he lifted his fingers which she had just pulled from her pussy, and still looking into her eyes, sucked them one at a time. Her eyes widened momentarily, before a smile broke out on her face. He bolted the outside door, a move not missed by the girl, took her hand in his and walked to the stairs.

CHAPTER 9

Nicoline starts Working for a Living

They entered his bedroom hand in hand, sunlight streaming through the window. He glanced through the glass briefly, before pulling the curtains closed. He turned to her and said: "What did your mother say?" he said, frowning, as if he'd forgotten. "Oh yes, 'be a good girl and do whatever the Major tells you to do.' I think that was it.

Nicoline looked down at the floor. Her natural shyness taking hold of her once more. She forced herself to look up at him and smile.

"Would you like to earn a Franc, Nicoline?" he asked. She'd never owned a Franc in her life. A Franc would feed her and her mother for a week, if they were careful. A Franc would buy her a second hand pair of boots to replace the ones she wore, which cramped her feet and gave her blisters. She would love to earn a Franc. She looked at him and with a half smile, nodded. Dale took out the coin from his pocket, held it before her for a second and placed it on the nightstand.

"Take off all your clothes for me Nicoline, please and let me have a good look at you." She blinked at the direct request, but had half expected it. She sat on the edge of the bed and struggled to pull off the muddy boots, which hurt her so much. She was relieved when

they finally came off. Dale had watched closely, getting glimpses up her thighs as her knees lifted and dropped with the effort. She stood again, bent at the waist and taking the hem of the slip dress, in one motion, lifted it up and over her head, dropping the dress onto the floor at her feet, before she kicked it away. She stood to attention, her hands by her sides, waiting for him to do whatever he was going to do.

“Would you put your hands on your hips for me, Nicoline and stand with your feet well apart. No wider than that, wider please. Yes, that’s fine. Stand there, while I take a good look at you,” he instructed.

He moved towards her, standing about a foot away and inspected her face in detail. Every little dimple, freckle, blush, eyebrow, nostril, lip and chin was inspected in less than a minute, but in infinite detail. She really was a most beautiful girl. He moved behind her and starting at her shoulders worked down her back, seeing her ribs and spine poking out, her soft smooth skin forming her perfect shape. Moving around to her front, he looked closely at her nipples, seeing her darkened areolae with a ring of tiny goosebumps surrounding each, with a hard pip sized nipple in the centre, looking as if it wanted to burst under internal pressure. He bent further and looking at her innie belly button, blew on her, making her jump with surprise.

He moved behind her again and dropped to his knees, inspecting her bottom in infinite detail, seeing her dimples at the top of her buttocks twitch, as she shifted her weight from one leg to the other. Her tiny rounded globes smaller even than six year old Celine’s. He asked her to turn around and there before him was the most perfect pussy. Her mound bulged out towards him. Her body was no more than that of a six year old, but her mound was that of an eight year old. It was full and pouting. Her cleft was deep and long, with a deep dimple at the top below which he could see the slip of skin of her cowl. She was perfect.

“Would you lie down on the bed, please Nicoline?” he asked, watching as she pulled the covers down out of the way and lay on the bottom sheet, her head resting on the pillows. “Now I would like you to lift your feet up in the air. Good, now bend your knees and bring them towards your shoulders for me. Good. Now, can you put your elbows behind your knees and hold your legs back like that? Well done. Now bring your fingers to your pussy, for me would you? Excellent Nicoline, now with your fingers, pull your pussy open as wide as you can, so I can see inside you.”

Dale watched entranced, as the tiny girl’s vagina opened up to his licentious inspection of her most private place. As she settled into the position, her passage seemed to open up, letting him see deep into her. Her opening was light and dark pink, coral coloured, red in places but the overwhelming thing he could see was that she was wet. Very wet. Her hymen was stretched across her passage, it’s little hole just below the centre seeming to open and close in time with her breathing. He wondered if his cock would be able to break it in a few minutes time.

“Well done, Nicoline,” he praised. “You have earned your Franc. Now, would you like to earn another?”

Her eyes opened wide again, wondering what he wanted her to do for another Franc. For two Francs, instead of second hand, she could get a new pair of boots, or another pretty

dress and some bloomers, which Maman couldn't afford. She smiled and nodded. The naked, shy little girl was proving to be not so shy after all. She felt that tingle again deep inside her pussy which she'd felt downstairs, when he'd been touching her in front of Maman. She'd nearly died trying not to let her Maman know what he'd been doing to her. She knew Maman would have been very angry with her and punished her severely. Maman was very strict when it came to things 'down there'. But it had been nice.

Nicoline watched as the Englishman took out another coin, held it momentarily in front of her, before placing it on top of the other coin on the nightstand. "I would like to touch you, Nicoline," he said. "Is that alright?" She looked at him, then the coin before nodding. That feeling down inside her was increasing now. She was still curled up on the bed with her knees tucked behind her shoulders, her fingers holding herself open. "Don't move, Nicoline," he instructed, "stay exactly where you are."

Dale quickly undressed, watched by the wide eyed girl, who'd never seen a naked man before, let alone one with a long hard erection dripping pre-cum on the floor. He moved to the bed and kneeling, moved close to her wide open pussy, which she was still holding open for him. He held his cock with one hand and brought his crown down to her cleft and rubbed it up and down several times, spreading large quantities of pre-cum into her crevices. She pulled her fingers away from her labia, letting her pussy close up. "I asked you to stay exactly as you were, Nicoline. Now do I have to take away the Franc and tell your mother you didn't do as I asked?" She quickly pulled herself open once again, even wider then before.

Dale felt he could now take a few liberties with the girl, so brought his cock to her entry and pressed his crown into her, feeling the slippery round head slide through her tight entry and push against the membrane of her hymen. He then started to stroke himself, trying to get as much pre-cum inside her as he could. At last, he pulled away and looked down at her. Her entry had dilated and was wide open now. He pressed his palm to her pudenda and let his middle finger slip into her again. This time he gently but firmly pressed into her feeling his finger sink into the eight year old who looked so much younger. He could feel her warmth, the little ridges and dips of her passage as his finger sank deeper into her passage, the walls of her tunnel peeling reluctantly open to the first foreign body to enter her womanhood. He nudged her end, making her jerk.

Throughout this time, Nicoline had been worrying. She was letting this man, who she had only just met do things to her she knew her mother wouldn't allow. But something inside her was driving her on. She'd never in her life seen and done the things she'd done with this man in the last half an hour. She lay there holding herself open, so he could push his long finger deeper and deeper into her. She couldn't understand why she allowed him to do it, but something inside her made her do it. That and the two Franc coins on the nightstand. Suddenly, he touched something deep inside her which made her jerk upwards. She couldn't help herself. Then she felt him caressing that spot, his finger rubbing her. His other finger started to rub her little nub, which she'd found for the first time only a few weeks ago, making her... making her.... Suddenly, Nicoline burst into a full scale orgasm of such intensity, it sent lights flashing behind her closed eyelids, like the fireworks she'd seen on Bastille day in Albert before the war.

When Nicoline came back to her senses, she realised she had let go of her legs, she was spread eagled on the bed, her arms out sideways, her legs spread as wide apart as they

could go. She realised then he no longer had his finger inside her which had given her so much pleasure. Where was he? She lifted her head and looked down her body and saw the top of his head between her legs. What was he doing? Then she knew. His tongue curved into her pussy. The intensity of her previous orgasm had left her hyper-sensitive, and as he stroked his tongue through her cleft, she knew she was going to cum again and again and.....

Dale realised she had passed out. He lifted himself up from her and sat on his haunches, looking down at the most beautiful eight year old he'd ever laid eyes on. He didn't realise his erection was steadily dripping pre-cum onto her mound, soaking her and the bed beneath her as it ran down through her open cleft. He heard the church clock strike four thirty. Half an hour gone and he wanted so much more from this girl. No time to waste.

He took hold of her calves near her ankles and lifted them up vertically, before pushing them out sideways. Her wet and slimy pussy opened up to his viewing. He shuffled forward pressing his knees under her bottom, holding her in position, so he could slide his hands down her legs to fondle her anyway he desired. He placed his palms on her bottom, and using a couple of fingers of one hand, pushed the middle finger of his other into her slippery anus, letting it sink deeper into her buttery depths. He'd just gone as deep as he could, feeling her warm, tight passage, when she stirred. At first she didn't react, then she simultaneously gasped and clenched her bottom on his finger.

She opened her eyes and looked at him, not knowing where she was for an instant. Then recognition appeared followed by a smile. For fun, he twitched his finger making her clench again. They were now staring into each other's eyes. He wondering how to get her to let him fuck her and she wondering what he was going to do to her next. The one thing she knew for certain was she'd not only felt one of the nicest things in her short life, but also now possessed more money than she'd ever had before.

Dale reached down and without taking his eyes from hers, pressed his palm to her vulva, letting his fingers settle into her lovely recess. He touched her super-sensitive clitty, making her jerk, before drawing his finger down to her vagina and pressed into her. The middle fingers of both hands were now deep inside the child, feeling her warmth and dampness, pulse, clenches and even her arousal. She looked down her body and could see his hands stretching down between her thighs. But what caught her attention was his cock waving over her tummy, dripping strands of pre-cum onto her mound.

"Would you like to earn another Franc, Nicoline?" he asked, already knowing from her face what the answer would be. She nodded. "To do that, you will have suck my cock for a few minutes." She lifted her head and studied his erection with his angry looking crown pushing through his foreskin, a line of mucous now, with a thin spiderweb like appearance joining the end of his cock to her mound. She looked up at him, smiled and nodded. "But there is more," he added before she could say anything. "You can also earn five Francs, if you let me put my cock in here." He twitched his finger inside her bottom to indicate where he meant. Her eyes opened even wider, but again before she could say anything he continued: "And you can earn another five Francs if you let me put it in here." He twitched his finger deep inside her pussy. "And," he went on, "as it is your first time, I will add another five Francs. In fact if you do everything I ask until your mother returns, Nicoline, I will give you twenty Francs."

Nicoline knew twenty Francs on top of the money he'd already given her would buy her lots of new clothes and feed her and her mother for at least a month, probably two. She never hesitated, as she muttered "Oui," sat up, leaned forward and took hold of his sticky cock with both hands.

"Hold on Nicoline, not so fast," he said taking her hands from his throbbing member. "Let me tell you what you have to do. First I want you to lick all around it, cleaning all this sticky stuff off. You can only use your tongue and fingers. Understand?" She nodded. "Then I want you to pull my skin down, like this." He gave her a quick demonstration, pulling his foreskin down, exposing his almost purple knob end, now pouring more pre-cum, as if it knew the treat it was about to have. "Then, when I say, I will want you to take hold of it with both hands and grip it as tight as you can and rub it up and down. Then after a little while I will ask you to suck it into your mouth as far as you can manage. You will need to squeeze it hard and keep rubbing it while you suck it. Then, you see this little dip underneath?" he asked indicating his fraenum, she nodded, "you must lick it with your little tongue while you suck as hard as you can. Then at the end, I will squirt some stuff into your mouth. You understand?" she again nodded trying to remember everything he was saying. "You must swallow it. All of it. If you spit it out I will only pay you half, understand?" She looked at him, saw he meant it and nodded yet again, studying his cock as if it were about to bite her. "After that, we will have a little rest, before we do the other things. Alright, you can start when you're ready."

Nicoline took hold of him as he'd instructed and studied his cock, fascinated with the way it pulsed in her hands, feeling it's heat, it's tension. He adjusted her grip so she held it just right, her fingers pressing into the sensitive places. He let her move up and down a few times, before telling her to squeeze harder and move quicker. After a couple of minutes, he told her she should start to lick it, but to keep moving her hands on him at the same time. Soon she'd licked it all over. So he told her to suck it now.

She studied it for a second, as if wondering how to tackle this, before opening her mouth surprisingly wide, and brought it down, engulfing his end. Her teeth never touched him, as he felt her lips seal around his shaft just below his rim. He felt her tongue searching for and locating the sensitive spot he'd shown her, before pressing to him and flicking up and down on him. He felt her start to suck, her cheeks sinking in, while her hands moved again as he'd asked. This might be her first time, but she'd listened to him. His cock was telling him it felt wonderful.

Dale looked down at the child as her little head started to bob up and down on him, her hands moving rapidly along his shaft, as her mouth sucked him surprisingly hard, her tongue tip tickling 'that spot'. This wasn't going to take long at all and soon he felt the early signs, as his prostate tightened up and he felt the surge deep down, through his shaft. He grabbed hold of her head to ensure she didn't pull off him.

"I'm about to cum, Nicoline," he warned, "get ready."

It was only about a second later, his cock swelled in her mouth with his usual first dry heave. If she thought that was all, she was in for a surprise, when he swelled a second time and seemed to fill her mouth with his white hot semen as it blasted into her throat. Remembering what he'd said, she gulped it down as the next surge filled her mouth again. He noticed she never gagged once. Over and over she swallowed as he pumped more

into her, until at last, it slowed and stopped. She knew when it was over, as the tension left him. He pushed her head off him and looked down as she looked up.

“Open your mouth, Nicoline, let me see.” He instructed.

She smiled and opened wide. He could see traces of semen all over her tongue and teeth and behind her lips, even coating her tonsils. She gave him a coquettish look as she closed her mouth again; he could see she was working her tongue, as if chewing something for a moment, before swallowing again. She opened her mouth for his inspection, showing it was now almost clear of the telltale signs, although there was no mistaking the smell on her breath. He reached for his wallet and pulled out a five Franc note, lifted the coins on the nightstand and put the note there, dropping the coins on top as a paperweight.

“I would like you to cuddle me for an hour or so, Nicoline,” he told the girl. “I would like to close my eyes for a while. Then I would like to show you some of the other places you might like me to push my cock into you. In fact by six o’clock, I hope you will be the richest little girl in the whole of Mesnil.” She grinned at him, knowing that if she played along with his very naughty game, his last comment would be more than true. As she cuddled into him as he’d asked, she realised that she quite liked sucking his cock. She had expected it to be really yucky, but when it came to it, she’d enjoyed it and even as he’d squirted all that stuff into her mouth, instead of making her vomit, she’d liked the taste. What she wouldn’t ever tell him was that it had made her cum again. It had taken all her concentration not to bite him when it happened.

It was about an hour later, Dale woke. He had learned during his time in the army to be able to set a mental alarm clock. He could tell himself what time to wake and, however tired he was, at the appointed hour, he was awake. It took a few seconds to recall exactly where he was, but the warmth of the girl in his arms and her naked body pressing back into him soon reminded him. He reached down and felt her tiny buttocks in his palms, caressing them, feeling their softness, warmth and minuteness.

Dale felt his cock rising to the occasion once more. He knew he would never tire of new preteen flesh and even after this terrible war was over, and he returned to Devon, there was always his five cousins and sisters waiting for him. He gently pulled her buttocks apart. He wasn’t sure if she was asleep or not, as he let his crown settle into her anus, pre-cum already flowing from his end, making her slippery as he let his cock move in tiny cycles against her rear entry, feeling her softness against him, while he slowly increased the pressure, feeling his crown gradually sink a little deeper.

At last, he felt her sphincter snap over his rim. She drew in a deep breath in her sleep, before her steady breathing resumed. He remained still for a minute, before applying increasing pressure until suddenly he felt movement as his cock started the long glorious slide into her tight, buttery rectum, her virgin bottom opening up for the first time to being buggered. At last he hit bottom, literally. He paused just a moment, before pulling back almost all the way then thrust back in. He quickly built a pace sinking into the child and pulling back, gradually speeding up every cycle. At last he was moving fast, his pubis smacking into her bum, his balls curling up under her, tapping her vagina. Suddenly, he felt her clamp on him and a simultaneous cry of: “Mon Dieu.” But Dale was in full swing now and stopping for no one as his cock ploughed in and out of the girls bottom.

He reached over and quickly found her, still enlarged clitoris, with his finger tip and started to caress her. In moments, he knew she would cum quickly and wasn't disappointed, when she drew in a deep breath, seemed to hold it forever and finally released it in a whoosh of air, as her rectum clamped repeatedly on his shaft. Her orgasm continued for over three minutes, before the tension, at last, left her. He stopped moving, clinging her to his front, and allowed her to slowly come down to earth. His unmoving finger remained firmly against her clitty, as he slowly pulled out of her, letting his incredibly hard penis tip, still leaking pre-cum, press against her perineum.

Nicoline lay there, recovering from yet another intense orgasm. The Englishman kept making her feel so wonderful and yet he had said he would pay her as well. She felt so good right now, she would have let him do this for nothing. But she knew what was coming next. She hoped it wouldn't hurt, but for twenty Francs, she would put up with almost anything.

She lay there and felt his hand slide down to his cock and push it further down. She felt it lodge into her entry, it's warmth, moisture and tension seeming to immediately overwhelm her being. She knew what was about to happen, her virginity going to this near stranger, and yet she wanted this more than anything she had experienced before, as if her whole, poor, hungry life had been waiting for this moment. She felt him press to her, feeling his crown sink gradually into her recess. It felt so good, so right there, as his fingers resumed their work, pressing against her clitty.

Dale almost wondered if the girl was still asleep, so still did she lie. He knew she wasn't, because every now and then his movements elicited a twitch or a clamp or a low moan from her. He felt her dilation on his end, knowing he would be where he wanted, no needed, to be very soon. Suddenly his rim pushed through her tight ring of muscle of her inner labia, his crown now against her hymen, the tenth it had pushed against in the last six months. He waited for a few minutes as her dilation continued, feeling her relax on his end.

"I want you on top of me, now, Nicoline," he said. "I would like you to lie on my front, in this same position, but both of us looking upwards. I will hold you to me," he explained, "and turn onto my back and bring you with me." She grunted acknowledgement, even as he took hold of her and started to turn. She pressed to the bed with an arm and a leg, as she rotated over him. She felt a sudden stab of pain and as she settled on his front, she realised he was now half inside her. She lay there, unmoving, for a few seconds, as the stinging eased, waiting for what he said next. She was aware his cock was slowly slipping further and further into her as she lay there. At last, she felt him nudge her end. Suddenly it was as if he'd lit another orgasm fuse, because it set her off on another climax, making her shake and clamp and call out. In her ecstasy, she never heard the church clock chiming five thirty.

"Are you ready, Nicoline?" he asked as she once more came back down from the heights of the mountain of bliss. "I want to fuck you now. Do you understand?" She grunted in response. Right now, she didn't care what he did to her, as long as it felt as good as this. Pull your knees back with your hands would you?" he asked. "Good, now spread them as wide apart as you can." She quickly adopted the position he wanted, her legs now in a full

splits which only little girls seem to be able to manage, while his cock curved up from beneath her into her tiny vagina.

Dale waited while she settled into position, then slowly drew his cock out from her and just as slowly pushed back into her. He reached down with one hand, his palm on her perfectly bald mound, his fingers curled into her wet and slippery cleft, feeling the little slip of skin of her cowl and the tiny hard lump of her clitty beneath and started to massage it gently. His other hand reached beneath her bottom and with both of her buttocks in the palm of his hand, he lifted her an inch or two, giving him enough space for his thrusting movements. His middle finger slipped into her rosebud, already slippery from her earlier anal penetration.

He started a slow fucking motion, pushing deep into her, his cock hard against her cervix, before pulling almost all the way out. In, quicker this time, building force and speed, repeating, increasing tempo and pleasure. One finger was deep inside her rectum, another strumming her clitty, giving her as much pleasure as she gave him. Quicker and quicker. At last he felt the first stirrings, so pulled both fingers away so he could grip her hips firmly with both hands. Lifting her upwards, he suddenly upped the pace, slamming into her tiny vagina, his pubis slapping into her pudenda, his balls whipping up into her cleft.

Nicoline was almost out of it. Her mind was in turmoil. In one sense, he was hurting her with his rough treatment, but in another, she was so overwhelmed by wonderful emotions and sensations coursing through her, she never considered crying out or asking him to stop, as her climax which had been ongoing increased, expanded and finally overloaded her. She'd passed out. She went limp in his hands as he came deep inside her, her rag doll body flopping around with his quick motions. He pulsed and pulsed into the eight year old, filling her deepest place with his sperm filled semen, pumping into her until he just had dry heaves left. He lay on the bed, still breathing heavily, as somewhere in his mind recorded the sound of the church bell as it chimed six.

By the time, Rochelle and Claudine, returned to the house, Dale had already dressed and left. She and Claudine finding the house apparently empty, went upstairs, where they found Nicoline lying fast asleep on Dale's bed. There were two crisp ten Franc notes on the nightstand with the three Franc coins on top. The women looked down at Nicoline, both deep in their own thoughts. Rochelle quietly picked up the money, with very mixed thoughts, while Claudine studied the child, who was lying spread eagled on the soiled sheets. There was dried semen all over her lips and cheeks, as well traces running from her reddened open vagina, down through her cleft onto the bed sheets, where a bloody pool lay under her bottom.

CHAPTER 10

How to Celebrate being Promoted Colonel

The new officers' mess had been set up in the church buildings, where Dale had met up with them for a meal before their briefing. As he stood detailing the plan for the coming assault, he realised they were probably as ready as they would ever be for the battle

ahead. The new young green officers had been sent out leading night patrols regularly, under the guidance of experienced NCOs. Several had been killed or injured, but the majority had honed their skills, gained in confidence and would be an asset to Dale, not a hindrance. Dale had invited William Staff to join them in the briefing. He too had been promoted to Major and his battalion of Canadians would be attacking once more along side Dale's.

"As you probably know, the Schwaben Redoubt was taken on the first day of this campaign, 1st July, but Fritz managed to retake it the following day with a determined counterattack. Since then it has remained in their hands and a major thorn in our side because it overlooks the whole Ancre Valley. However during 26th – 28th September, we got a foothold in the Redoubt at last. The Hun has been trying to kick us out ever since, and nearly succeeded several times. Anyway, tomorrow 14th October, we intend to clear them from their little hidey hole once and for all. And that's where you come in. The Schwaben is filled with hundreds of cross-firing well emplaced machine guns. No heroics, please. All you'll get is a medal, a six by two foot piece of French soil and a few words said over you."

"This is what we're going to do," he continued. "We will use the trenches already taken and using Mills bombs and covering fire, we'll work our way slowly through. The Germans dug the trenches with zig-zags, like we all do to stop someone firing along a trench. But the zig-zags give us cover too; so use it. Take your time. Work in platoons and sections. And good luck." Dale went into detail, pointing out various features and which trenches were already taken and those not, plus the bunkers and underground defences. He spent a lot of time pointing out the location of the machine guns, emplaced in their concrete bunkers. Finally Dale told them they were to enter the service trenches no later than 3a.m. and get up into the Redoubt well before dawn, when the attack would jump off.

Dale dismissed them, asking Mason and Staff to wait a moment. He indicated some seats and produced a bottle of scotch he'd recently been sent by his father. Pulling the cork out of the bottle, he filled three glasses and raising one proposed a toast to a successful attack. Soon they each went off to their own beds, knowing they would be up again in less than five hours.

The following day proved to be the turning point. The Schwaben was taken with remarkably few casualties and the enemy driven well back across the Thiepval Ridge. It had been the final major obstacle in the campaign lasting four months and had been a prime target on day one. Such was the nature of this terrible war. Later that day, when the fighting had ended and the wounded attended to and prisoners marched away, Dale stood looking across at the Redoubt, seeing the bodies lying around in their British khaki and German grey uniforms, thinking the former enemies were now united in death. For them the war was over. For their families, the grief was yet to come. Dale's battalion had escaped with incredibly few casualties. The new tactics and training they'd adopted had saved hundreds of lives. Lives which he thought would now be thrown into the next futile campaign. Another roll of the dice of death. He had an intensely cynical view about this war, and the incompetence of its generals. He fervently agreed with German General Erich Ludendorff, who had referred to the British army as lions led by donkeys. After the war, he met Siegfried Sassoon, who was nearly court-martialed for voicing similar opinions as Dale's. He too had won a Military Cross in the early part of the Somme campaign, rescuing wounded men from enemy trenches.

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Dale sat on the proffered upright dining room chair belonging to the farmhouse the Colonel had commandeered for his regimental headquarters. To the side, Dale noticed the logs stacked by the fire burning in the hearth were all splintered pieces of timber; detritus from the incessant and indiscriminate artillery fire which the Germans still persisted in sending over, despite the Somme Offensive having now ended. It was late November and with the onset of the early winter rain, fighting had become impossible for both sides.

"You're probably asking yourself why you're here, Winchester," said the Colonel without further small talk.

"Yes Sir," Dale replied with the stock answer, very much wondering the answer to that question.

"The Somme campaign didn't achieve what Haig hoped for, so he's going to try his luck further north. Flanders in fact. I think I've mentioned it to you before. Haig has two objectives. Firstly he thinks he can destroy the German army in Belgium. In view of what has happened down here, personally I think it is wishful thinking. Secondly, the Germans are trying to starve Britain into surrender with their submarine blockade. It's working too. If they carry on sinking ships at the present rate, we will have no choice but to end the war. In the new year, we will be attempting to break through in a wide curve and take the channel ports, of Ostend and Zeebrugge where the U-boats operate from. But, young Winchester, I have a little job for you in the meantime."

The Colonel opened a drawer and pulled out two glasses and a bottle of Rémy Martin brandy. He uncorked the bottle and poured two generous helpings. Handing one to Dale, he reached to his side and spread a map out in front of them. He stabbed his finger at the city of Arras. "The French are in trouble. Their army is on the point of mutiny. In fact there have been many minor incidents, which they have tried to keep quiet. Soldiers are deserting to Spain by the thousand. Now they want to mount a new campaign in the south. The battle down at Verdun is about played out. The French have lost over half a million men there and the Germans almost as many.

So this is the plan. In the spring, the French are going to regroup and attack on a new sector. We are going to pre-empt this by attacking here," he stabbed the map again, "near Arras. The plan is to draw the Germans away from the south to give the French success, when they attack a week or so after us."

"So where do we come in?" asked Dale reasonably.

Vickers looked up from the map and moved his finger north. "Here," he replied. "Vimy Ridge. It overlooks the countryside in all directions and the Germans hold it securely. If Arras is to be a success, then Vimy must be taken and held. But more to the point it will form the northern flank of the attack. I understand you have formed a friendship with one of the Canadian senior officers. Man called Staff." Dale nodded. "Good," continued Vickers. "The Canadians have asked us to help in the planning and execution. We need to take the Ridge and we need minimum casualties. Staff has been promoted Lieutenant Colonel and will command three battalions. You're also being promoted Lieutenant

Colonel, Winchester and you are to train and prepare the Brigade for me. Mason is confirmed Captain, acting Major. He'll take over your battalion. You are to work closely with Staff and make this work." The Colonel raised an eyebrow. "Think you can?" Dale looked at him steadily and nodded. "Good," said Vickers, smiling for the first time, "because I'm being kicked upstairs. General thinks for some reason he needs another brigadier and wanted someone reliable to take over here. He was a bit stuffy when I suggested you. Thought you were still wet behind the ears. I just told him so was he when he won his V.C. in South Africa."

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Dale's mind was reeling when he walked down to the officers' mess. He'd been promoted from Lieutenant to Lieutenant Colonel in under a year. He was met at the door by Mason, who had a huge grin on his face and a large drink in his hand "Congratulations, Colonel," said Mason. The word had spread already. "At last the top brass are beginning to make some sensible decisions. Come in, let me buy you a drink. They entered the smoke filled church and were greeted with huge cheers and pats on the back by the many officers who had heard of the promotions and come to celebrate. They had several drinks, while one young lieutenant on a piano started to play "Roses of Picardy", everyone joining in, which Dale found very emotive, his mind drifting briefly back to Rosalie and her sister Fleur in Amiens, who had given him such wonderful personal service in hospital there. His mind moved back to the little farmhouse the other side of Mesnil and the three girls waiting for him. His promotion had stirred his blood and he suddenly knew he needed to go there as soon as possible.

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News of Dale's promotion had preceded him. Claudine and Rochelle were waiting for him as he arrived back. He had acquired a joint of ham and a bottle of Brandy and another of Champagne from the mess, which he handed over to Claudine. She took the ham and stored it in the kitchen, returning with three large tumblers and uncorking the bottle, tipped a large measure into the glasses. The two women raised their glasses in toast, said "Salute," and downed the fiery liquid in one gulp. "Would you like something to eat, Colonel?" asked Claudine, picking up the bottle and refilling the tumblers. The women both emptied half their glasses in another swig.

"That would be kind, Madame," he said, a slice of ham would go down very well, thank you."

The two women went out to the kitchen. The three girls, who had been quietly playing in the corner got up and came over to where he was sitting. They picked up the glasses and looking at him each emptied the amber nectar as quickly as their mothers had just done. Constance picked up the bottle and filled the three glasses once more. The girls again raised their glasses and half emptied them, hoping their mothers wouldn't notice.

All three girls were getting tipsy a couple of minutes later, having silly grins on their faces. Constance picked up Dale's glass and bringing it to her lips, swallowed about a third of it's contents. She passed it to Nicoline, who drank a similar amount finally handing it to Celine, who finished it off.

Constance leaned towards Dale and with a cheeky look on her face asked: "Do you want us to earn a few Francs tonight Monsieur?"

"I want you to earn a lot of Francs," he replied quietly. "All three of you. Why don't you three go upstairs and get washed and ready? I will come up in about ten or fifteen minutes."

At that moment Rochelle called from the kitchen: "Girls, time for bed. Go and use the bathroom before Monsieur Winchester needs to go up."

"See what did I say?" said Dale smiling to the three as they scampered towards the stairs.

The two women returned a minute or so later. Claudine carried a tray with three plates, with some slices of ham. There were some home made pickles and chutneys, a baguette of bread and some butter. Dale picked at the food, while the women seemed to drink half a glass of brandy with every bite of food. It wasn't long before the food and brandy had all gone and the Champagne had been opened. Dale had half a glass to celebrate his promotion and seeing the two women would soon be the worse for wear, discretely left them and went upstairs..

What he found both excited and disappointed him simultaneously. He was disappointed, because he had wanted the three of them to participate in some very energetic exercises he'd been thinking about all afternoon. He was excited, because he knew he was instead going to do whatever he wanted with them for as long as he wanted. The three girls were unconscious, dead to the world. Beside the bed were their three empty glasses and an empty bottle of scotch he always kept in the bedside locker. They had drunk themselves into oblivion. At least they'd had the good grace to get undressed first and as he lifted the covers off them, he stood admiring them for several minutes.

Constance with her long face, long mound, long cleft and long legs, black hair and eyebrows. Nicoline, the girl who had nearly starved to death a few months ago. She was still probably only about twenty kilos in weight. Her flat naked chest rose and fell with her breathing. Her high cheek bones, button nose, blond hair instead of making her look cute, gave her a beauty uncommon in girls this age. And finally, there was Celine. Constance's little sister. The two so unlike in looks and personality .Dale spent a moment spreading their legs as wide apart as he could, before standing back again admiring the three of them.

He quickly undressed and wondering what he should do first and to whom, stood over them admiring their nakedness, letting anticipation throb through his body, his erect cock bouncing in time with his pulse. He knew he was so pent up, he might even cum just standing here looking at the three of them. So he decided he needed to start with a quickie. "Eeny, meeny, miny, moe," he thought to himself.

The nearest one to where he was standing at the side of the bed was little six year old Celine. He reached for her arm and pulled her towards him, turning her sideways as he did so. He grabbed a pillow and lifting her up, placed it under her back and shoulders. He then pulled her further, letting her unsupported head lean back over the edge of the bed. She'd given him several blow jobs since that first time he'd met her. She'd always gagged though, so he'd had to let her suck him in her own way, using her lips, tongue and two hands skilled now at their task. It always felt as though it could be better. But this would be different.

He didn't need to waste any time. He looked down, his cock hovering over her upturned chin which he pushed away, watching as her mouth gaped open. He bent forward, letting his crown drop between her lips. He then put one hand under her neck and the other pushing her chin away and pushed into her. He felt her tongue move as his cock slid between it and the roof of her mouth. He pushed further, feeling his end dip into the recess at the back of her mouth. Still he pushed in, while his hands held her steady, his cock sliding into her tight throat. He wasn't sure for a moment if she could take him, before she dilated and let him in. He pushed all the way in, until her lips pressed against his pubis. He paused for the merest moment, before pulling out, until her teeth were just below the rim of his helmet shaped crown. Then he shoved back into her. Each time he withdrew, her larynx opened, letting a gasp of air rush into her lungs.

He pushed back into her, enjoying the feel of his crown forcing itself into the child's throat. He pulled out and thrust back in, building pace now, her breathing coming in gasps in time with his movements. He only wanted a quickie. He didn't want to empty himself yet, so as soon as he felt the first urges deep down, he made no effort to hold back. Just as he felt his first dry pulse, he pulled out from her tight throat and aiming his cock along her body, blasted all the way down her chest and tummy, a pool of cum hitting her mound, running into her little cleft. He pointed down and watched as his second spurt hit her on her button nose and between the eyes.

Dale let go of his cock and watched as his tip dropped over her open mouth, a final couple of weak pulses dribbling down onto her tongue, running to the back of her mouth. Where the earlier spurt had covered her face, he scooped it up as best he could with his finger and pushed it over her lips, seeing it ooze over her teeth. Putting his hands under the girl, he turned her round, so her head was back on the pillow. He lay down beside her, pulling the bed covers over all of them, letting sleep wash over him. It hadn't been a big cum and he knew he would be ready for Nicoline before too long.

It was the distant rumble of guns which woke Dale, who wondered for a moment where he was. Lifting the lid on his silver trench watch, the luminous dial told him it was almost midnight. Nicoline was in the middle of the bed, between the other two girls. She was still dead to the world. Becoming erect already, he looked forward to what he was going to do to her. Pulling Celine towards the edge of the bed, he made space for himself where she'd just been lying. With the light from a bright moon shining in through the window casting a ghostly light in the room, he looked down at Nicoline, who was lying face down, snoring lightly in her deep sleep, her naked back rising and falling with her breathing, her parted thighs letting him study the rounded globes of her buttocks and the valley between them.

He looked around and saw what he needed, a short round bolster. He pushed a hand under her belly and lifted, slipping the bolster beneath her. Her bottom was now pointing upwards. Finally, pushing her knees with his own, as wide apart as possible, he admired her spread form, her anus wide open in the position she was in, the target of his lust. He shuffled on his knees between her thighs, until he made contact, brought his cock to her rosebud and applied pressure. His rim popped through her sphincter almost immediately, which surprised him considering her bottom had always been so tight when he'd buggered her before. Her rectum clung to his shaft, pulling back his foreskin as he sank slowly into her.

Deeper he pushed, feeling his crown peel open her hot, buttery passage as he penetrated her bowels. She was so tight on him. Just how he liked them. His pubes scraped into her little buttocks. He paused a moment, before pulling out most of the way. He looked down and was fascinated seeing an inch or so of the lining of her rectum clinging to his shaft,

before he pushed back into her. He bottomed out, literally, and pulled out again, this time letting his crown pop out of her before shoving back into her, traces of shit and pre-cum now coating his cock. Dale was in no mood to mess around, and soon forced the pace, pumping deep into her, his thighs slapping into her buttocks, before he pulled all the way out and back in, in one second cycles. Slap, slap, slap.

She was moving away from him each thrust, so grabbing hold of her hips, as he thrust into her, he pulled her back onto him with equal speed and force, the slapping getting louder. Soon he felt the surge deep inside him, as his prostate clenched, sending the first pulse up through his balls and cock. When the second pulse blasted into her, he knew when she woke she'd be leaking all day, confirmed when he spurted more and more semen into her. On and on it went, until he was only firing blanks, his pulses slowing and finally ending. He held himself deep inside her for a minute, before slowly easing out of her, letting his cock rest in the valley of her bum as he deflated. He got off the bed and went to the wash stand and poured some water into the bowl. He took a flannel from the rack and wetting it, cleaned his cock, before going to the bed and wiping the girl clean the best he could. Even as he watched, brown speckled semen was oozing from her. He smiled, she'd be in a hell of a mess by the morning. He decided to leave the bolster under belly. Her bum sticking in the air looked rather erotic. It was his final thought, as sleep once more swept through him.

He woke at dawn. He stood and used the chamber pot, to relieve himself. Already he was thinking of the day ahead and the tedious railway journey up towards Arras and on to Vimy Ridge. The regiment was to be stationed at the little village of Neuville-St Vaast.

He wondered if this battle would be as disastrous as the Somme had been. He shook the last drips off his cock and turning to the bed, eyed Constance's nakedness, feeling his arousal already, while he wondered if she would be the last fuck he ever had, before some German shell or sniper made an end to his promising military career.

He had fully penetrated her and was giving her long deep fucking motions, when she stirred. "Mon dieu," she muttered, as she came awake. Her eyes opened, shutting immediately with the pain she was feeling. Pain not from what Dale was doing to her at a nice steady pace, but from the incredible hangover she'd got from over imbibing the night before. "Mon dieu," she repeated, "I'm going to be sick."

Dale pulled out of her and flipped her over, so she was now face down on the bed. Taking her hips in his strong hands, he lifted her up onto her hands and knees. At that moment, she retched. He leaned over and grabbing the half full chamber pot, put it on the bed beneath her face. Without waiting, he grabbed her hips again and sank his cock back into her once more, quickly building up depth and pace, enjoying the feel of his cock sliding in and out of the eight year old French girl, with the body of a six and the mind of a ten year old.

He knew he wouldn't take long. Suddenly, he felt her whole body tense up, her vagina clamped on him hard, as she puked into the chamber pot, seemingly oblivious to what he was doing to her, or all the urine slopping around just under her nose. He blasted into her. His orgasm heightened by her ongoing clamping on his hard cock as she vomited long and hard into the already full pot. He stopped pulsing into her at about the same time she stopped retching. They both calmed, their minds on completely different planets. She, in

her state of abject misery, wishing she could just die right now, her headache unbearable; he wondering how he would be able to keep most of his men alive through this next campaign.

CHAPTER 11

Destruction of the Convent School

The journey to Vimy had taken over two days. First, they had to march the men 20 miles to Amiens. Then they had been made to wait ten hours while several munitions trains were given priority, before entraining for Arras. The troop train, consisting of old cattle trucks and a dilapidated carriage for the officers, never reached more than twenty miles per hour, rattling over poorly maintained rails in a large circuitous route away from the front. Dale realised the irony, as in peace time the Albert - Arras line runs along the Ancre Valley, almost through Mesnil where they'd just left. A normal journey of under two hours.

It was the middle of the night when they disembarked at Arras and dawn when the regiment completed the final five mile march to Neuville-St Vaast. They were directed to a temporary holding area to the west of the village, where a small city of hundreds of bell tents in neat rows were allocated to them. The Catering Corps were ready with their steaming cauldrons of food to provide a well needed meal to the men, before they collapsed into an exhausted sleep.

The following day was a rest day for the men, when Dale was summoned to General Byng's headquarters. The first thing he noticed on entering the compound was an enormous scale model of the entire area, showing trenches, tunnels, barbed wire entanglements, woods, streams and the ridge itself. It gave a far better idea than any map could to anyone not so gifted with map interpretation. Certainly there were many men of all ranks studying the model intently familiarising themselves with the topography.

He entered the town hall, being used as the British headquarters and was shown into a vestibule lined with chairs. He'd hardly sat down, before a door opened and he was called into the General's conference room, by a young looking captain with the badges of Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry. The oak panelled room had tall windows overlooking a lawn, now overgrown, which sloped down to a small lake in the near distance. The area had once served as a public park. The room was light and airy. Already Dale sensed an atmosphere of efficiency. The men in the room sitting at desks typing orders or marking maps all seemed to have purpose. Something he hadn't seen in other H.Q.s – even General Rawlinson's.

The captain steered Dale by the elbow through another door, where a smaller room, also overlooking the park, served as the General's office. Three men were studying a map, their backs to Dale as he entered. The General turned and dropping a short pointer on the map smiled and held out his hand in welcome.

"Welcome young Winchester," said Byng, seemingly trying to crush Dale's hand. "I've heard a lot about you."

Dale resisted the temptation to crush the general's hand back and use his nick name of 'Bungo Byng', instead saying: "Indeed Sir, not all bad I hope."

The aristocratic British general smiled and clapped him on the shoulder, turning towards the other two men. "This is General Currie," Byng said, indicating the rather portly man to his left, "and I think you already know Lieutenant Colonel Staff," his hand waving to his right.

Currie held out his hand and in a strong west Canadian accent "Good to meet you Winchester.

"Hello Dale," said William Staff, shaking his hand warmly.

"I won't keep you, Winchester," interrupted Byng, "Currie and I are tied up planning the campaign for the spring. We'll see you at one of planning dinners I intend to hold, no doubt. Meantime, I've arranged for Staff here to brief you and show you around. Colonel Vickers tells me you two work well together. I just wanted to meet you and welcome you aboard."

"Thank you Sir," said Dale, turning on hearing the door open, the captain giving them the cue to leave.

"Good to see you again William," said Dale warmly. "Congratulations on your promotion."

"Same to you," replied Staff. "I hear Mason was made up too," he continued, "long overdue in my opinion. He was a good man to have at your back up at the Redoubt."

"I couldn't agree more, I left him outside, you can meet him again now if you like."

The three men chatted together as they walked away from the town hall chatting. "Your General Byng seems to have his finger on the pulse," commented Dale.

"Sure does," replied Staff, "the troops love him and Currie. They are the first generals to ever show any care for the men under their command. Their campaigns next spring are the most carefully thought out plans anyone has ever come across."

Dale looked at William. "How so?" he asked.

William paused. They were adjacent to the huge scale model Dale had looked at earlier. "Well there's that, for example," nodded William. "But there are the tunnels too."

"Tunnels?" enquired Dale.

"Byng and Currie have been really working on this," said William pointing at the extent of the model. "They haven't just ensured everyone knows what they will be doing, but also what everyone else is doing and how. They ordered twelve tunnels to be built. It's all hard chalk here. There are huge underground caverns where thousands of men can be housed out of harm from artillery. They are extending the tunnels as we speak. Some will burrow under the German lines and will be mined. Hundreds of tons of amatol is being brought up by train for the task. Other tunnels will be used to get the men as far forward as possible

to avoid open ground machine gun fire. We are training everyone, especially the artillery, about the creeping barrage, which you helped perfect down at Thiepval. The generals are using everything they can think of to preserve men's lives when the attack goes in next spring. I think this attack could be very different from what's gone on before and show the way for the future."

Dale was impressed as he looked once more at the model. He thought: "At last, some generals who actually care about the men's lives. Perhaps this war could be won after all."

The three were about to leave, when they heard the unmistakable sound of several shells, as they screamed overhead. "Mörser 21cm howitzer shells," said William. "They have a battery of about half a dozen guns over there. They've been lobbing them over about three times a day for the last week or so. They seem to pick a different target each time and fire a couple of rounds per gun. Then silence until they do it again a few hours later. I wonder who's caught those ones?" They were to soon find out.

Close by, was a Casualty Clearing Station with several horse drawn ambulances outside with horses already harnessed up. Several men and nurses rushed to the ambulances. Dale and William heard the cry: "They've hit the convent."

"Oh no," said William, "not the school, please not the school." They ran forwards and managed to hop onto the back of the last ambulance, as it gathered speed down the slope. "Most of the children have been sent home," explained William, as they jogged along, "but there were still a few remaining, all orphans with no home to go to and, of course, the nuns to look after them. Most of the other nuns now work in the hospital a few miles from here."

They arrived outside a badly damaged church-like building, where three distraught nuns were waving their arms animatedly at the ruins, where some fires burned in places, smoke rising lazily in the cold November breeze. Dale could see four blanket covered bodies, each with feet poking out. Three were adults and one a child. It had one shoe on and another missing.

"My men are not far from here," said William. "Do what you can while I get help." Mason moved off saying he would fetch more men too. Just then a dishevelled nun, who turned out to be the mother superior, came towards Dale, talking in rapid French. "You must help us Monsieur," she pleaded several children are buried over there," she pointed to a pile of fallen masonry at the far corner of the building. "Colonel," she said, recognising Dale's uniform, "please help."

"What happened?" he asked.

"Fortunately, there were only four of us nuns and four children in the building today," she explained, looking towards where the covered bodies were lying. "Usually there would be many more, but we evacuated last week." She took Dale's hand and pulled him further into the smoking ruin of the building. "This way Monsieur," she said, dodging the masonry and timber scattered across the floor. "I heard cries down here," she pointed to where a hole had opened up in the floor, about two foot wide by three long. Dale looked down, but it was pitch black below. "It is the crypt, Monsieur," she explained. "They must have taken shelter there. The entry is over there," she waved a hand towards a large pile of fallen

concrete and bricks about fifteen or twenty feet in height, where the bell tower had collapsed.

Dale looked down through the hole in the floor, and called out: "Hello, how many are there down there?"

There was a pause before a plaintive child's voice replied: "There are three of us."

"Are any of you hurt?" he asked.

"Oui Monsieur, the other two have cuts and bruises. Jean also has a bad leg. It's bent in the middle. I think it is broken. Help us please Monsieur. We're frightened."

"I'm coming down," Dale said to the child. He looked around for some rope. By now there were quite a few men in the building helping to clear a way through, damping the fires and also checking to ensure there weren't any other bodies unaccounted for. He saw a length of rope partly buried under rubble. He pulled at it managing to free a good length before it held fast. Seeing the sally on the end, he realised it must have been the bell rope. Using his knife, he cut off as long a length as possible. Going back to the hole, he tied one end around the remains of a pillar and dropped it through the hole. At that moment, the Reverent Mother came over, holding a sack and handed it to him. It contained half a dozen or more alter candles. Tucking the sack under his Sam Browne belt, he took hold of the rope and dropped through the hole, lowering himself.

It was deeper than he'd expected; perhaps twenty feet. He could hear noises in the gloom. A child crying quietly in pain, another sobbing in shock, before the third child said: "We're over here Monsieur." He was standing in the only pale pool of light in the crypt and could see nothing. He pulled the sack open and took out a candle. It was perhaps three inches in diameter and eighteen inches long. Reaching into his pocket, he pulled out the cigarette lighter his father had given him just a year ago and lit the candle. The three children were sitting together about ten feet away. There was a boy about ten, and two girls, one about six and the other maybe eight or nine. The boy, Jean was clearly in a lot of pain. The orderlies and nurses were only feet away above, so he decided the best thing to do was tie the rope around the boy and let them pull him up, so he could receive proper treatment much quicker.

Dale walked over and lifting the boy, who cried out in agony and carried him to the pool of light, tied the rope around his waist and holding him, called up for the men to pull him up. A few seconds later, the rope end dropped down beside him again. He waved to the little girl, who looked at the older child for reassurance, before she picked her way over to him. He saw she was wearing a short blue dress. Presumably a school uniform, as the older girl was wearing something similar. He tied the rope around under her armpits, before lifting her up. It was at that moment his hands slid across the silk like skin of her bare buttocks. She was wearing nothing underneath. He couldn't think of any other excuse, so holding her, letting his palm slip through the valley of her bum, his finger tips sinking into her cleft, as he called the other girl to check to see if the rope was secure and wouldn't come loose. He felt the little girl clench on him. She was becoming aware where his fingers were. So he called up to the men above to pull her up. He looked up as she rose, but in the poor light couldn't make out her features in the gloom.

He heard William's voice call down explaining he had collected a platoon of men to help. Just then, there was a crash above. "The west wall looks like it's about to collapse Dale," William shouted. "We can't pull her out in time, Dale. We'll take cover until it settles." Dale caught the girl as she was almost dropped back into his arms. He heard the sound of many boots retreating above. He held the candle up and looked around. Against the far wall, was a recess about six feet long by three feet wide. Dale vaguely wondered if it had been built to house a coffin one day. Realising that if the west wall fell, it would not only cover the hole above him, but might even bring the whole ceiling of the crypt down on them. Quickly untying the rope, he pointed and taking the girls' hands walked over to the recess, where a low brick plinth projected out from the wall. It was probably there to reinforce the foundations, but acted as a seat for them. The girls sat down, looking up at him. Their grubby faces spoke more than they did, although they didn't seem terrified they were perhaps a little frightened. Dale put the sack of candles down and sitting beside the girls asked their names. "I am Gabriel," she said, "and this is my sister Amelia. "I am nine years old next week and I like sport and maths and history at school. When I'm not working, I like to dance. My friends call me Gabbi. What's your name?" she asked sounding older than her years.

"I am very pleased to meet you Gabbi. My name is Lieutenant Colonel Dale Winchester," he replied, "but as we may be down here a little while together, you can call me Dale."

"I'm very glad to make your acquaintance, Dale," she said, unexpectedly shaking his hand. "Would you like me to show you how I dance?" Without waiting for a reply, she jumped up and holding her arms in the air, moved up on to tiptoe and made some graceful steps like a ballerina might. She moved left and right. By now, she was several feet away from Dale. Suddenly, he heard a loud rumbling above, followed by several crashes, as more masonry fell. Dale stepped forward, grabbed Gabbi's arm and pulled her back into the recess, holding her close to him and her sister, just as the whole ceiling of the crypt collapsed. The candle went out and the air was filled with dust. They were all coughing. Dale fumbled in his pocket, found and flicked his lighter, giving a little light. Reaching for the candle, he relit it and waited for the thick dust to slowly clear.

The three of them were now coated in white dust from the local chalk, which made up so much of the rubble around them. The two girls were understandably shaken, as hundreds of tons of rock and masonry had fallen, just missing them. As it was, Amelia looked shocked. She was shaking slightly, her eyes wide open, unfocused. Even Gabbi was quiet.

Dale took out his handkerchief, and using a few drops from his canteen water bottle, wiped the faces of the girls clean. He saw both were bleeding. Amelia had a bad cut on her forehead, Gabbi was holding her groin. He could see blood on her fingers. Both girls also had several cuts and grazes on their calves and arms. He spent a few minutes cleaning the wounds up, using as little of the precious water as he could with his, now soiled, handkerchief. He needed bandages to bind both girls and there were none. Dale could see Amelia's head needed attention quickly.

"Gabbi," he said quietly. There was no response. "Gabbi," he repeated sharply, making her turn to him as if waking up. "Amelia's head needs bandaging. Both of you need some attention on your legs as well. I don't have any First Field Dressing packs on me. We'll have to make do with whatever we have with us. We could be here for some time. Days

even." Hearing his words, the girls blinked, as if realising for the first time they might never escape from this tomb inside a crypt.

He folded his blood soaked handkerchief as best he could and pressed it to Amelia's forehead. It was obvious it would be inadequate and she was still losing some blood. Telling Amelia to hold the pad against her head, he turned to Gabbi and said: "I will need to cut bandages from your dresses to bind Amelia's head and the leg wounds on both of you." She nodded and held up the hem of her dress. Like Amelia's, it was already short, coming down to a couple of inches above her knees. He pulled out his clasp knife and cut into the material two inches above the hem. Taking hold of the cloth, he tore it all the way round, cutting the seam with his knife, before holding up a two inch wide bandage eighteen inches long. Without saying a word, he repeated the exercise another two inches up. Seeing Gabbi was about to complain, he told her to hold the bandages, while he turned to Amelia and cut two bandages from her dress also, which he passed to Gabbi.

Next, he removed his silk tie and neatly folding it made as good a pad as he could. He took away the handkerchief and pressed the tie in its place. Then taking the first bandage, he wrapped it round Amelia's head over the tie. He needed more and used another two strips of bandage before the pad was secure and her bleeding eased. "How does that feel Amelia?" he asked the girl.

She gave him a thin smile and said: "bien."

"Good girl," he praised, "sit down now for me and let me look at the cuts on your legs." He turned to Gabbi: "Would you hold the candle for me so I can see?" Gabbi bent forward, looking over his shoulder, holding out the candle. "Amelia swivel round for me and put your feet up," he instructed. She did as he said, turning ninety degrees, lifted her feet up onto the plinth, the few remaining scraps of her skirt sliding up to her hips, exposing her little pussy to his view. But at that moment, the most important thing was to bandage her wounds and neither of the girls thought about her nakedness. Dale did, but never let it show.

She had three cuts. Two were just bad scratches, just needing cleaning, but the third, a little above her knee needed the last bandage. He spent longer than necessary pressing the bandage, letting his fingers feel her thighs just below her open pussy, which she didn't seem in any hurry to hide.

Finally, he turned to Gabbi. He could see blood running down her legs, so without another word, lifted the remains of her dress up and all the way off her, leaving her standing in just her panties. But as he and Gabbi looked down at her legs, they both saw her panties were completely soaked in blood. He simply took hold of the ribbon which fastened them around her waist and pulled the bow loose, watching as the once light grey, now scarlet and wet garment fell with a splat to the floor. She was bleeding heavily from a wound near her groin. Already she had lost a lot of blood and if he didn't quench the flow, she might not make it through the night.

Dale was immediately reminded of his own wound, that day back on 1st July, in the same place. He already knew if it was the femoral artery, she'd be dead. He told her to press her hand to the wound while he made up more bandages. Taking her dress, he quickly tore more strips from it. But he also knew she needed more than just bandages. Really she

needed stitches. Then he remembered, he had his uniform repair kit with him and it included needle and thread. She needed a few stitches. He pulled out the sewing kit and with some difficulty managed to thread the needle. She looked on with morbid fascination, knowing what he was about to do to her.

He glanced at her face and smiled. "You know what I have to do, Gabbi, don't you? It will save your life. Will you be brave for me?" She pursed her lips and nodded grimly, before looking down at where blood was steadily oozing from between her fingers. He took out his whisky flask and opening it, poured a small trickle over the thread, then held the needle momentarily over the candle, still being held by Gabbi. Without further delay, he peeled her fingers from the wound, seeing the blood flow once again. He pinched the wound together with the fingers of one hand and pushed the needle through with the other. Gabbi hissed in pain, candle wax dripped between her knees onto the plinth, as her hand shook. He tied off the stitch and repeated the process half a dozen more times, leaving a neat line of knots, the end one only an inch from her vagina.

"Well done, Gabbi," he praised. "The worst is over. I will clean you up now and bandage you, alright?" She smiled thinly and nodded, leaning back against the wall. With her feet close to her bottom, he pushed her knees wide apart and turning to Amelia, ripped off another few inches of her dress. Opening his canteen, he poured some water onto it and started to clean Gabbi up. He had to rinse the rag a few times, using more precious water. By the end, she was reasonably clean.

"This may sting a little, Gabbi," he said. "Will you be a brave girl for me?" She nodded, as he took his whisky flask and poured a small quantity over the wound. She gasped in pain, her eyes screwed up. "I just need to clean you up here now," he said rinsing the cloth once more and brought it to her wide open pudenda and started to carefully wipe away the remaining blood there. She looked at him as he did this, her expression unreadable. She studied his face knowing what he was thinking, as he wiped her pussy. But at the same time knowing he had saved her life. As he continued, perhaps more than was necessary, she let her knees flop a little wider, knowing where he was looking.

When he had finished, he replaced Gabbi's dress over her head. It only came down as far as her waist, as did Amelia's. The rest had been sacrificed for use as bandages. Both girls were naked to his view. But neither seemed overly concerned. They were alive and both would have been dead had he not acted as he did. He took the candle and inspected the recess they were in. It was partially filled with rubble up to about a foot above the floor. The loose masonry sloped up and away, but was far higher than the recess's ceiling, about six feet up. From the back wall to the rubble was a gap of only about three feet. They were cocooned in a cavity beneath hundreds of tons of masonry and rubble.

Dale saw the candle flame flicker when he held it up. There was a slight draft from somewhere. He looked more closely and saw a piece of wood in the roof of the recess. He tapped it, hearing a hollow sound. He thumped the piece of wood with his fist. It splintered with rotten timber dropping away. He hit it again and saw it drop, revealing a small shaft. He then realised, seeing soot in and around the shaft, this recess had been used at some time as a fireplace, the shaft above a chimney. Probably by the builders of the convent to give them some warmth when they rested or ate their meals and had blocked it off when the building was completed a hundred years before.

He looked up the shaft. It was probably no wider than about a foot. Even from here, he could see where falling debris had partially blocked it in places. But he could now feel the cold November air allowing them to breathe. He shouted up the shaft, but realised no one was going to hear him. Then he had an idea. He unbuckled his leather holster and took out his army issue Webley Mk VI revolver. He told the girls to cover their ears, reached up as far as he could into the shaft, pointing up and fired a round. Lots of debris and dust fell down from the shaft. The sound in the confined space left his ears ringing. He waited a full minute, then repeated it. He wondered if anyone would hear the discharge, with them being twenty feet below ground level. He waited another full minute and fired a third time, knowing he only had three more rounds left in the .45 calibre revolver. He fired once more and immediately heard a shot fired above in reply. It sounded very faint and distant, but it was a response. Someone knew he was alive and where he was. He re-holstered his gun and tried to shout up the shaft. He wasn't sure if he heard a reply. The sound of the shots had deafened him. He knew they would now take action to rescue them.

It took a few minutes for the ringing in his ears to ease off. He went to the shaft again and cupping his hands around his mouth shouted up again. This time he could hear a very faint but distinct reply. It was Mason's voice. Dale quickly explained where they were located and that the girls' injuries were serious but stable. Mason shouted down that L/Colonel Staff had sent someone to bring the tunnel mining commander over to work out a plan for extracting them. Meantime, they had found some drain cleaning rods and were hoping they could open up the shaft to drop supplies down. Mason explained that at the top it was covered in huge amounts of rubble from the fallen west wall and tower so the first thing they needed to do was clear that before trying to find the top end of the buried shaft.

CHAPTER 12

Trapped in the Crypt

Dale turned back to the girls. They were both still covered in a lot of white chalk dust. They both had cuts and bruises everywhere, but their main wounds had now been treated; Amelia's head and Gabbi's groin. He saw both had minor cuts still bleeding in their calves and thighs, which he was able to quickly treat with the few remaining scraps of bandage he'd cut from their dresses.

He sat down on the middle of the plinth. Amelia sat beside him one side, but when Gabbi went to sit down on the other side, she hissed in pain, standing up again. "You can't stand up for the next three days, Gabbi," he said to her.

"Three days, Monsieur?" she gasped.

"Might be," he replied. "Could be more, could be less."

"But what will we eat, what will we drink?" she asked the obvious question any hungry child would ask.

“My men will dig us out before too long,” he said hoping it was true. “But it will take time.” He unbuckled his Sam Browne belt and laid it with his revolver on the pile of rubble to one side. He then unbuttoned his battledress jacket and taking it off, folded it to form a cushion for Gabbi to sit on. But it was no good. The pressure hurt her too much. He had an idea.

He turned and leaned against the end wall of the plinth, using the jacket to lean against, and brought his feet up. He gestured for Gabbi to sit on his lap. At first she was hesitant, thinking it would hurt. But he insisted and so she tentatively stood over him, a foot either side of his knees and lowered herself slowly down. Dale watched as her buttocks descended in front of his face an inch or two away, her open valley showing him her little rosebud and her vulva bulging out beneath, the recess of her vagina, all still smeared with chalk dust and traces of dried blood from her wound. Her weight rested on her bottom and lower thighs, not her wound. So as she leaned back against him, she was able, at last to feel the pain ease off a little. Amelia sat at the other end of the plinth, mirroring his position. Because the plinth wasn't very long, she had to bend her knees to stop her feet touching Gabbi.

Dale realised there was little they could do now except wait. But as he sat there, he could look between the spread thighs of a six year old child, seeing her little hairless mound rising and falling with her breathing, her tiny dimple above her cleft, a little slip of skin showing where her clitty was hiding and below that, her open vagina, glistening in the dim candlelight. Her labia seemed to be inflated, as if aroused. But he knew that couldn't be the case. That is until he looked up. She was staring at him. She'd been watching where he was looking.

Looking down, the remains of Gabbi's dress ended just below her belly. Her proud, hairless mound projected out in the position she was in, her cleft much deeper, more defined than her younger sister's. Because of the position she needed to sit in for comfort, her legs draped over Dale's thighs, spread well outwards. To one side, her thigh was swathed in makeshift bandages. To the other, her pale skin showed her body was yet to encounter the journey towards puberty. From the angle he was looking down her front from above, he could only see her cleft until it disappeared between her thighs. He glanced up and saw Amelia watching him still. Their eyes met and locked. They were both thinking the same thing. He liked to look and she had caught him doing it. But what really surprised him was when he glanced down at her again, she moved her knees further apart. He looked up to see she was smiling. She was playing games with him. A game they both seemed to want to play.

After the shock of the fall and their injuries, Dale noticed the girls started to look pale. They were going into shock. He didn't have blankets or clothing to keep them warmer than they were, but sleep would certainly help them. He always carried some laudanum. When he'd been in hospital, the doctor prescribed it to him and he found it so effective, he'd carried some ever since. It would act as a painkiller as well as help them to sleep. Taking the cup from his canteen, he opened the little bottle of laudanum, counted out ten drops and added a little water. He handed it to Amelia, who drank it down thirstily. Repeating the process, Gabbi too swallowed it down. Neither of the girls realising what he'd added to the water.

It was only a matter of fifteen or twenty minutes later, he noticed Amelia's head drooping. She unconsciously stretched herself out between Dale and the back wall of the plinth, her

feet beside his hip. He soon realised Gabbi was slipping into unconsciousness, as all tension left her and she slumped into his front, all pain banished while the drug took effect. It was only then he realised he could have given her the opiate earlier, when he'd treated her wound. He waited another five minutes, then reached down, and gently tapped Gabbi's bandaged groin. She never moved, moaned or showed any response. He reached over and seeing Amelia's exposed buttock, pinched her bottom and likewise she didn't react in any way.

Lifting Gabbi up with his knees and one arm, he reached down and undid his trousers one handed. He pushed them down together with his underwear, letting his cock spring free. It's base immediately settled into Gabbi's bottom crack, as he lowered her again, while his shaft curled up under her, his crown resting in her cleft. Already his pre-cum was pouring from him. He hadn't had a proper fuck for several days since he'd left Mesnil and his cock was feeling decidedly neglected. He let her settle once more on him, his cock now fully ensconced in her crack, her labia enfolding around him. He held her hips and pushed her forwards while he hunched back, feeling his cock slide several inches through her cleft, over her clitty and vagina before reversing, It was glorious. Still moving back and forth, he reached down and pressed his crown into her cleft more firmly, feeling the wonderful sensations as her pussy scraped along his length. In moments, his fingers were covered in pre-cum.

He looked across at Amelia, who was much closer to him now she'd moved, and pushed his hands between her thighs. She was lying awkwardly on her side, so taking hold of one of her legs, he lifted, pulled and twisted her leg, so she was now on her back. So he could get at her, he lifted her leg up and across in front of Gabbi's chest, so her legs were now wide apart. He moved his fingers back to his crown, scooping up loads more pre-cum, before pushing them back between Amelia's, now wide open, thighs, letting his fingers slide through her cleft and bum crack.

He repeated the movement, getting her more and more lubed up. Then he pushed his middle finger against her anus, feeling no muscular resistance, as it slipped in as far as the first knuckle. Keeping it there, he then let his index finger find the entry to her little vagina and again pressed in, feeling it sink in against her barrier. He didn't apply pressure, but let the little hole in her membrane dilate slowly over his finger. Suddenly, he felt his two fingers slip deeper and deeper into the six year old.

He turned his attention back to Gabbi, who was now so wet with pre-cum it had soaked them both. He needed three hands. One was occupied in Amelia's pussy. The other was holding Gabbi to his chest, her weight still supported on his thighs. But he managed to lift her using his free arm and his knees. He felt his cock slowly slide down her cleft, over her vagina, across her perineum and into the recess of her bottom. He was so aroused, his cock was bar taut, so all he had to do was lower her down and hold her there, his crown pushing hard at her rectum. She was so drugged up, she dilated in moments and he soon felt her silky soft passage slip down over his crown as he penetrated deeper and deeper into the child.

He had fucked ten virgins in the past year, including all his sisters and cousins. They'd been willing participants. This was the first time he'd raped anyone and the thrill of what he was doing heightened the arousal he felt. But at the same time, he knew he would make it up the girl later and he would do everything in his power to get her to give herself

to him willingly to ease any guilt he might feel later. Dale was rising now. His fingers were moving in and out of Amelia's bottom and pussy, a squelching sound coming from her continuously. He loved the feel of her tight passages on his fingers. He wondered if she would let him put his cock in one or the other.

Suddenly, he felt the old familiar surge deep down inside, as his prostate clenched. He felt the pulse forced up through his balls, into his cock and then deep into Gabbi's bowels. Again and again he spurted into her. His cock throbbed, spurting gallons of semen into her and yet more and more. It felt wonderful, as his cock finally felt sated deep inside the eight year old girl. He felt himself becoming drowsy, and suddenly he was asleep. He woke with a jolt. What had woken him? Then he heard noises above. Someone was clearing rubble twenty feet up. Their rescue had started.

He didn't want the girls to know yet what he'd done to them. He reached over and grabbed the soiled handkerchief. It wasn't much, but it was all he had. He wrung it out the best he could, and folding it into a pad, placed it on the plinth between his legs. Then putting his hands under her buttocks, he carefully lifted Gabbi up and forward onto the pad. He could now pull up his underwear and trousers. He then lifted her up again and back into the position she was first in, with her thighs spread out across his, so her weight wouldn't press on her wound. Finally, he pulled the handkerchief up under her bottom, so the semen, which was sure to flow out of her soon, wouldn't all drip on his trousers.

He looked across at Amelia. She was fast asleep, a gentle snore coming from her every few seconds. He closed his eyes again and drifted off to sleep. When he woke, the candle had burnt out, he flipped open the lid of his trench watch with the luminous hands saw he'd been asleep for a total of three hours. Way above them, he could hear scraping noises as the miners dug their way towards them. He knew they were here for some time to come.

Dale sat there, in the dark, thinking about many things; his home life, his time in the army, all the different girls he had fucked in the last year and his rapid promotions. He wondered what he might do after the war. Certainly joining his father in building bicycles did not appeal to him one little bit. He smiled to himself. Perhaps he should open a junior school for young ladies – very young ladies.

Suddenly he felt movement on his lap. She was waking. The morphine was wearing off. He quickly lit another candle. It took her a while to shake off her drowsiness as she slowly came to. "How are you feeling Gabbi?" he asked, as she finally opened her eyes and looked around, remembering her situation.

She groaned in pain as she moved on his lap and her wound pulled against the stitches. She carefully reached down, feeling the bandages covering her groin. She explored further, finding the handkerchief, which was serving as a pad under her bottom. "qu'est-ce que c'est?" she asked.

"Your wound leaked a little while you were asleep and then there was the other thing..."

"What other thing, Monsieur?" she demanded.

"Well you were leaking elsewhere as well, so I put the pad there to catch whatever it was," he said, telling a misleading truth.

She blushed, thinking she had messed on him in her sleep.

"Amelia is still fast asleep," he said. "I need to check your dressing frequently," he explained. "In view of where it is, you know, down there, would you prefer I check it while she is still asleep?"

Gabbi glanced at her sister and nodded. She lifted herself carefully off trying not to knock her wound or wake her sister. She waited while Dale moved so she could lie down and spread herself as far as the space permitted. For some reason she felt excitement. Her heart was thumping, knowing where this Englishman was about to look at her, touch her, feel her. She watched in anticipation, as he moved the candle between her knees, so he could see better. She felt him run his hands up her thigh, gently lift the bandage without undoing it, to see how the wound looked.

"I think you have some bruising I didn't see before," he explained. He put his thumbs either side of her cleft, pressing to her labia, and gently pulled her open. "Does it hurt if I do this?" She knew exactly what he was doing, as she shook her head. She could see where his eyes were focused, but a thrill ran through her. She could feel dampness down there. She thought she was getting aroused.

He used his finger and thumb to hold her open as he moved the fingers of his other hand up to her clitty. "Does it hurt if I do this?" he asked as he pressed to her, moving his fingers against her most sensitive spot, feeling her jerk slightly. "I think you are a little swollen here, Gabbi. Is it alright if I check a little more?" She nodded, her eyes closing. They both knew what he was doing to her, and they both pretended he was giving her medical care. He continued to rub her, watching as her labia engorged, her clitoris became erect, as she started to moan quietly. He kept working on her, until she suddenly gasped before falling into a gentle climax. It only lasted a minute, but she loved what he had done. She looked forward to the next time he needed to check her bandages.

Gabbi looked across at Amelia and was shocked when she saw she was already awake. She had watched what had happened. Dale, seeing Gabbi's expression, looked at the younger girl and said: "Hello Amelia. How are you feeling after your sleep? Would you like me to check your cuts and bruises like I did for Gabbi?"

Amelia blinked a couple of times. She remembered how the Colonel had looked at her before she slept. It had made her tingle between her legs. She also felt sticky now down there and had an idea in her mind as to why that was. But she was also aware he had saved her life and her sister's too. He had bandaged them and cleaned them and raised help by shooting his gun. They were going to be stuck down here for many more hours, even days. Mother Superior, wasn't here to tell her what to do. She knew what he was going to do and was turning towards him even as she smiled and nodded to him.

Dale watched as the little girl's expression changed to ... anticipation. He knew she had seen him staring at her before she slept and she'd watched what he'd done to Gabbi. He realised she was looking forward to this. His cock stirred in his surge trousers. In that moment, he decided he was going to have some fun.

"Let me check your head wound first Amelia," he said. "Lie down on the plinth, please," he instructed. "How does it feel. Do you still have a headache?" She shook her head. "No? Well that's good. I think it will heal nicely. Now let me look at the cuts on your legs, Amelia. Would you spread your legs open for me? Hmm, yes that's good." He quickly inspected the various bandaged cuts and decided they were healing well.

Without any excuse or reason, he placed his palm on her mound and let his fingers drift down into her cleft. He looked at her face, her smile forming. "Does it hurt here at all? Shall I massage you for a minute like I did for Gabbi." She nodded, glancing at her sister for a moment, seeing Gabbi raise an eyebrow and smile back. In a few moments, Dale had made her arch her back up and in a few more, she came. It wasn't a tidal wave of a cum, but it was a cum. He knew she had enjoyed it, but he also knew he shouldn't push her too far just yet. There would be plenty of time for that. He took his fingers from her and let her sit up. The three settling in a row with him in the centre.

A few minutes later, Amelia got up and went to her sister and whispered in her ear. Gabbi nodded, glanced at Dale for a moment and whispered back. She leaned over to Dale and said: "Amelia needs to go. What can we do. I might need to go too soon. I mean it's so embarrassing."

Dale looked at her for a moment and smiling ruefully said: "If you were dead you wouldn't be at all embarrassed. You two sit on the plinth. Let me see what I can organise." He turned to the sloping pile of rubble, bricks, stone and chalk dust. He surveyed it for a second or two, then selected some slabs of roughly flat stone, which he set to one side. Next he started to burrow a large hole in the solid debris. It was about two feet in diameter and reached down to the floor of the crypt, almost three feet deep. He then selected as many undamaged bricks as he could find. He lined the hole he'd excavated like a miniature well. Then, using the slabs of stone, he made a flat surround over the hole. It resembled a commode. Finally, using a piece of timber he'd found, he laid it over the top as a lid.

He looked over at Amelia and smiling said: "There you are my dear, your throne awaits you." Her face was bright scarlet now. He'd brought her to orgasm on the end of his fingers a short while ago and yet she was embarrassed about letting him watch her take a crap. But she knew she had no choice. He lifted the timber lid for her and moved to the side as she turned and sat on the stone toilet. Almost immediately, she grunted, farted, farted a second time pushed out a large turd, which they all heard plop down the three feet beneath her and in the tiny confined space, an awful smell pervaded.

"I have nothing to wipe myself with," she suddenly complained.

"Shall I tear off some more of your dress?" he offered. She gritted her teeth and nodded grimly. He reached for her hem, which was already around her waist, and tore off another two inch strip all the way round and handed her the piece of cloth, which she quickly used to wipe her bottom. She got off and shuffled back onto the plinth. After a moment, Gabbi sighed deeply and moved to where her sister had just been. When she'd finished, she held the hem of what was left of her dress out to Dale, who ripped off another two inches all the way round. With the bandages and now this need, the girls' dresses only came down to their hips, giving them no privacy at all; not that Dale was complaining.

It wasn't long before Dale needed to use the toilet too and was amused when both girls pretended not to watch him, as he pushed his trousers and underwear down. They studied his long cock with interest, neither having seen a naked man before. The girls wondered what he would use to wipe himself and were a bit miffed when he removed one of his boots and took off one of the socks his mother had knitted, to wipe himself with, before pulling the boot back on and his trousers back up. He stood, placed the wooden board over the hole and sat down on it.

They looked at one another for a few minutes. Boredom was going to set in quickly, unless they could find a way to occupy their time. "Who knows a game we can play?" he asked. The girls shrugged in response. "In England," he continued, "we have a game called 'I Spy'. Well there's not much to see, so we'll have to pretend we're outside. Shall I go first?" The girls nodded. "I spy with my little eye something beginning with 'G'."

"Grass," shouted Amelia.

"Well done," he said. "right first time. Your turn."

"I spy with my little eye, something beginning with 'C'." and so the game moved on. After an hour, they were getting bored.

CHAPTER 13

Truth or Dare

"Let us play another game," he suggested. "I just thought it up. I am going to call it 'truth or dare'."

"Alright," he said, "you can vary the rules depending on who is playing, but as it is only us three, this is how we'll play. We take it in turns. We say either 'truth' or we say 'dare'. If we say 'truth', one of the other two can decide on a question and we have to answer the truth. If we say 'dare', then the others can decide on something we have to do for a full minute. But the rule of the game is you have to do or say whatever it is." Amelia looked a bit uncertain. "I know, we will have a practice round, shall we? Gabbi can start. Truth or Dare Gabbi?"

"Err truth," she replied.

"Alright, have you ever kissed a boy?"

She blushed for a moment, before saying: "Yeah, we played a similar game last week and I was dared to kiss that Marco Baptiste last week. He's nearly twelve."

"Your turn Ame," said Gabbi and without pause asked: "Truth or dare."

Following her sister's lead, she said: "Truth," beginning to understand the game.

Gabbi licked her lips in anticipation "Have you ever lied to Mother Superior?"

Amelia blinked and looked around as if the Reverend Mother was lurking nearby. "Oh there is another rule we didn't tell you, Amelia," said Dale. "Whatever the dare or the truth, it can never be told to anyone else. In other words whatever is said or done here remains a secret."

Amelia smiled as she said: "Oh that's alright then. I told her I washed my face yesterday when I hadn't. Will I go to hell?"

"Not if you tell the truth now and do every dare you're given," he said. She smiled back, reassured.

Gabbi turned to Dale and said: "Truth or dare?" When he said 'truth', she said: "How many girls have you kissed Dale? You know like a proper girlfriend kiss."

He squinted in thought for a moment before he said: "Ten."

"Who were they....." Gabbi started.

He held his hand up. "I answered the 'truth'. So it's no longer my turn. You'll have to wait until it's my turn again to find out any more." She frowned at him. He looked at Amelia and said: "Get the idea of the game?" She grinned and nodded. She liked this game. "So who wants the first turn?" he asked them, "Gabbi again?" She agreed. "Truth or Dare?" he asked.

"Dare," replied Gabbi.

"You can ask her to do whatever you want," he said to the young girl.

Amelia thought for a moment, then said: "You have to lift the lid of the toilet and put your face there for a whole minute." She immediately burst into a fit of giggles. Gabbi looked at Dale and pulled a face, asked him to time it on his watch, lifted the lid, giving all of them a whiff of what was in there, took a deep breath and pushed her face in as she'd been told. Dale eventually said: "time up," and she pulled away dropping the lid and let her breath go panting a few times. She looked at her sister and grinning said: "I'll get you for that."

"Your turn Amelia and my turn to ask," said Dale. Gabbi looked annoyed, because she'd already thought of a way of getting her own back on her sister. "Truth or dare?" he asked.

Thinking truths were safer, she said: "Truth."

"Alright," he said pausing, "how often do you play with your pussy in bed?"

She looked at him horrified, then to Gabbi hoping for rescue and back to Dale. Finally realising there was no escape, she said: "Err I don't....."

"You have to tell the truth, Ame," demanded Gabbi, "and I know the answer."

Amelia looked daggers at Gabbi, and said: "Most nights." Realising he wasn't going to get any more from her he said: "My turn, Gabbi to ask."

She looked thoughtfully at him, before saying: "Truth or Dare?"

"Dare," he replied.

Gabbi smiled and without hesitating said: "Enlevez votre pantalon et vos sous-vêtements et montrez-nous votre queue," (take off your trousers and underpants and show us your tail – French slang for cock). Dale smiled to himself as he stood undoing buttons. This game was going exactly as he'd hoped. Remaining standing, he turned towards the two girls and putting his hand under his half tumescent cock, held it out for them to study. Both girls were mesmerised. Earlier they'd had a glimpse of him, when he'd taken a crap, but now he was on full display and the game allowed them to stare openly at him. He let nearly two minutes pass before he very quickly pulled his foreskin all the way back, paused then pushed it forward again. Then, without pulling his trousers up again, he simply sat back down on the toilet lid. Even though the show was over, his cock hidden between his thighs, the girls were still staring at his lap.

"Gabbi's turn now," said Dale. "Go on Amelia, I know you're bursting to get your own back, you can ask her. I'll do it next round."

Amelia licked her lips "Truth or Dare?" she asked.

"Truth," she said.

"Before today," said Amelia, "have you ever let a man touch your pussy and if so who?"

"That's two questions," protested Gabbi.

"Alright," said her sister, gloating, already suspecting the answer, "what man have you ever let touch your pussy?"

Gabbi blushed for a moment, before she blurted out an answer they couldn't hear. Amelia told her to repeat it. "It's in the rules," she said. "You have to tell the truth."

"Father Dupont," Gabbi finally said looking around in case she might be heard. Dale didn't know who the priest was, but realised the girl was hiding a secret.

"Amelia," Dale said, "Truth or Dare." Amelia, not wanting another question like the last one, when she admitted to masturbating every night in bed, said: "Dare."

It was Dale's turn to ask, but before he could say anything, Gabbi called out: "last time you told us you played with yourself at night. Show us." Amelia was dumbstruck. "Go on Ame," said Gabbi. It's the rules, you have to do it or you lose the game.

Realising there was no escape, Amelia leaned back on the plinth. She didn't need to pull her skirt up, because what was left of her dress only came down to her tummy button anyway. She parted her thighs and brought her fingers down to her clitty, before looking coquettishly at Dale and Gabbi. She was enjoying this, they could tell from her expression.

"I'll time it," Dale said flipping open his trench watch. "Go," he called.

Amelia immediately started to rub herself quite vigorously. After twenty seconds, her expression changed to one of deep concentration. After forty, her hips were lifting up and down and just as Dale called 'time up', she hissed, her mouth screwed up, her eyes closed, her fingers moving in a blur, a squelching sound coming from between her legs as she masturbated rapidly. "I said: 'time up'," repeated Dale. But there was no point, she'd tumbled into a climax and she was stopping for no one. Dale realised she had cum incredibly fast, and he then saw she came off her high just as quickly. She opened her eyes and smiled with a very cute blush, turned back into a sitting position and said: "Dale's turn I think. My turn to ask. Truth or Dare?"

"Truth," he stated.

Amelia had been thinking about his earlier answer about his girlfriends. Something in the way he gave his answer made her curious. She'd been wondering how to phrase her question ever since. "You said earlier you've had ten girlfriends. Tell us about them."

"That's an unfair question," he said, "because there's more than one answer. If you give me a few minutes, I will answer you with a rhyme instead, a bit like a riddle. Is that fair?" The girls looked at one another intrigued, turned to him and nodded. "Alright," he said taking a sip from his water canteen, before passing it to them, "I will think up something."

After perhaps ten minutes, during which the girls had chatted about how their school had been destroyed and they hoped no one had been hurt or killed, Dale said: "Here's the rhyme." He held up a scrap of paper on which he'd written in pencil. The girls turned attentively to him, as he started to read.

"The Roman X is where we start,
I love these girls with all my heart.
The oldest yet to grow her hair,
The youngest is still light as air.

They are now part of my life,
Each I've treated as a wife.
Every one was like a bride,
And every one I've been inside.

Some I paid and some they gave,
Their love to me just like a slave.
But you may find it interesting,
Two of them were sib-el-ling.

Then three more were quite elated,
When we loved though close related,
So you see, my girlfriends ten,
Are lovers, friends and I say amen."

Author's note: Please assume this was in French!

"There you are," he said. That's the riddle. If you can work it out, you'll know more about me than anyone else outside this crypt." He handed Gabbi the scrap of paper.

The girls were intrigued. Instead of getting bored, as they had been, on the promise nothing said or done here would be repeated outside when they go out, they were enjoying themselves. "Let's work it out," said Amelia. "A Roman X is their number ten. He said he'd had ten girlfriends. What's this about hair? Reverend Mother won't let us grow our hair; is that it?"

"I don't think he means that," said Gabbi, "I think it could be the other hair, you know, down here," she pointed to her bald mound. Amelia gasped, blushing red once more.

"You mean the oldest didn't have hair? She must have been under twelve. So how old was the youngest?"

"I don't know, but it says she was as light as air," said Gabbi. "He then says he treated them like a wife and a bride. Do you think he did stuff to them?"

"I am still here, you know," said Dale, interrupting their flow.

"Well," said Amelia, ignoring him, "he admitted he's been in every one of them, so I guess so. Then he says he paid some, but the others did it for free. But what's this sib-el-ling?"

"I don't know it could be.... I got it! It's not sib-el-ling, it's sibling. He's done it with his sisters." Both girls turned and looked at him, their mouths wide open. A new understanding about him dawning on them both. "And I assume the close relatives are your cousins?" Gabbi added. He nodded.

"Well done," he praised, "you cracked the riddle faster than I thought you would."

"But," Amelia stuttered, "your girlfriends are all little girls like like us. How old was the youngest, you didn't say?"

Well," he said, "Lucy was seven then, she's eight now. We had a nice birthday party for her. But Celine was the same age as you, Amelia. It was really nice, when I was inside her."

"But," she gasped, "I am only six."

"I know," he confirmed, "a perfect age." The two girls stared at one another, realisation of what Dale was truly like dawning on them. They both looked down at their naked bodies, knowing he would be continually looking at them, desiring them. In fact, as they looked at him, they could see his penis, previously hidden between his thighs, as he sat, was now erect, thick and long. A new focus of their fascination.

"So that's my turn of Truth or Dare. Who's next?" he asked in an innocent tone, but still grinning. "Ah, yes it's you Gabbi, and my turn to ask. Truth or dare?"

She didn't know what to say, and as he was about to press her she spluttered: "Dare."

"Lie on your back, Gabbi," he instructed, "put your knees behind your shoulders and your hands under your bottom. Bring your fingers to your pussy and pull yourself wide open, so I can look inside you."

"No," she said, "I won't do it. I don't like this stupid game."

"Alright, in that case you won't win the prize for the winner," he said putting his hand into his jacket pocket. He knew what would be asked next.

"What prize?" she demanded, looking at him sideways.

"This," he said, holding up a tin. It was a similar size to the tins used for army cigarettes, but as he opened the lid, she could see it contained twelve small bars of Cadbury's chocolate. He took hold of one of the little bars and held it up in front of her, letting her smell the wonderful aroma. "The prize is one of these bars of delicious chocolate." He then popped it into his mouth and chewed it theatrically, watching her expression as he swallowed. None of them had eaten at all since their ordeal had started and the girls hadn't eaten since the previous day, nearly twenty four hours before. "In fact," he added, "I will let you share a piece if you like." He took another bar out and breaking it in half, held the two pieces in his closed fists and offered them to Amelia. She tapped his left hand, which he opened, letting her take it and pop it straight into her mouth. He held the other hand open palmed to Gabbi. "Try it," he said, "I think you'll like it."

Both girls, eyes closed, their faces a picture of ecstasy, as they slowly chewed, and moaned quietly. It reminded Dale of the sound girls make when they cum. Neither had tasted chocolate before. It was the nicest thing they'd ever had.

"So, what game shall we play instead?" asked Dale. "I spy again, or something else?" He put the tin of chocolate back in his jacket pocket. Both girls watched his actions, both thinking the same. Both wanting to taste that wonderful flavour again.

"Umm, Dale?" said Amelia.

"Hmm?" he murmured, pretending to be only half listening.

"Did you say the prize for Truth or Dare was a piece of chocolate?" she asked.

"Yes, but Gabbi doesn't want to play anymore, so the game's over," he said, as he started to wind up his trench watch.

"Err, maybe we can try again," Gabbi added. "You did say whatever we say and do in Truth or Dare is a secret. Reverend Mother will never know."

"That's right, none of us talk about it after they rescue us," he confirmed. "So let's try again shall we?"

Amelia moved out of her way, as Gabbi shuffled into position on the plinth. She had to be careful of her bandaged groin, as she lifted her legs up and back as he'd 'dared' her. She

brought her elbows in front of her knees and held them back while her fingers moved down and pulled her swollen labia apart, opening up her vagina to his inspection. Dale leaned in quite close to look into her passage. In the dim candlelight he could see she was damp, with strings of mucus stretched across her opening. Inside, her thin hymen seemed drum taut, it's little hole seeming to move on it's own. He watched as a trickle of arousal oozed out of her and down her perineum into her bum crack. He and Amelia could both see it, as it ran down.

"You're dripping, Gabbi," said Amelia, making Gabbi release her legs and stretch out once more.

"Well done, Gabbi," praised Dale, "it looks like you might win that chocolate after all. Amelia's turn now, I think and Gabbi to ask."

"Truth or dare?" asked Gabbi immediately. Amelia looked at her sister wondering what revenge she might seek. What should she choose?

"Truth," Amelia finally answered.

"D'accord," said Gabbi slyly, "je t'ai vu regarder la queue de Dale (alright I saw you looking at Dale's cock earlier). So your 'Truth' is: When you looked at him, how did it make you tingle, down there?"

"Yes," said Amelia, thinking she'd got away with this one more easily, "it did."

"I asked 'how' did you tingle, not 'if'.

Amelia looked at Gabbi knowing her sister had her measure. "Well?" prompted Gabbi.

Amelia glanced at Dale, then looking at Gabbi said: "It made me tingle lots in my pussy. In fact, while you were looking at him yourself, I had to touch myself down there. I don't know why, I just had to do it. Suddenly I felt all hot and the tingles got better, I mean worse, oh I don't know what I mean. Then it stopped. That's the truth," she added defiantly.

"Well we believe you Amelia," said Dale. "My turn now, Amelia to ask."

"Truth or Dare?" she asked.

"Dare," he said.

"I would like to see your queue again," Amelia said, "but not when you're sitting with it half hidden, this time I want to see all of it."

"Ame," gasped Gabbi, "you can't....." she stopped, seeing Dale was already moving. She watched, enthralled as he stood, letting his cock spring free, moving in time with his pulse.

"I might need your help, Amelia," he said quietly, "would you help me please?" She nodded, unsure what he meant or needed, just knowing she wanted to. She didn't have to wait long, as he took her hand and guided it, wrapping her fingers around his hardening

shaft. With his hand over hers, he moved it up and down his now rock hard cock. He looked at her, as she watched his throbbing member growing harder and harder in her hand. He'd now taken his hand away, letting her feel him. She was gripping him quite hard now and as her hand moved down, she took his foreskin with it and as her hand returned, she found it was suddenly covered in pre-cum. Dale knew if he let this carry on, he'd cum in no time and he wanted this game to go on a lot longer yet.

"Time up," he called, feeling as disappointed as Amelia looked. She turned her hand towards her face and inspected the slippery mucus. She brought it to her nose and sniffed it, before amazing him by tentatively tasting it with the tip of her tongue. She savoured it for a second, found it wasn't foul, so licked her hand clean. Gabbi watched her little sister in amazement.

"It's Gabbi's turn," said Amelia. "Whose turn to ask her?" Dale knew it was his, but he wanted to see what Amelia would tell her sister to do.

"Yours, I think," he said. "But shall we make it more interesting now? Shall we make the time limit five minutes?" The girls grinned at each other and in a silent communication agreed.

Amelia, was really into the game now "Yes," she said, "five minutes. Gabbi, Truth or Dare," she demanded.

"Err Dare," said Gabbi, almost without thinking.

Amelia looked triumphant as she immediately said: "Lick Dale's queue." Gabbi's eyes went wide in horror. Her younger sister Amelia had kept her on the back foot since the game had started. She knew she would be out of the game if she refused, but the thought of licking his cock just revolted her. She looked at his end, still dripping mucus in long strands. His crown reminded her of a miniature helmet worn by the hated Bosch, as it moved with his pulse. She knew Amelia was about to say something, so she leaned forward and brought her nose to within an inch of his pulsing cock. Then, as if her mind didn't control her actions any more, her tongue came out and just touched the base of his cock and slowly, oh so slowly slipped up it's length, until it reached his rim, and pressed harder to him as it ran over his rounded end, over the top, finding his slimy pre-cum everywhere. She didn't know what she was doing, as suddenly she opened her mouth and let his queue slip into her, feeling his rounded end slide over her tongue, pressing against the roof of her mouth. She'd started to cum the moment she'd touched him with her tongue. There was nothing she could have done to stop it and there was nothing she wanted more than to continue.

"Time up, Gabbi," said Dale. She started to suck him, her hand now gripping his shaft. Dale put his hands either side of her head, reluctantly pushing her off him and repeated: "Time up, Gabbi, five minutes is up."

"Your turn Amelia," Dale said. "My turn to ask." She looked at him, wondering. She'd asked for a 'Truth' last time, so she said: "Dare."

"Alright," he said, "I want you to rub yourself, Amelia. I want to see you do it to yourself and if you cum, I will give you an extra bite of chocolate."

“What does ‘cum’ mean?” she asked innocently.

“Well when it happens,” he said smiling, “you will know and so will we. I will show you where and how to rub yourself.” He quickly got her into position, her little feet up by her bottom, her knees far apart, her fingers pressed to her clitoris. He rubbed her for a few seconds until she got the idea, then he and Gabbi sat back and watched as the six year old masturbated. She had pplayed with herself in bed, but nothing like this.

At first, nothing much seemed to happen. Gabbi went to move her hand to help, but Dale grabbed her hand and stopped her. Then after a while, she rocked her hips very slightly, as her finger dipped deeper into, her movements along her cleft getting longer, faster, harder. Soon, she was lifting her bottom up and down, her breathing becoming ragged. In the quiet of the confined space, they could hear the squishy sounds as her finger dipped into her sloppy wet vagina, now oozing arousal. He glanced at his watch, five minutes had come and gone. No one was worried about that now. The game had gone onto a new phase.

“Ohhoohoo,” she suddenly squeaked. “What’s happening to me? Nnnnggghhh, ahhhhh, mon dieu.” Her fingers were now a blur rubbing the full length of her wet cleft and bottom crack. Dale could see her vagina and anus were pulsing open and closed rapidly, as the six year old enjoyed her first orgasm. Her breathing was now in short gasps, her eyes screwed up in the agony and ecstasy of her climax. Gradually her movements eased, her fingers slowed, the tension eased, as her legs stretched out on the stone plinth. At last her head moved back against the wall behind her and she opened her eyes, smiling at the same time. “Was that a cum?” she asked, grinning now, knowing full well the answer.

Gabbi and Dale laughed together. Then Gabbi looked at Dale, her eyes narrowing as she said: “Your turn, Dale and my turn to say: ‘Truth or Dare’.”

She took on a look almost like a cat who’s cornered a mouse and is going to toy with it.

Then as soon as he said ‘dare’, as she knew he would, said: “Lie down on the plinth, Dale,” she demanded I’m going to kneel over you. I itch down there. I want to rub myself on you for the whole five minutes.” As soon as he was in position, she was over him in a moment, straddling him. She pressed herself down onto him quite hard. He could feel how slippery and wet she was immediately. She slid forward, his cock sinking deep into her cleft. As she moved back, his crown caught momentarily on the dip of her vagina, before ploughing on between her bulging, engorged labia, feeling an obstruction as she forced him across her clitoris. She never paused as she slid forward again, his cock being dragged back through her cleft, leaving a thick trail of pre-cum. She moved even further this time, his crown dipping into the valley of her bottom, then the return journey started.

This time, as his crown pressed to her clitty, she paused, pressed down even harder and started to make micro movements, just an inch or two. She started to tense up. She was going to cum. Suddenly she was again moving in hard, fast long strokes back and forth along his length, cuming hard. She had screwed up her eyes, just like her sister had done a few minutes before, her head twisted to one side. Her fists were clenched tight, her breathing in short gasps now. Then something happened. She leaned forward a little more than before and as she moved quickly back, his crown found her entry and was through

her cuff of muscle before she knew what had happened. Her hymen had gone with a sharp stab of pain before she could react and he was three inches inside her before she froze to a standstill.

She looked down at him and he at her. Both surprised, she with shock and a tear in her eye, threatening to run down her cheek, he with delight. Neither moved for at least a minute, probably more, before she started to lift up. She stopped, as if changing her mind. She hesitated with indecision. Then carefully, slowly, she lowered herself back down to where she'd been. She stopped there for a moment, then moved carefully on downwards, letting his cock sink deeper and deeper into her.

"Gabbi, Gabbi," gasped Amelia urgently, "what are you doing? Gabbi, can you hear me? He's inside you..... oh," said Amelia, as she felt Dale's hand touch her between her thighs, his fingers exploring, seeking, finding, suddenly renewing those feelings in her which had only just receded.

Gabbi never heard her sister; nor did she see Dale's fingers sinking into Amelia's vagina; neither did she see Amelia arch backwards in a deep climax. Gabbi's eyes were once again screwed up tight shut, her finger tips tugging at her own tiny conical breasts, as she sank lower and lower onto the English Colonel, feeling his cock peeling open her virgin passage, deeper and deeper, until, at last, he nudged into her deepest place. Suddenly, it was as if she was struck by lightening. Bright lights of a thousand colours spun around her. Feelings never felt before surged through her young body. Her leg muscles gave way and she sank down onto him, feeling his cock sink even deeper into her. She could feel him right up by her tummy button. So good. So good.

Dale couldn't believe the intensity of Gabbi's orgasm. He'd fucked ten preteen girls before, but none of them experienced the pleasure she got from her first fuck and was continuing to get. By now, she was sitting on him, her legs spread out as far as the alcove permitted, her entire weight on his pubis, where they joined. He was now holding her under her buttocks, lifting and dropping her on his cock. She was using her hands to help as much as she could, but her mind wasn't functioning and she just let him do it to her. She didn't know how long they would be trapped down here, but suddenly she no longer cared, for she knew what she wanted and the more she could get the better.

Dale knew he was about to cum. His surge blasted from deep down inside, through his balls up his shaft and deep into the child, making her eyes pop wide open in surprise. Again and again he spurted into her, making her diminishing orgasm suddenly revive into full intensity, their bodies moving in a dance of lust, their animalistic moves and sounds making Amelia gape in amazement. The little girl watched in awe, knowing she wanted what her older sister had just had and knew, somehow, she was going to get it. But at that moment, having seen what he'd done to her sister and feeling his fingers deep inside her, Amelia erupted into another intense climax of her own.

CHAPTER 14

More Fun and Games

They were all exhausted after their game. Dale had rationed out the last of the water after giving each of the girls three small blocks of the chocolate. Dale was lying on his back on the hard plinth. The girls were lying on top of him, cuddling him for warmth as the cold November air from the shaft cooled their near naked bodies. His battledress jacket was draped over them like a blanket.

He'd probably been asleep for a couple of hours, when he heard a scratching sound. He looked up and in the dim light the candle provided, saw faint traces of dust drifting down from the shaft. Even as he watched, the sound grew louder and the dust increased, until at last, a large brass twisted screw appeared. It was a Bailey attachment fitted to the end of some drain rods. Dale reached across, picked up a large piece of stone and tapped the end of the Bailey screw. It stopped moving, so he tapped it again a couple more times, to let them know up above it had reached down to them. After a moment, the screw disappeared upwards, leaving a trail of white chalk dust falling in its wake. A few minutes later, he heard more scraping sounds and a larger Bailey screw appeared. Again he tapped it. They were widening the shaft.

At last, Dale heard a voice calling down the shaft. It was Mason: "Can you hear me Colonel Winchester?"

"I can hear you, Mason," he replied. He didn't need to shout. It was much like the speaking tubes he'd seen on the bridges of the ships when he'd travelled to and from France.

"Are you well, is anyone hurt down there?" Mason asked.

"The older girl, Gabriel has a nasty groin injury. I have stitched it, but we could do with some bandages down here." He glanced at Gabbi's bandaged thigh, his glance moving an inch, to her vagina, which was still oozing thick dribbles of cum, spattered with pink streaks from her virginal bleed. "The younger girl, Amelia, had a nasty impact to her forehead, but she seems to be alright now. Both of them have numerous minor cuts and bruises, but nothing serious. We could do with some water, Mason, we've used up my water bottle."

A few minutes later, Dale saw the end of a crepe bandage appear from the shaft. It had a small lead weight attached to the end. He took hold of it, and pulled it down. There was about fifty feet of it by the time the other end of the bandage appeared. It would be plenty to change the girls' bandages. A few seconds later, the end of a thin terracotta coloured rubber tube came down the shaft. Mason called down and said when he was ready, they would pour water down. He tucked the end into his canteen and soon it was full. He offered the tube to each of the girls in turn, who drank thirstily, before he too drank. Over the next hour, various items were sent down the shaft, mostly food. He was grateful when he saw a small bottle appear on the end of a piece of string. He uncorked it, smelled the contents and called up to Mason, thanking him for the whisky. The shaft was too small for a lamp to be sent down, but several new candles were supplied. The only thing they lacked was warm clothing and bedding.

Mason had kindly sent down some sweet treats for the girls, but Dale didn't show them those just yet. He decided they might work as rewards. It was night time, and the girls were both sleepy. Amelia had complained her groin wound was sore. He checked it out and found the stitches, although still in place, had pulled a bit during her enthusiastic

exercise on his rampant cock. He re-bandaged it with fresh crepe bandages and gave her a dose of laudanum to take away the pain and help her sleep. Soon, she was snoring in the corner of the recess.

"Dale," said Amelia, as she lay on his chest, his battledress jacket covering her back, giving them both a little warmth, "do you mind if I ask you a question?"

"Not at all, Ame. What did you want to know?"

Now that her sister was asleep, Amelia had Dale to herself. Her mind was in a spin. She knew what they'd done before was so naughty; especially what he and Gabbi had done, but she was curious and she knew she wanted to know more. "You know before, when we were playing that game," she said, "what did you call it 'Truth or Dare'?" It was an apocryphal question needing no reply. "I had all sorts of nice feelings between my legs. Is that normal, Dale? I mean I've never felt anything that good before. Sister Mary-Absolution says we mustn't touch ourselves down there, or we'll go to hell. She says only she and one other nun is allowed to touch us there. She says she has to check if we've been touching ourselves there. She does it quite often. She gets a funny expression on her face when she does it. She keeps telling us to stand still and not move. She always seems to have her hand inside her cassock when she checks us. It doesn't feel nice when she does it. Not like when you do it."

Dale reckoned he'd got Sister Mary-Absolution weighed up pretty well. He suddenly remembered a juvenile joke from school about convent rules: 'Lights out at nine – candles out at ten.'

Bringing the conversation back, he said: "Yes it's perfectly normal, Ame. You can do it to yourself as often as you like when no one is around, or you're in bed. I promise you won't go to Hell. If you don't like what Sister Mary-Absolution was doing, just tell her Reverend Mother asked you to let her know if anyone wanted to touch you there. I think you'll find she won't do it again."

"Dale," she said, becoming a little shy now, "would you do it to me again? Would you do to me what you and Gabbi did, but with me?"

"Well, we might have a problem, Ame," he said reassuringly. "You see, you are still very small down there. It might hurt you."

She thought for a moment, before saying: "Would you try? If you do, I will do something for you, Dale." She grinned up at him, her pretty face with the gap in her teeth making her look so cute.

"And what would you do for my, Ame?" he asked.

"I'll suck your queue, just like Gabbi did and I will even swallow your gooey stuff if you want," she said with a mischievous glance out of the corner of her eye. He realised this little, shy, reserved girl wasn't quite as shy and reserved as perhaps she seemed. Dale couldn't believe it. She wanted him to try fucking her and in return would give him a blow job!

"Alright Ame," he said, "but I will only do this if you promise to do everything I say." She nodded enthusiastically, grinning openly now. "I will stay in this position on my back. You can stay on top of me, like Gabbi did. Cuddle into me Ame. I will need to move my hands all over you. If it is even possible, it will take me a long time to get my queue into your little pussy. Do you understand that?"

"Yes Dale," she said, "take as long as you want. I haven't got to rush off to Sister Mary-Absolution's class." She giggled as she wriggled into position, astride him, in the same position she'd seen Gabbi had been in earlier, her knees now either side of his hips, her cleft pressing down onto his hard cock. She tried moving forward a little, as she'd seen Gabbi do and immediately felt his crown dip into the recess of her vagina entry, making her jerk in surprise.

"Slow down, Ame," Dale said, "don't do anything unless I tell you, or we stop now. Understand?"

"Humph," she grumped, wanting to get those feelings back again as quickly as possible.

"Do as you're told, Amelia," Dale said firmly or we stop this now. She pressed harder to him, moving forward and back quicker.

Suddenly there was a loud clap, as Dale's hand came down hard on her naked bottom. "Oww," she cried out, rubbing her bottom with one hand, "what was that for? I didn't do anything wrong."

"I told you to do everything I said and you ignored me," he said. "Now do you want me to fuck you or not?"

"I s'pose," she grumped.

"Is that a 'yes Dale, I'll do anything you say Dale and I'm sorry for being a naughty girl and I will only do what you tell me to do from now' on; or a 'I don't want you to fuck me' answer?"

"I s'pose," she repeated. He raised his hand, a movement she saw with horror. "Yes, Dale," she quickly said, "I'll do anything you say What are you doing?" She'd already felt his hand slide down over her bottom, her valley spread wide open due to the position she was in. But it was when he started to press his middle finger into her rosebud she reacted.

"You told me I can anything I want, Amelia," he said, "and I'm going to push my finger right up inside your bottom."

"Urgh," she said, pulling a face, "isn't that like really dirty?"

"Probably," he replied, "but I enjoy putting my finger up naughty little girls' bottoms and that's what I'm going to do." He adjusted the angle of his hand and almost immediately they both felt his finger sinking into her passage. She was about to say something, when she then felt him push his other hand under her mound, where it was pressing into his pubic hair. He curled his fingers up between her thighs and slipping through her cleft,

found her vagina and pressed his finger tip in. He gently pressed his fingers into her bottom and pussy in alternate one second movements, enjoying the feel of the six year old, but at the same time slowly, gradually loosening, opening her up.

"I thought you were going to shove your queue in my pussy Dale," she said.

"I'm going to, Ame," he replied, "but in my own time. This mustn't be rushed if I'm not to hurt you. Do you have a train to catch?"

"No, silly," she responded, "but I'm all itchy down there and, well, it kind of needs scratching."

Dale carried on gently pressing his fingers to her holes alternately, feeling them very slowly sink into her; almost so slow, she may not have even noticed. All she felt were her tingles increasing all the time. Her cheek was pressed to his chest, she could hear his heart beating. She loved his finger in her pussy and although she wouldn't admit it to him, she loved the feel of his finger up her bum too.

It must have been an hour later, she realised his fingers were all the way into her, both front and back. With the pleasure she'd slowly felt increasing, she never felt when his finger had ruptured her hymen, or the blood that had oozed from her little pussy as a result. She did feel the difference when he suddenly withdrew his finger from her pussy and found his cock pressing to her there instead. He kept a constant pressure against her. She could now feel his finger pressing to her little clitty massaging her, increasing her pleasure; while his other finger remained pushed all the way into her bum, unmoving.

Dale was sure he could never penetrate this six year old, but he was having as much fun as he'd had with any preteen previously, so it didn't really matter. He continually curled his hips, feeling his crown pressing and easing into her entry. There was so much pre-cum there now, it was frictionless. Press release, press release. It felt so good. His finger was pushed all the way into her rectum, his palm covered both cheeks of her tiny bottom.

All of a sudden, his crown popped through the tiny, tight cuff of muscle at her entry, which snapped over his rim. Both looked at each other in surprise. He realised she was in discomfort, if not pain. He waited for a couple of minutes, hoping she would dilate enough for him to push deeper into her. But it was clear she was dilated as far as she would go. Fuck she was tight. It felt like she would crimp his end off. It hurt, but he wouldn't change places with anyone. Then an idea came to him. He reached for the little bottle of laudanum still uncorked beside Gabbi's prone body, together with the water canteen and cup. He quickly measured out a half dose. He didn't want her asleep, but he was happy to reduce the pain with the morphine.

He handed her the cup and watched as she sipped the mixture and swallowed. It would take a few minutes to kick in, but with his cock embedded in the six year old, he was in no hurry to go anywhere. Fuck she felt good. He already knew he wanted to get his cock into as many more cunts this small, before the end of the war finished his opportunities.

Amelia suddenly felt quite light headed. He had asked her how she felt, which, for some reason, she found incredibly funny. He was the one who should know, he was feeling her. She started to giggle, expanding into a laugh. She didn't know how long it went on for.

Seconds? Hours? She didn't know or care. What she did know was there was no more pain. She felt happy, so happy. She also knew he was pushing into her; deep into her. For some reason she hoped he liked that.

Dale bottomed out inside the tightest vagina he'd ever encountered. He hit her cervix and felt her body jerk. He realised the morphine had not only taken away her pain, but also self control. Her bladder had already leaked a few drips on him, but as he started to move in and out of her, she was like a rag doll in his arms. Perhaps he'd given her more of the painkiller than necessary. Too late to worry about that.

He reluctantly pulled his finger from her rectum. He reached for one of the crepe bandages he'd used as a cleaning rag on the girls' wounds and wiped his finger off. He put his hands under her armpits and lifted her up, so instead of lying on his chest, she was sitting astride of him, her head flopped to the side, a silly grin on her face.

He lifted her up, feeling her drag up along his cock, her tight passage clinging on to him. He looked down, the lining of her vagina seemed to get pulled out with him. He felt he was just inside still, when he dropped her down on him, her weight pushing him deep inside her again. Four inches in, his crown mashed into her cervix, making her head jerk back again, her eyes opening into thin slits.

Lifting her again, she moved more easily this time, pre-cum now penetrated into her deepest places; up she slid again, almost coming off his tip, before he let her whole weight drop down. Up and down she went. The feelings in her pussy must have registered, because although not entirely focused, her eyes were looking at him now, her mouth set firmly, her head upright. She started to breathe deeply, in time with her movements along his cock. Then she surprised him, when suddenly her head jerked back and she gasped repeatedly, as her orgasm crashed in. If he'd thought she'd been tight on his cock before, it was nothing to the clamping he suddenly felt as her vagina contracted on his cock along it's whole length.

Dale felt the early signs of his own orgasm rapidly approaching now, as he lifted and dropped the tiny girl up and down his long cock, feeling her clamping increasing in frequency and pressure. Suddenly he came, blasting deep into the child. At that moment, he let her go, watching her drop down, her bottom pressed to his balls, his cock all the way inside her. Again and again he spurted into her, their groans of ecstasy in time with each other, until at last, it ended. The only sound that of their heavy breathing in the confined space.

He withered within her, his cock shrinking, the incredible pressure easing. He lifted her one last time and looked down as she came off his crown. "Hold yourself there a moment, Amelia, would you?" he asked. He grabbed one of the discarded bandages made of their dress material and held it under her, as she squatted over him. He held the pad of material under her and watched fascinated as large quantities of cum and blood started to drip from her. Suddenly, as she leaned forward to look herself, she farted loudly, making her blush bright scarlet. Dale laughed to himself. He'd just been fucking the girl and yet she was embarrassed by something like that.

Amelia lay on Dale's chest once more, his jacket over her back to keep her warm. "Dale," she asked, "what will happen to us now our school has been wrecked by Les Boches?"

"I don't know Amelia. What would you like to do?" he asked without thinking.

She sighed. "What I would like and what is possible....." she lapsed into silence. Dale realised she was deep in thought. He recalled being told all the children with homes had left the previous week. Only the orphans were still here.

"Would you like to come and live with me in England?" he asked. "You and Gabbi?" She lifted her head up from his chest, where she'd been listening to his heartbeat. She blinked, not quite sure if she'd heard him correctly. It was as if he had just read her thoughts. "You can live with me and my mother and my aunt and my two sisters and three cousins. We will adopt you." She and Gabbi had no home of their own to go to. This man, this Englishman had suddenly appeared, saved their lives, patched up their wounds and given them food and water. He'd raised help, which was on the way and now he was offering for them to live with him, be their Papa. In answer, she threw her arms around his neck and hugged him tightly to her naked body. No words needed to be said. She'd given him her answer. "There's just one thing, though Ame. Call it a test if you like." She looked at him anxiously. "How good will you be at sucking my queue?" They both burst out laughing.

CHAPTER 15

Rescue

Gabbi lay along the back wall of the recess. She felt better now than she'd felt in a long time. This was for many reasons. Firstly her groin no longer hurt like it had before. Then there was the memory of him deep inside her, as she'd fucked herself onto the English officer. And she knew she was going to do that again and soon. Then there was the incredible news. Amelia had woken her up. She had shaken her and pinched her and even spilt water on her to get her awake. She had still felt drowsy from whatever Dale had given her to ease her pain. Then Amelia had told her he had said they could come and live with him in England.

But that wasn't all. As she lay there, watching her six year old sister sucking Dale's queue, his fingers were deep inside her own pussy, making her feel wonderful again. His thumb was rubbing her little nub as his finger tips were touching that spot deep inside which she could never quite reach. As she came yet again, she watched as Dale's tongue once more slid up through Amelia's cleft, licking her clitty again and again, making her sister jerk every time. She couldn't believe how far his queue was down Amelia's throat. It looked to Gabbi as if she'd taken it all the way in. Why didn't it make her gag? But she didn't care, because at that moment another wave of pleasure swept through her little body as his fingers worked their magic on her.

Gabbi had always looked out for her sister ever since that day, two years ago, when she was told by Sister Mary-Absolution her mother had been killed by Les Boches. It was the same day the nun had put her hand up her dress and told her to stand still. The same day she realised she and Amelia had no one to protect them now Maman and Papa were both dead. Now they had Dale; and in return, he could have them. She shuddered into yet another cum, as she watched Ame's throat bobbing up and down. He was cuming and

she was swallowing. Cumming and swallowing. The three of them in their little cocoon of pleasure awaiting the miners to dig them out, enjoying themselves while they waited.

None of them were impatient to be rescued. It was two more days before Mason, speaking down the shaft, told them the company of miners had needed to dig a drift from further away, sloping towards them, as the ground above was mostly large pieces of broken masonry and the remains of the wall higher up was too unstable. During that time, Dale educated the two girls in the joys of every type of bodily pleasure he could imagine. He was balls deep in Amelia's rectum, when he heard a knocking sound the other side of the wall of the recess. He had cum for the third time that morning and smiled to himself as the girls reluctantly separated themselves from their sixty nine. Perhaps after the war he should start up a school. These girls were star pupils.

As the first brick was knocked through, Dale blew out the candle, plunging the area into pitch darkness. By arrangement with Mason earlier, a small sack was passed through the hole, which Dale handed to Gabbi. It contained clean clothing for both the girls to wear while they were rescued. Dale had spent a little time earlier washing the girls and himself as clean as possible, so when they emerged to the surface a little later, they looked remarkably smart. It was only Dale's uniform, coated in white chalk dust which showed any evidence of their ordeal. That and Amelia's bandaged head

They crawled through the hastily dug tunnel, guided by the miners, up along the drift until they broke out into the cold fresh air. Dale had looked at his watch; it read three o'clock. He had thought it was afternoon, so he was surprised to discover it was dark, three hours before dawn. Mason was there to greet them, and shook Dale's hand with enthusiasm.

"Brigadier Vickers has been asking after you, Sir," he said. "He was really worried when he heard you'd got buried down there." He pointed down the entrance to the drift tunnel. "I sent a runner to let him know you and the young ladies were safe a few minutes ago. He said something about you winning another gong. I think he's got a soft spot for you, Sir," he winked at Dale, who grinned then clapped the Major on the shoulder. He knew Mason would have had little or no sleep while Dale had been buried, driving the working party hard until the rescue was effected.

"I think it is you who's earned a gong, Mason," said Dale looking at him eye to eye. "I know the effort you have made to get us out, and it won't be forgotten."

* * * * *

Through that long hard winter of 1916 -17, Dale and his brigade worked alongside the Canadians and the mining companies, as the twelve tunnels inched their way eastwards towards and under the German lines. Sixteen miles of tunnel had been dug in all; a feat of superhuman effort. It wasn't all plain sailing. The Germans knew full well what they were doing. Mining and undermining had been a technique of war since before Roman times. As the tunnels approached the enemy lines, so the miners had to dig silently. The Germans were using listening devices trying to locate them. From time to time, a break through from one tunnel to another would take place and a short but fierce underground battle would ensue in cramped, often pitch black conditions. It was for this reason all tunnellers, regardless of rank, were issued with revolvers rather than rifles. It is a well

known fact that during the Great War, there were thousands of miles of trenches. It is a lesser known fact that there were more miles of tunnels than trenches.

Connected to the communication tunnels, were many huge cavernous excavations. They were large enough for thousands of men to live in, eat, sleep and be safe. Many men found them claustrophobic, but they were immune to artillery fire and so the attrition rate fell to almost nil. A fact Generals Byng and Currie held very dear.

What Dale held dear were the two French girls Gabriel and her sister Amelia. After their rescue, the two girls refused to let him out of their sight. They clung to him like human limpets. The Mother Superior had other things to worry about and so handed the two girls over to the English Colonel. Besides, there were over a hundred thousand orphans up and down France at that time. Her order had more than enough to worry about. In fact no one other than him had time to worry about the girls.

He found a small desolate looking house occupied by an elderly woman a couple of miles from the town, away from the front, where, for a few Francs, he bought accommodation for himself and the girls. The woman knew perfectly well what he was interested in, but she also knew perfectly well the bitter taste of starvation and deprivation. And if the Englishman wanted to pay her to look the other way, who was she to argue?

Unbeknown to her, Dale had written to his mother in Devon and explained the situation. She in turn had contacted her cousin in the Foreign Office, who had arranged passports for the girls. Millicent had mailed them to Dale with her usual weekly parcel of food and creature comforts to her son, which he received three days later.

The year end was rapidly approaching. In the depth of winter, the two opposing sides kept their heads down. The war had effectively ground to a halt. Almost no fighting took place. An uneasy peace hung in the air, although there would be no repeat of the football match which had taken place on Christmas Day back in 1914 at St. Yvon near Ypres. That event and many like it that Christmas had worried the high command on both sides that fraternization may undermine the men's willingness to fight.

Brigadier Vickers sent for Dale and told him he was giving him some leave over Christmas and duly packed him off home. As Dale left, the brigadier's words rang in his head. "I want you back here in the new year ready to continue training up the Brigade, Winchester. The attack is due to start early April, probably just after Easter. I want minimal casualties and I'm depending on you to deliver. Have a happy Christmas, my boy, give my best wishes to your mother."

"You know my mother, Sir?" Dale asked.

The brigadier looked uncomfortable for a moment. "I remember her from when your father was in the regiment back in South Africa. She was a fine woman. Can't say the same for that fool of a husband." They were words Dale would recall later.

Not a lot was going on as November rolled into December. Amelia and Gabriel were Dale's constant companions and became favourites of all the men in the regiment, who doted on and spoilt them with little treats and presents wherever they went. Dale insisted they should only speak English and was surprised how quickly the two girls picked it up.

He knew his mother and Evelyn spoke fluent French, which was how he himself had learnt the language. If there were any problems when they settled in Devon after he returned to France in the new year, they could resort to their native tongue. But while he was away, he expected their tongues would be busy in other ways.

* * * * *

After a cold stormy crossing from Le Havre, the ancient troopship berthed in Southampton and tied up in the White Star Dock. Dale remembered the ship which had left this very dock nearly five years earlier heading for New York and never made it. He'd been at school at the time. His headmaster had called him out of class to advise him his uncle had been on the Titanic. His father's brother had been so different to Papa; so full of life, such fun. He had to catch himself from wishing the brothers positions had been reversed.

The girls clung onto each of his hands nervously, as he made his way through the crowds of jostling people to the railway station. It was December 21st, the shortest day of the year. The Battle of Verdun had ended three days ago. The longest and bloodiest battle of the war. He hoped the following year would be better than this one. He shuddered as if a foreboding swept through him. Surely it couldn't get any worse than the Somme or Verdun. But Dale hadn't been to Flanders yet.

CHAPTER 16

Brief Encounter - Felicity

It was dark, cold and it was raining. It looked like the rain might soon turn to sleet or even snow. Dale had hired a porter to bring their luggage. The man pushing the creaking trolley looked older than the ship they'd just left. The old porter wove his way to the platform where the train for Exeter was ready to depart. He was more agile than he looked and was soon unloading their belongings into the guard's van, as Dale and the girls settled into their first class compartment. The porter was delighted with the half crown Dale handed him as the whistle blew indicating the train could depart.

An elderly lady shared their compartment for the first part of their journey. She chatted to the children and tutted at Dale about the late hour he was keeping them from their beds. He was as anxious to get them to bed as she was, but for different reasons. She alighted at Salisbury, giving each of the girls sixpence. They were now alone. Because this was a 'slow train', there was no corridor, so they would not be disturbed while the train moved. Dale looked at their innocent faces wondering how they would recall their childhood when they looked back in years to come. He pulled out his handkerchief and wiped the cum smeared around Amelia's pretty mouth. She was sleeping with her mouth open, snoring gently, cum still visible on her tongue and across the roof of her mouth. She'd no sooner swallowed his last blast, than she curled up on the seat and fell into a deep sleep.

Gabbi had watched her sister giving Papa his regular evening blowjob. She'd nodded in approval as she'd swallowed every last drop. The girls had agreed with each other that as

he'd saved their lives, they should let him enjoy their little bodies if that's what he liked to do. She knew wherever they were going, he would make sure she was happy first thing in the morning before Amelia woke up. But for Gabbi letting him fuck her every day was her way of showing him how much she loved him.

It was late when the train pulled into Exeter and the children had been asleep for an hour or more. He booked a room in the Station Hotel and ordered some room service for something to eat. They hadn't had a hot meal since the previous day in France.

The branch line train for Totnes jogged along with a gentle rocking motion. The girls were looking out of the windows at the passing Devon countryside now being covered in a blanket of white, as snow fell steadily. Dale leaned back in his seat, feigning sleep after the vicar of Salcombe and his wife and young daughter boarded the train and sat opposite him. His mind drifted back to this morning shortly after dawn. He must have been incredibly tired, because when he came to, he realised Gabbi was not only straddling him, but was in a full, deep climax. How long she'd been fucking herself on his cock, he hadn't a clue. But one thing for certain she'd thoroughly sated herself.

She'd come down from her high and finally opened her eyes. She grinned at him when she realised he was awake at last, looking up at her, studying her. "Bonjour Papa," she said "Comment vas-tu?"

"Speak English," he admonished, giving her naked bottom a gentle smack with the palm of his hand. "Would you like me to fuck you properly now, Gabbi?"

"No Papa," she said nonchalantly, "I already had my tingles. I feel fine now thank you."

"What about me?" he asked.

She smiled then looked at him as if she didn't understand. "What about you?" she asked pretending to be a little dim. Finally, she relented from teasing him and said: "I was doing it for rather a long time, Papa. I'm a bit sore," she confessed. "Would you like to do it up my bum instead?"

Dale's heart skipped a beat. He knew it wasn't her favourite way. She was only doing it because she wanted to please him. He kept his eyes shut while the vicar engaged his wife in conversation about the war, Dale's mind was replaying the wonderful half hour session his cock had enjoyed up Gabbi's rectum a few hours before. Gabbi and Amelia were cuddled up into his sides. The vicar's wife smiled at them and made some comment to her husband about how cute they were.

It was about then that Dale realised what Gabbi was doing. She was sitting directly opposite the vicar's daughter. Dale had heard her parents call her Felicity as they boarded the train. She would be about the same age as Gabbi, 8 or probably 9. She had long light brown hair, tied up in a bun at the back of her head. Both had their feet up on the opposite seat, their feet alternating, as children often did in train compartments. That wouldn't have mattered. But what did matter was the fact that Gabbi had false pockets in her skirt. Also, at his request, she no longer wore underwear. Dale's hand was, as usual, inside her pocket, gently playing with her pussy, feeling her hardened clitty respond as he moved his fingertip over her continually. She was used to him doing this in a way she never let

anyone else realise what they were doing. Except this time, as Dale felt her pussy pulse against his finger, he felt her legs moving.

He eased his eyes open just enough, so he was squinting at what was happening. Gabbi was angled away from the vicar and his wife. She had spread her knees apart. Then he realised she had pulled her dress up, so the hem was just high enough so the girl could see. He looked at Felicity and saw her eyes suddenly pop open as she realised where his fingers were and what was happening. Her head jerked to the side as if she expected one of her parents to have read her thoughts. Then, realising they knew nothing of what was going on, she slowly turned her head back and watched Dale's fingers dance over Gabbi's naked mons, cleft, clitoris and vagina.

Her eyes moved up to his, suddenly locking together for a moment before she had to look down once more. She knew what he was doing was, according to her mother, devil's work. But at the same time, she couldn't tear her eyes away. The tingles she suddenly felt in her own pussy held her enthralled. She knew she had to see more. Without even thinking, she let her own knees part, knowing he would be able to see her long white cotton bloomers. Immediately Gabbi parted her knees a few inches further. A game was being played between the girls.

Felicity had her thick cape on, her hands tucked inside keeping warm in this cold weather. So when she slipped her hands under the waistband of her own skirt, no one would know. Like Gabbi, she carefully pulled her skirt up just enough for them to see. Her heart was thumping in her chest. Surely her mother would hear it. Felicity knew when they could see her hand when it slipped down over the front of her bloomers, because both blinked at the same time, eyebrows raising just a fraction.

She couldn't help herself, she let her middle finger press into the cotton of her bloomers, feeling her shape below as she watched the man's hand caressing and rubbing and playing with the French girl, where she was touching herself. Gabbi could feel the dampness of arousal flowing down her bum crack as Dale's fingers continued to pleasure her, while she watched the English girl. It was obvious she hadn't done it before, because her fingers weren't in the best place. No time to worry, because she felt her own climax rushing in. She wanted to remain silent but enjoy it too.

Felicity watched, eyes wide open, mouth agape as the French girl's eyes screwed up tight, closed. Her fists were clenched, her face looked in agony, but Felicity knew it was ecstasy. The other thing Felicity could see was the French girl's pussy was opening and closing every couple of seconds. Why was it doing that, she wondered? Then she found out, as her own orgasm arrived. It wasn't an earthquake, or mind numbing, but she enjoyed it, even though she could feel her bloomers were now wet there. Felicity couldn't wait to get home. She wanted an early night; and she knew what she wanted to try again.

The train pulled into Newton Abbott station, about half way to Totnes. Dartmoor was now just 10 miles away. The snow was falling heavily, blowing off the moor. The station master announced there would be a delay, while the line ahead was cleared. He suggested the passengers might like to use the waiting room where a fire was burning or the hotel next door, where meals were being served. He would let everyone know when the train was ready to depart, but the delay would be at least an hour.

The vicar and his wife decided to go and have some luncheon, but Felicity, after her experience, was now asleep on the seat. Dale offered to keep an eye on her for them and if she woke and needed them, he would let them know. Knowing he was a serving Lt. Colonel, they knew she would be in safe hands with him and his French orphan daughters.

Dale was brilliant when it came to reacting to unexpected situations. It had saved his and others lives on the battlefield. He had a quick word with Gabbi and Amelia in French and explained what he wanted them to do. They grinned conspiratorially at him. He pulled the window blind down almost all the way, leaving a small gap, left the carriage and went to the waiting room to smoke his pipe for about ten minutes. He quietly went back out onto the platform and walked to the door to their compartment. No one else was on the platform on this cold winter's day. Dale was wrapped warmly in his greatcoat and was used to the cold anyway after his time in the trenches.

He bent down to the door, where a one inch gap at the bottom of the window blind allowed him to peer inside. As he'd hoped, Amelia and Gabbi had not only done what he wanted, but exceeded his expectations. Felicity was lying the full length of one of the compartment seats. Her head was towards him, so there was no risk of her seeing him. Her bloomers were screwed up in a ball on the facing seat; her skirt hem was up under her armpits. From her belly button downwards, she was naked.

He watched for a full minute. He couldn't believe how quickly Felicity had succumbed to Gabbi's seduction. Gabbi was crouched down between Felicity's legs, bent almost double with her knees on the seat between Felicity's thighs, keeping them open, her hands on the back of Felicity's calves holding them back and apart, while her mouth, encompassing Felicity's cleft, sucked and licked the girl's clitoris. Amelia was on her knees, whispering something into Felicity's ear. He could see by the way Felicity's tummy started to rise and fall, she was right on the cusp. Then the moment arrived, Felicity's back arched upwards and dropped, up again and dropped. It was his cue.

Dale quickly turned the heavy brass handle, pulled the door open and slipped inside, slamming the door to behind him, bringing a blast of freezing air in with him. There was a second of delay and suddenly Felicity's eyes popped open in horror. She was still in mid orgasm, the best of her life. In fact only the second of her life. She found she couldn't move. Gabbi, now kneeling upright, held her calves firmly back and Amelia leaned over Felicity and held her arms to her side.

"My goodness me, what have we got here?" asked Dale bending over Felicity's face studying her expression of fading orgasm and increasing shock over what would happen now. Without waiting for an answer, he moved along the seat, still bending and looked closely at Felicity's spread thighs, held open by Gabbi's firm grip. "My goodness me, what have we got here?" He theatrically studied her, looking at her petit hairless mound with a small cleft curling down to her little swollen nub, still seeming to glow from her curtailed climax, below which, her dilated vagina gaped open, arousal mucus running freely from it towards her bottom.

Her head was raised, she was looking down her body at him in fascinated horror, seeing how close his face was to her pussy. He was studying her almost as if he was consuming

her. Then, as if reading her thoughts, he said: "Felicity what will your father say when I tell him what you were just doing?"

Felicity realised if her parents came in now, she would be in such trouble. When she did something naughty at home, mother would pull her bloomers down and beat her bare bottom, while her father watched. It was so humiliating when it happened, which was usually at least once a week. It was even worse when her father insisted on checking how hot her bottom was afterwards with his hand, while Mama held her down as he did it. If they walked in now, she knew she would be in real trouble.

"Please don't say anything, Colonel," she stuttered in desperation. "I wasn't doing anything. We were just playing a game."

"I think I know the game you were playing, Felicity and I don't think your father will be very pleased when I talk to him. Do you?"

"Please don't say anything," she repeated.

"So you want me to keep this a secret do you, Felicity?" he asked. She nodded.

"Are you good at keeping secrets too, Felicity?" She nodded, uncertain about his meaning.

Then she felt it, his fingers, feather like, touched her clitty, sending, at the same time, shockwaves and ecstasy through her whole body. His skilled finger tips started to extract the utmost pleasure in the inexperienced child. Her head flopped back to the seat, her knees, just now trying to close against Gabbi's strong hand, relaxed outwards, her eyes closed once more.

He knew he only had a short time to do what he wanted, but he had two willing helpers. In French he told Amelia to unbutton his trousers. She had done it many times by now and in moments, pulled his trousers and khaki underwear down. He then told her, again in French, to start to work his cock with her hand.

"Open your eyes, Felicity," he commanded. Her eyes popped open and seeing what was just in front of her face made her gasp. He was naked from the waist down. The French girl was holding his thingy, moving her hand up and down it only an inch or two from her face. She had only seen one before, because her father often walked naked into the bathroom when she was in there on the toilet or in the bath. But his had never been as big or as stiff and angry looking as this. As she looked at it, a thrill surged through her pussy, where his fingers were now working on her clitty, making her feel really wet further down. Dale knew the girl was now putty in his hands. "Do you like me playing with your pussy, Felicity?" He asked as he strummed her clitty more vigorously, gratified when he heard her give a sharp intake of breath and a gentle clamp on his finger.

"Will you do something for me now, Felicity? Do you see what Gabbi is doing to me? Would you do it now?" Her eyes narrowed as she tried to focus on his cock directly in front of her face; her mind torn between what he asked and the next oncoming climax. Her mind cleared enough for her to manage a nod. Robotically, she grasped his crown and started to move her fingers along it, guided by Gabbi's hand. Dale was nearly there now. The final stage would be a matter of timing.

"Felicity," he instructed, "close your eyes and open your mouth for me. I want you to suck my end for me." Instead of closing them, her eyes shot wide open. "Then I am sure we can keep each other's secrets, can't we?" The intelligent girl processed what he said, thought about it for a moment, before closing her eyes and opening her mouth as he'd asked. In just a moment, he moved forward, letting his crown slide into her mouth, watching pre-cum dribbled down her lips onto her chin, where it glistened in the dim daylight.

"Move your hand quickly now Felicity. Good girl. Grip it harder. Lick my end with your tongue. That's nice." Dale felt the early signs. He was going to cum and he knew this would be a big one. He quickly told Gabbi and Amelia in French. They moved to hold Felicity, so she couldn't jerk away at the crucial moment, while Dale placed his hand firmly behind her head. He felt the first dry pulse. Her eyes opened in puzzlement, just before the second blast filled her mouth. With the way she was being held, she couldn't pull away. Then the next huge surge exploded into her mouth. She coughed and as he looked at her, two long lines of cum shot from her nose over her lips onto her chin. Dale thought she might bite on him, but that didn't happen, as he spurted and spurted into her mouth. He knew she had to be swallowing his wads. She kept moving her hand and he kept working her clitty; each giving pleasure to the other.

At last it ended. Gabbi and Amelia quickly worked to put things as they were. Amelia used her handkerchief to wipe cum off Felicity's face and straighten her hair. Gabbi pulled up Dale's underwear and trousers, letting him button himself up and buckle his Sam Browne belt. Soon everything was as it should be. Amelia and Gabbi sat chatting in French to one another, speculating on what Dale's family would be like and if they would be kind to them. Felicity was silent, sitting prim with her hands folded on her lap as though butter wouldn't melt in her mouth. She was still in that position, when they heard voices outside and the door handle turning.

The vicar and his wife entered the compartment and sat down. "I trust Felicity was no trouble, Colonel," said the woman.

"She was a credit to you, madam," he said, "I was telling her a silly story all fiction, of course, but she swallowed every last bit of it!" He tried not to laugh when he realised Felicity was blushing bright red.

Colonel Winchester," asked the woman, "are you by any chance Millicent Winchester's son?"

"The one and only, madam," he replied.

"My word," she continued, "time flies. It must be ten years since I saw you last. Your mother was living with her sister then."

"Still is," he advised. "Aunt Evelyn and my mother live together with my sisters and cousins in the old family house."

"Yes I remember," she went on. "It was a lovely house by the sea, as I recall."

"That's the one," he confirmed. "The perfect place to raise children." He glanced at her daughter. "Perhaps Felicity might like to come down and spend a few days with my mother and the girls."

"That would be wonderful," she went on, more enthusiastic than his off-the-cuff comment justified. "Your mother and I used to see a lot of one another before she married your err father." Her hesitancy saying more than her words expressed. "The reverend and I are going to Lambeth for a few days. There is a vacancy for Bishop of Plymouth, you know, and my husband has been asked to go to see the archbishop." Her tone took on a level of haughtiness she hadn't intended. "Thank you for your kind offer," she went on, not explaining they didn't like having the expense of a peripatetic nanny while they were away. "May I call on your mother tomorrow?"

"Certainly," replied Dale, unsure how his mother and aunt would feel having to care for Felicity as well as two French girls. One thing was sure, he knew his own leave was going to be something to remember.

CHAPTER 17

Homecoming

Dale's welcome at home was nothing if not chaotic. It was in total contrast to his last home visit, when he was still recovering from his injuries. All the girls wanted to tell him about their school work, things they'd made for him, the Christmas tree they'd decorated in time for his homecoming and all the things they done since they'd seen him last. Added to that they were all excited about having two new sisters to live with them.

Clare and Emily immediately took Gabriel under their wing, while Lucy and Amelia became life long friends in minutes after meeting one another. Whenever Dale came across either of the French girls, they always seemed to be in deep conversation with their new friends. He smiled when he heard Amelia talking to Lucy. Lucy's eye went wide and blurted out: "He was up your bum just one day after you met him and fucked you the next day. Wow that was quick."

"I know," replied Amelia, "but he saved our lives. I mean we would have been crushed under hundreds of tons of rubble if he hadn't been there. So I suppose it's only fair to let him fuck us isn't it? Besides, Gabbi and I love him doing it."

"I know," said Lucy, "he fucked me for the first time on my eighth birthday and now I can't get enough. When he's away, Clare and me do it together all the time, especially in bed at night."

Amelia gasped, "You mean girl with another girl?"

"Sure," said Lucy, trying not to sound like a know-all. "Us girls do it together all the time. So do the mums." Amelia's eyes looked across at Evelyn and Millicent, who, to her, looked just like any upright woman of good social standing.

Amelia leaned forward, unaware Dale was listening just behind, "What's it like?"

"Really nice, I promise you. Clare's just come back in from outside. Would you like to go upstairs? Just the three of us?"

Amelia looked across the room and realised no one was paying any attention to them, so she looked at Lucy again and with a slight blush, nodded. "What will your Maman say if she catches us?" asked Amelia.

"She will probably ask us if we're enjoying ourselves," she laughed. Shortly afterwards, the three went quietly upstairs. Dale thought he would leave them to it, for half an hour, before he went up to see how they were getting on.

"Mrs. Foster called me this morning," said Millicent coming up behind Dale carrying a tray of tea. "Says you invited her daughter Felicity to stay for a few days."

"Slight bending of the truth Mama," said Dale. "I said it would be nice to see Felicity here, and she invented the rest. Do you mind?"

"Not if you don't, Darling," she said pouring the tea from the pot through a strainer, "but won't it cramp your style? You only have a few days of leave."

"Don't worry about me where Felicity is concerned," he said. "I think you'll find she fits in nicely here. There's just one more thing to find out?"

"What's that, dear," his mother said, using tongs to drop a sugar cube into his tea.

"Whether or not I can fit in her." Millicent laughed, spilling some tea into the saucer.

"Well if you'd like to find out dear, I'll call Mrs. Foster back and tell her she can come over tomorrow, assuming the roads don't get blocked with all this snow. Now before you go upstairs"

"How did you know I was going upstairs?" he asked.

"I am your mother, Dale. I know you better than anyone. Now what I wanted to say was that the girls have all been longing for your return. They have prayed every day for your safe return. I want you to promise me you will treat them all equally. But I told them it would be in order of seniority, oldest first. No favouritism. How are you getting along with the French girls?" He didn't need to reply. His expression told her everything she wanted to know.

Dale finished his tea and had a refill. He stood sipping the brew and looked out of the French windows into the garden and saw it was snowing once again. He wondered how the men in the trenches were fairing in this miserable weather. At least his regiment were all inside the cathedral like huge manmade chalk caverns beneath the looming Vimy Ridge. They were safe from the freezing weather and more importantly the German artillery.

He walked upstairs and along the landing to the large bedroom at the end used by all the girls. The door was open just a few inches; enough to see what was happening inside.

The large bed was positioned against the far wall as he looked in. The three girls were completely naked and lying in a triangular formation. Each had their head buried between the thighs of one of the others. Clare was licking out Lucy. Lucy was licking out Amelia and Amelia was licking out Clare. There was a lot of slurping and moaning going on, as each girl had repeated climaxes on the tongue of the other. Dale pushed the door open and walked to the foot of the bed, watching the performance. It was almost a full minute before Clare's head popped up, smiling at him with wet lips.

"Hello Dale," she simpered, "have you come to join us, or did you just want to watch?"

"I was enjoying watching you all, Clare," he confirmed, as he went over to the boot jack in the corner, to pull his boots off, "but now you mention it, I think I might spend a while with the three of you. Who wants the first fuck?" By now, the three girls, on their backs, were lined up side by side, raised on their elbows, watching him as he pulled off his uniform as fast as he could. They all smiled when his khaki underpants dropped to the floor, exposing his steel hard cock pointing up at the ceiling.

"Sorry, we can't help you, Dale," said Lucy. "Mummy said we can't"

"Can't what?" he demanded as he nearly fell over getting his underpants off his left foot.

"Fuck you," she clarified. She paused for dramatic effect, watching his erection wave around in front of him, before adding: "Mummy says it must be oldest girl first. That means Amelia is last and I'm just before her." She pouted as if it confirmed how unfair it was to be the youngest child in a family. Then her expression changed. One eyebrow went up, a coquettish look forming on her face. "She said we couldn't fuck you yet, but she said nothing about bugging us."

Clare grinned at Lucy, while Amelia looked unsure: "qu'est-ce que le 'buggering'?" she asked. Clare explained in her schoolgirl French what she meant.

"Oh, up the bum," said Amelia, "why didn't you say so?"

Dale noticed Clare getting off the bed. She pulled open one of the small top drawers from the dresser and took out 3 pieces of wood. They were round, each about a foot long, with a half inch bull nose end tapering out to a couple of inches at the other. She also took out a large jar of Vaseline petroleum jelly. She opened the jar, and pushed the end of one of the items into the jelly. Then with a finger also coated, she spread the lubricant along the first six inches of the wood. She handed it to Lucy, before repeating the process with the second piece of wood. By now, Lucy was working the rounded end of the shaft into her anus, twisting and turning it in a practiced manner, showing Amelia what she needed to do.

Clare handed Amelia the second shaft, before coating the last one for herself. By the time she'd finished, Lucy's was a good eight inches into her rectum and Amelia's nearly five. Soon the three girls, still lying side by side on the bed, their heads on the pillows, had pressed the wooden dildos far into their bottoms. Dale was amazed. He'd never seen such a display. He instinctively knew where these dildos had come from. There was a woodman's hut up in the trees above the old house, where Aunt Evelyn had found an ancient pole lathe. (Author's note Google: 'pole lathe'). She had restored it and started to

turn pieces as a hobby. Knowing Dale was coming home for Christmas, she had made each of the girls their own dildo. She had lovingly crafted them and polished them, waxed and shined them.

He wanted their bums to dilate before he really got started, so decided to give each girl some pleasure first. Amelia happened to be the middle of the three, so crawling up the bed, he brought his mouth over her mound and encompassed her cleft, letting his tongue sink between her slippery labia, tasting the arousal from her earlier games with the other two. He reached out with both hands and soon found Clare and Lucy's spread legs and open clefts and in an instant was working their clitties too. After a few seconds, Amelia started to cum on his tongue and a minute later, the other two followed her. He wondered what it felt like for them to have a solid wooden dildo up their recta, when they came. But they seemed to be enjoying it.

He let them come down slowly from their highs, then asked if they would all get on their hands and knees. He got off the bed and took the long bolster and pushed it under their bellies. He then told them to grab a pillow and put it on the bolster under their tummies and rest on them. Now as he looked, each of them was bent almost double over the pillow, bottom up in the air, the handle of the dildo sticking up a few inches further.

"Who wants to go first?" he asked unfairly. Of course they all wanted to. "Well I will start at the end and work along for five minutes each," he explained. "Then if you want more, I will go along the line again. So let's start with Lucy on the end here." He playfully slapped her bottom before grabbing the end of the dildo. He slowly twisted it back and forth, before gradually pulling it from her bottom. He could see she was well dilated, so kneeling between her feet, he guided his rampant cock to her entry and pressed in quite easily. He pushed deeper and deeper without forcing her at all. He was pouring pre-cum and she was filled with a generous dollop of Vaseline. His pubis pressed to her bottom when he was over seven inches into her. He pulled back, almost coming out and holding her hips now, slammed back into her quite hard. He knew Lucy always liked it hard. The next time, he let his crown come right out of her, before slamming back all the way. He knew she loved it when he did that. Quickly, he built up a pace, coming out of her two or three inches and slamming hard back into her, making a loud slapping sound. He reached under her and fumbling, located her clitty and strummed it the best he could considering his pace and scope. She came in moments, so he must have done something right.

"Time up," called Clare, wanting her turn as soon as possible, but knowing Amelia was next.

Dale let Lucy's orgasm slowly subside, before pulling out of her and eased off her masturbation. There was a long sigh from her, as he collapsed onto the pillow beneath her.

He shuffled along the bed and saw Amelia was uncertain about what was about to happen to her. He didn't want to put her off, but neither did he want her to think she'd been treated differently. So he very gently took hold of the dildo sticking just a couple of inches from her anus. He realised she must have pushed it in a lot further than the others and so dilated herself more. He twisted it and careful pulled it from her. As it came clear, she was so dilated, he could see at least three inches into her rectum. He didn't need to guide his cock with his hand, he was so stiff all he had to do was shuffle closer and taking her hips

in both hands let his crown slip into her entry. Being eighteen months younger than Lucy, she was naturally smaller and tighter. But he'd been in her several times before and knew she could take him. As he sank in, she muttered her usual, "mon dieu." He bottomed out and pulled quickly back eliciting another "mon dieu."

He speeded up, but didn't pop out of her yet, but let his thighs slam into her every time he bottomed out. Like with Lucy, he reached under her and found her engorged nub poking out from her swollen labia and with just a few flicks with his fingertips, she was breathing deeply in moments and she came a few seconds later, with shouts of: "mon dieu, mon dieu, mon dieu." Dale upped the pace now, knowing she was really enjoying this. He risked pulling all the way out and slamming back in, building his speed again, as he held her hips with one hand, pulling her back hard as he slammed into her, his other hand working her clitty, as she repeatedly called "mon dieu", long and loud.

"Time up, my turn," called Clare. Dale slowed to a halt, letting Amelia's "mon dieu, mon dieu," slow and her breathing return to normal.

Clare being the oldest of the three, didn't want to be outdone, so as her brother moved behind her, she said: "I want to see you Dale, while you cum in me." With that, she flipped over, her pelvis still lifted high by the pillow. She tucked her knees behind her shoulders and presented him with a view to die for. Her whole pudenda spread out in front of him.

"I can't cum yet, I was going to give everyone a second turn," he responded.

"We'll see," she replied mysteriously, grabbing his cock and giving it a squeeze. She didn't wait for him and reaching for the dildo, tugged it out, held on to it, then pulling his cock, guided him to her bottom. The moment he touched her, his cock just sank in, all the way in to full depth. The dildo had done its job. But it had another job to do, because, obviously in a planned action, Clare handed the dildo to Lucy, who quickly moved behind Dale and not too gently pushed it all the way into his rectum. He was so taken by surprise, he didn't know how to react, so decided to leave it there for the moment.

After a pause, he slowly pulled out and pressed back into Clare. In the position she was in, he could look into her lovely face rather than the back of her head. He could also look down and see her slowly developing boobs, her beautiful smooth bald mound, her cleft, clitty and vagina. He was about to reach down and play with her, when Lucy beat her to it and pressed her mouth down between the two of them, licking Clare's, now erect, clitoris. Clare wasn't backward in coming forward, well cuming anyway and soon she was clamping on his cock in hard regular rhythmical contractions.

"Stop doing that," he gasped, "you'll make me cum." The only response he got was the two girls giggling, soon joined by a third. Then Lucy grabbed the shaft of his cock and started to grip it and stroke it so as he went in and out of Clare, together with her continued clamping, he was getting close. Then the final straw came when Lucy slowly pulled the dildo out of him and Clare clamped on him repeatedly really hard.

"You little minxes," he scolded, as he pumped his load into Clare's bowels, holding her tightly into his groin, getting in as deep as he could manage. He might have been cross with them for the trick they'd played on him, but it was a great cum and he had enjoyed it

immensely. Anal sex was just as good as vaginal sex to Dale and it had the added benefit he could always get in deeper.

Dale didn't get a lot of sleep that night. When his mother found out what had happened, he got the blame, not Clare and Lucy. She pretended to be really cross with him. She couldn't be cross with Amelia. It was her first day in their house. And everyone knew Millicent could never be cross with Dale. She loved him too much for that. So instead she told Dale he had to look after the other four girls for three hours each, starting immediately. It was three o'clock in the afternoon. Alice, Emily Mary and Gabbi had a quick discussion and decided they would all stay together for the twelve hours.

What happened during that afternoon and night would remain in Dale's mind for the rest of his life. The girls never stopped. He fucked and came in each of them, one after the other. He thought they would let him sleep after that, but Millicent had instructed the girls and they all demanded seconds. Gabbi acted like she'd been in the family all her life. While Dale was buried in one or another girl, the others worked on each other, keeping their climaxes going in cycles every few minutes. Gabbi soon learned the joys of girl on girl action and in no time became as expert as the others.

None of them knew when it ended. They were all exhausted and the first Dale knew was when his bladder demanded release just after the pale light of dawn lit the snow covered landscape outside. He returned to bed and found Gabbi awake. She said nothing, but crawled on top of him, positioned his cock at her vagina entry and let him slide between her labia into her already cum filled passage. He clung onto her buttocks as she settled on him. They were both asleep in moments.

CHAPTER 18

Felicity's seduction

It was mid morning when Dale became conscious. He was uncertain what had woken him, but hearing the large brass bell outside the front door being rung, a second time, enlightened him. The four girls were still dead to the world and so he carefully climbed out of the bed trying not to disturb them. He went to the bathroom and started his ablutions. As he shaved, looking at himself in the mirror, he decided life could be worse. He was young nearly twenty two years old, although he could see the war had aged him already. He was a senior army officer now in command of over four thousand men all dependent on his judgement for their lives. But what was most important to him were the people in this house. Did he feel guilty about what he did with all the girls. Not at all. None of them were coerced, none of them were reluctant and besides, he knew when he returned to the front, he could be dead the very next day. They all loved him and he loved them.

Dale was soon downstairs, dressed in his own casual clothes and slippers. He went to the morning room and found Mrs. Foster there, talking to Millicent and Evelyn as though they were in some way subservient to her. He had taken an aversion to her in the train the previous morning, but only because she gave him the impression that she considered everyone else was beneath her in some way. With her, sitting prim on a hard backed chair, with her hands clasped on her lap, was Felicity.

"Good morning, Mrs. Foster," said Dale as he entered. "Please don't get up," he added, knowing full well that was the last thing she would do. "I understand the lovely Felicity has come to join us for a few days. We only spoke briefly in the carriage yesterday. Perhaps she was feeling tongue-tied." He smiled at Felicity who was colouring up nicely. His comment not missed on the intelligent girl at all. "I look forward to getting to know her a lot better," he added, enjoying seeing her turn beetroot red.

The interchange wasn't missed on Millicent either, who immediately said: "More tea, Mrs. Foster?" while giving Dale a stern look. Mrs. Foster, her goal of dumping Felicity on a good natured family for a few days achieved, made noises to go and soon left. The man sitting in the pony and trap had been told she wouldn't be long, and indeed they were soon moving off back to Kingsbridge and the railway station.

Felicity remained on the hard seat waiting to be told what to do. Life at home was disciplined and regimented. "I will leave you to show Felicity around," said Millicent. Evelyn and I have a goose to pluck and clean in the scullery. Would you keep her occupied until luncheon?"

"Certainly Mama," he replied. "Where are the youngsters?" he asked, referring to Clare, Lucy and Amelia.

"Oh they are in the playroom," she said, meaning to the huge room at the top of the house in the attic space which was filled with childrens' toys. "You won't see them until lunch I suspect." Millicent left the room to rejoin Evelyn, who was already busy preparing the Christmas bird in the scullery.

Dale took Felicity's hand and guided her round the ground-floor of the big house, showing her where everything was. They chatted as they went. He asked her about her school and home life, friends and what she liked to do with her spare time. She soon relaxed and became quite animated. She realised she liked Dale. Already he made her feel at home. She looked forward to being here for Christmas rather than in the vicarage in Salcombe.

"Look," said Dale, staring out the window, "it's snowing again." They stood side-by-side both deep in thought. Neither about the snow outside. He let go of her hand and put his arm around her shoulder. He expected her to stiffen, but instead she leaned lightly against his side, as they both looked down the snow covered garden towards the grey sea beyond. "Let me show you around upstairs, Felicity," he said after a minute or two.

They walked up the wide staircase, she one step in front. His hand was now around her waist. She made no move to pull away. At the top of the stairs the landing opened up to a wide area with some small chairs. On the walls were framed photographs of different members of the family. Dale quickly explained who was who.

"There's no picture of Amelia and Gabriel," she observed.

"No, that's right," he confirmed, "I adopted them in France. Last night was their first in this house. They are going to live here from now on. We will put their photos up soon, I am sure." He paused for a few seconds. "Did you like them, my French girls?" he asked.

She realised it was a leading question, but she had thought of little else since yesterday in the railway carriage compartment. Her pussy still tingled just thinking about what happened. "Oh, yes," she said in a way brooking no contradiction.

"Did you enjoy keeping my secret?" he asked quietly, "I certainly enjoyed keeping yours."

"Yes," she whispered, almost so quietly he might have imagined she said it.

"While you're here," he continued, "would you like to keep more secrets?"

He felt her hand move over his at her waist and squeeze it as she again whispered "Yes."

He turned and walked along the landing, indicating different things. "That is Mama's and Evelyn's room." He expected a question about why they shared a room, but she didn't say anything. "That is a guest room and this is another. The bathroom is here. This room at the end is the largest bedroom. All the girls share it together. You can either join them or have one of the guest rooms." He pushed the door open and stepped through the door. "They're still asleep. It was a late night before we got to sleep," he said very quietly. She looked at him unsure if she'd understood his full meaning.

He walked to the bedside and indicated for her to do the same the other side. He took hold of the single bed sheet covering the girls, which Felicity mirrored and drew it down off the four girls all lying on their backs side-by-side. Felicity had been unsure what she'd see, but was shocked at the sight of four naked girls fast asleep on the large bed. Seeing their spread leags, re swollen labia and vaginas, Felicity suddenly felt those tingles deep in her pussy once more.

"You liked Gabriel yesterday didn't you?" he asked, nodding down at Gabbi's spread body. "So do I." He leaned over and carefully pushed his finger against her perineum, before drawing it upwards into her vagina, where he scooped up half a teaspoonful of semen oozing from her pussy. He held his finger out showing Felicity, who stood wide eyed, knowing from yesterday what she was looking at and how It must have got into Gabbi. He dropped the sheet back over the four naked girls and led Felicity out of the room.

He walked half way back along the landing and stood outside a part open door. "This is my room, Felicity," he said, his tone unmistakable. "This has been my room since I was born. Do you want to see it, or would you prefer to go downstairs and help my mother and Aunt Evelyn?" She looked uncertainly at him. This intelligent girl knew full well what her options were. Her pussy was, by now, screaming out for relief. She'd felt damp trickling down her thighs inside her bloomers ever since she saw him enter the room while her mother sipped tea. She'd so wanted her mother to leave and then Millicent had gone and offered her more tea. She stepped into the room and quietly closed the door behind her.

Looking into his eyes, she took his hand, palm upwards. He wasn't sure what she wanted to do. Then she quickly selected his middle finger, brought it to her mouth and sucked it. It was only then Dale realised she'd sucked off the warm semen he'd just scooped out of Gabbi's pussy. This vicar's daughter wasn't the shy little dormouse her mother tried to present. Not only that, she had in effect just told him what she wanted him to do to her.

Dale encircled her with his arms and without effort, lifted her up onto a footstool, so their heads were on a level. He brought his lips to hers and in moments she reached up behind his head pulling him to her. He opened his mouth, his tongue exploring, immediately reciprocated by Felicity. Their fingers were now combing each other's ruffled hair, as their tongues tried to reach the other's throat. Felicity's legs were trembling now. She'd cum the moment his lips had touched hers. She could feel her bloomers were wet and she didn't care.

Then, she felt his hand at her side. The buckle released in a second. The wrap around skirt dropped to the floor. She kicked off her shoes, as his palm curled over her bottom, feeling her contours. It felt so good to Felicity who had never had much affection in her life; to be lovingly kissed like this; caressed like this; adored like this. Then she felt his hand lift. She felt loss. She'd loved his hand on her bum. But instead it was pressing into the small of her back. He turned his head, so their mouths rotated against each other, tongues dancing together. Then suddenly she felt his hand back on her bum, but now it was inside her bloomers, exploring, feeling, touching. She came again gently. She knew he wouldn't know.

Dale felt her buttocks clench under his palm. She was cuming and all he'd done was kiss her and fondle her bum. He'd never known any girl so sensuous, ready as quickly as Felicity. He continued to kiss her and let his other hand slip down her back and into her bloomers, one palm on each buttock now, fondling her, caressing her, exploring her. Still inside her bloomers, he moved his hands outwards round to her hips, then spreading his fingers, stretched the elastic out and pushed them down. They caught on the rise of her mound and bottom, then pausing, dropped to her ankles.

Dale lifted her once more, a hand under her bottom the other between her shoulder blades. Looking into her eyes, he carried her to the bed and gently laid her down on the eiderdown cover. He was about to straighten up, but she was clinging to his shoulders, so he simply pressed his mouth back to hers, letting their interrupted kiss continue.

Dale, after all these months of little girl seduction, was an expert in female clothing. When he met any girl, his eyes always scanned what they were wearing and how it might be removed. He knew Felicity was wearing a button fronted blouse with a dozen mother of pearl buttons from her neck to her waist. They were undone in moments. He lifted her up into a sitting position and slipped the blouse off her arms, before removing her bloomers from around her ankles. Other than her knee length stockings, she was naked.

Dale Slowly detached himself from her and stood by the bed, undressing, while he studied Felicity's beautiful body. In many respects, Felicity was a plain looking girl, just as her parents might have wished, but he could see her body was as perfect as any nine year old's could be. Her completely hairless mound was long and full, her cleft curled in from the sides deeply, hiding her cowl. But even as he watched, she became aroused and slowly, her clitty pushed out as it engorged, exposing a slip of skin just below the dimple at the top. Lower, he could see the darkness of her vagina, almost hidden by her thighs and her swollen labia.

Felicity in turn lay watching him undress, while he studied her naked body. She didn't attempt to hide herself in any way. In fact, she watched the last of his clothes drop to the floor. His cock, which she'd sucked dry only yesterday, was rampant, pointing upwards,

moving with his pulse. She studied it, while he looked between her thighs. It was almost like a standoff. She couldn't help herself, and gradually moved her knees outwards, watching his face. He took a step closer to her, his cock closer to her face. She wondered if he wanted her to suck it again, but instead, he took hold of it and very unhurriedly moved his hand along its length and back. She moved her knees outwards more, feeling her labia separate, exposing her entry to his gaze. He moved closer still, his thighs now pressing against the side of the bed, his crown directly over her.

He carried on gently moving his hand along his shaft, not wanting to cum. On the return, he pulled his foreskin slowly back, his purple helmet shaped glans emerging, suddenly seeming to pulse just inches above her. She reached up and pushed his hand away, her own tiny fingers wrapping around it. Dale glanced at his pre-cum covers fingers and moved his hand down to her spread pudenda. As he touched her, he felt her thighs move even further apart, her knees now pressed to the eiderdown, in a way only little girls can manage. His wet, slippery, slimy fingers trailed through her wide open cleft, exploring her and arousing her even more.

Dale would never tire of feeling a girl for the first time. He was certain, like faces, every one was different. Her mound was firm, yet soft and warm to the touch, her dimple deep and teardrop shaped as it led down into her cleft, now stretched apart with the position of her thighs. Her vagina was tiny but dilated. He could see her hymen was stretched across her passage, the oval shaped hole just below centre seeming to open and close with her pulse.

He glanced at her face for a second and saw she had opened her mouth and long string of pre-cum stretched from his crown to her tongue. He pressed his finger into her vagina, feeling her labia caress his finger as it slipped into her. He turned his hand so his thumb nudged her clitty, making her jerk slightly. He moved it against her, watching as her little nub grew visibly in moments. She started to lift her bottom up and down in time with his masturbation of her clitty. She kept one hand on his cock, but grabbed his wrist with the other, pulling him harder into her, just as her orgasm crashed in.

He watched in fascination as his middle finger was forced into her, by her own action, tearing her hymen. She winced, but her ongoing climax quickly surged like a wave of pleasure, the sharp stab of pain she'd felt, seeming to evaporate. He looked down and saw she was milking his end, with her hand moving back and forth, a thick string of pre-cum now running from his tip to her pursed lips, which were sucking it in.

Her climax finally eased off. It was time. He turned and taking the face flannel from the washstand, wiped his bloodied hands before cleaning the blood oozing from her vagina down towards her bottom. She was so distracted by the intensity of her declining orgasm, she never registered what he was doing.

He decided as she was a vicar's daughter, he should take her missionary style. She looked at him as if reading his mind. She knew what he - they wanted. Felicity had an interesting physical ability. Apart from being what is commonly called double jointed, she could bring her legs up and tuck her feet behind her head. This had one or two benefits for Dale. Firstly she was so wide open, he had the pleasure of looking deep into her as he got into position. Secondly, it kept her legs out of his way, because he instinctively knew she wanted him in her deep and hard.

Starting on his knees, he shuffled up to her. She was a little lower than he wanted, so he grabbed a thick pillow with one hand and lifting her bottom with the other pushed the pillow under her.

Felicity lay there, her feet tucked behind her, her bottom up in the air. She was in a dream world. She met this man briefly on a train only the previous day and had given him a blow job, swallowing all his cum. Until she'd got on that train, she'd always thought of herself as a prim, respectable vicar's daughter, who would one day marry a clergyman herself and have lots of his children. Instead, she had suddenly discovered a side to herself she had been completely unaware of. Last night after she had got home, she told her mother she wasn't feeling too well and wanted to go to bed early. In reality, she wanted to find out more about her young body and see if she could repeat the feelings Gabbi and Amelia had given her. She kept thinking about Dale's big cock and what it had felt like in her hand, what it had tasted like, the feelings it had given her in her pussy as she sucked him. And Gabbi and Amelia had touched and licked and made her cum too. They were girls! But what had made her really tingle down there was when her mother had later told her she was going to Dale's house for a few days over Christmas. She knew what would happen, and within an hour of arrival, she had proved herself right.

She looked up at him. He was a senior officer, a colonel in the British army that was fighting the hated hun, who she knew bayoneted children and ate babies. She shuddered. He was everything she dreamed of in a hero. Young, good looking, strong, fighting the hated enemy, from a wealthy family and very, very sexy. For years, she'd always thought of herself in the image of her mother. But then she'd met Dale and in less than twenty four hours, she was going to let him fuck her. Did she want him? Did she want this? Oh yes! She knew her life would never be quite the same after today. She knew she had no regrets and she knew she would have none tomorrow either.

And so it was as she watched him get into position, she knew this was the moment and as he touched her pussy with the tip of his cock, she involuntarily lifted her bum up to meet him. She came that very moment and when she thought back afterwards in the days and years that followed, she would recall her cum continued non-stop until long after it ended a whole hour later in such a spectacular way.

Dale didn't want to hurt the girl, but at the same time, he knew she was one of the most sensual girls he'd ever come across and he was as anxious to fuck her as she was to let him. He applied pressure, feeling his crown sink into her slippery entry. He eased back as soon as his rim popped through her tight cuff of muscle. At this point, when fucking a new girl, he usually paused for a few minutes to let her dilate; so was surprised when he felt her little hands grasp his hips and pull him into her. He neither pushed nor held back, but let her guide him into her. He always took such joy feeling his crown peel open a virgin's passage as he sank deeper into her, knowing he was her first. But he was unaware of the joy she was feeling at that very moment, as her hero's cock filled her up, giving her such continual pleasure.

Dale knew she was different to the other twelve girls he'd fucked over the last six months. Perhaps number thirteen was going to be his lucky number. Suddenly he pushed into her rubbery cervix, making her gasp, her eyes popping open wide. But, unlike the other girls, instead of her cumming gently, her eyes narrowed, as if she planned for more, a great deal

more. He pulled back and thrust gently into her again, but she had different ideas and in moments uncoiled her legs and hooked them over his shoulders at the same moment she grabbed his hips and pulled hard, forcing him into her. Dale was many things, but where it came to underage fucking he wasn't backward at coming forward. Realising what she wanted, he took hold of her hips and thrust into her harder, pulling back and thrusting again and again, feeling her pulling him hard too.

He decided this girl needed something special, something memorable as his cock sank deep into her yet again. So taking hold of her around her waist, he lifted her easily up. He twisted round and sat on the edge of the bed before standing up. They were clinging together. Her legs over his shoulders, her arms clasped around his neck. His fingers were interlocked behind the small of her back, taking her weight. He then started to thrust harder and she began to swing like a pendulum as his hips moved forwards and backwards. Soon they built up a momentum with their hips moving away from each other, before sweeping together with a slap. Dale knew he wasn't hurting her, because as they came together each time, she was pulling him hard into her with her arms.

She'd been cuming from the start, gently pulsing on his cock, as she moaned quietly, but what happened next took him by surprise. The first sign was when he felt her vagina start to clamp harder on him. Then she started to call out, like a distant animal at night might call out. At first it was almost a whisper, but soon grew louder, until it was almost a scream.

Felicity's tormented mind was somewhere on another planet. She didn't know if it was raining or Tuesday. All she knew were the incredible feelings surging through her body every time he thrust into her. She'd never felt anything like it. She just couldn't get enough, it was just too good. Every time she felt him pressing into her, she wanted it harder, deeper, faster. Such pleasure, such ecstasy. All her life she'd had to obey her strict parents, who had little regard for their daughter's pleasures and comforts. She been fed small amounts of plain food, while they had eaten grander fare.

They had adopted the attitude of spare the rod and spoil the child, which she had received regularly. But the humiliation of her father watching her being punished by her mother on her naked bottom and then him running his clammy fingers over her body afterwards, supposedly to see if she'd been punished hard enough, had built a resentment within her. It was only last week her fathers fingers had pressed into her cleft and slipped down to her vagina, feeling inside her. What would he say next time, when he found she was a virgin no longer? Right now she couldn't care less, as Dale's rock hard cock kept making her feel wonderful, hitting that 'spot' deep inside her, which she'd felt tingling all these years and never been able to relieve.

Dale suspected the loud cries, which Felicity was unaware she was making, could be heard all over the house. Dale, still standing in the middle of the room, holding her, knew what would happen, turned so Felicity's back was towards the door, as he pounded into her, their bottoms moving like reciprocating pendula. Her legs had moved down from his shoulders now and were clamped round his waist, pulling him into her with every thrust he made. His hands under her bottom, taking her weight.

Dale felt the early signs of his oncoming orgasm and held back as long as he could. Over her shoulder, he saw the door handle turn and the door slowly, quietly swing open. In the

doorway, were his mother and Aunt Evelyn, holding hands, smiles of reminiscences painted on their faces, remembering their brother Henry and how he used to do this with them so often.

Suddenly he was blasting deep into Felicity's immature womb, his semen filling her up, again and again. Her head tilted back, her face upwards, her mouth open wide, eyes screwed up tight, as the final moments of the ultimate pleasure of her first time surged through her body. It felt so good, she thought she was going to faint, but she was determined to enjoy every last moment so hung on; the first time in her life when she had truly felt she could let herself go. Over and over he pulsed into her filling her body and soul. At last it ended. They stilled, the perspiration damp between them on this cold late December day. Neither moved for a whole minute. Dale smiled at his mother and aunt, who nodded approvingly, before backing out of the door and pulling it to.

CHAPTER 19

Vimy

Dale only had ten days leave. With a day and a half of travel each way, it left him one week at home. He made good use of every minute. His cock had never felt so sore. But with eight young girls to look after, all anxious to have their share of his time, he was kept a very busy man. He knew Christmas would be a very special day. He had called in to a French toy shop when he'd been in Albert and bought each of the English girls a French toy or game or doll, depending on their age. He had also called into a different type of French toy shop, where he purchased a little surprise for each of them. And once he was back in England, he had managed to buy Amelia and Gabbi each an English present. He knew each girl would also expect a personal present from Dale and that his mother would insist they each had one in order of age, as she always did.

Every night he went to bed knowing his bed would already be occupied before he got there. The girls developed a rota between themselves and a game in which two or three of them would hide under the bed-sheet while he got undressed and extinguished the flame in the bedside lamp. The game was to guess who was in his bed only using his fingertips. By morning, each pussy would be red with use and each bum or mouth similarly well used.

Two days before his leave ended, Christmas arrived. The snow was falling heavily once more driven by gale force winds and no one wanted to go outside. So after a late breakfast, following several hours when all the girls were in the large bed in their room with Dale, they moved into the Withdrawing Room, where the large fir tree, cut from the woods above the house, stood, decorated with many hand made stars and ribbons and wooden soldiers and sparkling glitter and candles.

The girls all opened the presents from Dale first, then the parcels their mothers had given them, dresses as usual and finally, Dale produced a little sack about the size of a pillow case. Inside were eight identical parcels, all wrapped in brown paper and tied up with hemp twine. He told them not to open them until he gave the word.

"Alright, girls, one two three, go," he said, watching as they all ripped the paper from the toy inside. They sat puzzled, looking at the long round items in their hands. They had handles much like a hair brush, but the end was made of ebonite, a hard black material. They were six inches long and about an inch and a half in diameter. Along their length, they had little ridges and grooves. He smiled as one by one they realised what they could be used for.

"How did you know to buy eight?" asked Aunt Evelyn. "You didn't know Felicity would be here when you were in France."

"No, you're quite right," he responded, "but then I thought you can never have too many useful toys, and I think while I'm away, they might get used." There was a pause, then Dale reached into the little sack and pulled one last item from it. It was wrapped in a similar manner to the others, but it was longer. He handed it to his mother and said: "Happy Christmas." She took it and she and Evelyn unwrapped it together. Inside was a longer version of what the girls had been given, except it had no handle, but was double ended. The women looked at it, then suddenly realised what it was for and despite the openness in this house about incestuous, lesbian and underage sex, both blushed.

"Thank you Dale," said Millicent smiling. "I'm sure it will come in handy, even if you do never see it used."

Dale smiled at his mother, his mind drifting back to a comment Brigadier Vickers had made, a little unsure how to broach the subject. They both turned and were now standing watching the antics of the girls playing.

"I spoke to my brigadier just before I came home. He asked me to give you his best wishes," he said in a low tone.

She glanced at him for a moment. "Yes we knew him back in South Africa just before the war with the Boers. He was a captain back then."

"We knew him?" challenged Dale, who was very perceptive where it came to his mother.

"I knew him," she conceded. There was a long pause, while he let his mother come to a decision. "You know, don't you?" she declared.

"Tell me about it," he said.

"Your father was drugging me every night and raping me, trying to force me to give him a child. It just never happened though. I realised later he must be impotent, because I never became pregnant, but the drugging and raping went on. Somehow the captain found out what was going on and demanded your father explain himself. But he was drunk and arrogant, as usual. There was a terrible row in the officers' mess and it ended with a fight. The Colonel came in and ordered them into his office the following morning. Your father was cashiered and Captain Vickers exonerated when witnesses supported his statement. Your father was sent to Cape Town in disgrace, where I followed a week later to catch the boat home."

"Go on," Dale prompted.

"Captain Vickers became my protector during that week, ensuring no one took advantage of me. One thing led to another, and, well we became lovers...." She lapsed into silence.

"So Vickers is my father," he said. He suddenly realised he was pleased with the news. She silently nodded. "Well I can tell you he is one of the men I most respect in the army and if one could choose one's parents, he'd probably be right at the top of the list." He put his arm around his mother's shoulder and hugged her into his side. No further words needing to be said.

As the day wore on, Dale took the girls one-by-one upstairs to his room in order of descending age. His mother had told the girls they could have one hour with Dale and no more. He was allowed half an hour in between to recover. He asked each of them how they would like to spend their hour. The first was Alice, who was now almost twelve. Her first hair was just beginning to show and her boobs were now the size of half lemons. When he asked her the question, she said without hesitation: "Fuck me in my pussy from behind, Dale. Nice and hard. You know how I like it. I love it when I hear you slapping against me."

The next, of course, was ten year old Mary, who always loved oral sex and insisted on a sixty nine, but told him when he knew the end was coming, he had to stop and finish off in her pussy.

Each girl had her own preference on how they wanted Dale to use his cock on them. Gabbi and Emily wanted it up the bum, as his fingers worked their swollen clitties while Felicity wanted to wrap her legs around Dales waist and pull him deeply into her as hard as possible.

It was midnight before he finally came in Amelia's tiny pussy. Her cries of "Mon dieu," rang around the house letting everyone know Dale had finally given each of them their last Christmas present. He was glad he ended with the youngest, because he found them more arousing than the older girls nearing puberty; and with eight to satisfy, he wasn't sure if he had the stamina to manage them all. He needn't have worried, because Amelia was so tight on him, she wrung out every last drop of semen he'd got left. He reckoned he wouldn't be able to fuck again for weeks. But as far as his mother and Evelyn were concerned, he was going off to fight for his country a satisfied man.

Millicent had arranged with Mrs. Foster for Dale to escort Felicity to Exeter, when he set off on his journey back to Southampton. They had a compartment to themselves and Dale wasted no time, once the train set off, in getting his cock deep inside the nine year old. He knew it could be weeks or months before he had another chance with a pre-teen; although his track record so far had supplied plenty of underage pussy. When he arrived at Exeter, he had a two hour wait for his connection and sat in the waiting room with Felicity.

"Did you enjoy your Christmas, Felicity?" he asked. He was surprised when she wiped a tear from her eye. "What's the matter?"

"I don't want to go home," she sobbed, suddenly inconsolable. "I want to stay with Aunty Millicent and Aunty Evelyn and all the girls..... And you."

Dale didn't know what to say. He had little experience in placating girls when they were really upset and decided an arm around her shoulder and some soft words were all he could provide. It was with some relief he saw Mrs. Foster alight from her train and head towards the waiting room.

"Ah, Colonel Winchester," she said breathlessly, "I am glad I've caught you. Something has cropped up since we last met." Felicity managed to hide her tear streaked face from her mother, who seemed uninterested in her daughter anyway, despite not having seen her for the week over Christmas. She blew her nose on the handkerchief Dale had leant her.

"Well," the woman continued, "my husband was promoted bishop, but not of Plymouth, as we thought, but Cape Town." She paused, assessing how he was going to react to what she was about to say. "Felicity will have to go to boarding school and spend her holidays with my mother in Ireland." She paused for a few seconds. "Unless, of course your mother would be willing to be her guardian while we are away."

Dale was stunned. The woman was effectively hoping to hand her only child over to the care of an unrelated family, while she swanned off to warmer climes. Meanwhile, Felicity had stopped blubbing and had gone quiet, listening to the conversation. Dale discussed the financial arrangements, schools and other practical matters, before saying he would telephone his mother and make the arrangements.

Ten minutes later, he put the phone down in the Station Master's office and turned to Mrs. Foster. "That is all arranged," he said. "Mama says if you take Felicity down in the morning, she will meet you off the train." Mrs. Foster asked if she might telephone her husband. The Station Master nodded and left. Dale and Felicity took the opportunity of leaving together.

As soon as they were out of sight in the outer office, Felicity threw her arms around Dale's waist, her cheek pressed to his chest. "Thank you, thank you, Dale," she kept repeating. She stood on tiptoes and puckered her lips in invitation. They kissed passionately, curtailing it in case they were interrupted. "Dale," she whispered, grinning, "now that I am going to live with you, we'll be able to fuck as often as we like."

"You're a very naughty girl, Felicity," he said.

"Yes," she replied grinning at him mischievously, "but I do know how to keep secrets."

He was about to kiss her again, when suddenly the door swung open and in swept Mrs. Foster. "Well that's all arranged," she said in a business-like tone.

Dale rejoined his regiment the following evening. He made his way down to brigade headquarters and found Vickers sitting pouring over a map with a bottle and half full glass of scotch being used as paper weights.

"Ah Winchester, my boy!" he exclaimed on seeing Dale enter. "Had a good leave, I trust?"

"Thank you Sir, yes," he replied. "I gave your message to Mama," he added.

Vickers stared at Dale for several seconds. "She told you didn't she?" he said, dropping his pencil onto the map. Dale didn't need to reply, his face said everything Vickers needed to know. "Well I'm glad you know, my boy, but I want you to know one thing," he raised an eyebrow and looked steadily at Dale. "None of the medals, nor the promotions had anything to do with it. You earned those on your own account. Talking of which." He opened his desk drawer and pulled out a small cardboard box, which he tossed onto the desk in front of Dale. "Another gong to add to your collection," he smiled for the first time. "This one's from the Frogs. It's for saving those two girls lives. Mason got one as well. Good man Mason." Before Vickers closed the drawer, he pulled a glass out and placing it on the map, filled it and his own glass. "After this is all over, if you want, there's a job waiting for you in the family business. My cousin runs the place for now it's in Kent, a place called Crayford."

"Oh," said Dale, surprised at the offer, "what do they make, Sir?"

"Can't you guess? They make machine guns, Vickers machine guns." Dale was very familiar with the weapon. The fact that his commanding officer was a member of the family that made one the best machine guns ever built, never crossed his mind. "Now, Dale," he said, using his first name for the first time, "let me bring you up to date on the campaign here....."

It was a few days later, Dale had his regular weekly letter from his mother. She gave as much information about the girls as she could, knowing the army censor would read every letter sent to and from the front. Felicity had settled in well into the household and participated in all the games children like to play. She especially enjoyed using her present Dale had given her for Christmas, as did all the girls. She had seemed almost unconcerned at the news of her parents, when travelling on a troopship to South Africa a few days earlier, had been killed, when the ship had been torpedoed off the coast of German South East Africa.

The taking of Vimy Ridge was nothing short of a minor miracle. The Germans knew the attack was to take place, where and when. But nothing had prepared them for the meticulously well planned assault which took place commencing the day after Easter Sunday, on 9th April 1917. 17 mines were planned, but in the end only 14 laid. When blown, they destroyed huge sections of the German trenches, rendering them in effect open ground. The tunnels so carefully dug over the previous many months allowed the men to be protected until the last moment, as they emerged right in front of the enemy lines. As a result, with the help of techniques developed by men like Dale Winchester and William Staff, creeping barrages and tank cover, the ridge, which had taken so many French lives the previous year, fell relatively quickly. In four days the battle was over and the casualty list tiny, compared to the Somme or Verdun.

But fate had other Ideas for Dale, Mason, Staff and many others, because soon they were to be posted north to Flanders and the mud and the blood and the deathly tragedy, which was to become known forever as the Battle of Passchendaele.

The End

Look out for the final story in Dale's trilogy, set in Flanders.

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Cast of Characters

Dale Winchester – protagonist.
Millicent – Dale's mother.
Aunt Evelyn – Millicent's sister
Henry – Millicent and Evelyn's dead brother and former lover
Alice – 11 – Evelyn's daughter
Emily - 9 – Evelyn's daughter
Lucy - 7 – Evelyn's daughter
Mary – 10 - Dale's sister, Millicent's daughter
Clare – 8 - Dale's sister, Millicent's daughter
Company Sergeant Major (C.S.M.) Mason – Dale's senior N.C.O. later Major Mason.
Colonel Vickers – Dale's regimental commanding officer
Captain Sellers – Company commanding officer
Captain William Staff – Captain in Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry
Claudine – Farmer's wife prostitute mother of Constance & Celine
Constance – 8 Claudine's daughter
Celine – 6 Claudine's daughter Constance's sister
Reverend Evans – British army padre
Rochelle – Claudine's friend
Nicoline – 8 Rochelle's daughter
Gabriel (Gabbi) – 8 nearly 9 - trapped in the crypt.
Amelia – 6 Gabbi's sister - trapped in the crypt.
Felicity – 9 - Vicar of Salcombe's daughter
Rev. & Mrs. Foster Vicar of Salcombe & wife

Historical Note: All the key historical events actually took place and the locations described above all played a part in the "war to end all wars". The Great War was fought across the globe and the adventures which Dale had, only demonstrate small parts of the

overall action. But as the war was incredibly wasteful of every resource, especially human lives it ultimately became one of attrition. Every battle on every front, sea and air contributed to the eventual defeat of Germany from sheer exhaustion, starvation of the civilian population and the collapse of industry to continue to supply their military machine.

The Somme, Verdun and Passendaele campaigns are just three examples of the incredible wastefulness prevalent in military circles at that time. Something which modern populations would never tolerate today. Vimy Ridge on the other hand demonstrates that even in the midst of that awful war, military victory could be achieved if sufficient planning and preparation was invested in advance.