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## The Passion of Dale Trilogy. Part 3 – Passchendæle

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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, now a colonel is sent to Ypres for the forthcoming battle of Third Ypres, where he meets Sophie, in the ruins of the ancient city, where they quickly build a long lasting relationship. He sees William Staff there, who has met a young girl too. Over the next few months, their friendship deepens, as does their relationship with the two girls, while the fight, which became known as Passchendæle ground on to a bloody conclusion in November 1917.

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

## CHAPTER 1

### Messines

Dale watched in horror as the ground heaved beneath the enemy trenches, then seemed to lift higher and higher into the air. At first he felt the earth shaking, then felt the explosions, over a mile distant. Finally, the shock wave arrived and knocked him off his feet. The power and force sucked the air from his lungs. It was the most devastating thing he'd ever witnessed.

This was just one of nineteen such mines set off under the German lines, using a total of 454 tonnes of Ammonal high explosive. It was to be the largest man-made explosion ever, until Hiroshima, twenty eight years in the future. Dale didn't know it then, but later learnt that about 10,000 German soldiers lost their lives in those moments, as the nineteen mines along a seven mile stretch erupted, changing the geography of the landscape and the history of the war. The whole line from Ploegsteert Wood (affectionately called Plugstreet by the Tommies), through Messines and Wytschæte (Whitesheet) to Mt. Sorrel was wide open.

The following few days saw one of the greatest advances of the Allied forces, as the German defences collapsed. After three days, the Messines Ridge had been taken. That high ground which had allowed the enemy to bombard the British for so long. But Dale was fuming. He continually remembered the phrase attributed to General Ludendorff

'Lions led by donkeys.' "How true," he thought ruefully. It wasn't that the assault was risky or in any way a failure. Far from it. But a waste of an opportunity which would be regretted in a few month's time.

The Battle of Arras, part of the Nivelle Offensive, which Dale had played such an important role at Vimy, essentially failed. True, Vimy Ridge had been successfully taken on the left flank, but like so many other campaigns in that war, the French main assault further south, towards Arras itself, ground to a stalemate. The French army was now in dire straits. Mutiny and desertions commonplace. Something had to be done. So the British agreed to try and relieve the pressure off them. It was proposed the long laid mines under the Messines Ridge could be fired as a prelude to an assault to take the high ground. Dale argued with General Gough that they should drive on sweeping round to the north and take Geluvelde, Brooseinde, Passchendæle and onto Dixmunde, where all the farmland to the north had been flooded early in the war to hold back the German invasion.

"You seem to be a highly opinionated young man," said the general at the staff meeting before the attack. "The objective is to relieve the French. We don't have the resources to mount a major advance."

"But, Sir," pressed Dale, "the objective is to win the war. If we hold back and wait until we have the manpower in place in a month or two, we could drive the Germans right out of West Flanders."

"I am not asking you how to win the war, young man," said Gough in a condescending tone, "I am telling you what you are going to do, how and when. Anyway General Haig has already decided how this is to be run, so there will be no further debate on the subject."

And so over the few days following June 7<sup>th</sup> 1917, the mines were blown and Battle of Messines was fought and won. Over the next week, the Germans rushed reinforcements to meet the new threat, both sides dug in and other than the British taking a few miles of precious high ground, the two sides now faced one another, in much the same positions they had done when the original trenches had been dug in 1914.

Of course, Dale's Brigade was heavily involved in the advance. He and Major Mason thoroughly briefed their men and ensured as few were killed and injured as possible. But Dale was incredibly frustrated by the high command and their waste of a perfect opportunity to really put the enemy on the retreat. Unbeknown to him, as they cleared the German trenches close to Wytschæte, a certain Corporal Hitler had been wounded during their attack.

*Author's note: Hitler was injured in the shoulder at Wytsghæte, but earlier in the war.*

So, after a few days, Dale's brigade was relieved and sent the six miles back to Ypres, where they were to be held in reserve. Marching across the moat, over the shattered old stone bridge and through the Menin Gate, Dale looked at the ancient city wall defences designed by the French architect Vauban back in the seventeenth century. They were impregnable to modern artillery, because behind the brick outer walls was a second inner wall thirty or forty metres back and in between was an earth rampart to a height of thirty or forty feet, beneath which were vast vaulted cavernous areas, now used to accommodate thousands of men and their equipment.

Dale desperately needed three things. Firstly billets for his men, before enemy shelling of the city caused further casualties. Secondly he needed to get his head down for a long sleep, having had almost none for the last week and thirdly, he hadn't had a fuck since he left Vimy three weeks ago and that had been an unsatisfactory sixteen year-old prostitute who'd charged him five Francs. His cock had rattled around in her overused cunt. She had smelt of garlic, body odour and halitosis. Not only that, he had thought that everyone had the right to be ugly, but she had abused the privilege. No, Dale knew what he wanted and he wanted it soon, but in this strange, ruined city, didn't know where he would find it. He needn't have worried, because it found him soon enough.

Mason, knowing Dale hadn't slept much in the last ten days suggested to him that he should go off and get some rest. Dale normally would have waited until he knew all the men were settled in, but on the insistence of Mason agreed to go. He walked through the cobbled streets, looking at the remains of the medieval city. He came across the huge market square in the centre, still dominated by what was left of the Cloth Hall, built in the thirteenth century, now a pile of rubble with part of the great tower still looming above.

On he walked, passed a pair of decomposing dead horses still lying in their traces attached to what had once been a farm cart. Dale felt depressed seeing this once great wool trading town shattered and ruined. He trudged on now uncertain of his way to the senior officer's mess he'd been directed to within the western ramparts of the city.

He walked passed St. Martin's church, and saw a hand written sign 'Elverdingestraat', which he'd been told to look out for, leading towards the Poperinge Road. As he left the confines of the churchyard, he heard a sobbing sound. He turned and at first, in the gloomy light of the fading day, couldn't make out where the sound came from. Then he saw a hunched figure kneeling over what looked like a fresh dug grave. A rough wooden cross, made from scraps of timber, tied at the intersection with some hemp string had been pressed into the soft soil. Three names had been written in charcoal on the patibulum.

He walked towards the figure. He realised it was a young girl. She looked up at him, tears streaming down her dirt smudged cheeks. She was so grubby it was difficult to pinpoint her age, but she might have been nine or ten. She was about to speak, but seeing his uniform, she hesitated, then spoke in halting French rather than her native Flemish.

"They were my parents and brother," she stated, turning back to the grave, straightening a spray of flowers laying on the raised hump. Dale thought the flowers looked incongruous given he hadn't seen a single flower since arriving in Flanders. "They all died last week when a shell hit our house." She pointed across the street to what had once been a shop. A sign hung, at a drunken angle, from a single iron fixing read: 'Kleermaker' (tailor).

"Where are you living now?" he asked kindly. She grimaced and shrugged, then pointed back at the pile of stone, brick and tiles which had once been her home. "There is a cellar below," she explained. "We were all living down there, but when the shell hit, I was the only one there. The others were all upstairs." She wiped away more tears, leaving another smear of dirt on her cheek, from her hands, still covered in earth from the grave.

Looking at her, he could see her cheeks were sunken and her bare arms and legs skeletally thin. "When did you last eat," he asked her. She shrugged again, indicating it had been some days.

Dale always carried a knapsack on occasions like this with his few belongings and a supply of food, which had sustained him on more than one occasion up in the line. He pulled out a piece of bread and watched as her eyes told him she must be starving. Her body craved food. He broke a piece off and handed it to her and watched as she pushed it into her mouth as if it might try and escape her clasp.

"I am looking for the officers' mess. I'm told it's at the end of Elverdingestraat," he explained. "Am I going in the right direction?" She nodded and without turning pointed down the street where he'd seen the sign.

He looked up at the clouds building rapidly above. "Looks like we're in for some rain again," he observed. "If you know somewhere dry, I'll see what food I have in here," he said, tapping the knapsack. Dale wondered how far he could get with this girl. He couldn't judge her personality; she hadn't said enough yet. But he wondered if she might let him feel her up for a few mouthfuls of food. Perhaps she might even give him a hand job.

She turned and took his hand in hers and tugged at him, hurrying him along, obviously anxious to get out of the impending rainstorm and eat some of the food he'd offered as soon as she could.

They entered the wrecked building via a path which led between her home and the next property, which looked on the point of collapse. Along the path an open door hanging askew on one hinge swung slightly in the light wind. The girl nimbly stepped over a pile of masonry into the room inside. Dale followed, peering into the gloom. He heard the first pitter-patter of large drops of rain behind him. The prelude to a heavy summer storm.

The girl picked up a finger grip candle holder and taking a Lucifer from the dish, struck the match across the table, before bringing the flame to the half used candle in the holder. The room had once been a workroom for the tailor and remnants of cloth lay scattered amongst the piles of fallen masonry, giving testimony to its use. Three areas of the floor had been cleared, where Dale could see bloodstains. Presumably the girl's family died here.

Holding the candle high in front of her, she led the way to what had once been a staircase leading upstairs. Beneath, was another flight of stairs with a door leading down to a cellar below. She glanced at Dale and waving her free hand to him, walked down. Below was in sharp contrast to the scene above. The cellar had clearly been used as a living space by the family for some time. There was a large double bed in one corner and a smaller one, separated from the other by a sheet hanging from a stretched wire. There was a table and chairs, some easy chairs and even a bookcase with some dog-eared paperbacks in lines on the shelves. There was another bookcase with many leather bound hardback books. Someone here was a serious reader. At the far wall, was a sink and small stove, with pans hanging from hooks above.

She placed the candle holder down on the table and lit a hurricane lamp hanging from a hook in one of the beams overhead, lighting the room with a warm glow. He could see the

room was clean and tidy, despite what had taken place above. She turned and watched as Dale placed his knapsack onto the table and item by item, unpacked the food from it. There were two large baguettes, some cheese, a bottle of red wine, some locally produced sausage and a large piece of ham.

When he had finished he turned to the child and looked at her in the light for the first time. She was surprisingly well dressed. But then with a tailor for a father, perhaps he shouldn't have been surprised. She removed the headscarf she'd worn outside and draped it over the back of a chair, then slipped off her thick dark green cotton felt jacket. She turned to an enamel basin, part filled with water and quickly washed her grubby hands and face. She looked at him and in that moment he realised just how beautiful she was. She had long strawberry blond hair, framing an oval face. Her bright green eyes seemed to look right through him. She had a narrow perky nose with a cute turned up end, narrow chin with a dimple in the centre, pink, narrow lipped mouth and high cheek bones accentuated by her underfed appearance.

"My name's Dale," he said as he cut a slice of meat from the chunk of ham, "what's yours?"

"Sophie," she said, looking hungrily at the food as it had appeared in front of her. He handed her a baguette and the slice of ham, now pinned on the point of his knife. She sat down and surprised him again by taking a plate and putting the food on it, before picking up a knife and fork and cut into the meat. She couldn't hide the haste she shoved the food into her mouth, making Dale wonder if she could suck his cock as quickly.

Dale hadn't long eaten, so putting various items on her plate, went to the big bed and sat on the edge, watching her eat. She ate politely, delicately and ravenously, clearing half the food in a couple of minutes. Suddenly, he felt overwhelmingly tired. He pulled his boots off and undid his Sam Browne belt, slipped his jacket off and swung his legs up.

## **CHAPTER 2**

### **Sophie**

Dale woke up with a start. Another shell had hit the Cloth Hall tower less than two hundred yards away. He stared up at the ceiling of the room, trying to recall where he was. He opened his trench watch and saw he'd slept for twelve hours straight. He was still tired and almost fell into a doze, before he heard water being tipped into a basin from a jug. He glanced across the room towards the sound and saw Sophie standing over the basin, washing her hands and face. She was dressed in a long heavy cotton nightgown. She turned towards him, his eyes were closed. He must still be asleep, she decided. She slipped the shoulder straps of the gown off and let the garment slip to the floor.

Dale watched through slitted eyes, pretending to be asleep, watching her. She glanced at him several more times to make sure he didn't wake as she picked up a sponge and rubbed some soap into it and dipped it into the water, before starting to rub the sponge up and down one arm then the other, giving herself a thorough strip bath.

He lay there entranced, watching her naked bottom wiggle with the motions of her washing. Her buttocks were full, firm and muscled, despite her having lost weight recently. Her back curved up, dipping inwards as her bottom pushed out towards him. Her shoulders were toned for someone of her age. She had physical strength, not obvious when she was dressed. She washed her chest and tummy, before parting her thighs to clean her pudenda. She rubbed the sponge against herself several times, cleaning her cleft and vagina. Dale could see water running down her inner thighs towards her knees.

She reached behind her and pushed the sponge down through the valley of her bottom, before rubbing it over the cheeks of her tight buttocks. She rinsed the sponge and rubbed more soap into it. She looked at him again, satisfied he still slept, bent forwards to wash her legs. Her feet were a yard apart, as first her anus, then her vulva came into view, opening like a sunflower in the sun. He could see the whole of her cleft, as she reached to wash her feet. Even her clitoris poked out, glistening with damp from her wash. Dale knew if she turned, she would see the bulge in his trousers, so he saw little point in pretending to be asleep any longer. At that moment, she straightened up and dropped the sponge into the basin, before reaching for a small towel hanging beside her.

Sophie dabbed the towel round her ears, neck and shoulders drying herself. She turned facing him, although her eyes were once more focused on the knapsack lying on the table beside her empty plate. She never noticed him watching her as she brought the towel to dry off her face. Dale studied her closely. She was perfect. Her long thin limbs had not an ounce of fat on them. Her knees were a few inches apart thighs tapering up to a delta where they met her mound with a deep crease. Her cleft was deep as she stood directly towards him, splitting her full, hairless mound down the centre, reaching up to her innie tummy button above and sweeping beneath her, towards her vagina below.

"You're looking at me," she said. He looked up. She was frozen in motion, the towel pressed to her chest just beneath her chin.

"Yes, I was," he confessed, his eyes moving back to her perfect body, studying her in detail.

"You're rude," she said, still not moving to hide herself, "my mother says I shouldn't let anyone see me bare." She blinked. He could see she was suddenly thinking of her dead mother.

Trying to distract her, he looked at her face and said: "No, I'm not rude. I would say I am curious."

"Curious?" she asked, really confused, "what do you mean curious? Why are you curious?"

He blatantly looked back at her mound with it's cleft now open deeply to his view, her cowl poking out temptingly. "Oh yes," he said in a tremulous voice, "I am always curious in...err." Suddenly his view was blocked by her little towel instantly covering her mound. He looked up at her face once more, she was pouting at him with a little scowl on her face. Then she realised he was smiling, but not just smiling, he was staring at her boobs. She was only nine, but they had started to develop early. She had small cones about an inch in diameter and height, with peanut sized brown nipples on top, like tiny cherries on a

cupcake. She went to cover herself there, but in so doing gave him another view of her beautiful delta shaped bald mound with it's wonderful cleft.

"I think you should go," she suddenly said, stepping aside behind the screen hanging between the beds, using it to hide herself, unaware that he still had an uninterrupted view of the side of her buttock.

"Yes, you're probably right," said Dale quickly pulling his boots on, watched inquisitively by the girl. He stood and pulled his jacket on, buttoned it. He snapped the Sam Browne belt into place. He reached for his hat and pulled it on. Even to the nine-year-old child, he looked the epitome of a war hero with the scar over his left eye, tussled blond hair and the three medal ribbons on his chest she recognised, awarded for valour. "Well it has been nice to meet you Sophie," he said smoothly. "I am sorry we won't be able to get to know each other better. I was looking forward to that. Thank you for pointing out Elverdingestraat to me," he said, picking up the knapsack. He noticed her eyes were following it closely. "I had been looking forward to having breakfast with you, but now I suppose I must eat alone." He moved to the stairs leading to the shattered room above and looked up. "It sounds as if I am in for a soaking. That storm hasn't let up. But there it is, I have been wet before."

He took the first step up the stairs before she even realised he was leaving. "Wait," she said. He turned and looked at her, his eyebrow raised in question, making him look all the more handsome to the young child.

"Err," she hesitated, wondering what to say. She was so hungry and this British officer had fed her last night without asking for anything in return other than sleeping in Mama's bed, while the storm raged outside. He had seemingly never heard the thunder roaring over the city, while he had slept for so long. And now she had told him to go. All he'd done was look at her. He hadn't hurt her or even touched her. She was desperate to stop him going, but didn't know how. "I haven't thanked you for the food last night." She hesitated, before adding a weak: "Thank you, Dale."

Dale wanted this girl. He'd not had a proper tight fuck for weeks. He realised Sophie had been brought up in a strict, well off family, where propriety was as important as any other virtue. "That's true," he said, "maybe you could show your thanks with a hug." He stepped back to the floor and put his bag down, then held his arms out.

"But, I am bare," she stuttered.

"I am a British officer," he said pompously, "I will close my eyes, I promise I won't look." He shut his eyes, his arms still extended out. She hesitated for a second, then trusting his words, walked quickly to him, throwing her arms round him, feeling his arms wrap around her shoulders and lower back.

"Thank you for the food," she said softly. "It's the first I've eaten since Mama and Papa died last week." Suddenly she felt warmth and security flow through her. The first she'd felt during the many weeks, that her family, home and city had been destroyed. She somehow knew what would happen now, and smiled to herself as she felt his hand slide down over the small of her back and over her naked bottom, cupping both buttocks in the palm of one hand. She could just feel a fingertip pressing into the valley of her bum, but

didn't flinch, struggle or complain. In fact, she regretted it when, after a few seconds, he took his hand away and turned once more to the stairs.

She stood watching his back, as he stepped up, knowing this was her final chance. "Will you come back and see me, Dale?" she asked plaintively.

He knew she was more interested in the food than his company. "Yes, Sophie, if you wish," he replied, "I would like to come and see you." He paused, looking now into her eyes, not her naked body, knowing she was listening to his every word. "I would very much like to come and see you." He paused for several seconds, before adding: "All of you." His eyes flickered down her naked body for a fraction of a second. She blinked, taking in what he'd said. She was an intelligent girl and understood well enough his meaning. Still looking at her face, which was now blushing pink, he added: "Perhaps we can see each other and have a picnic together, just you and me."

"Oh yes," she gushed, "that would be lovely. Where would you like to see me?"

"Oh," he said casually, as he juted his chin over her shoulder towards the big bed, "over there seems perfect to me." Her eyes went wide again as she realised what he meant, while he turned and climbed the stairs. She heard his leather soled boots clumping up the steps, then his voice called down from above: "I need to check on my men and see if we've been called to action. If all is well, I will be back and see you in a couple of hours."

The rain had eased off as he emerged into the gloomy daylight. A thin drizzle was falling steadily as he ran across the huge market square known in Flemish as 'Grote Markt', the other side of the huge ruin of the Cloth Hall. He weaved through the streets finding Mason and the brigade where he'd left them in the vast man made barracks beneath the ramparts.

"I didn't expect to see you here, Sir," said Mason as he rounded a corner, followed by half a dozen other junior officers, all carrying a couple of large stoneware jars marked 'SRD' in black letters around the neck, which stood for 'Supply Reserve Depot' but were often said to represent 'Seldom Reaches Destination' or 'Soon runs Dry'. Dale was always amused by the Tommies' sense of humour. The jars contained neat rum, which was issued to the troops at times like this and immediately before 'going over the top' into battle. Dale certainly didn't begrudge them their pleasure, as he hoped they wouldn't begrudge his, even if they knew about Sophie.

"Don't disturb them, Sir," said Mason. "If they get word you're around, they'll start polishing their boots and shine their brasses. They need rest," he paused, "and if you don't mind me saying so, Sir, so do you. You'll be no use do us dead on your feet when we go into action next." Mason then said in a quiet tone the other officers wouldn't hear: "let me know where you're billeted, Sir. If we need you, I'll send a runner."

Dale scribbled a note with a location and address outlined and handed it to Mason. "I need to pick up some victuals while I'm here," he said.

Mason turned and pointed down the rampart. "The Catering Corps have set up just over there, Sir," he explained, "Round the back is an officers feeding station. The grub in there is as good as I've tasted since Vimy. Have a word with the Sergeant, his name's Jimmy."



When he knows who you are, he'll sort out whatever you need." Mason knew his commanding officer better than Dale realised. His parting shot caught Dale off-guard: "Give my regards to the lass, Sir." Dale turned to him, but Mason had already moved off.

Dale wasted little time and went across to the officer's feeding station. 'Sergeant Jimmy' was on duty, and Dale made himself known. The Sergeant couldn't have been more helpful and invited Dale into the rear storeroom and in effect told him to help himself. He made a pile of all the staples he thought he might need. Not only that, Jimmy found some extras that were 'under-the-counter', like some smoked bacon, stilton cheese, eggs, sugar, butter, jam, soap, blankets, but the last item amazed Dale, when he produced a large joint of sirloin beef, from which he cut some generous steaks. Dale handed Jimmy a shiny gold half sovereign coin. He had long learned that there are occasions when the glint of gold opens doors and Jimmy could prove very useful. Jimmy looked over his shoulder, ensuring they were alone, before reaching into a wooden crate, beneath a pile of sacking, and handed Dale two bottles of Dimple Whisky.

Dale needed to borrow one of Jimmy's large Hessian sacks to carry it all. He was just leaving when Dale asked him if he had any treats children might like and was given a glass jar containing a pound of Dobson sherbet lemons.

### **CHAPTER 3**

#### **Sophie the Show off**

As Dale walked through the deserted ruins of the city, the only sign of life seemed to be numerous crows cawing in the air and rats scurrying on the ground. Other than that, it was eerily quiet. He half expected artillery shells to start dropping again, but he assumed the Germans had decided they'd already achieved the almost total destruction of the ancient city. Even so, he heard the whistle, high overhead of two large calibre shells heading west, perhaps towards the rest and recuperation town of Poperinge, seven and a half miles away.

Skirting round the Cloth Hall and St. Martins, Dale made his way across the Grote Markt, saw the 'Kleermaker' sign and entered the narrow rubble strewn path between the buildings and into Sophie's home. He recalled where she kept the finger handle candle holder and found that she had put it back there for him. Taking one of the Lucifers, he struck the match and lit the stub of candle, enabling him to light the way down the stairs to the cellar. He stepped down into the room, finding his knapsack and sack of supplies competing to get in his way, catching on every protrusion possible.

He looked round the room, getting the impression she had tidied up and swept the already tidy room. He looked across and saw her sitting on one of the straight backed dining chairs by the table. In an instant he took in her image. Her hands were clasped demurely on her lap, head up, back straight. He noticed she was wearing different clothes to before. She now wore a black flared pinafore dress with an apron front and shoulder straps. It was trimmed with red and yellow piping. He realised it was very similar to the Belgium girls' national dress. Beneath she wore a blouse with puffed sleeves and mother-of-pearl

buttons down the front. Under the dress, she wore white stockings and shiny black leather shoes. He got the impression the outfit was probably the very best she possessed. Certainly, like her other garments, all the material looked to him to be of the best quality. Her parents had certainly provided a beautiful wardrobe for their beautiful daughter.

“Hello Sophie,” he said, putting the sack and knapsack on the table, “you’re looking particularly pretty this morning.” He realised it was still only eleven o’clock. He started to empty the contents, placing each item carefully on the table. He noticed her eyes were riveted on the food appearing in front of her. “Would you like to join me for some jentacular delights?” He said pompously, as he lifted and peered at a glass jar labelled ‘confit de canard’. “Do you like duck?” he asked, putting the jar down and picked up the sherbet lemons. He unscrewed the lid and said: “Close your eyes and open your mouth,” she looked at him with distrust on her face, wondering what he was going to do. After several seconds of hesitancy, she finally followed his simple instruction. As soon as she did, he popped a sherbet lemon into her mouth. Instantly her eyes shot wide open, as the intense, sweet and sour flavour sent her saliva glands into overdrive, almost causing her pain. She looked at him for a few seconds, then her face lit up as the wonderful flavour hit her. While her mouth and tongue worked on the sweet, he carried on unpacking the bagged items placing them in neat rows on the table.

After a few minutes, he heard her crunching the glazed exterior of the lemon, knowing the sherbet inside would now flow through her mouth, confirmed when he heard her moan in pleasure. He hoped before too long, he would make her moan in pleasure for different reasons.

She finished the sweet at about the same time as he put the empty bags on the floor. “Are you hungry, Sophie?” he asked the stupidly rhetorical question. “What do you fancy?” He asked as he lifted a plate in one hand and started putting small amounts of food on it with the other. Her eyes darted from one treat to another.

Dale put the plate down and picked up the blanket Jimmy had given him, turned to the large bed and spread the blanket out over it. “Shall we have our picnic here?” He asked, patting the spread blanket. His timing was perfect, as a clap of thunder rumbled overhead as a prelude to another summer rainstorm. “We’ll stay dry in here, I think.”

He moved to the bed and made a pile of pillows at the head, before turning to her and waving his hand, directed her to sit leaning against the pile. She was about to climb onto the bed, when he said: “would you like me to remove your shoes?” She hesitated, sat on the edge of the bed, then lifted one foot, watching him unbuckle the shoe, before lifting the other to do the same.

She was just going to climb onto the bed again, when he interrupted her and said: “Your dress is very beautiful, Sophie. Will it get creased with you sitting on it?” Sophie knew what he wanted. He’d made it clear enough earlier. She stood and slipped the shoulder straps of the lovely black dress off her shoulders and let it drop to the floor. She was now wearing just her white blouse, white stockings, white suspender belt and white lacy silk panties.

Dale put the little plate of food on the blanket, before sitting down to pull off his own boots, Sam Browne belt and jacket. He sat at the foot of the bed, facing her, watching the

expression on her face, as she studied the few mouthfuls of food in front of her, her tongue darting out licking her lips every few seconds.

“Help yourself, Sophie,” he said quietly, indicating the little feast before her, “I would like to sit and look at you. Is that alright?”

She nodded absently, only half listening to him. Dale watched, as Sophie grabbed first one thing, then another, taking bites, chewing and swallowing as quickly as she could. She had grease on her chin from a half eaten chicken drumstick she'd torn the meat from. At last, she stopped. He glanced down and saw she had cleared all the food. Still chewing, she smiled at him and burped. She giggled and leaned back against the pile of pillows. She had been sitting cross legged, but now lifted her knees, placing her feet either side of the plate. Dale watched her watching him, as she let her knees flop to the sides. He looked down for a moment, before looking back at her face. She was smiling; not a 'I've-got-something-you-want-to-see' look, but a 'Thank-you-for-the-food-look-at-me-if-you-want-to', look.

Dale looked. Her silk panties had lace trim around the waist and leg holes. The material was Crêpe de Chine silk and clung to her form. Her mound pushed out at the material, which moulded to her shape, her swollen labia telling him she was more aroused than he'd expected, confirmed when he looked down and saw damp. Just a tiny trace, but damp nevertheless. He could see from the shadow in the cloth her cleft was parted all the way down and under her bottom.

“Would you like something else to eat?” he asked. She nodded silently. As he got up, holding the plate, he suddenly realised how little she had said; how little he knew about her. He put a few more morsels on the plate and placed the plate once more between her feet on the bed. “Would you like me to help you take your blouse off?” he offered. She was once more staring at the food in front of her. She reached out for a piece of cheese, when he said: “Let's just slip this off first, shall we?” She sat holding her arms out, still looking at the food, letting him undo the column of mother-of-pearl buttons down her front and two on each cuff. He slipped the blouse off her shoulders, before she shrugged it down her arms, leaving it behind her against the pillows.

Dale sat on the bed again and studied her, while she again grabbed the food and stuffed it into her mouth as if it might escape. As she moved, with eating and breathing, her torso twisted and turned. Her tiny breasts didn't bounce or move. They were the size of half grapes, an inch in diameter and height, with tiny, but hardened brown nipples. He couldn't wait to suck them, but that would have to wait. His eyes lowered again to her crotch to find her dampness had spread in a long thin line down from her vagina, disappearing under her bottom.

She sighed. He looked at her plate seeing it empty once more. Without saying a word, she handed it to him in expectation. “Would you like a little more, Sophie?” she nodded silently in reply. “Let me get it for you, while you slip those panties off.” She blinked at him. The moment of truth. He got off the bed and once more put a few more mouthfuls of various food items on the plate and stood waiting, as she made her decision, before putting her thumbs into the panty waist and pushed them down and off her legs. He glanced across and saw she was about to unclip the suspender from one of her stockings. “No, leave that on, Sophie, he quietly said, “we can't have you completely naked, can we?”

He handed her the plate and resumed his place at the foot of the bed. Now, she was crouched forward, knees together frustrating his efforts to see her delights. Dale was patient and watched her boobs again, waiting. In less than a minute, she had finished and looked at him, hope on her face as she proffered the plate yet again. He took it from her and sat looking at her face, she at him. The battle of wills went on for over a minute, before she sighed, leant back and let her knees flop open as they'd been before.

Immediately, her whole pudenda opened up to Dale's gaze. She was even more magnificent than he'd anticipated when looking at her in her panties. Her mound was full. He pictured himself cupping it in his hand and letting his middle finger trail through her, now wet, cleft, feeling her, touching her, caressing her. She had a dimple high up on her mons, heralding her cleft, which seemed to go on forever. Part way down, her cowl was being pushed up by her swollen clitoris, which stood like a tiny erection. It looked like it wanted to be played with as much as he wanted to oblige it. Her deep cleft, bordered by her thick labia, swept down to her beautiful vagina, which was open in an oval display of female majesty. It was stunning. Dale had never been able to work out why one pussy looked more beautiful than another. Certainly he couldn't have defined a perfect vagina, but he was looking at one now. The ring of muscle at her entry was stretched pink, just inside, was a wet coral colour and her semi transparent hymen, like a taut drum skin with it's tiny hole just below centre seemed to be shouting to him to feel, touch, molest, enjoy. On downwards he looked, her smooth perineum and beneath, her lovely tiny anus, an asterisk shaped brown recess. He knew, as he handed more food to her, before he left her today both her virginity and her rectum would be his for the taking and take her he certainly would.

"You are very beautiful," he said, his eyes not parting from the vision she'd given him. "Thank you, Sophie," he suddenly said as if it was time to go. "I have enjoyed our time together. I hope you have too. I have many duties to perform, so I had better be about it." He got off the bed and started to put one or two items of food back into the sack, before glancing across at her. She was staring back at him, not sure what to say. The hunger was still writ-clear on her face. She'd eaten some wonderful things, but not enough to satisfy her starving belly by a long way.

"Will I see you again?" she asked him plaintively. "Would you like to come to see me again? All of me?" she echoed his words from earlier. A note of desperation in her tone.

"Would you like that?" he asked. She nodded hopefully. "Would you like me to keep in touch, Sophie?" She nodded again. "Because I like to keep in touch, Sophie."

## **CHAPTER 4**

### **Keeping in Touch**

Sophie glanced down at her own naked body. She was a very intelligent girl. She knew exactly what he had asked in his strange way. "I would like that very much," she said. "Would you like to keep in touch now?"

"That would be nice, Sophie," he said, unpacking the few items from his bag again. "Why not make yourself more comfortable? Let me help you."

Dale stepped to the side of the bed and without waiting, put a hand under her knees and the other across her shoulders. He easily slid her down the bed until just her head was on the pillow. Then, taking two of the redundant pillows, slipped his hand under the small of her back, lifted and placed the pillows under her.

"Are you comfortable, Sophie?" he asked, not waiting for an answer, as he went to the sweet jar and took out another sherbet lemon and saw her mouth was open even before he reached her with it. Already her saliva glands flooded her mouth. The taste sensation was simply wonderful. She was only vaguely aware that he was lifting her legs and spreading them outwards. Sophie had been a ballet prodigy before the war and spreading her legs into a full splits was as nothing to her. Dale watched as her legs moved further and further out. He was used to doing this, feeling girl's legs spring back under muscle tension, but not Sophie, she was used to spreading them. When he lowered her legs to the bed, her feet pointed at ten to two in clock terms. He picked up a chicken leg and put it in one of her hands and the jar of sherbet lemons by her head. She would be content for the next few minutes. He knew he would be too.

Dale looked at her lying on the bed as he slowly took his time and undressed. She crunched the sherbet lemon and moaned as before as the sherbet inside burst throughout her mouth. He noticed, with curiosity, her vagina and anus wink open and closed a couple of times, as if she'd had a mini orgasm. Without pause, she took a bite from the chicken leg and munched, while she watched him strip off.

Dale was, by now, bare chested. He unclipped his braces and let his trousers drop to the floor, stepping out of them, while focusing his attention where Sophie's thighs met and her, now gaping vagina, running with opaque mucous, dribbling through the valley of her bottom onto the pillow below.

He put his thumbs into the waist of his underpants and as he pushed them down, she lifted her head to watch, his cock as it sprung out, her mouth and eyes suddenly going wide, the food momentarily forgotten. "What's that?" she asked, pointing at his now visibly erect penis.

"That's my cock, Sophie," he explained, suddenly realising, from her face, she really didn't know. "I hope you will get to know him well, Sophie."

"But what is it?" she repeated. "My brother didn't have one like that."

Dale realised just how ignorant of some things this otherwise bright and intelligent girl was. He stepped towards her, standing over the bed. "Hold it in your hand, Sophie," he instructed. She didn't hesitate and reached out and took his cock firmly in her hand. "That's right, Grip it hard and push the skin down." He nearly came as his purple head emerged from his foreskin, letting pre-cum dribble onto her arm. "Now squeeze and move your hand up and down it. Oh fuck that's nice," he muttered. He realized it had been so long since his last fuck, he would explode all over her if he didn't stop her soon, so he took a step back. "I will let you get to know him a bit more later, if you like."

"But what is it for?" she asked, confused. "Why is it so big? It felt nice to hold it Dale, can I hold it again?"

He smiled and nodded. "I'll show you what it's for soon," he replied.

Looking at her he realised, from her expression, holding his erection had sparked something deep inside her; a primeval instinct. She was breathing more quickly now, her hand moving to her own cleft without her realising.

She slowly came back to reality and looked at the half-eaten chicken leg in her other hand as if she hadn't realised it was there and, after a moment, took another bite from it.

"I am going to look at you more closely now, Sophie and touch you a little. Is that alright?" he asked. She just nodded, chewing steadily, her concentration now back on the food.

Dale got back onto the foot of the bed and on all fours, moved up close to her wide open pussy. He studied her for a few seconds, taking in every crease and dimple, bulge and fold, the thickness of her labia, even more engorged now than a few minutes ago; her vagina and cleft stretched wide open with her position; her clitoris, now a hardened lump projecting from her cowl. The tension in her was palpable.

Lowering his torso onto the bed, he brought his hands gently to her thighs and with his thumbs pointing inwards, rested them over the crease where her labia met her thighs. She never flinched. He glanced up her body, seeing her nibble at the chicken. He let his thumb tips press against her labia and moved them outwards, opening her vagina even wider. His nose was an inch from her opening. She must have felt his breath, but she never reacted in any way.

He stared into her, taking his time, studying her, possessing her. Her damp, pale pink hymen was stretched across her passage, the little hole below the centre now seeming to dilate, letting him see deeper into her darker interior. He could smell her sex now. Her arousal was flowing freely and Dale didn't want any to go to waste, so he pushed his tongue into her tiny brown asterisk shaped anus and moved upwards, collecting every drop until he reached her opening. He had to pause for a moment, swallowed, then sucked and lapped at her again, before moving up along her cleft towards her clitty. He heard her gasp quietly.

Up until now, Sophie hadn't really reacted in any way. Yes, she knew what he was doing was naughty, but he'd brought some delicious food for her when she'd been so, so hungry. She munched away at the chicken, which was one of her favourite meats. She thought about Dale and what he was doing. It felt tickly in a funny way. Every now and then, a pulse of pleasure seemed to surge through her, down there. It felt quite nice, but she didn't know why. Every now and then, it made her gasp.

Mama had never told her anything about 'down there'. She'd always said it was dirty and never to touch or let anyone else see her there. Then she'd seen Dale's big thingy. It had made lots of nice tingles suddenly surge through her couchie. He'd said it was called a cock. She remembered her younger brother showed her his when he was six. She only saw it that once, because Mama caught them and after a spanking, sent them both to bed

with no supper. But she'd looked at, and felt Dale's cock. It was hard, but soft at the same time. It was hot to touch and seemed to ooze that slippery stuff, which she'd got all over her fingers.

Suddenly she felt him pull her open. It didn't hurt. In fact it felt quite nice. She wondered why he even wanted to look at her there. Mama said it was dirty. "He licked me!" she thought. "Yes, he did it again. His tongue touched my bottom – yuck! It's smelly there." Then she felt it move up and into her pussy. "What's he doing now? His tongue is moving again," she thought, as he nearly reached her clitty.

"O MIJN GOD," she suddenly gasped loudly in Flemish, her whole back arching and lifting off the bed, as his tongue made contact with her clitoris and instantly sent pleasant shockwaves shooting through her, as her bottom came back down to the pillows. But it was only a matter of seconds later, she had her first ever climax and this time her reaction was quite spectacular.

"AAAAAHHH," she screamed, completely taken by surprise. Her back arched upwards again, only her feet, head and hands touching the bed for a few seconds. Her bladder let go and before she could control it, a little squirt of urine shot into Dale's mouth, followed almost instantly by some cum juice. Her anus and vagina were gaping open and closed and kept blinking every few seconds as her orgasm went on and on. She started shaking and moaning: "ooohhh nnnnggggg hhaaaaaa ooohhh nnnnggggg hhaaaaaa, o mijn god," as wave after wave of ecstasy flowed through her little underfed body.

Dale kept her going as long as he could. He'd never experienced anything like this girl's climax with any previous partner. Even now, after ten or fifteen minutes, still her pussy pulsed open and closed as she called out, shook and gasped in short breaths. At last, she reached down and pushed his head away from her. He looked up, seeing her fingers intertwined as they pushed at his head, a chicken bone still clutched between them.

"Enough Dale, enough," she muttered, still pushing at his head. Suddenly she flopped back on the bed, her arms spread-eagled, parallel to her legs.

"She might have had enough," thought Dale, "but I haven't even started yet." He wanted to penetrate her in every way possible for as long as possible. But at the same time, he knew he had gone so long without a nice young fuck and was so pent up with what had just happened, his cock was on a hair trigger, and would go off at the slightest stimulation. Then an idea came to him.

"Did you enjoy that, Sophie?" he asked.

"Mmmmm," she murmured, her eyes half closed, as her post orgasmic malaise swept through her, "it was nice." She remained silent, then suddenly asked as she pointed at his cock: "Dale, what's that for? Why is it all hard and why is it dripping."

He was glad she'd asked, it gave him the opening he wanted. "It's my cock," he repeated.

"Yes, I know, you said before, but what's it for?"

"it's for making babies," he said obscurely.

She frowned. "Babies come from God," she said firmly, "everyone knows that and his angels fly down and put them under the gooseberry bush for a mama to find."

"Well that's one idea," he said, "but don't you think what we've been doing is more fun?"

She looked at him unsure. "I 'spose," she muttered uncertainly. "Alright, smarty pants, how do you think it makes babies then, if what my Mama said is wrong?"

"Well, first you have to be much older for a start. You're too young now," he instructed.

"When will I be old enough, then?" she asked, her inquisitive side showing itself.

"When you grow hair here," he explained, tapping her completely hairless mound. He decided not to go into details about periods and menstruation just yet.

"Hmm," she grunted in understanding, "then what?"

"Then I would put my cock in here," he pressed his fingertip gently into the entry of her vagina.

"It's too big to go in there," she stated.

"No, it will go in, but it takes a little while," he said. "I've done it many times, so I know."

"Not with a little girl like me," she stipulated.

"Oh but I have," he smiled at her, "lots of little girls. Some smaller than you."

She looked at him, unsure if he was telling the truth, so decided to bring the conversation back on course. "Alright, so let's pretend you could put it in there, which I don't think you could. What happens then?"

"Well that's the nice part," he said in a relaxed tone. "It goes in, then out again, and back in lots of times and it makes you feel really, really nice, like you felt just now."

"Yes, but that doesn't explain how babies are made," she frowned at him again.

"After a while, he puts his seed into her womb, where the girl makes her eggs," he said, twitching his finger against her opening, knowing her curiosity was his friend.

"What seed?" she was baffled now, realising that he really did mean what he was telling her.

"The seed that's made in here," he said pointing to his balls, which she seemed to only now notice for the first time. "So when the man's cock is inside here," another finger twitch on her pussy, "he squirts it into her and after forty weeks, it makes a baby."

She was completely absorbed now, realising her mother had told her a yarn and Dale was probably telling the truth. "What does this seed look like?"



"Bingo," he thought, "I thought she'd never ask."

"Would you like to see it?" he asked knowing the answer already.

"Yes. Do I need to do anything?"

"You can help, if you like," he said almost sceptically. "I will kneel here with my knees pressed to your bottom and feel your pussy like I did before. You can hold it and squeeze it and rub it like you did before. Maybe, if we're lucky, some seed might come out, then you will see it."

"Do I need to do anything else?" she asked seriously.

"Not really," he said dismissively, "you can taste it as well if you like. Lots of girls really like the taste," he paused, "but really it's only older girls who like to do that," he added unfairly knowing her reaction.

"I'll try," she said defiantly. "What if I don't like the taste?"

"Just spit it out. But you know what I'd really like you to do?" he asked. She raised her eyebrows in question. "I would like you to hold it in your mouth until afterwards, then, when I say, swallow it."

She frowned with uncertainty, but nodded. She reached forward and without him saying anything took hold of his cock, squeezed and started to move her hand back and forth, like before. On the third stroke, she pushed further taking his foreskin down as far as it would go. After another couple of strokes, she leaned further forwards and grabbed him with both fists. Dale knew this wasn't going to take long and wanted to give her something back, so reached down under her legs, still in a wide splits, found her hard little nub with the pad of his middle finger and started to work her with a firm but gentle masturbation on her most sensitive place.

He had been amazed how soon she came last time and this was no different. He hadn't been at it for more than ten seconds, when she erupted again. Her head flung back, eyes closed, mouth in a rictus grin. But in credit to her, she didn't stop wanking his cock and now he was rising fast. He eased off on Sophie's clitty and quickly her climax diminished. Deep down his prostate surged, the pressure shot up to his balls, his sack tightened and his first dry pulse made his huge cock swell in her hands. She opened her eyes and leaned in to see what had just happened, just as his second pulse hit, sending a massive gob of sperm right into her face.

"Quick, open your mouth," he urged, as the next pulse hit her lips, they parted as the spurt passed between them, hitting her teeth and the back of her throat. Surprisingly, she didn't turn away or close her mouth. In fact she opened it wider, letting the next surge cover her whole tongue in the creamy white pearlescent semen. The last few squirts failed to make the distance and left a trail from her chin down to her mound. At last it ended.

Remembering what he'd asked, she looked up at the man who had probably saved her from starvation and smiled, knowing she'd given him a great deal of pleasure in return.

She leaned towards him then opened her mouth as wide as she could. He could see her mouth was swimming with semen, over her teeth, tonsils, lips, tongue, everywhere. She let him look for a few seconds, then closed her mouth and moved her chin as if chewing, swallowed a couple of times before opening her mouth to show it had all gone. She grinned at him, knowing her whole life had changed in the last hour and now, previously unknown pleasures, would not only be available, but she knew she wanted to pursue and explore this new discovery. She knew Dale was the one to teach her.

## **CHAPTER 5**

### **Teaching Sophie**

Despite it only being midday, they both slept for about an hour. Dale came awake, hearing the rumble of distant guns and explosions, which had been continuous for the last three years. He thought about Sophie as he spooned into her back, her bottom pressing against his cock, his arm over her shoulder, hand cupping her tiny breast. He knew almost nothing about her other than this had been her home, her father had been a tailor, had clothed her lavishly and a mother who had kept her in blissful ignorance about anything pleasurable, especially her body. He had tried to talk to her, asking questions. Delving into her life. But each time, she somehow steered the conversation away from herself and back to him and his life and family, about which she now knew everything and he remained ignorant of her.

They had talked about what they had done, why his cock had spurted at her and the pleasure she'd derived from it. She asked many questions and spoke like a detached scientist, wishing to know everything about it. She'd wanted to know all about intercourse and other love making methods, oral, anal, vaginal and how fingers and tongues could increase pleasure many times over, which he quickly, but thoroughly explained. She took it all in.

"I want to try everything," she declared, after he had stopped talking and filled yet another plate with food for her. Her appetite seemed endless. It occurred to him her appetite for sex might be as well. "Even if I don't like something, I want to try it all. Then I will know what I want." It was a statement, not a request. The final thing she said just before she drifted off to sleep was: "I want you to, what did you call it, fuck me? I know you said the first time might sting or even hurt, but we will do that next. After that, you can choose. You said you would like to do it up my bum. But first, I want you to fuck me in my pussy. I think I might like that." Then they slept.

She was an unusual girl. Inquisitive, intelligent, resourceful and a survivor. On top of that she had a beautiful body, which Dale had now explored every inch of. She hadn't blinked an eyelid, when he'd asked her if she would let him push his finger up into her rectum for a few minutes. She had certainly enjoyed it much more when he'd done the same inside her vagina. When he had massaged her 'G' spot, she'd cum again in moments. She had grabbed his hand and pulled it repeatedly against herself, trying to increase the pleasure she derived from his digital stimulation of her deepest place.

So as he came awake, his mind processed all these thoughts. His cock responded and soon became as hard and erect as it ever had. He started to explore her body, letting his

finger tips drift all over her. She was in quite a deep sleep. Perhaps her hunger had deprived her of rest. Now she'd eaten her fill, she slept.

He reached down with both hands as she lay on her side, cupped a buttock in each palm. His fingers slipped into her bum crack and up along her cleft, feeling her anus, letting his fingers sink into her again, before moving on to her vagina, where he again slipped his middle finger deep into her. He touched her cervix and found her 'G' spot again and smiled to himself as she started to move in her sleep against his finger.

Very carefully, he pushed a second finger into her, feeling her slowly dilate. After ten or fifteen minutes, he manoeuvred himself so his cock was pushing against his fingers. He slowly pulled them out and immediately fed his crown into her entry, feeling her hymen holding him back. She was still fast asleep, so he pushed inwards, feeling the tension increase. He stopped and held himself there, waiting. Gradually, he felt her ease, so he pulled back half an inch and pushed forward again. Back then forward again. On the third cycle, he pushed hard into her, feeling her maidenhead tear away, allowing him to sink deep into her. She never flinched, sighed or reacted in any way. She slept on. It took a huge amount of willpower, but Dale, thinking of everything but her, dozed off again, his cock seven inches inside a nine-year-old Belgian recent virgin.

He awoke instantly when he felt movement. His cock reminded him where it was and immediately started to grow to full tumescence inside Sophie. "O mijn god, O mijn god," she muttered in a Flemish whisper. But he realised she was not angry or trying to pull away, but clenching on him. He couldn't believe it, she was cuming again already. He'd earlier thought of her as having a hair trigger. It was more than that, she could cum almost spontaneously. He vaguely wondered what her mother would have to say if she could see her naked daughter, with an English colonel's cock deflowering her. He knew what his own mother would say: "That's nice dear, when you've finished, come down for some nice supper". He also knew his mother and Aunt Evelyn would have found it very stimulating later in their own bed.

He kept still as his cock once more stretched her and penetrated as far into her as it could reach. With no movement, she calmed and they remained like that, silent, for several minutes. Dale lay there, appreciating the feel of his huge cock stretching Sophie's immature vagina, pushing against her cervix. To him it was the best feeling in the world. At last, he slowly withdrew from her, letting his cock almost come out of her, before reversing and pushing in to full depth. Hearing her gasp, as he hit that sensitive spot deep inside her, he repeated it. Her gasp louder this time. On the next cycle, she came. Her pulses gave his cock a wonderful treat, massaging him, as she pulsed on him.

Dale had fucked over a dozen preteen virgins in the last year. Each had been different. Some came quickly, some took longer. The longer they took, the more intense was their pleasure. Sophie came quicker than any other girl he knew. Her orgasms were less intense, but they arrived almost instantly and lasted as long as she was stimulated. So Dale entered into a long gentle phase of slowly pumping in and out of her, feeling her continually clamping on him. He felt every ridge and dip in her tight passage as they rubbed along his shaft, intensifying the pleasure got from this nine-year-old.

"Is it nice, Sophie, your first time?" he asked. "Would you like me to do it different for you?"

At first, he thought she hadn't heard him, because she didn't reply. Then after about twenty seconds, she whispered: "Harder, do it quicker". She hissed as he upped the pace, her orgasm intensifying once more. Her clamping on his crown kept pace with the speed of his thrusting.

"Sophie?" he asked, while he gradually increased his pace, "how is that now?"

"Harder, do it quicker," she repeated.

This girl was certainly enjoying her first time. He already knew she was going to be a sex addict. "Alright," he said, "roll onto your tummy. Let's get some pillows under you shall we? Then we'll see how hard you want it." It took a few seconds, but now she had a pile of four pillows under her, making her almost bend double in the middle, her bottom stuck up in the air, with Dale kneeling behind her.

"Ready? Here we go," he said, as if she might not realise. He started slowly, but like a giant steam locomotive, he gradually built up speed and pace. In this position, he was penetrating her deeper, or more to the point pressing harder into her cervix every time he bottomed out. Faster and faster he went, feeling her clamping again keeping pace with him. His thighs started to slap on her buttocks every time he reached full depth.

Dale wanted to make this last and despite her continual clamping on him and her muttered, Flemish: "O mijn god, O mijn god, O mijn god, O mijn god", he knew he could and would. So holding her hips, he continued at his fast pace, fucking the beautiful, blond girl from Ypres, enjoying every moment. Once in a while, he moved his hands and cupped her tiny breasts, gently pinching her nipples, feeling them harden, before then holding her shoulders so he could pull her back harder onto him for a while. Never once did she stop clamping or calling out, "O mijn god, O mijn god".

He knew she would be sore afterwards. Any girl fucking for this long and this hard is going to feel it, but this was Sophie's first time. So he asked her: "How is it, Sophie? Do you want me to slow down yet?"

She surprised him. "Harder, do it quicker," she gasped between her Flemish mutterings.

Well, as far as Dale was concerned, she'd just given him the green light. He loved a really hard fuck, as some of the blue light French prostitutes allowed, but had found with his little girls, he had to take care not to hurt them. He'd already been at it hard and fast for nearly twenty minutes, and knew he would cum before too long. So now he abandoned all restraint. Holding her by the hips again, he pulled back hard on her as he thrust his hip hard, his cock pounding into her depths, his thighs and hers slapping hard together. Suddenly her clamping increased, pulsing much harder on him than before.

Her head shot back almost touching her own shoulders, her eyes shut in what looked like pain and she screamed short repeated cries, as an incredibly strong and intense orgasm swept through her. It was the final straw for Dale and his own climax was on him. She gasped as his first dry pulse expanded deep inside her, but screamed her cry of pleasure as his semen exploded inside her and his spurts started to fill up her deepest place. He lost count, but he must have blasted into her fifteen or twenty times, before he slowed and after another dozen or so dry heaves, finally stopped.

They were both panting hard, trying to catch their breath. Neither moved for at least five minutes. They were both covered in sweat, the damp sticking their bodies together. "I'm sore," she finally confessed. Dale almost laughed. If any girl deserved to be sore, post-coital, it was her.

She moved forward, while Dale gently pushed her hips away, letting his cock slip from her. He reached down and grabbed a towel hanging on the bed frame and laid it between her knees, as she remained kneeling. After about ten seconds, a little dribble of pink, oozed from her red and sore looking vagina. Another, slightly larger trickle flowed out of her. Then, after a few more seconds, the floodgates opened. Her vagina opened and closed as if she was still cuming. Perhaps she was. But every time, a little squirt of blood filled semen spurted from her, running down her thighs onto the towel. At last it ended. She reached down and pulled out the pillows under her belly and passed out.

## **CHAPTER 6**

### **Meeting up with William again.**

Dale realised she was once more in a very deep sleep. He tried shaking her to wake her up, to let her know he was going out for a while, but she didn't react in any way. She was dead to the world. Dale quickly dressed, scribbled a short note for her in pencil on a small sheet he'd torn from his notebook, and climbed the stairs. He went through the shattered room and out into the street. A thin rain had started to fall again. He headed down Elverdingestraat thinking it was going to be a long wet summer. He'd already been warned about the mud of Flanders. Continuous rain, light or otherwise, wasn't going to help the situation.

He didn't really need to leave her alone, but he did want to think a few things through and having the beautiful, naked Sophie lying next to him would, he knew, be a major distraction. The wonderful fuck she'd just given him was distraction enough as it was. He reached the far end of the street, just beyond the ruins of the railway station, close to the far city wall and found the officers mess he'd been told about. It wasn't attached to any particular unit. So inside, he found men from many regiments and countries of the Empire. There were officers from the Indian Army, Anzacs (Australian and New Zealand Army Corps), French, Belgian, artillery, infantry, cavalrymen with tank insignia on their shoulders, medics, catering, Royal Flying Corps. There were even a few Americans, who were observers, ahead of their main forces, arriving later in the year, further south.

He peered through the smoke filled room to see if there was anyone he knew and was about to give up, when a clap on his shoulder made him turn face to face with William Staff. "Hello Dale, great to see you," he grinned. "Can I get you a drink?" And so the two friends sat at a table and caught up on their respective news. "What ever happened to those two girls who got trapped in that convent crypt with you," William asked after they'd swapped their military news.

"Gabbi and Amelia?" Dale responded. "I adopted them. They are home in England living with my family down in Devon."

"Well done on you," praised William. "I know they both loved you and worried what was going to happen to them." William looked rather mysterious for a minute, while they both sipped their drinks and puffed at their pipes. "We have two things in common, you and me," William eventually said. He raised an eyebrow and smiled. "You never met Céleste, did you?" Without waiting for an answer, he continued: "I too adopted one of the French orphan girls after the convent was destroyed down at Neuville-St Vaast. You'd headed home on leave by then."

Dale smiled at his friend. "That's good of you, William. So we are both adoptive parents. So how is she now? How are you getting along with her?"

"Fine, fine," William said. "Being Canadian, I speak French, which makes life easier." William puffed at his pipe and looked at Dale. "Céleste was in the same class at school as your Amelia, before the Germans shelled it. They were the same age, you know, six. Their birthdays are in the same week. In fact they are the very best of friends and tell each other everything, as kids do."

Dale realised where this conversation might be going and a cold shiver ran down his spine. The same fear he felt every time he went into battle. "Céleste told me that Amelia had let slip what had happened when you were buried in the crypt, Dale."

"Ah," said Dale, his expression frozen.

"Yes, ah," repeated William. "But there's more to it." Dale looked at him puzzled. "I was in a dilemma," continued William. On the one hand I knew what you'd been doing to those two little girls and wondered whether I should go and speak to the Provost. But before I made up my mind, Céleste, changed everything."

"How do you mean?" asked Dale, sensing a glimmer of hope.

"I'm sorry Dale," confessed William, "I've been a little unkind, because that's only half the story." He pulled another lungful of pipe smoke, blew it at Dale and smiled. "Céleste came to your rescue. At that time, I was staying in a farmhouse. The owner looked after me like her own son and loved Céleste when she joined us. We had to share a room and were very comfortable there. The room only had one large bed, but as she was only six, that didn't seem to be a problem.

One night, Céleste asked me about what you and Amelia had been doing. I decided that honesty was the best policy and explained. Before I knew it, I had told her the difference between men and women's bodies and what sex was all about, and how you and Amelia had fucked each other. She wanted to know what it was like and why people did it. So I explained to her about the pleasure that could be experienced. She told me she wanted to try. I refused and told her she was too young. But she just said her friend Amelia was the same age and had told her how much she'd enjoyed it." William looked sideways at Dale and added: "Well, you can probably guess what happened next. She was insatiable." He tailed off, before smiling ruefully, "so now you know what the other thing is we have in common. I'm as guilty as you are."

Dale stood and said: "My round, what would you like, William?"

When Dale returned to the table, the tension had departed and they were back to their old jocular relationship in moments. "So, how are you getting on with Céleste?" asked Dale quietly. "Is she a nice fuck?" Dale sensed the hesitancy in William's demeanour. "You haven't yet, have you?" Dale added.

William shook his head, as if embarrassed. "She's so small, Dale, I can't bring myself to hurt her. You see, I love her and, well I just couldn't. But now it's a problem, because she doesn't think I want her anymore. She said I don't love her. Nothing could be further from the truth. Anyway, enough of that, Dale, what have you been up to, and I don't mean your single handed efforts at bringing the Kaiser's empire down, but," his voice went quiet again, "Who have you got squirreled away in some dark corner in Ypres? I know you well enough to know you won't be living like some celibate, hermit priest."

Dale laughed. "Am I so easy to read, William?" They both laughed, knowing it was true. Mason had said as much earlier in the day too. They both took a swig of their drinks and looked at one another. They both knew their friendship was about to enter a whole new era. "So, Céleste," prompted Dale, "what did you do?"

"We had a long talk," said William. "I said I wouldn't fuck her, because she was too small. She sulked, she got angry, she even hit me. It felt like a fairy tap. In the end, long story short, we agreed to do everything she wanted except fuck her pussy. She was grumpy about that, but soon found oral and anal were very much to her liking, so she settled down. She now doesn't mention me taking her virginity. Not more than twice a day anyway!" They both laughed.

"So where are you staying?" asked Dale. "I mean Ypres isn't a safe place for a girl to be right now. The Germans will be increasing their shelling since they got wind we're building up for a new offensive here."

"I rent a room in a farm a couple of miles the other side of Pop," (soldiers nickname for Poperinge town).

"So is she there now? Who's looking after her?" asked Dale.

"No. She's too insecure. A bit like Gabbi and Amelia were like after their near death. She insists on coming with me wherever I go. I suppose rank does have it's privileges. The men love her and my batman is a great help too. (Batman – army servant). In fact," William sighed, his eyes looking at the ceiling, she's upstairs now. So tell me about your little secret, Dale."

"Not a lot to say, really," said Dale dismissively. "We only came out of the line yesterday. After the men were settled into the ramparts near the Menin Gate, I thought I would come here....."

"But," interrupted William, "you got waylaid."

"Yes, how did you know?" Without waiting for an answer he continued. "Well, I found Sophie crying over the grave of her parents and brother up at St. Martin's churchyard. She lived nearby. Like you, long story short, I found out she'd not eaten since the family died in the house when a shell hit. She was starving."

"So you fed her and she paid you back in kind," grinned William.

"Well, I wouldn't have quite put it that way," said Dale defensively, "but I suppose in the cold light of day, yes, that's what it comes down to."

"What's she like?" William asked.

"Nine years-old, blond, thin as a rake, very pretty, in fact beautiful and no longer a virgin. Other than that, every time I try to find out anything about her, she changes the subject," Dale paused. "So tell me about Céleste."

"Not a lot to tell, like Sophie, I guess. She is six, as I said, small for her age, long dark hair, obsidian eyes. In fact they're almost black. Oh, and she gives the best blowjob I've ever had in my life. Couldn't believe it Dale. She deepthroats and swallows too." William took another sip of his drink and suddenly said: "Hey, why not come up and see her? She's only upstairs."

"Won't we disturb her if she's sleeping?" asked Dale.

"No," said William, "unlikely. When you told me how you carry laudanum to help you sleep, I did the same. I found it really helped me. Anyway, when I need to leave her alone, like now, so she doesn't get scared, I give her a few drops and she sleeps like a babe. Come on let's go up."

The two men drained their glasses, tapped out the bowls of their pipes into the ashtray and stood. William led the way. He explained the officers mess had been a hotel before the war serving the nearby railway station. After it had been hit a couple of times in the early stages of the war, it was closed and evacuated. They climbed the wide sweeping staircase and along a passageway with doors either side. William produced a key and opened room number 8.

They stepped inside. It was gloomy. Although it was still afternoon, the heavy drapes had been closed, to allow Céleste to sleep. William pulled the curtains open, flooding the room with light and stepped to the large double bed indicating a little mop of black hair just visible between the eiderdown and a pile of pillows. He leaned over and peeled the covers down, exposing her face. To Dale, she looked quite angelic in her deep laudanum induced sleep. William put his hand on her cheek and gently pinched her. She didn't stir at all.

William stood and looked at Dale with an expression he'd not seen before and asked an unexpected question. "Would you mind if I came over see Sophie? I think from what you described, she is very nice. Yes I would like to see her." Dale suddenly understood his meaning, confirmed a moment later. "Would you like to see Céleste?" without waiting for an answer, he gripped the bed covers either side of her head, lifted and drew them down to the foot of the bed.



There lying on the bed was, to Dale, perfection. A petite, dark haired French beauty, completely naked, lying in a foetal position. He leaned in and saw her face was very pretty, with a button nose, wide mouth, sticky out ears all framed with the darkest, longest hair he'd ever seen. She was sucking her thumb and snoring quietly.

"Would you like to touch her Dale?" William asked. Dale glanced at his friend and nodded.

"OK Dale, here's the deal," said William in a surprisingly businesslike voice. "You say Sophie is dead to the world, sleeping like she's unconscious?" Dale nodded. "I'll nip up there and make sure she's OK. I'll slip a couple of drops of laudanum between her lips to make sure she enjoys her sleep uninterrupted. Meantime," he nodded at Céleste, "I will leave you two to get better acquainted. What do you think?" Dale was very tempted, looking at the child as she sucked her thumb. "She'll be asleep for at least two or three hours, Dale, probably longer."

William knew Dale was onside when he asked: "What are the ground rules, William? Any dos and don'ts?"

"Listen Dale," said William, gripping his arm. "I won't ask what you did to Céleste and you don't ask what I do to Sophie. The girls will both be asleep anyway, so if they notice anything later, Sophie will think it was you and Céleste think the same about me," he paused, "nothing's off limits, agreed?"

"Agreed," said Dale in a tremulous voice.

Dale realised the golden opportunity here. He'd never admitted to anyone else his passion for the much younger girls. Celine and Amelia had both been six and his cousin Lucy now just eight were far tighter and more enjoyable to Dale's cock than the older girls. He nodded. He took out a sheet from his notebook and with a pencil, drew a quick diagram of Sophie's home and how to find her. In moments, William was gone. His parting shot of "Have a nice time ringing in his ears."

William had taken the room key, so Dale jammed the door with a tilted chair under the handle to ensure he wasn't disturbed.

## **CHAPTER 7**

### **Céleste**

Dale spent a minute or two standing over the girl, taking in her wonderful beauty, innocence, which he admitted to himself he was about to defile, and her small size, which always made his cock go into overdrive when the opportunity of a little one presented itself.

He reached for her foot and gently pulled it down the bed, straightening her body from the curled up ball she'd been in. He pulled the other alongside it, rolling her onto her back. He again stood to admire her. Stretched out, as she now was, he estimated she was only about three foot six inches tall and perhaps as little as 40lbs in weight. As William had

said, she was tiny, which was why he'd not fucked her before. But Dale was more experienced than William in these matters and knew that although she may be as small as a five year-old, she may have a typical pussy, similar to any other six year-old. He would soon find out.

She was small, but in proportion. Her chest lifted and fell with her steady breathing, her creamy white nipples almost invisible. He reached out and could just feel their hardness under his fingertips. Her areolæ were only a shade darker than the surrounding skin. He spent a moment flicking her nipples, gratified to see them expand and grow in a few moments. He could count her ribs. Like every girl he'd met in France and here in Belgium, food had been scarce and no one carried any fat. Below, her tummy dipped down, her innie belly button a small concave hollow about the size of Dale's pinkie finger tip. Her mound rose up, from the plane of her abdomen, surprisingly high. A deep dimple heralded the top of her cleft, which curled down between her thin thighs. A slip of skin could just be made out hinting her cowl was lurking out of sight. He pressed his fingers either side of it and gently prised her open. He saw her clitty looked quite swollen and red. William had obviously not neglected it. He rolled her over onto her front. Her bottom was compact, rounded and split into two beautiful halves with a tempting valley between. Dale placed his palms on each side and gently pulled her open. Her little brown anus winked at him as he pulled her cheeks further apart.

Turning her back over, he pushed her short little legs outwards, opening her cleft into a wide pink valley, with her clitty at the top and anus at the bottom with her lovely open vagina between. But what struck Dale immediately, was her pussy was easily the same size as Celine's and Amelia's. Leaving her in a spread-eagled position, he slowly undressed, appreciating her body lying there waiting for him, as his uniform dropped to the floor. Dale knew he wasn't going to harm her, but he was certainly going to take liberties with her which she might object to if she was awake.

She was so light weight, he could position her how he wished. He flipped her round, still on her back, so her feet were at the head of the bed, and kneeled with his knees pressed to her shoulders either side of her head. He put a hand under her and lifted, grabbing some pillows with the other, pushing them under her shoulders. Her head flopped back, her mouth gaping open. Placing his hands either side of her face, his fingers curling under her neck, he lifted her and in a well practiced move fed his rampant, pre-cum covered cock straight into her mouth. He pressed deeper, enjoying the feel of her throat opening up and taking his full length.

Dale paused, just appreciating the feel of his cock deep inside Céleste's throat, before reaching down between her legs and started feeling her. He always got such pleasure from simply running his fingers through a little girl's cleft, feeling her clitty, vagina, perineum and anus. He especially loved their puffy labia and tiny folds of flesh at the entry to their pussies.

He pulled his cock from her throat and used his right hand to pump it a few times to cover his hand in pre-cum, then pushed it back down her throat and his hand between her thighs, spreading slippery mucus in all the important cavities. He pressed his finger to her vagina and let it sink slowly into her as she dilated over the next ten minutes. He loved the feel of her tight cunt gripping his finger as it sank deeper into her, eventually hitting her cervix.

Wanting to cum twice with this girl, he decided this one needed to be a quickie, so he could recover in time before she woke in the estimated three hours time. Letting his finger move within her, feeling her exquisite vagina, he started to pull and push his cock in her mouth in a steady regular rhythm, as he fucked her face. Soon, he built up speed and at the same time started to pump his finger in and out of her vagina. He could never tire of fucking little girls and knew the younger they were, the better he liked them. This girl was just magic. Looking down, he watched the lump in her throat move up and down as his cock slid in and out of her, while his balls knocked regularly against her eyelids.

He studied her beautiful face and knew today was going to be the first in many experiences with this girl. He thought briefly about what William had said and already knew they could experience far more together than individually. He felt his prostate tighten, he was going to cum. His cock surged with his first dry heave. He pulled out of her and blasted her face, watching as semen shot into her nose, mouth, eyelids, hair, everywhere. He lifted it a few degrees seeing semen splash all the way down her little body over and over again. At last it ended and the tension went out of him. He pulled his finger from her vagina and saw, distractedly it was coated with blood. He'd popped her cherry. He wasn't too worried though, because as soon as he recovered, he intended to fuck her anyway.

Dale lay down beside her and pulled the covers up and over them both. He set his mental alarm clock to wake him and closed his eyes. He wondered at how he'd changed in the last year since leaving school. Taking anything and anyone he wanted, like raping this child just now, or forcing poor starving Sophie, by buying her with the offer of food. He decided it was the war. He didn't know if he liked himself now. The war had changed everybody in some way.

He awoke with a start. Something had alerted him. He remained still, eyes closed, listening.

"Who are you," a child's voice asked. "You're not my Papa. Where is he?"

Dale opened his eyes and turned his face to Céleste, who was now very much awake. She was sitting on her haunches looking intently at him. "Hello Céleste," he said, "how are you. Do you remember me? I am Amelia's Papa."

She squinted at him for a moment, then recognition came into her face. She smiled briefly, before frowning and said: "Where's my Papa? Where's Papa Willy." Dale almost laughed realising why she'd probably nicknamed William with Willy.

"He will be back later," he said trying to reassure her.

"I remember you," she suddenly announced. "You're the one who saved Amelia and Gabbi when the convent collapsed. Amelia was my friend. She told me you fucked them lots of times. She said she liked you doing it to her. She said she loved you and was going to live with you. Where is she now?"

So many questions! "She and Gabbi are in England with my mother and aunt and sisters and cousins. She's safe and very happy there."

Céleste digested this for a moment and nodded as if she accepted his account of where her friend had gone. "Where is Papa Willy?" she repeated.

"I have a little girl slightly older than you who lives near the Cloth Hall, up the road from here," he explained. "Willy has gone to see if she's alright for me, while I stayed here to look after you."

She frowned, while absorbing this information. "But why didn't you go?" she asked reasonably.

"Because he might like to do things to her," he explained vaguely. "Like I did to you."

She looked down her body, "Is that why when I woke up, I was covered in cum?" she asked. "Did you cum on me?" She wasn't condemning him, just curious.

"Yes," he replied matter-of-factly, "I am sorry you weren't awake," he lied, "but I really enjoyed it. You are such a pretty girl. If Willy wasn't your Papa, I might want to take you home myself, so I could fuck you whenever I wanted to, like I do with Amelia."

She blinked at that. "Would you?" she asked. "Papa Willy says I am too small. He says he won't fuck me until I'm much bigger. What do you think?"

"Amelia is the same age as you." He left the statement hanging. "Perhaps if you could show him you can do it, then maybe he will after that."

"How can I do that?" she asked. She was still sitting on her haunches, her knees apart, letting him see her open pussy, with traces of blood still showing.

"Perhaps you have to find a boy who will do it to you," he suggested.

"I don't know anyone round here," she looked glum. "Papa Willy brought me here from Neuville-St Vaast."

"Well perhaps someone else can help you," he added. "Maybe someone who has done it with little girls before. Do you know anyone like that, Céleste?"

"Hmm, there's the sergeant. He's nice, but he keeps talking about his wife in Canada. Then there's one of the private soldiers, he likes me, but he smells and I don't want him to be my first. Then there's ....." She paused and looked at him intently. "YOU," she almost shouted, "you could do it for me."

"Me?" he responded in mock shock. "I couldn't do it. What would Willy say? He's my friend, you know."

"We won't tell him," she said with determination. "You and I can do it a few times until I know what to do, then I will wait until he's had a drink or two and.....well I will sort something out." She grinned with a conspiratorial expression. "So, Colonel, are you up for fucking a nice little French six year old virgin?"

"On one condition," he said. She tilted her head questioningly. "You do exactly what I tell you to do. Is that clear." She nodded, knowing now he would do it to her. At last she would be like her best friend Amelia. "If you don't, I will punish you. Do you understand?"

She put out her bottom lip in defiance. "How would you punish me," she asked, wondering if he really meant it.

"I'll spank your bare bottom. First time once. Second time twice. Third time three, and so on. So obey me all the time, understand?" she nodded, grinning now, because she was sure he didn't mean it and he was going to fuck her pussy at last.

"Right, first things first, we need to get ready," he said, adopting his commanding officer's tone. "When we do it, you'll be on top. That is so I don't crush you when we get going and let you control how deep I go into you. But there's a lot I want to do before that. Does Willy do it in your mouth and up your bum?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied, "every time."

"Good, let's start with that then. Get on your hands and knees, Céleste."

"But I thought you were going to fuck me in my pussy properly," she complained.

"Final warning, Céleste," he said sternly, "do as I say or it's smack bottom time."

She frowned, but got into the position he asked nevertheless. Dale's pre-cum was flowing freely now. He'd fully recovered from spraying her whole body earlier with his cum.

"Ready Céleste, here we go." He grabbed her hips and pulled her towards his rampant cock, which nestled into her anus as if it had a mind of its own. He applied several gentle thrusts, ensuring she had plenty of pre-cum in there, then started to apply constant pressure. At first nothing happened, then she seemed to relax and in that moment, he popped into her, her sphincter clamping round the rim of his cock.

"Geez," she muttered, "you're much thicker than Willy's willy. Longer too," she added as he went in deeper and deeper, finally bottoming out in her bottom, his pubis pressed firmly into her buttocks.

"That's nice Céleste, you have a lovely bum," he praised, "Ready, steady, here we go." Suddenly Dale pulled almost out and thrust back in hard. He pulled back faster this time slapped into her bum as he pressed in deeper still. He reached under her and found her stiff, swollen little clitty waiting for his touch and it wasn't disappointed. He only fondled it for a couple of moments, when he felt her jerk back at him as he plunged into her. Soon she was moaning and moments later, she came on his cock surprisingly hard for a six year-old.

As soon as she settled down again, he pulled out of her. "Stay on your hands and knees, Céleste. Now turn round. What do you see?" he demanded.

"Your willy, silly," she giggled at her own joke.

"That's right, Céleste. Give it a kiss," he said.

"Yuck, it's been in my bum I'm not...." her words were cut short by a loud smack as his hand connected with her naked bum. "Oww," she protested, "what was that for?"

"You didn't do exactly as I said, Céleste. I told you what would happen. Now suck my cock, or do I have to do it again?"

"Eww," she protested as she took hold of his rampant cock and brought it to her lips. She looked up at him only to see his raised hand, so she quickly opened her lips and popped his crown in. She gulped once, but in fairness, she didn't pull off him.

"Now suck hard, Céleste, like a good girl." He was gratified, when she started to apply a good suction. "Well done, Céleste. Now lick it underneath, while you pull the skin down for me."

"William told me you give really good blowjobs, Céleste, so show me what you can do."

She started to bob on his end, as she pulled his foreskin down, pre-cum suddenly flooding her mouth. Then unexpectedly, she bent her head back and in a moment took his whole cock down her throat. Gripping his shaft, she started to let his cock slide in and out of her. Dale realised he would cum quickly if he allowed this to continue, so told her to stop, because it was time for her to have her fuck. Even before she let his crown slip from between her lips, she was grinning.

"Right Céleste, I will lie on my back. You can climb on top and straddle me, alright?" She was in position almost before he was. "Now we will take this slowly, understand? It is important we don't damage you. So do everything I say, or it's smack botty." She just grunted in reply. She manoeuvred herself over him, she reached down and grabbing his cock, lined it up with her pussy and pressed down hard.

He raised his hand. She stopped just in time before he was about to smack her bottom again. "Now do as you're told and I promise you, it will be the nicest thing you've ever felt in your life, alright?"

He was already lined up. She'd seen to that. So all Dale needed to do was apply steady, constant pressure, with micro thrusts, and be patient. He felt her press down on him, but she stopped as soon as she saw him raise his hand in warning.

The waiting seemed interminable to them both. Dale explained that she needed to dilate, otherwise there was a real possibility she might tear as his huge cock entered her. In fairness, Céleste went along with it, despite her impatience. And she was rewarded. When suddenly his crown popped through the tight cuff of muscle at her entry. She'd already lost her hymen a couple of hours ago, so All Dale needed to do was apply steady, but gentle, pressure and his cock slipped into the little girl in a very satisfactory way, bumping into her cervix when his cock was still only halfway in.

She started to move on him, trying to increase the wonderful feelings which had suddenly surged through her pussy as he hit her 'G' spot deep inside. "Hold still, Céleste," he said,

raising his hand from her bum in warning. "Just let your body adjust, it will make it so much nicer later on. She acquiesced

Dale held her still for five minutes, and only then did he slowly, gently carefully start to move inside her. At first, he only moved in half inch cycles, gradually increasing in scope. After several minutes he was moving in and out of her the full depth she could take. Céleste was cuming almost continuously. But it wasn't a tsunami cum, just gentle clamping and a few squeaky moans every now and then. She had done everything he'd asked, so he decided to let her have free rein.

"Alright Céleste, sit up now please and look at me." She did as he asked, squatting over him, because her legs were too short to kneel. "If you're careful, I will lie here, and you can do whatever you want."

She took on a very cheeky grin and said: "Does that include smacking your bottom too?"

"Don't push your luck, young lady. I enjoy spanking little girls like you." She stuck her tongue out at him. "And don't point that at me," he said, grinning back, "I know where it's been." At that, she grabbed a handful of his blond curly chest hair and tugged.

"Vous êtes un pervers," she muttered, still grinning.

"I probably am a pervert," he responded, "but I don't see you running off down the road screaming and shouting. Now, let's see what you can do. Are you going to fuck me or are you going to yak all day?" She tweaked a few more chest hairs, grinned and started a rocking motion on him. She wasn't so much lifting and dropping yet, more like grinding herself onto him. Either way, Dale found it exquisite. A six year-old, squatting over him, with the tightest pussy he'd ever fucked, squeezing all the blood out of his cock, almost painful, rocking on him. But then it changed. Céleste started to lift and drop a little. Dale looked down and watched enthralled as her clitty was dragged into her own vagina by the friction, then as it came out the lining of her pussy seemed to turn inside out. He found this incredibly erotic and stared.

Céleste changed her position slightly, leaning forward. Her legs were now getting tired, doing squats. Dale put his hands under her bottom and helped take her weight. He didn't mind letting his finger slip into her already slippery rectum at the same time. What happened next caught Dale completely by surprise. She leaned further, and as she dropped down, she sank lower than before. She lifted and dropped again. He realised he was all the way in her. His crown had penetrated her cervix. He nearly came instantly.

She adjusted herself on him, then lifted all the way up, before dropping her full weight on him. Up and down, up and down. It was incredible. Dale already knew he loved fucking the little ones more than the older ones, but Céleste trumped all that. She was the best fuck of his life and he already knew he wanted her again. All things come to an end, and Dale knew this would be a big one. He felt the early signs deep down inside him, rising, expanding, exploding up his shaft and deep into her womb. Throbbing, pulsing, climaxing. He barely realised she was coming even harder now, her vagina squeezing him so hard it would bruise him. He pumped gallons of semen into her then more and more. It seemed to go on forever. She was meowing like a cat now, her head tilted back, her long hair over her bum onto his thighs.

Finally it ended, and they both sat panting, beads of perspiration on their bodies. They looked at each other a silent communication passing between them. This would not be the last time. She flopped down onto his chest and cuddled into him, her arms not being long enough to get all the way round him.

Dale lay there for several minutes just thinking about what this little six year-old had just given him. Probably the best fuck of his life. She was so tight, he wondered if he could slip out of her without turning her inside out. But of course, as his erection diminished, his cock seemed to be pushed out by her anyway. Céleste lay her cheek on his chest and using her arms and legs, moulded herself into him and went back to sleep. The Laudanum hadn't entirely worn off.

## **CHAPTER 8**

### **Spit Roasting**

Dale left Céleste curled up in the middle of the bed as he had first seen her. Just her mop of black hair visible between the eiderdown and pillows. He went downstairs and found the corner table he and William had sat at earlier still free. There was a group of officers standing around an upright piano across the room singing various songs. He reminisced about Rosalie and Fleur who had looked after him in the hospital in Amiens, where he had first heard the song now being played, The Roses of Picardy.

About half an hour later, the door opened and William walked in. He had a spring in his step and smiled when he saw Dale in the corner, across the smoke filled room. He waved his hand at the waiter and ordered them both a drink. The two men sat looking at each other wanting to ask the same question, not sure how to do so.

"Did you find Sophie alright?" asked Dale.

"Yes, your directions were impeccable. Found her straight away. She's a pretty little thing I must say. You were right, though, she is very thin. You must have just about saved her life if she'd not eaten for ten days. How was Céleste?"

"Céleste and I got along very well. In fact, I think it would be true to say she enjoyed herself almost as much as I did."

"How do you mean 'enjoyed'?" asked William. "She was unconscious. She'd had enough Laudanum to keep her under for hours."

"Perhaps you're right, Willy," said Dale grinning, using Céleste nickname for him, "but she was awake for the important part."

"Important part?" asked William.

"She insisted I did the same for her as I did for her friend Amelia, so I obliged," said Dale, packing his pipe with tobacco from his pouch, which he passed over to William.



William took out his pipe, thinking about what Dale had said as he filled his own pipe. "So you managed to...." He leaned towards Dale and in a quieter voice said: "fuck her properly."

"Not only that," said Dale, equally quietly, "she managed cervical penetration."

"You mean she took you all the way?" gasped William.

"Yes," said Dale, "she's very sore right now, but she can't wait to show you what she can do. There's one thing, though." William looked quizzically at him, "she doesn't want you to know. She wants to pretend you're her first." He paused. "She loves you, you know, William.....So, tell me about Sophie."

"Well first thing to say is she never woke up. A few drops of Laudanum made sure of that. Where do I start?" William took a few puffs on his pipe, looked at the smoke rising to the ceiling, took a sip of his drink, leaned back and related what happened.

"Well I found the place just as you said near St. Martin's church. I went downstairs into the cellar. The place was in darkness, the candles had burnt out, so I had to find some and re-light them. Anyway, when I'd done that, I found she was lying on the bed face down, just as you said. Her legs were splayed out wide apart and I could see her cunt was really sore. You'd obviously given her a good seeing to. So I got undressed, climbed on the bed and started exploring. I must say, Dale, you've picked a lovely one there."

"Céleste may have told you. When I am with her, I like to ream her bum a lot. So the first thing I did was pulled her bum cheeks open and pushed my knob end in to her entry. She was tighter than I expected. Anyway it took me a couple of minutes to get all the way into her, but then I managed it. I shoved in and out a few times. Then I wondered if I was missing an opportunity for the real thing. I have never fucked Céleste as you know, or any other little girl come to that. So I thought, 'why not?', pulled out of her bum and shoved it straight into her cunt. The first thing I realised just how hot it was. Fuck Dale, that chick is going to be incredibly sore when she wakes up. I gave her a pounding. I have to say, I can understand now why you like preteen pussy so much. Nothing to beat it, I reckon."

"Anyway, I shot my load in her. Very nice indeed, I must say. I had a break after that and looked around the place. Some quite intellectual books on the shelves, I noticed. Father was a tailor, you say. Seemed very well educated for someone just working as a tailor. Many of the books are in German. Perhaps her mother was an academic. So after I'd rested for a while I finished off a second time up her bum, and headed back here. Any time you want to swap those two girls again, Dale, just let me know." Dale looked at his friend in a way William knew he was cooking something up. "OK, Dale shoot, what's on your mind?"

"Well it sounds like you had a pretty good time. Let's lay our cards on the table, William. We both had a great time fucking each other's girl right?" William nodded. "And as they were both out cold most of the time, we were able to do things to them they might not have let us do if they'd been awake." William nodded again. "Well," he continued, "we can't knock 'em out every time we want a repeat, so we need them onside. We need to get the girls together. When are you going back to Pop?" Dale asked.

“Day after tomorrow,” said William, “why.”

“Right. I will talk to Sophie. I will tell her you and Céleste need a place to stay for a couple of days. Then after tomorrow, all four of us will go to Poperinge where she will be safer. She’ll probably object, in which case either we have to think again, or I have to tell her she’ll get awfully hungry living there on her own. We’ll cross that bridge when we come to it. The point is, I want Sophie to get to know you and I want Céleste to get to know me better. Because I have a kink, a fantasy, something I have always wanted to try, but never the opportunity.”

“What’s that, Dale?” asked William now intrigued.

“Ever heard of spit roasting?” asked Dale. William looked completely blank at him. “It’s when a single girl gets on her hands and knees and two guys take her from opposite ends at the same time,” Dale explained. “How does that sound?”

“Jeez, Dale are you serious,” gasped William. He looked at Dale for a moment, then smiled. “You are serious, aren’t you?” There was another pause. “Sounds fucking sexy, though, Dale. Count me in. So what happens now.”

“We all move into Sophie’s place, as soon as possible and let the girls get to know us and each other better,” explained Dale. “But before that, why don’t we nip upstairs. I have a little kink. I want to watch while you fuck Céleste for the first time? Then we’ll all go down and join Sophie. We could be there before it gets dark.”

The three of them walked up the middle of Elverdingestraat towards the Grote Markt and Sophie’s home. Céleste walked between the two men, holding their hands, letting them swing her up, by her arms, every few paces, her giggling seemed incongruous, echoing off the bomb damaged buildings either side. They arrived and Dale suggested he went in and spoke to Sophie first.

He descended the stairs into the cellar, to find a naked Sophie with a sponge in her hand, cleaning herself up. “What the fuck did you do to me after I fell asleep,” she asked reasonably. “When I woke up, I was covered in cum and my pussy is as sore as hell.” Dale smile inwardly to himself. William had obviously not wasted any time and had given her a really good seeing to. Twenty-four hours before, she was entirely ignorant of what sex was. Since then, she had given herself knowingly to one man and had been raped by another.

“Better put some clothes on, Sophie,” he explained, “we have some houseguests coming to stay.”

She went to a wardrobe and opened the door. Inside was full of beautiful clothes her father had made for her. “What do you think I should wear?” she asked.

“I wouldn’t worry too much, my dear,” he grinned, “I’m hoping you won’t have it on for long.” She turned and trying not to grin, stuck her tongue out at him, knowing he would make some comment. “Hmm, don’t put that away either, I have a little job for it!”

Dale explained who was outside and that Uncle Willy was a friend and had brought his adopted daughter with him. They needed someplace to stay for a couple of nights. She was feeling incredibly sore, so decided against wearing underwear. She pulled a knee-length dress over her head and slipped her feet into some slippers. Dale went to the doorway and called up. In a few moments, William and Céleste's feet could be heard clumping down the stairs.

William tried not to show he'd been here before, or that he'd already had a very personal meeting with Sophie, as he shook her hand. "Would you care for a drink and something to eat?" Dale asked, opening his knapsack before anyone replied. He asked William if he would cut a few slices from the joint of ham, while he poured a drink for everyone. "I have whisky, Brandy, Red and white wine and some apple juice." He didn't explain the apple juice was in fact cider and had been laced with a very low concentration of Laudanum, to loosen the girls up.

Soon the four were sitting around the table. Dale winked at William when they noticed after a minute or two, Sophie went to fetch a cushion for herself to sit on. Quickly they were relaxed. And enjoyed the food and company. After they had eaten, they sat sipping their drinks. The only information they could get out of Sophie was about her family and the city they'd lived in. Every time she was asked personal questions, she side-stepped them like a politician.

After an hour or so, the girls were quite tipsy, and it was getting late. "Who would like a sherbet lemon to suck?" asked Dale. Céleste looked blankly at him, but a rapid explanation from Sophie had two little girls looking hungrily at him. Dale opened the knapsack and took out the jar of sweets and took two out and placed them on the table. "You can have one as soon as you are both ready for bed," he said simply. The girls looked at each other and then back at the two small lemon shaped delectables on the table. Céleste wasn't worried, she'd had sex with both men, although she thought Willy didn't know that. Sophie on the other hand was embarrassed, because she'd only just met Willy, although she didn't know he'd raped her long and hard a couple of hours before. Dale and William smiled to themselves knowing the mental battles going on in the two girls' minds.

At last, Sophie reached to the foot of the bed and picked up her nightdress. "You won't need that," said Dale, "besides, it's a warm night tonight."

"But I can't," she stuttered, looking anxiously at Dale, then glancing at William and back. Dale didn't want to make her feel uncomfortable, so turned to Céleste and asked if she would like both sweets. She grinned and nodded and started to strip off her clothes, eyeing the yellow treats on the table as she did. As soon as she was naked, she came and stood between Dale and William who were still seated. She put her arm around William's neck and whispered in his ear. He nodded back. She then put her other arm around Dale. Both men cupped one of her buttocks in the palm of their hand, competing to slip their fingers up her bum crack. Céleste picked up the two sweets and put both into her mouth, a little bulge now showing in each cheek.

Sophie didn't know what to do. The little six year old had just stripped off in front of the two men, as if she did it every day. Then she'd let them fondle her and seemed to enjoy it

herself. Despite herself, Sophie felt those tingles deep down inside her, which she'd felt before when Dale had fucked her.

Sophie watched, feeling detached, like an observer, as Dale and William got undressed, while still kissing and fondling the six year-old. The three of them moved over to the larger of the two beds, Céleste seemed very willing, very happy to let these two British senior officers molest her like this.

Like in a Zeoptrope, she had seen before the war, when a series of pictures moved in a cylindrical viewer, seeming to make the pictures move, so Sophie saw the three of them moving on the bed as if she wasn't even there. Despite herself though, she wanted to watch. That feeling deep inside her was getting stronger now. She reached down and although she was very sore, she had to touch herself there, feeling that wonderful sensation she'd had before, as she came on her own fingers.

Sophie leaned closer, as little Céleste got on her hands and knees in the middle of the bed. Dale was kneeling at her head and before Sophie knew what was going to happen, Céleste grabbed his cock and sucked it into her mouth. Although shocked, Sophie vaguely wondered if the sherbet lemons were still in her mouth too. His cock went in deeper and deeper. She realised it must be in her throat, as it all went in, until Dale's hairy pubis was pressed to Céleste's lips. Meanwhile, Uncle Willy was also kneeling between Céleste's kneeling legs. He held her hip with one hand and his smaller, but rigid cock in the other. Then she realised he was going to put it in her bottom.

Sophie didn't know yet that Céleste had been fucked by Dale earlier. She also didn't know William had fucked Céleste too, watched by Dale, just before they came back from the officers' mess together. The other thing she didn't know was that William had been here earlier and fucked her while she slept, and that was why her pussy was feeling just as sore as Céleste's was.

Sophie's mouth dropped open as Willy's cock sank all the way into Céleste. Then both men looked at each other, nodded and pulled out of their respective orifices, then plunged in again. Out and in, out and in, getting faster each time, the men perfectly synchronised. After a couple of minutes, Dale said something to Willy and took hold of Céleste by the shoulders. Willy took hold of her by the hips. Then, both men stood, lifting the tiny girl as though she weighed nothing. Céleste's arms were round Dale's waist gripping his buttocks, while her legs were now splayed outwards gripped by Willy as he penetrated deep into her bowels.

Céleste was meowing with pleasure, now. Sophie didn't know it, but Céleste was every bit sexually supercharged as she was herself.

Dale and Willy were now pumping into Céleste at a fast rate. Then suddenly, Dale turned to Sophie and said: "If you want to watch, Sophie, strip off." Sophie, affected by the alcohol, Laudanum and sexual arousal, flipped her dress up and over her head in a moment. She was rewarded immediately by three things: First, Dale popped a lemon sweet into her mouth; secondly, he started to masturbate her clitty; thirdly she came instantly. She was only vaguely aware of Willy's fingers seeking, finding and penetrating her own bottom as her orgasm climbed and climbed.

Dale and William came at the same time. Why Céleste didn't choke as his semen shot down her throat, Dale couldn't imagine, but she seemed to handle it like a veteran. While that was happening, William might have had a small cock, but he made up for it with massive balls, which delivered twice the volume most men could manage. He pumped gallons into her and still it kept cuming. She was full to overflowing, even before he pulled out of her.

"Well," said Dale grinning at William after their breathing had calmed somewhat, "I have gone into battle several times alongside you William," he paused, "but that's the first time we've been on opposite sides." The two men burst out laughing, the two girls a little bemused.

## **CHAPTER 9**

### **The Compact**

Dale and William sat at the table, and poured some more drinks. The two girls lay on the bed together, looking at some of Sophie's picture books and seemed to be becoming friends, giggling and chatting animatedly as little girls can so easily do. They whispered a lot and giggled, as they turned occasionally to stare at Dale or William from time to time. No one seemed to be worried that all four were naked, an air of acceptance had descended on the room. Dale watched the two girls, so relaxed and at ease. Both had lost their parents because of the war. Both had lost their homes and both had lost their virginities today. Both were now entirely dependent on the two colonels from the British army for their welfare.

An idea came to Dale's mind. He considered it for a minute, while looking at the girls, whose feet were now up by their bottoms, knees up but spread, showing their reddened pussies. "William, I have a proposal for you," he said in English so the girls wouldn't follow the conversation.

William picked up the bottle and topped up both glasses, "I'm all ears," he said.

"I have a bad feeling about this campaign. It seems to me we have little to gain and a lot of men to lose," he said in an unusually pessimistic tone. "When we were down at Arras, last summer, Britain was being starved out by the U-boat menace. So Haig cooked up another mass attack here in Flanders for when he had enough men. The element of surprise was the nineteen mines at Messines. They worked fine, but we had nothing to follow it through with, but now the Germans are dug in on a wide front, so the opportunity was lost. But now I understand at sea we have developed a convoy system and submarine detection methods, so food and supplies are arriving at home in ever increasing quantities. The point is, William, I can't see why we need to waste men and resources here at all. The ground is a morass. Tanks, artillery, horses and men sink without trace. It smacks of Haig's vanity to me, William."

"Careful with talk like that, Dale," replied William. "You're likely to be put up against a wall and shot for mutiny."

"I know William, but I must say something. Haig seems to be intent on commanding the biggest casualty list in history," said Dale in an exasperated voice, tears at his eyes. "Why fight to take the U-boat pens and the Channel ports, when the U-boats are no longer the threat they were? The Yanks are on the way. Haig's vanity has got the better of him. He wants to win the war before Uncle Sam gets here in numbers. We should sit it out, and when there are a million Americans here ready to fight, demand Germany surrenders. It would save Allied and German lives. The Russians are fighting each other, the French army has mutinied and could collapse at any time. All we need to do is wait. Time is on our side. Tanks, aircraft, artillery, American troops are all arriving by the shipload. There's no need for haste. Haig's a fucking self opinionated, egocentric maniac wishing to go down in history as the greatest general of all time. He'll go down in history alright, but for murdering more of his own side than the enemy."

"Calm down, Dale," his friend said, his hand across his shoulder. "We can't fight against men like General Haig. Even your Prime Minister Lloyd-George seems to be overawed by him. All we can do is look after our men the best we can and save as many of their lives as possible," he looked across at the two naked girls, who were giggling together about something and realised he and Dale had something to really fight for. "So what's this proposal, Dale?"

"What happens to these two," Dale asked, nodding at the girls, who seemed to be inspecting each other's pussy, to decide whose looked most sore, "if something happens to either of us?"

"Ah, I see what you're getting at," said William. "So what do you have in mind?"

"An understanding," replied Dale, "call it a compact, contract or agreement, if you like. If one or the other of us is killed, then the other agrees to look after both these two scamps."

"I think that's a commendable idea, Dale," said William. "Shall we see what they think to the idea?"

They turned to the bed, where Céleste and Sophie were playing with a pack of picture playing cards. Both were sitting cross-legged quite content with their nakedness.

"Girls," said Dale, catching their attention, "would you each like a sherbet lemon? Willy and I would like to talk to you about something." The girls came and stood in front of Dale, who was now sitting on one of the dining chairs by the large table. William was standing behind him. He opened the jar of sweets and smiled as they competed to grab a lemon first. They popped them into their mouths, getting the same burst of intense flavour as before.

"Willy and I have been talking," Dale started. "You know we are soldiers fighting a war. You both know people, friends and family who have been killed." They nodded sadly. "Well, the same could happen to us." They both looked alarmed at his words, even though they'd both already realised it could happen. "Willy or I might get killed for a hundred different reasons. Now what we wanted to say is if this happens to one of us, the other will look after both of you. So if Willy is killed, Céleste will come and live with me and Sophie in England and if I am killed, then Sophie will be looked after by Willy. Do you understand?" The two girls looked at each other and then back at Dale. They realised

what he said was quite possible, probable, even. They nodded, but they weren't happy at the thought their only supporter might suddenly die. On the other hand, they realised there would now be someone else there to look after them.

"Alright then," he said, "are you happy with the idea?"

"Yes, Dale," they said together. "Does that mean we would be sisters?" asked Céleste.

"Yes it does, Céleste," he nodded. "Would you like that?" The girls smiled at each other and nodded. "Well there is something more I want to ask you," he continued. "Willy wants Sophie to be happy with maybe having to live with him and I want Céleste to be happy if she has to live with me."

"So what would you like us to do?" asked Sophie. "You know, to show you we're happy with what you said?"

"I am going to give you two a series of tests. Like a competition," he said, making it up as he went along.

"That sounds fun," said Céleste, "what is the prize?"

"Prizes, really," he replied. "Whoever wins each heat can have three sherbet lemons. The runner up can have one." They looked at him puzzled. They would find out soon enough. The girls were definitely interested in the sherbet lemons.

"Alright," said Dale, "let's start the first round." He picked up the jar of sweets and counted out four sherbet lemons and placed them on a plate on the table. He spoke quickly to William, and they sat down, side-by-side on two of the chairs.

"Sophie," he said, "you have to make Willy cum. Céleste, you have to make me cum. Whoever does it first, wins. Alright?"

Sophie looked uncertainly at William. As far as she was concerned, the only man she'd ever let see her naked, until an hour ago was Dale. She had really enjoyed having sex with him, and she even thought she loved him, because he'd fed her when she'd been so hungry. She already thought of him as Papa. Now he was asking her to do things to another man. She'd watched him and Willy do what they'd called 'spit roast' to little Céleste, but now Dale, her protector, was asking her to do things to Willy. But the intelligent girl also knew Dale could be killed any day and Willy might then become her new daddy. She suddenly understood why Dale had set up the competition; so she and Céleste, would get to know the person who might suddenly become their new father. She realised how clever Dale had been and although she was hesitant to do anything with Willy, she would do her best to win the competition, because Dale had asked her.

"Oh and there's two rules," Dale added mysteriously, "we are going to tie your hands behind your back." Before either of them could object, he picked up his tie and quickly tied Sophie's hands behind her back, then grabbed William's tie and did the same to Céleste. "The second rule is when we cum, nothing is to drip on the floor, or you are disqualified. Right, we're ready," Dale smiled at the two naked preteens, as they pondered their challenge.

The two girls were uncertain, at first, how to start. Then Céleste suddenly got down on her knees and bent over Dale's lap and in a moment, sucked his cock into her mouth. Sophie realised this was going to be the only way to win, so she copied Céleste's actions and without even thinking whether she liked Willy, sucked his cock into her mouth. She knew she would have to do more, though. She watched Céleste moving up and down Dale's shaft fast, her cheeks sunken as she sucked. Willy's willy was different to Dale's. It was smaller for a start, but he was circumcised. But to the previously ignorant child, all she knew was it was different. His pre-cum coated helmet shaped end slipped into her mouth easily enough, the round smooth end pressed between her tongue and the pallet of the roof of her mouth. She used her tongue and felt him jerk when she pressed into the little dip underneath, realising that was a sensitive spot for him. She started to bob up and down, trying to go deeper, like Céleste was doing to Dale. She gagged and thought she would be sick, so was careful after that, not to go too deep.

So Dale and Willy sat, while the two preteens tried their very best to bring them off with a blowjob. It was so erotic, seeing the blond and dark haired girls' heads, side by side, bobbing up and down, concentrating on what they were doing. Dale was the first to feel the sensations deep down inside, as his prostate lurched, the semen shooting up and finally bursting into the back of Céleste's throat. Again she never gagged. Dale watched as Céleste's mouth seemed to chew and her throat bobbed as she swallowed his load. She never let a single drop leak. She was definitely the winner. William started to grunt about a minute later and Sophie tried her best to swallow it all. Her problem was Willy shot twice the amount of semen as most men, and she struggled to keep up, but in the end she managed it. Remembering what Dale had asked her to do before, when William's pulsing ended, she pulled off him, sat up, opened her mouth and showed the two of them all the semen in there, before closing her mouth and swallowing.

The girls stood before Dale and William, waiting for the prizes. Dale took the sweets off the table and handed three to Céleste and one to Sophie. He was amazed by what followed. Céleste turned to Sophie and said: "We're sisters now, aren't we?" Sophie blinked for a moment, before nodding with a thin smile. "In that case, we share everything." With that comment, she handed Sophie one of the three sweets she held in her hand, so they now had two each.

Sophie thanked her and gave her a cuddle, before giggling, "It seems we have to share our Papas too." They both laughed as they climbed back onto the bed together and picked up the pack of picture playing cards.

## **CHAPTER 10**

### **Becoming a family**

Dale and William chatted about the war and their individual concerns and worries. They also swapped home addresses. They played poker for a while, smoking their pipes and sipping some of the Dimple Whisky Jimmy had provided. After a while, Sophie called from the bed. "Papa," she said, using the term for the first time, "what is the next part of the competition?"



“Are you two ready?” he asked, throwing his losing poker hand onto the table. “Alright, stay where you are. This round only involves you two. We just watch.”

Dale and William moved their seats to the side of the bed and sat down again. “Right you two rascals,” Dale said, “you have to make yourselves cum. You have to do it as fast as you can and position yourselves so we can see what you’re doing, so we know you’re not cheating. Whoever cums first is the winner. On your marks, get set, go.”

There was a moment’s hesitation, then the two girls quickly lay across the bed, side by side, pulled their feet up to their bottoms and spread their knees wide apart, brought their fingers down to their clitties and started to masturbate themselves as rapidly as possible. Dale and William watched as their already inflamed pussies opened up, mucus flowing from them, while fingers worked hard at bringing themselves off. Quite soon a squelching sound could be heard from each of their pussies. Dale knew who would win this, because he’d been amazed how fast Sophie could cum compared to all the other girls he knew. And he was right, because in less than a minute, her little anus and vagina started to wink open and closed; her thigh muscles twitched and the rhythm of her fingers working her clit altered. Her moans of ‘O mijn god’ confirmed what they all knew was happening. She slowed her pace and lay enjoying her cum for several more minutes, before Céleste started to moan and indicate she was rising at last. Her knees kept parting and closing, as her whole cleft twitched while her orgasm swept through her. Céleste’s orgasm had taken longer to arrive, was much shorter in duration, but far more intense. As her vagina gulped, William and Dale could see deep into her interior. It was incredibly arousing, even though they’d only cum themselves a short while ago.

“Well done, Sophie,” said Dale, “you won that heat in the competition. Here is your prize.” He handed her three sherbet lemons and the fourth went to Céleste. Sophie immediately handed one of them to Céleste. Dale smiled at her, pleased the girls already seemed to be bonding and looking out for each other.

“We’ll have the next heat in the competition in half an hour,” said Dale. “Meantime have a few minutes rest? Would anyone like something to eat?” And so, the four of them once more sat around the table and ate a little. Dale was trying to ensure Sophie didn’t eat too much all in one go. Little and often was the plan. The girls helped themselves to some wine, which Dale decided would do them no harm. They got Dale’s playing cards and had a game of Snap, which Céleste won easily.

It was nearly an hour later, when Dale asked if they were ready for the next round in the competition. Both girls seemed quite excited. “Right,” he said, “lie on the bed side by side, but one of you with your head at the top of the bed and the other with your head at the bottom.” The girls got into position, wondering what he wanted them to do next. “The object of this round is to make each other cum,” he explained. “But, you are only allowed to use your tongue. You can hold on to each other and open up each other with your fingers, but no playing. It is tongues only. Ready, steady, go!”

The girls giggled as they tried to work out how best to do this. They were lying on their sides facing each other, trying to lift legs enough to get in between one another’s thighs. Then Sophie suggested she lay on her back and Céleste got on top of her. In moments, they had adopted the classic sixty nine position and soon had their tongues hard at work,

trying to work each other up again. There was a lot of slurping and sucking and moaning and sighing, but neither of them seemed ready to cum. Then William said: "They're not trying to win, Dale, they're just enjoying themselves." Then in English, he added, "I think the competition is working, they don't have any reticence now and seem to be very relaxed with us and each other." As if a signal had been given, a few seconds later, both girls started to moan. They were rising. Who would be first? Then Sophie managed to win by a couple of seconds, as Céleste gasped out her orgasm, just before Sophie's anus started to wink open and closed.

They let them enjoy themselves for another ten minutes or so, before Dale called a halt and offered four sherbet lemons in his open palm. They each took two, shoving them into their mouths, making their cheeks bulge out like chipmunks, before putting their arms around each other in a sororal embrace, now lying face to face on their sides in the middle of the big bed.

"Well, it seems your plan worked," said William, looking across at the two girls. "Let's hope neither of us cops it, but if so, at least these two will be alright."

Dale nodded. "You're right, William," he said, "but I have enjoyed letting them get to know us and, come to that, us getting to know them. Which makes me think, there's just one more round of the competition to go." William looked at his friend with a half smile wondering what was coming next. "Céleste has a lovely bum, which I must get to know better."

William laughed, "I've already had Sophie's, she doesn't know that, but I sure would like a repeat."

William and Dale were really pleased that when they suggested a buggering competition with Sophie under William and Céleste under Dale, there was no hesitation at all, and in moments the two of them were kneeling side by side on the bed with their cocks far up inside the girls' bowels. There was no pretence of competition now. The four of them were completely at ease with each other. Even though the girls knew what they were doing would have been wrong in the eyes of their parents, these two men would look after them from now on and in return wanted a few home comforts of their own. It was an arrangement that suited them all. War was a hard teacher, but these two orphans were survivors and fast learners.

The sound of thighs slapping into buttocks got louder as the men reached their zenith, finally blasting their cum into the little girls.

The four of them lay in bed, side by side, the girls in the centre, flanked by Dale and William. They were chatting about where the girls would live after the war, what their schools were like and who would look after them there. They lapsed into silence for a while. Any final lingering doubt by Dale that Sophie was comfortable with the new arrangements were swept away when she said: "My pussy's still sore, Dale, but in the morning if it's feeling better, can I give you a blowjob while Uncle Willy fucks my pussy?. I think I'd like to try that spit roast thing."

The next couple of days became a blur for the four of them. They ate, drank, played games, fucked, joked, teased, fucked, read, discussed the future, fucked again and

became completely at one with each other. Dale made contact with Mason and William did the same with his unit, but other than that, they stayed in the cellar of Sophie's home for the whole time. At the end of the two days, they were as close as any four people could be together. It was as if they'd never been apart and all of them knew whatever fate threw at them, they would look out for each other.

## **CHAPTER 11**

### **Gone Fishing**

Dale and William were called back by their brigades on the third day. They were no longer in reserve, instead, they were now 'stood down', which meant they could move back from the front to the relative safety of Poperinge and beyond. They were advised that the offensive wouldn't start until late in July. It took Dale a couple of days to calm down after that piece of news. As far as he was concerned, the offensive shouldn't happen at all. There were no clear objectives other than taking scraps of farmland, and the prestige of taking the Geluveld-Passchendæle Ridge with its commanding view both east and west. If the submarine menace had still been the threat that it once was, he would have agreed, but it wasn't, so he didn't.

The great advantage of being stood down and sent to the rear was that it gave the men some rest and an opportunity to clean and repair their uniforms and equipment. They could also meet and fraternise with the local population, which many men took to mean heading straight for the nearest 'red light'. In Poperinge, there were both red and blue light licensed brothels. The blue were for exclusive use by the officers. But most cafés and bars were run by wives of serving soldiers. They weren't licensed, but it was common enough for their daughters to provide 'recreational' services to soldiers upstairs. And it is on record many of these were very young daughters indeed, such as at Skindles Hotel where the proprietor's daughters, Maria, Zoë and Lea were very popular. It is also on record that General Plumer resided at Skindles from June 1917 onwards.

Another famous Poperinge establishment was the Talbot House, or Toc-H, which provided a place for rest and recuperation, run by Rev. Clayton, where prayers and bible readings gave men solace. Here no military rank was recognised. Everyone equal. It was located at Gasthuisstraat 43, just up the road from Skindles Hotel at no. 57, where a different form of solace could be provided. It was not unheard of for men to wander from one to the other.

Dale and William moved into the remote farmhouse William had been staying in previously, a couple of miles further west from Poperinge. The farmer's wife who lived there took the four of them under her wing, especially the two young girls. She treated Dale and William like the sons she had sent off to defend her country, and were both killed at the Battle of Liège, at the very start of the war, when Germany invaded neutral Belgium. Her grief had affected her mind. She had a passionate hatred of 'Les Boche' and a love for any soldier trying to kill them. So she approved of the two colonels and the orphan girls who she knew were looking after their men. It was patriotic for women and girls to support their men in any way they could. She understood too that the men were supporting the girls as well. She had the name of Mevrouw (Mrs.) Van Dyck and claimed her husband was related to the famous artist.

One week led into another and the summer passed its solstice, as June turned to July. Dale was really worried the campaign would, like the Somme, end not with victory, but a grinding mud strewn attrition. Already, the wet summer months and constant artillery bombardments by both sides had turned the battlefield into a quagmire. What would it be like when the late summer and autumn rains started in earnest?

It was around the first week of July, William and Dale, at a meeting with high command, met a Belgian senior officer, who owned an estate south of Poperinge, right on the French border near Mont Noir. He kindly asked if they would care to come down for a few days of fishing and duck shooting. They jumped at the chance. The following day, they made arrangements with Mevrouw Van Dyck to look after Sophie and Céleste, who said she would take them to her sister's home near Dunkirk, so they could spend time playing on the beach.

The following morning, carrying shotguns and fishing rods, borrowed from brother officers, they arrived at their host's home only to discover he had been called away by King Albert I, to discuss matters of state. The housekeeper showed them to their rooms and said she'd been instructed by the Count, as she called him, to give every comfort to the two Colonels. Her husband was the gamekeeper during peacetime and although he was away in the army now, she knew where they needed to go for the best fishing and shooting.

"We've had problems down there over the last few weeks," she said. "Could be children messing about scaring the game away, or it could be poachers. If you see anything, you have full authority to deal with them as you see fit."

The following morning, on her advice, the two were up before dawn, took the packs of food the housekeeper had prepared, and set off for the morning duck flight down by one of the lakes at the far side of the estate. As predicted, they enjoyed some shooting and each bagged a brace of Mallard, before sitting on the bank to sample their picnic. Afterwards, they each assembled their rods, mounted reel and line and tied flies on. The housekeeper had said Mayfly (or Fishflies as William called them) were the best hooks to use this month. And so it proved. Soon they had several good sized rainbow trout in the bag and called it a day. They decided they would return that evening for the dusk flight of duck and evening rise of trout.

It was midmorning and the sun was warm. It seemed it would be a hot day later. The two friends lay side by side on the grass bank, surrounded by tall aquatic grass. Dale produced his flask, given to him by his father, containing Dimple whisky. "You know whose family owns that whisky distillery, don't you?" asked William with a grin. Dale blinked and shrugged. "Your dear friend and mine, Haig."

"Fucking hell, William," spluttered Dale sending a spray of the golden fluid into the lake, "Don't spoil my day." He looked at the whisky still in his silver shot cup in his hand and said: "I knew there had to be some redeeming feature in that fucker." They both clinked their cups, said: "cheers", and swallowed the contents.

They talked for a while about their homes and families. William explained he had two young sisters and a brother. The boy was away at school, while the girls aged six and nine were home birds. Dale told William about all of his sisters and cousins. He made William

laugh when he confessed he fucked them all regularly. "Perhaps I should come over to British Columbia and meet your sisters," suggested Dale.

"Not before Hell freezes over," laughed William. "Besides, I want to dip my wick there first." They laughed again, before lapsing into silence, both in their own thoughts.

Just then, they heard a splashing sound, which seemed to come from across the water. They paid it little heed, until they heard the unmistakable sound of children laughing and calling one another. Dale sat up and reached into his knapsack to pull out his army issue binoculars. Now sitting, his head was just above the level of the tall reeds growing by the water. Locating the source of the noise, he brought the glasses to his eyes and focussing them muttered, "Well, well, well. Take a look at this William." He handed the binoculars across.

William whistled quietly. There across the short distance of water were four girls. Dale guessed the youngest to be about seven and the oldest perhaps eleven. From this distance it was difficult to be sure. What he was sure about, though they were all stark naked, as they swam in the warm waters of the Count's lake. They all had long, bright red hair, which seemed to float on the water surface in a scarlet fan behind them as they swam.

"Come on," said William, urgently, "let's get round there. You can be sure they are trespassing."

"Wait," said Dale in a sibilant tone, "let's put on our jackets, Sam Brownes and caps. Let's make out we're seeking out spies or deserters." They carefully and quietly put their belongings into their knapsacks and donned their uniforms. They hid the rods and shotguns, together with the game-bags in some tall grass and keeping low regained the path that ran parallel with the water's edge, twenty yards back. Using their fieldcraft skills, they skirted around the end of the lake and soon were approaching the sound of the swimmers. There was no apparent break in the undergrowth either side of the path. Then William pointed to some grass which had been laid flat and bending found a tunnel under the branches, bramble and nettles, perhaps formed by animals seeking water at night.

They got onto all fours and crawled through until they found a small clearing, with more long grass at the far side, beyond which the girls were swimming in the water. They approached slowly, and found four little piles of clothes where they had been dropped. William crouching below the screen of grass, picked up the clothes and moved along the bank and tucked them behind a tree.

"Ready for some fun, Dale?" asked William, smiling. Dale grinned back and nodded. "OK, let's make this look good." He unclipped his holster and drew his revolver and waited while Dale did the same. They pushed through the undergrowth, suddenly appearing on the top of the bank. To the girls they looked frightening, in their full uniforms, boots and caps with revolvers drawn.

"What do you think you are doing here," shouted William in his authoritarian, commanding voice. He looked fiercely at them. Two of the girls hadn't heard him, their heads being under water at that moment, so he fired a shot into the air. That certainly got their

attention. "Right OUT, now," he shouted, waving his gun across the line of girls, standing in the water, side by side.

The girls were so frightened, they never even considered their nakedness as they walked out of the water up the bank and stood looking at the two uniformed officers, water running down their pale bodies, dripping off them, making small puddles around their feet. William aimed his gun at the tallest girl, and pointed with his finger at the ground. "Stand there," he commanded. He took a sideways step and repeated his words and actions to the next girl, until all four of them were standing in a line, a yard apart, shaking, looking fearful.

Dale and William looked at the four girls. They were certainly sisters, with similar facial features, red hair colouring and green eyes, long aquiline noses, high cheek bones and medium, straight lipped mouths. There wasn't a pubic hair between them. Their bodies were identical, differing only with their ages.

Looking once more at their faces, William marched along in front of them, holding his gun, pointing upwards, against his shoulder. He stopped and looked at the face of the oldest girl. "You are trespassing," he shouted, his face only inches from hers. "What are you doing here? We are looking for fifth columnists; German infiltrators and collaborators."

"We only came here to swim....." she stuttered.

"Did I tell you to speak?," he said, fiercely. "Only speak when I tell you to."

Dale was having a problem not laughing. William was acting his part so convincingly, even though he knew it was all put on, Dale almost believed it. He looked at the four girls, marvelling at their beautiful bodies, glistening with water in the mid summer sun. Each had a long cleft, with a dimple at the top, a slip of skin showing just below, before their clefts disappeared down and under them. Dale was fairly good at judging ages of preteens now and was sure the oldest was about eleven. She was developing curved hips and her thighs had started to form a delta at the top with a gap showing daylight between, the groove of her cleft visible there.

Name?" William barked.

"Natalie Dubois," stuttered the girl, visibly shaking, as she clasped her hands in front of her tummy.

"Hands by your side, girl. Shoulders back, chin up," he said sharply. "All of you do the same."

Dale smiled as the girls stood like many of the soldiers they had seen on parade.

"Natalie Dubois," said William in a staccato voice, "why were you trespassing?"

"We often come here to swim," she said reasonably.

"So you are repeat criminals, by your own admission."

"No, we just....." her voice trailed away.

"Where are you from, who sent you, who do you work for?" he interrogated.

"No one," she said, tears now running down her cheeks. "We live just the other side of the hill there," she pointed over William's shoulder. "It's called Berthen."

"Berthen?" questioned William, "that's in France."

She nodded. "The border runs along the top of the hill," she explained, "Berthen is less than a kilometre away."

"But still in another country," he frowned. "This is Belgium, you are trespassing and we are at war and there are spies everywhere. We will have to take you to Poperinge for questioning." The girls' eyes all went wide, faces now pale at his words.

"Please sir," she pleaded, completely oblivious to her own and her sisters' nakedness, "our mother will beat us if she knows we've been in the Count's pool again and....."

"So, by your own admission, you've been in here before," stated William firmly. "It's more serious than I thought. I suppose you have stolen some of the Count's trout and duck as well."

"Nnnno," she stuttered, "only Papa comes....." She realised too late what she had been about to say.

"I think I've heard enough," said William, "stealing food during wartime, this close to the front line, is a capital offence. You will take me to your home, where I will arrest your father. I will give you half an hour so you can say goodbye to him. I don't think you will see him again."

The girls were all standing defeated, their shoulders slumped, arms hanging limply at their sides, tears streaming down their cheeks. William turned to Dale and without changing his fierce expression, said in English "OK, Dale time for you to play the good cop role. Come to their rescue."

Dale stepped forward, taking out his notebook and pen. "Natalie Dubois, is that correct? Age?"

She nodded, "Yes sir, I am ten, eleven next month."

He stepped sideways, where the next two identical girls stood, obviously twins. "Names and ages," he demanded.

The first said: "I am Colette and this is my little sister Cosette," she pointed her thumb at the next girl, "We are both eight years-old. Dale's cock twitched at seeing the twins, but knew the next girl was far more likely to make him spontaneously cum, as he stepped in front of her."

He raised his eyebrow in query. "Élise," she said quietly, almost a whisper. She was terrified. She was shaking and her face deathly pale. Perhaps William had overdone it with

this one. There was a pause, before her sister Cosette nudged her with an elbow. "I am seven," she added.

William had walked a few yards away. Dale leaned forward towards the line of girls and in a kind tone said: "If you do exactly what Colonel Staff says, perhaps things won't be as bad as you think."

"Right," said William, turning back to the girls again, in a toneless voice, giving nothing away. "I want you to line up and we are going to march up and over the hill to your home. Colonel Winchester will be at the front and I will bring up the rear. Ready, let's go."

"Please sir," said Natalie, "may we get dressed? We have no clothes on."

"Certainly not," replied William, fiercely, his Webley revolver still at his shoulder. "You committed your crime naked, you have been arrested naked and will be punished at home naked."

"Please don't, sir," pleaded Natalie, "we were only swimming."

"That is true," responded Dale in a more placatory tone. "Now we know who the real poacher is, perhaps we will just punish you all here, before we arrest your father and take him to Poperinge for trial."

"What will happen to him?" asked Cosette suddenly realising the danger Papa was in.

"I don't know, from what you said he is a recidivist," replied William. "I imagine he will either be hung or shot." The four girls all gasped at his words, horror in their faces.

"But if you didn't say anything to them, he wouldn't be arrested," said Natalie shrewdly, "would he? And then he wouldn't be shot, or hung."

"And why would we do that?" asked Dale, seeing a glint in the older girl's eye. "That would be against the law. We would need a very good reason indeed to break the law as you suggest."

"We would be very grateful," said Natalie, knowing they were negotiating a deal now.

"How grateful?" Dale asked.

"Oh very grateful," she paused, "as grateful as you want us to be." She looked down at Dale's crotch, smiling as she saw the growing bulge there, knowing now the threat on her father was lifted and the four girls might now have a bit of fun which Mama wouldn't approve of, but she knew she would. Jean-Pierre had been trying to get into her knickers all summer and she really didn't want a spotty fifteen year old to be her first, she wanted a real man.

"Would all four of you be grateful?" he asked.



"Oh, yes, we would all be very grateful," she glanced at her sisters. "As I said, we will be as grateful as you want us to be," said Natalie, wondering if she could get her sisters to go along with what she now knew was to follow.

## **CHAPTER 12**

### **Trespassers will be Prostituted**

"Right," cut in William with a voice only slightly softer than before, "before we let you show us your gratitude, we need to know you are not German agents carrying messages."

Natalie smiled to herself. They were naked for fucks sake! "Err, alright," she said, going along with the game she knew he was playing, "search us."

Turn away from us," barked William, face the lake. Now move your feet apart; wide apart, no, much more than that...good, that's better. Now keep your knees straight and bend at the waist and touch your toes and stay down until I tell you to move."

William looked at Dale, who smiled back and waved his hand as if to say: "after you." Dale moved behind Natalie and placed his hands on her buttocks, brought his thumbs to her anus and pulled her open. He could see about an inch into her. He was tempted to lick her, but knew he needed to bide his time for the moment. He moved down an inch and opened her vagina in a similar way. He knew Natalie realised what they were up to, because already, she was running with the pearlescent mucous of arousal.

He stepped to the side and let William move behind Nataile, to inspect her too. Meanwhile, Dale had either eight year-old Colette or Cosette in front of him. They were identical as far as he could see, as they stood bent double, their bottoms and pudenda open for him to inspect, touch and molest as he chose. He so wanted to get his cock out, but knew he must be patient, just a little longer. He pulled her open and couldn't resist pushing his finger into her rectum a couple of inches, as he said, "What's she got hidden here?" Pulling out again, he said: "Must have been a scrap of toilet paper." Her vagina glinted in the sunlight, as her older sister's had done. It surprised Dale, who'd thought their fear had washed away any possibility of becoming aroused. Perhaps it had increased it. Her semi translucent hymen was stretched taut across her passage. The little hole in it seeming to be dilated, letting him see deeper into her.

Stepping along once more, he found the other twin. They were identical in his eyes. He could tell no differences in them at all, but then he was only inspecting their genitalia. Then he noticed one difference: Her hymen was split, partly torn. He touched it, feeling her jerk slightly. "What's your name? What happened here?" he demanded.

"Cosette," she replied, "I fell onto a stump in the ground a week ago. It was sore for a while, but alright now."

"Hmmm," he said in a serious tone, "I will need to check to make sure nothing's hidden in there. Do you understand?"

“Yes, Sir,” said the girl, wanting to cooperate, hoping Papa wouldn’t be arrested. Dale put his middle finger to her entry and pushed gently in, feeling her passage peel open to his searching, probing finger. Deeper he went, until he bumped into her cervix, making her brace herself. He pulled back a fraction, curled his finger tip and finding her tiny ‘G’ spot started to massage her sensitive place. It was only a matter of ten seconds, she started to rock on her feet and in another ten, he felt the beginnings of her climax rushing in.

He pulled his finger from her and said: “I don’t think you have any German messages hidden in there Cosette.” Finally, stepping to the side again, he came to the youngest girl, Élise, who was still bent double, despite having waited nearly ten minutes for her turn. This one really pressed Dale’s buttons and he was almost cuming just looking at her. Certainly he intended to fuck her soon, but had to go along with the charade he and William had set up. So he prised her open and looked closely at and into her, simply enjoying her beautiful body.

A minute or two later William had finished his tour of inspection too. He was looking at Natalie wistfully, the same way Dale was at Élise.

“Time for round one, I think,” said William, “Natalie seems to know what we’re after, but she also seems to be going along with us. Let’s take her to one side and have a little chat.” Waving Natalie over to him, William took her by the arm and the three of them moved away from the other girls.

“Right young lady,” said William firmly. “We need to have a few words.” The little girl, seemingly older than her years, cocked an eyebrow as if to say: ‘I’m listening.’ William looked into her eyes and continued: “As I see it, here is your position. First, we caught you red handed trespassing. We can march you over the hill to your home and have a long talk with your parents. They might not be happy with the four of you being paraded through your village naked for everyone to see. Secondly, you have admitted that your father has been poaching the Count’s estate, so we would have to arrest him and take him to Poperinge. He won’t be shot, but he may well spend a week or two in jail. And when he gets home, I don’t suppose he will be pleased with you four for the trouble he finds himself in, both in Poperinge and with the Count.”

“Then there’s your option, Natalie” he continued. She frowned, puzzled. “You and your sisters can show how grateful you are. But, and I mean this, you will do exactly as I and Colonel Winchester say, or you’re all under arrest, is that clear?”

She looked from William to Dale and back again and nodded.

“Now here’s what’s going to happen. You and I are going to spend the next few hours getting to know each other very closely. Do you understand what I mean, what we are going to do?”

“Ouais monsieur, tu veux nous baiser. (Yes, Sir, you want to fuck us).” William and Dale were surprised at her plain speaking. “What about little Élise? She is only seven, she asked.”

“Colonel Winchester is an expert with younger girls. He will make it good for her. So while you and I are fucking over there,” he pointed to a patch of grass, behind a bush, hidden

from the lake, "Colonel Winchester, Élise and the twins will be fucking over there. Is there anything you would like to know?"

"How long will we be here, Sir?" she asked.

"What time are you expected home?" countered William.

"Not until dinner time," she answered, "that will be two hours before sundown." That comment surprised Dale, who made a quick calculation. Sunset today would be about 21:30hrs. So including half an hour to get home ..... they had until about 7o'clock this evening. He glanced at his watch, it was only 10 o'clock now. They had all day. Dale reckoned he could manage Élise and the twins several times each and still have time to spare. His cock twitched in eager anticipation.

"Another thing, Natalie," said Dale, "If you please us, and I mean really please us, we will let you come back here tomorrow and give each of you ten Francs." Natalie's eyes widened. She'd never owned a single Franc in her life, let alone ten. For ten Francs she would have almost let Papa be shot!. Now go and chat to your sisters and tell them what we want them to do."

Natalie went over to her siblings and the four of them sat down, talking animatedly. They were clearly excited, in contrast to the fear they'd shown only a few minutes ago. Dale noticed Natalie pointed between little Élise's thighs several times, obviously explaining what was expected. The child sat there wide eyed. She looked at Dale a couple of times. Dale heard Natalie say: "Élise if you don't do it, they said we will all be arrested and Papa taken to Poperinge. But if you do it Papa won't be arrested. He also said if we return tomorrow and do everything they ask, they will give us ten Francs each."

Élise seemed to be on the point of tears. Then Dale had an idea. He walked over to where the girls were sitting and opened his knapsack and took out his jar of sherbet lemons, he bent down and said quietly to Élise: "If I can make you stop crying and smile in less than ten seconds, will you let me pick you up, cuddle you and carry you around for a while?" The little nervous girl looked at Natalie, who faintly nodded.

"Oui," said Élise.

Dale leaned to her ear and whispered: "Don't let your sisters know what's about to happen. It's our secret, alright?" He winked at her and saw the first glimmer of a smile. He realised William had probably frightened this little girl more than he'd intended. So Dale whispered again into her ear: "I promise you will enjoy today more than anything. Now just do exactly what I say." He whispered a few more words to her, so she knew what to do.

He then turned to the other girls and said: "I am going to perform a magic trick on your sister, to make her happy. Will you help me?" They were intrigued, smiled and all nodded together, wondering what Dale was going to do to bring Élise onside. "Great," he said, "now I am about to cast a spell on Élise. But I need your help." The three girls wondered what he was going to do. "Cover your eyes and count to three, when I say.....GO."

They covered their eyes with their hands, Dale put the sherbet lemon into Élise's waiting open mouth, which closed immediately. The other three girls uncovered their eyes and

instantly saw Élise's face had lit up with the ecstasy of the burst of flavour making her taste buds explode in her mouth. She closed her eyes and moaned. If Dale had been touching her, he might have been mistaken she was having a climax. Perhaps she was.

He leaned towards her and asked: "Did I make you stop crying and smile in less than ten seconds?" She grinned cheekily and nodded, knowing how he did it, when her sisters didn't, "and can I pick you up and cuddle you and carry you around for a while?" She nodded again, holding her arms out in invitation. He bent and scooped up the little girl into his arms, her little naked legs encircled his waist as far as they could and her arms wrapped around his neck. Dale didn't waste any time, as he held her weight under her bottom, his fingers trailed into her cleft, feeling the way between her labia, exploring, feeling, arousing. He was surprised when she pressed her cheek to his chest and pushed her thumb into her mouth, as if seeking comfort.

William stood and took Natalie by the hand and walked towards the grassy area he'd earmarked earlier. He looked over his shoulder waved his hand and said: "You carry on with those three, Dale, I think I will have enough on my hands with this one." Dale looked at the twins, who realising Natalie had William all to herself, shrugged and stood either side of him. Let's find a nice quiet spot to make ourselves comfortable.

"We know a place," said either Cosette or Colette. Dale couldn't tell the difference. "It's just a little further along here," she pointed at some thick undergrowth. "We used to hide from the gamekeeper here when he was around, before he went off to the war," she explained.

They approached a large circle of evergreen trees, which looked more like a hedge. The twins pushed at two seemingly impenetrable branches, which lifted out of the way, revealing a narrow passage beyond, leading into a small clearing no larger than four or five yards in diameter. The hedge was not too tall, just a little higher than Dale himself, so the warm sun reached into the circle.

"What would you like us to do now?" asked Cosette. He'd just heard the other one call her by name.

"Well," he said, "I promised Élise I would cuddle her and make her feel happy for a while. Why don't you two help take my uniform off for me?" The twins made valiant efforts to do as he asked, but it was obvious to them all, amid lots of laughter, that he would have to put Élise down for a minute first. After that, the three girls and Dale made quick work of getting him naked. Having done so, the twins and Élise stood staring at his erect cock, now glimmering with pre-cum in the summer sun. They watched entranced as a long drip, trailing a spider's web, fell, as if in slow-motion, to the ground.

Cosette tentatively put out her finger and touched his shaft and giggled as it wobbled in the air. The other two followed suit.

"Let's sit down here," suggested Dale, indicating some grass in front of a tree. "Élise you sit on my lap, while Cosette and Colette can sit either side of me for a while, until we get to know each other better." Dale sat and lifted Élise up onto his lap, lowering her over his cock, her short legs over his thighs stretched wide apart, so his crown came up between her labia, pressed into her open pussy. Dale knew he had two days with these girls. He

wanted to penetrate every orifice that they had and also knew after two days he would probably need bed rest with a sore cock. But he was never one to shirk his duty.

“Who would like a sherbet lemon?” he asked brightly. Élise had only just finished the one she’d been sucking earlier and was first to say “Oui, merci.” He handed them each one of the lemon shaped sweets and smiled as their faces screwed up with the sourness, then almost instantly lit up as the taste swept through them. He leaned back against the tree, feeling Élise’s weight press her down over his shaft. He put his arms around the twins and let them lean back into his sides. His hands weren’t slow in moving around to their abdomens, feeling their warm silky soft skin under his fingers. He let them slip down, feeling the rise of their identical mounds, firm, but soft at the same time, their clefts, suddenly opening as they spread their legs as Natalie had instructed them, the tiny slip of skin covering the smaller nub beneath which made them jerk as his fingers passed over them, moving down through their valleys, finding the dip of their identical vagina’s, which opened even more as he pressed in just a fraction, before moving on, over their perineal and into the dips of their anuses. He moved back to their tiny clitties and started to play with them.

He sat enjoying the sensation of his shaft nestled and encased into the whole length of the seven year-old’s cleft. Speaking to the twins, he said: “Would you both press my cock for me into Élise’s pussy and rub it gently.” He was surprised how quickly they were doing as he asked and felt the wonderful sensations the three of them were giving him. Very soon Élise’s pussy was squelching with pre-cum and the twins’ fingers covered in it. Dale wanted this one to be a quickie, so he encouraged the girls to carry on playing with his cock. What then happened caught him by surprise, because although he never expected it, Élise suddenly came. The twins smiled at each other knowing what they had done to their sister, but Élise had never had a climax before and as she shook in his lap, so her bladder let go, sending a line of pee out between Dale’s legs onto the grass.

It was the final straw. He told them to quickly have a look at his end. The three bent down simultaneously, just as the first blast shot out, covering their faces in cum. They hadn’t moved when the second and third spurted out too. He looked at them, they looked at each other, then at him. Their initial shock changed to laughter, breaking the tension of the moment. But the moment wasn’t over yet, because Dale had been working the twins up and as one, they suddenly went rigid under his hands and fingers, tensing up and held their breath. There was a two or three second pause, then the air whooshed out of them, as they pushed themselves against his searching fingers, their mirror image climaxes giving them the ultimate pleasure.

No one moved for a few seconds, as they all came slowly down from their climaxes. Dale had cum, but not his all consuming, cataclysmic all draining orgasm, which followed a long session of foreplay; but a gentle ‘getting started’ sort of cum. He knew he would be ready to go again for a nice long session in about an hour and he wanted to take both twins. He could use that hour to keep them on the boil and prepare them for what was to follow. Élise was in a post orgasmic malaise, and he wondered if she would fall asleep, so he lifted her off his lap and laid her on the grass, where she curled up with her thumb in her mouth. He intended to spend time in her later in the day.

## CHAPTER 13

## Double Drilling

He explained to the twins what he wanted and as he sat leaning against the tree, they lay with their heads one on each of his thighs, just below his hips, their feet pointing away from him, their long red hair in a pile between his thighs. He reached down and after they had both spread their legs as wide as they could, he slipped his fingers over their bald, smooth mounds, into their clefts and started the long slow work of magic. His fingers were so good at this, working up little girls' arousal.

Taking his time, he felt the twins rise and fall in their level of arousal, getting a little higher each time. He wasn't in a hurry and he didn't want their pleasure to be a one minute wonder. He wanted it to last all day. After a while, although he was far from ready himself, he felt the stirrings of his own arousal. He looked across at Élise and saw she was fast asleep. The twins were nearly there, but he didn't want them to climax yet. It was alright for them to have a little flutter of a cum, but not feel sated, yet.

"Colette, Cosette," he said in a low voice, "Is this nice, are you enjoying it?"

"Mmmmmmmmmmm," they replied in a manner understood in any language.

"Which of you would like to feel even better first?" he asked. There was a moment of hesitation, before both said "I would."

"Well in that case, I think you both better be first," they looked over their shoulders at him, puzzled. "I am going to make you feel really good with my fingers, alright?" They nodded. "Did Natalie tell you what and how we would do things?"

One of them said: "Yes, she said you would put it in our mouths, our bums and chatte."

"That's right," he confirmed. "I will play with your chatte all the time, but first I am going to put it in your bottoms. Then one of you can have five minutes, before the other has the next five minutes and so on. How does that sound?" They shrugged. "At the same time, I am going to pop your cherries. Do you know what that means?" Both shook their heads. "Well it will help you later, when I fuck your little chattes."

"Alright, if one of you would sit in my lap, leaning against my chest, we'll make a start. At first, stand over me, facing my feet. Then lower down, until you are a few inches above my lap. I'll guide myself in, then you can lower yourself slowly down, until it's all the way in." There was a brief pause and one of them got up and squatted over Dale, as he'd instructed and slowly dropped down onto him. Because he still had his finger in the other girl's pussy, he had to hold his cock with his free hand and aimed it at her anus, as she made contact.

"That's good," he said, "press down, but not hard or too quickly. Just let it go in when you're ready." She applied some pressure and after a couple of minutes, he felt slight movement as his slimy crown slipped into her entry. Then in a moment, he popped through the tight cuff of her sphincter, immediately feeling her tightness squeezing him like an elastic band. Then suddenly, his cock started the long, slow, glorious journey into her

interior, feeling every ridge and dip of her rectum, as she peeled open to his intrusion, stopping only when his pubic hair ground into her buttocks.

He paused for a moment, and using his one free hand, lifted her up and dropped her down a couple of times, before saying: "Move up and down like this, would you?" She started her movements, while he reached round and located her clitty, strumming it for a few minutes. He then moved down, finding her vagina entry and pressed in, feeling her little girl mucus there, mixed with his own pre-cum, letting his finger slide into her tight passage. He was immediately up against her hymen, seeking the little hole in the membrane. He now had a finger in each twin sister and his cock in a bum. Having cum, not long ago, he knew he could last for a long time now and simply enjoy himself.

She lifted and dropped, lifted and dropped, while his finger worked her 'G' spot, mirroring his actions with her sister's vagina. After about ten minutes, he slowed and stopped, asking them to swap positions. He found the second rectum just as nice and tight as the first and enjoyed the battle of getting deep into her. Once in, she commenced lifting and dropping on him, while he digitally played with their 'G' spots. Five minutes later, they swapped again and kept changing over regularly from then on.

Judging by the way the girls kept climaxing on his fingers, they were enjoying this more than he'd expected. At last, they indicated they'd had enough for a while. He slowed and stopped. "Do you think Élise would enjoy this?" he asked. Colette and Cosette looked at each other and smirked. It was clear they doubted it, but they wanted to see him try. Dale had an idea. The tiny girl might well be able to take him, but she would probably feel some pain as well. He reached for his jacket and pulled out the little bottle of Laudanum. He unscrewed and filled the dropper, he held the end over Élise's slightly open lips, while she slept, and counted out five drops, but accidentally spilt several more than he'd intended. He hoped he hadn't overdone it, but they would take away any pain she might experience.

"Get either side of Élise, girls," he instructed the twins, "and lift her up for me." They quickly did as he asked, holding the little girl up by her upper arms and thighs. Dale positioned himself under her and told them to lower her a little. By now, Élise was almost folded double, her feet pointing upwards, but she was also unconscious from an overdose. Dale, not being one to miss an opportunity, decided he would carry on regardless. He nudged his cock into her anus and nodded to the twins, who were now each holding her by a wrist and an ankle, to let her down a fraction more. Élise was completely relaxed, his crown popped right through her sphincter with no resistance, so he told the girls to let her down all the way.

He lay there feeling his cock being squeezed by the tightest rectum ever. His foreskin was being ripped back along his length, but the exquisite feeling of penetrating the girl far exceeded the discomfort.

"Lift her up a bit more, girls," he instructed, "I'm going to fuck her chatte now." The twins looked at each other with concern, but still did as he said, lifting their little sister up off his cock. Dale reached underneath Élise and with expert fingers, pulled her labia apart and lined up his crown into her opening. He nodded to the twins, who carefully lowered Élise an inch or so. He felt her labia embrace his crown, feeling the pressure. In moments, he was pressed against her hymen, feeling the tension there as the girl's sisters let her down

a fraction further. He thrust upwards, feeling that wonderful sensation as his cock popped another virgin's cherry.

She was incredibly tight though, and he had to tell the twins to take it slowly, because he didn't want to harm her, or rip his foreskin off. Soon they had a momentum going, so he took his hands from under her bottom, and moved them up into the spread thighs of the twins, feeling their swollen clefts and identical clitties, which he started to rub. As far as Dale was concerned, life didn't get much better than this: feeling two eight year-old twins up, while they lifted and dropped their younger sister on his cock, feeling it get deeper in her all the time. Although it hadn't been that long since he came, he knew this would soon come to an end. He felt the surge and told the twins to stop lifting and drop Élise's weight onto him. He felt his cock press deep into her, as suddenly he repeatedly blasted into her tiny vagina. At last it ended, and placing his palms under her bottom once more, slowly lifted her up and off him. She was laid on the grass, legs parted, semen and virginal blood running from her vagina. She had felt no discomfort and Dale had had one of the best little girl fucks of his life. She might feel sore when she woke up, but that was something he couldn't help. He realised in that moment the war had hardened him, made him less caring, less compassionate. But then he thought of the orphans Gabbi, Amelia and Felicity at home and Sophie and Céleste here in Belgium and his promise to look after them all. He hadn't lost his compassion, but perhaps the constant threat of death had sharpened his priorities and sense of urgency – 'because tomorrow we may die'.

The twins were playing a little game between them, while Élise slept beside him, semen seeping from her all the time. After a while, Dale suggested the twins might like to play another game, and soon he had them laying on their sides, in a classic sixty nine position. At first they hadn't been sure what he wanted them to do, but they were quick learners and soon got the hang of it and after twenty minutes, knew this would be something they would play again and again in the years to follow. They were rolling around on the ground, one on top, then the other. But, their mouths and pussies never parted.

Soon afterwards, Dale got his knapsack out and offered the twins something to eat. The smell of food woke Élise and Dale watched, as the three of them ate some of the lunch the housekeeper had prepared for him. He smiled as Élise kept rubbing her fingers through her cleft, looking at the sticky semen on her finger tips, wondering how it got there. Her sisters were laughing at her, thinking it was a great joke. Dale knew when the laudanum wore off, she'd feel the soreness.

The three girls started to ask Dale about his home and where he came from and his family. They asked him about the war and what he had done in it. They loved listening to him telling them about how he rescued Amelia and Gabriel from the crypt and how he had taken them to England to live. At last, he asked the twins if they were ready for their first fuck. They were surprisingly excited about the idea.

"There's just one thing," said Cosette.

"What is that?" he asked.

"We are twins, you have to do us together, at the same time," replied Colette.



After a quick discussion about how they would like to do this, he suggested they have a warm up session first. They weren't sure what he meant, but were happy to be guided by him. So far their punishment for trespassing had been one big exciting adventure.

"Sit astride my tummy, Colette, with your chatte pressing on my cock," he instructed. "Cosette, face your sister, sitting on my legs, press your chatte against the other side. Squeeze yourselves together, sandwich my cock between you. That's good," he said, as they got into position. "Now both of you lift your right leg up over your sister's left leg, then curl it round behind her bottom and pull yourselves together. I want your chattes pressing against each other with my cock in the middle. Good, now hold each other's hands and lean back, squeezing me between you." Dale felt the wonderful sensation as his cock was compressed between the two girls' pussies. He lay and enjoyed it for a few minutes, then started to buck his hips, so his cock jerked up and down. The sensation was incredible, but with their joint weight, his scope for movement was minimal. Even so the sensations surged through his body.

He was aware the twins were becoming very aroused. They started to move in reciprocation to his movements, rising, enjoying, cuming. He wondered how he was going to manage the next step, but he needn't have worried, because events suddenly took over from him. Cosette, sitting on his legs, was now pushing her hands down on his shins, as she leaned back, still lifting herself up and down in time with Colette, their pussies pressed together, his cock encased tightly in their clefts. Both girls were, by now, climaxing steadily, enjoying pleasure beyond their previous experience. But in a moment of lost concentration, Cosette lifted a little too high and his cock slipped down further than before, lodging momentarily in her vagina entry, so as she dropped down again, he slipped into her. What was left of her partly ruptured hymen vanished in a moment and by the time she stopped her downward movement, he was already a couple of inches into her.

Looking over Colette's head at Cosette's face, he could see she wasn't in pain, although surprise was written all over her face. She was frozen in movement. Both twins looked down, their heads touching, looking at where Dale's cock disappeared into Cosette. Then the girls looked at each other and smiled, as if some secret communication had passed between them. They waited a few seconds, before Cosette leaned forward slightly, letting his cock sink deeper into her, feeling his crown peel open her virgin passage for the first time.

Dale, realising Cosette wanted to control his penetration, remained still, feeling his cock sinking into the eight year old vagina, as she pressed down, until it nudged her end. As it did, her head shot up looking at her twin, another silent discussion taking place. She wriggled on him a little, as if rubbing him against her sensitive place. Dale distinctly felt her clamp several times on him, just before she nodded to Colette and lifted up off him. She held his cock, as Colette lifted up, bent his cock back, aiming it, before she dropped down onto him. He'd expected the girl to take her time, but instead, he realised he was also half way in her, her hymen gone, her vagina gripping him tight, like a warm bullet in a cold gun barrel.

Colette lifted a fraction. Dale thought she might be in pain and wanted to get off, but instead, after a brief pause, she dropped down, her whole weight pushing him deep into her. He felt her cervix press against him, it's rubbery warmth caressing his crown. She moved against him a couple of times, before lifting up a few inches and dropping again, up

and down, up and down. She looked at Cosette and as if they had spoken, lifted off him, moved back and in an instant, Cosette was in her place, her vagina sinking over Dale's cock once more.

Cosette moved up and down for about thirty seconds, then lifted up and back for her sister to take her turn. Back and forth, back and forth they went, each girl taking her turn on his cock. For virgins, they gave Dale the impression of being very experienced indeed, but, he knew they weren't. Dale hadn't long since cum and could keep this up for as long as needed. The girls were, at the end of the day, doing all the work. All he had to do was lean against the tree and enjoy himself.

After about fifteen minutes, he felt the first flutter. Cosette clamped on him, just as she was pulling off. Colette mirrored her twin sister a few seconds later. From then on, both girls were clamping on him continuously when it was their turn and in between openly played with themselves while they waited their next turn. Up and down they continued to move, but now he could feel their vaginas squeezing him every half a second, while they cried out in their pleasure: "dieu, dieu, dieu, dieu."

Dale knew he was about to cum and knew his timing was important. So as Cosette pushed down on him, he clung onto her waist and blasted into her three strong pulses, feeling his semen shoot deep into her cervix. He then lifted her off, sensing her reluctance to end her turn, grabbed Colette and pulled her down onto him. Only one pulse of semen shot up between the girls in the changeover. Colette then had the benefit of the end of his orgasm, as he spurted deep into her over and over.

At last, it ended. The two girls clung to one another for several minutes, knowing they had shared something special this day. At last, he lifted Colette up by the waist, looking as his cock slipped from her. There was a lot of semen and blood there. He looked at Cosette and saw she was in a similar state. After a few minutes, Colette lifted off him and lay one side of him, Cosette on the other. He dozed off, as he leant against the tree in the warm summer sun. When he woke a couple of hours later, the twins were curled up either side of him in a foetal position. The other side of Cosette lay little Élise. She was snoring quietly in a deep sleep induced by her earlier activities and the help of a little laudanum.

All in all, Dale decided it hadn't been a bad morning's fun and there was the whole afternoon in front of them yet.

## **CHAPTER 14**

### **Natalie's Inauguration**

The three girls lay dozing, while Dale stood and returned to where they had first met the girls. What met him took him by surprise. William was sitting fully dressed in his uniform, leaning against a tree, smoking his pipe. Natalie, completely naked still, was lying at right angles to him, her long red hair splayed over his thighs, her head resting on his leg. They both looked very content.

"Are there you are, dear boy," said William as he turned his head to Dale, "we've been waiting for you. We heard you were quite busy, so decided to sit and enjoy the sunshine."

"I'm sorry if I kept you waiting," replied Dale. "How did things go here?"

"Very well, thank you old chap," responded William. "We've become the best of friends, haven't we Natalie?"

She turned her face towards Dale, smiled, nodded said "Oui", before resuming her relaxed position.

Dale sat beside William, leaning against a branch of the same tree. He lifted Natalie's legs up and lowered them onto his lap. Her head still on William, her knees and calves on Dale. He reached for his pipe, but immediately realised he was still naked, his uniform still with the other girls.

"Well how did it go?" asked William as he took his penknife and scraped the bowl of his pipe out before refilling it. He lit the pipe, took a long puff and handed it to Dale. Dale spent a few seconds enjoying the smoke, before speaking in English what he'd done to and with the twins and Élise.

"And you?" asked Dale. He sensed hesitation from William.

"We talked a lot," said William evasively.

"And...", prompted Dale.

"We cuddled for a long time."

"And...", repeated Dale.

"We got undressed."

"Come on William, get to the point for fucks sake," said Dale, realising William was now embarrassed.

William took his pipe back and puffed nervously a couple of times, before speaking quietly: "Well, you remember I didn't, you know, fuck Céleste until after you, broke her in? I pretended to myself it was because she was only six." Dale nodded, taking the pipe back. "and you know I let you have the three younger girls while I just had Natalie with me?" Dale nodded again. "And you remember when we found the girls trespassing, it was me who became aggressive with them threatening them with all sorts of dire punishment?" Dale still nodded, wondering where this was going. "Well, Dale, there's something I have to confess to you. I realise I cannot bring myself to hurt any child. So I can't spank her, or hit her, or....."

"Take her virginity," Dale completed for him. William nodded.

"So what about her?" asked Dale, looking down at the recumbent Natalie.

"Well that's the point, Dale," continued William, "we've been waiting for you. She doesn't want to be the only one of the four sisters still intact. That's where you come in, so I can have her later."

Dale looked at his friend with some confusion and puzzlement. "So what did you do?"

"Oh," smiled William, glad to get onto firmer ground now, "she can give the most amazing blow job. She can even swallow my cock. I know it's not as big as yours, but I enjoyed it." Dale was about to say something, when William went on: "And she really loves it up her bum, Dale, you've got to try that." William got to his feet and put his pipe in his pocket. Dale wondered if it was still alight or not. "So where are the other three? I think I will go and see if they're ready for me. I really fancy a bit of real fanny. I will leave you two to get better acquainted." With that, he was gone, leaving Natalie squinting at him, shielding her eyes in the bright sunshine, her head lifted off the ground, where it had just been resting on William's leg.

"Would you like to come and sit on my lap?" he asked returning to French once more. She smiled and got up into a sitting position, then in a moment, lifted a leg over his and, now kneeling straddled him. He had expected her to sit on his lap, leaning against him, but instead, she faced him, her chest suddenly pressed to his. She moved in to kiss him, their lips pressing together, her tiny boobs just raised cones, squeezed against his chest. He reached round and cupped her full bottom with both hands. In that instant, he recoiled for two reasons. Firstly he realised her mouth tasted of William's spent semen, and her anus and bum crack was sticky for the same reason.

"Go down to the water and wash your mouth and bum out," he said. "I like many things with a little girl, but sloppy seconds isn't one of them."

She grinned at him, as she got up. She turned to the lake, paused with her feet well apart and bent to pick something imaginary off the ground. In that moment, she let rip a small fart and a squirt of semen spurted towards him from her anus, like a miniature ejaculation. Dale recalled in that moment how William seemed to have the ability to deliver twice as much semen as most other men. He watched as she squatted in the shallow water. He distinctly heard the bubbles as she farted again and again, while she used her fingers to rinse herself. She stood, farted once more, squatted again, finished washing, rinsed her mouth several times, then walked towards him, a coquettish expression on her face. She knew he'd been watching her and she also knew what he was about to do to her. Both of them anticipating the next half an hour.

She resumed her position, squatting over him, face to face. Her skin felt damp and cold from the water, but that would soon change on this hot day. Hot in two senses. She pressed her lips to his. This time she tasted faintly of lake water. She then surprised him. She reached across and picked up a sherbet lemon, which she must have saved from earlier and put it in her mouth. As she sucked on the sweet, she placed her hands on Dale's shoulders and looked down between them. Her bald mound was pressed to his pubis, his cock, now fully erect, sandwiched between them. She gyrated against him, letting her pussy tease his cock. If he hadn't known better, he would have thought she was experienced. Her base instincts guiding her very well indeed.

There was no need for foreplay. This girl was as highly aroused as it was possible to be. She'd sucked William off and let him bugger her several times. But he suspected William hadn't given her any pleasure in return and she was desperate for it. So without preamble, he reached down between her thighs. She lifted slightly to give him room. Using his fingertips, he gently pulled her open, her blood engorged and bloated labia rubber like

against his touch, as she opened up. She again surprised him, when she reached down and took hold of his cock and guided it under her, as she lifted a little more, before pushing it to her entry. His final surprise came when he felt his crown pop through her tight cuff of muscle at her entry, immediately pressing against her hymen.

She went to press down on him, thinking that's what she was meant to do. Anticipating her move, Dale put his hands under her thighs and held her firmly. "Let mother nature take her time," he said, feeling her dilation already. He held her like that for several minutes, until he felt the tension around his crown ease off completely. He took his hands away and nodded to Natalie. She looked at his face for a moment, as if she wanted to remember this moment all her life, then she dropped her full weight onto him. Dale hadn't expected that and as her pussy ground into his pubic hair, he realised he was in all the way. His foreskin had been ripen painfully down his cock making him gasp. She too gasped, letting her own stab of pain diminish, as she knew it would.

Dale told her to remain still for a few minutes. He enjoyed the feeling of her deep interior caressing his crown with her movements. He smiled to himself as he realised he'd taken the virginities of all four sisters in one day. It was Natalie who finally lifted herself up a fraction, feeling his cock slipping from her, before she dropped down again. She paused for a mere second, before lifting up and dropping once more. Dale felt her clamp on him lightly. She lifted again and as she dropped, he distinctly felt her clamp again, but harder. On the next cycle, she came hard, her vagina now squeezing him every half second, while she started to gasp in time with her pleasure. This girl, Dale realised was enjoying herself every bit as much as he was, possibly more.

Natalie moved up and down on him as fast as her legs allowed, but soon, even the young athletic girl started to tire and looked to Dale for help. He already knew, like himself, she wanted raw sex, not love and passion, so he said: "Get onto your hands and knees, Natalie, I will take you from behind." She leaped off him and was in position in a few moments. Dale got onto his knees, took hold of her hips, nudged his cock back into her opening and pulled her back hard, as he thrust forwards deep into her. She gasped again, as he went deeper into her than before.

The next twenty minutes blurred in both their minds, as Dale built up speed and pace, slamming into the ten year old as hard and fast as he could manage, his hips and upper thighs slapping into her buttocks, making loud clapping noises, as he yanked back on her hips, as his own thrust forwards. He realised she would be bruised after this, but he also knew this was what she wanted. Hard, deep sex. A first time she would remember all her life. All the while, he felt her clamping on his cock as he hit her cervix over and over. He had come so many times in the last few hours, he knew he could keep this up all day if necessary, so he just enjoyed himself and carried on.

Natalie already knew this wouldn't be the last time she did this. She couldn't believe how much she was enjoying it. The Englishman had caught her and her sisters trespassing, and she knew this was his way of punishing them. But what he didn't know was she would have done it anyway. He had promised to pay them ten Francs if they came back tomorrow, which she knew they would. She would have done it for half that amount. She also knew when Mme. Bentin, who managed Skindles in Poperinge, had approached her mother and asked if she would let Natalie come and work in her hotel, her mother had

said she would consider it. The family weren't well off, and it would be easy money for lying on her back a few times a day.

She was feeling sore now, and it didn't look like the Englishman was going to finish any time soon. The only thing was she was also loving the feelings which had surged through her body right from the moment he'd started. The other man, the Canadian was alright, but all he'd wanted to do was fuck her butt and it was uncomfortable and did nothing for her; whereas this man made her feel great. She wondered how much longer he would be.

Dale felt the early signs. He knew he could hold back for several minutes now, or cum in moments. He decided he wanted this to end on a high note. He stopped thrusting, and told her he was going to stand up and she should press her hands to the ground. She did as he asked, while he got up. He was now still impaled in her, but she was now almost upside down. He reached round her waist and lifted her up and moved her sideways, where there was a tree branch about three feet from the ground.

"Hold onto the branch, Natalie," he instructed. She reached out and just managed to grab the branch, her body now horizontal. He released his hold around her waist, so she had to support her top half, while he moved his hands around her thighs, just above her knees, supporting her bottom half. She had to hang on to the branch, otherwise she would fall.

Dale knew he was now on the home straight and started to really pound into her even harder now. He was holding her legs wide apart as he fucked her, while she had to hold onto the branch for dear life, while her orgasm continued to sweep through and through her. He suddenly let go and blasted into her, holding himself as deep inside her as he could, filling her infertile womb with his sperm filled semen. Again and again he ejaculated into her, sending the child even higher into her orbit of pleasure.

Suddenly it all went wrong, when her young body just couldn't take any more and she passed out, let go of the branch, fell, making him lose his grip on her, as she fell flat on her face on the ground, leaving Dale standing there empty handed, his rampant cock swinging in the fresh air, semen still dripping from his tip. "Oh well," he thought, "she wanted it hard from the start and it looks like it ended that way too." He bent down to make sure she wasn't hurt in any way and left her to it. He went back to the clearing, collecting his belongings on the way and sat enjoying his pipe, leaning against the same tree, waiting for William, who he could hear through the bushes was still very active with the three younger girls.

About ten minutes later, Natalie reappeared. Without saying anything, she came and sat beside him, throwing small pebbles into the lake water. It was just a few minutes later, her sisters reappeared, followed by William, who was buckling his Sam Browne belt. Dale got up, and quickly dressed. He picked up his knapsack and sitting back down, emptied the picnic which the Count's housekeeper had prepared for them. William, Dale and the four girls sat around in a circle, eating in silence, no conversation needed.

"So Natalie," Dale asked after they had finished their meal, "will we see you here tomorrow morning?"

"Oui Monseur," she replied, "we will be here at the same..... oh"

“What is it?” he asked.

“I forgot,” she said with consternation, “Maman said our neighbour is going to the town of Watou.”

“What of it?” Dale asked, confused.

“Maman says we have to look after her two girls for the day. They are eight and nine.”

“Do you think they would like to earn ten Francs?” asked Dale, his eyebrow cocked, a half smile on his face. The possibility of taking two more virginities arousing him even after the activities today.

“Oui, Monsieur, I am sure they would,” said Natalie, with a big grin on her face. “But I warn you, Monsieu,” she continued, “they are always in trouble, doing naughty things. They are really wicked.”

“Well,” smiled Dale, “if they are as demonic as that, I think you’ll be bringing them to the right place, then.” They all laughed. Little did he know what the morrow would bring.

## **CHAPTER 15**

### **The Diabolical Duo**

Dale and William showed the four sisters where to find their clothing and left them to make their own way home. They returned to where the guns had been hidden and collected their game bags. It was with some interest they noticed a brace of duck and two trout were missing. Dale and William speculated if it had been the girls’ father who had helped himself and whether he’d seen anything of their activities with his daughters.

On returning to the chateau, they discovered the Count had not returned, being in conference with King Albert still, but had sent a message for them to carry on enjoying his hospitality as if he were present. As far as Dale and William were concerned, they’d enjoyed some amazing hospitality, not courtesy of the Count, but courtesy of local cunt.

The following morning Dale and William once again were ready for the dawn duck flight and each bagged a brace of mallard. They fished for an hour and landed a couple more trout each. Last night, the housekeeper had cooked their previous day’s catch and produced one of the most delicious meals they each enjoyed since leaving home.

This time, carrying their guns and game bags, they walked around the end of the lake and found the concealed entrance to the little clearing, where they had found the girls the previous day. They’d only been there a few minutes when they heard the birdsong like chattering of a group of girls approaching. Both men were eagerly anticipating the joy the day might provide and were feeling very concupiscent. The bushes parted and suddenly appeared six smiling, chattering little French girls.

With the four redheaded Dubois sisters, were two tall thin girls with long raven black hair falling to their waists and skin as pale as chalk. Both were pretty, but neither could be described as cute, nor did they give off that aura of warmth most girls their age evoke.

Indeed, they both seemed to have a presence of iniquity, malevolence almost. Both were smiling with their lips, but not with their eyes, which, seemed to bore into William and Dale, making both men feel slightly uneasy. Natalie had tried to warn them about these two and they had fobbed it off as her fertile imagination.

Natalie took hold of the two girls' hands and stepped in front of the men.

"Messieurs," she announced holding the older girl's hand in the air, "this is Béatrice. She is ten years old. And this," she went on, raising the other girl's hand, "is Yvette. She is nine. This is Colonel Winchester and Colonel Staff," said Natalie, nodding to each man in turn.

"Are these the English soldiers you told us about, Natalie?" sneered Béatrice. "If they want to get into my knickers, I should charge a lot more than ten Francs." Silence hung in the air. Dale was immediately irritated by the girl. He hadn't wanted them to be here in the first place, and already one of them was giving lip he could do without.

"Be careful what you say, girl," said William, joining the conversation, "or you'll feel the back of my hand."

"I'll say what I like to whom I like," she retorted.

There was an awkward pause. Dale glanced at Yvette, but other than excavating one of her nostrils with her index finger, she made no movement or comment. Dale watched as she inspected her finger before noisily sucking it into her mouth.

"Natalie," said William, "I think you and your friends should go. We invited you here in good faith to earn a few Francs and all we get in return is cheek and impertinence. Go on, fuck off the lot of you." Natalie looked at her friend with annoyance. She'd gone and spoilt the whole day now. She was always doing it. Why couldn't she just keep her mouth shut?

Béatrice, realising she'd overstepped the mark yet again, pursed her lips and mumbled an apology.

"I didn't hear you," said William, cupping his ear.

"I am sorry Monsieur," she said clearly, but insincerely, looking at the ground between her feet.

"Well if we hear just one more word of cheek from you, young lady," said William, wagging his finger at the girl, "I will punish you severely."

"What with that finger or the tiny cock I heard you've got?" She never saw the hand coming which smacked her bottom hard enough to bring her to her knees. William was many things, but he wasn't going to take any nonsense from the child. In his brigade he had a reputation for harsh but fair punishment on defaulters. Dale recalled William's words of the previous day and realised his reluctance to hurt a girl during sex didn't extend to disciplining them for overstepping the mark, and she'd certainly done that.

"Fuck off," she screamed at him, still on her knees, rubbing her skirt covered bottom.



William turned to Natalie and said: "Either she behaves, or you can all go now."

Natalie seeing the prospect of earning more money in a day than she'd ever seen before, diminishing by the moment. "Why not just tie her up?" she suggested, with a sly grin. She'd been bested by Béatrice many times before and was as annoyed with her now as William was.

Béatrice, still on her knees, made to skip sideways, but William grabbed her arm. Coming to her feet, she tried to hit him with her other fist, but he caught it easily in mid air. He swung her round, so her back was now against his chest, arms held in a lock. She tried to kick backwards at him, but by leaning her backwards, she was unable to make contact. She shrieked and screamed.

Yvette made a move to help her sister, but Dale seeing her move, swept her off her feet with a single arm around her waist.

"Natalie," said Dale pointing to a tree at the edge of the clearing, "my game bag is over there. Inside you will find some lengths of twine for bracing up the shot birds. Bring them over, would you?"

By this time, Yvette was also swinging her legs and arms around as her sister had done and managed to connect a kick against Dale's shin. He immediately dropped her, hearing her hit the ground with a satisfying thump. Natalie handed Dale the bunch of cut lengths of string. He took one and placing his knee in the small of her back, to hold her still, tied one wrist to a sapling. He tied her other wrist to another sapling, leaving her arms spread out in a cruciform. She was kicking out wildly at anyone in range, her feet sweeping in wide arcs. In Dale's mind, she was every bit the impression he had of what a Devil's child would be like.

Meanwhile, Natalie had handed William some of the ties and he wasted little time in restraining Béatrice the same way Dale had Yvette, except she was lying on her back. She too was kicking out wildly. Her skirts by this time had ridden up, showing she was not wearing anything underneath, typical of French girls of her age at that time.

"One at a time," said William, pointing at Béatrice. Dale moved to her and timing her kicks carefully, grabbed one of her boots, while William mirrored her the other side. They quickly tied her legs off in a similar way as her arms. Yvette's legs were restrained moments later. As a parting shot, William reached down and flipped her skirts up and over her back, leaving her bottom exposed to the fresh air. Still the two if they screamed and shouted, as if the demons of Hell were inside her infuriated body.

The two men and Natalie looked down at the spread eagled girls, smiling with satisfaction. Natalie had only let them come with her on her mother's insistence. Knowing she didn't want them in her house, mother had said they either all go or none of them.

"We can't have them screaming like this all day, Dale," said William. "The Germans will hear them and lob some shells over to shut them up. It's Sunday. Even they want some peace and quiet sometimes. I have an idea. Punishment to fit the crime." Dale laughed when he heard what William had in mind. It only took a few moments to untie Yvette and move her

The men laughed, taking Natalie's hand and walking over to the other three girls, who were sitting near the water's edge. They turned and looked back at the Devil's Daughters, as they now referred to them as. Béatrice was still in the same position as before, on her back, legs and arms spread out, tied to different saplings. But Yvette was now lying face down on top of her. If they chose to scream, they did so in their sister's face.

The next two or three hours seemed to pass in a flash, as Dale and William fucked, buggered, sucked and molested the four red-headed Dubois sisters, who each earned their ten Francs more than once. Even little Élise seemed willing to try anything the two colonels asked her to do. Meanwhile the two Devil children had gone quiet. Dale had quite forgotten about them in the last couple of hours.

He walked over to them and knelt down beside their heads. As he spoke, they both turned towards him, seeing his huge cock swinging to and fro just inches from their faces. "Have you two calmed down yet?"

Dale instantly saw the fire of hatred in their eyes. Caution warned him not to release them both at once, so asking William to help, cut Yvette's hands loose. He was about to cut her feet free, when she started to lash out at them with her fists, screaming new invective. Words Dale had never heard before.

William just said: "right that's enough," and cutting her feet free, lifted her by the waist, under one arm, still face down and despite her swinging arms and legs, walked over to a fallen tree trunk and laid her down on it, none too gently, placing a hand in the small of her back, keeping her there. He waved Dale to fasten her down, which he did in a few seconds. The girl was now back up to full voice, screaming and shouting abuse at the two men. William reached and unclipped her waist band and pulled her skirt out from under her, throwing it onto the ground. He walked to where Béatrice was tied down and pulling out his large knife, cut the bindings holding her, as he'd done her sister's and picked her bodily up under one arm, displaying his strength in doing so. Soon the two girls were side-by-side, bent over the tree trunk, screaming at the top of their voices once more.

William, with a grim expression on his face. Walked to the nearest thick, six foot sapling and with three chops of his knife, cut it down. He cut off all the side twigs in easy practiced flicks of the knife. Then, he cut the top two feet off. Walking back to the tree trunk, he said: "Final warning. Are you two going to going to behave or do I have to teach you a lesson you won't quickly forget?" As he finished, he swung the stick down, cracking the end onto the tree trunk close to Béatrice's head, making the end few inches splay out in splinters.

At that moment, the shrieking stopped and Béatrice's face turned toward William, her eyes burning in an unnatural red light, and in a clear voice said: "You hit me just once with that stick, then you will die in the moment of your greatest triumph." Dale shuddered as the air temperature seemed to drop ten degrees. "Forces beyond your understanding will come for you. Your friend will live but you will die."

William had heard enough and taking his stance lifted the stick high up and swung it hard down on Béatrice's bare buttocks, leaving a livid red line across her lilywhite skin. The second strike of the stick came down on Yvette's bottom, leaving a similar welt. The two girls had suddenly gone quiet, which surprised Dale, considering the noise they'd been

making the whole time since they got here. Again and again William whipped them with the stick, seeming to get pleasure from it. Certainly his erection, inside his uniform trousers, suggested as much.

William looked at Béatrice and saw she was smiling, sending another shiver down his spine. It was as if they'd goaded him and now he was beating them, they had somehow won the battle. He gave them six more stripes each, before throwing the stick down and stumping off, passed the Dubois girls, who had watched open mouthed throughout.

Somehow the day had gone sour. Yes, Dale had taken plenty of pleasure with the four red headed Dubois girls, but he wasn't into violence and looking down now at the livid marks appearing on the Hellion Girls' bottoms did nothing for him. He quietly took his knife and bending, cut the ties holding the two of them. They pushed themselves up from the tree trunk and stood brushing themselves down, before picking up their clothing. Dale thought they were about to go, when Béatrice turned back to him and said: "Your friend is now a marked man. The day will come soon, you will look into his face, and it will vanish before you." Dale shuddered at the way she said this so calmly, standing naked in front of him. "I suppose you want my and Élise's virginities now. But I warn you, beware what you wish for."

Dale stepped backwards took his wallet out and handed the Hellion sisters each a ten Franc note and watched, although distracted by her words, as they dressed and left for home. It was only a few minutes later Dale paid the Dubois girls their money and waved them off, as they too went home. It was as well they returned to the chateau early that day, because a motorcycle dispatch rider was waiting for them. They had been recalled to headquarters. The big push was about to commence.

## **CHAPTER 16**

### **Third Ypres**

The 1<sup>st</sup> Battle of Ypres took place in October – November 1914 during the time when the position of the trenches of the Western Front were still being contested at the start of the war. 2<sup>nd</sup> Ypres in April – May 1915 was a German offensive when Chlorine gas was used for the first time ever, at Langemark. The 'battle' consisted of many attacks and counterattacks over a wide area, leaving the whole, low-lying area to the east of Ypres, a swampland of shell holes filled with putrid water. At the end of May, the opposing trenches, forming a huge semi-circle, or salient, were only 3 miles closer to Ypres, despite there being well over 100,000 casualties between the French, German and British armies. It was another unmitigated disaster for all sides.

The military gave the new campaign of 1917 the official title 'Third Ypres'. Dale dreaded what was to come. He couldn't see why the result would be any different to 2<sup>nd</sup> Ypres. He also couldn't see what the true objectives were, given the submarine menace in the Atlantic had been overcome. He suspected this was Haig's vanity project, before the huge numbers of G.I.s arrived from USA the following year. The ground, after years of war, and a long wet summer, was a swampy morass. Men, equipment, artillery, tanks and animals, moving off the wooden corduroy roads and duckboards could vanish and drown in moments. As a result, food, water, ammunition, in fact everything, had to be carried up to the trenches using pack animals and teams of men. As the campaign continued, these

lines of communication extended and became more and more difficult and dangerous. Like with 2<sup>nd</sup> Ypres, the battle was in fact a whole series of large local battles around the entire fifteen mile salient, beginning at Pilckem Ridge. Despite this in the first three days alone, there were 27,000 British casualties.

Dale and William were sent for by General Gough, who commanded the campaign. "You probably wonder why I have called you two in," he said, his face still turned to a map pinned to the wall. They had learned long ago not to second guess the general. "Well I have decided to form a number of skirmishing battalions. You two have a reputation for getting results with minimum casualties. So I want your two brigades to form together under the command of Brigadier Vickers. Your task will be, using your own initiative, to undertake missions set for you. These will include raids on enemy trenches, capturing prisoners, but also full scale assaults on tough nuts, as and when I see fit. During the South African war, the Boars had similar units. They called them 'Commandoes'. Hit and run tactics, not that I approve of such methods, all is fair in love and war. Anyway, I will let you know where we are going to attack. Your job will be to soften up the enemy."

"What do you make of that?" Asked William as they walked away from the meeting.

"Oh, you mean the bit about 'All is fair in love and war'? You and I have experience of both I think!" Both men laughed "No I think," continued Dale after a few seconds pause, "that there are three possibilities. One Gough has gone completely fucking mad and is dreaming up novel ways of killing his troops. Two, he needs to be seen to be doing something new to convince the home audience that he isn't just chucking good man after bad."

"And the third possibility?" prompted William.

"The third possibility is he is onto something clever, brilliant even."

"How do you mean?"

"Well the Germans' tactics are: wait for an attack, then send reinforcements and counterattack," said Dale.

"So?"

"So what if we attack in one place at night, cause as much mayhem and noise as we can, while next door, Gough sends in the main attack a day or so later into a weakened enemy line. While he's doing that we are five miles away pecking at another sector in the line. We know our men are trained not to just walk into enemy machinegun fire, but to keep their heads down, find cover, advance in dead ground and stay alive. If we have to fight this stupid fucking war, William, let's do it our way. Then we can go home."

"What do you want to do now, Dale?" asked William.

"Right now I have another attack in mind," said Dale, smiling. "Let's get back to Poperinge and assault Sophie and Céleste. Let's see how quickly we can penetrate their defences."

Many people have the impression of the Great War, that troops spent all their time in trenches up to their knees in mud for weeks and months at a time. In reality, they were generally in the trenches for four days, then another four days in close reserve, then four days rest, before 'going up the line' again. Senior officers like William and Dale could suit themselves as to where and when and even if they went into the trenches themselves. Our two heroes, typical of young senior officers at the time did muck in with the men, gaining respect and loyalty in return. But with long serving, experienced and competent men like Mason backing them up, their time was really their own.

Mevrouw Van Dyck welcomed William and Dale back into her home like a mother might her own sons. She had laundered the girls' clothes after their return from the beaches of Dunkirk, washed and brushed their hair and fed them well so they no longer looked as gaunt as they had been. Mevrouw Van Dyck was no one's fool and knew perfectly well what the two Englishmen had been doing to the girls, but also knew their chance of survival was thin and if they enjoyed a little bit of fun recreation with the girls before they returned to fight the hated Boche, she was not going to stand in their way.

And so it was, as they walked in through the front door, Dale and William were confronted with a wall of flying petticoats, which launched across the hallway, hitting them full square, with arms and legs wrapped around necks and waists, lips pressing to lips in a welcome home the men wouldn't forget in a hurry. Mevrouw Van Dyck watched from the kitchen doorway, smiling, wiping her hands on her apron.

"You'll be wanting to spend a little time upstairs, before dinner, I expect," she said. "But before you go up, the girls have a little surprise for you. They have been practicing all week."

Sophie and Céleste reluctantly released their grip on Dale and William and slid to the floor, now standing holding both hands of their men. Mevrouw Van Dyck sat down on a small stool in front of an old battered upright piano and lifted the keyboard lid. She nodded to the girls, before playing the opening bars to the 'Roses of Picardy'. Tears were in Dale's eyes even before the girls started to sing and by the time they finished the first chorus, he was choked up with emotion. So many memories this song evoked in him. At last it ended. The expressions on the men's faces spoke louder than the enthusiastic applause they gave.

"The girls have another surprise for you," said Mevrouw Van Dyck. "Don't be too long, dinner will be ready at six o'clock." Dale unconsciously glanced at the long-case clock in the corner, noting the time was just after four. Mevrouw Van Dyck turned and walking into the kitchen, closed the door behind her. A tug of the hand brought Dale back to reality, as Sophie pulled him towards the stairs.

They entered the bedroom Mevrouw Van Dyck had allocated to the girls. Typical of Flemish farmhouses at the time, there was little furniture, in the room. No carpet, just a small rug either side of the large iron-framed bed, a small chair, table and a tallboy. As soon as the door clicked shut, the girls grinned at each other, as they stood side by side, quickly slipping their clothing off. For a moment, they let Dale and William admire their nakedness, knowing they enjoyed just looking at them. In an obviously practiced manoeuvre, Céleste stepped up onto the bed, turned facing Sophie. Both twisted to the side, taking hold of the other around the waist and in an instant, Céleste was upended.

Sophie standing in the bed, held onto Céleste, whose whole pudenda suddenly opened up, as she dropped her legs outwards. She leaned her face forwards, her, now, open mouth encompassing Céleste's pussy, her tongue sinking into her girly depths.

Sophie had moved her own legs as far apart as balance permitted, and felt Céleste's tongue start to explore her pussy. Dale and William were astounded at seeing this incredibly sexy choreographed display. It was obvious this had not only been well practiced, but almost certainly taught to them, which could only have been one person: Mevrouw Van Dyck.

The girls worked on each other for several minutes, their arousal and hip thrusting movements increasing by the second. They suddenly reached a peak and both girls came in a messy, noisy, mutual display of young lesbian sororal love. They weren't finished, though.

Without separating and not saying a word, their mouths otherwise occupied, Sophie lifted her arm up in the air. She curled her wrist, both men's eye following her movements. Her long dainty fingers moved down towards her own bottom. She pulled her buttocks further apart and pointed at her own anus. Then moving her hand away a foot or so, pointed back at her bottom. Her message abundantly clear. Dale and William nodded to each other, now standing one either side of the bed and in moments had dropped their uniforms, Sam Browne belts, boots, hats and swagger sticks on the floor.

William climbed onto the bed behind Sophie, Dale behind Céleste. They wasted no time in cuddling into them. The men had spent a considerable time up at the front and needed some R & R (rest and recuperation). So as Dale took hold of Céleste's buttocks and pulled them apart, his cock settled immediately into the little dip of the six year old's anus. He looked over her head and saw Sophie's open legs with Céleste pushing her tongue into her cleft and beyond William's cock sinking into her bottom from behind. Dale found the sight so incredibly arousing, he couldn't help himself as his hips jerked forward, feeling his crown suddenly penetrate Céleste's tiny sphincter. The little girl gasped, and clamped on him momentarily. But in the next instant, she relaxed and he felt his cock start the long wonderful journey into her warm, buttery, tight interior.

William was already thrusting into Sophie at a steady pace as Dale bottomed out in Céleste. Dale pulled quickly back out and pushed back in. Within a few cycles, he was reciprocating William's movements, as the two men buggered the preteens in a forceful, carnal way. There was no love or affection. Both men needed relief, and their girls knew it and wanted to give it. The love would follow afterwards. Right now the girls needed to just let their men do as they wished to them and knowing both men loved doing it up their bottoms wanted to please them as fast as possible. And so it proved, as William came hard inside Sophie, and Dale in Céleste a moment or two later. The girls, still licking and sucking one another, came too, a tongue in their pussy, a throbbing cock in their bowels, the four each in their own worlds of lust driven pinnacles of pleasure.

But their pleasure was to be short lived, because just as they lay there, catching their breath, they heard a hammering on the door downstairs. Voices, men chattering urgently, Mevrouw Van Dyck responding. Steps up the stairs, a brief tap on the door, before it swung open, Mevrouw Van Dyck standing in the doorway.

“Major Mason is downstairs, Colonel,” she said, seeming not to notice the fact that they and the girls were all naked on the bed and that they were still deep inside the children from the rear. “He said to tell you ‘the balloons gone up and could you and Colonel Staff come to Brigade headquarters immediately’.” She looked at the girls position, as if seeing the for the first time. “Don’t worry about Sophie and Céleste, It’s time I gave them a bath and something to eat. I will look after them until you return.” It was many months later before Dale found out that Mevrouw Van Dyck gave the girls a lot more than that; but that’s another story.

“We intend to take the Menin Road Ridge, to the east of the city,” said General Plumer, or ‘Old Plum’ as the troops affectionately called him, on account that he was one of the few high command generals perceived to actually care for the men under his command. They were in the big chateau at Montreuil-sur-Mer on the Atlantic coast. Brigadier Vickers was sitting in an armchair in the corner of the room, a cigar in on hand and a glass of brandy in the other. “Winchester and Staff, I’ve called you in, because I want your detachments to make merry hell with the enemy in any way you can. We are planning on broadly attacking towards Gheluvelt. As you know we took the Messines Ridge, to the south, back in June. The ridge continues all the way from there north east to the village of Passchendæle. The plan is to take the high ground there and work along the ridge, from Hooze, through Santury, Château, Stirling Castle, Clapham Junction, Glencorse, and Polygon Woods,” he said, using the nicknames the British had given the various pine woods in the area, now little more than shattered splinters and tree stumps among a sea of mud and water filled shell holes.

“I want you to draw the Hun away from wherever we are attacking next. Use your men as skirmishers, use them in force, use them anyway you like, but try and draw the reserves away for me. Artillery is available to you, but we’ve had such a problem moving the heavy guns over the terrain, it will be limited to light weight guns.” Plumer looked at William and Dale, then nodded to Vickers. “Do what you can for me. We’re in for an unholy fuck-up of a campaign. I’ve tried to persuade Haig to abandon it, but he won’t hear of it. I’m relying on you two to save as many lives as you can, because I know even so, it is going to be one hell of a battle. I just hope it doesn’t turn into a full-scale massacre.”

The three men walked away from GHQ with mixed feelings. They knew they had been called upon, because they were acknowledged to be the best, but at the same time instead of believing the campaign would provide victory, were sure it would instead give casualties on a scale not seen in the war to date. They knew the terrain was a morass. It was still raining. The ground, such as it was, was covered in water filled shell craters. The mud was so glutinous it couldn’t be traversed without the risk of sinking without trace. Certainly tanks for that very reason were useless, as many had discovered. The Germans held the higher ground overlooking the approaches, their artillery supplied from the undamaged land to the east.

“Come with me,” said Vickers. “I hate travelling here, it’s more than a hundred miles from Ypres, but I suppose Haig needs to access the whole front and it is where many of the supply ships come in. My billet, while I’m here, is just down the road. I think we need a drink.” They walked through the quiet streets of Montreuil-sur-Mer, away from the General Headquarters.

"This is the place," said Vickers, pointing to a red brick building which might have once served as a customs warehouse, but had been converted into a hostelry since the turn of the century. They entered through some double doors into a gloomy passageway leading to a bar at the rear of the building. It was early evening, so there weren't many customers in yet and those that were, were all senior British army officers. Dale glanced around and the lowest rank he saw was an aged major, who looked old enough to have served in the Zulu war, let alone the Boer war, ten years later.

They sat at a table, where a young woman quickly took their order for drinks and offered a food menu. Vickers insisted on paying and ordered for the three of them. Champagne arrived, followed quickly by foie gras. Dale recalled Constance and Celine back in Mesnil, in Picardy. Their father had been a farmer before the war and had made this French delicacy. Following a main course of a form of French beef stew, Vickers, who had been drinking brandy while Dale and William had drunk red wine, suddenly stood and announced he was off to bed. "The night is yet young," he said, glancing at each in turn. "Don't be up too late, boys, because we need to catch the eight o'clock train in the morning. I will bid you goodnight." With that he was gone.

Dale and William sat back in their chairs, enjoying the last of their wine and listened to a piano being quietly played somewhere nearby. A shiver ran down Dale's spine, when he heard the unmistakable notes of 'Roses of Picardy'. It was as if the tune followed him around.

They were sipping their coffee following the meal, when a matronly looking woman moved from table to table speaking to each diner in turn. The place had filled up since their arrival and there were a lot of tables. Most officers held their hands up in refusal to whatever she was selling, but others nodded, slipped some cash to her and were given a small wooden token. Soon after, the men quietly stood and went out through a door at the back of the room, leading to some stairs. Everyone knew what was going on and politely pretended not to. Finally, she arrived at the last table, where Dale and William were seated. She handed over a folded card, which inside had a menu list of services on offer.

"Lovely girls, Messieurs," she said softly. "Every taste. Young, older, thin, fat, blond, dark, black skin, white skin, two together, what is your fancy?" Dale and William glanced at each other and almost without moving, Dale shook his head. He turned to the woman and politely refused. She moved to leave, but realising theirs was the last table turned back and looked again at them. Then in a quiet tone said: "perhaps you might like boys." She looked furtively around, knowing she could be arrested for pimping her son.

"No, Madame, thank you all the same," said Dale, equally quietly. "How young are your girls?"

"Oh very young, Monsieur," she replied, realising there may be a sale here after all. "Sofie is just fifteen this week. Very clean, very pretty." She saw immediately this didn't impress the two British officers at all. She looked left and right before leaning in to him and in almost a whisper said: "I cannot offer younger, but I can give you an introduction to someone who can. The introduction fee is ten Francs, Monsieur."



Dale looked at William and back at the woman. He took out a ten Franc note and slipped it into the folded menu and pushed it across the table. As she picked it up, she said: "19 Rue de Montfort. Just say Monique sent you." She turned and left without another word.

"Well," said William, standing, as he dropped some money on the table, to pay their bill, "Let's go and see what 19 Rue de Montfort has to offer." With that, he pushed his hat on his head, picked up his stick and gloves and walked swiftly towards the door, followed by Dale who'd had to hastily swallow the last of his drink.

Rue de Montfort was in a run down part of town. It was a narrow unpaved track, leading to a farmhouse on the edge of town. A stray dog barked at them as they passed. Number 19 looked as dilapidated and unkempt as its neighbours. It looked as though it had been cheaply built and neglected since. Most of these houses had once accommodated farm workers and their families before mechanisation had rendered most of them redundant.

William banged on the door twice with his fist. Empty screw holes showed where a door knocker had once been fixed. There was a long pause, before he banged again. They heard footsteps inside, before a small panel in the centre of the door swung open. It was no more than a foot square. A child's face peered out. She had short-cut dark hair, a rounded face and alert eyes. "Oui?" she asked.

"Monique sent us," said William. The girl's eyes darted left and right as if to ensure no one else had followed them, before closing the panel and unbolting the old door. She stood back holding the door, which swung closed again as soon as they were inside.

'Monique sent us' must have been some sort of code, because the girl asked nothing more about what their business was here. She simply said: "Come this way." As they followed her, they saw she was wearing an older woman's dressing gown, as if she'd just got out of bed. This was confirmed when she entered a small bedroom, with an unmade bed. The curtains were closed and a candle burned on a nightstand.

"Cunt or bum," she said in English. "No mouth, no tying up or spanking. Ten Francs each."

"What else do you do?" asked William. He saw her blank expression and realised she didn't understand. The words she'd spoken were by rote. He shrugged and took out twenty Francs and handed it to her. She took the money and pushed it through a slot in the top of a steel box bolted to the floor in the corner of the room. She turned towards them and dropped her dressing gown onto a chair. She was beautiful. She was neither fat nor underfed like so many girls they had met in France. She was aged about eleven and had started to grow the curves in her legs and body as a prelude to her puberty. Her breasts were small cones pointing out from her chest about an inch, hard puffy nipples adding another half inch. They looked surprisingly dark against her otherwise white skin. Her hairless mound stood out at the base of her abdomen, firm and pouting, split by a deep cleft which disappeared between her thighs. A slip of skin showed where her clit was hiding.

Reverting to French, she asked: "Who is first? I will go on top."

Speaking in English, William said: "You go under her Dale and when you get started I will take her from behind." Dale smiled to himself. William had many quirks, and he'd just displayed another.

Dale quickly undressed and lay on the bed as the girl climbed over him in a well practiced manner. Her knees either side of his hips, she took his tumescent cock in her hand and friggd him unnecessarily a few times to full hardness, before lifting herself, pushing it down and into her cavity. Dale had never slipped into an eleven year old so easily. She was certainly no virgin. She moved her hips back and forward several times, before she lowered her chest to his, feeling his arms wrap around her shoulders, holding her firmly to him.

William had quickly undressed, and as soon as he saw Dale hold the girl, climbed over the two of them, kneeling between their thighs. At first the girl just thought he was getting excited waiting his turn, but soon realised what he intended, when, in just a couple of seconds, she felt his hands on the globes of her buttocks pull them apart and his cock nudge into her anus.

"Non monsieur, ce n'est pas permis," (that is not permitted), she gasped, as his cock slid deep into her rectum.

"You said cunt or bum," he muttered, as he literally bottomed out in her, "I choose bum." He started to thrust now, his small cock building up momentum. Dale, taking hold of her shoulders, started to thrust in tandem with William. Both men knew this was about as depraved as it got and neither cared, for tomorrow they might die.

Both Dale and William had long learned to make their fucking last and they did so now, thrusting into the girl over and over. They were pleased when, after about ten minutes, they felt her clamping on them. If they were going to enjoy her body, there was no reason why she shouldn't enjoy it too.

Both men knew when the end was approaching and came almost together, feeling their pulses shooting deep inside her, while she too continued to clamp on them, her staccato breathing and intermittent moans confirming her orgasm was every bit as good as theirs.

It was pitch dark as they walked through the streets of Montreuil-sur-Mer, back to their hotel. "What was her name?" asked Dale.

"I've no idea," replied William. "But I will always think of her as 'cunt or bum'," Both men laughed loudly, making the stray dog bark at them again.

## **CHAPTER 17**

### **The Battles of Menin Road and Polygon Wood**

The following day Dale and William returned to Ypres and rejoined their units. They didn't even have time to visit Sophie and Céleste, as the offensive was due to commence imminently. Dale and William spent a lot of time in meetings with senior officers of the Artillery, Royal Flying Corps, Engineers, Logistics Corps and infantry battalions involved in

the assault. Their task of distracting and forcing redeployment of the enemy with the use of skirmishers and grenadiers was nothing new, but the coordination of the various diverse fighting forces would enable them to be more effective in their objectives.

They set out on 15<sup>th</sup> September, through the Menin Gate out of the city, passed the notorious Hellfire Corner with its giant canvas twenty five foot high drapes, on the enemy's side of the road, to hide troops as they marched up to the line, looking for all the world like a sailing ship on land. On a two mile wide front they moved out into no-man's-land. Moving passed abandoned tanks, huge mine craters, such as the one at Hooze Chateau, Dale took the land to the north of the old Roman road, while William and his brigade the area to the south. Over the course of the next ten days, they performed a series of hit-and-run raids on the German lines. The intention was to keep the enemy guessing, keep depriving them of sleep and keep them on the back foot. On 20<sup>th</sup> September, the main Allied assault commenced and by the 26<sup>th</sup>, the Gheluvelt Plateau had been taken. Dale's Demons as the combined brigades became known had made a major contribution to the achievement. Considering they had been in action continuously for ten days, they had suffered very few casualties, although there had been over 20,000 British casualties. Finally, on 26<sup>th</sup> they were relieved and sent back to Poperinge, exhausted.

The two men had blagged a ride on a returning supply wagon and arrived at Mevrouw Van Dyck's home late in the evening. She took one look at them and fed them some stew which she had simmering on the stove. While they were eating, she heated enough water for them to bathe in the tin bath in the kitchen, before she ushered them to bed.

When Dale awoke in the grey light of dawn, it took him a moment to work out where he was. He became aware of a weight on top of him, realising after a moment it was Sophie. She must have come into the room during the night, removed her nightgown and climbed naked into his bed without waking him, while he was in such a deep sleep. He knew she would have used the opportunity to pleasure herself on him. It was now his turn, because he knew she never woke easily in the mornings. Her cheek was pressed to his chest, her head under his chin, hair tickling his face where it strayed. He reached down and took each of her buttocks in his hands, feeling their firmness and fullness, remembering how thin and underweight she had been just a few short weeks ago.

He let his fingers trail through the valley of her bottom, his cock responding, growing between her thighs, finding its way to where it belonged. In the position she was lying in, her thighs were stretched wide apart across his hips, her whole pudenda open for his fingertip exploration, which was now happening. His crown, oozing pre-cum, was pushed up against her entry and as it grew, lengthened, thickened, seemed to burrow its way into her, as though it had a mind of its own. All he had to do was wait, while his cock sank further into the nine year-old Flemish girl.

Dale remained still, letting his crown press hard into her cervix, feeling his pre-cum oozing into her deepest place, as she relaxed and dilated around him. After perhaps ten or fifteen minutes of just enjoying feeling her tight vagina squeezing his cock, Dale lifted her hips, his elbows pressed to the bed, curled his hips and pulled a few inches from her before reversing, pressing hard into her, repeating it every few seconds. Over and over he thrust into her warm wet vagina, getting quicker, his cock leaving her entry as he pulled out, before plunging full depth into her tight interior, then the cycle repeated over and over.

Dale was in no hurry to finish this, even though his movements might have looked frantic to an observer. He fucked Sophie like this for a full fifteen minutes, then upped his pace, going even deeper and faster into her. It was then he felt two things. His prostate clenched in the early warning of his oncoming orgasm and she clenched on him. She was waking up and starting to enjoy herself too.

His semen rushed up and shot deep into her in an explosion of pleasure. Sophie cried out, gasping, as her climax crashed in simultaneously. Both were breathless as they took their pleasure from the other, giving and taking their orgasms, before they stopped, only their panting heard and chest movements seen.

“Daddy,” she finally said after remaining silent for about five minutes, “I had a dream.”

“We all dream, darling,” he said, his fingers pressing down through the slippery crack of her bottom. “What did you dream about?”

“It was a nasty dream,” she stuttered, holding back tears as she remembered. “It seemed so real. You were there and Willy was there. Men had been fighting and some were lying on the ground. It wasn’t a nice place. Then suddenly Willy fell over. I tried to see his face, but couldn’t. Then I saw this girl. She had black hair and her eyes were dark too. She was standing looking down at him. She was laughing. Then I woke up, but you made me feel nice and made me cum. Daddy, is something going to happen to Willy?”

Dale shuddered, remembering the words Béatrice Hellion had spoken, that day by the lake: “The day will come soon, you will look into his face, and it will vanish before you.” Could it be? No, he decided premonitions just don’t happen do they?

“I’m sure Willy will be alright, my darling,” he said, unsure if it was true. “And anyway, I am here for you and Céleste if anything did happen to him, aren’t I?” She cuddled him tight round his neck, as if she never wanted to let him go.

They’d had less than forty eight hours furlough, when a dispatch rider recalled them to Ypres. They got out of the train and walked up Elverdingestraat towards the Cloth Hall by the Grote Markt. Many more buildings had collapsed, under the constant shelling, since they’d last walked through the city. When they reached St. Martin’s church, Dale saw several MPs sifting through the remains of the house that had once been Sophie’s home. He saw the ‘Kleermaker’ sign half buried in the rubble.

“What’s your business here sergeant?” he asked the man in charge.

“German spies, Colonel,” said the man, saluting him. “There was a tailor and his family living here, who worked for the German’s selling information. We only found out yesterday and came to arrest him.”

“Wasted journey, Sergeant,” said Dale. “They were all killed months ago when the house was first hit in the shelling. It looks like it’s been hit again since.” He waved a hand towards St. Martin’s churchyard across the road, “they’re all buried over there in a single grave.” Dale felt he didn’t need to elaborate about Sophie being alive and well the other side of Poperinge.

"Thank you, sir," said the sergeant saluting once more, "that saves us digging through the ruins. Come on lads," he said turning on his heels, "early doors for us."

"Well that explains why Sophie had been so reluctant to talk about herself and why her family seemed to be well off and why there were so many German books on the shelves," said William as they walked on passed the Cloth Hall. "What are you going to do about it, Dale?" he asked.

"Do? Probably absolutely nothing," replied Dale. "She's nine years-old. I realised she was hiding something, but she always clammed up when I questioned her about her family. At least now I know why. Her parents would have been shot had they still been alive."

The following morning the brigade marched out of the city passed Hellfire Corner and on up the Menin Road. Reaching the Hooze crater, there they dispersed. The next objective was Polygon Wood. They worked their way through the mud and shattered ground of what had once been Glencorse Wood, up the gentle slope. The Australian 4<sup>th</sup> and 5<sup>th</sup> divisions were positioned either side of Lange Dreve, a road bordering the south west side of the wood. Before the war, the area had been used by the Belgian army for training, with an oval track in the middle where cavalry horses had been raced. At the far end, there was a large mound of earth, once a rifle range butte, now a heavily fortified defensive emplacement.

Before the Australians advanced, Dale and William's brigades were to use their well practiced tactics and cause as much confusion and diversions as possible. In the last few days, the wood had been a hard nut to crack and there had been many casualties with little advance to show for it. There wasn't a tree left standing, just thousands of stumps amid the water craters and concrete block houses and barbed wire and bodies and shell holes all filled with glutinous mud. The Australian objective was to take the butte, while Dale and William's troops wormed their way through the maze of mud, wire and tree stumps either side of the objective causing as much confusion as possible, before retreating and circling round further along the line, through Sanctuary Wood, to the south, one day and towards Zonnebeke, in the north, the next. Permanently keeping the Germans guessing.

"I've got the men spread out now, Sir," said Mason, as he and Dale lay side-by-side in a shell hole, part filled with stinking water. A long-dead hand projected from the slime, pointing an accusing finger at them.

"Well done Mason," replied Dale. "The Aussies should be making their attack in the next day or so. Our men should now be spread from the edge of Polygon, all the way up to the Ypres – Zonnebeke railway line. I'm going to order them to attack in company strength, using as many Mills bombs as they can carry, then retreat, while the next company further up the line does the same. We'll rob the Hun of sleep and keep them on their toes. Let's get back to Anzac for some sleep." *[author's note: Anzac House was a major 2 storey concrete pillbox, captured a few days before].*

They reached the pillbox an hour or so later. Inside were the junior officers of his headquarters staff. One of them was someone Dale knew from his school. His name was Archie Young, who had always looked younger than his name suggested. Dale

remembered him well. The last time he'd buggered the boy he'd been about twelve years old. He'd hero worshipped Dale back at school and had willingly let him do anything he asked. Archie had left school early and lied about his age when he signed up and requested transfer to Dale's regiment. He was still only fifteen now.

Dale and William were too exhausted for pleasantries and wrapping themselves in their greatcoats, were asleep in moments. Dale started to dream almost at once.

"Monsieur Dale," said Élise, "may I suck your cock for you?" Dale looked at the seven year-old child.

"If you would like to," he replied.

"No I want to suck it," said Gabbi. He was confused, because these girls hadn't met before, so how were they here together.

"It must be my turn," chimed-in Céleste.

"No," said his cousin Lucy, "I want to do it." He blinked, then realised the four girls were all standing side by side, naked. He was dreaming, but dreams can be so real, veracity seldom has anything to do with it. Somehow he knew this wasn't real, but he was so enjoying the illusion, he didn't attempt to shake off his reverie. Behind them, he sensed other girls enter. In the dim light, he couldn't make out who they were.

Élise moved over to where he was lying in the corner of the pillbox and pulled his coat open. She looked at his face, while her seven year-old fingers felt for and undid his fly buttons. She unclipped his belt and pulled his trousers open before reaching in and pulling out his half tumescent cock, now stirring in anticipation. She took hold of his shaft in her little hand and friggd his cock a few times, before opening her mouth wide and engulfing him, squeezing his crown between her tongue and the roof of her mouth, suction suddenly making it feel exquisite.

This went on for a minute or two, before he sensed movement. In his dream, Céleste took over. He remembered how she just loved sucking his and William's cocks whenever she could. It was her way of repaying them for saving her and Sophie's lives and feeding them and looking after them. She might be only six, but she could suck cock like a veteran. Dale knew he would cum soon, just as she too released him, when Lucy nudged her aside.

Lovely cousin Lucy. Aunt Evelyn's youngest daughter, who despite being just seven had let him fuck her that day in the beach boat house. His first fuck, which seemed so long ago, but was only just over a year back. "Come home to me soon Dale," he distinctly heard her say, "I need you, we all need you. It is so lonely at night without you. Come home soon, Dale."

"Yes," echoed Clare, his, now nine year-old sister, as she took Lucy's place, taking his cock in her hand and hungrily sucking it in to her mouth. Ten year-old Mary only let her have a few seconds on him, before she pushed her sister aside to have her turn sucking his hard cock.

Emily, Amelia, Gabbi and Felicity all took a turn, followed by Natalie, then the twins Cosette and Colette. Each one sucked him hard, their little hands moving up and down his cock making him almost cum, but not quite, before the next took over.

At last, it was Alice. His lovely eleven year old cousin, who knelt beside him, watched by all the other girls, squeezed his shaft tight in her hand, took his crown into her mouth and immediately swallowed him deep into her throat. He could feel how wonderfully tight she was on him, as she moved up and down, letting his cock slide in and out of her.

Dale knew he was about to cum. His prostate tightening up, his balls tensing. He knew he was dreaming, but lay enjoying this wonderful sensation. As if sensing he was on the cusp, she eased back, stretching out the final moments, before he blasted into her mouth, her tongue working hard at giving him as much pleasure as she could. Over and over he squirted, as she swallowed, finally resting, while her tongue moved over his crown, finding and capturing the last of his semen.

She waited a few minutes for him to soften, before she carefully tucked his cock back and buttoned him up, finally pulling his greatcoat over him and moving away. Dale opened his eyes, just in time to see, in the dim candlelight, Archie step out through the concrete doorway. It took him a few seconds to realise what had actually happened. Dale glance at Mason, lying a few feet away, seeing the glint of his eyes.

“That young school friend of yours is proving himself very popular in the officers’ mess,” said Mason, before closing his eyes and turning over. Silence descended on the bunker, only interrupted by distant booming of guns, as exhaustion and sleep overtook them.

\* \* \* \* \*

Over the next few days, sometimes in sections, platoons or companies, Dale’s and Williams men harried the Germans. There were several sorties by the Royal Flying Corps, who could observe the enemy’s movements and drop messages to Anzac House, so their efforts could be used to the best effect.

Finally, on 26<sup>th</sup> September, the Australians attacked and following Dale and William’s efforts, the Wood was taken in a single day. What remained of the Butte was just a twelve foot high pile of mud. Dale later learned that the Australians restored and extended the Butte after the war with German prisoners of war and placed the Australian 5<sup>th</sup> Division obelisk memorial on top.

## **CHAPTER 18**

### **They called it Passchend le**

The campaign in Flanders east of Ypres ground on. The rainfall over those three months had been the heaviest in thirty years. The shelling, rain and constant machinegun fire sweeping the flat open country beneath the ridge had made the terrain almost impassable. Men, horses, tanks and supplies sank into the mud unless on duckboards, which themselves had to be carried up laboriously from the rear. Week after week, the allies made tiny gains here and there, casualties mounting continuously.

After the taking of Polygon Wood, Dale and William's brigades were stood down for a well earned break. But both knew after the first major assault on the little village of Passchendæle had failed on 12th October, in some of the worst weather seen yet, with thousands of casualties, that they would soon be called upon once again to use their magic. During the battle for Polygon Wood, Dale's brigade had lost nearly a hundred men, William's a similar number, mostly wounded. But as a proportion of their overall numbers, they were seen as lucky outfits, as most regiments had suffered far greater attrition rates.

Mevrouw Van Dyck looked shocked when she saw the state of the two colonels as they arrived at her door. Both were filthy, with torn uniforms and coated with so much mud, it almost concealed their badges of rank. She took charge immediately. She told Céleste to draw water from the well and heat it on the stove, so the men could have a bath and sent Sophie to the kitchen to chop more meat and add it to the casserole she was preparing for their supper. She made the men remove all their outer clothes in the hallway and told Céleste to put them into soak. Within half an hour, William and Dale were sitting in a pair of tin baths in front of the kitchen range, enjoying the water being poured over their heads, by the enthusiastic girls, as each pan of water was warmed.

The girls giggled as they scrubbed the men's backs with stiff brushes and carbolic soap, making them protest every few seconds. They then enjoyed soaping up their hands and washing every inch of the two soldiers. Mevrouw Van Dyck worked at the stove preparing the food, her back to the men, as she pretended not to notice as the girls each knelt by their man and took his cock in their little hands, working them expertly, while the men discovered that the girls were not wearing any underwear as they explored inside their skirts. Certainly, she couldn't have missed hearing the rhythmic splashing sound as their fists moved up and down, in and out of the water.

Mevrouw Van Dyck pulled the cork on a bottle of claret, which she'd been keeping for a special occasion and decanted the ruby liquid, while the men stood nearby, naked, while the girls towelled them off. A little thrill ran through her aging body, as she glanced at the young men and remembered her husband and how vigorous he'd been when he'd fathered her two sons. Sons now dead these past three years. She saw Dale and William in the same light, which was why she doted on them and expected the girls to willingly do anything they asked.

The meal was scrumptious. The men sat in nothing more than dressing gowns, as they enjoyed the best food they'd eaten in a long time, washed down by the superb Château Margaux Bordeaux wine. It seemed to the men that every time they took a sip of wine from their glass, one or the other of the girls was there to refill it. Perhaps they wanted to make sure the men enjoyed their meal, or perhaps it was to enable them to slip their hands under their skirts every time, finding their warm wet pussies were waiting for them. Sophie especially had put weight on since Dale had met the starving girl all those weeks ago. As he felt her mound and labia, running his fingers through her cleft, he could tell she'd filled out nicely. Living with Mevrouw Van Dyck had clearly been good for the girls.

"Well, I'll not keep you from your beds," the woman suddenly announced, as she stood up to clear the table, soon after seven o'clock. The girls, obviously primed by her, immediately got up, took the hands of the two men and tugged, as if pulling them from their seats.



Instead of going to the two different bedrooms, the girls guided them into the one larger room at the end of the corridor, which Dale knew had a large double bed. As soon as they were inside, it was as if the girls had a race against time. They were pulling their own clothes off, while simultaneously trying to undress the men. It almost grew farcical when Sophie, with her panties round her ankles reached too far in pulling Dale's trousers down and lost her balance, falling headlong, catching little Céleste on the way, both ending in a heap on the floor, both laughing loudly, as their naked bodies writhed on the floor.

"Daddy Dale and Daddy Willy," said Sophie, now climbing onto the bed, her bottom sticking up in the air, her lovely peach shaped labia bulging out between her thighs, "Céleste and I have been practicing something, which we'd like to show you. Mevrouw Van Dyck said you might like this." The men watched, as Sophie reached down and helped Céleste climb up onto the bed. In moments, Sophie lay down and Céleste climbed on top of her in the classic sixty nine position. There was no hesitancy, as their faces sank between the other's thighs, mouths open, tongues seeking, breathing almost immediately quickening. But this was no ordinary display of mutual cunnilingus, because the girls, while nibbling each other's clitoris, started to suck on each other, as if trying to pull every last drop of nectar tasting arousal fluid from within.

The slurping got quite loud and before long, Dale and William stood either side of the bed, fondling the girls where they could. Soon, they were on the bed too and as the girls, now on their sides kept pleasuring each other, the men spooned in behind them, finding their little pert bottoms already lubed up with Vaseline, ready to take them. Dale was behind Sophie, William with Céleste. It wasn't long before the four of them were cuming together and only minutes more, they were asleep in the positions they had fucked in.

Sometime during the night, Dale became vaguely aware of Sophie pulling away from him and moments later, little Céleste took her place. Realising he was waking, she giggled quietly and climbing on top of his chest, nestled down on him, letting her vagina engulf his now rising cock. It wasn't long before she drifted off to sleep, although as she did so, she was aware of his hand sliding over her buttocks towards her anus, as his cock started to move inside her pussy. It gave her a feeling of security, of being loved of.....she slept.

\* \* \* \* \*

"They're going for Passchendæle again," said William, as he put the field telephone handset into its casing. "They want us to help in any way we can." He turned to Dale, his face ashen grey. "The Australian assault has failed, Dale," bitter tears in his eyes. "They've lost thousands. Now they're sending in the Canadians. My lot, Dale. The General said our brigades can stand down, but I have to be there if the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry are going in. I just have to be there to watch their backs."

"In that case," said Dale, standing up and pulling on his Sam Browne belt, "We're coming with you. When does the assault kick off?"

"Tomorrow, 6<sup>th</sup> November, my birthday." He gave a watery smile. "The last three days, it hasn't rained for once, and our boys have almost taken the ridge. But there are a series of concrete blockhouses in and around the village itself and they just can't get through. That's where we come in."

The following morning, they took the narrow gauge light railway up as far as Zonnebeke, where they met Mason and the rest of their men. The plan was for the two brigades, nearly seven thousand men in all, to spread out northwards, in support of the main Canadian assault, much as they had done at Polygon Wood, and using every scrap of cover they could find, crawl forwards, sniping and harassing the enemy, while advancing until they were able to cut the intact barbed wire, then infiltrate the enemy trenches, bombing the blockhouses as they did. The men were veterans. They had followed Dale and William from the Somme, to Vimy Ridge, Ypres, Messines, then all the way to Polygon Wood and finally, now, Passchendæle. They knew there would be casualties, but they also knew they were the best at what they did and if anyone could live through this, they could and would.

Throughout that day, the Canadians advanced and were thrown back, then advanced again, inching forward. Taking out a pillbox here and machinegun stronghold there. Gradually they gained ground and as the day wore on, it was apparent they would take the village. The rain had started again. Every man was soaked and covered in the freezing cold mud. But they had won the day. William had led from the front in the final stages of the battle, inspiring the Canadians to finally win the objective that had started back in July.

The Germans had almost been driven out of the village, and despite numerous counterattacks had abandoned the ruins of the place whose name would forever be linked with the futility of war.

“What was that stupid stunt you pulled,” said Dale, offering William his tobacco pouch as he lit his own pipe. “I saw you run at that pillbox with a grenade in each hand, while their machine gunner was reloading. You’re a fucking colonel, William, not a schoolboy on the cricket field.” William looked a bit sheepish, but grinned back as he stuffed his pipe with the offered tobacco. “And besides,” said Dale looking at him sideways, “you’re going to put me to a lot of trouble, now.” William looked at him questioningly. “I’m going to have to recommend you for a fucking V.C. Well done William,” smiled Dale, as he reached to shake his hand. At that very moment, there was a crack above them. They both looked up. A shrapnel shell had burst. Dale felt a wrench and looked back at William, their hands still clasped, as William fell to the ground. A red hot shard of steel had hit his head. His face had gone, his skull split in two.

*Author’s note, V.C. = Victoria Cross medal, the highest award for bravery.*

Dale stood there uncomprehending. Mason ran to his side, saw what had happened and immediately called ‘stretcher bearers’ to take their friend’s body away. Dale was in a daze. Mason realised his C.O. might have shell shock. What he didn’t know, couldn’t have known, was that Dale remembered that morning back in the summer, when they went to the Count’s estate and met the girls by the lake and the words Béatrice Hellion had said. He recalled them like it had been yesterday, speaking to William: “You hit me just once with that stick, then you will die in the moment of your greatest triumph.” Then she’d spoken to Dale after William had beaten her anyway and added “Your friend is now a marked man. The day will come soon, you will look into his face, and it will vanish before you.” He shuddered; had she really foreseen this?

A few moments later, Dale collapsed. It was a combination of tiredness, nervous exhaustion, shock at what had happened to William and loss of blood. He had never felt the two inch wide piece of shrapnel that had hit him in the leg at the same instant that William died. He was taken to the Tyne Cot field hospital and strapped up by the medical orderly before being sent to Poperinge for further hospital treatment, and subsequently home for convalescence.

*Author's note: The combined German and allied casualties of the Passchend le campaign are disputed, but estimates indicate there were nearly three quarters of a million killed and wounded. The Canadians are credited with taking the village during the battle on the 6th. The campaign finally ended four days later on 10<sup>th</sup> November 1917.*

## **CHAPTER 19**

### **The Homecoming**

It was forty eight hours later before Dale woke up. Mason was sitting asleep in a chair beside his bed, still in his mud splattered battledress uniform. As soon as he sensed Dale stirring, he was alert and called one of the nurses, who smiled, put a thermometer in his mouth, took his pulse and went off to find a doctor.

"You had us worried there for a minute, Dale," said Mason, as he took out his pipe and started packing it with his brand of dark Rhodesian tobacco.

"Where am I, John?" asked Dale, using Mason's given name for the first time.

"You're in the Dozinghem casualty clearing station," replied the Major. Dale knew the three casualty clearing stations west of Poperinge were called Dozinghem, Bandaghem and Mendinghem, affectionately called Dosing'em, Bandage'em and Mending'em by the British Tommies. He also knew of the vast cemetery behind, continually fed by the CCSs. "Remember that wound you got at the Somme that first day? Well you have a matching wound on the other side. Looks like you've caught a Blighty one again. They'll send you home as soon as you're fit to travel."

They chatted about Passchend le for a few minutes, their casualties and William's death, before Mason stood, donning his cap. "I had to write the brigade report to GHQ. Seems Brigadier Vickers has been promoted on the strength of what we achieved. He says to tell you that you and William are being recommended for the V.C. He asked me to write the citations myself, which I was proud to do, Sir."

"Cut out the 'Sir' stuff, John," muttered Dale, "haven't we been through enough together to leave that behind us. You did pretty well that day too, as I recall."

"Thank you Dale, yes, the Brigadier told me I was to get a gong too. The Military Cross."

"Well it's well deserved," confirmed Dale.

"There are some visitors outside waiting to see you," said Mason. "I'll send them in, shall I?" Mason shook Dale's hand and walked smartly down the ward, his long years in the army so apparent in the way he walked.

A few minutes later, Mevrouw Van Dyck walked in. Either side of her, hand in hand were Sophie and Céleste. The girls saw Dale and ran to the bed, stopped at the last moment by the woman's warning that he was injured and didn't need them bouncing on his bed yet. She sat on a chair by the bed, while the girls played a game together, squatting on the floor on the other side.

"I have to leave for Dunkirk," she explained candidly. "I am to lose the farm and my home."

"Why on earth is that?" Dale responded asking the obvious question.

"As you know, my husband and my sons were all killed early in the war. Well his brother has a claim to the farm, which was their parent's before they died years ago. He wishes to assert his birthright and return home. He has told me I can stay if I wish, but we never got along, so I will go to live with my sister in Dunkirk, if she'll have me."

Dale's mind was working rapidly and an idea came to him, as if it had all been preordained. "I have another suggestion for you," he said carefully. She looked at him enquiringly. "How would you like to come and live in England with me and my mother and aunt and all our girls, including Sophie and Céleste? You could work as our housekeeper. Before the war, we had lots of servants. It is a big house, but they all went to work in the navy yard in Plymouth. Better money and opportunities, I suppose. But there is another reason I am asking you, Mrs. Van Dyck," again she gave him that same look. "You know me and the girls and what we enjoy doing together. You have an understanding of what William and I have been through in this war, and how we have, shall I say, tried to take our minds off it." She nodded. "Think about it, would you? I am to be sent home for convalescent leave when I am fit to travel. You could come with me."

"I don't need to think about it," she replied. Suddenly there were tears in her eyes. She took his hand in hers, "I would love to come. I love Sophie and Céleste like they were my own flesh and blood. It would break my heart to be parted from them."

The girls, as if prompted came and stood one either side of his bed. He immediately had a recollection of Rosalie Beaulieu, the ten year-old Auxiliary nurse and Fleur her six year-old sister, who had stood either side of his bed in Amiens Hospital, July the previous year. Such a short time which seemed a lifetime. He reached out to them. They saw his hands and leaning against the side of the bed lifted their skirts up just enough to let him slip his hands under. Both girls let their skirts drop over his wrists, while his fingers explored their hairless treasures for a minute or two.

"Would you two like to come to England and live with me and my family and Mevrouw Van Dyck?" They both smiled brightly at him. They knew he had told them he would take them home, but they also knew some promises were broken. He pressed his middle fingers through their clefts and down to their vaginas, where he felt dampness. They parted their thighs a little more to give him access, feeling his fingers sink deeply into them. He touched their cervixes at about the same time and was surprised when he felt them clench on him. They were breathing quickly through their noses now, trying to remain quiet, as they climaxed, mouths clenched, eyes shut as they shuddered on their feet. He let them enjoy it for a minute or so, before he pulled his hands gently away from them. He looked at each in turn, as he brought his fingers to his mouth, one at a time, and sucked them. The girls and Mevrouw Van Dyck all grinned at him, the secret only known to the four of

them in the ward containing twenty other patients. Dale vaguely wondered what the nurse would think when she came to change his dressing. Perhaps she might be flattered in thinking that all the pre-cum was in her honour. Let her think what she liked, he decided.

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Their train had been delayed at Exeter and they made the Kingsbridge train connection out of Totnes with seconds to spare. The porter, pushing the luggage loaded sack barrow along the platform had encouraged the girls to run, wondering why they didn't seem to understand a word he said. Their English was very basic, but his strong Devon accent made it difficult for even Dale to understand.

Millicent had arranged for a hired carriage to meet them at the station. Her little buggy wasn't large enough for them and their luggage to all fit in. She chatted non stop as they jogged along the sunken roadways of south Devon. The high banks and hedges either side denying the girls much of their first views of the beautiful countryside which they would discover for themselves over the years.

They paid off the carriage driver and stood looking at the old family home for a minute. In the distance, they could hear the surf rolling onto the beach below the leafless trees; a chill December wind tugging their clothing. The cracked and peeling paint and unkempt lawns didn't matter. The building exuded love and warmth and the two girls and woman knew it. They had known it back in Belgium, because Dale had described his home so clearly to them that they already thought of it as their home too. They had each lost their entire families in the war and had now found somewhere new to call home, with people they would come to love and consider their new family.

As they entered, the cheering and laughter and squeals of little girls' delight and chatter enveloped them like a warm blanket. Everyone was there: Millicent and Aunt Evelyn; his two sisters, Mary and Clare and his three cousins, Alice, Emily and Lucy; Felicity the Vicar of Salcombe's orphaned daughter; Gabriel and Amelia who'd been trapped in the crypt near Vimy; and now joining them was Sophie and Céleste, who ran to the other girls as if they'd known them all their lives. Amelia and Céleste of course already knew one another, having been in the same class at their convent school together at Neuville-St Vaast near Vimy.

Dale introduced Mevrouw Van Dyck to his mother and aunt. "We can't call her that," said Evelyn, "what is your first name?"

"Berangaria," she said, almost embarrassed.

"Oh well," replied Evelyn with a warm smile, "I think we shall call you Mevrouw." They all laughed. "Come Mevrouw," she continued, "you must be tired and hungry after your long journey. Come into the Kitchen, we have a big pot of beef stew on the stove. I'm sure as soon as the girls smell the cooking, they'll come and find us. In the meantime, we'll let them get to know one another. Have you ever tasted sherry? I rather fancy a glass, don't you?"

\* \* \* \* \*

During the meal, the ten girls all sat at one end of the long farmhouse style kitchen table, the four adults at the other. Suddenly, the girls started squabbling.

"What on earth's the matter?" interrupted Millicent. There was silence, ten contrite faces looked down the table. "Well, we can't have this on the first night Dale's home, can we?" She paused looking at the line of girls all clasping their hands in front of them, heads bowed, but eyes looking at Millicent.

Finally, Emily said: "Clare and I want to sleep with Dale tonight, but Alice says she and Mary are the oldest, so they should. It's not fair." She looked at Alice, stuck her tongue out and pouted.

Millicent smiled at Mevrouw, "You see what we have to put up with. Do French and Belgian girls misbehave as badly as this?" She turned her head and winked, so the girls couldn't see.

Mevrouw, catching on shook her head, "No, they are like angels." Then she added: "Especially if they are in Dale's bed, which most of them seem to have been at one time or another." The women laughed, Dale pretended to frown.

Millicent turned back to the girls. "Well it's just as well I saw this little problem coming. Also, girls, I decided to wait until Dale was home to give you all some news, which I will tell you in a few minutes. Meantime, I have written all your names on pieces of paper. I will ask Dale to draw the names out of a hat. Each week we will do the same, to vary who is with him and on which night. Two of you can be with him each night. We will start with tonight, shall we?"

She picked up a top hat from a shelf beside her on the sideboard, shook it around and held it high, so Dale couldn't see inside. He reached in and pulled out the first piece of paper. He unfolded it and read out: "Felicity." The vicar's daughter looked very pleased, smiling. The second name was pulled from the hat: "Gabbi." She too grinned around the room, while Millicent said: "Tomorrow night it will be: Alice," and a moment later, "Amelia." And so the draw continued until the five pairs had been selected.

"What about Saturday and Sunday; who's with Dale then?" asked Alice.

"Well, that brings me onto the news I have for you," said Millicent, looking around the room. "As you know, I am the local president of the Women's Guild. We try and raise money for the local orphanage in Kingsbridge. Mothers die through illness or childbirth, and with so many men being killed, there have been a lot more children coming to the orphanage. They are now full, so an appeal has gone out to families in the district to adopt some of them." She paused, knowing that the older girls already realised what was coming. "So I agreed to take on four of their girls. There will be two sisters aged five and seven and two single girls both aged six." She looked at the stunned faces of the line of girls. "Alice and Mary," she said, turning to the two oldest girls, "they are arriving in the morning. I want you two to spend as much time with them as possible, so they know what to do."

"What do they have to do?" asked Alice naively.

“They have to be ready for Saturday and Sunday night, of course. We can’t have Dale sleeping on his own, now, can we?”

## Epilogue

The next few months were some of the happiest of Dale’s life. Like the last time he’d been invalided home, the girls spent the whole time attending to his every need, competing with each other to win his praise and compliment. The girls understood that, for the first week or two, although his wound wasn’t as severe as before, they couldn’t put any weight on his thighs, to avoid opening up his stitches. So instead, they all became experts in oral sex, each learning how to deep throat their favourite person in all the world.

The four new girls had arrived, each carrying all their possessions in a bag no bigger than an office briefcase. They were naturally nervous, even a little frightened, but soon were made to feel at home by Alice and Mary. On the first day, they were told everyone in the house liked to kiss each other in a special way. Soon, they learned and enjoyed how tongues could make kissing so nice. The next day, they were taught that in this house, wearing clothes was optional and when upstairs it was discouraged altogether. On the third day, they were taught about masturbation and on the next, how to pleasure each other.

The fifth day was when they were told that if they were very good and showed they deserved it, they would be allowed to sleep with Dale the following two nights. The new girls had already, like all the others, fallen in love with Dale and the idea of sleeping with him excited them very much. One of them asked what they had to do to show they deserved it.

Alice looked at Mary, her eyebrow raised and with quick thinking replied: “You have to show you know how to make Mary and me cum. But there is a rule. You’re only allowed to use your tongues. Do you think you will be able to show us you deserve it?”

The four little girls looked uncertainly at each other, before the oldest said: “We will do our best, Alice, we want to have our turn like you big girls do. Will you show us what to do?”

“Oh yes,” said Mary, “Alice and I will show you everything you need to know and perhaps a few more things as well.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Life in the Devon house was idyllic. They were cocooned in an insulated world of their own making. Mevrouw settled in and became, indispensable to the smooth running of the household. She supervised the girls for much of the time, cleaned the house, cooked wonderful continental style meals and still seemed to have plenty of time to spend with everyone. The girls knew if they wanted to know something, then she was one to go and talk to; like when the four new girls went to her and asked what ‘sucking cock’ was and how did they do it?

Mevrouw never admitted that as a young girl, she herself had enjoyed a very active relationship with her uncle, who spent as much time at her home, in her bed, as he did in his own. She was never sure if her own children were later fathered by her husband or her

uncle, but neither did she care. She loved her boys. In fact she had loved them more than society would have cared for. So when they were killed at the Battle of Liège, she had felt she had lost everything. It was only when Colonel William Staff had asked her to mind Céleste and later, Sophie by Dale, while they were away fighting, that she felt she had regained a purpose to her life. After they left for the front, and she had the girls to herself, she found it interesting that she could always taste the difference between the two men's semen. She always knew who had fucked which girl. She had taught the girls a lot in those weeks when the men were away, and the girls too, had given her much pleasure. Pleasure she had thought she would never enjoy again after she had been widowed by a German bullet.

Across the sea in France and Belgium, the war had slowed almost to a halt as the weeks of winter slowly passed by. Both sides were licking their wounds. Everyone knew this war couldn't last much longer. The civilian population in Germany was starving. In fact they were on the point of revolution. War production, in fact all production, for the want of raw materials, had almost halted there, but the Kaiser's army had one more ace up their sleeves and would play that last card in the spring of 1918. On March 21<sup>st</sup> they launched the Ludendorf Offensive. Fifty divisions had been released from the Eastern Front, after the defeat of Russia and the signing of the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk. The U.S.A. had joined the war the previous April and the Germans knew in a matter of weeks, large numbers of, now fully trained, American troops would join the fight. They needed to win before that happened.

During the months March to July, the Germans retook most of the land lost to them since 1916. But further south, they had actually advanced into land previously unoccupied. At one point it looked like the French army would collapse completely, while the British, further north, only just held the line at the gates of Ypres. Every inch of land fought for during Third Ypres had been lost. However it was a pyrrhic victory. The Germans had over extended themselves. Their logistics couldn't keep up, their supplies exhausted. Soon they were retreating almost as fast as they'd advanced.

Dale returned to the front during the summer. He'd been promoted once more, now brigadier Winchester V.C.. Mason was now a full colonel commanding the brigade and, as usual, at the forefront of the fighting. Everything they had fought for during the Battle of Passchendæle had been lost. But suddenly the enemies resistance and will to fight collapsed and once the tide turned, everything was regained within just a week. The Germans had now lost heart. They knew they'd lost the war and were surrendering in droves. Passchendæle village was retaken with few casualties and the reverse slope to the east a few days later. The Germans were on the run. The advance eastwards continued all through the summer of 1918.

Dale was made a staff officer and transferred to HQ. With his language skills, he was asked to act as a liaison officer between the British and the Belgian and French armies. As a result, he had a staff car and driver, travelling the length of the lines regularly. One sunny day, he took the opportunity of calling into the hospital at Amiens and found Rosalie and Fleur still worked there. He had given his driver the afternoon off in Albert, so took Rosalie and Fleur the few miles up to Mesnil, where Constance and Celine were delighted to see him again. They walked down the lane to the old orchard together and laid out some blankets on the grass under the ancient apple trees and had a wonderful picnic of



French delights, before Dale took his time with each of them, sampling more of their French delights.

The war finally came to a close on 11<sup>th</sup> November 1918. It is said the last British soldier to be killed was at the little town of Mons. He was less than half a mile from where the first soldier had been killed in 1914.

Dale returned home and lived, what to him was an idyllic life, with his mother, aunt, Mevrouw and the fourteen girls, who competed to please him and themselves in equal measure. It was the happiest home in Devon, which he renamed 'Roses of Picardy'.

Major General Vickers kept his word and Dale was offered a role on the board of the engineering company bearing his family name as non executive director. Little persuasion was needed, having a V.C. holder on the board did the company no harm at all. When Vickers died, a few years later, Dale inherited the majority of his estate. We leave Dale's story with one last memory. On his mother's suggestion, he established a childrens' home for wayward girls. It was located a mile or so from the family home. The girls were all orphaned, or had been taken into care for various reasons. The woman managing the place had an understanding with Dale. He turned a blind eye to the fact that the accounts never seemed to add up, while she turned a blind eye when he called round every few days and invited different girls to go out with him on day trips.

It was the Prime Minister Lloyd George who said he was going: 'To make Britain a country fit for heroes.' As far as Dale was concerned, all he needed were lots of little girls he could fit into.

THE END

Author's note: I sincerely hope you have enjoyed the trilogy of 'The Passion of Dale'. The history of this war is of particular interest to me and I have visited all the places mentioned. The key events described all took place, a mere fraction of what took place, which the politicians later described in a wishful promise as the 'War to end all wars'.

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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  
Major (former C.S.M.) John Mason – Dale's second in command.  
Colonel Vickers – Dale's regimental commanding officer  
Lt. Colonel William Staff – Captain in Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry  
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  
Sophie – 9 – Blond Flemish orphan living in ruined Ypres city.  
Céleste – 6 William Staff's adopted orphaned daughter.  
Mevrouw (Mrs.) Van Dyck – elderly Belgian farmer's wife landlady near Poperinge.  
Natalie Dubois – 10 French trespasser. Oldest of 4 Red headed sisters.  
Colette – 8 – twin – Natalie's sister  
Cosette – 8 - twin – Natalie's sister  
Élise - 7 – Natalie's youngest sister  
Béatrice Hellion – 10 – Devil girls - Dubois girls' neighbour  
Yvette Hellion - 9 – Devil girls - Dubois girls' neighbour  
Archie Young – 15 – ex school friend of Dale's junior lieutenant

**Historical Notes:** 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 demonstrated small parts of the overall action, in one sector where combat took place. 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 and the collapse of industry to continue to supply their military machine.

The Great War, later called World War 1, caused the deaths and life changing injuries of about 40 million people, mainly military. World War 2, on the other hand had far more civilian casualties, bringing the total to more than double the previous war, with as many as 85 million.

The Somme, Verdun and Passendælle campaigns are just three examples of the incredible wastefulness prevalent in military circles at that time. Something which modern populations would never tolerate today. I say that, and yet as I write, Putin seems to be repeating the mistakes of a hundred years ago, as he sends thousands upon thousands of raw conscripts to die in Ukraine in what has become, despite modern technology, yet another war of attrition.