

<!--ADULTSONLY-->

The Passion of Dale Trilogy. Part 1 – The Roses of Picardy

Author: Broadsword

You can find all my stories on either of the following links:

<https://archiveofourown.org/users/broadsword1954/works>

OR: [** All Broadsword's Stories ** \(asstr.org\)](https://asstr.org)

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 Winchester enlists in the army early in 1916. After his officer training, he spends some time on home leave, where his two sisters and three young girl cousins decide to give him a send-off he would never forget. Arriving in northern France, his baptism of fire is the first day of the Battle of the Somme. Seriously wounded, he finds himself in a hospital in Amiens, where the nursing staff is reinforced with young auxiliaries. There Dale meets the very attractive Rosalie, who is designated to look after him. Soon he realises she might look after him very well indeed.

Historical Notes: For those interested in the historical background to this story, I have added some notes [at the end](#).

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

The Roses of Picardy

CHAPTER 1

The constant thumping of guns had gone on all night; in fact, all week. It was estimated later that just under two million shells were fired. Dale wondered how anyone could survive under that dreadful astonishing barrage, landing on the German trenches less than five hundred yards to his front, the other side of the River Ancre. On the top of the Thiepval ridge, to the left of their objective, was a stronghold, known as the Schwaben Redoubt. He pitied the poor men attacking there. Dale's battalion were tasked with taking

Thiepval village itself. Even here, in the British frontline trench, the ground shook, sandbags and earth constantly slid into the water at his feet, covering the duckboards. Dale glanced at his watch. It was 7:30, on the morning of 1st July 1916. The Captain blew his whistle, repeated all along the line by the officers and sergeants, including Lieutenant Dale Winchester. Suddenly, the worrying, the terror induced puking, the letter writing, the nervous sharing of sordid jokes among the men was over, and as one, the army climbed out of the trench and moved forwards. His mind drifted back...

January of 1916, was one of the mildest on record, following the coldest November and December ever. Dale had finished school the previous summer and had spent the autumn working for his father in the munitions factory the family owned in Birmingham. It had produced bicycles before the war, but now made shell cases. Technically, he was now in a reserved occupation, exempt from call-up, but Dale wasn't happy and felt unsettled, while all his school friends had joined up on leaving school. His father was no fool and knew what his son wanted, and after many discussions, let the boy sign up, much to his mother's chagrin. Dale had risen to the dizzy rank of sergeant in the school OTC (Officer Cadet Corps), and so was immediately sent to train as an officer, graduating as Second Lieutenant Winchester four and a half months later.

Dale had seen very little of his father during his childhood. His parents didn't get along well and seemed to spend as much time apart as possible. While his father spent most of his time at the factory, Dale's mother, Millicent, or Millie to her friends, spent most of her time with her widowed sister, who lived in a remote corner of Devon, about half way between Salcombe and Newton Ferrers. The big house had been the childhood home of Dale's grandfather, on his mother's side, and had remained in the family ever since. Aunt Evelyn had three daughters, Alice, Emily and Lucy, while Millicent had Dale, followed some years later by two girls, Mary and Clare. The two mothers and all their daughters were blond and blue eyed. It ran in the family. The five girls all grew their long hair straight down to their waists. The mothers' mother had had the same eye and hair colouring. Dale was the odd one out. He had intense green eyes and wavy brown hair. The same as his father. The similarities between father and son ended there. He was handsome in an old fashioned sort of way. He seemed unaware that young women were attracted to him. His mind was always elsewhere.

The house was tucked in a narrow valley, surrounded by ash and some oak trees. There was a short path leading down to a sandy cove, which although very small as beaches go, was perfect for the children to play on during their long summer days together. There was a small boathouse at the top of the beach, which stored a small clinker-built dinghy and a couple of canvas covered canoes as well as fishing rods, nets and some old lobster pots which hadn't seen use in two decades.

So, as his childhood had moved towards puberty, and puberty into maturity, Dale had discovered, as all adolescents do, the pleasure his body could give him when he was lying alone in his bed. Dale had found himself visualising his naked sisters and cousins, as they ran around the beach in and out of the water, playing and chasing and swimming and having fun. Dale had loved these times, away from the tensions between his parents and the serious discussions between his mother and her sister.

Being the oldest, Dale was 'in charge', so he decided what games they played. The fact that the five girls were naked never worried the women for a moment. The property was remote, the beach surrounded by woodland owned by the family and anyway, they were all family. Millicent had insisted Dale wore a swimming costume from the time he was about twelve, but was unaware he rarely, if ever, put it on when he was alone on the beach with the girls.

All the girls loved Dale. Despite him being older, he was always willing to play games they liked. He never played rough and always included the youngest, Lucy, his seven-year-old cousin. It never occurred to them that he didn't seem to hanker for the company of youngsters his own age. What they also didn't realise was that Dale found the five little girls very attractive indeed. He had always been very careful to hide his secret yearning, which had grown over the years, as he and they matured.

It had been soon after his arrival in late May 1916 that the relationship between Dale and the girls changed for ever. He had completed his officer training and arrived at the Devon house, in full dress uniform, to be greeted by his mother and aunt and five enthusiastic girls, who'd been asking: "when is Dale coming?" every day for the last three weeks. He cut a dash and both women complimented him on how smart he looked, while the girls hero worshiped him. He was on four week's leave, prior to joining his regiment. Unbeknown to him, he and many other new recruits wouldn't be needed up in the Front, until the 'Big Push' started in July, so the army had granted a month's leave. He had decided to travel down to Devon.

A day or so after his arrival, the wet weather, which had kept the girls indoors for the last week, dried up and was replaced with a bright warm sunny day. Inevitably, the girls wanted to go and play on the beach, while Millicent and Evelyn said they wished to go to the Mid Devon County Show, which was being held early that summer. The women had no worries about leaving the girls in his care and set off early in the morning, leaving six very excited youngsters to occupy themselves for the day.

It was only minutes after the pony and trap, carrying the two sisters, disappeared up the winding track, that the five girls and young army officer came out of the house, carrying blankets, towels, beach toys and a basket of food prepared for them by their mothers for them to have for their lunch.

They ran across the beach, to the little sheltered place they always sat in when the wind was coming in from the south west, as it was now. None of them hesitated in stripping off their day clothes, dropping them in little piles onto a blanket Dale had spread onto a dry rock ledge for the purpose. The storm of the previous few days had passed, but there was still a swell coming up the estuary into the cove from the open sea beyond the headland. Dale watched the girls, as they ran across the sand, chasing one another, as little girls do. He wondered what the future held for him, knowing that in the first battle of Ypres, the French and Belgians between them had lost 100,000 men and the British 8,000 killed and 30,000 wounded. The old British army had simply been destroyed and was being rebuilt at this moment. Dale was just one member of Kitchener's new army. He'd already been told he would be shipped to France next month for the summer offensive. The 'Big Push' as they'd termed it. He was under no illusion that he may very well get killed, as several older pupils, he knew from school, had been, since the army's retreat from Mons. The casualty lists were lengthening by the day.

Dale watched the girls carefully, knowing this holiday was going to be different to the others. Many of the officers in his training class would, at this moment be following the biblical advice: 'eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die'. Dale knew his recreation would have little to do with drink and food and a lot to do with these five girls.

Little Lucy came running towards him. He watched, as if detached, like he was a phantom looking at her without her knowing. Her little pencil thin legs moving fast as she ran towards him, her arms pumping forwards and back, her hips wiggling. Her nipples stood out with her exertions, little light brown pin heads on her flat pale chest. Her little slit in the centre of the triangle of her thighs and chubby tummy seemed to wriggle around like it had a mind of its own as she came closer. She stopped a foot or two away from him. She was panting, her chest and belly heaving as she breathed. Her little smiling mouth broke into a grin.

"You were watching me, Dale," she accused in a friendly tone. "You were looking at my cunny. I saw you."

"What's that over there?" Dale suddenly said, pointing behind her with an urgent tone.

Lucy swivelled round to see what he was pointing at, her feet apart, her hands on her hips. "There," he said, "down by your feet. Can't you see it?" She bent down to look. Her firm buttocks parted with her movement and her peach shaped vulva poked out at him from between her thin thighs. He looked intently at her bottom, her anus open, its brown asterisk shaped hole seeming to wink at him. Below, her vagina peeked out at him, her dark interior visible just for a moment, before she looked around at him, still bending over.

"What did you see, Dale?" she asked.

"Your bottom, of course, silly," he laughed, not unkindly.

"You're just rude," she said. She looked around to see if the other girls could hear her, before saying. "Do you like looking at my naughty bits, Dale? I've seen you looking before. I don't mind, you know."

Dale was taken aback by the seven-year-old's perception of what he had previously thought of as his secret voyeurism. But also her willingness to say so. "It had better be our little secret," he said, as he stood, trying to hide the half erection in his swimming costume.

"No need," she said diffidently, "the others have all noticed you looking at them too. They know what you like looking at. But it's OK," she continued, "we're all family, so it doesn't matter, does it?"

"I suppose not," he responded languorously.

"Anyway," she said, as she turned to run to join the others, "we're going in the water. Do you want to join us?" He watched for a moment, as her buttocks moved in concert with one another. His erection hardening in response. She was only seven. He knew it was wrong, but he found her and the other four girls incredibly attractive.

He watched as the five girls ran towards the water, the waves breaking at their knee height as they walked further out. He followed them, watching as they jumped through the small surf, their little bottoms wobbling as they did. The water was cold. It was early summer and the sun hadn't raised the temperature much. He watched in amusement as five pairs of nipples hardened in response to the cold water running across their naked bodies. The girls were talking together, quietly. It was obvious they were planning something, but difficult to work out what. Suddenly, as he neared them, they all turned, pushed him backwards, making him fall. The cold hit him suddenly, taking his breath away. Then he realised several hands were on his costume, pulling. In a moment, they had pulled it halfway down his legs. In another, they were off. He too was now naked. He laughed with them. They had seen him naked often enough. When he changed on the beach, he made no effort to hide himself. They were all family.

They swam in the small surf, threw a ball to each other and splashed water in each other's faces. Suddenly seven-year-old Lucy gave a scream and reached down to her calf. "I think I've been stung by a jellyfish," she cried, tears running down her cheeks. "Oh, it hurts. Help me Dale, I can't put any weight on it. Ooh it stings so much." She reached up as he came close and put her arms around his neck for support. Then she surprised him, by lifting herself up, their bodies now pressed together. He reached down and holding her behind her knees, lifted her up. She locked her feet behind his waist, his hands now moving down, supporting her under her bottom, one glorious buttock in each hand.

Dale, thinking her mind was on the pain in her calf, took the risk of letting his fingers slip inwards towards her vulva, immediately feeling the bulge of her labia pressing against his fingertips. He was chest deep in the water, so the others couldn't see where his fingers had strayed, as they gently explored her most intimate place. He suddenly realised Lucy wasn't sobbing anymore. He looked down at her. She was looking intently back at him, her expression unreadable. His cock hadn't been idle, as he had felt his cousin's pudenda, and was now as stiff as a pole. He could feel it pressing against the back of his hand. All he needed to do was pull his fingers out of the way. He let her down a fraction of an inch, feeling his tip sink into the wide gap in her cleft, where her vagina was held open by him holding her buttocks. They both felt the contact at the same moment. She blinked as she looked into his eyes. He wondered what she was thinking. Then he knew. She curled her hip towards him, increasing the pressure between them. Then she pulled back and moved forward again. The movement was unmistakable. She was rubbing herself against him.

"How's Lucy?" asked Mary, Dale's ten year old sister, waking him from his reverie.

"I think she'll be fine," responded Dale in his older-brother-knows-best voice, "She just needs to keep the weight off it for a few minutes.

"I need to move my leg as well," added Lucy, "it seems to help." She immediately started to move herself more vigorously against him. There was no pretence now. They both knew what she was doing. It was only a matter of a couple of minutes and she suddenly stiffened and took a deep breath, which sounded more like a gasp. She buried her face in the crook of Dale's armpit, as she shuddered into her orgasm.

Mary smiled at Dale, an unspoken understanding passed between them. Mary knew full well about her brother's peccadilloes. She had seen his expression when he looked at her and the other girls. She had even pretended to be asleep that first night, when he came

into her bedroom a few months ago and lifted the sheets off her. She had wondered what he was doing; then knew when she felt him lift her nightdress up.

He had stood there for a full five minutes, just staring at her nakedness in the dim light cast by the candle he carried. Then another time, a few nights later, she'd woken to feel his hand on her leg under the sheet. His fingers were moving slowly up, until her thighs, tight together stopped him feeling further. He had paused in thought, before he pulled her leg towards him, opening the gap, letting his fingers once more slip along the inside of her thigh, until he touched her cleft.

Again, he had stopped, as if wondering what to do next. Then, carefully, he had explored her shape. He had not tried to penetrate her in any way. She had wished he had pressed harder, as his finger passed up over her clitty, almost making her jerk in response. He had then felt the shape and firmness of her mound, before suddenly leaving the room. After he had gone, her own fingers slipped down to where her brothers had just been. She didn't know that while she played with her clitoris, that he was now in his own bed, masturbating to a fierce climax.

The following day, Mary had waited until her mother and sisters had gone out into the garden for some reason. She went upstairs to her brother's room, where she found him sitting at his desk writing a letter of application to the colonel of his father's old regiment, asking for a commission. He turned to her, as she entered and smiled. It was as if he knew why she had come up alone. She moved slowly towards him.

He had seen her eyes glitter the night before, as she had pretended to be asleep while he had molested her. She moved to his side and rested her hand on his shoulder. Neither spoke, as they looked at each other. He turned towards her, still sitting. Without taking his eyes away from hers, he reached down and pulled her towards him, his feet moving between hers, making her spread her legs outside his, as she moved further towards him, the hem of her frilly knee length skirt brushing up along his shins, until her thighs, now pressed to the outside of his, touched the edge of his chair.

Still neither spoke, eyes riveted together, as he reached down under her white and blue dress. She was wearing thin cotton underwear. Not exactly bloomers, nor were they skimpy. He reached between her thighs and pressed his palm to her, feeling her warmth and shape. She moved against him, giving him all the encouragement he needed. He moved his other hand under the skirt and with one either side of her, pulled the panties down, feeling them resist as they dropped over the rise of her buttocks.

Bringing his right hand round to her front, he slowly felt the swell of her mound, his fingertip finding the dimple at the top of her cleft, slipping gently into her, feeling her labia encase the end of his finger. He felt her cowl, as he moved further along, seeing her eyes half close as he did so. He moved back, feeling her clit, as it firmed up under his touch, pressing slightly harder now. She jerked slightly as the tingles and sensations surged through her young pre-pubescent body.

Dale's other hand joined the first, exploring further along her cleft, while his other fingers continued to pleasure his sister's clitty. He found the entry to her vagina, and as he pressed to her was surprised that she was damp. Not just damp, but she felt slippery there. He gently let his fingertip slip into her, feeling her warmth and damp and more. She

clamped on him suddenly. He only had his finger in her barely half an inch, and yet he'd felt her clamp on him. Then again. She grunted and now her eyes closed. Her hand grabbed his forearm, pulling him into her. Then Mary came. There was no mistaking it, as she ground herself against his intruding fingers, her groans loud enough to be heard downstairs, if anyone else had been there.

Mary's climax lasted no more than ten or fifteen seconds. But those seconds would remain in her mind for years to come. At last, she was sated. Her hand still holding his arm pushed down, as she lifted herself off him, stepping back. She reached beneath her skirt and adjusted her underwear. She smiled at her brother, stroked his cheek once, before turning and walking out. Not one word had passed between them, and yet a thousand words of understanding had instead. That occasion was the first of many. It didn't happen every day, nor every week. But it happened from time to time when opportunity presented itself. Mary loved her brother and knew before long she would show him just how much. She knew the other girls loved him too. It would be just a matter of time before they too found what pleasure Dale could give them.

And so Dale carried Lucy out of the water and up the beach, followed by Mary, to their picnic spot, where he sat her on the blanket. "How's the leg now, Luce?" he asked.

"Much better, thank you Dale," she said, staring openly at his rampant cock, now swinging back and forth in front of her face as he straightened up. She knew what had made her cum and already she was wondering how she could get it again.

"Good," he said, turning away, as if he were in full uniform on a parade ground, "I'll leave you two to have a little chat, shall I?" He smiled at Mary as he passed her giving her a wink, making her smile back, knowing what he wanted her to do. Dale walked back into the sea, some distance along the strand from the other girls, letting his erection calm down. As far as he was concerned, the morning had gone very well so far. Two down, three to go.

CHAPTER 2

The world became like one of the moving picture shows he'd seen at a new cinema in London before he was shipped over. People ran in jerks, everything seemed to be in monochrome. Men fell around him, men flew into the air; arms, legs, heads moving like they were puppets on strings. All Dale could think about was moving ahead, keeping his platoon together, walking up the hillside towards Thiepval, the Germans and death. Then suddenly his world disintegrated in a blast of heat, earth, flying steel and crushing pressure. He didn't realise a British shell had fallen short. He didn't realise anything at all, as his body flew high in the air, before falling onto the branches of a fallen tree, where he remained until a party of stretcher bearers came across him some hours later. He remembered opening his eyes and looking up. He was in the back of a horse drawn ambulance. Suddenly he could see an angel. A golden angel looking down on him from the blue sky. He blinked in surprise, wondering if he was dead and the heavenly host was welcoming him home. Then he remembered he'd seen it before. It was the Golden Virgin atop the Basilica in the centre of Albert a small market town in the Province of Picardy. It

had been knocked sideways, but miraculously never fallen and now lay on its side on top of the spire, looking down at him as he passed by on his way to a treatment centre. He closed his eyes, his mind wandered back.

* * * * *

“Do you like Dale?” asked Mary as soon as he was out of earshot.

“Yes, of course,” replied Lucy without hesitation, “why wouldn’t I? He’s my cousin and he’s kind and generous and spends time with me and makes me laugh and....”

“He made you cum, in the water,” said Mary.

“He, err, he,” stuttered the little girl.

“He made you cum.”

“Yes Lucy admitted quietly, blushing again.

“He might die in this war, Luce,” interrupted Mary, looking at the seven-year-old like her mother might.

“I don’t want anything to happen to him,” Lucy said fervently. “I love him. He treats me as an equal, I would do anything for him.”

“Would you let him touch you, Luce, maybe make you cum again?” asked Mary.

Lucy blushed. “Yes, as I said, I would do anything for him. Is that bad?”

“Well, yes and no,” said Mary, sounding like a wise old owl to seven-year-old Lucy, despite her only being ten years old herself. “It depends how you feel about him, what you want from him, who you might tell.”

Lucy’s hand shot to her mouth in anxious surprise, her eyes wide. “Oh,” she gasped, “I wouldn’t tell anyone. As I said, I love Dale.”

“That’s good then,” said Mary in a tone Lucy recognised as being authoritative. “He’s going off to fight the Huns soon,” she continued. “He might not come back. So many men have already been killed and it doesn’t seem the war will end soon. Clare and I love our brother; we have decided we will make this holiday special for him. Will you help us?” Mary explained what she had in mind. “I know he likes looking at us girls, you know, down there. He’s been doing it for years. But he’s never done anything more. Until this last week. He touched me and now, if you let him, he might touch you too. He hasn’t touched Clare yet, but I know he will soon and I know she will let him. So if he tries to touch you again, Lucy, will you let him?”

Lucy had been listening open mouthed to what Mary said. “Yes,” she said, “and I won’t tell anyone.”

"What about the others?" asked Mary, needing to find out how the land lay. "Alice and Emily. Do you think they might, you know, let Dale touch them too?"

"I don't know," she replied, "but I think so, because I heard them talking in bed last night. They were saying it might be nice if he kissed them and wondered what it would be like. They said it might be nice to try. Do you want me to ask them?"

"No, Lucy," said Mary smiling at the younger girl's enthusiasm on something which they all knew was a taboo subject with their mothers, "leave that to me. I will sound them out. Let's go and join the others. They'll be wondering what we're talking about." They walked back to the edge of the water, hand in hand. Dale was giving each girl a catapult out of the water, cupping his hands, letting them put their foot in it like a stirrup, then launching them upwards, enjoying the view of their splayed legs as they went skywards.

"Oh that looks fun," said Lucy, as she ran into the sea, "can I have a turn?"

Dale turned and looked at his sister, Mary. Another unspoken word passed between them. He knew she'd been talking to Lucy and why. He leaned down and said something into Alice's ear. She nodded and turned to go. As she moved away, Dale patted her bottom. She would have thought it a natural gesture, except she distinctly felt him squeeze her buttock too. She looked over her shoulder and said: "naughty," but it was obvious she wasn't cross with him.

Alice walked with Mary back up the beach to where their towels were on the rocks by the blanket and picnic lunch. They each picked up their own towel. Alice started to dry herself off, while Mary lay hers on the sand. Mary and Alice had more or less grown up together. They were only six months apart in age and had always shared a room and a bed, when the two families were together. What no one else knew was that the two cousins had been experimenting with one another for the last couple of years, exploring, testing, tasting, teasing. They had unintentionally developed a close lesbian relationship which had intensified, as they had approached puberty and their bodies had grown bumps and curves. They told each other their deepest secrets. Alice knew that was why Mary had that look on her face now. She needed to talk about something important.

"What is it?" Alice asked, as they sat on their towels side by side on the sand.

"Is it that obvious?" asked Mary.

"Uh huh," nodded Alice. "wanna talk about it?"

Mary pulled the blanket up over them both, hiding their naked bodies, as though she wanted to keep warm; her motive ulterior. "You know what I was telling you about Dale?" said Mary quietly.

"Mmm," nodded Alice, remembering what Mary had revealed, a couple of nights ago, after they had brought each other to a third climax, about what he had been doing to Mary.

"Would you like Dale to do things to you as well, in fact all of us?"

"You mean put his hands inside my panties and play with me like you and I do to each other?" asked Alice, pretending to be shocked, unable to hide the excitement on her face. After a few seconds, she grinned at Mary and said: "Of course I would. What about the others? I am sure Lucy wouldn't be interested. She's too young."

"That's where you're wrong," smiled Mary. "He brought her off a little while ago in the water. Didn't you notice? It was just after she was stung by that jellyfish. I spoke to her afterwards and she's up for it. So is Clare. I already spoke to her. That just leaves Emily. What do you think?"

"Em? No problem." laughed Alice, "I caught her playing with herself last week; and guess what? She was hiding something in her hand. It took me a moment to see what it was. It was a photograph of Dale. I'll have a word with her now if you like. So what have you got planned?"

"Nothing yet," said Mary, "but I would love it if we could all do something with him together?"

"Yeah," said Alice, "that would be nice. Let me have a word with Emily, then you and I can think up what to do next."

The girls pretended they wanted to go and use their little nets in the rock pool the other side of the beach. As soon as Alice had spoken to Emily, who'd immediately clasped her hand over her little mound, her fingers curling in, pushing against her clitty, confirming her willingness, Alice had waved to Mary and the five girls walked over to the rock pool, well out of Dale's earshot. Dale meanwhile lay on the blanket and picked up the book he was currently reading: *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* by James Joyce. It had been published a week or so before. In moments he was completely absorbed in it; the girls forgotten for the moment. Stephen Dædalus Joyce's protagonist was walking along a beach, watching a girl waist deep in the sea. He was wrestling with his religious conscience. Dale understood the man's dilemma. He'd experienced the same himself every time he'd come down to Devon and saw his sisters and cousins naked once more. But this time, like Dædalus, he knew it would be different. Today was the day. He didn't know why or how, but he knew it to be.

The girls looked across the narrow cove to where he was lying on the blanket, naked, reading his book, a forearm under his head like a pillow, as they'd seen him a hundred times before. But today was different. They had made a plan; each knowing what part they were going to play, as they casually walked towards him.

"What are you reading?" asked Mary, trying to distract him.

"It's called *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*," he said smiling up at her. "It's about a chap called Stephen Dædalus, he's an aspiring writer, who is trying to find out what he wants from life. He has a struggle in his mind between his religion to which he is devoted and the many opportunities open to him. He has an epiphany one day walking across a beach and sees a beautiful girl in the water. In the end he decides to live life to the full.... What....." He looked down, as Lucy and Clare both squatted down and sat, one on each of his outstretched knees. Before he could react, Emily stepped over him, and sat down on his chest. Next, Alice sat behind Emily, astride his hips, her pussy resting on Dale's

cock, letting it settle into her cleft. The four girls started to all move backwards and forwards in unison.

Mary stood over him, her feet either side of his head. She could see he was looking directly up between her thighs, her cleft not only spread because of the position she was in, but damp too; not from swimming, but damp because of what they were about to do to Dale. Already, Dale's cock was swelling and lengthening between Alice's labia as she moved forwards and backwards along his length.

"What do you lot think you're doing?" he asked, trying not to gasp, as incredible sensations swept through his body.

"We've been talking," said Mary, "and we agree with Stephen Dædalus." He blinked at her, confused. "We think before you go to war, you should live life to the full too." At that moment, Mary knelt down, her knees now far apart and lowered her pussy over Dale's mouth, just as he was about to reply to her comment. She moved in time with the other girls. All five of them moving over his body together. All now becoming aroused all thrilled with the feelings between their thighs, all of them knowing what was going to happen in a few seconds.

Dale lay there, his tongue now deep in his sister's cleft as she gyrated over him. He could feel her clitty swelling and taste her arousal flowing from her vagina, as her thighs seemed to spasm against his cheeks. He realised she was cuming. He was making his ten year old sister cum and she seemed to like it as much as him. He blew caution to the wind, and pressed his tongue as deep into her vagina as he could, feeling her hymen resisting his intrusion, aware she suddenly squirted into his mouth. Her taste exquisite.

Behind Mary was Emily, sitting on his chest. He reached round and put his hands on her hips as she moved. He tried to reach down to feel her mound and cleft, but there wasn't enough room. Just as he was about to give up, he felt her take his hand in hers, lift one leg and push his hand under her. She was leaning to one side, lifting her other thigh up, to give him space. He could feel along the whole length of her cleft, from her bottom to her mons, her plump labia. His fingertip found the entry to her vagina, her wet slippery vagina, her arousal oozing from her, easing the way for him. His finger slipped in surprisingly easily, immediately encountering her hymen. She took his finger in her hand and moved it a fraction upwards, finding the little hole there, before pushing him deeper into her, his finger sinking one then two knuckles into her. Suddenly, he could feel her clamping on his finger, as he nudged her deepest place, her cervix. She was cuming too. Her cries of pleasure muted, but no less expressive for that.

Trying to ignore what Alice was doing to him, Dale concentrated on what the two little ones were up to. Seven-year-old Lucy, who he'd brought off in the surf earlier and his eight year old sister, Clare, were both cuming as they rubbed themselves on his knees. He didn't need to worry about them. They were looking after themselves just fine.

His mind came back to Alice and what she was doing to his cock. She was certainly cuming too, and had been almost from the start. Her cries, like Mary's were quiet, almost whispers of joy. His cock was so stiff, so erect, it hurt and her full weight was on it. He'd got two tiny girls rubbing themselves on his knees, his finger in another, his tongue in a fourth and his rigid cock buried deep in the cleft of one more. He knew he wouldn't last

much longer. As if sensing this, Alice reached down and took hold of his shaft in her hand. Then, as she felt his movements against her change, she lifted herself up, squatting over him, brought his tip to her vagina and pressed down onto him, at the same time squeezing him hard with her hand. He didn't penetrate her, but it was close. His tip was inside her, stretching her entry. Then he came. He couldn't have stopped himself if he'd wanted to; and he didn't want to. He spurted and spurted into her, his semen blasting in, filling her, until it started to ooze out of her and run in rivulets down his shaft and over her fingers.

They were all breathing hard. It had happened so quickly, none of them knew what to do now. An air of embarrassment hovered over them. Then Dale said: "That was the most wonderful thing that's ever happened to me. You are my five most favourite people in the whole world. I love each of you." It took away the tension. The girls lay either on him, or on the blanket, cuddling into him. They knew he would have to leave soon. They didn't want him to go, but knew he must. Alice had an angelic expression on her face. She could feel Dale's semen running from her pussy. She knew she wanted it in her deeper next time and she knew there would be a next time. She didn't know Dale was studying her face intently. Her eyes were tight shut.

CHAPTER 3

Dale lay on the stretcher in the ambulance as it jogged along the road to Amiens, the capital of Picardy. In his mind, he could still see the statue looking down at him; or was it Alice? The lovely Alice. His mind was jumbled. He knew he couldn't think straight. The sound of the guns was still loud in his ears. His head was heavily bandaged and he had the headache from hell. He briefly wondered how the offensive had gone. They had been told they would take Bapaume in a day or two and the war would be over a few weeks later. He hadn't believed it then and he knew from the closeness of the battle, his misgivings were justified. The initial attack had failed. What he didn't know was over 19,000 of his comrades had been killed that morning and double that number wounded, him included. He also didn't know it had been the bloodiest day in the history of the British army.

"Was it nice?" asked Mary.

"Hmm," replied Alice, as the two oldest girls sat side by side away from the others, "it was the nicest feeling I've ever felt. He squirted inside me, you know right in. It's still leaking out."

"Is it?" said Mary, pausing for a moment. "Can I look?"

Alice smiled at her and leaned back on her elbows, looking down her body as Mary moved between her parted knees. She wriggled up between Alice's open thighs on her hands and knees, slid onto her tummy and brought her fingers to Alice's plump labia, carefully pulling them apart. She immediately saw a string of white stretched from one side of her

open vagina to the other, snapping under the tension. As she looked, Mary could see Dale's semen oozing from Alice. Alice clamped up for a moment and as she did, some squirted out from deeper inside her.

"Can I taste it?" asked Mary. She didn't wait for an answer, as she pulled Alice's labia even further apart and dipped in with her tongue. She pressed her lips to Alice's and gently sucked as she pushed her tongue into her cousin's opening. Mary couldn't help herself, and with her tongue still pushing against Alice's hymen, took her hand away and reached down under her own tummy to her mons, feeling for her cleft and her sensitive, swollen clitty.

In moments, the two girls were enthusiastically cuming. They didn't realise the noise they were making, attracting the attention of the others. Emily, Lucy and Clare walked curiously over and stood watching Mary and Alice in the final throws of their orgasms.

"What are they doing?" asked Lucy innocently, unconsciously rubbing the tip of her clitoris, where it just poked out from her little girl cleft, with her fingertip.

"They're making each other feel nice," Dale said, walking up behind the three girls, as they watched. "A bit like when you felt nice in the water earlier."

"Oh," said Lucy in a casual, almost dismissive tone, as if watching a girl, eat out another, was something she saw every day. "Do you want to try it with me, Clare?" Clare nodded and in no time at all, the two little ones walked over to where they'd left their towels.

Dale looked down at nine year old Emily, who, pulled her eyes away from Mary's tongue, still burrowing into her sister's pussy and smiled up at him. "That just leaves you and me, Em," he said, picking up his towel and taking her hand, walked her across the beach. Emily hero worshiped her only male cousin. He was just like a brother to her. She couldn't remember a time when he wasn't there. He'd always been kind to her, even when she knew she'd been a 'pesky' little girl at times in the past. In the last few months, when she was in bed, she would think about him and without knowing what she'd done, would suddenly realise she was playing with herself as she saw him in her mind. She could only cum when she thought of him. None of the other boys she knew would do. This morning had been amazing. All the things she thought they could do together had started to happen; as if they were just meant to be. Mary and Alice had said Dale might not come back from the war. She couldn't bear the thought of that. She loved him, he must come back. She didn't know what he wanted to do now, but whatever it was she would let him.

As they walked up the beach, she realised they were heading for the old boathouse. His arm was round her shoulder, so she put her's around his waist. She felt his hand slide down her back, a shiver of arousal surging through her, as he cupped her buttocks, his fingers slipping between them as they moved with her walking. She glanced down and could see he was becoming erect again. So soon! She'd heard boys couldn't do it too soon after they'd already cum.

Dale pushed open the door of the boathouse, peering into the dusty gloom. The sun shone down through a skylight, casting a beam of light onto the small foredeck of the sailing dinghy. Tiny dust particles danced and sparkled in the sunbeam as they moved into its glare, like players on a stage under the lights. They moved to the boat, as if the

sunbeam guided them. Without saying anything, Dale spread the towel across the foredeck. He turned and placing his hands under her armpits, lifted Emily up onto the towel. Her face was just below his, as he moved towards her, his arms encircling her, hers not quite reaching around his chest. As he moved against her, her knees parted, letting him come closer.

He pushed back a damp lock of her golden hair from her face and looked down into her sparkling blue eyes. Nothing needed to be said, as he slowly moved his lips to hers, their mouths opening, their tongues exploring, dancing, loving. She moved her hand behind his head and pulled him tighter against her, their teeth scraping together. An urgency seemed to move through Emily, as she was finally doing what she'd dreamed of for the last year or so with the one person she loved most in the whole world, who may be taken from her so soon.

Dale felt Emily's legs wrap around his waist as he stood hugging her, their arms wrapped around each other. He could feel her urgency in her movements. She was only nine and yet she seemed to have the needs of one twice her age. Her breathing was coming in short pants, her movements jerky. He felt her heels behind his bum pulling him closer. His crown was nestled in the folds of her labia, pressed hard to her entry. She was damp with her arousal and desire; his pre-cum now flowing freely. He slipped in a fraction, his cock finding its own way without guidance. She curled her hips towards him, letting his crown sink through the tight elastic cuff of her entry, up against her hymen. Her movement telling Dale she had no reservations about what was about to happen. She wanted this as much as he did.

They paused in that position for what seemed like an age, but was probably just a couple of minutes. They felt the almost painful tightness ease, as she dilated slightly. Then she surprised Dale again, when she jerked her hips forward once more, forcing his crown through her hymen in an instant. She froze for a moment, a tear threatening to break away from her blue eye. The sting of her virginity going, vanishing as quickly as it had come. Then, as if it was nothing, she pulled him in again with her heels, feeling his cock slide into her; deep into her.

Dale watched his nine year old cousin, as if seeing her for the first time. She had always been his favourite and a love had grown between them as they had played together as small children, got into trouble together and been chastised or punished together. They had always been partners in crime, despite their big difference in ages. But he had never thought she would want him as her first, however much they loved one another. He was in a dream world, feeling his cock slip deeper into Emily's wonderful, tight, vagina, feeling her passage peeling open to his penetration. Then he nudged her end. She gasped. Not in discomfort, but as a surge of pleasure forged through her whole lower body. He pulled back a fraction, resisted by the pressure of her heels on his bum, before thrusting back into her again. She released her heels, granting him movement and was rewarded with another small withdrawal and thrust. He pulled back further each time, before thrusting firmer and quicker into her cervix. Every time a jolt of pleasure, like a mild electric shock pulsed through her, making her contract hard on his cock.

Emily felt her pleasure rising. She knew it wouldn't be long now and suddenly her whole body seemed to erupt in a mind numbing surge of pleasure. She could feel Dale's cock deep inside her, nudging her 'spot' again and again, making her pleasure increase every

time. She didn't think this could get any better, then suddenly, she felt him pause, press hard into her deepest place and erupt inside her. He was cuming. His cock pulsed and pulsed inside her, making her climax go up to an even higher level. She was just thinking she couldn't take any more; it was just too good, when he slowed and stopped.

After a minute, while they remained still, letting their breathing and pulses return to something like normal, Dale reached down and pulled Emily up, cuddling her to his chest. Her arms naturally clung around his neck, while his hands reached under her, lifting her up. He walked to the door, pulled it open and went outside into the sunshine, both of them blinking in the glare. As he walked back across the sand to join the others, she realised his cock was still buried deep inside her. She loved it there. It seemed to give her a sense of security; as though he was saying everything will be alright.

Alice nudged Mary. Mary's head lifted up from between Alice's thighs. She followed Alice's eyes and saw her brother walking towards them, carrying Emily. But that wasn't what Alice had been looking at. What had caught her attention was instead of hanging down, Dale's cock was thick and erect and curved up into Emily's vagina. Alice and Mary smiled to one another. Their scheming was working.

CHAPTER 4

Dale remembered little of the early part of the journey from Albert to Amiens, until the painkiller started to wear off. The ambulance was a simple converted farm cart, able to carry six men on stretchers in two tiers of three on either side. He was on the top tier. It was a hot day and the sides of the ambulance were open to let welcome fresh air waft in. Dale watched the countryside drift slowly passed. A lance of pain shot through his leg. Before leaving the clearing station in Albert, he'd been given morphine to sooth the pain. A piece of shrapnel had been pulled from his upper thigh and a few stitches roughly held the wound together. He would receive more treatment in Amiens, he was told. The medic had joked that had the shrapnel hit an inch higher he would have been able to sing treble for the rest of his life.

On the top tier, the other side of the ambulance was a young German officer. He was in a bad way. He'd been reconnoitring in no-man's-land during the night before the attack and had hidden in a shell hole when the British shells started to fall short. He had received a belly wound. The medic had told Dale he might not make it.

Dale looked at the German. He was the first he'd seen. He looked just like anyone else; not the monster he'd been led to believe. The German turned and smiled at Dale through his pain. No morphine had been 'wasted' on him.

"Cigarette?" the man said, miming with his fingers at his lips.

Dale was good with languages, having learnt French, German and some Russian at school as well as Latin and some Classical Greek. He reached into his tunic pocket, hanging from a hook beside him and offered the man his cigarette case. A parting gift from his guilt-ridden father. It had his regimental badge engraved on it. Dale watched as the man pulled out a cigarette with shaking hands, before taking his lighter. The man took a

long drag, staring up at the roof of the ambulance, then passed the cigarette case and lighter back.

"Been in the army long?" asked Dale in his schoolboy German.

The man shook his head. "No, just two weeks." He laughed ironically, immediately grimacing at the pain. "I joined to see the world, and here I am seeing France from an ambulance. My name is Hans." Dale introduced himself. The two lapsed into silence as the motion of the wheels over the shell damaged road sent shafts of pain lancing through them both. When they arrived at Amiens, Dale looked across at Hans. He was very pale, staring at the ceiling of the ambulance, a half smoked English cigarette still clasped in his dead German lips. He had been just seventeen years old. Dale's mind drifted back to happier times.

** * * * **

They spent most of the day on the beach, kicking a ball around, digging in the sand, splashing in the cold, early summer, sea water and enjoying the picnic they had carried down with them carefully packed in one of Evelyn's wickerwork baskets. None of the other girls talked about what had happened in the boathouse with Emily, although all of them knew. They also knew that they too would have their turn very soon. An air of anticipation hung over the little group.

Dale reached into the basket and pulled out a flagon of cider. Devon is famous for it's sweet 'scrumpy', where apples grow in abundance. He had hidden the ceramic bottle from his mother and aunt until they had left for the county show. The girls had tasted scrumpy before, but not the strong variety, nor in any quantity. As soon as they saw it, they immediately grabbed the glasses they had brought down for their lemonade and held them out to him, each grinning expectantly. He decided if they were old enough to enjoy sexy games, they were old enough to have a little drink. He poured them each a glassful and watched as they seemed to race to down it first. They all smacked their lips and held their glasses out expectantly for seconds. He didn't want them all totally inebriated when their mothers returned, or worse, suffering hangovers, so he gave them just a half glass more and told them to make it last. They did. It lasted about another minute.

He realised his mistake about five minutes later, when the girls all started giggling and laughing over nothing in particular. The scrumpy cider had been stronger than even he had realised. He encouraged them to eat their lunch. He'd always been told food would absorb the alcohol and help sober someone up. It seemed to work to a point and soon, the girls were sitting in a large circle, eating their sandwiches, chatting and laughing animatedly.

Soon afterwards, starting with the youngest, the girls lay down on their towels, still chatting away. Then, one by one, they started to drift off to sleep. At last the only ones still awake were Mary, Alice and Dale.

"Did you enjoy fucking my sister?" asked Alice bluntly. The cider had loosened her usually reserved tongue.

"Yes, thank you, Alice. Very much indeed. In fact I think it was the best fuck I've ever had." What he didn't add was that it was the only fuck he'd ever had.

"Well I thought you might have let me go first," she said petulantly, "after all, I am the oldest."

Realising she wasn't that cross with him, he decided to tease her a little. "All good things come to those that wait, Alice," he smiled, glancing at Mary. "Besides," he continued, "it's Mary's turn next isn't it Mary?"

Mary turned to him in shock. She hadn't thought that her relationship with Dale would go as far as intercourse. She loved him deeply and would be happy to mess around with him, kiss him, let him feel her up, perhaps give him a hand job. But intercourse? With her own brother?

Dale saw the doubts running through Mary's mind writ clear on her face. "I was only joking, Mar'," he said, giving her a reassuring look. She had let him look and feel her up when he thought she was asleep in her bed; she had come to his room when he was working and let him put his hand under her skirt and make her cum; this morning, she'd let him eat her out as she'd squatted over him here on the beach. But she hesitated when it came to letting him fuck her. That seemed wrong. Her own brother! "We will do whatever you want," he continued, "or nothing at all, if you prefer." She smiled at him. The tension diffused.

"I don't mind what we do, Dale," she said, "just not that. Do you mind?"

"Not at all, Mar'," he said. "I love you with all my heart. Anyway, if you want, there are other ways we can make love; or not at all if you prefer."

"Other ways?" she asked. "What sort of other ways?"

Dale stepped forward and kissed Mary full on the lips, stopping her chit-chat. He put his arms around her and clasped her full bottom, one buttock in each palm. Pulling back a fraction, he said: "You could make love with this," He pushed his mouth back to hers and before she could react, thrust his tongue deep into her mouth, dancing with her tongue. She was just getting into this, when he pulled away just as suddenly. He slipped his finger down through her bum crack, finding her anus, pressing his finger in a fraction and said: "or with this if you want."

She gasped in shock. "You mean you would....."

"Only if you wanted to, Mar'," he said. Then he said mischievously: "If not, Alice might like to instead."

Alice quick to pick up on his innuendo smiled and said: "So Dale do you want a blow job or would you prefer it up my bum?" She burst out laughing.

"No, not with you, Alice, I wouldn't dream of doing either of those things to you." She looked disappointed for a moment, before he added: "No, with you, Alice, it has to be in your cunt."

Mary blushed bright red, suddenly realising what Dale had been driving at. She recovered in a moment and said: "Well I've already told you what I think, when it comes to me. Shall I suck it and see; or sit on the problem? Hmm, maybe I should do both." Dale laughed at his sister's sense of fun. Suddenly, the mood altered. They sat watching the sea and the other girls playing, thinking what a wonderful day this was turning into, but at the same time what was going to happen now. Mary moved across and sat on Dale's lap; her back against his chest. She turned her head and stretching her hand behind his head, brought her lips to his, kissing him passionately. She whispered something to him. He nodded solemnly.

Alice sat there watching her lover, Mary, making love to her own brother; the brother she herself loved more than any boy she had met in her short life. Alice wanted to watch them, before she herself made love to him. He would be her first. She had never wanted another. Today was perfect. But, inside her, she was terrified this would be the last time they would all be together; that time and fate and everything would prevent this ever happening again.

Alice watched her two favourite cousins, as though she wasn't present, like a voyeur peeping through a keyhole, like she'd done many times years ago, when Auntie Millicent used to come and stay when Daddy was still alive. People had always asked why all the girls looked so alike, and yet Dale looked so like his father. Alice knew the truth. All the girls had the same father. And like those rare moments, when she had watched her daddy fucking Millicent, with her own mother, Evelyn encouraging them, she now watched Mary sitting on Dale's lap, knowing what was slowly happening.

Alice watched Mary's face carefully, her expression changing constantly, from anticipation, to worry, to fear, to relief, to joy and finally ecstasy. The exact same expressions her mother and aunt made, when they made love together. Alice was the only one who knew what was happening; that Dale's cock was deep inside his sister's bottom and envied Mary at that moment. But knew too Mary would envy her when Dale took her virginity. She watched, as Dale's hand came round Mary's front and slowly lowered over her mound, between her thighs, his fingers slipping into her cleft. She watched enraptured as both Dale and Mary's eyes started to close, as their concentration was far away from this place, as their pleasure increased slowly, their bodies giving and receiving such enjoyment.

Dale's cock was as far into Mary as it could go and he knew if he was three inches longer, it would have all gone in. He could feel Mary clamping on him as he moved inside her, her tight passage just as nice as Emily's pussy had been just an hour or so ago. He frigged her little clitoris with an expert touch. He'd brought Mary off several times in recent weeks and knew exactly where her sensitive spot was and how fast and firm she liked it.

Alice couldn't resist the temptation, and realising Mary was far into her climax and Dale was almost there himself, she moved over them and knelt down, her knees spread far apart outside their thighs, facing them. She placed her hands on Mary's shoulders, making her eyes pop open. Mary didn't disappoint, and reached under Alice and started to caress her cleft, concentrating on her clitty, as she had done so many times.

"No, not like that," Alice hissed, "inside, please." Mary's practiced finger quickly slipped deep inside Alice's aroused and slippery vagina and started to wiggle it around in a way

Mary knew Alice loved. Mary climaxed in a matter of moments. She recalled how her mother had made love with her sister, Dale's mum and realised she was no different. When it came to incest, it must run in the family.

The climax came suddenly and the three never realised the noise they had made. Neither did they care. Dale had filled his sister's rectum with his cum and watched Alice and Mary making love in front of him, even as his final pulses spurted into Mary. He slowly released his grip on Mary's shoulders and lay back on his towel. His cock was still embedded deep inside Mary, even as she and Alice continued to pleasure one another.

CHAPTER 5

Dale didn't remember much of the rest of that day. He'd been given another shot of morphine before he was transferred out of the ambulance and into the hospital. He recalled the loud echoey sounds along the white ceramic corridors as doctors, nurses and other patients hurried around his trolley going about their business while he was moved to wherever they wanted him. He later remembered the bright light over him and the fear as the gas mask was applied to his face in the operating theatre. Then nothing.

The sun was shining in through the tall open windows of the officers' ward, the thin curtains floating in the light breeze. His eyes blinked open, seeing a white painted ceiling and a large fan lazily rotating above him.

"You had us worried for a while," a man's voice spoken in heavily accented English, "My name is Doctor Clovis, Monsieur."

It was obvious the doctor struggled with his English, so Dale replied in his faultless French: "Thank you Doctor. My name is Lieutenant Dale Winchester. What happened to me?"

The doctor, relieved to speak in French said: "You were hit by a piece of red hot shrapnel in your groin. It punctured your Femoral Artery," the doctor glanced at his face, "what amazed me was that the metal also cauterized the artery and stopped the bleeding, otherwise you'd be dead. The dressing station in Albert patched up the wound and, well, I finished the job here. Another inch, and you wouldn't have fathered any children," he chuckled. Dale recalled the similar comment the man in Albert had made.

"Thank you Doctor, I am in your debt. What happens now?" asked Dale.

"You will be here for a few days, then you will go by train to Boulogne-sur-Mer and a ship to England, I think. You should be fit to fight again before Autumn, perhaps sooner. I have other duties, Lieutenant. I will see you again tomorrow. Meantime I will leave you in the care of Madame Morain. She is Matron of this ward." He nodded to his side, and handed across a clipboard, with Dale's medical notes, to an indomitable looking woman. Dale could immediately see she was the no nonsense sort, like his school house matron had been. The Doctor was soon gone, leaving Dale looking at Madame Morain, who looked as though she found his presence most distasteful. He had this comical image that she really worked for the Germans.

"Monsieur," she said in a voice which might have been heard three miles away, "I run a tidy ward. A clean, disciplined, quiet ward." Dale tried not to laugh at her final comment in view of her own volume. Clearly she read his expression. "You find something amusing?"

"No Madame," he responded in a chastised tone, "I am very grateful to be here and alive."

"I should hope so," she harrumphed, glancing back at the clipboard. "We wake you at six, breakfast at seven, bed bath at eight, Doctor's rounds at nine, medication and injections round at ten." She seemed to relish the last comment as she hooked his clipboard back on the steel rail at the foot of his bed and moved off in pursuit of the doctor.

Dale heard loud laughter from the next bed. He turned to see a heavily bandaged man. "Her bite is even worse than her bark, boyo," said the man in a heavily accented Welsh voice. "Just you wait until she gives you an injection. She stabs you like a German with a bayonet. She's actually the local girls' school headmistress," he explained. "She had once been a nurse and when the offensive was planned, the hospital was so short staffed, they called her in to help. She offered to bring in her girls from school to help under her supervision. They clean the ward, change dressings, make beds and feed us. The only problem is they neither speak English nor Welsh," he laughed again. "I'm William Evans, by the way First Lieutenant of the Welsh Guards."

"Dale Winchester," responded Dale. "My first posting. Three days in the line and then this."

"Bad luck, boyo," said William. "Or more to the point good luck. You're out of it for a while now. All those poor bastards killed yesterday and it's still going on. They say thousands are lying out in no-man's-land wounded. The casualties are pouring back from the line all the time. And they're the ones who are still alive."

Just then, a very pretty girl of about fifteen or sixteen walked through the ward between the beds, pushing a small trolley. She had a tight fitting nurse's uniform on, which showed off all her curves. Both men watched her pass by. "Don't even think what you're thinking," said William, chuckling. "She's off limits to the likes of you and me." He saw Dale's confused expression. "All Madame Morain's older girls work in the senior officers' wards. Captains and above. I understand some of the girls look after them very nicely for a little, how should I say, 'thank you'. They have a bit of fun for a Franc. For five, it's anything you want. Us humble lieutenants only have the younger girls to look after us, so don't get excited." Dale thought the arrangement was going to suit him very well indeed, but didn't say so.

** * * * **

The sun passed its zenith and the afternoon began with the six youngsters getting the canoes out of the boathouse. They dragged them down the beach, then all went back to pull the small sailing dinghy down as well. It was on a small trolley, otherwise they wouldn't have managed it. Mary and Alice took a canoe each, while the other three girls waited while Dale quickly hoisted the gaff rigged sail up the mast, mounted the rudder on it's pintles, inserted the tiller, before holding the boat while the girls climbed aboard.

As they were going out of the little cove, onto the river, they had all donned their swimsuits, which usual for the time, had all been knitted from wool, by their mothers. They turned downstream towards Buckland, knowing the tide would flood in about half an hour and help them on the return journey. Mary and Alice came close once or twice to splash the others with their paddles. This was soon discouraged when Emily found the galvanised bailer and skilfully sent volumes of water back at their attackers. It was a glorious day and one they would all remember for many years to come. Perhaps they would try fishing for some mackerel soon. Dale wondered if he would hook all the girls today as well.

Dale had let Emily steer. She was a competent helmswoman. Her sister, Lucy sat beside her taking a turn every now and then. He was sitting right up in the bows, his feet either side of the mast. Clare was sitting on his lap, leaning back against his chest. His hands were clasped around her lower tummy, hers clasped over his. They enjoyed tacking back and forth towards the river mouth. They could now see, smell and feel the open sea, small waves moving in from the south west, the wind fluttering through their hair.

“Dale?” said Clare, in a voice so quiet, he almost missed it.

“Hmm?” he responded.

“You will come back, won’t you? You know from France. Please tell me you’ll come back.” She squeezed his hand against her mons; not in a sexy way, but in a way to reassure herself he was still here.

“Of course Clare,” he said carefully, “whatever made you think I might not?”

“My friend Joanna, her Daddy and older brother were both killed together last September somewhere called Loos,” she said, almost breaking into tears. “And my maths teacher at school, Mr. Williams, he was killed at a place called Ypres. Do you promise me you will come back to me Dale?”

“I can’t promise that, my darling Clare, you know that,” he said honestly. “All I can promise is I will do everything possible to come back to you and the others.”

“Today has been very special to all of us girls,” she stuttered through tears now running down her face. “We all love you so much, and now you are going to war. Will you love me, like you loved Mary, so I have something to remember you by, until you return?” She pushed his fingers an inch or so lower, pressing into her cleft, as she parted her knees.

“Of course I will, Clare,” he whispered in her ear. “Mary said I cannot take her virginity and I think she is right. You are my sister too. There are other ways, though, if you want.”

“What other ways, Dale?” she asked, looking over her shoulder at him.

“Well you could give me a little suck, if you want,” he looked at her steadily

“Eww,” she muttered, “I don’t know I could do that.”

“How about if I slip it in your bottom?” She smiled and nodded, squeezing his fingers against herself once more, feeling her clitty clench with the contact.

“Yes,” she said, grinning, “just like you did with Mary.”

“Shall we see if we can do it without the others knowing?” he asked. She giggled, confirming she thought that was a great idea.

Dale lifted his knees up a few inches, bracing his feet on one of the ribs of the hull. The others wouldn't be able to see what he was doing. He moved his hands under her and cupped her bottom in his palms. Next, he pulled the woollen leg hole of her costume to one side and slipped his hands over the globes of her bottom, either side of her valley. His fingertip could feel her anus was dilated slightly. They rested there, unmoving.

He waited until Emily and Lucy were calling out something to the canoeists, and pushed his swimming trunks down enough to release his rampant cock. He pulled Clare's cheeks apart, his fingers either side of her anus and brought her quickly down so his tip pressed into her entry. Holding her weight with a combination of his knees, palms and belly, he slowly lowered her. His pre-cum covered crown nudged into her sphincter, making her clamp for a moment, before her willpower relaxed it, letting him pass through. He felt her rectum pull his foreskin back; then after that, he was able to slide into her with comparable ease, his crown peeling her passageway open as it penetrated her bowels.

He was in, all the way in. He took his hands away and pulled her back into his chest, his hands once again clasped over her belly, her hands over his. “Do you think they noticed?” he whispered into her ear.

She shook her head and giggled. “No, I don't think so.”

He raised his knees up a little further, ensuring the others wouldn't see what he was doing, as he slipped his fingers down into her cleft, seeking her little clitty, now hardened and standing proud from its cowl. He massaged it gently with his fingertip, letting her rise slowly. No rush. Every now and then, he felt her shudder, her muscles tensing. She was rising. Then suddenly she came. She couldn't help herself, as her head bent back against his chest, her mouth wide open, her eyes tight shut, as she called out in her ecstasy. Emily and Lucy immediately looked forward at them, expressions of puzzlement changing to realisation, changing to amusement, as they perceived their cousin, Clare, was enjoying an intense climax with Dale, just as they themselves had done earlier.

Clare's hands were now grasping the gunnel either side of her shoulders, as she leaned back on her brother's chest, her whole weight on his lap, where his cock impaled her a full six inches into her bowels. By now, her feet had lifted and were braced against the thwart through which the mast was stepped. Her face was turned upwards, an expression of ecstasy on her face, her eyes closed, a thin smile on her tight lips.

“How's Clare doing?” asked Alice as she paddled her canoe up to the side of the boat where Emily was steering.

"She's played her part nicely, I think," said Emily, grinning at her older sister. "Dale won't forget her in a hurry. I think it's time we headed back to the beach. Whose turn is it next, bye-the-way?"

CHAPTER 6

Dale had fallen asleep. He woke with a jolt, when he heard the sight screens being pulled around his bed. He looked down the bed, seeing two nurses there. One was the unmistakable sight of Madame Morain's broad back. Even from behind she looked fearsome. The other was a young girl of slight build. When the screens were in place the two turned, one moving to each side of his bed.

Madame Morain took hold of the bedcovers and lifted them up, before pulling them quickly down the bed to below Dale's knees. He was wearing a regular pyjama top, but because of his groin injury, he was naked below the waist, other than the bandages.

"Lieutenant," said Madame Morain brusquely, in her clipped northern French accent, "This is Nurse Beaulieu. She will look after you during your stay here. I will now instruct her in the care she must give you." Madame Morain then spoke to the girl, while unravelling Dale's bandages, instructing her on how to change the dressing, before bandaging him up once more.

Dale took the opportunity to study the girl in profile. She had long features. Her nose was almost pointed, with high cheekbones, pale skin, needing to see the sun more. Her chin jutted out just enough to make her look attentive, while her ears and golden brown hair were hidden inside her mop cap. He guessed her age to be ten, or at most eleven. He thought her name suited her, because she was very pretty, as her name translated. Her blue eyes were downcast. He assumed she was observing Madame Morain's movements, when he suddenly realised she was in fact studying his cock. Despite his wound and Madame Morain's presence, it twitched, not unnoticed by the girl, who glanced at his face and Madame Morain, who snapped: "We'll have none of that sort of thing on my ward."

Madame Morain rambled on telling the girl what, when and how to dress the wound, before pulling the bed covers up again. Madame Morain tucked in his bedding on one side, while Nurse Beaulieu did the other. "I will leave you to undertake the other routines," Madame Morain said. "Come and find me when you have finished." Madame Morain opened the screen up and exited, closing the screen behind her, leaving Dale and Nurse Beaulieu alone.

"Hello," said Dale, testing to see if she spoke any English, "my name is Dale. I am nineteen years old and I live in England." She looked blankly at him, although she gave him a very pretty smile. Knowing the answer, he then repeated himself in French, making her relax a little. She didn't disclose it, but this was her first day in the hospital and Dale her first patient. She really didn't want to disgrace herself so soon. She was intimidated by Madame Morain, and often said she understood her instructions, when she had only taken in half the barrage of information.

"I am going to be here for some time, I think," said Dale. "If you are going to be my nurse, then perhaps I should know your first name."

"I am Rosalie," she said boldly, "but everyone calls me Rose. I like your name Dale. Have you been in the army long? Where in England do you live? I would like to come to England. Is it nice there? Do you have any brothers or sisters.....?"

"Woa, slow down, Rose," he said putting his fingertip to her lips, making her blush at the contact and bring her hand up to her mouth. "One question at a time," he continued. "You will have plenty of time to find out all about me. Six months ago I was still in school doing my final exams. So I am new to the army. My father lives in Birmingham, which is in the middle of England, and owns a factory making shells for guns, while my mother lives most of the time with her sister in Devon in the south west of the country. I have two sisters and three cousins, who are all a similar age to you. I have a photo of them in my wallet if you would like to see it." He indicated the bedside drawer, which she opened and pulled out the wallet. She passed it to him. He flipped it open and pulled out the photo. She glanced at the five girls.

"They all look like sisters," she observed. "They are all fair, but you are dark. Is that your mother and aunt standing behind them? They both look like the girls. They are all very pretty."

"Yes," he confirmed. "They are all very close to me. Perhaps one day you will come to England and meet my family."

"That would be nice," she said wistfully, "but my family is not wealthy. My father died at the beginning, in Verdun, and my mother she now makes clothes and uniforms to earn a little money. But now I feel I know you a little. It will make it easier when I have to change your dressing, you know," she glanced down, "where it is."

"I know Rose," he said, looking her in the eye. "Does it bother you, seeing my queue?" he asked, using the slang French word for cock (tail).

"When the time comes, I hope I will be, err what is the word Madame Morain uses? Ah oui, professional."

"But Rose, you have already seen it," he stated simply. "You and he have already been introduced, and he looks forward to meeting you again very soon." Dale knew this comment would either alarm her or pique her interest. He was relieved when a huge grin broke out on her face, enjoying the little naughty joke he'd played on her.

** * * * **

When they were just outside the river mouth, they let their mackerel lines out. Although it was early in the season, they hit a shoal and caught half a dozen fish in as many minutes.

Having returned to the cove, Dale suggested the girls find some driftwood for a fire, while he gutted and cleaned the fish. Soon a fire was crackling away, the dry wood easily catching, with little or no smoke. Dale found a large flat thin rock, which he placed over the fire to heat up. The boats were then pulled up the sand and returned to the boathouse. By this time, the stone was hot enough to cook the fish. The girls each put one on the stone, and using long twigs, poked and turned them until the flesh had turned a greyish white, the bones separating from the meat. The meal tasted better to the six, than any kitchen cooked creation could have done. Everyone laughed when Lucy dropped a small piece of hot fish on her naked mound, making her jump up with a squeal.

It had been a lovely, long, lazy, sexy, perfect day for Dale and the girls. Their mothers wouldn't return until much later. They had plenty of time. No one said anything, but they all knew what was going to happen. Dale was sitting on his towel on the sand, leaning against a grass covered rocky bank. Alice was sitting between his parted knees, her back leaning against his chest, her head just below his chin. His arms were around her, his fingers lazily caressing her nipples, atop her small puffs, which had only started to form a few weeks ago. Even so, they seemed inflamed, swollen, darker than usual.

The other girls were sitting close to them, Mary and Lucy on one side, Emily and Clare the other. All were watching Dale petting Alice, seeing her arousal growing. On the face of it, Alice lay against him placidly, unmoving, her hands on Dale's knees, either side of her hips. But they could see the signs, her eyelids fluttered gently, perspiration on her upper lip, her chest rose and fell with fast, shallow breaths, little ripples on her skin as her heart beat over one hundred a minute. Her lifted, spread knees revealed her damp open vagina, her tight doomed hymen visible, the little hole in it's centre stretched into an oval opening, pink and coral dampness visible deeper inside.

While he continued to caress her nipples with one hand, Dale reached down with the other and let his fingers slide over Alice's mound. He smiled to himself, the army had retreated from Mons in 1914 and here he was advancing on hers in 1916. His middle finger slipped between her plump, bloated labia, immediately finding her cowl, hiding her stiff clitoris. He touched it, feeling her jerk. He touched it a second time, she arched her back against him. He touched it once more and she came. It wasn't cataclysmic or earth shattering, but it had an immediate impact on her and the other girls.

Suddenly, no reserve or embarrassment was shown by Alice or the others. As soon as she calmed, Alice turned, swivelling round, her bottom spinning on her towel. She now faced him, her hands taking hold of his, even as she moved back, giving herself space, leaning back, pulling him towards her, his knees coming down between hers, already his elbows resting outside her chest, his upturned palms suddenly cupping her shoulders.

The other four girls were kneeling either side of them, watching avidly, their own fingers openly masturbating themselves gently as they watched Alice and Dale come together, his body over hers. They watched enraptured, as his lips came to hers, slowly parting, their tongues visibly dancing with each other. Their hips moving together, his knees pushing hers outwards, his groin moving to hers, his hard, long erection, jerking in time with his pulse, moving between her puffy labia, her knees lifting up and outwards even more, welcoming him in.

Dale pressed to her entry and eased, pressed and eased, feeling his slippery pre-cum oozing into her, his crown slipping in, opening her passage, her hymen now pressed to his end. Their counterpoint movements increased, their arousal rising, their breathing and movements shortening and quickening. Alice gasped, her climax crashing in suddenly. Her hips jerked forward, his crown suddenly inside her. They paused for the merest moment, before their arousal swept them forward again, only witnessed by the four other pre-teen girls and the seagulls squabbling over the fish remains from their alfresco meal.

Dale was in heaven. A moment he would recall just a few weeks later, when he was so close to death. His crown pushed against her end, making her jerk in involuntary reaction to the intense sensations suddenly surging through her young body. He paused for just a moment, before pulling back and pushing in. She was so tight, so warm, so....wanting it too. In seconds, he was thrusting into her, his cycles becoming deeper, longer, faster, better.

Alice couldn't believe the intensity of the feelings flowing through her. Dale had always been the only boy she had ever desired and now he was fucking her; her first time. So good. So memorable. She hoped she wouldn't look back in sad recollection of her dead cousin, but instead eager anticipation of his next home visit from wherever the army and the war had sent him. She felt the tingles deep down inside her, like a distant whisper of wind, which became a breeze, a wind, a storm of such intensity, as her orgasm overtook her in an instant. Alice had had many climaxes over the years; the best on Mary's fingertips. But this was different again. She was struggling to keep her mind from closing down.

Suddenly Dale came. The girls watching saw the dimples on his buttocks ripple, as his muscles convulsed. His rapid thrusting suddenly stopping, as he pushed as deep into her as her little vagina allowed. They could see the muscles of his thighs, buttocks and cock twitch, the shaft of his penis swelling each time he spurted his sperm laden semen into the immature womb of his oldest cousin.

Perspiration glistened on their bodies in the summer sunshine of that warm afternoon, as they both calmed, holding each other tight, not wanting their bond to slacken, knowing that it would. The tension went out of them, and when he shrivelled within her, he rolled to her side, both now looking into the sky, where bird song pierced the silence, seeing the single lark hovering so high, as if watching them. He shuddered as a line ran through Dale's head of a poem written just a few months before by Canadian doctor John McCræ:and in the sky the larks, still bravely singing, fly scarce heard amid the guns below.

His melancholy soon vanished, the wonderful sensations of the last few minutes sweeping away thoughts of what the future may have in store for him. He lifted his head looked down his body, seeing four faces inspecting him and Alice. He realised they must be both covered in pre-cum, semen, and perhaps virgin blood. His head flopped back and turned to Alice, who was looking at him, adoration on her face. They smiled at one another insensible to the other girls, as if they were the only people in the whole world at that moment. It was in that instant, Dale suddenly knew what he was going to war for. To protect what was important to him. These girls, his family, this place, this England.

CHAPTER 7

Dale was suddenly awake. He didn't know what had woken him. He had been in a drug induced sleep for several hours. It was dark outside now, the ward lanterns illuminating the lines of beds. Perhaps it had been the cries of the men suffering from the agonising wounds tormenting them, as they slowly descended into a sleep in eternity. Dale had been at the Front such a short time, and yet he already felt that emotional immunity to the horrors of war every soldier discovers anesthetising them from what would send them mad otherwise.

It was something else. He peered out through slitted eyes. He saw movement the bent rump of a nurse's starched white uniform skirt. He looked further up and realised it was Rose the ten year old nursing auxiliary. He remembered it was her first day working here. What was she doing? It was late. Ward rounds long since over. As his vision cleared, he saw she had opened Evans's bedside locker drawer.

She pulled out and opened his wallet. She looked in and took out a five Franc note, slipped it into her apron pocket and put the wallet back in the drawer. He did some quick calculations in his head. She'd just stolen the equivalent of a day's pay from Evans, but he also knew to a French private soldier five Francs would be worth two or three month's pay. They were paid pennies. To a mere nursing auxiliary, it was a fortune.

"What do you think you're doing?" he whispered sibilantly. She whirled round to face him, terror on her face, knowing she'd been caught red handed. Even in the dull light of the night time ward, he could see her chin shaking slightly, her hands wringing, her wide eyes looking at him. "Put that back, NOW," he said firmly, but only loud enough for her to hear. She put her hand in her pocket and pulled the money out and replaced it in the wallet, before quietly closing the drawer again. "What do you think you're doing?" he asked, repeating his first comment.

She hesitated for a moment, before speaking, deciding to tell him the truth. "Oh monsieur, we are so poor. We are always hungry. My Maman has no money, now Papa is dead. I thought no one would notice....."

"I noticed," he said, adding nothing more.

Oui Monsieur," she admitted. She clasped her hands in front of her, her head bowed, as if waiting for his judgement.

"What will Madame Morain say when I tell her you are a thief?" he asked.

Her eyes went wide with fear. "She will beat me. She uses a stick. Then she will expel me from the school, which means I won't be able to work here, and earn the Sou per day they give me. We will be even more poor," She said, a plea in her expression. "Monsieur?"

"What, Rose?" he asked, using her name for the first time.

"Please don't tell her," she pleaded.

He had fully intended to report the offence. He looked at her steadily, only now his anger dissipating. "I will think about it Rose," he said. "I will decide in the morning what to do with you."

"Oh thank you, Monsieur," she gasped, as if he'd already forgiven her, taking his hand in hers and kissing the back of his fingers.

* * * * *

The five girls pulled on their costumes and picked up their belongings, while Dale locked the boathouse and packed the picnic basket. They walked up the short path leading to the house. Before the war, there was a maid who would have had tea prepared for their return. But no longer. She had followed the nation's call to arms and moved to Devonport to work at the navy dockyard in their kitchens.

All in all, Dale reckoned it had been a pretty good day. He'd fucked his virgin cousins Alice and Emily as well as bugging his own two sisters Clare and Mary. He'd brought Lucy off in the surf and hoped that perhaps she might be willing to do a little more later on, if he felt up to it. After they arrived back, Alice and Mary announced they needed to have a bath, and went upstairs. Clare and Emily followed them. Perhaps it was a good idea. There was no need for their mothers to discover semen stains in their underwear later.

Dale sat down in his favourite armchair by the French windows, which looked over the, now unkempt, lawn toward the distant sea beyond. He picked up his book and continued to read about Joyce's Stephen Dædalus. He'd not even finished half a page, before seven-year-old Lucy came and stood beside him, waiting, her hand on the arm of the chair.

"Did you want something, Lucy?" he asked, "or did you just want to come and cuddle me for a while." She nodded at his last comment, took his book out of his hand and placed it on the occasional table beside her. She turned and without saying anything, sat on his lap, pulling his hands around her tummy, her hands clasped over his. It was several minutes before she spoke, as he knew she would.

"Dale," she muttered.

"Hmm?" he replied.

"Will you die if you go to war?" she asked, slightly turning so she could make out his reaction.

"Possibly, my darling," he said seriously, "but I hope not."

"I hope not as well," she stated, lapsing back into silence for a couple of minutes.

"Dale," she said again.

“Hmm?” he replied.

“Would you make me feel nice, like you did before, you know, today in the water?” she asked. She didn’t wait for his answer, but instead pulled her knee length skirt up and pushed his hands down. He immediately realised she wasn’t wearing any panties. The seven-year-old had planned this. He slid his fingers over her plump little mound, feeling it’s firmness, softness, warmth and sexiness. Her cleft clung to his finger as he pushed it down through it’s glorious valley, feeling her labia, her cowl and beneath it her clitty, which made her jump as he pressed to it.

“Dale,” she said yet again.

“Hmm?” he replied.

“Would you put it in me?”

“You’re too small, Lucy. You’re only seven. It might hurt you,” he said anxiously.

“I know that, silly,” she responded, as if he’d stated the obvious. “I want you to press it in as far as it will go, so you squirt into me, like you did for the others.”

He smiled at her enthusiasm. “Alright,” he said, “let’s make a start and see how it goes.” She seemed to relax even more into his front, knowing there was no one else here and she didn’t need to do anything.

Dale started a gentle rhythm, with his fingertip massaging her clitty. He didn’t change the pressure or speed, but kept a circular motion going, patiently waiting for Lucy. He didn’t need to wait long, because after a few minutes of enjoying feeling the pudenda of this seven year against his hand, he felt her lift, just a fraction. A moment or two later, she lifted a bit more and in moments, she was well on the way, thrusting herself against his fingers, parting her knees as she did so. She moaned quietly. Dale knew it was time. So did she.

Lucy put her elbows on the chair arms and lifted herself up, while Dale slipped his shorts and underwear down, letting his cock spring free, slapping into her cleft from underneath. She lowered herself again, wanting the tingling she felt in her pussy to increase and spread. She had loved her orgasm in the water early that day and had wondered ever since how she might enjoy the same again. Dale reached under her thighs with his hands, and lifted her, spreading her open as he did so.

“Reach down, Lucy,” he suggested, “put the end where it tingles.” Lucy did as he said and reached down, where Dale’s hard cock was pressed into her cleft, the tip sticking out the front, under her mons. “I will lift you now, Lucy. Push it back.” He lifted her a bit more, and felt her press his cock back along her cleft, his crown ploughing along, over her clitoris, dipping into the entry of her vagina, suddenly pressing into her. She paused, feeling and seeing his slippery rounded end sinking into her.

Dale waited a moment, letting her relax, before lifting her an inch or two then lowering her again, lifting and lowering her. He could feel the exquisite sensation of his thick end

pressing into her tiny recess. Each time, her little clitty got dragged in as he pressed, and popped out again as he lifted her. Lift and lower, lift and lower.

Lucy had never felt anything so nice. This morning, after she'd been stung by the jellyfish, he'd held her and pressed his thingy against her and it had felt nice. But this was so much nicer. She felt those tingles returning now. They came and went like the waves on the sea. Feeling nice and easing. Each time, it was better. She knew it was building up, better and better. Then suddenly, it was if coloured lights had exploded behind her closed eyelids. Her ears were crackling, all her skin tingled. Her pussy was pulsing and pulsing. The pleasure was better than anything she'd ever felt before. So good. She had no idea she was crying out in her ecstasy, her grunts of pleasure in time with her cataclysmic orgasm.

Dale couldn't believe one so young could cum as intensely as Lucy was now. He'd cum several times today already, and that was why he hadn't surrendered to this incredible fuck with his seven-year-old cousin. He didn't need to penetrate her, her tight entry was giving him all the pleasure he could desire and more. Even so, he knew he couldn't hold back much longer, and his climax crashed in almost unexpectedly. He blasted into the child, spurting semen again and again into her passage. He was pressing so hard into her, the seal ensured every drop went into her, as he pulsed out his final ejaculations.

At last it ended. Both catching their breath, their pulses slowing gradually. Dale sat still, cuddling Lucy to him, letting her post coital tensions ease. He looked down as his cock slipped from her entry, and saw blood on his end. Her hymen had popped. As far as he knew, she'd never felt a thing. Certainly she'd never flinched. On the contrary, she'd enjoyed herself immensely, as he had too. He looked forward to a repetition. Fucking this tiny girl, had been one of the most erotic experiences of his life.

CHAPTER 8

True to her word, Madame Morain entered the ward on the dot of six o'clock. Like an N.C.O. at the head of a troop of soldiers, she marched down the centre of the lines of beds, followed by her young auxiliary nurses. Every couple of beds, she raised her arm and called out a name or two and one or more of the youngsters peeled off from the marching line, to attend their designated patients. As the line approached the end of the ward where Dale and William Evans' beds were located, Dale noticed Rosalie wasn't amongst them.

Madame Morain paused and looked at Dale distastefully. "Monsieur Winchester," she announced, loud enough to be heard at the other end of the ward, "Nurse Beaulieu isn't with us this morning. Her mother says she is unwell. Her younger sister will attend you today." She indicated a pretty girl, not in uniform, who he was told was eight years old. As Dale studied her he thought how like Rosalie she was, except younger. But as he studied her, he realised she wasn't eight at all. She was much younger.

"Another thing, Monsieur, we do not encourage visitors. It would appear you have two visitors today." She said it in such a way to suggest that despite not knowing anything about it, he'd intentionally planned visitors to undermine the discipline and smooth running

of her ward. She continued: "A Sergeant Mason, who is outside now, and he tells me later today a Colonel Vickers will be calling in." Suddenly, she was gone, leaving Dale to his thoughts and the nervous young Mademoiselle Beaulieu. Clearly she hadn't a clue what she was doing here, so Dale asked her to go and find Sergeant Mason, and show him in.

She returned a few minutes later, with Mason in tow. Dale asked William Evans if he could occupy the girl for now, while he spoke to the Sergeant.

"Good morning Sir," said Mason crisply, saluting with a smile. Dale couldn't recall Mason ever smiling in the brief time he'd known him. But then again, he had been preparing for the battle at the time.

"Sit down Sergeant," said Dale, leaning across and pulling a bedpan off the chair between his bed and Evans's. As Mason sat, Dale wondered what to do with the bedpan, but was rescued by the girl, who took it from him, glad to have something to do.

"Congratulations Sir," said Mason, warmly. "You're being awarded a gong. The Colonel's coming round later, Sir, but I thought you would like to know."

A medal?" said Dale, incredulously. "What on earth for."

"For what you did, Sir," said Mason, thinking his lieutenant was being overly self-effacing. Then seeing Dale's expression continued: "You really don't remember, Sir?"

Dale shook his head, regretting it instantly, the pain making him bring his hand to his bandaged crown. "Better run me through it Sergeant," he said, grimacing for a moment. "I think this knock on the head had more impact than I realised."

"Well, Sir," said Mason, "I was beside you the whole time." Mason was a very long serving professional soldier, who had joined the army as a boy when the Boar War had started in South Africa. In the last two years, he'd lost three officers he'd served under, which was why he'd been close to Dale during the attack, to try and protect the young inexperienced officer from walking into trouble.

"It was about ten minutes into the attack. We were pinned down by machine guns cross firing from the Schwaben and Thiepval. Then our own shells started dropping short. It was turning into a massacre, Sir. In front of us was masses of uncut German wire. I mean, Sir, it was so thick, it would have taken hours to cut through it, and the machine guns and the shelling.... The Company Commander, Captain Sellers was up near the wire, when he was hit. All the other platoon lieutenants had been hit already, so that made you acting Company Commander, Sir," said Mason. "Men were falling all around us. It was suicide. You shouted for everyone to hit the deck and find cover. Well with all the shell holes and broken ground, there was no problem in getting under cover. By then, we'd lost half the Company, fifty men." Mason was obviously emotional, despite his long years of army experience.

"Well, Sir," he said after composing himself, "I asked you for orders, and you said: 'Stay put.' Then you climbed out of our shell hole and ran forward to where Captain Sellers was. He was completely tangled up in the wire. You found some cutters somewhere and

started hacking at the wire and somehow cut him loose. Well by now, the Huns had seen what you were up to and started firing. I ordered the men to give you covering fire, which helped a bit. Anyway, you hefted him over your shoulder and started running back towards us. We were cheering you on. I think even the enemy had stopped firing at you by then. You'd almost got back to the shell hole. You pushed the Captain down beside me, then that fucking (pardon me Sir), shell, one of our own, fell short. Well, after that, you know the rest, Sir."

"Thank you, Mason," said Dale. "What happened to the Captain?"

"Oh, he was all right. He copped a Blighty one right enough, but he's in the senior officers' ward down there," he pointed. "They'll send him home. He'll be right as nine pence in a few weeks.*

** Author's note: Blighty was an informal term for Britain or England, used by soldiers of the First and Second World Wars. So when they said 'he copped a Blighty one', it meant they were wounded badly enough to be sent back home.*

"So as I said, Sir," said Mason brightly, "Colonel's going to give you a gong. Speaking for myself sir, off the record, like." Dale nodded. "Well the Captain, he's not been himself the last week or two, and, well, it was obvious we couldn't get through that wire and the men were dying unnecessarily. You gave the right command, Sir. You saved half the Company."

"So what are you going to do now, Mason?" asked Dale.

"Well, Colonel's promoted me to C.S.M. (Company Sergeant Major), and we are moving back for replacements to arrive and training, before they decide what to do with us next. I hope we'll see you again, Sir, after they've patched you up."

"I hope so too, Mason, and thank you for coming to see me," said Dale, smiling, holding his hand out to shake Mason's. "And congratulations Sergeant Major."

"Thank you Sir," he said, standing up, before saluting once more and leaving.

** * * * **

Dale picked up his book and started to read. He realised Stephen Dædalus may have freed himself to live his life to the full, but it was as nothing to how Dale felt his life had changed in just one day. He'd fucked all three of his cousins and taken both his sisters up the bum. Yesterday he'd been a virgin. Today he felt like a veteran. He smiled to himself. He would go to war a man, not a boy. He woke sometime later, not having realised he'd nodded off. Lucy was still on his lap. It was getting dark outside. It was nine thirty. He lifted her up in his arms and stood up. He carried her upstairs into the girls' room and laid her down on her bed. She immediately curled up, her thumb in her mouth and fell into a deeper sleep. The other girls were already in bed. Mary and Alice in a naked embrace, while Clare and Emily both lay on top of the covers, naked, on this hot sultry summer

night. He was about to leave the room, when he saw movement. It was his sister Mary. She sat up, swung her legs out of the bed, stood and followed him out. Nothing was said, as she climbed into his bed, watching as he took his clothes off, before getting in beside her.

Not a single word was spoken between them, as their hitherto latent passion was at last acknowledged by themselves. Over the next hour, she sucked him, let him taste her, bringing her to a climax several times. He buggered her again, but pulled out of her before he came. Both knew what this was leading to and both knew it was the taboo that had held them back for so long.

At last, Mary rolled Dale onto his back and swung her leg over him. In moments she positioned herself over him, and slowly impaled herself on her older brother. She never showed any discomfort as her hymen dissolved. She was too aroused for that. She lowered herself, feeling his cock penetrate deep into her body, as if he was piercing her soul. She so needed this. She climaxed continuously. There was nothing she could do to stop or enhance it. She just kept cuming. Dale knew this would perhaps be the one and only time she would permit him to fuck her. He didn't know. What he did know was that this was more spiritual than physical. They were making love, as if somehow their love would keep him alive. At last he came. Pressed deep into her cervix, he emptied himself into her. It wasn't like the cataclysmic orgasms he'd enjoyed with his three cousins. It was gentle, caring, loving. It was special and they both knew it. Still in her as deep as his cock could reach, they fell asleep.

"Do you think history is repeating itself?" asked Millicent, looking down at her son and oldest daughter, as they lay one on the other, his long thick half tumescent cock curling up into her vagina, where semen and virgin blood could be seen oozing out. She turned to her sister, smiled and squeezed her hand.

"I am so glad," said Evelyn. "Let's check on the other girls." The sisters quietly left Dale's bedroom and pushed open the girl's door. Even from where they stood, they could see the scene of love. The four sleeping naked girls were now all tangled together on one of the large beds. It only took the two mothers a few seconds to see the state of their daughters' vaginas and what they'd been up to.

"I'm glad Dale can go to war knowing his family love him," said his mother pensively. "Let's go to bed and remember the old days." The two women turned and went to their room. The sisters had been lovers ever since they could remember. Their brother, Henry, too had loved them both. The three being inseparable. In the family, their parents thought none of them would ever marry or have children. Then one day their father found Henry in bed with Millicent. She had been sixteen at the time, he two years older. To make matters more complicated, she was pregnant, although they didn't know it at the time. Henry was sent to join the Indian Army.

A family friend, named Winchester, who'd lost his own money in a bad investment was approached. He agreed to marry the girl and was given a small bicycle manufacturing business, nicely out of the way in Birmingham as a payoff. Winchester didn't want another man's child, so drugged Millicent one night and had a back street abortionist on hand to "sort it out." After Millicent realised what he'd done, she hated him with a passion. But a

few months later, worse was to come when night after night he drugged her again and again then raped her, until she fell pregnant with his own child, Dale.

Millicent considered abortion, but couldn't bring herself to do it. She decided to leave Winchester and took the child as soon as he was born and lived with her sister Evelyn. It was not long after, their parents died in a train crash, leaving a large investment income and their home in Devon to the girls. Their brother, Henry quietly resigned his commission and returned from India. He moved back in and for some years they all lived happily together.

Trouble came when Winchester somehow found out his wife had not only had a baby daughter, who she named Mary, but another, Clare, two years later. He was incandescent with rage, and travelled to Devon. There was a big confrontation, and a fight. Winchester left, but a couple of days later, Henry disappeared. A week later his body was found on a beach ten miles down the coast. It was assumed he'd drowned, but the cause of death was never really established, but the family always had their suspicions. From that time on, Millicent and Evelyn lived together and Winchester kept his distance, seeing his son, who was now at boarding school, from time to time, during school holidays.

The following morning, nothing was said. It was obvious to all that the two mothers knew exactly what had happened the day before. But it was equally obvious they were neither angry nor upset. If anything, they either approved, or were relieved that Dale's inclinations were out in the open and once again, there were no secrets in the household.

Each day, the youngsters would either go down onto the beach and swim, dig sandcastles, sail the boats or make love. They were left largely to their own devices. Each night, one or more of the girls would come to his bed, where they would make love, knowing his time at home was now rapidly drawing to an end. They were halcyon days and they all made the most of every precious minute. A strange atmosphere seemed to envelope the house during those last days. Not calm nor complacency, but a confidence in the knowledge that all would be well and that one day they would all be together again. They all sensed it and no one discussed it, not wishing to put a hex on it.

Then the morning arrived when the boy on the bicycle peddled to the house carrying the telegram they all knew was coming sooner or later, and in just a few hours, Dale was packed and away, taking the seven foot wide gauge Great Western Railway train to London, his regiment and the war.

CHAPTER 9

Dale endured the inedible breakfast. The promise of a bed bath at the hands of the lovely Rosalie was replaced by a scrubbing brush torture at the rough hands of Madame Morain, who seemingly had a particularly sadistic disapproval of Dale. This was made worse by the continuous laughter from the next bed by William Evans who found Dale's discomfort particularly amusing.

"Oh come on Boyo," he laughed. "You're a war hero now. Stop making such a fuss."

The doctor's round at nine was brief and perfunctory, followed by disgusting medication and several painful injections, administered by Madame Morain with great relish. Dale was not a good patient and everyone seemed to know it, especially Madame Morain.

The Colonel was due to arrive late morning, so Dale picked up his book, which had been neglected ever since that day on the beach. He'd read less than a paragraph, when he saw movement out of the corner of his eye. He looked up and there was the young *Mademoiselle* Beaulieu. He realised in that moment that he'd not seen her all morning. She'd been avoiding him and he suspected he knew why. He pointed at her and curled his finger in a beckoning motion. She looked nervously left and right, before walking slowly towards him.

Evans had been wheeled out for some fresh air and the bed the other side was empty, its occupant having succumbed to his wounds an hour or so before, during Doctor's rounds. So, Dale was able to speak to the girl without being overheard, or understood. He studied her for a moment. She was very small for her age.

"Where is Rosalie this morning?" he asked her with a stern look.

"She is unwell..." she stuttered.

"Don't lie to me girl," he said sharply. "Where is she? Tell me the truth, or I call Madame Morain and tell her your sister is a thief and you tried to conceal it. Now where is she?"

Realising the Englishman knew the truth and wasn't going to be fooled, she bowed her head and said quietly: "She is at home Monsieur. She is frightened you will report her to Madame Morue ... err I mean Morain." Dale tried not to laugh. She'd just let slip the girls' nickname for the harridan woman was Codfish.

Dale opened his locker drawer and reached for his wallet. He opened the purse compartment and extracted a silver one Franc coin and waved it in front of the child. "Tell your thief sister she is to come here this afternoon. Tell her she will either be reported to Madame Morue, or she will earn this. It depends on her answers to my questions."

"How will she earn so much money?" the child gasped.

"That is for me to know and her to find out," he replied mysteriously. "You can tell her one more thing." She cocked her head in interest. "Tell her I am going to ask her a lot of questions and she must reply 'oui' to them all. If she answers them all correctly, I may let you return here and earn the same." Her eyes went wide. "What's your first name?" he asked.

She grinned cheekily. "That is for me to know and you to find out."
He smiled as she made her excuses and was soon leaving to go and inform Rosalie.

About an hour later Dale heard footsteps, leather on stone: "Ah, Winchester," said a loud, crisp, abrasive voice, full of authority. Dale turned to see the Colonel approaching along the ward. Dale tried to sit to attention. "Relax man, relax," he said, "you're in hospital, not on the parade ground."

The Colonel saw the chair, picked up the bedpan and handed it to Evans with the comment: "Make yourself useful, man, do something with this." He pulled the chair up beside the bed and sat down, he rested his swagger stick and brown leather gloves across his knees.

"Damn good show you put on, young man, I must say. Well done. Good for the regiment. We need more chaps like you. I knew your father in South Africa, don't-you-know. Can't say we hit it off. Seems you're made of sterner stuff. Heard all about what you got up to from your sergeant. Mason used to be a Lance Corporal for me when I was still wet behind the ears. Good man. If he says you saved young Sellers's life, then that's good enough for me. He told me what you did. Damn stupid prank if you ask me, but the papers loved it. So Winchester, I'm promoting you First Lieutenant and putting you forward for a Military Cross. What do you say?"

"Thank you sir," said a stunned Dale.

"Well that's about all I have to say. Must dash, the Roseral wants to see me." He stood, tapping his stick and gloves into the palm of his hand. "Get well soon, Winchester, I need you back in the saddle as soon as possible. I don't like the look of that big French nurse. What's she like?"

"Worse than the Germans, Sir. I'd sooner face them any day. They only fire bullets." The Colonel roared with laughter as he marched back down the ward.

"Congratulations, Boyo," said Evans as soon as the Colonel was out of earshot. "Military Cross no less. Seems they'll hand them out to anyone these days." He ignored the slipper Dale threw at him, which missed by several feet. "Germans have nothing to worry about, Boyo, if that's the best you can do." The next slipper hit him in the backside. William's eyes looked down the ward. "Oh look, Boyo, seems that Rosalie is back again." Dale looked round and saw Madame Morain walking up in front of the unfortunate girl, the two in step as if marching.

"I will not have schoolboy pranks in my ward, Gentlemen," said the unmistakable voice of Madame Morain, eyeing the two slippers, now lying at her feet. "Nurse Beaulieu," Madame Morain said as if she was outside the building, instead of two feet away, "this area of the ward you are responsible for is filthy. It looks like it's not been cleaned for a week." Dale thought this a little unfair in view of the girl only having started the previous day.

"Oui Madame," said Rose contritely.

"Lieutenant Winchester should have had his dressing changed an hour ago. Lieutenant Evans should be outside in the sunshine, not cooped up in here. You should have been here this morning. Your mother sent a message you were unwell. Are you fit for duty now?"

"Oui Madame," said Rose.

"Well, you must learn you must not come and go as it pleases you. You can stand night duty tonight. You may go home at the end of this shift at 1800 hours. Have something to eat and return an hour later. Understand?"

“Oui Madame,” said Rose.

“Well get on with it girl, time is ticking. Take Monsieur Evans out first, then attend to Lieutenant Winchester,” said Madame Morain, before marching out of the ward.

A flustered Rose ran for one of the wheelchairs, and returned, for Evans. In five minutes, she was back, her face flushed, breathing heavily, with running around on this warm July day. She gave Dale a thin smile, knowing her worries and misgivings were by no means over. She went to the dressing trolley and wheeled it over, before pulling the screen curtains around his bed.

“Good afternoon, Rose,” said Dale in a neutral tone, giving her no clue as to his mood. “How is our little thief today?” She winced as if he’d struck her. Perhaps she’d expected him to have forgotten her misdemeanour. Without waiting for her to respond, he said: “Sit down, Rose, I think you and I need a little chat, don’t you?” She nodded and lifted the bedpan onto the floor and pulled the chair towards the bed. She sat down straight backed, her hands clasped in her lap.

“You got my message from your sister.” She nodded. “What’s her name by the way?”

“Fleur,” she answered.

“Oh, I like that name,” he mused. “Now Rose, last night you told me your family is very poor and hungry and that is why you were stealing the money. Is that correct?” She nodded. “Good, I understand. This morning, I told Fleur I may be able to help you earn a Franc. Did she tell you that?” Rose nodded again. She looked at him and saw his expression had softened.

“She said if I answered ‘oui’ to all your questions, I would earn a silver Franc and if not you would report me to Madame Morue,” she said, trying to keep a straight face, repeating almost word for word what he’d told her sister.

“That’s right, Rose. I am now going to ask you those questions. I need you to answer yes to each one. Understand?” she nodded, realising he was playing some sort of game.

“Do you promise not to steal from anyone in the hospital again?” he asked.

“Oui, Monsieur.”

“Good, Rose. Do you want to earn some extra money?”

“Oui, Monsieur.”

“Good. Would Madame Morue be angry if she knew you are earning money from me?”

“Oui, Monsieur.”

“So you will not tell her you and I have talked about this?”

“No, err I mean Oui, Monsieur.”

“Excellent. Now I am going to ask you some more personal questions, Rose. Understand?”

“Oui, Monsieur.”

“I think you are very pretty, Rose. Does this please you?”

“Oui, Monsieur.”

“Did I see you looking at my queue yesterday?” She blushed slightly, a small smile appearing on her pretty face.

“Oui, Monsieur.”

“Did you like looking at it?”

She blushed again, her eyes darting up to his in embarrassment, before she answered: “Oui, Monsieur.”

“When you are in your uniform, do you always wear panties under your dress, Rose?”

“Monsieur,” she spluttered, her face going a deeper red than before, but a thrill running through her young body.

“The answer to all my questions is what, Rose?”

“Oui, Monsieur,” she said, looking at her lap.

“So answer my question. When you are in uniform, do you always wear panties?”

“Oui, Monsieur.”

“Good, Rose. That wasn’t difficult. Are you telling me the truth, Rose?”

“Oui, Monsieur,” she said, her chin jetting out as if to challenge his doubt.

“So if I asked you to prove it, your answer would be what?”

“Monsieur,” she gasped, screwing up her face in embarrassment.

“Wrong answer Rose. Maybe I have to ask Madame Morain to come and see me.”

She knew as she stood there, with her hands clasped in front of her, that he was playing a naughty game, but the thrill in her tummy was getting stronger. “Would you ask me the question again, Monsieur?”

“Alright Rose, this is your last chance. If you answer anything else but yes again, I will call La Morue and she can deal with you. Understand?”

“Oui, Monsieur.” She knew he wouldn’t do that, it was all part of the game.

“Rose, will you please prove you are wearing panties under your uniform dress?”

“Oui, Monsieur.”

She was still standing, facing him. Her heart was now beating as though she’d been running; her breathing fast. She knew this was naughty, but a force inside her pushed her on. She slowly bent down and grasping the hem of her dress, lifted it up to her shoulders. She was wearing underwear typical of poor French girls at the time, made from cheap grey unbleached cotton. They were baggy and came almost to her knees, with ribbon frills as a trim.

“I am right, am I when I say you wear nothing underneath, Rose?”

“Oui, Monsieur.”

“So I can touch you to see if you are telling me the truth.”

“Yes...no... err.”

“Well the answer to my question is what, Rose?”

“Oui, Monsieur.” Her face was now a deep scarlet colour. She could feel she was getting damp down there again. She hoped it wouldn’t show.

“Good,” he said, “Just move closer to the bed so I can reach.” Still holding her dress up, she shuffled to the bedside, until her legs were against the bed frame. He put his hand on her hip and slowly drew it round to the front. Although the material was quite thick and coarse, he could feel her shape beneath. Her mound was full and he could just make out the line of her cleft.

“If I asked you to move your feet apart as wide as you can, Rose, what would your answer be?”

“Oui, Monsieur.” Without being told, she shuffled her feet out, opening the gap at the top of her thighs, letting him slip his fingers under her, so he could now cup her pudenda. He slowly, gently carefully felt her shape, letting his fingers sink into her valley. The thick cotton was in the way, but in a sense, it increased the eroticism of the moment. He moved his fingers back and forth, applying the smallest of pressure. He felt a swelling. She was becoming aroused. Then he felt dampness there. He hadn’t expected that. So he carefully worked on her clitty, letting it build. After a few minutes, her hips started rocking forward and back very slightly. Just enough to confirm to him what she was experiencing. Her breathing shortened, she was almost there. So he pulled his fingers away. He glanced up at her face and saw her eyes were closed, face flushed.

“Let your dress drop, Rose.” She stood unmoving for a moment, before he added: “And the answer is?”

“Oui, Monsieur.” She said breathlessly dropping the hem, her eyes popping open.

“Tell me truthfully, Rose, when you are in bed at night, do you ever do what I was just doing to you?” She hesitated, but seeing his expression said:

“Oui, Monsieur.”

“And tell me, does Fleur do it too?”

“Oui, Monsieur.” She looked warily at him, knowing what his next question would be.

“And do you ever do it to each other?”

There was a long pause. Despite her embarrassment, she was grinning, while she looked down at her clasped hands before almost whispering: “Oui, Monsieur.”

“Rose, I am pleased to tell you that you have earned your first silver Franc.” He reached under his pillow and pulled the same coin he’d shown her sister earlier. He dropped it into the pocket of her uniform apron.

“I think you need to change my dressing, Rose, before La Morue comes back to check up on you.”

“Oui, Monsieur.”

She dropped the hem of her dress, then lifted the bedding and drew it down below his knees. She immediately saw his long stiff erection pointing up along his belly, thick and hard, throbbing, oozing pre-cum, which was running along his belly towards his bandages. She gasped in surprise, her hand covering her mouth.

“Nurses are trained to be unemotional to anything, Rose,” he said, “Change the dressing as La Morue told you.”

“Oui, Monsieur.”

She did a reasonably competent job, considering the backs of her hands kept knocking against his cock, pre-cum smeared on her fingers. They both knew the contact hadn’t been entirely accidental. At last it was completed. She drew the bed covers up again, wondering what he would say next.

“Would you like to earn another silver Franc, Rose?” he asked.

“Oui, Monsieur.”

“That’s the correct answer, Rose,” he said steadily. “Remember you must only reply ‘yes’ to my questions, or I report you to La Morue, understand?”

“Oui, Monsieur.”

“So you would like to earn another Franc?”

“Oui, Monsieur,” she said, now grinning openly.

“You are to be on night duty tonight. Is that correct?”

“Oui, Monsieur.”

“Good. When you return, you will not wear your underwear. Understand?” She blinked at him, knowing what this would lead to. She had nearly cum earlier, but was sure he hadn’t realised it. But she knew he would put his hand there, feel her, tickle her, make her squirm and wriggle, maybe make her cum. “Well Rose, the answer is?”

“Oui, Monsieur.”

“Good Rose, that is the correct answer. I would like you to think about two things before you come back later. Would you like to know what they are?”

“Oui, Monsieur.”

“Firstly, I am going to touch you like I did before, Rose. But, remember, you won’t be wearing panties. And while I am touching you, Rose, you are going to touch me. Do you understand?”

“Oui, Monsieur.”

“Rose, if I asked you to ‘donnez-moi un coup de baguette magique’, would you know what that means?”

“Oui, Monsieur.”

He thought her face was now so red, she would burst a blood vessel any moment. He’d just told her she was going to give him a hand job later.

“So you know what we’ll be doing later tonight and that you will earn another Silver Franc?”

“Oui, Monsieur.”

“The other thing I want you to think about is this. Whatever I ask you to do, I want you to tell Fleur. If she comes in and does the same things you have done, I will also give her a silver Franc. Do you understand?”

“Oui, Monsieur.”

“Rose, may I ask you one more question? You may answer yes or no to this.”

“Oui, Monsieur.”

“Are you looking forward to coming back later and earning a silver Franc?”

She blushed delightfully, as she said: "Oh oui, Monsieur."

Rosalie spent the next hour or so cleaning the floor, walls, beds and trolleys in her area of the ward. Dale noticed, as he pretended to read about Stephen Dædalus, that she kept glancing over at him, smiling shyly. Knowing what they were going to do later. It was nearly the end of her shift. She went off to retrieve Evans, then having done that, gave Dale a last smile, as she went to tell La Morue she was going off duty and go home.

CHAPTER 10

William Evans had been shipped off that afternoon by train to Boulogne-sur-Mer for the ship home. Dale would miss the humorous Welshman, who had brightened up an otherwise dull and boring hospital stay. Evans had been in the bed in the corner. The bed the other side of Dale was still empty. Several other beds in the ward were now also empty, as patients were shipped back to England. During the afternoon, the doctor came into the ward, accompanied by Madame Morain.

Dale heard part of their conversation. "There was a new assault this morning, Nurse Morain," said the doctor. "We can expect a large influx of injured men later today. I plan to use your ward as the reception. We will need to move the less severe men from here to make space for them. Let us move along the line of beds and see who we move."

Madame Morain looked at the doctor as if he'd made an improper suggestion. It was just a case of moving the beds around, but one would have thought he was asking her to strip naked and give him a blow job, or to attack the Germans on her own. They moved on, coming to Dale in his turn.

The doctor said: "I understand you have been promoted and won a medal for bravery, Monsieur. Let us see if we can make your stay with us a little more comfortable. If I am right, you will probably be shipped home tomorrow. There are some unused convalescent wards down at the far end. They are single occupancy rooms. I think we will arrange for you to have one of those. They look out over the lawns, down to the lake. It would be much more pleasant there for you I am sure. Madame Morain, would you allocate one of your nurses to attend him? Perhaps the nurse who has been working in this empty area would be available." It was an instruction, not an invitation for debate. The doctor clearly had Madame Morain's measure and knew how to handle her. Madame Morain's pursed lips spoke volumes. She was not happy at all. Dale knew she would try to continue to make her presence felt by him and Rosalie.

It was only a matter of twenty minutes later a couple of volunteer porters came and trundled Dale, still in his bed off down the corridor to his new room. As the doctor had promised, it was indeed a vast improvement on the busy, crowded, noisy ward. It was light and airy, with full length windows, which let directly out onto a terrace and sweeping lawn down to a small lake.

Dale started to write a letter home. He knew his mother and aunt would already know of his promotion and medal. They read the announcements in the London Gazette every

day. But he felt he owed them a letter, the first he'd been able to write since before the attack. It was while he was scribbling away, he heard a gentle tap on the door. He looked up to see Rose's pretty face peering round the room, as she came in, carrying a tray of food for his supper.

"I went to the kitchen and stole some of the senior officers' food. It looks so much nicer than what they were going to send you," she said, placing the tray on the over-bed table.

He grinned at her. "Still being a thief are you?"

"Oui, Monsieur. All in a good cause," she responded. "Anyway, I hear you are a war hero now. France needs to show its appreciation." Dale hoped she was going to show him more than her appreciation soon. She sat down on the edge of his bed as he started to eat, watching him. He suddenly realised she was probably more hungry than he was. He stuck his fork into a chunk of mutton and held it out to her. She looked uncertain for a moment, before she smiled, leaned into the food, opened her mouth and sucked the piece of meat off the fork. Dale watched her thinking how sexy the movement had seemed. He wondered if she would suck his piece of meat soon as well.

The two of them shared the rest of his food, enjoying the relaxed companionship. They talked a little about her home and family life. It hadn't been a happy or easy childhood, he detected. Poverty and hard work had dominated their lives. Then, when she was just eight, in 1914, her father had been conscripted, sent to Verdun and killed a week later. Dale sensed she wasn't devastated by her loss. Since then life had been even harder for them. Rosalie won a free place at a charity school and so was sent to the tender care of Madame Morain. When the Somme attack was being planned, the school was asked to help. Madame Morain suggested, as it was going to be the long summer school vacation, she and the girls could work on the nursing staff and that was how Rose was here.

"Tell me about your sisters and cousins," asked Rose. "Can I see their photograph again?" Dale handed her the small picture. She studied it for a while. "They are all so pretty," she stated, unconsciously brushing her hand across the side of her mop cap, as if tidying her hair. "What are their names?" Dale pointed to each in turn and named them. He told her a little about each of them in turn. "Is that your house in the background?" she asked. "It looks so big." He confirmed it was and told her a little about the house and its location close to the sea.

"Are you ready to earn a silver Franc, Rose?"

She immediately turned towards him, smiled and said "Oui Monsieur". He realised she was already reconciled to what they were going to do tonight. Possibly even looking forward to it.

Going into role play mode, he said: "When we last spoke, I gave you an instruction. Do you remember what it was, Rose?"

She took on a pretend, subservient expression, "Oui Monsieur".

"So if I asked you to prove it, what would you say?"

“Oui Monsieur”.

She got off the bed, stood up, turned to face him, bent, grasped the hem of her dress and stood up straight raising her hands up to shoulder height. The suddenness of seeing her nakedness took Dale's breath away. The waist of her dress was high. He could see her tummy button and everything below it. There was not a single hair to be seen. She was as bald as the day she was born. She was beautiful. Beaulieu meant 'lovely place'. Well she certainly had that. He loved her long facial features, and now he could see her mound was long also. But it was full, very plump, pouting. Her mound was much larger than any of his sisters or cousins had. But what really caught his full attention was her cleft. It was so long. It seemed to go on forever. The dimple at its top seemed to be half way up to her navel. Her cowl, although only just now visible, stretched over an inch down her cleft, which disappeared between her tightly closed thighs, just a tiny glint of light showing through where her labia and thighs met.

“Would it please you to know I think you are very beautiful, Rose?”

“Oui Monsieur”. She was grinning. He now knew for certain her nerves had gone. She was enjoying this.

Then repeating his words from this afternoon, he said: “If I asked you to move your feet apart as wide as you can, Rose, what would your answer be?”

“Oui, Monsieur.”

She let her feet slide outwards, further and further, until her long thin legs and the floor made a right angle triangle. Still holding her dress up at shoulder height, she looked down at him, wondering what he was going to do and liking that all he did was look at her. It made her tingle. Then she realised she was getting damp down there. She hoped he wouldn't notice. Then suddenly she knew he had, and she didn't care. Unlike her father who had once been so cruel to her, Fleur and Mummy, making them do disgusting things for him, Dale's eyes were caressing her. She moved her feet further apart. She hoped he liked that.

Dale was mesmerised by Rose's body. When she moved her feet apart, her labia opened up, her clitty seemed to swell and pop out from its cowl. As he studied her, he saw her whole vulva swell up. It was darkening, growing. She was becoming aroused. Then he saw a glint. She was damp, no, she was wet. Then without him saying anything, she slid her feet even further apart, opening herself even more for him to admire her beauty.

You have a lovely body, Rose. Perhaps you had better lock the door. Then I wonder if you would do something else for me.”

“Oui, Monsieur.”

“Would you take off your dress?”

“Oui, Monsieur.”

She simply lifted the garment up over her head and she was naked in just two or three seconds. She moved to the door and pushed the barrel bolt across. He could now see her glorious buttocks as she moved. Like her mound, her bottom was long and full. He looked forward to getting his hands on it and his cock in it. Her legs too were long and slender, only just filling out with maturity. As she turned towards him, he saw there was not an ounce of fat on her. He could see her ribs clearly, although she wasn't emaciated at all. Her boobs had started to develop. They were little cones, with puffy rounded tips. Her areolæ were paler than his sisters and cousins. She needed to let her body see the sun.

"Would you come and let me look at you, Rose?"

"Oui, Monsieur."

"I think your body is perfection."

"Oui, Monsieur."

He sat there looking at her for a minute or two, then unbidden, she moved her legs apart. She immediately saw his eyes drop to the delta of her mound. She loved him looking at her. It seemed so right. She felt none of the revulsion she'd felt when Papa had pulled her legs open and masturbated onto her. She wanted him to like her to crave for her. It excited her more than anything before.

"Would you turn around, Rose and let me look at your back?"

"Oui, Monsieur." She swivelled round, parting her legs again. She could almost feel his eyes as they roamed all over her, studying, inspecting, enjoying, wanting.

Dale looked at her wonderful bottom, the crack now parted, her anus a small brown asterisk half way up, her perfect compact globes framing it, inviting him in to look closer.

"Rose, would you hold onto your ankles for me, but keep your knees straight?"

"Oui, Monsieur." She immediately bent at the waist, her body folding over, her thin chest pressing to the front of her own thighs, as she effortlessly took up the position he wanted.

Dale watched, as Rose bent over. He saw her parted bottom open even further. He watched entranced as her anus now started to dilate, relaxed under his inspection. Below her perineum smooth heralding the peach shaped bulge of her vulva filling the space between her lovely thighs. Her cleft curved down under her, her wide open vagina with it's stretched hymen displayed to perfection. The little hole hinting at the secrets within. He so hoped to be able to pop that cherry very soon. He hoped she would want that too.

"May I touch you, Rose?" he asked.

"Oui, Monsieur," she replied almost breathlessly.

Dale wanted to stretch out his anticipation. He placed his palms on the globes of her small warm buttocks, fingers upwards and brought his thumbs down either side of her anus. He

gently pulled outwards, opening her up a little more. He could now see an inch or two into her rectum. His cock was like an iron bar.

Curling his fingers round, he slipped them down and under her vulva, feeling her bulge on his fingers, her open cleft opening more under the gentle pressure he applied. Her vagina looked red, swollen, angry almost. He brought his finger tip to it and let it slide in helped by her slippery arousal, feeling her hymen pushing back at his intrusion. She gasped quietly. He moved his fingers further down, seeing her cleft part even further, her cowl now fully exposed, the hardened nub of her clitoris poking out, stiff. He touched it very gently with his fingertip and she moaned quietly. He pressed a little harder, feeling her push back against him. He moved his fingertip down and back, paused and repeated it, increasing the pressure a little more and started to masturbate her in earnest. He wanted her to cum and he wanted to watch her do it.

He didn't have long to wait, and in less than two minutes of rubbing her with all the skill he could manage, she started to rock forwards and backwards on her feet. She reached out with one hand to steady herself with the bed. Her breathing became shorter, quicker. She was panting. Then suddenly she snorted through her nose and called out: "Mon dieu," as suddenly Dale saw and felt the muscles of her bottom and thighs tense and release, tense and release as she came. Her vagina and anus started to open wide and close tight shut repeatedly. Then a little squirt of cum juice shot out of her, while she moaned with a song like sound.

"Mon dieu, Mon dieu, Mon dieu," she kept muttering as her orgasm went on and on. Dale decided he would see how long he could keep her going and continued to manipulate her clitty gently, but firmly as her vagina continued to pulse open and closed under his fingers, while she muttered: "Mon dieu, Mon dieu, Mon dieu." After nearly five minutes, she started to slow, panting now like a dog, her bottom heaving at the same time.

"Did you enjoyed that, Rose?" he asked.

"Oh, oui, Monsieur, oui." She swivelled round and lowered herself face down onto the side of his bed, her face buried in the covers. She remained like that, her breathing gradually slowing for two or three minutes. At last, she rolled onto her back and pivoted round, her head at the foot of the bed, her feet beside Dale's hips. At last, she sat up and smiled at him with one of those whimsical expressions French women sometimes have which says nothing, but says so much.

"I think it's time you changed my bandages," Dale said.

"Oui, Monsieur."

Now propped up against his pile of pillows, she drew down his bedding, exposing his nakedness below the waist. She studied his hard erection for a moment, deciding how to give him as much pleasure as she could, without harming his injury. She moved his legs apart, and sat between his knees. Then lifted her own over his thighs, so as she sat, her legs were spread wide apart, so he could see and touch her most intimate place, while she "changed his bandages."

She wasted no time and leaned forward. She took hold of his cock with one hand and drew it back towards her, until it was pointing at the ceiling. She spat on her other hand and brought it to his crown, and grasped him, one hand above the other. She squeezed him hard, looking at him in the eye, as she slowly, oh so slowly, started to move her hands up and down the length of his cock. She never looked down, keeping her eyes on his, gauging his reactions as she worked on him as if she'd done this a hundred times before.

Dale had never been wanked as good as this. His sisters and cousins had all taken a turn on him, but none of them compared to this. She speeded up gradually, building her pace, still gripping him as tightly as she could. Then, sensing he was rising, she pushed her thumb hard against his frænulum. The effect was instant, and in moments he was cuming hard, his semen shooting up into the air two or three feet, before splashing down on his belly and chest. She slowed, letting him come down gently, until at last she stopped, still gripping him, feeling his pulse slow, his erection lose some of its tension. Then she did the most amazing thing. Still looking at him, she brought her hands up to her mouth and sucked each of her fingers in turn. It was a simple thing to do, but to him, it was the sexiest thing he'd ever seen.

"I will never report you to La Morue," said Dale after a while.

She looked at him and smiled. "I never thought you would. But I enjoy playing the 'Oui, Monsieur' game. Can we play it again soon?" she grinned and gave him a very coquettish look. "Did you enjoy what we did?"

"Oui Mademoiselle". They both laughed. "May I ask you a question, Rose?" She raised an eyebrow in query. "What you just did for me. It was wonderful, Rose. But tell me. You have done it before, haven't you?" She went tight lipped for a moment, before she nodded.

"Oui, Monsieur."

"Who was it, Rose," he asked kindly.

She looked up at him, paused a moment and said: "It was Papa. It started when I was four years old. He forced me. Sometimes he tied me up and did horrible things to me when I couldn't move. He hurt me every time, smacking me and forcing me. "He would say: 'donnez-moi un coup de baguette magique' and I had to give him a hand job and make it feel nice for him. If I didn't, he hit me. Then one day he said 'Savez-vous ce qu'est une fellation?' and I had to give him a blowjob. After that it was always the same. I had to suck him hard or he hit me. Maman pretended not to know, what I had to do for him. When Fleur was four, he started to do it to her as well. Sometimes we had to do it together. He was cruel. When he died, I was glad. I know I shouldn't have been, but I was."

"That's a sad story, Rose," Dale said. "What do you think about what I have asked you to do?"

She grinned at him. "I loved it. You made me feel nice first, so I wanted to make you feel nice too. Papa never did that for me. He never did anything for me, ever." She went all coy before saying: "voulez-vous que je vous donne une fellation?"

"I would like that very much indeed, Rose. But only if you let me do the same for you." She looked puzzled for a second, then her face lit up like sunshine.

"Oui, Monsieur," she giggled. "Tomorrow morning?" He nodded. "Here in France, we call it soixant neuf."

"Yes I know, Rose," he said. "A sixty nine."

"That would be wonderful. That's a date then. What about Fleur?" he asked.

She glanced up at the wall clock. It was now a few minutes before eight o'clock. She grinned at him again and said: "She'll be here in a few minutes. I am on duty and if I stay here too long, La Morue will notice."

"What will Fleur want to do?" he asked.

"She will sleep here," she said simply, as if he'd asked a stupid question. Just then, there was a quiet tap at the French windows leading to the terrace. Still naked, Rose pulled open the curtains and unlocked the door. Fleur slipped through, locked the door behind her and closed the curtains. The two girls chatted for a few minutes, quietly and rapidly. Dale only caught a few words that passed between them. obviously, Rosalie was briefing Fleur on what had gone on and what she could and should do tonight.

After a few minutes, Rose got up, picked up her dress and pulled it over her head and straightened it. She turned to Dale and standing on tiptoe, kissed him on the lips. He pulled open his bedside drawer, pulled out his wallet and handed her a silver Franc coin. Moments later she was gone.

CHAPTER 11

Dale turned to Fleur. Seeing her standing here, he hadn't realised just how small she was. Rose had said she was eight. But when he looked closer, she looked younger than Lucy at home and far smaller. "Fleur if I promise not to say anything to anyone, would you tell me the truth if I ask you a question?"

"Oui, Monsieur?"

"How old are you, truthfully?"

"I am eight, Monsieur. But I will be nine before Christmas," she said, her chin jutting out in defiance.

"Alright, Fleur, you and I both know that's not true," he chided, "so you can either go home now, or you can tell me the truth. How old are you, really."

She looked at him, as if trying to work out his reaction. "I am six, Monsieur. But I will be seven before Christmas,"

"Why did Rose say you are eight, then?" he asked.

"Because she knew I wouldn't be allowed to work in the hospital and she thought you wouldn't let me earn a silver Franc," she explained.

"So do you think I should now let you earn that silver Franc?"

"Oui, Monsieur."

"But you are too small, Fleur," he pointed out.

"I will do anything you want, Monsieur," she glanced at him and grinned cheekily, "and I am very cuddly in bed. At least that's what Rose told me."

"And will you do whatever an eight year old girl would do for me? In fact, would you be able to do those things to earn a silver Franc?"

"Oui, Monsieur."

"Well, we'll see, Fleur," he said. "As you are only six instead of eight, I am going to do more things with you than I did with Rose, to make up for it. We have all night. Is that fair?"

"Oui, Monsieur."

"One other thing, Fleur." She looked at him. "If you do everything I want, there's another Franc in it for you. Is that fair too?"

"Oui, Monsieur." Her face lit up with the thought of earning so much money so easily.

"Perhaps you had better take off your clothes and get into the bed."

She quickly stripped off and dropped her clothes at her feet and was about to get in beside him, when Dale said: "Not just yet, Fleur. What happens if La Morue comes in. You might be able to hide under the covers as you are so small, but your clothes are a dead give away." She stooped down and scooped up her raggedy clothes, opened the small cupboard to the side and threw them in. Again she went to climb into the bed, when he said: "Did Rose tell you what we did first when she came here earlier?"

"Oui, Monsieur. She said you wanted to look at her. I am only little," she said, looking down her tiny body, "there's not much to look at. You can if you want."

"Well, Fleur, I would like to look at you," he confirmed. "How much do you weigh? thirty pounds, maybe less? As you are so small, I would like you to stand on the bed. I will stay here propped up against the pillows. Put your feet either side of my hips." She jumped up in a moment and despite unintentionally knocking his wound, quickly stood as he'd asked. Her short little pencil thin legs were stretched wide apart. Although she was only three foot six in height, she towered over him. In the positions they were in, her mound was right in front of his face.

He sat there, looking at her smooth, bald mound, her cleft and the tiny slip of skin of her cowl just showing below her dimple at the top. Like Rose, all her features were tall and thin. Her narrow mound, too, went half way up to her navel, her cleft stretched along most of its length. Dale loved her long cleft. He looked up at her flat chest, her bee sting areolæ just slightly darker shades of pink than the rest of her skin. Even so, her tiny pin head nipples stuck out. He reached up and touched them with his fingertips. They were hard.

He studied her torso, seeing her hips, waist and chest were completely parallel. She had none of the curves she would gain as she grew up, that Rose had started to show. But as she relaxed in front of him, he noticed her belly stuck out towards him counterbalanced by her bottom behind. He let his fingers slip down from her nipples, over her thin chest. He could feel and see every rib in her underfed body, under her silky soft skin. He dabbed his finger into her tummy button, making her giggle.

"I want you to stand still, Fleur," he said, now moving his fingers slowly down to her mound. "Did Rose tell you what I did to her?"

"Oui, Monsieur," she replied chirpily, "she said you touched her all over."

"Well I am going to touch you all over too, Fleur, but as you're only six, rather than eight, like I hoped," he lied, "I will want to do more than just touch you. Is that fair?"

"Oui, Monsieur," she said, thinking of all that money. "What sort of things?"

He let his finger run down through her cleft, over her clit, making her jerk slightly, and curve under, finding her open vagina entry. "I might want to poke you in here," he said, pressing his finger tip in slightly, before moving further back, over her perineum into her bum crack and into the dip of her anus, "or in here," he paused. "Yes definitely in here. Is that alright Fleur?"

"Oui, Monsieur."

"So would you turn around for me Fleur? Stand just like you are, facing the other way."

It took her a second to turn and regain her balance. Dale immediately put his palms on her buttocks, the same as he'd done to Rose. Already he could see her tiny little anus as a brown ring with wrinkles emanating out from the centre, and gently pulled her open further. He stared into her rectum for a second. He brought his nose to her and found she didn't smell bad in any way.

Holding her open with one hand for a moment, he reached down and pulling his foreskin back slightly, scooped a large quantity of pre-cum onto his fingers and brought them up to her opening. He spread it into her entry, before taking his slimy finger and putting it to her entry, gently pushed, feeling it sink slowly in. He felt her clamp and release and clamp again. He was up against her sphincter now and applying constant gentle pressure felt her slowly dilate. Suddenly it released its grip on his finger and let him penetrate her. One, two knuckles, all the way in.

He let his finger rest there, feeling the interior of the six year old, warm, tight rectum, pulsing on him. After a minute, he slowly pulled out of her,

“Turn around again, Fleur, would you.”

“Oui, Monsieur.”

“Put your hands on my shoulders, Fleur and squat down,” he instructed.

It was slightly uncomfortable for her to do this, as her feet were already so far apart. She managed it, although her haunches felt the strain. For Dale, though, as he watched her position herself, her knees as wide apart as they could go, her bottom hovering just above his legs, it was a vision of heaven, as her whole pudenda was open to him. Without hesitating, he reached forward and starting at the back, touched her anus, explored, felt, caressed, molested and just enjoyed feeling her, letting his fingers slowly move towards him, slipping over her perineum, finding her vagina entry. Her labia had been so stretched by her position, her cleft was almost flat with the dip of her vagina at its focal point. Her little urethra was poking out, a damp drip glistening at the hole in it's centre.

He reached down again and captured more pre-cum on his fingers and coated her vulva in the slimy mucus, before taking his little finger, put it to her. In the position she was in, her hymen was stretched across her entry, it's little hole a black opening to her interior. He pressed in, wondering if his finger would slip in, feeling her tightness resisting him. She winced slightly with discomfort.

“Am I hurting you, Fleur?” he asked. “When I do this to eight year old girls they usually manage to take me in.”

“Non Monsieur,” she said, anxiously trying to tell him she could manage this, “it was only for a moment. Push it in if you want.” He immediately pressed into her again, feeling slight movement. Suddenly his finger just went in. It was only his little finger and only went in an inch and a half, but she felt wonderful to him. His mind went back to Lucy at home and how of the five girls she'd given him the greatest pleasure, despite him not having been able to penetrate her. He realised the younger they were, the more he enjoyed it. This girl was over a year younger than Lucy and he knew he was going to enjoy ‘not penetrating’ her as well.

He gently pulled his finger from her and slipped up the half inch to her clitty. He nudged it, making her jerk again. “Do you often play with this Fleur?” he asked.

“Oui, Monsieur.”

“Do you let Rose play with it too?”

“Oui, Monsieur.”

“Would you like me to play with it, now?”

“Oui, Monsieur.” She shuffled forward, trying to get a little closer to him, even though she was only a foot away from him. He could see the anticipation in her face. Even though she was so much younger than Rose, he realised she was more sexually charged than her sister, willing to try things, experiment and experience new pleasures.

Dale curled his finger into her cleft against her clit and started a gentle rubbing motion. Not pressing too hard, he used all his skill trying to arouse her. He was rewarded very quickly, as her eyes nearly closed into slits, her head tilting to one side, her mouth forming an O, her hands gripping his shoulders harder. Her breathing became shorter, her hips now rocking, a little moan escaping, then another. He was amazed how fast this six year old was rising. Suddenly, she came with a loud cry of ecstasy. Dale had to hold his other hand to her mouth, muffling her sounds, as she worked through her intense orgasm.

He slowed his masturbation of the child, finally stopping as her muffled cries, movements and tension eased. She finally opened her eyes and looked at him before throwing her arms around his neck and cuddled into him, kissing him repeatedly on his cheek whispering: "Merci, oh merci, Monsieur."

Dale let her calm for a minute or two, thinking about what he wanted to do to her. There were several depraved things he wanted to do, but then he had all night to do them. Certainly he already knew he would be able to go further with this girl than he'd thought possible half an hour ago; and he was going to try.

"Are you ready to do something now for me?" he asked.

"Oui, Monsieur."

"Right, turn round again would you?" he watched her stand on wobbly legs and turn. He put his hands on her hips to steady her. "Bend down and hold onto my queue." She giggled at his use of the slang word for cock. "Use both hands, Fleur and grip as hard as you can would you? That's nice. Now move your hands up and down, but keep gripping it hard. Hmmm, you're good at this."

Her bent over bottom was right in front of him. Her vulva, now very swollen from her recent orgasm, bulged out between her spread thighs. He could see all the way from her clitty to the top of her bum crack. He leant forward the two or three inches which separated them and pressed his tongue into it and slowly drew it up, tasting her post climax flavour. She was exquisite. He repeated it several times, feeling and hearing her react to his stimulation to her most sensitive part.

"Now I want you to suck the end, Fleur," he said simply. There wasn't a moment of hesitation. Her mouth dropped a couple of inches. She opened her mouth as wide as she could and engulfed his crown. But even so, her teeth scraped over his crown and along his shaft. She took him in further than he thought possible. "Keep moving your hands like before, Fleur. That's right. Now start to suck. Good, well done. Now use your tongue, lick around the end." She got into a rhythm, not needing more instruction, sucking hard, using her tongue and wanking him with her hands, so he pushed his tongue back into her cleft and carried on working her clitty, knowing she would cum again soon.

They worked on each other for a few minutes, before Dale felt the early signs, and pulled away from her just long enough to say: "In a moment, I will need you to swallow. Don't pull away." He didn't expand on what was about to happen, as he wanted to unload into her mouth. He carried on licking her, knowing she too was right on the cusp. Suddenly, she

snorted and as she did, he could feel her whole cleft pulsing on his tongue and lips as her muscles contracted in her orgasm.

He was only moments behind her. There was a little pulse first. She moaned, still in the throws of her intense climax. Then he blasted a huge cum into her mouth. She swallowed immediately, but as his next spurt shot out, she mistimed it and gagged a little, making her snort again, before she got the rhythm again, swallowing and gulping and licking and wanking him. It was incredible, and went on for over a minute, while he pulsed out his pleasure and she swallowed. At last it ended and as soon as he calmed, he pulled away from her cleft. He could so get used to having blow jobs from six year olds.

"Was that nice, Fleur?"

"Oui, Monsieur," she said turning towards him, grinning. She had two dribbles of cum on her upper lip, running from her nostrils.

"You're a very naughty girl, Fleur. Did you know that?"

"Oui, Monsieur." They both laughed.

"Better unbolt the door in case La Morue comes round. Turn the lantern right down as well, would you? We'll get some sleep." She jumped down from the bed, slid the door bolt back, turned the light down, before climbing into the bed alongside him. She rolled onto her side, facing away from him, then pulled the covers up over her head. Dale cuddled into her back, spooning into her.

He lay there thinking about the incredible experience of the last hour. Fleur had fallen asleep in seconds after getting into the bed. He was just drifting off to sleep, when he heard footsteps down the corridor outside coming closer. The door opened and in the doorway, silhouetted by the brighter lights outside, stood the unmistakable profile of Madame Morain. Dale lifted his head, holding down the covers concealing the girl.

"Lieutenant," she said in a voice almost quiet for her, "Is there anything you require? We have had many wounded soldiers arrive this afternoon. They are still arriving. We will not be able to check on you through the night. We will be too busy." She walked to the bedside locker and placed a small saucer on it. "If you wake and suffer pain in the night, there is a pain killing tablet."

"Madame," Dale said, "you are doing your duty for France. Do not concern yourself on my account. I will be fine. Your young nurses have looked after me very well. They are a credit to you."

"Merci Monsieur," she said, smiling. It was the first smile Dale had seen from her. "I will bid you bonne nuit."

"Merci Madame." In moments, she was gone, her footsteps echoing down the corridor. Dale was awake now. He could feel Fleur moving with her breathing. Her naked bottom pressed into his belly just above his, now flaccid, cock. He lay there thinking about what the matron had said, and a thought occurred to him.

Ever since he'd arrived in the hospital, in routine French fashion, all the medication administered to him had been rectal. What might he be able to do, if he gave Fleur the painkiller tablet? He reached over her sleeping body and picked up the tablet. It was the usual torpedo shape, with rounded ends. He reached down and felt the warm globes of her bottom. He gently pulled them outwards, moving his finger and thumb to her anus and prised her open. With the other hand, he put the tablet into her entry, still slippery from his earlier games with her bottom. It slipped in easily. He then put his finger in behind it and slowly pushed, feeling it sink deeper and deeper into her. His finger went in to full depth. She never stirred. She must be really out of it. He pulled his finger out and was soon asleep himself.

CHAPTER 12

Dale didn't know at first what had woken him. Then he heard the distant booming of artillery. Amiens was twenty miles from the front and yet the sound seemed much closer. He later learnt the original week long barrage before the battle started could be clearly heard in London. "Some poor bastards up at the front were getting it," he thought, remembering the shell which nearly killed him. He looked at his watch. He'd been asleep for just a couple of hours.

He lay cuddling the girl, letting his hands roam over her naked body. She was breathing steadily, making a cute little snore. He wondered if the suppository had kicked in. It should have done by this time. He didn't know how strong they were or what affect it would have on a six year old. He pinched her bottom. Not hard, just to see if she responded. There was no response. He reached round to her front, found one of her nipples and pinched it gently. Again nothing. That was good enough for him. He was sure, because she was so small, if he fucked her up the bum when she was awake, it would cause her some discomfort. But she wasn't awake, and even if she was, the painkiller would make sure she felt no discomfort.

He didn't waste any time. Her bottom was already pressed into his belly. His cock was erect, pressed into the valley of her bottom. He adjusted his position, so he could bring his tip to her entry. His crown seemed impossibly wide. It filled her crack and overlapped each side. How could it possibly fit inside her? Nevertheless, he pressed into her recess and let his pre-cum do its work. He nudged in and out of her just a fraction, spreading the mucus, feeling her become more and more slippery. He then applied pressure. He held still now his cock pressed hard into her entry.

He waited. He was in no hurry. He felt her dilate a tiny fraction, then a bit more and again. Each time, he sank in a touch, but his wide helmet shaped crown was far wider than her anus. He carried on waiting, feeling a tiny slippage every five minutes or so. He was on the point of giving up, when suddenly he popped through her tight sphincter, her muscle clamping tight around his shaft behind his rim. He gritted his teeth, in discomfort, waiting. Then he felt the tightness ease at last. Without changing his position, or the pressure he applied, he suddenly found he was sinking into her rectum; not quickly, but it was an excruciatingly wonderful, slow slide into cock paradise. At last his pubic hair ground into her tiny bottom. He pressed harder, feeling himself go in another inch.

As he lay there, he could feel her warmth and her pulse, even her breathing through his cock. He was so sensitive. He remained stationary for a good ten minutes, just enjoying the feel of his cock impaled seven inches up the bum of this six year old French girl. During that time, he felt her dilation go on by increments, until he didn't feel she would pinch off his blood supply.

He pulled back an inch or two before pushing in again. Then out a bit more and shoved in hard. By the tenth cycle of lengthening and speeding up his movements, he was almost pulling out of her completely, before ramming back into her bowels. He'd never felt anything so incredible. But he already knew he wanted more.

The next move would need care. His wounded groin was still tender and delicate. He stopped his thrusting and holding her tight to his front, rolled over onto his back, taking her with him. He repositioned himself so he was able to sit up in the bed, with the pile of pillows behind him. Then placing his hands under the globes of her buttocks, he lifted her up. She was so light it was no effort. He felt his cock sucking out of her, almost out, before he dropped her down, letting her own weight impale herself on him. He lifted and dropped her repeatedly. Up and down up and down.

The incredible sensations suddenly surging through him were as good as any fuck he'd ever experienced; probably better. Up and down she went. She was like a rag doll in his hands, flopping around. A couple of times she fell sideways, making him reach and steady her, before getting into his rhythm again.

He'd loved what he'd done to seven-year-old Lucy that time back home. He realised this child, a year younger, was even better as far as he was concerned. What a fuck!

Although his arms were getting tired, he knew it wouldn't be long, and indeed it wasn't. He felt the early signs and tried to suppress them, wanting this to last and his climax better. At last, he couldn't hold back any longer. He dropped her down for the last time, then holding her hips firmly, pushed her down even further, forcing his cock into her as far as it would reach. Then he blasted into her. Again and again he spurted powerful jets into her bowels, pulse after pulse after pulse. "It must be gallons," he thought, as he felt his semen still firing into the child. At last it was over. Suddenly tiredness swept through him. His head wound started thumping, his groin stung and his cock felt as if it had been wound slowly through a mangle. But it was worth it. Fuck was it worth it.

He fell asleep the instant he slipped back down into a lying position and rolled onto his side. The first thing he sensed was movement in the room, the curtains being opened and the sun streaming in on this bright July morning. Then he realised Fleur was still spooned into him, clasped in his grip. He opened his eyes and to his immense relief saw Rose busying herself with cleaning the room. She sensed his movement and smiled across at him. "Did you sleep well, Monsieur?"

"Yes very well, thank you Rose. What time did La Morue let you go home last night?" he asked.

"Not as late as I thought. She let me go just after nine," she replied. "I came to check on you, but you were fast asleep. Today my shift started at six, so here I am." "Did you like my little sister?" she asked.

"Yes," said Dale, remembering the best buggeration he'd ever had. Even better than some of those ten year old junior boys back at school, "she is quite a girl." They chatted while Rose carried on cleaning the room.

Dale watched Rose for a minute, but at the same time was aware his cock was still buried deep inside Fleur. It stirred. The more he felt her tightness again, the quicker his erection stiffened.

"Mon dieu," came a voice from under the covers. "Take it out, take it out."

"I'll give you five silver Francs, Fleur," he said, realising the painkiller had stopped working.

"Leave it in, don't take it out," said Fleur, giggling now.

Rose asked what was going on and Fleur replied in such quick French, he hardly understood a word.

"Let me see what you have done to my little sister," demanded Rose, grasping the bedcovers and yanking them down. She leaned over and looked between them and saw where his tumescent cock disappeared into Fleur's bottom.

"Mon dieu," she said, looking accusingly at him, before turning to Fleur and asking: "What does it feel like?" she asked Fleur.

"Like I am stuffed as tight as La Morue's corset. Or, you know, when you can't go to the toilet and Maman has to give us an enema? Well it's like that."

Nice as her bum felt, Dale didn't intend to bugger Fleur again, so pulled himself out of her. This was easier to say than do, on account that his pre-cum and semen had dried and was acting a bit like glue. But after a few ouches and stretches, he managed it.

"Merde, my bum's sore," moaned the girl. "That and the blow job I gave you must be worth at least five Francs," she giggled, looking slyly at her sister.

"Blow job?" said Rose incredulously, "you made my sister give you a blow job."

"Yes," he responded brightly. "she's good at it too, aren't you Fleur." The little girl grinned at the compliment. At first, she didn't think he'd give her five Francs, but now realised he probably might. She nodded in reply and turned her face to Rose and slowly licked her lips, making Rose pull a face,

"Anyway, Rose, it's nice to see you this morning. I hope you're not too tired after a long shift yesterday, because I have work for you to do, if you want to earn five Francs as well."

She looked warily at him, "What work, Monsieur?"

"Five Francs worth, Rose," he teased.

Just then, they heard footsteps coming down the corridor. "Quick, Fleur, hide," Rose hissed. "It's La Morue. I would recognise those footsteps anywhere." Fleur shuffled back against Dale, her body spooned to his, the bed sheet over her head. She'd just settled, when the door swung open, the frame filled with the bulk of the feared matron.

Bonjour Madame," said Rose, as she made out she'd been sweeping the floor, the broom moving to and fro.

"How is our patient this morning?" asked Madame Morain.

"He slept well, Madame," Rose said, persecuting a non-existent stubborn bit of dirt on the floor, "he was still asleep when I came in to clean the room. He may still be asleep."

"Well I have come to tell him he is to be discharged today and sent home. Would you inform him when he wakes? He will be taken to the station later this morning for the train to Boulogne-Sur-Mer. From there a ship will take him back to England. The porters will come for him at eleven o'clock. Make sure he is ready to travel by then."

"Oui Madame," said Rose dutifully knowing she had three hours with Dale before then. Madame Morain was gone as quickly as she had arrived, her receding footsteps outside confirming her departure.

Dale pushed the bedcovers down, as he smiled at Rose. "That gives you three hours to earn five Francs."

"You didn't say how I was to earn this," she stated.

"I'm going to give you a choice, Rose," he said winking at Fleur. "You can either let me do it up your bum before you give me a nice suck, so I cum in your mouth; or, I can do it in your nice little pussy."

"What in my bum and then expect me to suck it after? No way. That's disgusting," said the outraged girl.

"So it's in your pussy then is it?" He looked at her, wondering if she'd do it.

"No Monsieur," she said folding her arms across her chest.

Dale reached across and pulled open the locker drawer; he took out his wallet and pulled out five Francs. He theatrically handed it to Fleur saying: "This is what I owe you. As Rose doesn't want to play 'Oui Monsieur' anymore, would you like to earn another five Francs Fleur?"

Fleur knew Dale was simply trying to tease her sister and played along. "Oui Monsieur. I will let you put it in my bum, then suck you. If you want you can put it in my pussy as well." They both knew that would be impossible, but it had the desired effect.

"He is my patient, Fleur. You keep quiet. You have already earned your five Francs." Her words betrayed her real intentions. Dale knew in that moment her virginity was his.

"I don't know," he said sounding reluctant, "Fleur was so good, perhaps I should let her...."

"Non Monsieur," said Rose urgently "you can do it in my pussy."

"Well, Rose," he said, winking at Fleur again, "as you were so reluctant, you will have to do other things now and when I go in your pussy, you will have to do all the work."

"Non Monsieur....."

"This game is 'Oui Monsieur'," he corrected.

"Oui Monsieur," she muttered resentfully, but secretly enjoying the game.

"But as you seem to want to make it difficult this time, I am going to change the rules," he said mysteriously.

"Monsieur?"

"Oui Monsieur," he corrected.

"Oui Monsieur," she looked warily at him.

"Take all your clothes off, Rose," he commanded. He could see she was about to say something, when he added: "Quickly now."

He looked at Fleur. "Don't get dressed just yet, Fleur, maybe you can earn another Franc or two before I leave you. Perhaps you should bolt the door."

He looked back at Rosalie to see her lifting her dress up over her head, dropping it on the floor, before standing looking at him, her hands on her hips, letting him look, knowing he liked to do that. She enjoyed it too. It felt like his eyes were caressing her.

"Would you like to earn more than five Francs, Rose?" he asked.

She raised her eyebrow, knowing he'd been teasing her all along. "Oui Monsieur?" she asked.

"You admitted to me yesterday that you and Fleur like to do things to each other. Am I right?"

"Oui Monsieur," she said, blushing, wondering where this was going.

"I will pay each of you a Franc if you show me."

She looked at him stunned, her face beetroot in colour now. The two naked girls looked at each other, a silent conversation passing between them. At last, Rose turned to him and said: "Oui Monsieur."

“Good.” He said nothing more and folded his arms, watching them to see what happened next.

Realising he wasn't going to give them any instructions, Rose turned to her sister and held out her arms. Fleur smiled cheekily at Dale, as she stepped towards Rose. She wasted no time, and as she put her left arm around Rose's shoulder, her right slipped between her open thighs, cupping her pudenda, while she planted her mouth squarely on Rose's lips.

Dale watched, detached, as young Fleur took the lead. Her fingertips were already curling up in to her sister's cleft, seeking her clitty, while waiting for her sister to reciprocate. It was only a matter of seconds before the two girls were coordinated and pleasuring one another in what was obviously a well practised manner. They moved towards the bed, almost collapsing over it, their weight suddenly on his shins.

As if he wasn't even there, the two sisters set about giving and receiving the maximum amount of pleasure they could. By now, Dale could see their tongues dancing in and out of the other's mouth in a frantic competition, as if they had to gain pleasure before they were stopped for some reason. This went on for several minutes while the girls kissed and fondled each other, raising their arousal in increments. He could see their fingers were working hard on each other in skilled, practiced movements. He'd wanted the girls to show him a little lesbian action. Instead this was a display of sororal love which the two had obviously enjoyed many times before, and were accomplished at.

Dale watched, as the two girls became oblivious to him, as their arousal grew by the second, their kissing becoming intense, their teeth clashing, hands pulling the others head towards them, fingers moving frantically against clitties, breathing becoming snorts through noses already pressed against their lover's cheek. Rose gasped first, and as she gasped a second time, Fleur let out a long deep loud sigh signifying her climax had crashed in too. The next several minutes were spent with the girls giving and receiving such wonderful pleasure. At last, they slowed, still panting, catching their breath, letting their orgasms die away.

“Now I want to look at you both,” Dale said. “Turn round, one either side of me, your feet my end of the bed.” He watched as they quietly positioned themselves as he had asked. “That's good,” he said when they were where he wanted them. “Now put your feet up in the air, legs straight.” Again he watched them for a few seconds, as their peach like oval vulvas bulged out between their thighs, their clefts parting the centre. “Good, now do the splits would you?” There no hesitation, as their legs dropped outwards, opening up their pudendas to his full inspection and touch.

Dale put a hand on each girl's mound, before letting his fingers slip down through their clefts, feeling the slippery dampness of their arousal. He put a finger and thumb either side of the gaping vaginas and pulled them open even further, seeing their red and coral and pink and creamy interiors glistening with their little girl juices. He placed his middle finger into their entries, and slowly, gently, carefully pushed into them. He needed to be careful with Fleur's hymen, but she was so slippery now, he needn't have worried, as his finger slid into her interior with little or no resistance. He wasn't too worried about Rose's, as he was going to pop it with his cock, very soon anyway.

At last, he felt his finger-tips nudge into their ends. He pulled back and pushed in, repeating it several times, making sure the contact between them was well lubricated. He paused, just feeling their tightness, warmth, dampness, their pulses, before moving his fingertips against their 'G' spots. He saw their breathing increase, so brought his thumbs to their clitties and gently massaged them in little circles of movement. It was only about a minute later, they both came again. He could feel them pulsing on his fingers, as their vaginas repeatedly clamped and released on him. Again he let them slowly come down to earth.

"Alright, Rose and Fleur," he said at last, "stand up please. Rose stand with your feet either side of my hips. Fleur, I would like you to stand with your feet either side of my shoulders, facing Rose." They quickly stood as he'd asked, holding each other to maintain balance. "Now I want you both to squat down, would you?" He watched as Fleur's whole pudenda opened up as she lowered herself over him. He reached to her and putting his fingers to her entry, gently prised her open. "Hold yourself open for me, Fleur, please," he instructed. He watched enthralled as she pulled herself open even wider than he would have tried. He looked mesmerised, as her tiny, six-year-old, dilated passage revealed her wet interior to him

He could feel Rose wasn't squatting as low as her sister. He now reached down and took his rock hard cock in his hand and lifted it from his belly pointing it upwards. "Squat a bit lower, Rose, would you?" he said. She looked down and could see the tip of his cock pointing up at her pussy. After the arousal she'd just experienced at the fingertips of her sister, she was feeling incredibly horny and lowered herself without a moment's thought. She knew this was the moment she'd waited for; the moment every girl waits for; to become a woman.

Rosalie was an intelligent girl. She knew she was from a poor family and worked hard for everything. She'd lived a life of poverty and hunger, but her core values were solid. She loved France, and knew this Englishman had been injured badly in defending her country, defending her home here in Picardy. She liked him too. They had played games and he'd teased her and made her laugh and not reported her when he could have done to La Morue. She loved her sister too in every way. She had looked after the Englishman through the night as Rose had asked her to do. She knew the Englishman was kind and caring and that he had to leave today for his home. Then he would return and help to defend her Picardy once more. Giving him her virginity, to her, was a duty she was happy offer.

So she dropped, feeling his tip nudge into her entry. Instead of a feeling of discomfort or pain, a surge of pleasure was instantly reignited inside her. Her orgasm didn't return, but it was simmering beneath the surface. Holding onto Fleur for balance, she dipped down briefly, feeling his end nudging hard into her. The sparks of delight were ignited once more inside her. She repeated it and again, feeling those intense tingles increasing, growing.

Soon, Dale was able to concentrate on looking into Fleur's wide open vagina, hovering over his face, while Rose bounced up and down on the end of his cock. Life didn't get much better as far as he was concerned. He reached up and taking Fleur's hips, pulled her downwards, letting his waiting mouth encompass her whole pudenda. He was soon sucking and licking her, feeling her tensions increase too.

This went on for another minute or two, when he suddenly felt Rose drop lower than before. He felt his crown push deeper into her and he felt the sensation of her hymen tearing away. She paused for barely one cycle, before she lifted again and dropped, lifting and dropping. He could feel his cock getting deeper each time. She was impaling herself on him in a wonderful way. The three of them were now enjoying one of the most erotic experiences of their lives and none of them regretted it.

They all knew things were coming to a climax in both senses of the word and their movements became more frantic and more intense. Their breathing shorter, pulses racing hard. Dale felt the first surges deep down in his loins, then the base of his cock, his balls, his shaft and finally his crown, as he blasted his sperm laden semen deep into the preteen girl from Picardy. Her climax mushroomed instantly, her wobbly legs, under strain from her squatting position gave way under her. She didn't fall, because Fleur held her tight. Her orgasm never diminished, as he repeatedly pumped into her. So good, so good.

It took a few minutes before they recovered. Dale's cock slowly shrank within Rose. The three of them watched, as he slipped from her vagina, followed by lots of semen tinted with virgin blood. She cuddled into him, wishing he didn't have to leave.

"Did you mean it when you said I could come to England after the war?" she asked quietly, her ear pressed to his chest listening to his heartbeat.

"Yes, of course," he said, looking down at the top of her head.

"Would I meet all your family?" she continued.

"Certainly, and that's not all," he made the leading statement.

"I would want you to earn another silver Franc," he added mysteriously.

"How?" she asked, now lifting up and looking into his eyes.

"What you and Fleur do together," he paused, "I want you and Fleur to show my sisters and cousins how you do it." Her mouth dropped open, as she realised he meant it.

She blushed briefly, then said in a giggling tone: "Oui Monsieur, but it will be five Francs, each!"

Fleur was the first to pick her clothes up and pull her dress over her head. Rose was a minute or two behind her. Dale pulled out his wallet and took out two ten Franc notes and handed one to each of them. Their eyes lit up at seeing such a sum, let alone possessing it. Fleur bent, took the banknote from his hand, smiled, kissed him, said: "Au revoir," and vanished through the tall French windows letting out onto the terrace.

Rosalie looked sad that he was about to leave her life. He'd been fun and she would miss him. She thumbed the banknote, still in her hand and said: "Merci Monsieur," smiling thinly at him.

"Will you come and see me in England after the war?" he asked. Her face lit up.

“Oui Monsieur,” she gushed. Dale picked up his wallet again and took out a calling card. “My address is here,” he said handing it to her. “Write to me and I will arrange your passage. Perhaps we will be able to think of some fun things to do.”

“Oui Monsieur,” she responded, smiling, knowing what he had in mind.

It was a few minutes later the porters came to take him to the station. Rose had packed his few possessions, most of which his sergeant had brought when he visited and hadn’t been touched since. As he was pushed along in the wheelchair, Rose walking at his side, he heard music playing. A door opened to a recreation room, where the music was coming from. English voices were singing. It was a wonderful tune and later became one of the most popular songs of the whole war.

He asked if they might go in for a moment. The porters obliged. Inside were about a dozen officers sitting or standing around a piano. The man playing was a young lieutenant. He was missing a leg, his empty trouser leg tucked into the Sam Browne belt around his waist. There was a cigarette hanging from the corner of his mouth. One of the nurses attending the men handed Dale a sheet of paper with the score printed on it. He glanced at the heading. The words were written by Fred Weatherly the same man who had written Danny Boy, a few years before the war, the tune by Haydn Wood. To Dale it was the most poignant song he’d ever heard and it would remain in his head for the rest of his life. But to him, its title reflected the amazing time he’d experienced here in the hospital with Fleur and Rose and forever after, he would always think of them as the Roses of Picardy.

Author’s note: The ‘Roses of Picardy’ was the most popular song of the First World War. The first recording released was by Lambert Murphy, a year after the Battle of the Somme, although the sheet music was widely available much earlier in 1916.

[Lambert Murphy - Roses of Picardy \(1917\) - YouTube](#)

The sun was shining brightly as the two porters, chatting away to each other about their latest female conquests, pushed Dale the few hundred yards in his wheelchair, to the waiting hospital train, where British nurses took over. He was carefully taken aboard. Inside, the carriages had been converted with racks either side. His stretcher was lifted up and placed on one of these. He looked out of the window, and saw Rosalie’s smiling face looking in at him. It wasn’t long before the train moved off. He waved at the girl as she disappeared into the distance. Soon they were out in the Picardy countryside, the sun shining brightly on this July morning. One of the nurses came to see if he needed anything and smiled when she saw he was fast asleep. She thought he looked as though he had been through much trauma, his body must need rest. Little did she know.

The End

Look out for Dale’s next adventure, set during the Battle of Vimy Ridge.

You can find all my stories on either of the following links:

<https://archiveofourown.org/users/broadsword1954/works>

OR: [** All Broadsword's Stories ** \(asstr.org\)](#)

Cast of Characters

Dale Winchester – protagonist.

Millicent – Dale's mother.

Aunt Evelyn – Millicent's sister

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

Madame Morain (La Morue) – Senior nurse in Amiens Hospital

1st Lt. William Evans – Welsh patient in Amiens Hospital

Rosalie Beaulieu (Rose) – 10 - Auxiliary nurse in Amiens Hospital

Sergeant Mason – Dale's platoon N.C.O.

Colonel Vickers – Dale's regimental commanding officer

Captain Sellers – Company commanding officer

Fleur Beaulieu – 6 - Rosalie's younger sister

Historical Notes: 'The Great War', was fought between 1914 and 1918. Huge amounts have been written about this long, complex and costly war, should you be interested.

It was the first war fought across the globe, hence its later title 'First World War'. The politics, causes and evolution of that war are all too complex, and indeed irrelevant to this story. Battles were fought on many fronts and at sea, around the world in dozens of countries. It was the first war where air power, tanks, poison gas and flame throwers and many other 'innovative' new weapons were used, as well as full and terrible use of machine guns and modern artillery developed. It was also the first truly industrial war (although it can be argued the American Civil war takes that title). With Russia in the East and principally France, Belgium and the British empire in the west, the Allies initially fought the German and Austria-Hungarian empires on two fronts, although other fronts also later opened up notably in Turkey, Palestine, Balkans and other theatres.

Our stories about Dale take place on the Western Front, in the northern French region of Picardy, then a little further north in Nord-Pas-de-Calais and finally the Flemish region of Belgium. The First World War is famous for the huge numbers of battlefield casualties suffered by both sides, with, for example during the twenty weeks of the Battle of the Somme, when this story is set, Germany suffered 630,000 and the Allies 485,000 casualties. Over a million men in one battle. During the first day alone, the British had over 50,000 casualties of whom more than 20,000 were dead.

With mechanised warfare in its infancy, the British invention of tanks not being used until 15th September in the last weeks of the Battle of the Somme, the fight became a war of attrition. The armies of both sides throwing in more and more soldiers, until one side or the other ran out of men, or supplies, or the will to continue. So in this environment, our hero, Dale arrives and has his first experience of trench warfare. Because of the nature of attritional warfare, fighting over the same terrain over and over, the ground became a quagmire, with men, animals and equipment drowning in seas of mud. The conditions

were simply terrible, casualties high and military achievements rare. So the men found what pleasures where and when they could and in Dale's case.... Well read the stories!