My Sweet Rayne

By Reeb

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With life and death all around them, a young couple find first love on a train.

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The cold of the evening air in London on a January night was almost unbearable at times. The chilling cold penetrated deep into my bones through the layers of my uniform. As I stood at the rail terminal waiting my train to Norwich through Ipswich, my thoughts reflected over the last three months of my life.

It was late January 1944 and I had just been promoted to Captain in the US Army Air Force. Along with that promotion, I was awarded the command of my own crew. You see, until then I was a co-pilot in a B-17 bomber crew of the 92 nd Bomb Group stationed at Bovingdon Airfield, near Hertfordshire. From October of 1943, I flew 14 missions over Europe, sometimes barely able to return as our crew was so shot up by German fighters or flak bursts. I saw so many ways to die at 25,000 feet above the ground it was nearly unbearable. So many airmen came and went, I wondered how I was still alive but in these times, you live for the moment.

I was heading to Deopham Green Airfield to join the newly formed 452 nd Bomb Group, located just southwest of Norwich. I was given the command of my own bomber crew and would pilot a brand new bird with a mixed crew of new and veteran airman.

Before my new assignment, I was given a seven day pass which I spent enjoying the sights and bars of bombed out London. On the night of January 21 st , the Germans mounted a terrible bombing raid on London. For the first time, I was on the other end of the bombing and it was indeed terrifying.

“All aboard!” the conductor bellowed out as people began to file out of the train terminal and onto the train.

I waited for several folks to board first as I finished my smoke when a young English lass passed in front of me. She was somewhat petite, standing only about five feet tall with this gorgeous dark raven colored shoulder length hair. As she passed me, our eyes met and I felt my heart flutter as she was absolutely the most gorgeous woman I had ever seen.

A soft smile formed on her pretty face as her eyes devoured my soul. I smiled back and nodded to her, “Maam.” Was all I could stammer out.

I followed her onto the train, mesmerized by her voluptuous figure as she climbed the steps. Her black skirt was below her knees but it clung close to her sexy small frame. I could tell she had a very small and tight little derriere which caused my cock to stir.
With the commotion of getting settled with our bags, tickets, I lost track of her and began to get prepared for the long train ride through the dark English country side. Moving down the semi-dark aisle of the train, I opened the second cabin door to my right and imagine my surprise to see the gorgeous young lady from earlier sitting all by herself.
“Excuse me miss, would you mind if I join you.” I asked softly.
“Um, not at all sir.” She replied gesturing me to come in.
“Good evening, Captain David Morgan maam, pleasure to meet you.” I said as I extended my hand to her.
As she returned her hand, “Rayne Phillips, pleasure to meet you too.”
We both got comfortable in the barely lit cabin as the train began to move. Soon the steady clank of the rails was all we could hear as the train proceeded north east toward Ipswich. We made some small talk but all the while, I was so overcome by her beauty.
Her eyes were deep and dark, skin was smooth and the typical pale of winter but her flowing jet black hair was unlike any I had seen. Wavy and shoulder length, framing her slim and firm jaw line up to her sexy cheek bones and small upturned nose. Her lips were full and vibrant looking. She was as pretty as any movie star of the time with looks of English royalty.
She wore a rather plain black skirt with a simple white blouse. Sitting there, she crossed her legs, exposing her knees while she thumbed through a small book she was writing in, possibly her diary, she was just a picture of pure simple English beauty. There were so many pretty young ladies over here willing to do just about anything for the American fly boys dying to protect their island.
I was a 23 year old six foot tall lanky gentleman from a small town just north of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. I graduated from the West Point Air Academy near the top of my class in early 1943. I wasn’t the most dashing looking man but on the other hand I had no problem socializing with the young ladies while on leave in London either. I had dark brown hair, blue-green eyes and a firm ruggedly handsome face, so the ladies told me.
As she jotted down things in her diary, leaning toward the small lantern in the cabin, I decided it was time to strike up a conversation or this long ride would be unbearable. As I watched those sexy lips form silent words as she wrote them down, I decided it was time to break the ice with some cordial questions. It was time to seize the moment to see if she was feeling the same feelings as I was.
“So Miss Phillips, may I ask where you’re heading.” I questioned.
She looked over the top of her book, her eyes once again driving a dagger of passion into my heart and said, “Well Captain Morgan, if you must know, I’m heading to Norwich to live with my aunt and uncle.”
Being she was barely 20 years old, I asked “Where’s the rest of your family?”
Immediately I sensed I asked a question which was difficult for her to answer as I noticed tears quickly welling up in those gorgeous eyes.

“My family was killed a few nights ago as the German bombs flattened my house. I wasn’t home so I made it to a shelter but…….the others didn’t.” she replied as she began to sob.
I stood up, moved over to her and sat down next to her, putting my arm around her to console her.
“I’m so sorry Rayne, I shouldn’t have asked such a question. This damn war…….so much death all around us. I couldn’t imagine having to live through all these bombings.” I said as I rubbed her back as she sobbed quietly into my shoulder.
She looked up at me, with our faces only inches apart, eyes filled with tears and said, “It’s alright, you didn’t know.”
In that instant, my world stopped, the war was far away as she looked more beautiful than any woman had ever in my life. As we looked deep into each others eyes, we slowly moved closer as our lips touched. It was a soft passionate kiss, but I think at that moment in time, we both fell in love. We kissed passionately several times, my right arm around her and my left hand moved to her left knee.
I couldn’t resist her beauty as while we kissed, my hand caressed and slowly moved up her thigh. Our kisses became more passionate, our breathing became harder as our feelings became stronger. My desires for this young English lass were building with every second. Soft caresses of the smooth insides of her thigh were arousing her immensely. I stood, locked the cabin door and she stood as I moved back over to her.
With the steady rhythm of the train gliding over the rails, we began to explore and give in to our building lustful desires for each other. Without a word, looking deep into each others loving eyes, we began to slowly undress each other. We both knew that in these times or war, one has to grasp the moment or it may be your last.
My fingers trembled as I slowly undid the buttons of her blouse, pulling it out from her inside her skirt. Her small fingers were doing the same to me. As her blouse slid over her shoulders and down her arms, our lips touched again as it hit the floor. Stepping back, she pulled my uniform shirt from my body and tossed it to the floor.
Standing there with her breasts covered by only a thin white laced bra, I began to open the buttons on the side of her skirt. It too was soon was lying on the floor as she kicked it to the side along with her shoes. I stood back and took in her sweet young beauty. She was so small and petite, especially noticeable without her heels on.
Her breasts were rather large for her small petite frame, encased in her frilly little bra. I could see her erect dark nipples pressing through the fabric, begging for my attention. As my eyes moved down, over her smooth belly, over her curved hips, my eyes looked upon the darkness of her pussy hair through her panties. She was absolutely gorgeous, simply stunning from head to toe. My cock was now stone hard and throbbing inside my slacks.
Smiling with approval as she knew my desire was strong for her, she moved forward and began to open my belt, soon sliding my pants down to the floor. As she knelt slightly, pushing my pants down, my swollen shaft quickly emerged before her trapped inside my underwear.
“Oh my!” she giggled as she gazed upon my hard thick rod.
Soon we were both standing there in our under garments, holding each other kissing passionately,

our tongues chasing each other and rubbing our aroused bodies together. My hand cupped and caressed her panty covered butt flesh as she moaned into my mouth. I moved my right hand upwards, tracing soft circles over her back as I gently unclasped her bra.

I was completely taken as I stepped back and took in the glorious view of her ample breasts. They were so full and firm looking with large dark puffy nipples standing erect. As if in a trance, I watched my hands slowly reach up and cup each breast, flicking her hard nipples with my thumbs as she moaned softly.

My hand slowly moved down her sides to her hips, hooking her panties and slipping them over her perfect thighs, over her knees to drop to the floor. I felt my cock twitch and ooze pre-cum as my eyes devoured every inch of her beauty. Of all the women I had been with in my young life, none were as exquisite as the woman that stood before me in the cabin of that train. It was such an erotic and sensual atmosphere.

I looked into her eyes once more as we began to kiss more desperately than before, my hand running up and down her smooth back and over her firm buttocks. As we kissed, her hands pushed my underwear down, exposing my thick hard shaft which was now pressing into her belly. I felt her small hand reaching between us and softly gripping my swollen shaft.

“Oh my Captain Morgan, what a nice willy you have here.” She said playfully.

“I think you might have something to do with that young lady.” I mused back at her.

With that flirtatious smile once again, she looked up into my eyes as I leaned forward, kissing her passionately once again. Upon breaking our kiss, still looking up into my eyes, she slowly dropped to her knees. I watched with pure lustful desire as she gripped my huge cock in her small hands, gently stroking me up and down.

Without a word, her sweet lips parted as she kissed the swollen purple cock head, a trail of pre-cum was strung to her lips as she pulled away and licked it into her mouth. She began trailing her tongue gently up the bottom sensitive side and then down the side of my cock. She wrapped the full red lips around the side, cupping my shaft between her soft lips as she glided back up to the head of my cock.

“Oh my god Rayne, that feels so good.” I moaned out softly.

Her ruby red lips parted as she opened her mouth and took my cock, the entire length into her mouth, the head grazing the roof of her mouth and into her throat. She sucked hard as she pulled back until only the head remained in her hot mouth. Her tongue swirled around the head, making me moan out once again. Wow, this young lady knew how to suck a man’s cock.

As she sucked my cock deep into her mouth once more, her small hands gently caressed and cupped my ball sack. Looking down, my cock gliding between those red lip stick covered lips was such an erotic sight to see. I will forever treasure such a sexually arousing view.

As she was giving me one of the best, no, the best blow job ever, I was taking in all the sexy curves of her gorgeous body. Every flowing curve of her shoulders, her back down to the perfect heart shaped ass. Her butt was so small, tight and sweet looking. I could probably shoot tons of cum just looking at its perfect shape.

I watched this extremely beautiful young lady devour every inch of my throbbing shaft. Sensing I was going to cum, she slowed to a teasing pace, driving me wild with lust. Then she gradually picked up the pace again as soon her head was bobbing up and down on my thick cock once more. I was so aroused that I swear my cock was larger than it's ever been in my life.

After several minutes of superb cock sucking, she needed me inside her as she turned around and leaned into the padded bench seat, pushing that perfect butt up it the air as if to say, take me. I could see her sweet pussy mound from behind as she arched her back to give me the perfect angle for easy penetration.

"Please Captain Morgan, fuck me." She moaned out softly through her sultry grin.

"With pleasure young lady." I said as I got on my knees behind her.

I felt her small fingers reaching back between her legs, guiding my thick cock head forward, spreading her labia open. She moaned as I pushed forward and entered her for the first time. Her sweet pussy was so tight, clenching my cock hard as I pressed forward until buried inside her, my thighs pressing into her soft butt flesh.

"Oh yes, fuck me, yes, fuck me please." She moaned as my cock hit bottom.

"Your wish is my command love." I replied as I pulled my shaft out some.

I pulled my shaft out until only the head was still inside her hot folds, then gripping her hips, I pushed forward, very slowly, driving her wild with desire. I was fucking her so slow, hard and deep that she was starting to tremble and shudder with sexual excitement. I could feel her juices flowing all around my thick cock.

As I increased the tempo, her butt was soon bouncing off my thighs as I pounded her pussy with all my worth. She leaned her upper torso into the seat as I pulled her right hip, changing the angle, hitting new nerves to increase her pleasure. After several thrusts at that angle, I pulled her left hip and sent new waves of pleasure through her young body.

Reaching around with my right hand, I stroked her erect clit, feeling my hard shaft gliding under it on each stroke inward. As my fingers caressed her clit, her moans got louder as neither of us cared if we were heard at this point. My fingertips pressed her clit harder until suddenly her body tensed up, became rigid and she started to shudder as her orgasm flooded her body.

Feeling her pussy muscles gripping and convulsing around my shaft, soon sent me over the edge. I thrust forward, driving deep inside her sweet pussy as I began to shoot one, two, three, then four huge loads of white hot cum. She was moaning as I was sending my juices into her womb. I felt like I would never stop cumming, filling her and feeling our hot juices mixing together.

As I pulled out of her, she turned and faced me, both of us on our knees. I looked into her eyes which were filled with pure love, as mine were for her. Dropping my head, our lips touched once more, parted as our tongues caressed and chased each other. I felt so much love for this young lady that it consumed my very soul.

At that point, on my knees, I looked deep into her gorgeous eyes and said, "Will you marry me Rayne?"

Her first reaction was that of shock, but quickly that smile returned to her sweet face as she replied,

“Captain David Morgan…….I would love to.”
The rest of our trip we got to know each other as we cuddled and talked for what felt like a lifetime. When the train arrived in Norwich, I escorted her to her aunt and uncle’s house where she introduced me as her fiancé. For the next several months, every chance I got to leave the base, I was at her side. We spent a lifetime together that late winter, spring and early summer of 1944, making love whenever we got the chance. We were married in early February and spent our honeymoon in Wales.
On July 7 th , 1944, my bomb group, along with several others, sent over a thousand bombers to strike the German oil fields of Merseburg and Leuna. We all knew that these targets were some of the most heavily defended targets of the Third Reich. The flack over Leuna was said to be like flying through a black wall of smoke and metal debris. I was now a Major, promoted about a month prior after our group was honored a medal for hitting the target in very adverse weather conditions.
As we were flying over France, enroute to our target in our bomber, which I aptly named “My Tainted Raynebow”, I looked at a photo of my gorgeous Lady Rayne taped to the dash panel. As with every mission, it started with a kiss to my fingertips which I placed softly on her photo. My mind drifted back to that special train ride that started it all. I loved her so much!
The US Army Air Force had just increased the mission requirements to 35 missions until a crew got to go home. This was our 35 th mission and we were all on edge to get this over with. Our disappointment was enormous as we had hoped for an easy milk run over France. Leuna was going to be tough, real tough as the enemy fighter concentration was supposed to be heavy and the flack bursts were intense second to no other target. One more mission was all we needed to end our part of the war.
As we got close to the target, our fighter escorts became engaged with the enemy fighters, shooting through our formations. There were bullets, tracer rounds flying everywhere, our bullets mixed with all the fighters. I watched a bomber to the left upper squadron burst into flames and roll over toward the ground. I could see several men bailing out and falling earthward until their chutes began to open.
Suddenly I could see several small dots straight ahead, getting larger by the second. I knew immediately what it was as the Germans had begun a new tactic of fighting our bombers, a head-on run straight at us. I secretly hoped they would peel off and pick another bomber but they didn’t. We watched as they got closer and closer.
“Bandits straight ahead!” I commanded to my gunners as we began throwing as much lead their way as we could.
I could see the gun flashes as both their 7.9mm machine guns and 20mm cannons shot toward us as they got closer from their Messerschmitt ME109’s. They were about 1500 yards out, maximum range for their guns but not their cannons. We watched in horror as they got closer and closer, now less than a 1000 feet.
BAM! Suddenly a 20mm cannon shell ripped through the dash panel, killing my co-pilot instantly, spraying blood throughout the cockpit. BAM! I felt my “Raynebow” shudder as another cannon shell ripped through her right inboard engine, setting it on fire.
As we began to quickly lose altitude, I gave the command every pilot dreads, “Bail out, bail out!”

I held her steady as we began to drop fast, allowing as many of the crew to get out as possible. Another huge shudder as the right wing broke off and we started into a spin. With 7G's of force pinned my body into my seat, unable to move, I reached for the dash and grabbed Rayne's photo. I took one last dying look at my sweet Lady Rayne.

It took what felt like minutes as my plane spun downward to the earth below. Memories of my lovely English wife consumed my mind. A smile crept upon my lips as I kissed her photo one more time. I would die never knowing that I was going to be a father, Rayne was over two months pregnant with our son.

God, one more mission to get through, to be rewarded to a long loving life with my Lady Rayne, God please take care of her. War took so many brave young men to ensure the freedom of our sons and daughters were my last thoughts…….