Behind Enemy Lines

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An Allied pilot is shot down over occupied France in 1942 and finds refuge with two French sisters..

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Some of you may recognize this story from another site, but for those who haven't read it, I hope you like it.
BJ

Behind Enemy Lines

Chapter 1

The night sky was filled with acrid smoke and the smell of burning fuel as Lieutenant John Massey's silk parachute brought him closer to the dark and unknown ground below. It had all happened so fast. One minute they were on course with the other bombers, making preparations for the final approach to their designated target coordinates, the next instant the cabin of the huge RAF B17 Flying Fortress, *Miss Lilly*, shook violently and a huge gash appeared in the fuselage not ten feet from where he sat. Air rushed through the aircraft and men and equipment were thrown about the cramped compartment, the sound of the rushing air almost drowning out the screams as the men, his friends and comrades, were sucked out into the night sky.

He remembered gripping onto a piece of torn metal to keep from being jettisoned, then realized with a sickening feeling that the angle of the plane had changed and it was now plunging downward steeply. His hand instinctively went to the parachute strapped to his chest, then without even thinking he pushed himself toward the tear in the belly of the plane. He felt a sharp searing pain in his left ankle as he cleared the fuselage, but quickly forgot about it as his parachute opened and he was suddenly jerked sharply upward before beginning his descent through the black smoke of the German anti-aircraft shells exploding all around him. He closed his eyes, expecting at any minute for one of the huge shells to explode close enough to violently end his life before he reached the ground.

But that never happened. The ground suddenly rushed up at him in the darkness and he landed hard, pain shooting up his leg from his injured left ankle. He lay sprawled on the dewy grass, fighting the pain for a long moment before his training kicked in and he pushed himself to a sitting position and reached for his parachute lines. He began to frantically reel in the large silk parachute, a dead give-away to any Nazi patrols out looking for downed flyers.

He managed to retrieve his chute and looked around as his eyes adjusted to the darkness. He was in a meadow somewhere in northern France and he could make out a line of trees about a hundred yards away. He needed to get to cover quickly so he mashed his chute against his chest and tried to

stand. He cried out in pain and immediately fell back to the ground. A cursory examination of his left ankle told him it wasn't broken, but his hand came away bloody and it was starting to swell. Working quickly, he tore a strip from his parachute and tied it tightly around the cut on his lower leg, then gingerly attempted to stand again, wincing. He found he couldn't put much weight on the injured ankle, but he thought he could make it to the trees.

He began a slow hobble, all the while keeping alert for any sounds of an approaching patrol. He couldn't see any sign of his downed plane and hadn't seen any other parachutes during his landing, but that didn't mean he was safe. This was 1942 and he was a downed Canadian airman in occupied France. Until he was back across the English Channel, nowhere was safe from enemy patrols.

After what seemed an eternity, he reached the trees and collapsed into some thick brambles. His ankle throbbed and the trek had left him exhausted. He pulled his 45 automatic from his holster and checked the clip. It was full and he had two more in his pack. He snapped the clip back in place, flipped the safety off and lay back, closing his eyes with the gun gripped firmly in his right hand.

When he awoke, it was daylight. He groaned and pushed himself up to a sitting position, drawing his injured foot closer. It had swollen even more while he slept and he wasn't sure now he'd be able to remove his boot without cutting it off. He carefully removed the piece of silk from the cut and examined it. It wasn't that serious and had already stopped bleeding, but he replace the bandage to keep it clean. His concern was the sprained ankle, not the cut. It would drastically hinder his movements and seriously reduce his chance of escaping back across the English Channel.

He took a look around as he painstakingly massaged his injured ankle. The sun was well up and a quick glance at his watch told him it was almost seven am. It had been somewhere around three am when they'd been shot down so he'd slept for several hours. His ears strained for any sounds that didn't fit his surroundings but he heard nothing unusual. Somewhere in the distance he thought he heard the sound of a babbling brook. He needed water. Perhaps if it were cold enough, it could even ease the swelling in his ankle.

He picked up a short stick and began to dig a hole in the soft earth to bury his parachute. If it were found, the Gerries wouldn't stop looking until they found him. He buried it and spread leaves and other debris over the freshly disturbed earth. Looking around, he found a sturdy branch with a 'Y' at one end and broke it over his knee so it was the proper length for a makeshift crutch. He slowly got to his feet, leaning heavily on the stick. It held his weight and he began to move through the thick brush in the direction of the water.

After what felt like a mile of struggling through the bushes, he finally arrived at the stream. It was about ten feet wide and less than a foot deep except for a few small pools, but the water was cool and refreshing. He drank, then untied his boot and began to work it from his aching foot, grimacing as even the slightest movement shot a fresh surge of pain shooting through his ankle. Determinedly, he grit his teeth and gave it a good pull, and it finally came off. Pain shot up his leg and he had to force himself not to scream. When the pain once again subsided to a dull throb, he worked his sock off and examined the wound again. His ankle had swollen to almost twice as big as normal and rubbing it only brought on more sharp stinging pains. He gingerly placed it into the water and sighed as the cold

water soothed it.
He took out his 45 again and looked around, carefully scrutinizing every bush, his ears tuned. The brook made listening difficult and he didn't like being so exposed. But he needed to bring down the swelling and this was the only way. He moved closer to a thick clump of brush next to a tree, hoping his olive drab fatigues would offer some camouflage, and leaned against the tree, basking in the warm morning sunshine as the cool water soothed his aching appendage.
He must have dozed off because he suddenly sat bolt upright with a start. A glance at his watch told him he hadn't slept long and he silently cursed himself for letting his guard down. He surveyed the area, wondering what it was that woke him. Nothing appeared different, and he could hear nothing except the sound of the babbling brook. He carefully pulled his ankle from the water and rubbed it. It was still swollen, but the cold water had helped a little. He knew he should keep it in the water for a while longer, but it was simply too dangerous to remain here.
Gingerly, he tugged his sock back on, then stuck his toes into his combat boot. Setting his jaw, he gripped the boot with both hands and pulled hard. Once again, the pain welled up and he couldn't stop himself from letting out a small yelp as his foot sunk into the tight leather boot. He waited until the almost nauseating pain subsided, then tied his boot loosely, picked up his makeshift crutch and pulled himself to his feet, his eyes always searching the dense brush.
He needed to find help, a change of clothes, and a place to hide while his ankle healed. His uniform was one dead giveaway of who he was, but he also spoke no French, other than the few words and phrases all soldiers were taught. He could ask for food, directions, etc, but it would be painfully obvious to anyone that he was a foreigner and as such, suspicious. His only hope was to find someone active in the underground who may have the contacts to get him back to England.
He mentally flipped a coin and decided to head downstream, moving as quietly as possible through the thick brush, hoping the sounds of the water would work to his advantage and hide any noise he might make. He gripped his pistol in his right hand and made his way along the bank of the stream until he came to a break in the trees. He stood behind a thick oak and peered out. At the far side of the clearing sat a small house and barn. He could make out a few chickens pecking at the ground and heard the low mooing of a cow, but could see no people.
He began to work closer, still staying in the cover of the trees, until he was close enough to see the windows. As he watched, a shadow passed across one of them. So there was someone home. He waited patiently, chewing on a piece of beef jerky from his pack and watching the house to determine how many people might be there. The chances were good that they would help a downed Canadian who was fighting to free them from the Nazi tyranny, but he couldn't afford to take chances. There were many Nazi collaborators in France.
After about half an hour, the door opened and a woman emerged from the house and made her way over to the barn. She appeared to be in her twenties, with a slim figure and her dark hair pulled into a tight bun at her neck. She wore typical French clothing for the time, a gray threadbare skirt that fell just short of her ankles and an equally worn white blouse that billowed in the breeze. Her feet were bare, probably due to necessity. Everything was in short supply in Europe, especially in occupied

France, and the people had to make do with what they had.
As he watched, she opened the barn door, turning toward him so he could see her face for the first time. She was quite pretty, and she looked a little older than he had initially guessed, but not much. Perhaps thirty. But he could be wrong. This appeared to be a poor farm, and the hard work required to operate it could age a person beyond their actual years. Still, she was quite lovely, and at thirty-one he was in no position to judge.
She went into the barn and he could hear her talking in low, hushed tones, then she emerged leading a gaunt-looking cow toward the small fenced in pasture. All the while she continued talking to it and rubbing its head affectionately. She released the lead and smacked the cow gently on the rump, sending it sauntering into the pasture, then she closed the gate and went over to a hand pump about halfway between the house and barn. She began pumping the handle and filled a pail of water, then turned toward the house.
“Genvieve!” she called, “*Vien ici*!”
John sank deeper into the bushes and watched as another girl came out of the house. She was younger than the first girl, maybe a sister, in her late teens. Possibly a daughter, but the woman didn’t seem old enough to have a daughter her age. Unlike the woman’s dark brunette hair, the girl’s was light blonde and was tied in a long pony tail down her back. She too wore clothes that had seen much usage, a light cotton skirt with some kind of faded pattern on it and a loose-fitting sleeveless top. She was also barefoot.
The woman said something he couldn’t make out and the girl went back into the house, coming back a few seconds later with a wooden bucket in each hand. She went over to the pump and together they filled those as well, then carried all three buckets of water back into the house.
As much as John wanted to go to the house and ask for help, he knew it would be best to wait it out for a while. They may be alone at the farm for now, but a husband or father could show up at any time and he needed to know exactly how many people lived here before he made any kind of move. He settled down to wait, thankful that instead of just trees to look at, he had two lovely ladies to watch and help take his mind off his dire situation.
As the day turned into afternoon, he had observed the woman and girl going about their chores. He decided they must be sisters. Despite the difference in hair color, there was a definite family resemblance and they were too close in age to be mother and daughter. As the afternoon wore on, he tried to think of a scenario that would leave two young girls alone to work the small farm. It was entirely possible that their father was taken by the Germans. From what he’d heard, they were more likely to imprison a person on suspicion, rather than facts. Stories of Nazi brutality were everywhere and he knew it wasn’t all propaganda.
A new scent suddenly reached him, not strong, but wafting to his nostrils on the light breeze over the regular barnyard smells. Chicken. His stomach growled at the thought of a plump chicken roasting in the kitchen of the small farmhouse. The hardtack biscuits and jerky in his pack kept him from starving, but the idea of a roast chicken dinner literally caused his mouth to salivate.
He shook his head as if to clear the thought from his mind. He had to focus. This was life or death, or

at the very least a long and unpleasant vacation in a Nazi POW camp. Neither outcome was very appealing. If there was anyone else in the household, they would soon be returning for dinner. Food was also in short supply and if there was something as succulent as a chicken dinner waiting at home, no Frenchman would miss it.

He waited for two more hours, trying in vain to erase the thought of the succulent meal only a few yards away. When the blonde girl finally came out carrying a bucket of dirty dishes, he knew for certain dinner was over and that no one else had shown up. He decided to make a move. As the girl knelt by the pump and began rinsing the dishes, he stood and emerged from the cover of the trees. He hobbled forward, focusing on her. She wasn't looking in his direction, focused instead on her task, and didn't see him approaching.

A sudden scream caused them both to stop and turn to the house. The dark-haired woman stood there, staring at him with wide eyes. The girl looked back at her then followed her gaze and saw him, freezing in place instantly. For a long moment, no one moved or spoke, then John raised his hands cautiously to show he meant them no harm.

"*Bonjour*," he said in poorly accented French, looking from one to the other. Without taking her eyes off of him, the woman gestured to the girl and she rose to her feet, cautiously moving over to where the dark-haired woman stood. John attempted communication again.

"Uh, *je suis* Canadian," he said, trying hard to remember the little French he knew. The woman grasped the girl to her and they both stared at him. He realized his appearance was probably quite disheveled and could hardly blame them for their fear.

"What do you want?" the older woman asked in heavily accented English.

"You speak English?" John asked, trying to give them a friendly smile.

"*Une peu*," she replied, "A little."

John nodded and took a tentative step closer. They shrunk away and he stopped, not wanting to scare them any more than they already were.

"Look, I don't want to hurt you. I need your help. My plane . . ." he gestured toward the evening sky, " . . . was shot down last night."

The older woman seemed to relax just a little and she pointed to his makeshift crutch. "You are hurt, yes?"

"It's just a sprain, but I need to rest for a few days. Will you help me? *S'il vous plait*?" he smiled again, hoping that his attempt to speak their language would endear him and help his plea.

She studied him for a moment, then whispered something to the girl. She nodded, her blue eyes never leaving him, then turned and went into the house. John swallowed. She may be going for food or medicine, or she may be going for a gun. He thought about his Colt 45 in the holster on his hip, but didn't make a move for it. Someone had to show some trust here. He saw the woman glance at his holster as if reading his thoughts, but her expression remained impassive.

A moment later, the girl emerged from the house carrying a small canvas bag. She gave it to the woman, who looked up at John.

"We will help with your . . ." She paused, searching for the word, then continued. ". . . injury . . . and

give you some food, but you cannot stay here." She removed some bandages from the bag and indicated for him to sit on a low bench next to the pump. "I am sorry, but it is too dangerous."

He hobbled over to the bench and slowly lowered himself onto it, sighing as he took the weight from his aching ankle. The woman came over, followed by the girl, and they both knelt at his injured appendage and began to remove his boot.

"*Je m'appelle* John," he said, once again attempting his French.

The woman looked up at him, then bent back over his foot. The other girl spoke for the first time, her voice sweet and high.

"*Allo*, Jean. I am Genvieve and this is my sister, Jeannette." She smiled sweetly at him and he found himself suddenly thinking very impure thoughts about the beautiful young girl kneeling before him. Jeannette shot her sister a disapproving look, but said nothing and roughly yanked his boot off. He winced, but managed to keep from crying out despite the extreme pain. She removed his sock and began to probe at the injured ankle.

"It is not broken," she said, looking up at him. "But it is a bad sprain." She muttered something in French to Genvieve, who smiled at him again and daintily rose to her feet. She ran to the house, her skirt swirling around her slender calves. Jeannette began to wrap his ankle tightly. "You must not walk on this for two, maybe three days," she told him. "So it appears that you will be staying after all." She continued to wrap his ankle. "You may stay in the barn, but you must not come outside." She cinched the bandage tight, causing him to wince, and looked up at him.

"Thank you . . .*merci*," he said, offering her a smile.

She seemed to have a melancholy air about her, but she returned his smile thinly and stood up, offering her hand. "Come, I will show you."

He picked up his crutch with one hand, took hers with the other and she pulled him to his feet, her strength surprising him. He followed her toward the barn and Genvieve came running up carrying some blankets and a bundle as they reached the door. Jeannette led him into the barn with Genvieve following close behind them. She pointed to one of the empty stalls. "You will sleep there."

He nodded his thanks as Genvieve bounced over to the stall and laid out the blankets on the loose straw. Unlike her sister, she seemed genuinely happy that he was there and never failed to give him a warm smile, her sky blue eyes sparkling. He immediately liked the pretty young girl, and found his thoughts drifting carnally as she crawled around on the blanket to make up his bed. Her slender legs poked out from under her dress as she moved around, and he found himself wondering just how old she was.

Jeannette's hand on his arm brought him out of his little fantasy. She pressed the bundle into his hands, her eyes telling him that she knew what he was thinking and that her sister was off limits. "Some food," she said, her eyes meeting and holding his. "We do not have much to eat, so this is all we can give you."

"I . . ." he began, not wanting to take food from their mouths, but the truth was, he needed it. His meager rations wouldn't last long. He gratefully accepted the bundle. "Thank you."

She nodded and turned to her sister. "*Vien tois*." Genvieve finished fussing with his bed and came

over, the smile still on her face.
“Sleep well, Jean,” she said, touching his arm. “I will see you *a demain*, tomorrow, *n’est pas*?”
Jeanette took her sister’s arm as John smiled and nodded. “Yes, and thank you again.”
The two girls left the barn, with Genvieve smiling back over her shoulder at him. He watched until they went into the house, then went over and pulled the double doors closed. He turned around and looked over at the cow, who was watching him and chewing on a mouthful of hay.
“I guess I’m your new bunkmate,” he said and made his way over to his bedroll. He opened the bundle of food and picked up a piece of the chicken he had smelled roasting earlier. As he lay there chewing on the tender meat, he tried to think of a way to get back home, but all he could see was Genvieve’s smiling face and the cute way she crawled around making his bed. “Dammit,” he said out loud and closed his eyes.

Chapter 2

The dream was surreal. Images of the crash were replaced by those of Genvieve, only she wasn’t wearing the worn out skirt and top. Instead, she was dressed in a lacy white corset, with nylon stockings clipped to garters around her creamy thighs. She came to him, her lips red and ready to be kissed, her breasts swelling from the top of her tight corset.
Then, just as he was reaching for her, Jeanette stepped between them, wearing a Gestapo uniform. She suddenly had a luger pointed at him, and she spoke in a harsh German accent instead of French. “Leave my sister alone!”
He awoke with a start, his heart racing. The dream seemed real, so real that he was sweating and his cock was rock hard, straining at his pants. He flopped back on his bed and tried to bring his heart rate back down. Eventually, he drifted back to sleep, this time dreamless.
He awoke before dawn and stretched, then caressed his ankle, which felt a little better. He stood and tested his weight on it and his delusions of a speedy recovery were soon shattered. The pain returned with a vengeance and he had to lean against the stall to keep from falling. “Damn it to hell,” he muttered.
Just then, the door creaked open and he automatically swung a hand to his leather holster, tensing. He relaxed when he saw Jeannette come in carrying a bucket.
“Good morning,” she said without smiling, “Did you sleep well?”
He nodded, remembering the vivid dream that had disturbed his sleep, although now it seemed to be fading from his memory. “Yes, very well.”
She picked up a stool and settled down to milk the cow. Soon the sound of milk shooting into the bucket could be heard as her hands expertly massaged the teats. He found he had to look away. Just the image of her hands moving like that brought erotic images to his mind and he didn’t want to sprout a raging hardon in front of her. Genvieve, perhaps, he thought, grinning to himself, but somehow he got the impression that big sis would not find it at all amusing.
“So,” he said, “just you and your sister live here?”
Jeanette kept milking and didn’t reply for a moment. “Yes,” she finally said without looking up. He wanted to ask her more, but she didn’t seem the type that would open up to him. She surprised him

by continuing. “Our parents are dead. I lived here with my husband. When our parents died, Genvieve came to stay with us.”
A husband. That might be a complication. “Where is your husband now?”
Again, there was a pause, this one even longer. Just when he thought she wasn’t going to answer him, she stood up, her bucket full. Her dark eyes met his. “My husband . . .” she shrugged, “ . . . is probably dead. They took him away almost two months ago.” She turned to go and he didn’t try to stop her or ask any more questions. She paused at the door without looking back. “I will bring a basin and water so you can bathe.” Then she was gone. Despite her obvious pain at telling him about her husband, it lifted his spirits. If the Nazis had indeed taken her husband, chances were good that she was no collaborator.
He went back to his bed and sat on the blankets, eating some of his rations and sipping on some water. He longed for a cup of coffee; even the ersatz stuff would have tasted good right now. He finished his breakfast, such as it was, and lay back again on the blankets, his thoughts once again working on a way of getting out of the country, with regular thoughts of Genvieve and even her morose sister intruding often. Despite Jeannette’s less than appealing demeanor, she was still a very attractive woman.
A short time later, the door swung open and was quickly pulled closed. Knowing that the girls were up and going about their daily chores had eased his nervousness somewhat, but he still kept his hand on his gun whenever the door opened. This time he was pleasantly surprised when Genvieve came over to the stall. She smiled her beautiful smile and knelt down on the edge of the blanket, smoothing her skirt over her knees.
“You are comfortable?” she asked, her eyes sparkling and her accent making even such an innocent question somehow erotic. No doubt his own less than pure thoughts helped with that. She was definitely what his buddies would call a looker.
“Yes, thank you, er, *merci beaucoup*,” he said, grinning at her.
She laughed daintily. “You speak some *francaise*,” she said, settling into a more comfortable position. He held up his hand, holding his thumb and forefinger a half inch apart. “*Une peu*,” he replied. She giggled again and he found himself wanting to hear her laugh again. It was sweet and innocent, like her.
He decided that she may be more forthcoming with information than her sister had been. “Tell me, Genvieve,” he asked, meeting her striking blue eyes, “Why does your sister seem so . . .sad?” He decided to play dumb and not let on what Jeannette had told him.
“Ah, *oui*, *c’est vrai* . . .it is true. She misses Rheal, her husband.”
John tried to appear surprised. “Husband? I thought you two lived alone here?”
She nodded, glancing nervously toward the closed barn door. “*Oui*, we do. But she was married. The . . .the Germans . . .said he was a spy . . .and they took him.” Her face took on an uncharacteristic sad look. “Then she lost the baby. It was so sad, so sad . . .” Her voice trailed off as if the memory were too much for words.
“She had a baby?”

She shook her head. “*Non*, *non*, she was . . .how do you say . . .with child?” John nodded to show he understood. She continued. “But the shock of what happened . . .it was born dead. So sad . . .a little boy.” She fell silent and John couldn’t think of anything to say. It was no wonder Jeannette was like that. The loss of her husband and then a child in such a short period of time would leave anyone with a big empty hole where their heart once was.

“Losing Rheal was . . .*tres difficile*, but more than anything in the world she wanted to be a mother,” Genvieve said. “That is what made her so sad more than anything.”

“I understand,” John finally said, meeting her eyes.

She smiled sadly, then her expression brightened. “But what about you? Tell me how you came to be here?”

He related the story of how his plane had been shot down, struggling as he remembered Lou, Bobby, and all the rest of the crew he had come to know and love as brothers. He wondered if any of them had made it out of their burning plane. Genvieve reached out and touched his hand in consolation, her pretty eyes telling him she felt his pain. Her touch was soft and delicate and he thrilled at the warmth of her fingers on his skin. He continued with the story of his hike through the woods and how he had found their little farm. She shook her head in wonderment.

“I think . . .” she said thoughtfully, “. . . that you are a very brave man. I know if there are more like you, France will once again be free one day.” She smiled and leaned in, planting a soft kiss on each cheek. Her smell was wonderful and he had to physically resist the urge to take her in his arms and kiss her full on the mouth. Just having her this close, with her warm breath on his skin was making him hard. She moved back and smiled. “Jeannette is warming some water for you to bathe. She will be coming soon and she will not like me being here alone with you.”

She stood up, brushing pieces of straw from her dress. She gave him a quick curtsey, then turned and left before he could think of anything to say. He touched his cheek where her soft lips had pressed and inhaled a deep breath. Was this an infatuation or was he really falling for her?

Chapter 3

A short while after Genvieve’s visit, the door opened again and she and Jeanette entered carrying a large tin basin, big enough for him to take a bath in. They set it down near the door and went back out without saying a word. John stood and hobbled over to the basin using his crutch. He looked out and saw them each coming with two large pails of steaming water. He couldn’t stand by and watch women carrying his own bath water and dropped his crutch, testing his ankle. It was still very painful, but he could do it. He hadn’t taken one step before he heard Jeannette’s voice.

“*Non*! *Arretes tois*! Stop!”

He looked up as she came closer, the hot water splashing over the rim as she hurried to get to him. Her face bore the expression of a chiding schoolmarm. “You must not walk on your injured foot! It will only delay your departure.”

“But I can’t stand by and watch you two ladies carrying that water. I want to help.”

She fixed him with hard stare. “You can help by resting so you can be on your way.” She glared at him for a moment, then picked up the pails and dumped them into the basin. He obediently stood

aside and watched as Genvieve poured in her water as well, giving him a wink and a little smile when Jeannette's back was turned.

They made two more trips with hot water, then poured in several pails from the well to fill the tub and cool the steaming bath a little. Jeannette handed him a dingy towel, a washcloth, and a bar of soap. She left some clothes that she said belonged to her husband and told him to leave his dirty combat fatigues by the barn door. She turned to the door as John began unbuttoning his shirt. Genvieve, standing just outside the door, watched with an amused smile as each button revealed a little more of his thick chest. He noticed her watching and hurriedly finished, taking off his shirt a few seconds before the door was closed and he was once again alone. He smiled to himself as he finished undressing and slipped into the hot water. She appeared to be as enthralled with him as he was with her.

Jeannette led her sister back to the house after closing the barn door. She could sense the attraction between them and while she would never stand in the way of Genvieve's happiness, a tryst with a stranded Canadian soldier, while very romantic, would bring her nothing but pain and trouble in the end.

"Come, Genvieve," she said, taking her hand and pulling her reluctantly inside. "Give him some privacy."

Genvieve followed and plopped down in one of the straight back chairs around the kitchen table. "Do you not find him handsome?" she asked, eyeing her big sister with a doe-eyed expression.

Jeannette laughed humorlessly and shook her head. "He is not for you, my foolish little sister. In a few days he will be back in England. Or he will be captured by the Germans. He might even be killed if they have a mind to do so. It is not for us to know." She spoke without emotion, merely stating the facts.

Genvieve's face darkened in a look of horror. "Oh, Jeannette, do not say that! Do not even *think* it!"

Jeannette went to the table and took the chair opposite her sister. She reached across the well-worn wooden table and grasped her hand. "Genvieve, I understand how you feel. I truly do. But you must be practical. The world has been turned upside down and this is not the time or place for such things. You must put him out of your mind." She smiled across the table at her. "You are such a beautiful girl. After the war, you can . . ."

Genvieve pulled her hand away and stood up abruptly, her face a mask of anger. "After the war?! *After the war*?! Will the war ever end?!" She paused, her anger building even more. "*You* had a husband once! *You* had love! What about *me*?!" By now tears were streaming down her face. "You have no right! I am not a little girl anymore and I *love* him!" She glared at her sister for a few seconds then turned and ran outside and across the yard.

By the time Jeannette made it to the door she was already disappearing into the trees behind the barn. She sighed and decided it was best just to let her go sulk for a while. This was Genvieve's way of dealing with conflict. Jeannette knew she would eventually come to her senses and come home, and also knew from past experience that it wouldn't be until it began to get dark. She closed the door and began to gather up what meager food she could find for lunch.

Genvieve rushed outside and past the barn, running headlong into the woods. Pinecones and small twigs jabbed at her bare feet but years of going barefoot had toughened her soles and her blind anger at her sister's nonchalant dismissal of her feelings only aided in lessening the pain from the rough forest floor. She finally stopped only a few dozen yards from the barn and collapsed to her knees, sobbing.

What right did Jeannette have to talk to her that way? She was a woman, with all the needs and feelings women had, but her older sister was still treating her like a little girl. She was eighteen now, old enough to take a husband. Older, in fact, than many girls her age who were already married and starting to raise families. She wanted a man, and she had chosen *Jean*, the handsome and brave soldier from Canada.

She was jealous; that was it. She wanted him for herself. That had to be the reason. Her anger boiled and she wiped away her tears, wondering if Jeannette was out there with him now, helping him bathe. She continued to seethe for several minutes, thinking desperately on how to thwart her sister's advances on the man she had chosen for herself.

Some time later, after her anger had eased and she was able to think more rationally, she realized that was an absurd thought. Deep down she knew Jeannette harbored no romantic feelings whatsoever for the handsome airman. She was simply giving care to a man who was selflessly risking his life to save her country from the hated Nazis. It was her only her imagination working overtime.

Her thoughts drifted back to him alone in the barn at that very moment. She swallowed hard at the thought of him naked in the bathtub, his manly chest and strong arms he had bared to her for only a brief moment shiny and wet. And what about his other parts? She tried to imagine what he would look like below the waist. She had once dared a schoolmate to show her his penis, but they were only ten at the time and it really wasn't that impressive to her. A curiosity, yes, but nothing more. Surely a man would look different. She knew what sex was, of course. She even knew how to touch herself in a way that made her feel all warm and tingly inside. If sex felt like that, she definitely wanted to do it!

After a few moments, she wiped her remaining tears and began to walk through the familiar forest to her special place, a spot on the riverbank where she often came to be alone with her thoughts. She needed to think. If she wanted the handsome and daring Canadian to fall in love with her and not her sister, she would have to come up with a plan to win him.

Chapter 4

Jeannette finished her lunch of bread and cheese and stood looking out at the still closed barn door. Her hand absently went to her empty belly and a tear spilled down one cheek as she remembered the sense of loss when her precious baby was born dead only one week after her husband was taken from her by the brown shirted Nazi storm troopers. If only her baby had lived her life would have some purpose; some meaning other than trying to exist here on their tiny farm under the constant threat of the Germans coming for her and her sister as they had for her husband.

As she stood there, the barn doors opened and she watched as John took a quick look around the yard, then grasped the handle on the end of the heavy basin and dragged it outside and over toward a ditch. He struggled with his nearly useless ankle, but Jeannette simply watched from the window of

the house, making no move to help or lecture him for risking aggravating his injury. He was wearing the pants of Rheal's she had taken to him, but he wore no shirt and she watched as the muscles on his back and arms rippled under his skin, unable to pull her eyes from his trim, muscular body. He opened the drain tap at the end and sat on the edge of the metal tub, wiping his brow and watching as the water slowly drained. When he regained his strength, he pulled himself to his feet and half walked, half hopped back into the barn.

Jeannette watched all of this without moving. Her hand was still on her belly but her tears had stopped, leaving tiny streaks down her soft cheeks. Maybe there was a way to bring purpose back into her life.

She turned suddenly from the window and went into her bedroom. She stood before the mirror and examined her image. She was still a very attractive woman, she surmised. Although she no longer spent the time she used to on her appearance since the loss of her husband, she hadn't failed to notice the looks of some of the men when she went into the village. She picked up a cloth from the wash basin on her dresser and began to wash her tear streaked face. Then she reached behind her head and undid the tight bun of her hair. She pulled it free and the dark tresses spilled down her back and framed her face, completely altering her appearance from that of a hard working farm wife to that of a beautiful young woman still very much at the height of her sexuality and desirability. She picked up a brush and began to brush her dark hair slowly until it shone with an almost inner luminescence, then she unbuttoned the top button of her blouse to show just a hint of cleavage.

She licked her lips and took a final look in her mirror. If she was going to do this, it had to be now; before she chickened out or Genvieve returned. Taking a deep breath, she turned and strode purposefully through the kitchen, then out the door and into the yard. Her eyes were fixed on the still open barn doors and she could feel her excitement at what she was going to do starting to build in her stomach, and in her dampening sex.

John returned to his bed, panting from the effort of dragging the bath tub out to drain. In spite of Jeannette's earlier warnings, there was no way in hell he was going to stand and watch while the sisters pulled the heavy tub outside. It had been difficult, but he managed without putting too much extra strain on his sprained ankle. He was lying back with his eyes closed when he heard footsteps and the light in the barn dimmed as the doors were pulled shut. He propped himself up, his hand reaching for his gun as he peered around the corner of the stall, but he stopped short when he saw who it was.

Jeannette was coming toward him slowly, one hand toying with the buttons of her blouse. She had let her hair down and the change in her appearance was so amazing that he could only stare open mouthed as she came closer. While he had always considered her attractive, she was now breathtakingly beautiful. She came over to the stall and stood there, her dark eyes darting around; looking at him, then elsewhere, never meeting his for more than a brief second. He was speechless, wondering what had brought on this change and why she was acting like this. Finally, he found his voice.

"Jeannette, I . . .I'm sorry for taking out the bath, but I couldn't . . ."

She raised a finger to her rosy lips, shaking her head. Her long, silky hair swayed across her shoulders and fell forward over one breast. He stopped speaking and she dropped to her knees at the edge of his bedroll as Genvieve had done earlier. He swallowed and finally their eyes met. Until now, her dark eyes were sad, almost lifeless. Now they held a wild look that he had never seen before. He watched as her eyes moved down over his bare chest and lower. He swallowed hard as the realization of what she wanted suddenly dawned on him and he felt an immediate response in his groin as her eyes locked there while she nibbled seductively on her lower lip. Her fingers were still toying with the buttons of her blouse and he watched as she undid another one, revealing more of her ample cleavage to his hungry eyes. She brought her gaze back to meet his eyes and he could see the look of pure animalistic lust, although there was still a trace of sadness in them.

He shifted his weight slightly, feeling his cock begin to grow harder as another button was released. He could now see that she wore no undergarments and he was getting a good look at most of her milky white breasts. She dropped her hands from her blouse and looked again at his crotch, where his manhood was now showing a definite bulge. She looked back up to his eyes, then without speaking, she leaned forward - her heavy breasts almost falling from her near open blouse - and began to unfasten his pants. He watched her, unsure of what to do or say. Nothing like this had ever happened to him before and he was at a loss at what to do. He decided to just let her take control, whatever her reasons may be.

She quickly had him unfastened and reached inside, her fingers gripping his now fully hard member. She looked up at him and he thought he saw the slightest trace of a smile before she began to stroke his seven inch cock. He closed his eyes and leaned back as her fingers milked him as expertly as they had milked the cow that morning.

After a moment or two, he felt her release his cock and he opened his eyes in time to see her get to her feet. With her eyes locked on his, she undid the remaining two buttons of her blouse, letting it fall open, then unfastened her long skirt. As it fell to her feet, he swallowed hard. She had a beautiful body, her muscles well toned from years of farm work. She wore a pair of white bloomers which she gripped in both hands and wriggled down over her smoothly curved hips. John found he couldn’t move or take his eyes of this beautiful woman baring herself to him. Her reasons for doing it weren’t of any consequence to him and Genvieve was far from his thoughts at this point in time.

She bent over and pulled her underpants from her feet, then stood before him wearing only her open blouse. His cock throbbed as his eyes took in her slender legs and the thick bush between her thighs, her dark curly pubic hair already beading with her juices. She took a step toward him, spreading her legs so that her feet were on either side of his legs. He was looking straight up at her excited pussy and his nostrils caught the scent of her arousal mixing with the sweet smell of the hay. She looked down at him, his hard cock sticking out of his open fly, then knelt down, her bare knees meeting the hay as she straddled his legs.

She glanced up at him briefly, then gripped his pants by the waist band. Taking the hint, he lifted his hips from the blanket and she quickly slipped the pants down, allowing his cock to stand fully upright. She looked down at it for a long moment, then seemed to come to a decision. She took it in her hand,

then bent over and brought her mouth close to his throbbing purple head. She paused and he realized he was holding his breath, then she parted her lips and kissed the tip before taking it inside her warm, wet mouth. He gasped and propped himself up on his elbows so he could watch her silky hair spill across his bare stomach while she took him deeper into her mouth.

Her tongue moved along the underside while she sucked him in and out. He groaned and reached down to caress her hair, gently pushing her head down. She responded by taking even more of his thick cock into her mouth and throat. She was obviously not new to cock sucking and her moans indicated that she was also getting some pleasure from doing it.

She kept it up for several minutes and John had to fight to keep from losing it more than once. When she finally released him and looked up at him, her eyes were even wilder. She sat up suddenly, her lips still wet with his juices, and slipped her blouse off, leaving her completely naked. Her heavy breasts swayed as she leaned over him, her hard nipples centered in her crimson areolae. She moved further up his legs until the thick pubic hairs of her pussy were touching his hard cock. She leaned over and kissed him quickly on the lips, then moved her lips to his ear.

“Make love to me, *Jean.* Please!”

Her words were urgent, her breath hot in his ear. He felt her move closer and the heat from her excited pussy on his throbbing hardon was almost more than he could bear. He placed his hands under her butt and lifted her up until she was poised over his cock. She looked into his eyes and began to lower herself, both of them gasping in unison as he penetrated her hot little cunt and sank deeper into its warm wetness.

For a moment, they remained still, John’s cock buried to the hilt in her; her eyes closed and her tongue moving across her slightly parted lips. Eventually she began to move, slowly at first; a gentle rocking motion that worked her hard clit against his pelvic bone. She grasped her breasts, tugging on her nipples and moaning softly. John watched her, amazed by her intense sexuality that he never thought she possessed. She started moving faster, then began to raise up and down, his hard cock thrusting again and again into her depths. He began to rock his hips in time to her movements, thrusting upward as she pushed down. Every few pumps, she would pause and resume the rocking motion, then return to the pumping thrusts with even more vigor.

John watched as her arousal grew more intense by the second. Her chest was flushed a deep red and her hair flew as her movements increased, sometimes completely obscuring her face. She gasped, grunted and moaned as her arousal increased. She was fucking him harder; faster, until he knew he wasn’t going to be able to hold off.

“J. . . Jeannette, I . . .” he moaned, feeling his balls constrict.

“Yesss . . .” she hissed, opening her eyes and leaning down, her hands bracing on the hay by his head. She began to move even faster, as if her single purpose in life was to make him cum. Her jaw was set and her eyes burned with lust. “Give it to me, *mon cherie*,” she gasped. “Give it to me . . .”

Her words were the final straw. John felt his cum boiling as his orgasm began. He thrust upward, burying his cock to the hilt inside her hot little pussy. He briefly considered the consequences of cumming inside her, but it was too late to do anything to stop it now, even if he wanted to. With a loud

groan, he expelled his hot seed deep inside her womb, her tight pussy milking it from deep in his balls.

She tensed when he came and he felt her pussy tighten on his spurting cock. He vaguely heard her cry out through the fog of his climax and opened his eyes to see her leaning back, her mouth open and her hands clenching her breasts. She shook and trembled, then suddenly leaned forward, bracing herself on her arms, her hair falling forward to cover her face.

They lay like that for a long moment, each panting and shuddering with occasional aftershocks after their intense simultaneous orgasms. Finally John's cock began to shrink inside her and he slipped out, releasing a warm flood of their mixed cum. Jeannette quickly rolled off and lay on her back next to him, still panting to catch her breath.

They lay there for several minutes, neither saying anything. John was still having trouble believing what had just happened. Jeannette had never given him any indication that she was interested in him sexually, or even in a friendly matter. Just the opposite in fact. While she was always accommodating and somewhat courteous, she was never what he would call warm to him.

He turned to her and opened his mouth to ask what had prompted this little tryst when she sat up and reached for her blouse. "Genvieve will be returning soon," she said without looking at him. She got to her feet and pulled on her bloomers, then picked up her skirt. She seemed to be in a hurry.

"Jeannette. . ." he began, but she shook her head as she refastened the buttons of her skirt and blouse.

"You are happy, no? It was pleasurable *pour vous*?"

He nodded, pushing himself to a sitting position, his pants still down. "Yes, of course, but. . ."

She interrupted him again. "Then there is no need for words. We are two adults who took pleasure from one another, that is all." She turned toward the door and stopped with her hand on the latch. She spoke without looking back at him. "Do not mention this to my sister, please. She . . .she would not understand."

"No, of course not," he said, watching as she pulled the door open, then left him there, confused and exposed on his meager bed.

Chapter 5

Genvieve arrived at her special spot and sat down on the soft grass. She loved it here; it was so calm and peaceful, where the hard work of the farm and the horrors of the war could be forgotten, if only for a short while. She leaned back on her elbows and looked up at the nearly cloudless blue sky through the thick leaves of an ancient oak and let her thoughts drift back to the handsome man hiding in their barn. She'd felt a strong attraction from the moment she had first seen him, and it only grew stronger with each moment they spent together. And the brief glimpse of him shirtless had caused her heart to skip a beat. She had to have him; give herself to him completely.

She lay back on the cool grass and closed her eyes as the midday sun warmed her face. Her hand absently went to her breast and she lightly brushed along its soft curves, imagining how his touch would feel on her skin. Her nipples responded immediately, becoming rock hard and sensitive. She traced the outline of one over her thin cotton blouse, inhaling a deep breath as her fingers stimulated

the sensitive nub.

Before she was conscious of what she was doing, she had two buttons undone and her fingers were pinching her nipples under her blouse, making her sigh and moan softly. She could feel her arousal growing exponentially, her thoughts on *Jean* and the things he could be doing to her ripe and ready young body. She felt a growing heat between her legs and reached down with her other hand to stroke her pussy over her skirt. It felt so good that she wished she was naked, masturbating until she came hard. She opened her eyes. Why not? She sat up and looked around. The little clearing was well concealed by thick brush and the sound of the water would hide any noise she may make. She smiled to herself. And it would be *so naughty*!

She stood up, still looking around, and began to undo her blouse. When it was completely undone, she took another cautious look around, then shrugged it off, dropping it to the grass at her feet. She closed her eyes as the warm breeze caressed her bare breasts, feeling like soft fingers gently teasing them. She was becoming highly aroused and lost in the wonderful feeling of exposing her firm young breasts and began to tug at the buttons of her skirt, suddenly anxious to finish undressing and be completely naked.

Seconds later, her skirt lay at her feet in a crumpled heap and she was bent over removing her frilly bloomers from her dainty ankles. She stood upright, the soft wind blowing her blond hair slightly. Her skin was pale in the bright sunlight, and she had never felt so free in her life. She ran her hands over the curve of her bare hips, then to the wispy blond hair that lightly covered her swollen and wet slit. It was so light and fine that it almost appeared at a glance that she had no hair at all on her pubic mound. Her fingers traced her opening and she expelled a small gasp from her slightly parted lips as she touched on her erect and sensitive little clit. She knew from past self-gratifying experiences that this was where she could derive the most pleasure from her own touch. She moaned softly as her fingers moved in a slow circle over the hard little button, causing her juices to flow even more. She gripped one of her breasts with the other hand, squeezing it roughly, then pinching her knotted nipple. Her entire body began to tingle and she found her knees becoming weak.

She opened her eyes and knelt down on the ground, the soft grass tickling her bare legs in a most tantalizing way. Then she lay down on her back, her knees up and legs spread wide. Her hand went back between her legs immediately, her fingers seeking the spot to rekindle the erotic pleasure she had initiated. She pictured *Jean's* shirtless image and it only took her a few seconds to locate the sweet spot. She began to work it again, her breathing now coming in short gasps. Her other hand massaged and tugged on her firm young breasts, increasing the sensations that were growing stronger and stronger in the pit of her stomach. She pressed her finger between her outer lips, then rubbed it along the sensitive flesh inside before returning to her clit. She was almost there. What had started as a wonderful tingle was rapidly building to an immense climax. She could feel the waves of pleasure emanating from her womb outward until her fingers and toes were also tingling. With a loud cry, she came hard, her tight little ass lifting from the soft grass as her body tensed under the force of her climax. She tossed her head from side to side, whimpering and grunting in the throes of her intense self induced orgasm and she felt her virgin pussy seeping wetness onto her hand. She began

to rub it with her palm until her orgasm eased and her body relaxed and settled back down on the grass, her chest flushed and heaving.

She lay there like that for what felt like a long time, letting her body slowly come down from the most intense orgasm she'd ever experienced. Finally she opened her dazed eyes and stared up at the oak branches swaying gently above her. A sleepy smile came to her lips and she wondered if it was imagining it was *Jean* making love to her or the fact that she was completely naked and exposed outdoors that had caused such an incredible rush of pleasure. She sighed and lay a forearm over her eyes to block out the bright sunshine. Whatever it was, her orgasms were getting better every time she masturbated and she couldn't wait to experience one at the hands of a lover.

She lay there for several more minutes before sitting up and looking around. All was as it was before, with only the regular sounds of the forest and nearby stream. She looked down at her naked body. Her grapefruit sized breasts sat firm and high on her chest and her nipples were still hard, poking out nearly a half inch from the pink circles of her areolae. She touched her pussy and gasped in shock at the still sensitive flesh. Her body was coated in a light sheen of perspiration which was starting to dry in the breeze. She looked over at the stream. There was a small pool here, maybe three or four feet deep and a refreshing dip would feel good and cool her overheated skin.

Pushing herself to her feet, she wobbled slightly on unsteady legs before regaining her balance and stepped gingerly over to the water's edge. She stuck her toes in and sighed at the coolness of the water. It was a warm afternoon and her act of sexual stimulation had made her even hotter. She waded slowly out into the water, her eyes scanning for any indication of observers. Seeing none, she went out to the deepest part, which came just over her waist, then lowered her entire body into the cool water. It felt wonderful, instantly cooling and refreshing her. She moved to a shallower area where she could sit on a smooth rock so that just her shoulders and head were above the dark water. She rubbed between her legs, hopefully washing the scent of her sex away. She liked the smell, but didn't want Jeannette to catch a whiff of it and suspect what she'd been doing.

She finished washing her pussy, then leaned her head back, soaking her long blond hair in the cool, dark water. It felt so nice on her sweaty scalp that she kept her head in the water for almost a full minute before raising her head back up. She splashed some water on her face and scrubbed it with her hands, then stood up and waded back over to the grassy bank. She lay down to let the sun and air dry her, her thoughts once again returning to *Jean* and wondered if he was thinking about her as well.

She awoke with a start some time later and pushed herself to a sitting position. She was still completely naked in the little clearing, her clothing lying in a crumpled heap next to her. The sun was much lower in the sky and she realized she must have dozed most of the afternoon away. She began to dress, hoping that no one happened along and saw her lying naked out here in the forest. The scandal would be enough to ruin her reputation in the village and she would never find a husband, even though she had her sights firmly set on the man in their barn. She buttoned up her blouse as she began the hike back to the farm, trying to think of a plan to get rid of Jeannette for a few hours so she could seduce the unsuspecting airman.

Chapter 6

John sat on a wooden crate just inside the open doors of the barn. On his knee he had spread out a topographical map of the area and was trying to concentrate on it so when it came time to escape, he'd have some idea where roads, rivers, and villages were. The sun was beginning to sink a little lower and he was using the remaining light to see by.

But his thoughts kept drifting back to the encounter with the dark and mysterious Jeannette, whom he thought he had pegged as a no-nonsense type of woman who merely tolerated his intrusion because he was fighting the good fight against the Nazi invaders and helping him was the right thing to do. What had made her come to him and, without even allowing him the opportunity to properly seduce her, strip down and fuck him right there on the hay, then leave again just as abruptly? He'd puzzled over this all afternoon and had finally come to the only logical conclusion - she recently lost her husband and, being accustomed to regular sex, simply saw an opportunity to satisfy her lust. Perhaps she was embarrassed afterward and that was the reason for her hasty departure. He'd hoped she would come back out so that they might talk about it, but she'd remained inside the little house all day and he didn't want to risk exposing himself. She'd be back sometime and they could talk then.

He straightened out the map and found the small stream he'd followed to the farm. There was a small village about five miles downstream at the fork of a larger river. He wondered if there were anyone in the French underground in the vicinity who may be able to help him safely out of the country.

He was pondering this when he caught movement in the yard in his peripheral vision. He was far enough inside that for someone to see him they would have to be close and be looking directly at him but his hand was on the butt of his gun before he even looked up. He sighed in relief and let go of the gun as he watched Genvieve walking toward the barn on her way to the house. He'd been wondering where she'd been all day and decided to ask her. He stood up and using the rail of one of the stalls, hobbled over to the open door. She noticed him and smiled, altering her course toward him.

"*Bonjour,* Genvieve," he said in his best French accent, smiling at the pretty blonde.

She returned his smile, her beautiful face lighting up as she bounced over to him. "*Bonjour, Jean*," she replied, stopping in front of him, her long dress swirling about her feet. "How are you feeling?"

Her bright blue eyes moved down to his injured ankle then back up to his. He couldn't help but smile even wider; her innocent and carefree demeanor was infectious. And there was something in those pretty eyes, something mischievous and even a little intoxicating.

"I . . .uh, I'm feeling better," he managed to say. He put some weight on his ankle and took a tentative step. "See, I can almost walk on it now."

She grinned and clapped her hands together. "Oh, *Jean, c'est magnifique*! That is wonderful!"

She stepped closer and hugged him and he could smell her scent even stronger, like a mix of fresh flowers, the scent of pine, and something else he couldn't quite put his finger on. He hugged her back, his hands pressing into the small of her back and holding her firm young body tight to his. He felt a stirring between his legs at her nearness and didn't want to let her go.

They held the embrace for maybe a little longer than was proper, as if neither wanted it to end, then she slowly pulled away. When she looked into his eyes again, her smile had disappeared and her

eyes had a sad look. “But, if you are better, that means you will be leaving soon, no?”
John nodded. “Yes, I’m afraid so.”
They both stood there silently as a long moment slipped by, then Genvieve reached out and took his rough hand in her dainty one. She gave it a squeeze and offered a sad smile. “I will bring you something to eat,” she said, then slowly released his hand and turned to go to the house. He watched her go, his eyes drawn to the sway of her delicious hips under her thin skirt. He was no expert on women, but knew enough to recognize that she did not want him to go, and her eyes told him why. And deep down, he knew he could really fall hard for the sweet young French girl.
Genvieve entered the kitchen and saw her sister stirring a pot on the stove. She looked up and Genvieve sat at the table, but then went back to stirring without saying anything. Finally she turned to her little sister and sighed.
“Genvieve, I am sorry for saying those things. You are right, I have no business interfering in your life like that.” She came over to the table and stood looking down at Genvieve. “I just don’t want to see you get hurt. I love you very much and you are all I have in this world.”
Genvieve sat there quietly for a long moment, then looked up at her. “I know, Jeannette. And I am sorry, too. I must stop running off like that whenever we have a disagreement.” Jeannette pulled out the opposite chair and sat down. Genvieve continued. “But I meant what I said - I *am* in love with *Jean*, I just know it. I cannot stop thinking about him.”
Jeannette nodded. She could tell by her sister’s words and body language that she was serious. But did she know the difference between love and infatuation? She decided to avoid another argument and go along. “So, what are you going to do?”
Genvieve shook her head, her eyes welling up. “I . . .I do not know. He just told me his ankle is almost healed and I could feel my heart breaking.” She looked up, tears trickling down her apple cheeks. “I do not know what to do!” She began to cry, holding her face in her hands. Jeannette quickly got up and went to her, kneeling next to her and stroking her soft hair.
“Shhh, it will be all right. This will pass and you will fall in love again.”
Genvieve looked up, her face wet with tears. “I do not *want* to fall in love with someone else. I want him!” She began to sob even more and Jeannette took her hand and pulled her to her feet. They hugged for a long time, with Genvieve sobbing on her shoulder while Jeannette made soothing sounds in her ear. She suddenly felt very guilty for what she had done with him. Had she known Genvieve’s feeling for him were this strong, she would never have done it. But what was done could not be undone and she vowed never to speak of it. Of course, in a few months she may have to own up to it, but hopefully Genvieve would be over him by then.
After a few minutes, Genvieve went into the other room to freshen up and Jeannette decided to take some food out to John. She approached the barn and stepped inside. It took her eyes a moment to adjust to the dusky gloom but she eventually made out his form lying back on his blanket with his hands clasped behind his head, watching her. She took a few steps toward him and he finally spoke.
“I was wondering when you were coming back,” he said. “Would you mind explaining what that was all about earlier? You left before I had a chance to button my pants.”

Jeannette set the bundle of food down and hesitated before responding. “I did not see you putting up much resistance,” she said quietly.
He sat up suddenly. “Don’t give me that crap. You wanted it more than I did. Is this because of the way Genvieve feels about me? Are you trying to distract me from her?”
Jeannette didn’t reply for a long moment. So he was aware of Genvieve’s feelings. She met his gaze. “If you know how she feels, why did you do it?”
He sighed and shook his head. “Because I’m an idiot who doesn’t always think with his brain,” he said. Before she could reply, he looked up at her. “And you are one very beautiful woman, Jeannette. What was I supposed to do?”
His compliment threw her off guard for a second but she quickly recovered, although her tone was less accusing. “I need you to know something, but you must promise not to tell her I told you this.” He nodded. “She is convinced that she is in love with you and she knows you cannot stay here. Her heart is broken.”
John absorbed this for a moment. While he knew she was flirting with him, he had no idea her feelings were that strong. The last thing he wanted to do was hurt her, but what choice did he have? She was young, and she would soon forget about him. Jeannette seemed to be waiting for him to say something. He took a deep breath and let it out. “You’re right. I’ll find some way to let her know that we can’t be together. She’s a smart girl; she’ll understand. Perhaps not right away, but she will eventually understand.”
Jeannette nodded and a faint smile came to her lips. “Thank you,” she said. She paused for a second, then spoke again. “There is someone in the village I know of who . . .” she paused again and her voice lowered, “. . .who is in the underground.” John’s head perked up. “I will go there tomorrow and see if he will help you.” She turned to go.
“Wait,” he called, stopping her. She turned around to face him. “You never did answer my question.” Again, a short pause. “No,” she replied, shaking her head, “I did not.” She turned again and disappeared outside.
“Damn!” he breathed as he watched her go.
Genvieve was stirring the vegetable pot when Jeannette came back to the house. She looked up at her sister as she came in and busied her self dropping a load of firewood next to the stove. “I told him I would bring his food,” she said.
“I’m sorry,” Jeannette replied. “I did not know. Besides,” she added, “I needed to speak to him about something.”
Genvieve’s eyebrows shot up. “Oh?”
Jeannette looked over at her. “I am going to the village tomorrow to see if I can find someone to help him get to the coast.”
Genvieve felt like someone had punched her in the stomach. “So soon? But he is still not well enough to travel.”
Jeannette came over to her and smiled sadly, placing a comforting hand on her shoulder. “He cannot stay, Genvieve. The longer he is here, the more dangerous it is for him. And for us.”

Genvieve stared into the pot as she slowly stirred it. “You are right,” she finally admitted in a low voice, her eyes starting to well up. Jeannette came to her and gently rubbed her shoulders. She kissed the back of her neck then went about preparing the evening meal.

Genvieve’s mind was working overtime. If *Jean* could not stay, perhaps she could go with him when he left. She knew he wouldn’t even consider the possibility of taking her . . .not unless she made him fall madly in love with her. Time was short, however, and she could only think of one way to accomplish it. Tomorrow, when Jeannette was in town, she would make him fall so much in love that he wouldn’t even consider leaving her behind. A mischievous smile came to her pretty lips as she began to work out the details while she busied herself helping with dinner.

A short time later, Genvieve sat down to dinner with her sister, hoping her excitement over her plans for the following day wouldn’t show. After all, this was an event that only happened once in a girl’s life and although she was a little apprehensive about what she was going to do, at that point she was looking forward to it with great anticipation. Jeannette didn’t seem to notice anything out of the ordinary, although Genvieve became a little nervous when she said she had something they needed to discuss just before they went to bed. They sat across from one another at the table, the kerosene lamp dimly lighting the small room. Jeannette took a moment to gather her thoughts, then looked directly at her sister.

“I thought we should have a little talk,” she began, “about your . . .feelings for *Jean*.” Genvieve swallowed a lump in her throat, certain that Jeannette had somehow read her thoughts and knew what she was planning to do. Jeannette continued. “I will be gone for most of the day tomorrow and you will be alone with him.” She locked her eyes on Genvieve’s. “I ask that you refrain from seeing him as much as possible.” Genvieve opened her mouth to protest, but Jeannette brought up a hand to stop her from speaking. “I know, I know . . .I am asking a lot from you. I am simply looking out for your best interests . . .and your virtue.”

Genvieve slumped back in her chair and folded her arms over her breasts. “What is it you think I will do?”

Jeannette blinked slowly, taking a deep breath and letting it out before replying. “You know what I mean, Genvieve. You are a very pretty girl and I’ve seen the way he looks at you. Please promise me you won’t do something you might regret later. That is all I ask.”

Genvieve smiled to herself. If she and *Jean* did make love tomorrow, it certainly wasn’t something she would ever regret. She answered Jeannette honestly. “I won’t. I promise.”

Jeannette continued to study her eyes for a few seconds, then sighed and stood up. “That is all I ask. I am going to bed. *Bonsoir*.”

Genvieve said good night and watched as she went to her small bedroom and after another long look, closed her door softly. She stood up and went over to the curtained off corner of the main room where her cot was. The house only had two rooms so she made do with the little privacy the curtains allowed. She undressed and slipped her long nightgown on, then went over and turned off the lamp over the table. She went over to the window and looked out at the barn, wondering if he was also thinking of her. She had seen him watching her when he thought she wasn’t looking and Jeannette’s

words only served to confirm her impression. He was attracted to her, there was no question. And tomorrow, he would be hers.

She stood there for some time, her mind running through different scenes of their day together. Finally, she went over and got into bed and tried to resist the urge to touch herself. Her thoughts had made her very turned on, but she wanted to wait and allow her handsome soldier to release the passion building inside her. It took a long time, but she finally drifted off to sleep.

Chapter 7

John awoke early the next morning, just as dawn was breaking. He heard a sound from outside and sat up, listening to the sound of approaching footsteps. He instinctively reached for his holster but already knew it would be Jeannette coming to milk the cow. The door opened a moment later and she came in, her hair once again tied up in a bun at the base of her neck. She carried two buckets; one filled with water and the other empty. She set down the bucket of water, nodded a greeting in his direction and went over to the stall to milk the cow.

John considered putting his shirt on, then changed his mind. He smoothed his hair as he heard the tell-tale sound of milk squirting into the bucket and went over to where she sat on a low stool in the early morning semi-darkness. He watched her for several minutes before speaking.

“When are you going to the village?”

She finished milking and answered before getting up. “As soon as I finish here.” She stood and turned to him, clasping the half full bucket in front of her with both hands. “If I do not return by dinner, you must take Genvieve and leave this place. Do you understand?”

He nodded, knowing full well the risks she was taking on his behalf. “I understand,” he said, studying her face in the dim light. “And I thank you for this. I know how dangerous it is.”

She nodded and started toward the door. “I will do what I can to stop the murderous . . .” She paused and he thought he heard a soft sob, but she didn’t turn around. She took a deep breath. “To stop the Nazis from hurting anyone else.” Before he could reply, she walked quickly outside and across the yard to the house. He thought about going after her. He still had some unanswered questions about her coming to him the day before, but decided to let it drop. She’d made it clear that it was a one time thing and that she had no intention of repeating it, or even discussing it further.

He sighed and went over to the bucket of water to wash. He hated to put them in this position just to save his own skin, but there was more at stake here than his or even the girls’ lives. The Allies were losing a lot of bombers and crew to the German Luftwaffe and every B17 crew member was a valuable asset. It was his sworn duty to try his best to make it back to England, whatever the cost.

A short time later he heard voices and went over to the door. His ankle was feeling much better today and he could even put a little weight on it. He saw Jeannette talking to Genvieve by the kitchen door. Genvieve nodded and stood watching as Jeannette picked up an empty burlap sack and began walking down the lane toward town. She glanced over at him briefly, but turned away almost immediately and was soon lost from sight down the tree-lined lane. Feeling eyes on him, he looked back to the house and saw Genvieve still standing at the door, her gaze fixed on him and her long hair blowing gently in the breeze. He raised a hand and smiled at her and she returned his smile, then

disappeared back into the house. Sighing, he sat down on the crate and pulled out his map, trying to get her out of his mind.
Genvieve went back into the house, her heart pounding with excitement and trepidation, and slipped out of the dull gray dress and equally dull blouse she had put on earlier. She went into Jeannette's room and opened her armoire, taking out a one piece pale yellow sundress, her nicest dress that she only wore on special occasions. She looked at herself in the mirror, wearing only her frilly bloomers. On impulse, she pulled them down and off, then slipped the sundress over her head, smoothing it over her naked body. She looked at her image in the mirror for a moment, then undid one more button to reveal the swell of her breasts. There was no way he was going to miss that hint! She fixed her hair, leaving it untied so that it fell to her shoulders and gave herself one more hard look. This was as good as it got, and she knew from his flirtatious looks that he was definitely interested. All she had to do was smile coyly and everything would fall into place.
She went back out into the main room and over to the door, pausing there for a deep calming breath, then she went out and made her way across the yard to the barn.
John looked up as she was walking across the dusty yard toward him and soon forgot about the map. She was wearing a different dress that didn't seem as worn as her other dresses, and it wasn't the same one she'd been wearing a few moments earlier. The early morning breeze pressed it against her legs, instantly giving him a very good impression of her sexy body under it. She was simply stunning in that dress and her hair shone as it blew around her face and shoulders. As she came closer, his eyes were drawn to her chest, where the curve of her firm breasts could be seen clearly where she'd left the button undone. He swallowed hard, his eyes never wavering from her. She stopped in the barn door and smiled at him, leaning against the doorjamb.
"*Allo, Jean*," she said in her sweet voice, her accent again making her even more alluring. "How is your ankle today?"
He hesitated before replying, unable to release his thoughts from her beautiful figure. "I . . .uh . . .better . . .much better," he finally stammered, looking up into her angelic face and smiling awkwardly.
She came in and stopped in front of him, then knelt down on her knees, resting her hand on his knee while she pretended to examine his injured ankle. He felt an almost electric charge surge through him at her intimate touch and his cock began to grow almost immediately.
"Can you walk on it now?" she asked, looking up at him. Her hand remained on his knee.
He nodded dumbly. "A little," he replied, trying again to smile. This was ridiculous. He felt like a nervous school boy around her. He'd had lots of girls back home and had never felt like this. Just what was she doing to him?
She smiled and it literally lit up her face. "Oh, *c'est bon*! I am so happy you are feeling better!" She stood up and reached out for his hand. "Come. Show me!" Feeling a little self-conscious, he took her soft hand in his and allowed her to help him to his feet. He took a few steps around the barn and stopped in front of her. "*Tres bien, Jean*!" she cried, clapping her hands and bouncing up and down.
He grinned again and tried to keep his eyes from her seductively jiggling breasts inside the loose-fitting dress. He swallowed hard and felt his cock twitch again. Did she even realize what she was

doing to him?
She threw her arms around his neck and hugged him, pressing her slender young body tight against his. Hesitating for only a second, he put his arms around her waist and returned the hug. He felt her arms tighten and she nuzzled his neck. “I am so happy you are feeling better,” she whispered.
He was beginning to become more aroused by the feel of her warm, soft body against his and eased up on his embrace, hoping she would let go before his cock grew to full size and she felt it pressing into her. At the same time, holding her felt so good he didn’t want to let her go. He remembered Jeannette’s words of warning, but right now - with her in his arms - they held very little influence.
Finally, Genvieve eased her tight grip on his neck and pulled back so that her arms hung loosely over his shoulders, but kept her body close enough to his that they were only an inch or two apart. She looked up at him, her blue eyes sparkling and her perfect lips moist and oh-so-kissable. Oh, shit.
Before he even realized it was happening, he was kissing her. Their lips met and she immediately parted hers, pressing the tip of her tongue to his lips. She pulled herself tight to him as their tongues met and the kiss deepened, tongues swirling together. He caressed her back, from her shoulders down to the small of her back, then after a brief pause, lower. She responded by kissing him harder, pushing her tongue deeper into his mouth. He ran his hands over the curves of her ass, squeezing gently. Was she wearing anything under her dress? It sure didn’t feel like it! He heard her moan softly into his mouth and took that as a sign of encouragement, squeezing a little harder. He could feel her large breasts pressed against his chest and the heat from her center on his now very obvious hardon. She had to be feeling it as she ground herself against him and from the way she was acting, he wondered if she was indeed as innocent as he’d first perceived her to be.
After several minutes, they finally eased up and pulled their lips apart, but continued to hold one another close. Genvieve looked up at him, her eyes so wild that he could feel her excitement. She leaned back in and kissed him softly, allowing her lips to linger on his before pulling away.
“You do not know how I have longed to do that!” she whispered breathlessly, smiling up at him.
He returned her smile. “That was very nice, Genvieve,” he said softly. She cocked her head to one side, giving him a concerned look.
“You do not seem so happy,” she said, almost as if asking a question.
“No, no,” he replied, shaking his head, “I like this - and you - very much.” Her smile returned. “But I promised your sister . . .” She laughed.
“She told you not to do this?”
He nodded, a little confused by her light-hearted response. “Yes, she did.”
Genvieve kissed him again briefly. “She thinks I am still a little girl,” she said, grinning seductively. “Tell me, *Jean* . . .do I *look* like a little girl?” She stepped back and spun around, her dress floating up to reveal her smooth legs as high as her knees. He swallowed hard and shook his head.
“You look like a very beautiful young woman,” he said, his eyes moving up and down her firm young body before settling on hers. “How old are you, if you don’t mind me asking?”
Her gaze dropped almost unconsciously to the obvious bulge in his pants before returning to meet his. She came back to him and resumed her previous pose, her arms around his neck and her body

pressed to his. “I will be nineteen in two months,” she said softly before kissing him again, once again probing at his lips with her tongue until he allowed her in. Nineteen. Plenty old enough.
They made out for a long time standing there, their hands roaming freely. He hadn’t ventured inside her dress yet, but he was certain now she wore nothing under it. That meant one thing - she wasn’t going to stop at kissing. He broke off the kiss and brought his hand to her soft cheek, stroking it gently and pushing her long hair from her face.
“Genvieve, I . . .” he began, but she stopped him with a quick kiss.
“Does your ankle feel well enough for a little walk?” she asked, resting her cheek against his chest. She could hear his heartbeat pounding almost as fast as her own.
“I think so, but I don’t know if it’s wise for me to leave the barn,” he said, stroking her silky hair. “What if a patrol stops us?”
She pulled back, shaking her head. “We can go for a walk in the woods,” she said. “They will not be there.” He shot her a dubious look. “I go there often,” she continued, “and I have never seen soldiers.” She chewed on her lower lip and played with the buttons of his shirt. “There is a place I go - a special place - that I would like to show you. It isn’t far and we can stay hidden in the forest to get there.” She turned her pretty face up to his and he felt himself giving in even faster than he thought he would. Deep down what he wanted was to carry her back to his bed and have his way with her, but something told him his first impressions were right and that she wasn’t all that experienced. Kissing was one thing, but what else had she done? Besides, how could any man not give in to her every request?
He sighed and leaned down to kiss her. “All right,” he told her, “But I need my gun, just in case.” He left her standing there and went over to where he’d left his belt and pistol. As he strapped it on (taking the opportunity to reposition his throbbing cock so he’d be able to walk easier), he looked over at her still standing in the doorway. The bright sunlight behind her left her figure almost in silhouette, with the light showing the shape of her sexy body through the flimsy fabric and creating an almost halo effect around her head. A sexy body he was certain he was going to have the opportunity to explore intimately.
He went back over to where she stood and she reached out for his hand. Taking her hand, they walked cautiously out of the barn, then around the side and into the woods. Once in the cover of the trees, she pulled him to her and kissed him again. “I am so happy, *Jean*.” He didn’t know what to say so he just smiled and squeezed her hand. She smiled back and leaned against him, the warmth of her body penetrating through the wool pants he wore.
They began to walk slowly toward the stream, talking quietly about little things couples talk about when they’re first getting to know one another. At a lull in the conversation, Genvieve looked up at him. “Do you have a girl back in Canada?” she asked suddenly.
He stopped and looked over at her. “No, of course not,” he replied with a smile.
She seemed relieved and leaned against him, putting her arm around his waist. “That is good. I do not like to share.”
Share? Was she thinking this was going somewhere? Suddenly he was conflicted. He truly did like

her - no girl had ever made him feel the way she did. Her beauty was obvious and she had a wonderful personality. But, she was a French citizen in occupied France. There seemed to be no way to continue any relationship they might form until the war ended. And that could be many years down the road.

“Genvieve,” he began, but she broke away from him and ran a few yards ahead, stopping at what appeared to be a thick bramble of trees and bushes.

“We are here!” she exclaimed and stood waiting as he limped over. She reached into the bushes and parted them. “Come!” she said, looking back over her shoulder as she pushed through them. He lost her for a brief moment as the branches and brush fell back into place behind her, but he pushed through and emerged into a small clearing on the bank of the stream with a soft grassy floor and equally thick brush on all sides. She stood in the middle, watching his reaction. “So . . .it is nice, *n’est pas?*”

He took it all in and smiled at her. “It’s beautiful,” he said, hobbling over to her. She put her arms around his neck and kissed him again, her passion even stronger than before.

When she finally released his lips, leaving them both breathless, she looked up at him, a mischievous glint in her eyes. “I come here often. It is so peaceful and quiet.” She grinned. “But I have one rule here.” He gave her a little smile and a questioning look. She laughed and wagged her finger at him teasingly. “No clothes allowed!”

He chuckled, believing she was teasing him. Then she took a step back and her expression changed from playfully teasing to seriously seductive, mixed with a hint of innocence and fear. Her hands went to the buttons of her dress and she began to slowly undo them. He swallowed hard, unable to pull his eyes from her as more and more of her milky breasts were exposed to him. When all the buttons were undone, she reached behind her back and untied her belt, then crossed her arms over her breasts to keep it from falling to her feet. Her eyes met his and he could see the trepidation and nervousness in them. It was now obvious to him this was all new territory for her and he felt a pang of guilt.

They stood like that for a long moment until she said in a low voice, “You too, *mon amore*.”

He simply stared at her, amazed at how quickly she had transformed from a sexy seductress back into to a scared little girl. “Genvieve, are you sure you want to do this?”

Her face dropped and he could see her lip trembling. “You . . .you do not like me?”

He went over to her, shaking his head. “No, no . . .I like you very much, but are you ready for this?”

The fear drained from her face and she smiled. “*Oui, Jean*. I am ready. I knew from the first time I saw you.” She took one hand from her dress and placed it on his cheek, causing the pale yellow cloth to sag a little and expose the nipple of one breast. “I knew the first time I saw you that I . . .I loved you.”

The last words were barely a whisper, but she could have knocked him over with a soft breath. He had unmistakably strong feelings for her, like no other woman before. But was it love? Maybe. He’d never been in love before so he couldn’t be sure. And he’d witnessed plenty of quick love affairs and marriages back in England before soldiers shipped out. One thing he was sure of was that leaving her

here to return to England would be absolutely heart-wrenching.
She took a step back, slowly lowering her hand from his cheek, and stood watching him for a moment. Then she smiled nervously and released her dress, letting it fall to the grass at her feet and leaving her completely naked. She looked up at him and whispered, “Make love to me, *Jean*. Teach me, my love.”
For a moment, he could only stare. Her body was amazing; absolutely perfect. He let his eyes slowly drink her in, from the smooth curves of her firm breasts down over her flat stomach to the sparse blonde hairs on her swollen pussy, then down those long, slender legs and back up again. He met her eyes and let out a low whistle. “Wow,” he breathed. She smiled at him, her hands moving uncertainly from her hips to her breasts, then dropping to her sides.
“So, I please you?” she asked, looking down at her nude form before turning her gaze back to him. He was almost speechless and only managed a quiet, “Yeah” accompanied by an approving nod. Her smile grew, then her expression became more serious. “Now you,” she said, gesturing toward him.
He smiled and nodded, then kicked off his boots and began to fumble with the buttons of his shirt. His hands were shaking so badly it took him longer than usual but once undone, he quickly stripped it off. Genvieve stared at his bare chest as he worked on his pants, then her eyes dropped to his groin when he tugged his pants down. She was a little disappointed to see that he wasn’t naked under his pants but was wearing a pair of khaki boxers. Her eyes locked on the now even more prominent bulge going down his left leg. She swallowed hard. She knew it would be bigger than that of the ten year old she had dared to show her his all those years ago, but this was way more than she had expected.
She watched as he removed the pants and tossed them aside, then reached for the waistband of the boxers. She licked her lips as he began to lower them, her eyes growing wide as his thick, hard cock came into view, standing straight out once he had them completely off. He stood before her, as naked as she, and allowed her to study him. His cock was harder than he could ever remember it being before and he wondered it the size would frighten her. After all, she had never seen one before, at least to his knowledge.
Finally she looked up to meet his eyes and he smiled at her, then reached out a hand. Until now, he had allowed her to take control, but he knew he would have to take the initiative to get the ball rolling. She hesitated, then took a step toward him, reaching out for his hand. Her eyes alternated between his face and his hard cock and as she came closer, she became aware of a musky scent that seemed to excite her even more. He took her hand in his and pulled her close until his cock was touching her thigh. She could feel the soft tip smearing a sticky wetness on her skin as it slid up her leg to her stomach and she supposed that men became wet when aroused like women did. She was surprised at how soft it felt, almost like velvet. He took her chin in his free hand and tilted her face up to his. “Would you like to touch it?” he asked softly, his eyes searching hers. She realized that she did want to touch it and nodded. He moved the hand he was holding down between them and released it next to his throbbing meat. “Touch me, darling. Please.”

She looked down and saw her hand only inches from his shaft. Cautiously, she extended a finger and touched it. He smiled. “Don’t be afraid.” He placed his hand on hers and guided it to the hard shaft. She allowed her fingers to curl naturally around it, amazed at its hardness. He lifted her face back up to his. “Stroke it.” She looked puzzled for a second, then he began to move back and forth until she caught on to what he wanted. She began to move her hand back and forth on it and he smiled at her. “That’s it, just like that.” He closed his eyes as she began to get the hang of it. “Mmmm . . .that feels good, Genvieve.”

She kept pumping him, watching his facial expression. It was turning her on knowing she was giving him pleasure by this simple act. When he pulled her to him and kissed her, the feeling was almost electric. She had never imagined it would feel like this and she began to relax a little as she became more acquainted with his body. As the kiss continued, he rested a hand on her waist, then slowly moved it up until he was able to cup her breast. She moaned softly at his touch, then gasped into his mouth as his fingers found her hard and sensitive nipple and began to tease it. She felt a damp warmth between her legs and imagined what it would feel like to have him touch her there. She was sure she would explode almost immediately if he did!

John was thoroughly enjoying Genvieve’s first ever hand job and wondered if he should let her pump him until he came so she would be able to see what it was like. She had him so turned on he was positive he would soon be hard again, if he even went soft at all. Yes, that might be a good idea, but they needed to change positions so she would be able to see clearly.

He broke off the kiss and smiled at her. “Let’s lie down,” he suggested. She nodded and stood aside while he sat down on the soft grass, then lay back, motioning for her to sit as well. “Come,” he said and she laid down next to him. They kissed briefly, then he indicated for her to continue her hand job. She immediately gripped his cock and resumed pumping it.

“This is easier,” she told him, meaning the better position.

He nodded, stroking her hair. “It feels so good. I want you to make me cum, Genvieve. So you can see what it’s like.”

Her eyebrows knitted, then she nodded. “It will feel good for you to . . .cum?” she asked. Her innocence in these matters was even more of a turn-on for him.

“Oh, yes. Very good,” he replied. “It will be a little messy, but I want you to see.”

“Messy?” She gave him a puzzled look.

He chuckled. “You’ll see!”

She continued to stroke him while he gave her instructions on different techniques, explaining to her that his balls were also very sensitive and that she could squeeze them, but not too hard. She was really getting into it and it felt great, but after about ten minutes it was clear that she was becoming impatient.

“Will it happen soon?” she asked.

“Sometimes it takes a while doing it this way,” he explained.

“This way? You mean there is another way?” She stared at him, her hand never stopping its pumping motion.

“Well, yes,” he said, wondering if the time was right to tell her about oral sex. “But I don’t know if you’ll want to do it.”
She pouted. “Will it make you feel good? Make you . . .how do you say . . .cum?”
He nodded. “Oh, yes. It will make me cum and it will feel wonderful!”
She shot him a determined look. “Well then, tell me so I can do it!”
“You may not like it,” he warned, watching her closely.
“Pffft, I do not care! If it gives you pleasure, I will like it!” she exclaimed matter-of-factly.
He pulled her mouth to his and kissed her. “Ok, I’ll tell you.” She waited expectantly for him to continue. “It’s called a blow-job. Oral sex.” Her expression told him she had no idea what he was talking about, probably in no small part due to the language barrier. He decided he would have to tell her plainly. “It means that you . . .put it in your mouth and suck on it.”
Her hand stopped moving and she stared at him, her mouth open. “Wh . . .what?”
He shrugged. “You put it in your mouth and suck on it,” he repeated.
She looked down at his cock in her hand, then back up to him, her look not one of disgust, but disbelief mixed with curiosity. “You are joking, *non*? Teasing me because I do not know of these things?”
He chuckled and shook his head. “No, Genvieve, I’m serious. And I’ll do it to you, too, if you’ll let me.”
She continued to look at him as if making sure he was telling the truth. “You are serious? You want me to put it into my mouth and suck?” He nodded. “And you put your mouth on my . . .” She gestured to her pussy.
Again, he nodded. “Yes, absolutely.”
She seemed to consider this and her hand began its slow stroke once again. After a moment she nodded. “Ok, I will do it.”
She slid down until her head was by his groin and looked back up at him. He nodded and she looked over at his hard cock in her small hand. She could do this. She moved closer, the engorged purple head glistening with his musky secretions. She brought her mouth to the tip and slowly placed her lips on it, then pulled them off, licking the precum from them. She tasted it, then looked up at him and gave a smile. “It is not so bad.”
She turned her attention back to the throbbing purple head, her hand still holding the shaft. Taking a deep breath, she placed her lips on it again, then parted them and pushed the tip into her mouth. John moaned and that encouraged her to take more if it in. He groaned louder and she felt his hand on the back of her head, gently urging her down further. She took in as much as she could, until it reached the back of her tongue and she began to gag. He let up on her head and she pulled it from her mouth, coughing softly.
“Don’t try to take too much at first,” he explained. “Just take what you’re comfortable with and move up and own.”
She nodded and leaned over to take him in again, this time not going as deep. She began to bob her head up and down, feeling his hard shaft slipping between her lips - in and out. He began to moan almost non-stop and that made her want to do it even better. She increased her speed and began to

move her tongue over him as she sucked hard. The taste of his pre-cum was becoming stronger, filling her mouth and making her even hornier. He began to gasp, his hips jerking upward.
“Genvieve!” he gasped, “I’m going to . . .cum!”
Thinking he meant for her to increase her tempo, she began to move even faster, sucking hard on him. His moans and bodily twitches were making her so hot she felt like she might cum too.
“Oh, god!” he moaned, “Genvieve . . .if you don’t . . .ahhhhhhhhHHH!”
Suddenly his body tensed and her mouth was filled with a thick, warm, salty substance. She pulled free, coughing as it ran over her lips and dripped to his stomach. She jerked her head back and watched as more of the milky white substance shot out of the small hole in the tip of John’s cock for several seconds until his body relaxed and he settled back to the grass, his chest heaving.
Some of his ejaculate had gone down her throat but she spat out the remainder of the semi-liquid excretion, still unsure of what just happened, and wiped it from her lips and chin. “What was that?” she asked, a shocked expression on her face.
He looked up at her. “Genvieve, I’m so sorry! I tried to warn you, but it was too late.”
She looked down at the stuff pooling around the base of his cock. “What is this . . .stuff?”
He smiled and sat up. “Remember I said it would be messy?” She nodded, then gave him a curious look.
“You mean, every time you have orgasm, this happens?”
He nodded, grinning as he reached out to wipe a gob she missed from her cheek. “Yes, that’s sperm, or cum.”
She looked down at it again, then shrugged. “Ok, I understand now.”
Now it was his turn to be shocked. “You mean you aren’t upset?”
“Upset? Why?”
“Because I came in your mouth!”
She shrugged. “It was not so bad. And it felt good for you, yes?”
He stared at her in shocked amazement for a few seconds, then laughed. “Hell, yes! It felt great!”
She smiled. “Then I am not upset. I am happy!”
He pulled her to him, kissing her deeply, her lips and tongue still coated with his cum. He didn’t care; she was happy to give him an amazing blow-job and didn’t complain when he came in her mouth, so he wasn’t going to be squeamish about kissing her afterward. She melted against him, her breasts pressing against his chest and her hot pussy clamping against his bare thigh. His hands moved along her back as they kissed hungrily, softly caressing her delicate skin with his fingers and feeling her shiver under his tender touch. After a long satisfying kiss, he smiled at her and brushed a long strand of blonde hair from her face.
“Now, my darling, it’s your turn,” he said in a soft whisper.
She returned his smile a little apprehensively, then kissed him again. “Please be gentle,” she said.
He rolled her over onto her back and smiled down into her beautiful face, her long hair fanning out on the grass around her head. He brought a hand to her cheek, then let it slide lower to her upper chest, all the while keeping his eyes locked on hers. When he moved down and ran his fingers over the silky

smooth skin of her breast, her breathing became short. When he brushed her hard nipple, she let out a low moan and closed her eyes. He began to move his fingers in a circle around her engorged nipple, then pinched it gently. She cried out softly and bit her lower lip. When she opened her eyes again, they were alive with passion. He cupped her breast, squeezing the pliable flesh, then leaned in and kissed her lips before moving along her jaw line to her neck. She sighed and tilted her head back, obviously enjoying his erotic foreplay. He kissed along her collar bone, then lower, moving from one heaving breast to the other as his mouth crept closer to her sensitive little nubs.

When he reached one of them, he looked up at her and flicked out his tongue, flicking it lightly over the hard knotted nub of pink flesh. She cried out and pushed upward as if to force her breast into his mouth. Feeling playful, he backed away, then moved over to the other breast, repeating his actions. This time her cry was louder, more urgent, and he felt her hand on the back of his head, urging him to suckle her engorged pink nipple.

John needed no encouragement. He was enjoying teasing her, reveling in her discovery of the carnal delights he was inflicting on her young body. But the time had come to let her have a taste of the pleasures he knew she needed, and that he longed to give her.

His lips closed around the stiff knot and he lightly nibbled on it while sucking hard. She gasped and cried out, her back arching upward. He continued to squeeze her other ripe, full breast while he devoured the other, then switched after several moments of delicious ecstasy. She writhed under him, whispering his name in gasping breaths between muttered words of delight. If her breasts were this sensitive, he couldn’t imagine her reaction when he moved his oral attentions lower.

Hardly able to contain himself any longer, he released her tender nipples and kissed her breasts, then down across her stomach. She ceased her squirming but continued to sigh and caress his hair as he moved lower and lower. Just as he reached her mound with its curly blonde hairs, he skipped over her warm pussy and moved to the pale white skin of her inner thighs, kissing each one alternately while moving back toward the sweet moistness of her swollen labia. She moaned and rocked her hips, impatiently trying to get him to give her the touch she needed so badly.

Finally, he was poised over her quivering pussy, breathing in the sweet scent of her virginal juices. Her hand was pushing on his head. “Please, *Jean*, do not tease me further,” she whispered huskily. He blew a soft breath over her slick lips and she gasped, jerking her hips. He smiled, then stuck out his tongue and very lightly ran the very tip of it along her slit, not quite parting her lips. She moaned louder and pressed down more firmly on his head, but he resisted. “*Jean*!” she gasped. “Oooo . . . *c’est bon, c’est* ***tres*** *bon!”* He grinned and did it again, this time applying just enough pressure to part her lips open slightly. She groaned and writhed under him even more.

Again and again, he did this, each time going a little deeper. It was difficult not to plunge his tongue all the way in and suck her sweet nectar, but building up her anticipation was almost as delicious as he knew she would taste. When she was practically begging him not to stop, he reached up and tugged back the little hood over her clit. He could see the little red organ standing straight up, almost like a miniature cock. Looking up to her face, he pressed his tongue to the sensitive little sex organ and moved it slowly in a circle.

Genvieve's reaction surprised him. She literally squealed and thrust her hips upward, momentarily causing him to lose his grip on her mons and letting the hood slip back into place.
"Oh, *Jean, q'est que tu fait a mois?* What are you doing to me?" She spread her legs even wider and pushed his face back between them. "Please, do it again!"
He was way ahead of her and before the words had left her mouth, he had her clit exposed again and was going back in for another taste, this time more prepared for her reaction. When he touched her clit again, she reacted with another powerful thrust and groan, but he held on, moving his tongue in circles over her highly stimulated organ. She began to moan steadily, her body twisting and jerking under him. He knew it wouldn't be long before she came, and it was going to be a good one.
Genvieve couldn't believe the incredible sensations he was creating in her. When he sucked on her nipples, she was amazed at how good it had felt. Then his tongue teasing her virgin slit had surpassed that. But when he touched his tongue . . .there, on that spot she knew well from her masturbation session, it was like her best orgasm tenfold. Her whole body tingled and she couldn't have imagined anything ever feeling so good. He began to rub his finger along her well lubricated lips while his tongue continued its assault on her clit. She could feel her orgasm building and knew it would only be a matter of seconds before she climaxed.
"*Jean*, I . . .ohhhhh . . .I think . . .ahhhhh . . .Ooooooooh . . ."
Suddenly, her body went stiff and her back arched off the grass so only her shoulders and feet were still on the ground. His hands went under her firm buttocks and he buried his face in her hot wetness. A low groan came from somewhere deep in her throat and he could feel her pussy spasming and clamping down as her orgasm peaked and exploded. She let out a long wail, her body twitching uncontrollably as he fought to maintain his tongue in place on her clit. She was bucking madly, her hands suddenly pushing him away instead of holding him close. He didn't want to stop; her juices were flowing and he was lapping up her sweet honey as if he were a starving man given the sweetest treat.
"*Jean*, please . . .it is too much!" she gasped. Realizing that she was experiencing a pleasure overload, he reluctantly lifted his head from her spasming cunt and watched as she shook and quivered in the aftershocks of a very intense orgasm. Her face and chest were flushed a deep crimson red and her chest rose and fell as if she had just performed some act of extreme physical activity.
He crawled up and took her in his arms, pulling her warm body to his. She wrapped her arms around him tightly and entwined her legs in his, burying her head in his shoulder. They lay like that for several minutes until her heart rate eased and she loosened her grip enough to look up and kiss him softly.
"Oh, *Jean*! That was . . .*encroyable!* Amazing!"
He hugged her tight and returned her kiss lovingly. "I'm happy you enjoyed it, my dear. I have many other delights to show you, if you will allow it."
She looked up at him, her blue eyes as round as saucers. "More?! Oh, my love, I do not think I could stand any more!"
He chuckled softly and kissed her forehead. "We shall see, my darling, we shall see."

They lay there in the warm sunshine, talking and caressing one another. When John began to touch her breasts again, his fingers lightly twisting her hard nipples, Genvieve moaned and lay back, leaving him free reign over her over-stimulated young body. His fingers felt like feathers on her sensitive skin, causing shivers of delight to course through her. She had never imagined a man's touch would have this effect on her and she loved it! He began to squeeze her full tits, only increasing her pleasure.

Very slowly, one hand slid down over her firm stomach to the sparse hair covering her mons. She moaned again and opened her legs, encouraging him to touch her most private area. Her lips parted in a low gasp as his fingers slid along her wet slit, then inside her swollen lips. He began to stroke her pussy slowly, bringing his finger up to her clit and circling it. She gasped and involuntarily lifted her hips, trying to force him in deeper. Not wanting to pop her cherry this way, John eased up, aware that any sudden movement on her part might result in ripping her hymen, something he didn't want to do with his finger. She began rotating her hips, trying to work his fingers deeper into her needy pussy, but he pulled his hand away.

He leaned over her and she opened her eyes, a look of confusion on her lovely flushed face. "Why did you stop, *mon cherie*? It feels so good!"

He smiled and brought his finger to her lips, rubbing her wetness across them. Genvieve appeared confused at first, then slowly opened her mouth and took his finger in, tasting herself. John's face broke out into a wide grin as she sucked harder on his finger, cleaning all of her sweet juices from it. "That is so sexy!" he breathed as he pulled it from her rosy lips. She smiled up at him and her tongue licked across her lips, picking up all of her cum he had deposited there. He grinned again. "You like that, huh?"

She giggled and nodded, reaching up to pull his face to hers. They kissed hard and deep, their tongues exploring. By this time, John had fully recovered and his hard cock was pressing against her thigh. Continuing the passionate kiss, he rolled over on top of her and poised there with the tip of his cock at the entrance to her virgin hole.

They broke off the kiss and stared into one another's eyes for a long moment, then she smiled nervously and nodded slightly. John leaned down and kissed her again as he slid the soft tip of his hard cock along her wet slit. She broke off the kiss and pulled his head down, burying her face in his shoulder. He pushed a little harder and for a moment nothing happened. Then she felt herself stretching, opening wider and the tip of his member began to enter her. Before he had gone very far, she felt a sharp pain as he reached her barrier, then pushed through. She cried out, her arms around his neck holding him tight. He paused, waiting for her grip to loosen. When it finally did, he lifted his head up and looked down into her eyes. They were wet and he felt an instant of regret for hurting her. Then she forced a smile.

"It is ok, I am fine," she whispered. "Do not stop. Please."

He gave her an 'are you sure?' look and she nodded. He could feel her moving under him as if trying to get him moving and pushed in a little further. She bit her lip and closed her eyes, but made no sound. A little deeper and she made a small mewling noise, but when he paused again she

immediately pushed upward. He continued his conquest, pushing in slowly until he had about five inches in her and he felt her tense up. Not wanting to hurt her any more than necessary, he withdrew, then pushed back in to the same depth. She grunted and opened her eyes as he did it again and again, each time feeling her relax and accept him more easily. Their eyes locked and he could read her passion in her beautiful blue eyes, her hair glowing in the midday sun on the grass.

He began to go a little deeper, doing several strokes, then deeper again, a little at a time until his entire length was inside her tight, wet pussy. He could feel her vaginal muscles clenching his cock as if trying to milk the cum from his balls. If he hadn't gotten off from her blowjob earlier, he knew he wouldn't have lasted this long. As he stared into her pretty face, watching the anguish and pain change to pleasure and lust, he wondered if there was any way she could return to England with him, then back to Canada after the war. Jeannette as well. Whatever happened, he knew he was falling hard for this passionate French girl, and he didn't want to lose her.

As their lovemaking became more animated, Genvieve began to respond with more passion. She thrust upward hard against his downward thrusts, their bodies slapping together. She held tight to him, her fingers clawing at his back as his hard shaft plunged again and again into her velvet sheath. She began to grunt and make little noises, once again pulling him close. He felt her hot breath in his ear.

"*Oui, oui, Jean . . .mon dieu!* Do not stop!" she gasped.

Eager to please her, he continued to pound at her nubile young body until he felt himself nearing the point of no return, then eased off, allowing him to regain control and for both of them to catch their breath. This was so good he wanted to make it last as long as possible. Genvieve smiled up at him, grimacing as he slowly pushed all the way into her. But this time it was a grimace of pure pleasure; no pain was evident in her sexy blue eyes.

"Are you all right?" he asked, brushing the hair from her flushed face, damp with perspiration.

She nodded. "Oh, yes, my love. I am *very* all right!" As if to emphasize her point, she wrapped her legs around him and held him in place. He could feel her strong vaginal muscles contracting on his cock and he smiled at her.

"You're really enjoying this, aren't you?" he asked with a grin.

She giggled and nodded, then released her legs and rolled over so that she sat astride of him, his cock still buried to the hilt in her tight cunt. "I am enjoying you *very* much," she replied with a mischievous grin, then leaned down so that her large breasts swung over his face.

He leaned up and took one of her engorged nipples between his lips and began to suck and nibble on it as she started to move, rocking back and forth on his stiff prick. She moaned and ground her pussy down harder, rubbing her hard clit against the base of his shaft. She sat up and leaned back, bracing her arms on his legs, her large breasts pointing upward as she began to move up and down. He matched her movements, unable to take his eyes from this unbelievably sexy and beautiful girl who was riding him for all she was worth. He drove hard into her and she bounced up and down with equal force, her tits bouncing and quivering. He watched her face, the unmistakable glow of sexual ecstasy etched in her features.

After a few moments she began to move with more urgency and her breathing became ragged. She leaned forward, placing a hand on either side of his head and humping him faster than ever. Her jaw was set and her eyes had a look of wild sexual desire like he had never seen before. She moved up and down, then rocked back and forth; changing up her movements to get the most pleasure. Whatever she did was fine with him - it all felt incredible. He knew that she was nearing an orgasm and that it was going to be a powerful one. He was close himself and hoped he could withstand her sensual movements long enough to cum with her. As had happened with Jeannette, somewhere in the back of his mind he once again considered the consequences of depositing his hot load deep in her tight, wet pussy, but there was no way he was stopping now.

Genvieve was in a state of sexual bliss. Once past the initial pain of his entry and the taking of her virginity, her pleasure began to grow exponentially. The feel of his hard cock deep inside her womb was like nothing she had ever imagined and she didn't want the feeling to end. When she rolled on top and began to take control, her pleasure multiplied again. The combination of his cock touching on some wonderful spot inside her, then rubbing her clit against it, was almost too much pleasure to bear. She felt the orgasm building higher and higher and knew it was going to be like no other she had ever given herself.

She began to sense her climax approaching and drove down harder, pumping his cock for all it was worth. She grit her teeth together and heard a low moan start to develop into a louder cry and felt her muscles tense. She realized the cry was coming from her own lips just as she peaked and a rush of wonderful sensations filled her body, causing her vision to blur and her body to tense. Time seemed to slow as wave after wave of orgasmic bliss washed through her. She was aware she was still screaming out, but could do nothing to stop herself. It was as if something had taken over her body and was filling her with the most intense pleasure she had ever experienced. She cried out again and again, jerking spastically on him for what seemed a long time before she began to calm and her shudders became less frequent as her orgasm finally began to ease.

John could only watch in rapt amazement as this beautiful girl fucked him nearly senseless. He could feel his balls constrict just as she began to wail, low at first, then as her body stiffened and she threw her head back, he felt himself losing it and his cum exploded, filling her spasming pussy with hot cum as she began to scream out louder, her body tensing and jerking on top of him. He held himself deep inside her as load after load of thick semen was pumped in her tight hole. He seemed to go on forever, his body electrified with one of the most intense orgasms he'd ever experienced. When he finally finished and began to come down from the sexual buzz, he felt a warm wetness on his pelvis and knew it couldn't be all his.

When she finally opened her eyes, her chest and face were again flushed a crimson red and her breasts heaved as she fought to regain her breath. For a long moment neither spoke as they lay together panting in the afterglow of their simultaneous orgasms. Eventually John reached up and lay a gentle hand on her flushed cheek. She opened her eyes and looked down at him, a dreamy smile on her full lips.

"Hey," he said softly, returning her smile.

She closed her eyes again and inhaled deeply, then looked down at him and grinned. She leaned down and planted a lingering kiss on his lips. “Oh, *Jean*,” she whispered, her face almost touching his. “I . . .I cannot find the words . . .” She adjusted her body and his softening member slipped from her dripping pussy, releasing a gush of their combined cum. She frowned. “Oh, no!” She looked down at him, a disappointed look on her face. “You fell out!”

He chuckled and pulled her to him, embracing her in a warm kiss. When the kiss ended, she slid off and lay with one leg over his, her full breasts against his torso and her hand tracing through his scant chest hair. They lay like that in silence - a comfortable silence, each still basking in the hazy afterglow of the amazing sex. Finally Genvieve spoke.

“Is it always like that?” she asked, wondering why no one told her that it was like this. Of course, she had a feeling that sex would feel good, but this good?

John chuckled again, hugging her tighter. “I don’t think so, honey. At least not that I’ve experienced.”

Genvieve was silent for a moment before speaking. “So, I am not . . .your first?”

John felt her backing him into a corner and he paused before responding. “I won’t lie to you, Genvieve. No, you’re not. There was this girl before I shipped out . . .”

She cut him off before he could finish. “I do not want to know about her,” she said, not in anger, but as a statement of fact. She hugged him closer. “You are mine now . . .and I am yours. That is all that matters.”

John was silent. Of course he wanted to stay with her, but was that even possible? His long silence caused Genvieve to raise her head and look at him, a trace of fear in her eyes.

“*Jean*?” He looked up into her beautiful features, framed by her golden blonde hair in the sunshine that filtered through the leaves. “Do you not want me anymore?” He could see her lower lip start to tremble and quickly took her hand and kissed it.

“Of course I still want you, darling! More than ever!” She seemed to brighten a bit but she could sense a ‘but’ coming. He continued. “It’s the war . . .I just don’t see how we can be together. I’m needed in England. I can’t stay here with you.” He didn’t want to mention his thoughts about finding a way to get them out of the country with her because it seemed to be too much of a long shot. Hell, even his chances of escaping alone were very low. “Besides, if you and Jeannette were caught hiding a Canadian soldier . . .” He left the thought unfinished, there was no need to explain the consequences to her.

She lay back on the grass, her hands slowly tracing her bare breasts. John laced his fingers behind his head and lay there thinking. If Jeannette’s contact in the village was successful, they would probably arrange for him to be picked up by a Lysander, a lightweight aircraft that proved invaluable for sneaking behind enemy lines and picking up or dropping off personnel and supplies. They needed very little room to take off and land and an experienced pilot could put one down in almost any field. There was very little room in the small plane, but if they carried no baggage, they could all squeeze in. It would be a risky operation, but the RAF needed every pilot they could get and one with his combat experience would be worth the risk. He decided it would be best to wait until Jeannette returned to bring it up.

After a few minutes, Genvieve sat up and looked around. “Did you hear something?”
John sat up, his ears straining to hear over the brook a few yards away. At first he heard nothing, then his ears picked up on a low rumble. It took a moment for the sound to register, but when it did, he sat bolt upright and began reaching for his clothes.
“That’s some kind of motorized vehicle,” he said. In occupied France, fuel was strictly rationed and very few people had driving privileges - such as doctors or the puppet French *gendarmes.* And of course, the Germans. They both began to dress quickly as the sound became louder and he could make out at least two different engine sounds. Definitely on the road to the farm, and he couldn’t think of any reason for a doctor to be making a house call. This was bad - very bad. Genvieve knew this and to her credit she remained reasonably calm, slipping her dress back on and waiting quietly for him to finish dressing. When he went to her and took her hand, he could see the fear in her eyes. He gave her hand a reassuring squeeze and they set off toward the farm.

Chapter 8

John followed Genvieve through the woods, each trying to make as little noise as possible as they approached the edge of the trees near overlooking the yard between the barn and the house. As he parted the bushes slightly, his heart nearly stopped when he saw two German Kubelwagen vehicles parked in the yard. Two German soldiers stood by one, smoking and talking while they lazily scanned the surrounding buildings and trees, their rifles leaning against the front bumper.
A quiet gasp from Genvieve told him without looking at her that she had also surveyed the scene. He turned to her and they knelt behind the bushes.
“I do not see Jeannette,” she whispered. “Perhaps she is still in the village!”
John nodded, but didn’t believe that was the case. For one thing, there were two of the German equivalent to the Allie’s Jeep in the yard and only two soldiers visible. Someone was in the house or barn. And unless Jeannette had been caught trying to contact the underground, why would they come out here? He moved closer to Genvieve.
“Stay here and stay quiet,” he whispered. “I’m going to see if I can see anyone else.”
She opened her mouth to protest, but he silenced her with a finger to her lips. She closed her mouth and looked at him, her look reminding him of a scared little girl. He took out his 45 and made sure there was a shell in the chamber, then handed it to her. “Do you know how to use one of these?” She shook her head and shied away from it. He took her hand and pressed into hers, then pointed to the safety. “All you have to do is push this . . .” He slid it to the fire position. “. . .and pull the trigger. It has nine shots. Do you understand?” She looked at the gun blankly then back to him. “Genvieve, this is important. Do you understand?” She nodded. He slid the safety back on, then grasped her shoulders. “If they catch me, stay hidden. If they come for you, don’t hesitate to shoot. Ok?” She nodded, her face a mask of dread and fear.
He turned back to the bushes and looked out again, then froze. Another German, this one wearing the black uniform of the SS, was coming out of the farm house. Another German soldier came out with him, pushing a very bedraggled looking Jeannette in front of him. Her hair was a mess and it appeared her hands were tied behind her back. She stumbled across the dusty yard until the SS

officer stopped by the well and turned to her. He began to speak to her in French, but Massey's rudimentary training wasn't good enough for him to understand. He did hear 'Americaine' and realized they must have found out he was here. He felt Genvieve move up next to him, also listening. After a moment, she turned to him, her face white.

"Th . . .they know you are here! There must be collaborators in the village Oh, *mon dieu*! Poor Jeannette! We must save her!"

He nodded, his attention on the scene before him. The SS officer was speaking to Jeannette, his voice becoming louder and angrier. She stood with her head high, shaking her head and replying in a low voice.

Suddenly, he slapped her hard across the face and she fell to her knees. He grabbed her by her blouse and pulled her back to her feet, tearing it open in the process, leaving her breasts fully exposed. This got the soldier's full attention and they began to watch the interrogation with more interest.

As they watched the terrifying scene, Genvieve turned away and embraced him, her face buried in his chest, sobbing quietly. He held her close, wondering if there was any way to rescue Jeannette. But he already knew the answer.

He watched as the SS officer screamed at her. She said nothing, her head bowed. Finally, he grabbed her by the arm and shoved her into one of the vehicles. He barked orders to two of the soldiers, then climbed into the back of the vehicle with Jeannette while the third soldier got behind the wheel. They began a slow circle of the yard with Jeannette sitting sullenly in the back, her bound hands leaving her unable to cover herself. As they passed the area where John and Genvieve stood hidden, she slowly turned her head and seemed to look straight at him for a brief second, then she was gone.

He eased Genvieve back and when she looked up at him hopefully, he could only shake his head sadly. Tears streamed from her eyes and ran down her cheek and he wondered if she now hated him for bringing this trouble to them. But she embraced him again, her small body shaking from her sobs.

"Oh, *Jean*!" she cried, "What will we do now?"

He held her until her sobs subsided, keeping a keen eye on the soldiers that remained on guard in the yard. He knew they were simply there to keep a presence and that more Germans would be arriving soon to do a more thorough search. They would find his uniform and supplies and would scour the countryside until they found him. They had no choice.

"We go," he said matter-of-factly. "We go to England. Immediately."

He loosened his hold and she looked up at him, then nodded. "Yes," was all she said. He took her hand and they began moving through the trees, heading north toward Calais, and freedom.

Epilogue

May, 1945

Captain John Massey rolled to a stop at the dusty four corners and looked up at the simple wooden signpost, then at his map. He spun the wheel to the left and the battered Jeep kicked up dust as he drove as fast as he dared down the narrow, twisting dirt road. He was apprehensive about coming

back here, but he promised Genvieve he would check the farm.
After the D-Day invasion, France had been fairly quickly liberated, with Hitler's forces bogged down on the second front in Russia. But his promotion had left him too busy to arrange leave until now, when it was only a matter of when, not if, the Third Reich would fall in ruins. Even now, the Allies were converging on Berlin and it seemed the end to the European war could come at any day.
The road twisted along the tree-lined road and as he rounded a final turn he braked hard, bringing the Jeep to a skidding stop. When the dust cleared, he was looking at what remained of the farm where he had spent many happy hours, along with some terrible ones. The barn was all but destroyed, with only parts of the stone walls left standing. The house fared better, but was still in rough shape. Unlike the first time he'd come upon it three years earlier, there were no animals in the yard and no signs of life in the house.
He slowly eased into the yard, circling the well and stopping by the house. He cut the engine and sat there unmoving, the memories of that last day as fresh as if it had been yesterday. Finally, he stepped down and looked around. The barn was a total wreck - it had taken the full brunt of an artillery shell. The field surrounding the farm was pockmarked with the tell-tale craters.
He turned to the house, which he had never been inside. Before he could take a step, the door creaked open slightly and he froze, his hand going to the gun on his hip. Then the door swung open a little further and a frail looking woman stepped out. He squinted at her.
"Jeannette?"
She looked up at him and he could see now that it was her, although she had a vicious scar across her left cheek and was much thinner than he remembered.
"John? Is it really you?" she asked, her voice a low rasp.
He nodded. "Yes, it's me."
She managed a smile. "Genvieve?"
He returned her smile as he walked closer. "She's fine. She's in England taking care of our daughter."
Jeannette's smile widened and he could see wetness in her dark eyes. "A daughter?"
"Yes, she's two. Her name . . ." he paused, ". . .is Jeannette." He fished into his shirt pocket and retrieved the well worn photo of the three of them taken during his last leave and handed it to her.
She brought a hand to her mouth and choked back a sob. "She made it," she said, almost to herself. "And she got her Canadian soldier after all, and a beautiful little girl as well!"
He was standing before her now and took her in his arms. "She told me you were still alive, but. . ." He shook his head sullenly.
Jeannette pulled away, wiping her eyes. "They questioned me for days; beat me, but I said nothing. Finally, they just let me go." He reached up and touched her scarred cheek. "Yes, they did that. But it is of no consequence. I am alive, and more importantly, so is Genvieve." She shook her head, smiling. "And you have a daughter."
"We were married as soon as we made it back to England," he said. "Jeannette was born nine months later."
She chuckled, then looked up at him, her face becoming softer, more serious. "There is someone you

must meet," she said solemnly. She turned to the house. "*Jean, viens ici.*" A moment later, a small face appeared in the doorway, peering out at them. "*Viens tois.*" She beckoned to the open door.
As John watched, a small boy of about two came hesitantly out. He looked at the dark haired little tyke, then to Jeannette, an astonished look on his face. She simply smiled and nodded.
"I would like you to meet *Jean*," she said, her eyes never leaving his face. He could only stare in disbelief, his mind racing. "Our son."
He looked back at her, his eyes starting to blur. "Our . . .son?" She nodded and smiled, her own tears spilling down her cheeks.
He knelt to one knee, smiling at the child who clung to his mother's skirt, dark eyes staring at him. Jeannette said something to him in French and he looked up at her, then to John. "*Il est ton pere, Jean*," she said softly, then looked at John and urged the tot toward him. "Your father, my son."
Tentatively, the boy took a step toward him, then rushed into his open arms. John hugged him tightly, his tears flowing. This was certainly unexpected, and would take a little careful explaining to Genvieve, but he knew she would understand. For now, all that mattered was that they were together. An unusual family, but a family nonetheless.
He looked up to Jeannette, who was watching them with one hand covering her mouth, trying not to cry openly. "Pack your things. You're both coming with me to England. Genvieve will be so happy to see you." He looked again at the small boy in his arms and smiled. "Both of you." He stood and, holding his son's hand and Jeannette's, they went into the ruined farmhouse together.
The end