

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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Chapter One

When the Nazis rolled into Paris on June fourteenth, nineteen forty; everyone's life changed for the worse. To see your beloved country fall to such a mighty war machine with barely a whimper of resistance from the country's military broke Amelie's heart. Not to mention her families, neighbours and friends. Her two brothers fought in the French Army, and had virtually disappeared into the underground once the Nazis took over.

Amelie lived with her father Nathaniel, who was a portly baker and well over fifty years old. Her mother died of dysentery when Amelie was a girl. She was a vivacious young woman now, aged nineteen-years old with long black hair down to her waist, bright blue eyes like the sky, and a small mouth that always seemed to have a cheeky grin. Like she just heard the most outrageous joke.

She was a petite woman, with soft silky white skin, smallish breasts, and barely five feet five inches tall. Amelie was the apple of her father's eye, who watched over her closely to protect her honour from all the young men that followed her around with tongues hanging out, and trousers tented. Come to think of it there were a few older men in the same class as well. However, now that the Germans had arrived in Paris, his fears began to reach epic proportions. There was a huge risk that they could rape her, kidnap her and lock her in one of their brothels, or even worse - kill her.

Nathaniel had to work fast and made her cut her hair, and put on her brother's old clothes. She did not like this but she understood if the Germans attacked her then no one could help her. Not even her loving father. They would probably kill him without barely a thought if he tried to intervene. So she accepted this change of wardrobe that made her look boyish. He kept her close to home, much to her frustration at first, but when after a month of occupation one of Amelie's friends was gang raped and killed by a German patrol it made it clear that she needed to obey her father in these matters.

However, things rarely go to plan during a War, and despite Nathaniel's best efforts to keep her out of sight to the Germans fate intervened. Amelie's brothers were in the south of France working with the underground, still fighting against the Germans. Word had reached Nathaniel that an informant had identified his family, more importantly his sons as enemies. The Gestapo would soon be knocking on his door and that meant Amelie would come under scrutiny.

"I don't want to, Father," she said wiping the tears from her red eyes.

"It's for your own good, you know what'll happen to you when the Germans come calling to question me about the boys," Nathaniel paced up and down the room smoking a clay pipe. Wisps of grey smoke followed him like a steam train engine.

"They might leave me alone. How can you be sure?"

He stopped and looked at her. "You know Marie Purcell?"

"Yes, we went to school together."

"She's been taken to the German brothel in Clamart, and is being forced to... work there." He had a deep frown that creased his forehead as she watched him.

Marie Purcell, she thought feeling sad and horrified, she is such a nice girl. Fresh tears rolled down

Amelie's cheeks at the thought of Marie being used and abused by German Soldiers overwhelmed her. Her Father came up and put his arm around her to comfort her.

"Yes, it's terribly sad what they're doing to fine young French women. That's why you have to get out of here. I couldn't bear it..." his eyes suddenly clenched shut on him, and stepped away to hide his face from his daughter.

She grabbed his hand and cradled it in her face making him look back. "It's OK papa, nothing will happen to me. I could just hide somewhere until they're gone."

"No, they know about you and they'll take your hiding to mean we know something about what the boys are doing. That'll make it worse."

"Then I must leave?" she looked down, feeling defeated.

"Yes, this way I can deny any knowledge of what you and the boys are doing. That just might save me. The boys will look after you and make sure you're kept safe. That'll save you." He knelt in front of her and kissed her on the cheek, making her giggle at the feeling of his whiskers. "I wish it didn't have to be this way, Meelie. But these are the times we live in, and we must do what we can to survive it until one day it will hopefully be over, and France will be free again."

"Do you think it will ever be over?" she asked.

"There are other nations in the world that won't want Hitler ruling Europe. While we all must do what we can, our hope lies in our allies now. We just have to hang on until they can liberate us." He stood up abruptly. "Now go pack a few things. A car will be here soon to take you south."

"Tonight?" his voice broke.

He gently caressed her cheek with his hand. "Yes, tonight. I love you, my Meelie." His eyes welled with tears. "Always remember that."

She suddenly clasped his hand against her face. "I love you, papa."

He nodded, pulling his hand away. "Now go pack."

She stood and left the room. Her heart raced as she wondered where she was going and what would happen. She so much wanted to stay with her papa, she felt safe with him. However, her world was no longer safe thanks to the Germans. Now she had to go some place and hide out like a criminal in her own country when she had done nothing wrong. She never hated Germans so much than at that very moment.

The car that was going to take her to Limoges was to be driven by a priest. It was an old wagon and it had a false bottom in the back. He made her lay in this compartment under the floor and shut her in. She could hear boxes of goods being stacked on top. The trip to Limoges was going to take a while and once the vehicle got under way Amelie found herself bouncing around inside her little prison on the rough road. It also got hot as the exhaust pipe ran directly underneath her.

After what seemed like an age the door to her compartment was opened and a hand was thrust forward to help her out. She grabbed it and was pulled out to find herself with two men in their thirties.

"Where's Father Bertrand?" she asked looking around.

"We swapped cars with him in Bourges. He's long gone now. You're in Limoges, with friends," The man said with a smile. "I am Henri, and this is Andre. Now come inside and get some food. I bet you must be starving after being in that compartment all day."

"Where's my brothers? Jacques and Luc?" she asked looking at both men. "Are they here?"

The men looked at each other with grimaces. Then Andre said, "I'm sorry Ms Amelie, but they cannot be here to meet you. They have to lay low for a while, but you will see them when we reach our hideout in the Millevaches. I assure they're OK."

She nodded. Amelie didn't really have any choice but to do what these men said for now. It could be that they are really German spies taking Father Bertrand's place, and using her as bait to lure her brothers out. All she could do was go along with the men for now.

The house was dark outside, but looked French provincial in style. Upon entering the warmth of the hearth and the smell of food simmering on the stove immediately filled her with some happiness. Her stomach growled in approval. A kindly old woman in her seventies came and took her hands and led her to the back of the house.

"Now, now my dear, there's a privy out that door and down the path. When you come back you can wash up here. I have left a change of clothes for you too. Can't have a pretty young lady like you looking like a boy. It just won't do," she clucked.

"Thank you, madam. Is there a candle I can use to go out to the privy?" Amelie asked.

"No lights outside at night-time my dear, that is the rules the Germans make us live by. I will take you if you like, but the moon is out so you should see OK."

Amelie got the distinct impression the old woman didn't really want to take her. "No... I'm sure I can manage."

The old woman smiled at her warmly. "Good, now as soon as you're ready I have some nice Beef Bourguignon ready to eat for you. OK?"

Amelie nodded and walked out the back door, again feeling the chill of the night air. It was quite late now, probably past midnight. She waited for her eyes to adjust to the moonlight and then headed down the path to the outhouse which she tell was at the end. She hated outside toilets at night, especially with no light.

She made there no problems and when she tried to shut the door she found it so dark inside the outhouse that it scared her. So she decided to leave the door open. Not a moment too soon as holding her waste in for the last twelve hours had been torture and she was certain she'd soil herself in the car on the way here.

Thankfully she didn't. As her pee and poo exited her body she sighed in relief, leaning back and closing her eyes just to enjoy the moment. Suddenly she felt something cold touch her inner thigh, then some hot air blowing over her groin. She opened her eyes and looked down and to her surprise the dark outline of a rather large dog was standing just in front of her. Its head precariously poised between her legs as it seemed to be taking in the scent it found.

“Good boy... nice doggy,” she said patting it on the back.

In the dim light she could see the tail wag behind it which filled her with relief that the dog was at least friendly. She gave it a pat, and felt its tongue rake her thigh which made her giggle. “OK, that’s a little too close for comfort doggy. Best be off now eh?”

The dog didn’t move. The tongue touched her again, this time directly on her pussy. Her body jolted in shock. The dog seemed to like the taste of her and kept lapping at her tight mound. “What are you doing... you bad dog... bad dog!” she scolded it, grabbing its head, and giving it a push.

The dogs moved back a bit for a moment, but as soon as she let go it was back in between her legs lapping and licking her pussy. She tried to push it again but this time he wouldn’t budge. His tongue licking her pussy, then tasting her still dirty bottom, it began to lick her clean of her poo too.

She felt her tummy tighten, her breathing became irregular, her legs felt like jelly as the her clitoris began to feel hotter and hotter. “Bad dog...” she said weakly as the sensations began to carry her away. The tension in her body seemed to tighten and tighten as the dog’s big wet course tongue explored her womanhood, She had slid down without realising so her pussy was totally exposed to the beast.

The dog suddenly jumped up, its front paws on the bench that was the toilet seat. Amelie’s head was swimming as its furry body situated itself above her. She was not sure what was going on, feeling herself become disoriented in the darkness and the sensations.. The dog began humping her, rubbing its member on top of her pussy, over her clitoris. She moaned, grinding her pussy into it.

The dog phallus then found its mark and it penetrated her vagina, pushing its way deep inside her, breaking her hymen, taking her virginity. She squealed in pain as her cherry was claimed but the dog didn’t understand such human sufferings and was sliding its penis in and out of her very fast. Once it had found her sweet spot, it was determined to use it for its pleasure.

The feelings of pain subsided and new sensations took hold of her. The fullness she felt from the large phallus stretching her and probing her, coupled with the friction created by the motion of its passage sent a wave of pleasure over her like she had never experienced before. Amelie had experienced clitoral orgasm through masturbation, but this felt a bit different.

She could hear the dog pant in her ear, as it humped her. Something large was pushing at her pussy on the dogs penis and so she reached down and felt a large ball of flesh near the base of its penis. Her father had told her once about how dogs knot their bitches to impregnate them, and she had seen dogs stuck like that for ages. Given that she was expected back in the house soon she felt that it was not a good idea for this dog to knot her.

So she kept her hand there to stop it entering her. The dog was unperturbed though and continued to pound her womanhood like she was nothing but a stray bitch on the street. The tension in her body grew and grew until finally, like an uncoiling spring, her first orgasm rippled through her like a tsunami. Her body wriggled and went into spasm, as she moaned out loud in the dog’s chest. The dog felt her moist vagina tighten its grip around its dick and so it picked up its pace, and force.

Just as her first orgasm receded, like a wave being sucked back by the riptide, a new bigger wave rolled over her body making her grunt loudly. This orgasm felt more familiar, it was clitoral, and she pushed her pussy into the oncoming dick hoping more pleasure can be gained. The feeling of fullness inside her suddenly became intensified, and she felt a hot liquid filling her, expanding her even more. This caused another, if not lighter, orgasm to radiate out from her womb and she panted and moaned at the pleasure she felt.

The dog was obviously delivering his seed to his bitch. He had stopped humping her now and just stayed there looking satiated as its semen shot out into her womb. Amelie was coming to her senses, the thought of that old woman finding her like this pressed into her mind. There was no way she could explain what had just happened. It was primal, it was beastly, but it was also taboo. She pushed the dog off of her, it seemed more compliant now it had got what it wanted.

She felt its big member exit her vagina and semen ran out of her. She quickly sat up over the toilet to let it all run into it, so as not to leave a mess on the floor. The dog was gone as quickly as it came. Grabbing the paper she wiped herself and made sure she was clean. Then pulling up her underpants and trousers she left the outhouse and hurried back into the house.

As she entered the back door the old woman was there. She looked relieved to see Amelie. "My dear, I was worried you might have fallen in." she said jokingly.

Amelie blushed. "Sorry madam, I fell asleep. I guess I'm more tired than I thought."

"Come, just wash up for now. Your food will spoil if I cook it for much longer."

"Yes Madam," Amelie said politely and went to the wash bowl and began to wet a wash cloth.

"Did you see Woofy out there? I haven't seen him all night the rascally old dog," the woman asked.

Amelie's body stiffened, but she kept washing herself. "No madam, it was very dark I didn't see anything."

The old woman laughed as if remembering something funny. "He's probably off molesting some poor stray bitch in heat. That dog has fathered pups all over this district. I swear he can smell a bitch ready to mate in the next town that one. Then he seems to get there before any other dog can claim his prize. I can't tell you how many times I've had irate dog owners coming here claiming they had Woofies pups. But I wouldn't change him, he's a lovable dog."

Amelie didn't answer and the old woman began to feel a little embarrassed she had spoken so loosely around this naïve young woman. Talk of dogs mating was probably a little too unpalatable to this one, the old woman thought. She's probably still a virgin.

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## **Chapter Two**

By the time Amelie went to bed, she felt exhausted. The food, delicious as it was, just seemed to add to this. She literally fell asleep before her head even touched the pillow. Strange dreams filled her mind of her father being taken by the Germans, to her with many dogs - all molesting her. When she finally awoke there was daylight peeking through the blinds, and so she got up and went to find Mrs Peron.

In the kitchen an old clock reads just past ten AM. She had slept late, and thankfully the old couple that lived here had let her. On the table was some croissants and fruit which looked like they had been left for her. Her stomach growled in response, and so she sat and began to eat.

Then from behind her a familiar voice spoke. "Oh good morning sleepy head."

Amelie looked around to see Mrs Peron standing in the doorway that led towards the back of the house, holding a basket of vegetables from the garden. "Oh... morning Madam Peron, thank you for your hospitality."

"That's fine, dear. Get some rest as I'm sure once you join the others you'll be busy enough," she said as she walked in and put the basket down on the floor beside the stove. Standing with a sigh, she then said, "I only wish I was younger, then I'd show those assholes not to invade our country too."

"Where's Henri and Andre?" Amelie asked.

"They'll be back tonight to take you to the Michevalles in darkness. We thought you needed to rest last night because you looked so tired, that's why they left you with us. You're to keep out of sight though, but you can go into the backyard as that is fairly private. Maybe you can do some gardening for me? Some of those weeds are hard to pull at my age. What do you say?" Mrs Peron said with a smile.

"Sure, I'll be happy to help."

"Good, now let me make you some coffee. Croissants without coffee is like life without joy," the old woman said poetically.

Amelie laughed and felt herself becoming endeared to Mrs Peron. She was a nice woman, and to take her into her home and treat her so kindly just proved that. Although gardening was not something she enjoyed herself, it was the least she could do to pay back the hospitality she had been shown.

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It was a warm spring day in Limoges, and Amelie felt refreshed feeling the sun on her face, the cool breeze blowing a scent of jasmine that smelt so sweet. Outside the yard directly behind the house was bordered by the outhouse and some sheds with a high hedge in between. Mrs Peron took her past the hedge to an area that opened up into a very large vegetable garden, it must have been at least a quarter of an acre in size. It looked impressive.

Amelie looked around, but the vegetable garden looked in perfect condition. "I don't see any weeds here, Madam," she said.

Mrs Peron laughed and then gestured her to follow. "No, no - Mr Peron takes care of this and he'd kill me if I let you touch it. Heavens, he barely let's me near it. No, the place I want you to work is behind that hedge." She pointed to the other side of the vegetable garden.

Sure enough another high hedge bordered the back of the vegetable garden, and as they walked through the opening they came into an area again about one-quarter of an acre in size filled with mostly with trees. Fruit trees and some olive trees too. Amelie could make out a large stone wall about ten feet tall at the very back of this area. Looking around, she also spotted a chicken coup and a pig pen with two big pigs inside it.

Growing wildly throughout the area were multitudes of horseweed, in big tall strands. "If you can pull out this horseweed for me, I'll be very happy. It comes out easy enough, just pile it over by the back fence so Mr Peron can burn it later. Is that OK?" the old woman asked.

"Yes, Madam," Amelie answered, looking about.

"You're such a sweet girl," the old woman smiled at her. Then reaching into her pocket she pulled out a pair of leather gloves. "Wear these, I don't want you getting blisters."

Amelie took them and put them on and began pulling the weeds out. They did come out fairly easily, but there looked like a hell of a lot of it back here. Mrs Peron watched for a while and then satisfied the young woman was going to be OK, left her to it.

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Amelie decided the best thing to do is not to think about it, just do it; and by the time she had been called in for lunch she had cleared a third of the area of the weed. After some left over stew from last night and bread, she went back out pulling the weed out again while Mr Peron worked in his beloved vegetable patch next door. He didn't speak much she found, but he ruled the household that much was certain.

After another hour pulling the endless weed out, she felt something bump into the back of her legs and turned around to see Wolfy standing there wagging his tail. "Oh... you again," she said to him, giving him a pat.

Wolfy was a big dog. Now she could see him he looked like a cross between a mastiff and a Labrador, and probably something else too. Any wonder people didn't like finding out he had sired the puppies of their dogs. He was hardly a pedigree.

As she scratched his neck he fell down and rolled over, lying on his back with his legs in the air indicating he wanted her to rub his belly. Her eyes were immediately drawn to the large furry sheath that surrounded his doghood. As poking out of it was a rather outrageous display of red dog dick.

"You're such a dog, Woofy," Amelie said laughing, then scratching his belly to make his leg pump.

The more she rubbed his belly, the more red dog dick poked out at her. Woofy lay looking up at her, his tongue hanging out the side of his mouth as he panted. "What do you want from me?" she asked him.

The dog whined a bit.

"Haven't you damaged my reputation enough last night?" she said to him, "... making me one of your many conquests?"

Amelie just didn't understand the allure that was pulling at her. What happened last night was something she promised herself would never happen again. She was tired, her guard was down, and she was exposed. So the dog took advantage of her. Some may say it even raped her. However this blatant display is more than just playfulness. Woofy is showing her his dominance over her. He now considered her his bitch, nothing more and nothing less.

If this was a guy she'd slap his face and tell her father or brothers, who'd then would probably beat him up for good measure. To show him that their Meelie was not a piece of meat. This dog, however, had different ideas.

It whined again, looking up at her with its puppy dog eyes.

Suddenly, a deep voice yelled out from across the hedge. "Is Woofy bothering you, my dear?" Mr Peron said.



This is her chance. If she said 'yes', then Mr Peron would come and take the dog away no doubt. If she said 'no', then Woofy would have a right to claim her. Her heart pounded in her chest, and she suddenly felt short of breath, almost dizzy.

"No, Mr Peron. He's just being friendly," she called out.

"Very well, let me know if he's a nuisance," Mr Peron called back.

"OK," she replied.

Silence again fell on the grove, as her hand now started to rub Woofy's big dog dick. He liked it, and before long her hand was gliding up and down his big thick erection. The dog's penis looked strange to her. Not like a man's penis at all. It was thick, and red and whitish flesh, with veins that you could see clearly. The head didn't look helmet shaped at all, but looked odd. It looked like the shaft just came to an abrupt end, with a little pointy bit of flesh peeking out from the end of it. It actually looked a bit wider at the head than at the shaft.

As she stroked it, it leaked lots of precum, and so she used it to lubricate her hand. Woofy though needed more than just a hand-job it seemed, and so abruptly he stood up. His big doggy dick hung down looking angry and ready for action. His nose pushed furtively in between her legs, knocking her down onto her back.

He wanted to get to her pussy, but her pants were in the way. Without thinking, she undid them and pulled them down to her ankles. Then she laid back for him opening her legs to accept his tongue. He licked her wetness away, replacing it with his dog saliva. It felt so good to her, and she wanted to moan loudly but Mr Peron worked just behind the hedge, so she held it inside.

After about five minutes of licking she came hard, closing her eyes tight and clenching the grass to hold herself still as her body rocked. Woofy stopped licking her, and was jumping about around her which told her he wanted to claim his bitch once more. So Amelie rolled over onto her hands and knees, and presented herself for him like an obedient bitch.

Woofy was up on top of her in a flash, humping wildly at her for a moment until he finally found her vaginal opening. His penis slid right inside her with some force. Amelie clenched her teeth to stop herself making noise, but the feeling of him filling her so completely made her whole body quiver and go weak.

Woofy knew how to handle her. He's mated plenty of bitches before her, and this one is no different in his eyes to the others. His thrusts were powerful and fast, unrelenting, as he ravaged her. Her body shook back and forth, her breasts wobbled under her shirt. Orgasms rippled through her, some weak, and some earth shatteringly good.

Woofy was seeking his own release though, he didn't care about her orgasms. He just wanted to mate with her, and fill her with his dog seed. The primal urge that motivates all creatures, is all that consumed him in that moment.

Lost in the sensations of sex, she didn't feel until too late his huge knot slip inside her vagina. Stretching her even more, mixing pain with pleasure. It came out and back in a few times, and just as she thought she better prevent him knotting her it was too late. Woofy had buried his entire cock length, a good 9 inches, with knot, deep inside her pussy.

Her vaginal walls clamped around it, encasing it and holding it in place. There was no way the knot was coming out until Woofy was ready for it to come out. Woofy suddenly settled down, and she felt

his hot semen expanding her even more. The pressure built to such a point where another orgasm shook her to the core.

After about five-minutes, Woofy jumped off her back and turned so he had his backside to hers. His big engorged dog phallus was going nowhere though, as semen continued to pump inside her. He walked along dragging her with him under a lemon tree where he lay down. He panted in the most satisfied way, he was the master of all he surveyed and he knew it.

Mr Peron called out to her. "Amelie, I'm going in for a drink. Do you want to come?" he asked.

She grimaced thinking Woofy's dick wasn't going to let her go anywhere at the moment. Her heart leapt in her chest at the thought of him coming back here and catching her. "Ah... no thank you, sir. I wish to keep going for now."

"That's what I like to hear, a hard worker. OK, I'll bring some water out for you when I return," he said warmly.

"Thank-you," she called out.

When he returns, she thought wildly. I hope Woofy is done with me by then.

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Amelie and Woofy must have been tied together for about twenty minutes when she finally felt his knot noticeably shrink inside her. So she pulled herself away from him, and thankfully Woofy's dick popped out of her, followed by what seemed like gallons of semen. She squatted in the grass, and let it drain from her. There seemed so much of it.

Woofy started licking his dick as soon as it was free of her, no doubt tasting her on it. Peering through the hedge she seen Mr Peron approach from the other side of the vegetable garden carrying a tin cup. She had no time to waste now, and quickly she pulled her pants up, and began to pull out weeds away from where Woofy was lying.

Mr Peron walked through the opening in the hedge and called out to her. She stopped in a mid weed pull, and smiled at him. "You're doing a fine job here, Amelie," he said handing her the cup with water in it.

"Oh I'm glad to just have something to do, Mr Peron," she said, then sipped the cool water.

Mr Peron was looking around, then he noticed Woofy under a lemon tree licking his semi-hard dick. "Woofy, you old rascal," he said amused. Then he turned back to Amelie and said, "I'm afraid Woofy isn't much of gentleman around the women folk."

She looked at Woofy and laughed. "Yes, Mrs Peron was saying last night."

"I think this is his way of saying he likes you," Mr Peron said. "I hope you're not offended by his... ah - assertiveness?"

Amelie just shrugged, and continued to drink her water.

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Chapter Three

It was late in the evening that André returned and ushered her out into a car. Inside were three other men she had never met before, who looked upon her with some disdain. "This is Paul, Robert, and Pierre," André said as way of a hasty introduction.

Before she could speak Paul burst out angrily, "How are we meant to complete our mission tonight while babysitting Jacques little sister? You should have done this last night as planned."

"Mission?" Amelie said, feeling worried.

André looked harshly at Paul for a moment. Then to Amelie he said in a soft voice, "Yes, we're engaging in a little sabotage tonight. But you don't need to worry, you just have to stay in the car, and leave it all up to us. Once we're done, we'll be heading back to base camp where your brothers are waiting for you. OK?"

"I don't want to be in the way," she said, feeling herself tremble at the thought of what was going to happen.

"You see, even she doesn't think it's a good idea," Paul spat.

"She didn't say that. Stop being such a rude prick," Robert said sounding annoyed. "Don't mind Paul, he's an asshole, but he's a good asshole," Robert then said to Amelie.

The car started up and pulled away as all the men laughed, except Paul who grunted and crossed his arms. Deciding to look out the passenger window, instead of at his friends.

The car parked in an alley behind a three-story building. It was very dark, and when they left her all alone she felt very scared. André had told her to keep down if a patrol came by, assuring her they won't be interested in an empty car. Somehow this didn't really comfort Amelie, but she was not in a position to argue.

Lying there in the darkness was frightening. The men seemed to be gone for hours, and without really knowing what they were doing all kinds of frightening thoughts entered her mind. Like what would happen if they are caught, or even worse - killed, what does she do then? She has no idea where she is, and how to get back to the Peron's. Maybe Paul was right after all, her being here is not such a good idea, she thought.

Eventually, after what seemed like hours of waiting, the men all came back climbing into the car in a hurry. They were clearly agitated and excited by what they had done. Amelie felt relief that they had all returned safely.

"Come on, André, get us outta here," Robert said slapping André on the shoulder.

"That was awesome, did you see me put that German guard down. Barely made a sound," Pierre boasted.

"It'll make a sound in a moment, come on André put your foot down," Paul said.

"If I go fast it'll look suspicious," André said.

"A car driving around at this time of night will look suspicious regardless of what speed you're doing," Paul said sarcastically.

André thought for a moment, and then decided that made sense. So he put his foot down and the car sped up. Just as they reached the outskirts of Limoges, where buildings gave way to farmland, there was an almighty explosion from behind them in the town. It was so large that it even made the car shake. For a moment she could finally see the faces of the strange men she had met tonight.

They all wore caps pulled down low, but Paul had a scar on the upper left-hand side of his lip that ran up his face about five centimetres. Giving him the appearance of having a constant sneer. It seems his personality matched his face, she thought.

“Will the Peron’s be alright? That was a big explosion,” she asked, feeling herself tremble at the thought that their sabotage may have killed innocent people.

“They’ll be fine,” Pierre replied. “The explosion was in the industrial area of Limoges. There may be a few broken windows, but the people should be fine.”

“I hope so,” Robert suddenly said, “... that was a tad bigger than I thought it would be.”

“There were more drums of gasoline there than we thought. I think that is what made it bigger. But Pierre is right, apart from some minor damage to houses I can’t see why any civilians would’ve been hurt. Unless they were near that depot when it went up. Then they’ll be dead,” André said grimly.

“Along with about fifty filthy Germans,” Paul hissed.

“What was at the depot?” Amelie asked, her curiosity peaked.

The men were still feeling the adrenaline rush of the night’s events, so they were more forthcoming than when they picked her up.

“It was a general supply warehouse. Food, uniforms, ammunition, and so on. They were about to send their goods to Rommel’s Panzer Battalion,” André answered.

“Not anymore,” Paul said looking at his friends, and they all laughed.

“One small victory to the resistance, and each small victory we gain will end up one large pain in the ass to the Germans,” Robert said, making the men laugh again.

André turned the car off the main road and up a dirt track. There’s something surreal about travelling in a car that is going fast at night with no headlights on. No lights of any kind. The car seemed to find every pothole in the road, and bounced along bone-jarringly. They travelled across open fields, over shallow streams, and through rarely used tracks. Eventually driving into a large barn that stood at a back paddock,

The men climbed out and so Amelie followed suit. One ran and closed the barn doors. André pulled a torch from his rucksack and after switching it on he banged it to get it working. In the light she seen the other car parked here as well, the one that drove her from Paris to Limoges.

“Come, I can only keep this on until we’re out of the barn. We cross over into the woods and continue on foot. The important thing is that we’re as silent as possible. Amelie, stay with me and keep up. Got it?” André said in a harsh whisper.

They all grunted they understood. Walking to the back of a barn Paul opened a door after André turned off the torch. Thankfully there was still a half-moon like last night. So there was enough light to see a little of where they were going. The group moved quickly into the forest and along an animal

track.

The going was hard because the ground was uneven and rough. Amelie tripped more than once hitting the ground hard on several occasions, and getting the wind knocked out of her. She struggled to keep up with the men, and they did not slow for her – so she had to. They crossed streams, climbed thick wooded hills fighting the vegetation all the way.

Eventually they came to a dirt road. On the other side of the road was another large paddock planted with some crops she couldn't make out in the night. They looked around and saw that the coast was clear, and so ran out of the woods and into the paddock.

Five hundred meters into the paddock a light suddenly hit them. It was a spotlight on a truck. The Germans had waited for them here. A German soldier yelled at them, "Stoppen oder wir schießen!"

"Fuck, head for the woods... RUN!" André yelled.

The four of them burst forward, sprinting down the hill the paddock was on towards the woods below. André grabbed Amelie's hand and pulled her along. "If we get split up head to Meymac. Go to 'The Black Horse Inn' and ask for Mr Jarreau and tell him you're looking for the road to peace."

"The what?" Amelie panted.

"Tell him you're looking for the road to peace. Understood?" André insisted.

Meymac, The Black Horse Inn, Mr Jarreau, the road to peace... I got it," she said.

Suddenly a burst of machine gun fire could heard from behind them. The Germans were still screaming at them to stop, and the truck was now heading through the paddock as well. The woods which seemed close at the top of the hill, were actually further than she realised. A cramp was forming in her side, and she gasped for air as André pulled her along.

Then her world literally turned upside down.

André went down as a bullet pierced his shoulder and he dragged her down with him. Amelie began rolling down the hill uncontrollably until she finally stopped with the wind knocked out of her.

She tried to compose herself but the Germans were closing on her now. Looking around André was nowhere to be seen. Poking her head through what she decided was wheat, she could not see the others. However. German voices and lights from behind were closing. They were too close now for her to start running again.

As she spied her surroundings she spotted a ruined old stone farmhouse a hundred meters below her. She headed straight for it. The house still had its walls, but no roof to speak of, and no windows. She made it inside and quickly looked for a place to hide. It still had wooden floorboards that were rotten and creaked under her feet. There was an opening and so she forced her petite body down under the floorboards ignoring the various creepy crawlies her efforts aroused.

Not long after she had hid herself, footsteps and torches shone all above her as German Soldiers searched the ruins for them. They shouted at each other in that loud sharp accent. Amelie could hear her heart pounding in her ears, and her breathing sounded too loud to her, so she was trying to hold her breath when one came close.

Eventually they left the ruins, but the truck had stopped only a short distance from it, and the men

were speaking outside. When what seemed like a very large spider was crawling on her face, Amelie decided she'd had enough of her hiding place and crawled out. Standing, she quickly rubbed herself down as her skin crawled from the various bugs that had come to visit her under the floorboards.

Then she sat herself in the corner of the room where no light from outside could accidentally illuminate her and give her away. She calmed herself trying to think about what had happened. André got shot, and he pulled her down. Was he dead? She didn't know, and worst of all she couldn't help him anyway.

The night was getting chilly, and the stones radiated cold too which made her shiver. The Germans weren't leaving for some reason, and that annoyed her. Then to her surprise she realised she wasn't alone anymore.

Across the room looking directly at her stood a German Shepherd dog. No doubt belonging to the soldiers outside searching for her and her friends. She'd been found. The dog approached her sniffing the air around her. She sat perfectly still, her eyes fixed on its shape in the darkness. It let out a soft growl at her. She remained still. It came up close, she trembled in fear, she couldn't help it.

The dog was still sniffing at her feet, Then it moved up closer, its muzzle tracing out the scent of sex and Woofy's semen on her pants. She waited for it to attack her, that's what these dogs were trained to do. Attack to drive her outside so the Germans could capture her. She closed her eyes, waiting for it to bite her.

Instead, she felt its nose in her groin sniffing loudly, almost wondrously at the scent that was there. She raised her head and looked at the curious animal. Spreading her legs she let it have more access. It licked at her pants, whined a little, seeming suddenly excited.

Amelie couldn't believe her luck. If this dog had its way with her, then maybe it won't reveal her hiding place. After all she managed to keep quiet while Woofy fucked her, and Mr Peron was meters away oblivious to it all. Maybe this was how she could subdue this animal. She slowly reached towards the button on her pants and the dog growled a little. Steeling her resolve, she grabbed the button and undid her pants. Lifting her bottom she slid her pants and underpants down to her above her knees. I can't believe I'm doing this, she thought to herself. This dog could kill me!

The dog's nose buried into her hairy pussy, taking the scent of her sex and Woofy's cum into its nose. She waited, holding her breath, wondering what it would do now she had given it access to her most private place. The dog's tongue lapped across her vagina, she let out a soft sigh. It kept licking her, and so she slid down a little to give it better access.

It's tongue tasted her inside her pussy, her clitoris and labia, down into her ass. It tasted all her flavours and her womanhood. She closed her eyes while it continued to lick her out, her breathing ragged all of a sudden. Her stomach grew tighter as the dog worked her over until finally she came, holding her breath, eyes clenched shut, and her head moving in jerky motions.

The dog was excited now, she could tell. She had seen it in Woofy and she was about to get down so it could mount her when all of a sudden it jumped up so its paws were on the wall behind her. Its big cock pushed at her lips as it humped in its excitement.

Before Amelie knew what was happening the large penis entered her mouth squirting its salty precum down her throat. The doggy dick tasted funny. Like that doggy smell dogs get, only tangy,

kind of meaty, and way more intense. She wanted to gag, but the dog didn't care for her comfort. It humped her face pushing its angry red cock deeper and deeper down her throat.

She had to breathe through her nose, and lips began to tingle and feel numb from the friction of the cock sliding over them. Precum was gushing out and running down her chin, only enhancing the dog flavours assaulting her senses. Then the knot began to hit her face as it also tried to force itself in her mouth. Her poor nose and chin were taking a pounding. Slapped by the knot, and force-fed its cock, the aroused dog just kept at it. Relentless in its forceful thrusting in and out of her mouth.

Then a new taste overwhelmed her and made her head spin. She gagged, hoping the soldiers wouldn't hear her. The dog was blowing its load in her mouth. Like Woofy, once this dog started ejaculating its semen it settled down. She pulled back a bit, letting its semen fill her mouth. Tasting its tangy saltiness, almost coppery flavour. She swallowed it, then her mouth filled again.

In no time she had swallowed six mouth fulls of dog cum. The dog pulled away from her, jumping down taking its wonderful cock with it. It walked out to the centre of the room and shook its fur in an act of satisfaction. Just then she spotted another dog enter the room and walk up to its friend. It also was a German Shepherd. She could tell by the shape of its head and the way its ears stood up.

The new dog sniffed at his friend and then sniffed the air, eventually looking directly at her. She pulled her pants and underpants off and then crawled out on her hands and knees. The new dog was immediately on her sniffing, around her body and then at her upraised backside. It sniffed her pussy for a good long while, its cold nose making her tingle. It began to lick her, not furtively like a hungry beast, but purposely - as if trying to work out who the bitch belonged to.

Her wetness was growing and it seemed to like the taste of her womanhood. It circled her a few times, nipped at her as well. An act of dominance, not an attack. The dog was claiming her, showing her who is in charge. Then he mounted her, and she arched her back to present herself to it. It humped her wildly, its large cock slapping her all over, so she reached under and guided it inside her warm wet pussy.

At once, her body quivered as the dog slammed his dick deep inside her, filling her beyond anything possible. This dog felt thicker than Woofy, maybe longer to. It punished her pussy as it aggressively fucked her. It took all her will not to cry out in arousal, to moan like a two dollar whore as this animal unleashed its fury upon her.

Amelie gripped the ground to stop the dog driving her forward, so powerful were its thrusts. She felt impaled on this dick, like a rag doll. Then a great pain gripped her inside her vagina, she gasped reaching back and grabbing her pants she shoved them in her mouth to gag herself. The pain moved from the entrance of her vagina to inside it. She was being stretched like she couldn't believe.

The knot had found its place.

The dog kept trying to fuck her but even he was having difficulty moving his dick like he did before. The knot dragging back a little, and then in a little - on and on. Amelie was seeing stars, her body was a sweaty mess, convulsing in continual orgasm, Her whole world and consciousness shrunk to just this moment. The cock owned her. This dog owned her.

It's semen filled her like lava, making her squirm even more. The powerful animal finally settled down and enjoyed the moment of mating his bitch. Its weight pressed on her back, like the weight of his cock pressed inside her body. Inside and out the dog mastered her. Eventually it climbed off and turned so they were back to back. It dragged her along the damp floorboards for a while before it settled down.

Amelie was still aroused though, and worked the muscles of her vaginal wall on it while rubbing her clitoris. She managed to work herself to two more orgasms before she felt spent. They lay there for what seemed like ages, and she wondered if the knot would ever go down. Fear gripped her, if the Germans found her like this then her father's worst fears would be realised, and then some.

She thought of her father. Poor papa, what would he think of her if he knew what degradation she had resorted to. This was not what he would have wanted for his little girl. Then again, she had given herself willingly. The way these beasts made her orgasm was the best thing she had ever known. Maybe she liked it, she wondered. Maybe this is who she is, she thought.

The dog suddenly got up, ears pointed and head cocked. Men outside were whistling for it, and the other dogs. It pulled on her but was still stuck. She panicked, gripping the floor with her hands. The dog whined a little, and pulled more. Amelie felt the knot move inside her. The dog pulled harder, without thought to his bitch, he pulled his dick out of her.

It hurt.

It hurt badly.

She squealed with her teeth clenched, then fell to the floor.

Passing out.

So ended her night.

Deep in the woods of the Michevalles in France, two men stumbled towards the caves where the resistance hid, both injured and bleeding from flesh wounds. Within a short time they were surrounded by comrades in arms, fellow resistance fighters agitated at the state they were in. Robert and Paul had made it back to camp after a harrowing night of cat and mouse with German soldiers hunting for them.

They had to lead the Germans away from the camp, then lose them in the forest, and double back to reach home. The effort was at great cost as they told their leader Christian Moubray their tale. André and Pierre were both dead, they had seen them go down. As for the girl, they didn't know what happened to her. The mission was a success though, and the supply depot was destroyed.

A solidly built man dressed in warm clothes pushed through. "Was she captured? Did you see it?" he asked the wounded men.

"Jacques, she was with André when he got shot. We lost sight of her after that. I'm sorry, but it was hell out there," Robert said, as a way of explanation about why she wasn't with them.

Paul then said, "I did hear André telling her to go to Meymac if we were split up. Maybe she will turn up there."

Moubray took Robert under the arm to help support him. "We will send word to Jarreau to keep an eye out for her. In the meantime, let's get these two into the caves. Get them some brandy and some food," he shouted and men ran off ahead of them.

As the small crowd followed the two returned soldiers into the caves, Jacques and his brother Luc stood back looking at each other with deep frowns. "Make her way to Meymac?" Luc laughed bitterly. "If Amelie weren't captured already, I think she'll be lost in the woods. The poor girl will have no idea how to get to Meymac," Luc said shaking his head.

"You're right, we have to go and look for her. We made a promise to papa, and I for one plan to keep it," Jacques said.

"I knew we should've gone and got her from the Peron's ourselves. This whole situation is a total fuck up," Luc said. "If anything happens to her..."

Jacques put his hand on his brother's shoulder as a gesture of comfort. "Now is not the time to fill our heads with fears that would paralyse us, little brother. Amelie needs our help, that's all that matters now."

A deep voice suddenly spoke behind them, "So I suppose you're both leaving to search for Amelie?" It was Moubray, their leader.

Luc stepped forward and stared at him wide-eyed. "She is our kin, and in over her head. It's our duty to go find her. She's in this position because we allowed others to interfere with our family responsibilities."

"Enough Luc, Christian was not to know this would happen," Jacques said, defending his leader.

"Luc is right," Moubray said to the brothers' surprise. "My caution has put her in peril, and for that I'm sorry. Take Pascal and Demarr with you. God's speed, and bring her back safe."

Moubray then turned and disappeared into the foliage that covered the cave entrance.

Luc was not impressed though. "Caution?" he spat. "What caution was it that had them take Amelie on that mission with them," he said to Jacques in a hushed voice.

Jacques nodded. "What's done is done now, Amelie's fate is in our hands. We will find her little brother."

"And if she's dead?" Luc looked at him eyes narrowed.

"Then we will hunt down those responsible and gut them while they watch," Jacques said, making Luc nod in approval.

Two rough-looking men suddenly appeared out of the foliage, carrying weapons and gear. It was Pascal and Demarr. They handed the brothers weapons, and a rucksack each. "So where to first?" Demarr asked.

"We go back to the Trivette field where the ambush happened, and see if we can pick up any tracks that are hers," Jacques said.

"And if we can't find any?" Pascal asked.

"One thing at a time. Come on, let's go," Jacques said, and they all walked off into the woods.

As the morning sun peeked over the horizon on the Trivette field Amelie awoke lying on the cold

floor of the ruined farmhouse. The first thing she noticed was that her body ached all over, but the worse pain came from her vagina. The second thing she noticed as her senses returned, was the unrelenting coldness she felt. Reaching down and touching her almost numb leg, the reason became immediately clear. Amelie was naked from the waist down.

She pushed herself up to a sitting position which made her head spin and her stomach churn. For a moment she thought she was peeing, but it was the slimy remains of the German Shepherd running out of her pussy from the change in position. Looking about she spotted her underpants, trousers and shoes laying scattered about.

Her body slumped, remembering that ferocious animal, and the way it fucked her. I can never tell anyone about it, she thought. I will have to endure the memory of it alone. Sitting in the silence she listened for signs that the Germans were still nearby. All she could hear were the birds and insects, with the sound of the breeze blowing through the nearby trees.

Climbing to her feet, she grabbed the wall as her head spun again. I have to find some water, she thought, I must be dehydrated. More semen dripped out of her, running down her inner thighs, along with some old blood. Her blood.

There was nothing to wipe herself with, just her clothes. So she decided she could do without underpants for now, and used them to wipe herself clean. Throwing the soiled pair into the corner of the room. She dressed quickly and then moved to the window and peeked out. There was no one about.

Moving back through the house she did likewise on the other side. The forest was close, and again she could see no one. So she ran out of the ruins as fast as her stiff legs could take her, and before long entered the forest. At least moving was warming her up a bit, and the stiffness began to lessen. After around thirty minutes of walking she came across a flowing stream and upon seeing it, she fell to her knees and drank from it. Long and deep.

She had an idea and plunged her arm in to test the depth. Satisfied, she stood and removed her shoes and trousers. Then she lowered herself into the water to clean her pussy. The water was cold but she endured it as the feeling of pain from her vagina receded. Once she could stand the cold snow-melt water no longer she climbed out and hit her legs, stomped around, to get the feeling back in them again.

Then she was dressed and off again. She felt too tired to run, and so decided to just walk at normal pace. This way she could stay quiet as she made her way through the woods. Amelie had no idea where she was going but one thing she was certain of she had to make sure she avoided the Germans. That meant she couldn't go to the main roads, yet she still needed to find out where she was and what direction Meymac is from here.

The woods seem to go forever as she walked along the rough uneven ground. At least there was plenty of water, since the warmer weather was melting the winter snow in the mountains. Her stomach growled though for food. However, not knowing what was edible in these woods she decided it was better to go without for now.

The day dragged on and in the early afternoon she came out of the woods and found herself on another farm. The paddocks looked like they had maize growing which meant she could walk through without being seen. After a trekking her way through the maize she came out again on the other side of the field in front of a big barn.

The place was deserted and so she decided to go inside and see if there was anything there she

could eat. Maybe some straw for her to bed down for the night. Yes, she decided, this will do nicely for now. I can sleep undercover and tomorrow maybe find someone trustworthy to ask for directions to Meymac.

The two large front doors were chained shut with a big padlock on them. So she ventured around the side and found some broken weatherboard's. Slipping inside she found herself in an empty horse stall. She kept down low using her ears to listen for sounds of life in the barn. It was very quiet, so she stood and walked out of the stall in order to explore her accommodation for the night. With any luck there might be some maize here she can eat.

It took the men a good eight-hours to reach the Trivette field, as German patrols were still around trying to find traces of the saboteurs from last night's attack. This slowed them up considerably. They did at least overhear confirmation of Andre's and Pierre's death, but no word of Amelie. It gave Jacques hope that she may have eluded capture. However, Luc thought she could still be dead somewhere.

The men lay low behind the tree line looking out over the field with binoculars. The wheat was flattened in a number of places where German vehicles had just driven over the top of it. Although they knew it was unlikely they'd find her here, they did hope they could pick up some tracks that might be hers. Tracks they could follow.

Pascal was scanning the field again with the binoculars. "Look at that? Isn't that Alf Peron's dog?"

Jacques took the binoculars and looked. There he was, a large tan coloured mutt with the Labrador like face, was sniffing its way towards an old ruined farmhouse. "It looks like it. I wonder what brings it out here?"

Luc snapped his head back as if having a wild thought. "Amelie was at the Peron's. Do you think it could be following her scent?"

The men all looked at each other, nodding. Then they rose and began to run along the tree line until they drew parallel with the old farmhouse. After deciding the coast was clear, they sprinted the short distance across the field and entered what was once the back door of the building with weapons at the ready.

Slowly they crept through the building until they came across the dog actively sniffing what looked like a rag. Luc went to grab it, but Woofy growled. Pascal grabbed the dog by the collar and pulled it away saying quietly, "Be a good dog eh?"

Luc picked up the dirty looking rag and unravelled it. It was a pair of women's undergarments. What was worse, they had blood on them. "Fuck!" Luc spat.

"It may not be what you think," Demarr said.

"What do you mean?" Luc asked.

"He means it could just be her period, not..." Jacques couldn't bring himself to say rape. The idea of her little sister being gang raped by German soldiers was too much for him to process right now.

"So why would she discard her undergarments if she is having a period?" Luc asked, looking at his brother with a furrowed brow.

“Well... I don’t know. At least it’s a sign she was here. We know the Germans don’t have her, so maybe we should just keep pushing on, and save the questions for later,” Jacques said, feeling annoyed at his brothers constant cynicism.

“The dog... let’s use the dog. It tracked her to this place,” Pascal suggested.

“Let’s take him to the back. If she hid and here and left after the Germans moved on, then she would have gone through that way to the woods,” Luc said.

They all agreed and took Woofy out the backdoor. Luc knelt beside it and patted his back. Woofy wagged his tail. Then Luc held the underpants at the dog’s nose for a moment. Woofy certainly liked what he smelt there for some reason. After Luc withdrew the underpants he said, “Go on boy, find her... find her for us... go on.”

They had no idea what Woofy would do to be honest. However, he seemed to understand what they wanted and his nose started sniffing about the ground. Then he set off in the direction they had come, following the scent he had picked up. The men all followed, hoping that wherever Amelie is right now, she is safe.

The exploration of the barn revealed that while there was nice soft straw in the loft that she could sleep on tonight, there was nothing edible at all to be found. Her stomach growled. The only thing she could do in this situation was ignore it. The barn was used to service the fields here, and since the farmer grew crops, there was no animal feed, apart from some straw.

The loft was not very safe though, it was an old barn after all, and she felt like the floor was going to collapse at any moment. Even a small woman like her made the boards bend and creak in an alarming manner. So she carried straw down to one of the stalls and made a bed for herself. Once she had enough straw in place, she lay on it and tested it out. For the first time in several days she felt safe, and drifted off to sleep.

Sometime later, getting close to dusk she was awoken by the sound of a vehicle. Amelie got to her feet and ran to the barn doors and found a hole in the wood to peep out of. Coming up the dirt track was a tractor. On it sat what looked like an older man, maybe the same age as her papa, wearing a straw hat and puffing a pipe. He was heading for the barn.

She quickly ran back to the stall she had prepared for the night and ducked down inside it. The tractor stopped outside idling its diesel motor, when she heard the chains unravel. The barn doors were opened wide, and a few moments later the tractor drove inside and was stopped.

She heard the old man climb down with a grunt and a moan. Her heart was racing, pounding in her chest as she listened. Curled up in a ball in the corner of the stall. All of a sudden she heard barking, and the sound of a dog running into the barn.

“What kept you damn crazy mutt,” the farmer said. “I’m sure there’s some tasty rats around here for you to catch.”

As she listened she heard the farmer fill something with water from an outside well, then returned it to the barn. Then she heard him unzip a bag and throw something on the ground. “That’ll tide you over in case there’s no rats for you tonight,” the farmer said.

The big barn doors creaked shut and the chain was put in place again. No doubt the big padlock

locked them up tightly for the night. Amelie breathed a sigh of relief, the farmer didn't find her, or even suspect her presence. However, her relief soon left her when she heard the distinct sound of a dog chewing on a bone. The dog had been locked in the barn with her.

Amelie kept very still. The dog had no idea she was there for the moment, and she hoped to keep it that way. The problem was her escape route was on the other side of the barn, so she was trapped. As she leaned back and try to calm her nerves the unthinkable happened. Her stomach let out a loud and long growl.

In a moment the dog had pushed its way into her stall and was sniffing at her. Funny thing was it never growled at her, it seemed like a friendly dog, and ran about her wagging its tail excitedly. She reached out and patted it, it came up and licked her face in appreciation. "Good boy," she said, "You're a good doggy."

The dog liked her encouragement, and licked her face some more. The dog was a medium size (it was easily sixty cm at the withers), and very hairy. Its hair hung down low, even over its face. It looked like it was black all over. It was a Briard, she had read about them in school., they were used as herding animals on farms. The memory of her school made her feel nice. The dog's friendliness made her feel safe again.

After checking out what the farmer had left the dog, food-wise, it wasn't really much that could help her hunger. Some old bones with some dry meat on them, now mostly gone, was not going to feed her. She sighed and returned to the stall and lay down in the straw. Her hunger was getting to her, and all she could think of was food. Especially her fathers fresh baked bread, always her favourite with large dabs of butter and strawberry preserve.

Amelie sat up and shook her head. Get it together Amelie, she scolded herself, stop thinking of food. Her stomach growled loudly and she laughed at the irony of it all. The dog was off sniffing about the barn so she was alone, and she felt happy that at least it wasn't trying to molest her. She shivered thinking about the German Shepherd's last night. Then a very twisted idea entered her mind.

No, she thought, I couldn't do that. The thought wouldn't leave her head though, and her stomach ached and growled, urging her on. So giving in to some of her primal urges, she whistled for the dog. After a few whistles and calling out the dog arrived in the darkness of the barn. It was literally pitch black now as the sun had gone down hours ago.

She grabbed the dog and began to pat it and rub it which the dog enjoyed. Then her hand dropped down to its belly and she found its sheath. The dog still had two largish balls which meant her plan had a chance of success. She began to stroke the dog along its shaft, and suddenly the dog settled down and stood there as she wanted it. Occasional licking her face.

Amelie could feel its dick getting bigger in her hand and so she ducked underneath the dog and found it with her mouth. The dog backed away, uncertain about the strange sensation of her mouth. She spoke to it gently and it came closer again so she began stroking his cock again. The dog was getting harder and harder so she went down again and licked the warm organ.

The dog seemed more receptive this time and so she swallowed the dog dick down deep. It was a nice size, probably about seven-inches, and reasonably thick. It seemed to end with a taper, rather than cut off at the shaft. Her mouth was already filling up with precum which she swallowed greedily.

Amelie's head bobbed up and down the Briard's hard cock for about ten minutes, when suddenly the dog came. Her mouth filled with cum, the tangy salty taste was pleasant to her. She swallowed it, taking another mouth full she swallowed again. Three more mouthfuls later, the dog had finished and its dick began getting soft.

She laid back in the straw wiping her mouth with her sleeve. Her stomach felt finally satiated, the hunger pains had settled for now. The dog lay beside her and eventually she fell asleep. In her dreams she dreamt of her brothers, and of Woofy. That dog had made quite an impression on her.

Amelie woke during the night feeling warm. The Briard had snuggled up against her in the straw and their combined body heat had taken the last vestiges of hypothermia from her body. The only problem was she had to pee. Under normal circumstances, this would be fine, but inside this barn, it was pitch black darkness. She couldn't even see her hand in front of her face, it was so dark. She lay there for a while wondering if she could suppress the urge until morning, but it seemed to only grow stronger.

She decided that she could only do it in the stall as it was way too dark to try moving around in the barn. There were too many obstacles lying about that would trip her up. So climbing to her hands and knees, she began to slowly crawl over the hard dirt of the stall until she reached the other side and felt the wooden wall.

Amelie had decided a corner would be the place for her to go. After exploring the darkness for a little she was satisfied she had found what she was looking for. Standing, she dropped her pants to her ankles, and then she squatted. Resting her bottom on the stall wall as she did. The sound of her pee gushing out and hitting the ground suddenly dominated the quietness of the barn. Amelie sighed in relief as one does when emptying a particularly full bladder.

Suddenly, she felt something small and furry land on her back and scurry up towards her head. Amelie panicked, and screamed. She stood, batting her body down to dislodge the invading rodent. The Briard woke in the commotion and barked. It dove for the rat that had interrupted Amelie's sweet relief, knocking her against the wall of the stall. At was at this point that Amelie discovered that the wooden partition she had leaned on was not the wall, but the door which swung open causing her to fall.

As she fell she screamed again. The sensation of falling heightened by the sheer darkness of the barn, was not unlike falling down a bottomless pit. Hitting the ground hard, her head slammed into something hard and metallic, making a very loud 'thlack' sound. She was out cold, which may have been just as well because soon after the sounds of the Briard eating a rat replaced the quietness of the barn.

The men had followed Wolfy into the night, but had lost him. They did not mind as Amelie had left them clear tracks to follow and they were now confident they'd catch up to her in the morning. They had reached the edge of a field that was planted with maize, and decided to camp for the night under the cover of the woods. They were all feeling pretty tired.

Luc took the first watch, and within half an hour the sounds of quiet snoring came from the men lying on the ground. During his time in direct combat with German forces before the fall of France, another soldier had shown him a way to relieve the boredom and tension that can grow in the trenches. It involved using the local livestock in a most perverted manner. Sheep, horses, cows, pigs,

and goats seemed fair game.

At first Luc was disgusted at the thought, but after watching other soldiers use these animals it stirred something within him. Then one night he broke his cherry on a goat. It was wild, the animal seemed to enjoy it too, which was really weird. Luc blew his load deep inside that nanny goat's cunt, and he was hooked from that moment on.

It was hard to stay awake in the quietness of the night. Then he began to hear a noise. It sounded like a wounded animal. Looking down at his friends who were all sound asleep, and unperturbed by the noise; he decided to investigate. It might attract others to the area too, and put them at risk. Climbing through the woods, he eventually came across the offending animal. A ewe (sheep) had one of its hind legs caught in something and couldn't get it out.

Once he was on the animal and stroked its soft woollen back the animal quietened down. Pulling out his torch he shone it on the trapped animal to discover it had become entangled in some wire. He squatted down shining the light on where the wire was attached to some dumped piece of equipment, then back to the ewe. He looked at its rear haunches and an idea came to mind.

Unzipping his fly he pulled out his penis and began to jerk it off, feeling it get hard in his hand. He spit on his hand and rubbed it over his dick. While he stroked his cock he reached over and explored the rear of the ewe with his fingers. Finding her vaginal opening he slipped his fingers inside her, making her bleat.

The urge to fuck grew strong inside him as lust took hold of his mind. He scooted in behind the ewe until his cock touched her. Then gently positioning his cock over her vagina he pushed himself inside. The ewe bleated and moved so he grabbed her by the thick wool on her back and held her as he thrust his cock in and out.

The ewe settled down feeling his large cock fill her, she began to enjoy it. The ewe was tight on Luc's thick cock, which felt so good, it was also warm and velvety soft inside. He felt his balls tighten and so he picked up his pace. Sliding his large cock through her with forceful jabs, grunting in pre-orgasmic pleasure. Then he reached the summit of his passion and holding the ewe closest to him, he let go four spurts of semen into the beast.

He grunted loudly as orgasm tensed his body and then let him go, making him semi-collapse over the back of the ewe panting and sweating. After a few luxurious fucks he pulled his cock out of the ewe feeling the cold night air on it. Falling back, he sat on a rock to collect himself, his penis quickly shrinking back to its soft size.

After he had collected himself, he stood and stuffed his dick back in his pants. Unfortunately, he wasn't carrying any wire cutters, but after a bit of work he managed to free her caught leg from the entanglement. Once free, the ewe went scurrying off into the darkness with a few bleats of relief and was gone. Luc turned and slowly made his way back to the camp to find Demarr was up, ready for his turn.

"Where were you?" Demarr whispered harshly. "I was worried."

"Oh... I found a ewe caught in some wire back there, and I was freeing it," Luc said taking off his pack and sitting down.

"We need to keep low, not worry about the sheep," Demarr sounded angry.

"It was making a racket. I'm surprised you didn't hear it. I freed it so it wouldn't draw attention to

us.”

“Better you had slit its throat. I’m hungry,” Demarr grumbled.

Luc rolled over with his back to Demarr and didn’t reply. Not long after he fell asleep.

When Amelie awoke, her head aching and her mind fuzzy, she noted that the morning had arrived. She reached up and rubbed the spot on her head that ached and found some blood. The barn seemed quiet, except for the morning song of the birds outside. Suddenly, something hard poked her and she moved away with a yelp. Silhouetted by the open barn door stood a male, lean looking, wearing a cap and loose clothing. She noted his worn leather hobnail boots, and knew the farmer had returned.

“Please, Monsieur, don’t be mad at me. I needed a safe place to sleep,” she said, looking up at him.

He looked at with narrow eyes, and a deep frown. He pointed to her feet, and said, “Mademoiselle, it would be a good idea if you pulled up your pants. It’s unseemly for a good French lady to be found this way.”

It hadn’t even occurred to Amelie that her pants were still at her feet from her attempt to pee during the night. She quickly scrambled to her feet and pulled them to her waist, fastening them tightly. The old farmer now smiled at her, somewhat slyly, as he enjoyed the view while it lasted.

“I’m sorry, Monsieur, I hit my head while peeing and passed out. An unfortunate accident,” she said and shrugged.

“Unfortunate for you maybe,” he said with a wink. “Now tell me why you’re hiding in my barn? Are the Germans looking for you?”

“Well, not specifically. I travelled here with some men who the Germans didn’t seem to like, and so I had to run.”

The farmer suddenly looked around, his right hand grasping a pistol tucked under his belt. He asked, “Where are these men?”

“I don’t know, Monsieur, we got split up,” Amelie said with a slight tremble in her voice.

The farmer took his hand off his pistol and sighed. He threw his hands into the air, saying, “I knew today was gonna be a bad day. I told my wife this morning, ‘It’s today the Germans will shoot me!’.”

“No, no, no-one will shoot you. Just let me go and I promise I won’t tell anyone I met you.”

The farmer laughed loudly. “Where will you go? There are Germans everywhere. I got stopped five times on my way here. Is this because of your ‘friend’s’?”

She nodded. “They sabotaged some storage depot in Limoges. They used explosives.”

“Ah, that explains it. The explosion at the German supply depot,” the farmer said, and began to chuckle. “It makes an old Frenchman proud. Come on, you must be starving. I have some bread and wine on my tractor.”

Although the morning felt cool, it had an edge that warned the day would get hot. The farmer climbed on his tractor and retrieved a battered old tin box. He turned to hand it Amelie and on

spotting her he burst out laughing.

She blushed, and fidgeted. "What? Why are you laughing?"

He brought himself under control, and said, "I didn't notice in the darkness of the barn, but Mademoiselle you are absolutely filthy. I have never seen one so dirty."

He started laughing again. Amelie looked at her arms, seeing more dirt than skin. She started to laugh too. The farmer jumped off the tractor, opened the tin, and retrieved a baguette that had bacon in it. Amelie practically snatched it from his hand, and shoved it down her throat.

"Slow down," the farmer warned. "You'll make yourself sick."

Begrudgingly, she did. "My name is—" she began.

"NO!" The farmer said, putting up his hand. "No names, it's safer in case we're questioned." She nodded. "Now, where are you going?"

"I was told to go to Meymac, if we got split up," Amelie said.

"Meymac?" He said, eyeing-widening. "You still have a way to go, a long way."

"How far is it from here? I don't know this part of France," Amelie asked, her voice quivering.

"These fields are halfway between Masseret and Treignac," The Farmer said scratching his bristly chin. "On foot, from here, maybe four days walk. Could take you longer because you'll have to stay off the roads and the terrain is—"

The farmer gestured to the mountains. Amelie's shoulders sagged, and she sighed. The farmer reached into his tractor and pulled out a rifle. "What's wrong?" Amelie asked.

"In the field," he pointed to her right. "An animal is heading this way, in a hurry."

She turned to look at the farmer raise the gun to take aim. The wheat waved and wriggled as something crashed their way through it. Within a few minutes, a large dog broke through with a Mastiff like face, and tan, spotty fur. Amelie heard the farmer pull the firing pin back, and she turned and grabbed the barrel pushing it up. He said with a red face and frown, "Hey!"

"No, Monsieur, I know this dog. It's Woofy, from Limoges," she said. Then falling to her knees, she shouted, "Come on, Woofy, come on!"

The farmer lowered the firing pin and watched as the dog jumped into her arms almost knocking her over in the process. Woofy's tail wagged furiously, as he whined and licked her face. Amelie giggled and rubbed his back and face, showering him with kisses.

"That is one loyal dog if he found you out here," the farmer said.

Amelie looked up at the farmer, and said, "Woofy is a legend in Limoges. He always finds his girls."

"Strange for it to come looking for you," the farmer said.

Another noise, like a vehicle, suddenly sounded behind them coming up the track to the barn. The car was red, but covered in dirt and an old woman drove it. Amelie went to run into the barn, but the farmer grabbed her arm. "It's OK, it's my wife," he said. "Why she's using our precious fuel to drive

here is worrying.”

The car pulled up with a slide as she approached too fast and jammed the brakes on. The old drum brakes taking several seconds to work. The old woman piled out of the car, and looked straight at Amelie and Woofy. “Who is this?” She asked, giving the farmer a deep scowl.

“I found her hiding in the barn, she’s with the resistance,” the farmer said calmly. “Why are you here wasting our fuel ration?”

“Don’t change the subject, Henri, is this your latest strumpet. She could use a bath, and she smells! You must be getting desperate in your old age!”

The old farmer had cheated on his wife many years ago and got caught. Something she never lets him forget at the slightest opportunity, even though he’s never done it again. “Oh, please, give it a rest,” he said, shaking his head with a grimace. “I found her here, she was involved in the explosion in Limoges. She’s hiding from the Germans.”

“Limoges?” The old woman stood straight looking at Amelie with renewed interest. “Oh, you brave girl, any wonder you look so dishevelled. The German’s are very angry about that attack.”

She looked as if she wanted to give Amelie a motherly hug, but then thought better of it. “So why are you here,” Henri asked again, tapping a finger on the gun he held.

“Oh, it’s your old ma-ma,” she said. “She’s sick, a neighbour called. So I’m going to Perét-Bel-Air to collect her, and I’m not taking no for an answer.”

The old farmer laughed. “We’ve had this talk before. Ma-Ma would die before she’d leave her home.”

“Too bad,” the old woman said and shrugged.

The farmer’s eyes suddenly widened. “You can take the girl, she needs to get to Meymac.”

The old woman’s head bounced back and her face pinched. “Are you crazy, there’s German’s patrolling everywhere.”

“She can hide under the seat with a blanket over her. The dog will discourage any soldier looking too closely,” the farmer said.

“The dog too?” The old woman asked in a high-pitched voice.

“Oh, shut up, woman.” Henri said to her making her frown. He turned to Amelie and said, “Meymac is a day’s walk from there, and you can have a bath and get some clothes from Ma-ma’s.”

“Humph,” the old woman complained, but Henri ignored her.

“How can I ever repay you, Monsieur, for your kindness?” Amelie asked, smiling at him.

“Drive those asshole German’s out of our country, that’s how,” he said and squeezed her shoulder affectionately.

The drive to Perét-Bel-Air proved to be an uncomfortable one. The car she squatted in (a Simac) had bad suspension and every pothole drove her head into the dash above her. There seemed to be too many potholes for Amelie’s liking. Maybe the old witch is hitting them on purpose, Amelie thought after a while. Every time another vehicle passed them (which wasn’t too often) the old woman would

squeal and panic. Shouting at Amelie to stay down. Like I can get any further down, Amelie thought with bitterness. Eventually they arrived at Perét-Bel-Air and the car pulled up a lane and behind a house. Once the old woman looked over the place and seemed happy they were safe, she let Amelie and Woofy out of the car. Amelie felt so relieved to stretch her legs.

The house looked very French provincial, made of rendered stone and a thatch roof. The grey-render looked cracked in many places. Smoke trickled out of a big chimney that faced the driveway. The grounds looked like they were once well cared for, but had now given over to weeds and long grass. Old fruit and olive trees surrounded them, and the sounds of birds and insects gave the place a very homely feel. They walked to the back door, and a chicken coup lay at the opposite end of a grassy patch of lawn.

The old farmer's wife pointed to a red-brick building. She said, "Wait in there, Ma-ma doesn't need to know about you. I'll be out shortly with a bucket of hot water, soap, and some clothes for you."

"Yes, Madame," Amelie said quietly, and began to walk toward the building indicated.

"And keep that mutt quiet," The old woman called after her in a hushed voice.

Amelie and Woofy entered the building and shut the door. It had one window which faced the back of the house. The room had a copper, a trough with a washboard and wringer, and on the other side stood a metal bath. The place seemed dark despite the window and cool too. It smelled of soap and caustic soda, and reminded her of her laundry back in Paris. Her heart sank at the thought. "Oh, Papa, did you imagine this when you sent me here," she whispered quietly, her eyes becoming watery. "Chased by Germans, and a plaything for beasts. Now hiding in an old woman's laundry, god knows where."

She spotted a wooden milking stool in the corner and went and sat. Woofy, sensing her despair, nuzzled into giving her face a lick. His tail wagging slowly behind him. All she could do is hug him and cry softly into his furry neck. "At least have you, Woofy," she whispered into his ear making him whine.

What seemed like an hour later the door to the laundry sprung open, and standing outside the old farm woman carrying a steaming wooden bucket and a bar of yellow soap, and next to her stood an even older woman. She looked in her late eighties, her mouth shrivelled like one with no teeth, and her face wrinkled all over with bright blue eyes. "So this is her?" Ma-ma said gruffly.

Amelie stood and stepped toward them. She bowed slightly, and said, "Thank you for your mercy, Madame."

"There's not much of you, Mademoiselle, I hardly see why the Germans should fear you?" Ma-ma said, as the farmer's wife entered. The laundry and placed the bucket in the trough and the soap next to it.

"I told you what the girl did in Limoges," the farmer's wife said, rolling her eyes.

Amelie thought about telling the truth that she was only a passenger when it happened, but thought better of it. Maybe they won't help me if I tell them, she thought.

"You're a brave girl. Isn't she, Deni," Ma-ma said with a slight smile. "French women are the strongest in the world, my dear."

The farmer's wife, Deni, looked at Ma-ma with a glower that the old woman ignored. Ma-ma handed Deni the clothes, who then hung them over the edge of the bathroom. "Once you've washed, and changed, come inside for some food," Deni said sternly. "The dog stays here. You can rinse the bucket and leave some water in it from the well next door."

Amelie bowed again. The kindness of these stranger's, and the danger they were taking on if the German's caught her here, it really humbled her. She blushed, and new tears ran down her cheeks. "Thank you, Madame Deni. I'm so grateful for your kindness."

Madame Deni threw her back and sneered. "I wouldn't be much of a French woman if I left you for those scum to catch. You know what they'd do to you, if they catch you."

Amelie nodded slowly. "They'd rape me, and then put me to work in a German Brothel."

Madame Deni just nodded solemnly. "It's a good idea to keep a dog for protection, he might buy you some time to get away if ever you're cornered."

Then she shut the door, leaving Amelie and Woofy alone again.

Amelie began to undress quickly, the sooner she could get into the house the better. She couldn't believe how dirty she had become. Woofy sat watching her, his tail wagging occasionally with big slaps on the earth floor. She threw her clothes on the floor in front of her, and as she bent to pull her pants down, Woofy sprung to his feet and jumped on her. Making her fall to her hands and knees.

"No, Woofy! Bad dog. Get off me," Amelie whisper-shouted at him.

Using one arm to support the weight of woman and dog, the other she tried to slap him off her but to no avail. Woofy's strong paws wrapped firmly around her stomach, holding her close. His fur feeling so warm and soft on her back melting her heart a little. The dog had a reputation for being a 'Casanova' and he didn't disappoint. Other dogs she had now experienced humped away wildly until they found something wet and warm, to slide their big cocks into. Not Woofy. As cool as a seaside breeze, with one strong thrust, his cock slid forcefully inside her pussy. The feeling of suddenly being so stretched and filled made Amelie sigh and moan. She felt pain, sure, but the friction triggered her sexual responses immediately.

Woofy's tongue hung out the side of his mouth as he panted loudly, his head, looking off to the side with a far-away look in his blinking eyes. Slowly, he began to hump her, and the amazing thing is that Amelie felt his cock being bigger inside her pussy with each thrust. She lowered her upper-body to give him better purchase, she's a well-trained bitch now. Woofy's big cock stretched and filled her, slapping against her cervix as he pushed it deep.

Amelie moaned softly, whispering, "Woofy, oh, Woofy. Oh my, Woofy."

His cock felt so hot inside her, it pulsed and throbbed, and the wetness it leaked dribbled out from her stretched pussy-lips and down her thighs. The pulsations made her insides buzz, which in turn made her clitoris rigid, hard, and aching. She began to grind back into the massive dog cock, moaning softly in girl-like voice. Woofy began to fuck her harder now. His ambition, his want, to plant his seed deep inside her. Still, the feeling of her soft, wet pussy walls rubbing over his cock

triggered his primal lust to go even deeper. Woofy's eyes narrowed as his orgasm built, his panting a symphony of lust, and his long red tongue dripping saliva onto Amelie's neck.

Something smashed against her clitoris, inflaming it even more. Sending jolts of electricity through her like mini-orgasms. Her body shivered and shook, sweat dripped from her. The smashing continued for a while until with a huge thrust, Woofy slipped his huge knot inside her. Pain mixed with pleasure rippled through her body as the enormous knot stretched her again. Woofy kept fucking her, dragging his knot through her pussy as a statement of ownership. His dog balls now slapped against her clitoris, Amelie has her eyes clenched shut, her mouth agape, her breathing ragged and uneven, and her pussy as full as she could ever imagine.

Still, it isn't over. Woofy settled on her and sudden gush of hotness burst inside her. This gush, flooding her womb, filling it, and the final push she needed. She thought she couldn't be stretched anymore, but the hotness didn't know that, and stretched her insides it did. Her body quivered and shook under the big dog, as her orgasm finally uncoiled. Amelie threw her head back, made what can only be described as gargling noises as she came, and she came hard. Dog cum dribbled down her inner thighs as it escaped her engorged pussy. She lowered her head to the floor, panting, sweating all over, and feeling like her legs were jelly.

Woofy's head lolled back, his tongue still floppy, but his panting rhythm changed. His eyes told the story of his satisfaction. They had almost a puppy-look about them, as they looked around the room in that doggy style. Amelie didn't know how long she lay there for recovering from the experience, but sense soon came to her. She sighed, feeling the huge knot in her body.

"Woofy, the ladies are expecting me any moment. You're going to have to pull it out," she said to the dog.

Woofy whined in protest.

She grabbed the edge of the bath, and said, "Come on!"

Woofy jumped off her, turning ass to ass with her. Amelie braced herself for the pain. Woofy pulled, and so did Amelie, and with a plop his big dog cock and knot slid out of her. Amelie felt proud of herself for at least not crying out when the knot was removed. She stood and dog cum poured out of her.

Looking down at her outrageously gaping pussy with cum leaking from it, and angry red labia, she felt a surge of regret. "Damn, Woofy, you're going to ruin me."

Woofy didn't seem to care as he sat in the corner and licked his still swollen red dog cock.

Amelie quickly washed and put on the clothes they had given her. The clothes were 'old lady' like, but she decided it might be better as it would disguise her. She found some more rags and stuffed some into her underpants to soak any more leakage. Then she went to the well, rinsed the bucket, and filled it with cool, clean water for Woofy.

As she closed the door to the laundry, she said, "Now, you behave. I'll bring some food out for you later."

With that, she turned and entered the old house.

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## Chapter Four

Amelie had been sleeping in front of a cosy fire until Deni's foot abruptly poked her awake. She sat up quickly seeing the looming figure of the farmer's wife standing over her, and gasped in fright. "Madame, is everything alright?" Amelie asked.

"No, didn't you hear the phone ring?" Deni asked as if Amelie might be stupid.

"No, Madame, I guess I was sleeping heavily."

"A neighbour called, the Germans are doing house checks and are only about fifteen minutes away from here. You have to leave now," Deni said, reaching out and helping Amelie to her feet.

They walked to the kitchen and Deni gave her an old woollen coat, and a sack with some food and water in it. Amelie looked at the generosity being shown her and her heart lifted. Before she could thank Deni and Ma-ma, they hustled her out the back door. The urgency of Deni for her to be gone reminded Amelie of the reality of her situation again. Once Woofy had been released from the laundry room, Deni hugged the young Parisian woman strongly and kissed her forehead. Ma-ma did the same.

"Follow the trail I showed you yesterday to Les Soulénes, that'll take you to the railroad tracks. Then them follow them to Meymac," Deni said.

Yes, Madame, I will."

"And for goodness sake, hide if you see any Germans, no blowing up anything!" Ma-ma added.

Amelie smiled at the two women, hugged them both, and said, "I'll never forget you."

"GO!" Deni said.

Amelie jogged down the driveway to the road and looked around using an old oak tree as cover. Not seeing any traffic or people, she ran across the road into the trees on the other side followed closely by Woofy.

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The four men tracked Woofy across a field of wheat in the early glow of dawn and eventually found themselves in an old locked barn. After checking around the barn one of the men, Pascal, whistled and the three others came running to his position beside the barn wall. He pointed, "Look, its Amelie's footprints in this mud. She's been here."

Luc squatted and tested the board on the barn to find it could open wide enough for someone small as Amelie to fit inside. He looked at the others with raised eyebrows, and they nodded back to him. "Amelie?" He whisper-shouted into the barn.

Silence.

"He poked his head through the hole, and shouted louder, "Amelie! Amelie are you here? It's Luc, your brother."

As Luc's eyes adjusted to the darkness inside, a furry face suddenly leapt at him snarling and barking. The Briard. Automatically, Luc jumped back and fell onto his back in the muddy ground. The Briard's head poked through the boards barking and snarling at the four men. The three

standing men looked at Luc and the angry dog and laughed.

“What’s a matter, afraid of a little dog?” Demarr said, laughing. “Maybe you prefer sheep?”

“Very funny,” Luc said coldly, climbing to his feet. “Maybe you prefer I knock your head off with my fist.”

Demarr stepped forward, but Jacques put a hand on his chest, saying, “Save your squabbles for another time, we have to find Amelie.”

“Do you think she’s in there?” Pascal asked, meaning the barn.

“No, it’s lighter now, so let’s see if we can find more tracks,” Jacques said.

At the front of the barn they began to see tracks from yesterday in the soft track that led to the barn. Demarr, their best tracker, squatted, looking over the mess of footprints, paw prints, and vehicle impression’s. “Three people have been here yesterday,” he said.

“Germans?” Luc asked.

“I don’t think so. A man,” he said pointing to one larger boot print. “Amelie,” he said, pointing to a small footprint. And another – probably a woman too,” he said pointing to another footprint in the soft earth “I see car tyres and tractor tyres.”

“The farmer found her then,” Jacques said.

“Shit, the farmers around here are working for the Germans. He would’ve handed her in, for sure,” Luc said, and spat angrily. “Probably got a bar of chocolate for her.”

“We don’t know that. The farmers are being forced to work for the German’s, so we don’t know what they’d do if they found one of us.”

Demarr, pointing to the ground further away, said, “These tracks are fresher, so whatever happened to Amelie, the man who I assume is the farmer stayed here after Amelie left. Probably in the car with the other woman.”

“That’s encouraging at least,” Pascal said, and Jacques nodded.

“So what do we do now?” Luc asked Jacques.

Jacques looked around and then pointed to a copse of trees. “We’ll hide in there, and when the Farmer returns, we’ll question him.”

Demarr groaned. “What if he doesn’t return for a few days?”

Jacques was about to answer when Pascal suddenly cut in, saying, “Then let’s hope the next sheep Luc fucks he does us a favour and slits its throat. I’m quite partial to mutton.”

Luc blushed and stomped off toward the trees, followed by three laughing resistance fighters. Jacques didn’t laugh long. The proclivity of some of the fighters to fuck animals, especially sheep and nanny goats, is something he never took part in. However, he accepted it without much thought. Being a soldier is a lonely business, especially for the resistance as it involves a lot of hiding for long periods. So who could begrudge a man some form of release?

The fear Amelie might be somewhere far out of his reach really ate at him now. If she went off with someone in a car we won’t be able to get to her, he thought. Damn you, Papa, why did you send her

here? Did you really think this is safer? You old fool, you may have just gotten her killed, or worse.

As entered the shade of the trees and found a spot to hide, he began to pray for his little sister. Hoping she will be OK, wherever she is.

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The first few kilometres of the trail weren't too bad as it seemed fairly well-used by the locals. By midday she had walked around ten kilometres, and the deeper she got into the woods and mountains the tougher the going got. At times the track seemed to disappear, filling her with dread until she found it again. Woofy trotted along ahead of her sniffing the air and the ground, and unknown to Amelie, he kept her on the right path by following the faint smells of people who walked the trail long ago. Smells only an animal like he could find with his fine-tuned nose.

They came across a small stream, and so Amelie decided to stop and have a bite to eat and something to drink. Woofy went straight to the water and lapped it up loudly, his tail wagging in doggy delight. Amelie chuckled at the sight. "Who's a thirsty boy then?" She asked her companion.

Woofy looked back at her for a moment, then returned to drinking.

"Leave some for the fishes," Amelie joked, taking out some stale bread and biting into it. She then fished out some salami, bit off a chunk and ate that. Woofy noticed the smell, it seemed strong enough to overcome his need for water. He came toward her, tail wagging, and eyes only for the salami. Amelie bit off another piece, only this time she threw it at Woofy who snatched it out of the air and chewed.

After he finished, he looked at her again, licking his lips expectantly. "We have to save it," she said, but Woofy didn't seem to care.

So she broke some bread and held it out for him. He took it from her hand and ate it quickly. Putting the bread away, she laughed at Woofy. "It's moments like these you remind me, you're such a dog, Woofy," she said.

He came up and licked her face. She patted and hugged him, kissing his head affectionately again and again. A male voice with a distinctive German accent suddenly said from behind them, "What have we got here?"

Woofy immediately began to growl and Amelie grabbed his collar holding from attacking the newcomer. She looked at the man as he stepped into the clearing: blond hair, blue eyes, tall, and slim. The man was older than she expected, probably an officer. Streaks of grey could be seen in his hair, and his face betrayed an intensity that said he's a man whose seen things everyday people shouldn't see. In his hands he held a hunting rifle with a scope, and a knife hilted at his side. Dead rabbits hung from his belt too, about four of them. All of Amelie's nightmares had suddenly come true.

"Excuse me, monsieur," she said meekly, "My dog and I are out looking for truffles, as a treat for my grandmother."

The officer drew closer, ignoring Woofy, taking in her petite frame. He asked, "Where are you from, fraülein?"

"I'm from Perét-Bel-Air, sir," she said, hoping he would believe her. As the German got close enough, he abruptly kicked Woofy hard who ran off into the tree's yelping in pain. Amelie turned watching



him go, her heart breaking, and yelled, "Woofy! Woofy, come back!"

The officer ran his hand down her side, making Amelie jump back facing him. "Such a pretty young thing," he said and smiled. "Perét-Bel-Air, eh? Wasn't there a search conducted there this morning?"

"I don't know, I left home early," she said, watching him.

He put his rifle down and leaned it against a tree. While taking off his leather gloves, he said, "Papers?"

"W-What?"

He looked at her, all business. "Your papers. The law states you must have them on you at all times, so show me."

She swallowed hard. Her face turned bright red, and her body trembled. "I'm sorry, Monsieur, but I forgot them. I'm such a dizzy-head sometimes. I didn't expect to see Germans up here."

He held out his rough looking hand. "Papers. NOW!"

She fell to her knees, in a half-faint. "Please, Monsieur, I don't have them with me. I beg you to let me go and find my dog."

He leaned back, looking at her pitiful begging with a smile of superiority. "I suppose a little thing like you couldn't be part of the resistance. I mean, look at you, you're like a child." He laughed. "How old are you, child?"

She thought for a moment, and decided to go along with it. "I'm fourteen, monsieur," she lied.

Amelie looked up at him, noting how he licked his lips and his breathing changed. "Maybe there's a way we can settle this, eh, fraülein?"

"But how, monsieur," she said, giving him her most innocent look she could muster in the circumstances.

He smiled at her with his mouth closed, eyes narrow with a slight frown. He undid his belt and threw it to the side, knife and rabbits with it. Licking his lips again, he undid his grey trousers and pulled them down to his ankles. Standing there half-naked before her, his big cock hung past his balls, thick, uncircumcised, and surrounded by blond pubic hair. He grabbed his cock and jerked-off for a bit, watching her face for her reaction. "I suppose you've seen one of these before?" He asked.

She nodded.

He laughed. "Yes, a pretty young thing like you has probably seen a lot of German cock since we annexed France. Go on, sweet child, you know what to do."

Truthfully, she didn't, as the only sex she has ever had is with dogs. Although she recalled a boyfriend once had her get him off with her hand. So she went for that option. Kneeling directly in front of him now, she took his big thick cock in her tiny white hands and began to stroke it. Feeling its smoothness, and the springiness of the skin as she pumped. The cock grew to a size she honestly didn't expect. He seemed almost as big as Woofy. The skin around his glans rolled back to reveal his pinkish knob, a drop of precum forming on his urethral opening.

"Stop toying with it, fraülein, suck it!" He urged her.

Suck it, the thought made her panic. Put this horrible thing in my mouth? Looking into his eyes, she could see he really wanted her to do this. So grimacing and taking a deep breath, she placed her soft red lips over the head of his penis and suckled it. The precum tasted slimy and salty, and she could smell soap from his body being so close. Before she knew it, he had placed his hands on the back of her head and, holding her, he pushed his big cock inside her mouth and down her throat. Amelie gagged, and dry-wretched as the German Officers cock stimulated those reflexes. He didn't seem to care, he held her there for a while, looking at her young innocent face being so violated by his big German cock. He liked it.

Holding her tightly he began to fuck her sweet young mouth. Drool rolled down her chin, but she couldn't stop it. His face changed from one of admiration to one of deep concentration as his pleasure grew. Amelie's lips began to feel numb from the friction of skin against skin. His big hairy balls hitting her chin with a 'thwack' when he made her swallow his sword to the hilt. It amazed her she could do that, but the more he made her the easier it became. Amelie felt disgusted at how this German was using her mouth, abusing his power, but the act itself she found herself enjoying. The taste and feel of his cock in her mouth made her pussy dribble some precum of its own.

As the big cock slid down her throat again, she wondered if enjoying this made her a traitor. Suddenly, the officer grunted several times. He pulled back until only his knob remained in her sweet mouth and began to unload a torrent of semen. She watched as his balls tightened before her eyes, and felt every spasm and throb his cock made. He had closed his eyes, as he enjoyed the release of tension from his body. His semen tasted bitter to her and she wanted to spit it out, but she thought better of it as she worried it would make him mad. Looking to the side, she noticed his belt was within reach, so she grabbed it.

The German, one minute enjoying violating this French Maiden, and he had plans to violate her even more, opened his eyes wide in horror. Backing away from him, the object he so once desired, had in one hand, his bloodied knife, and in the other his cock. He looked down, stunned by shock, at the place his penis had once been connected to his body. Blood poured from the wound, he felt dizzy, and dropped to his knees. "What have you done?" He half-asked, half-accused."

Amelie looked at the bleeding cock in her hand, thinking the same thing. Suddenly, Woofy sprung out of the bushes and grabbed the German around the throat with his powerful jaws. He bit hard, growling wildly, and shaking his head from side to side. The second attack caught him off guard too, and he fell back, wrestling with Woofy. Amelie, coming to her senses, dropped the cock and ran toward the fight. She jumped and plunged the German's knife deep into his guts. The German officer struggled briefly, but passed out. She pulled the knife out, and Woofy let go too licking his lips from the taste of blood and flesh.

A feeling of panic filled her. "Quick, Woofy, we have to get outta here," she said gathering her things. Wiping the knife she put it back in its scabbard, and put the belt over her shoulder. "At least we'll eat rabbit tonight," she said to the dog.

With one last look over her shoulder at the unconscious German she just castrated, and possibly killed, the two set off along the trail at a quick pace. She wanted to put some distance between them and the German. Try as she may, Amelie just couldn't believe what she had done. I'm becoming like my brothers, she thought as she jogged behind Woofy.

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The tractor pulled up outside the barn by mid-morning, and the old farmer opened the door letting the Briard out. After a few pats from its owner, the dog wandered off into the fields following the

scent of some animal, probably a fox. The men moved out of the trees and took positions behind the tractor, Demarr had flanked them quietly came up beside the barn, crouching low. They had the farmer covered on both sides now. The old farmer walked out of the barn carrying a sack over his shoulder and proceeded calmly to the tractor. The wind rustled the trees, and birds and insects could be heard over the farmer's footsteps. Jacques and Luc stood, revealing themselves, and pointing their rifles at the farmer who stopped and dropped the bag of chaff he had been carrying. Behind him, Demarr had a revolver aimed at the farmer and cocked it so the sound would alert the old man of his peril if he tried anything. In the trees, Pascal kept watch over the fields for anyone approaching.

"I have nothing of value on me, except for chaff," the farmer said holding his hands in the air.

Jacques lowered his rifle, but Luc kept his gun trained on the farmer. "We're not here for your chaff, old man. We're looking for a young woman, nineteen, but looks younger, petite, with long black hair. Have you seen her?"

The farmer scratched his head for a moment. His eyes widened and he smiled, "Oh the pretty mademoiselle who slept in my barn a few nights ago. Sure, I have seen her."

Luc suddenly ran around from the tractor aggressively until the end of his gun was inches from the old man's face. He shouted, "What have you done with her, collaborator scum?"

The old man shivered all over, and his face went pale. "Please, monsieur, I helped her. My wife took her to Perét-Bel-Air," he said, holding his hands up with palms open.

Jacques came closer, and said, "Why Perét-Bel-Air?"

"B-Because her friends in the resistance told her to go to Meymac if they got separated. Meymac is a couple of days walk from Perét-Bel-Air over the mountains. There's a good trail there she can follow that will keep her out of harm's way."

Jacques considered the old man's statement and decided he believed him. He grabbed the muzzle of Luc's gun and pulled it away. "Stand down, this man isn't a collaborator, he's a true Frenchman."

"Why should we believe him?" Luc asked with a scowl on his face.

Jacques shrugged indifferently. "Why would he lie about such a thing? He could just say he's never seen her. No, he speaks the truth."

Demarr, having joined the group, said, "If she's somewhere between Perét-Bel-Air and Meymac then our mission is over. She's on her own now, we'll never reach her."

"We can't just leave her," Luc said, looking at Jacques with narrow eyes, and reddened face.

Jacques sighed. Oh, Amelie, I'm so sorry, he thought sadly. "Demarr is right, she'll reach Meymac long before we could reach Perét-Bel-Air. Her fate is in her own hands now."

"She does have a companion," the farmer suddenly said, making all the men look at him.

"Who?" Luc asked.

"A dog from Limoges she called 'Woofy'!"

The two brothers looked at each other and laughed. "So the dog found her after all," Demarr said

with a raised eyebrow.

“That dog is probably the best companion she could have right now. He’s very protective, from what I’ve heard,” Luc said.

“But why would Woofy take such an interest in her? She only stayed at the Peron’s for a day,” Jacques said, shaking his head.

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Amelie and Woofy ran along the track for hours until the afternoon chill began to bite, and the light grew dimmer. She found another clearing next to a stream, quickly gathered some twigs and sticks, and lit a fire with some flint the women had put in the bag. Once the fire had been well-established, and she had collected enough wood for the night, she got to work skinning the rabbits. Woofy sat watching her, licking his lips expectantly. The German had already gutted them, so at least she didn’t have to deal with that she thought. She laughed. After what I did today, here I am feeling squeamish about rabbit guts she thought. Amelie, you are a strange one. She gave half of the rabbit to Woofy, and he happily began eating the raw meat. Hers, she placed on a stick and hung it over the fire to cook.

The smell of cooking meat made her ravenous, and by the time she had cooked it enough, she devoured the rabbit not unlike Woofy had earlier. They still had some stale bread, which she toasted on the fire, and cool water from the stream. After she had satiated her appetite, she skinned the other rabbits and hung them over the fire to cook as well. She knew the meat would go bad if she kept them raw, this way they’ll have some food for at least another two days. Hopefully long enough to get to Meymac.

Leaning back, she finally began to think about what happened with the German officer, she didn’t know she had it in her to do such a thing, but she did. “It’s war, Woofy, I had to do it,” she said aloud, patting his back. Woofy wagged his tail slowly, and whined a little. “I knew you’d understand.”

Amelie scratched his back a bit harder, and instinctively Woofy rolled over to get his stomach scratched too. She laughed. “You’re such a dog,” she said playfully.

Her gaze fell on his big cock, sheathed presently, and she remembered back to sucking-off the Germans big cock earlier in the day, and a familiar feeling buzzed from her nether regions. Woofy’s back leg began to move as she found ‘the spot’ and she giggled, but her eyes never left his cock and mind couldn’t stop thinking about sucking-off the German. Her wetness trickled from her between her labia again, as her hand began to stroke Woofy on his sheath. His recalcitrant leg stopped moving, but a tip of red soon emerged from the furry sheath. Woofy’s head was bent, looking at her, and his tongue hung out of his mouth almost touching the ground.

She kept stroking and more and more red dog cock appeared. So different to a man’s cock in shape and feel she thought, mesmerised by it. The skin didn’t move under fingers like it did with a man’s dick. The hardness seemed absolute, as if the skin had been peeled away and this is what’s left. Precum began to dribble out the end, and she coated her fingers in the watery substance and coated his cock with it, before licking her fingers to taste it. She grimaced, the taste is nothing like that mans. Woofy’s precum tasted coppery, watery, and salty, but not so slimy. She doused her fingers again, this time though they went straight into her mouth. The flavour so foreign, but the more she did it, the more she liked it.

Feeling emboldened, and somewhat horny by this stage, she leaned over and began to lick the

monstrous red cock directly. Tasting the dogginess of it, so musky, and meaty. So hard. It twitched as she licked it like some giant lollipop, Woofy began to pant harder and his eyes developing that faraway look again. Amelie slid a hand under her dress and through her panties she found her hot, wet pussy and slid a finger inside it. Her body quivered with delight at the touch, releasing another gush of juices onto her hand. Recovering from her small orgasm, she took the giant cock between her soft lips and began to suckle on it. Her mouth soon filled with doggy precum, and she swallowed it all.

Woofy remained still, not like the awful man who forced his cock down her throat, the dog let her go at her own speed. Precum dribbled down her chin, as Woofy squirted it relentlessly in her mouth. She decided to try and see if she could get Woofy's cock down her throat, like she had the German's. Her head bobbed slowly on the red cock, taking more and more with each thrust. Amelie calmed her body and forced her gag reflex away as the giant dick went deeper and deeper. She could feel his precum dribble inside her, but it didn't make her cough. The feeling kind of tickled her, and made her shove two fingers inside her wet pussy.

After a while, Woofy's balls hit her nose and instinctively she smelled them. A strange thing to do, she thought, but this is about exploration she told herself. She could feel his knot begin to grow in her mouth and decided to back off before it got too big. Sucking that big red boner, feeling its odd shape in her mouth, its utter hardness, and its strange taste consumed her. She friggged her own pussy bringing herself to several orgasms, but what she wanted is for Woofy to cum in her mouth. The German's cum was bitter, but not unpleasant. Now she wanted to taste Woofy's, to compare and to relish in it. The big cock twitched in her mouth, and suddenly she got overwhelmed by the taste of dog cum filling her mouth faster than she could swallow it. The taste seemed similar to the precum, only way more intense and ramped up.

She knew Woofy could cum a lot, but it's not until she was in this position that she realised just how much. It shot out of him like a hose, very hot, copious, and continuous. Eventually, she couldn't take it anymore, as nausea overwhelmed her, she pulled away watching the final dribbles land on his furry stomach. Woofy's knot very small now. She had sucked and swallowed nearly every drop, to the point where his knot had shrunk. Amelie felt amazed, and full.

"You cum too much," she said to Woofy as she scratched him. He got to his feet and shook his body, sending dust everywhere. Then he lay beside her, his back against her thigh and began to lick his dick. Amelie smiled as she absently patted him, and then fell asleep.

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Chapter Five

Amelie woke during the night as a storm broke, and drenched her in cold rain. She quickly gathered her things and began to run, looking in the gloomy darkness for any shelter she could find. The coldness began to bite, and her body shivered as the rain continued to fall around her. In the darkness, nowhere looked free of wetness. The wind picked up, making the rain sting on her face like she were being slapped. She heard a bark, and followed it until she found Woofy standing under an outcrop of granite which seemed to be facing away from the worst of the weather.

Crouching under the rock she wrapped her arms around her shivering body. The wind snaking around and making her feel colder and colder. She touched Woofy, but his fur felt as wet as herself. Shrugging, she pulled him close to try to warm from his body heat. Woofy licked her face feebly.

"How did we end up here, Woofy," she said quietly to him as the storm lashed the trees outside their

pitiful shelter. Woofy just whined. "If the Germans discovered us now I'd probably happily give myself up! Even if it means for the rest of the war being a whore."

Amelie looked around hopefully, but they were alone in the mountains.

"I hope you're happy, Papa," she said angrily under her breath.

The sound of wind and rain filled the sky, like some giant train heading their way. Eventually, she fell asleep clutching Woofy as she did. She dreamt of Germans, capturing her with their pale-white cocks hanging out, licking their lips suggestively, and standing in a long line for her.

The morning had come as Amelie woke under the rock, her body felt cold, and damp. Not unlike the morning in the ruin of the house where she hid from German soldiers. Her joints ached, and as she stood, she groaned loudly, stretching. Her head felt heavy as it does after a bad night's sleep, and her mind seemed hazy. She looked around, tree debris lay everywhere, but Woofy was nowhere to be seen. Her clothes were filthy, as was her face and hands.

"I can't go into Meymac looking like this," she said aloud to herself. "It screams fugitive hiding in the mountains."

She looked around again. "Woofy?" Amelie called. "Woofy!"

She waited, but nothing happened.

Picking up her bag she looked inside. The bread was ruined by the rain, just a pile of mush, so she threw it on the ground. The cooked rabbit looked inviting and she took a chunk and began to eat it. Looking at it briefly after her first bite, she screwed her nose at it, shrugged, and bit again. There's a reason people don't eat cold rabbit, she thought. It's horrible.

After she had picked the bones clean, hunger overrides everything, she walked out from behind the rock back toward what she hoped is the trail. The storm had been bad, and trees were down everywhere, making her have to walk around them. Eventually she found a small stream surrounded by fallen branches and debris. A perfect place to wash, before her final push to Meymac. Her first duty though is to build a fire, because she'll have to sit there nude while her clothes dry and the morning felt cool.

After a good fire was established, despite the wet wood, she began to strip off bit by bit, washing her borrowed 'old lady' clothes in the stream with some soap Deni had packed in the bag. Once she had cleaned an item, she hung it on branches and bushes to dry, hoping the rain would stay away. The last item of clothing was her bloomers, a white billowy cotton material that made her laugh when she first seen them.

Her clothes all done, she took a deep breath and stepped into the shallow stream, which barely covered her knees, and began to wash her body and hair in the cold water. Her pale, soft skin becoming even paler in the cold water. Amelie looked like some French nymph, standing in the water, soapy suds flowing down the stream, holding her arms close, and hunching a little to brace against the cold. Her rose coloured nipples erect on her soft small breasts.

She eventually stepped out and sat on the canvas back by the fire to warm her chilled body. Her ears alert to any sound that may indicate another person is close by. The last thing she wanted is to be caught in this position. She heard a noise, and something looked as if it were trying to get through

the tumble of branches that shielded her.

“Woofy?” She called out.

A dog broke through the branches, only wasn't Woofy, a big hunting dog emerged. She recognised the breed from going to the Paris Dog Show. A Braque Français, seen mostly in the Gascogne region. The dog's head was chestnut brown, as were its many large and small spots. The small spots due to a mottling of its short coat on his body. The floppy ears of a hunting dog, and a stubby tail. The Braque stood proudly sniffing the air, its tail upright and stiff, and he pointed at her with his nose. Amelie walked toward the animal holding out her hand, it sniffed, licked its lips, and began to wag his tail. She squatted in front of it so her head is level with the dogs and gave it a scratch behind the ear. He licked her face, and she smiled.

“Who do you belong to?” Amelie asked it, not expecting an answer.

It had no collar, and its fur looked filthy indicating it had been caught in the storm too. “Are you a runaway?” The dog looked well fed, and cared for. “I bet your owner is frantic with worry. You dogs are such naughty creatures. Always following your nose to the next meal or adventure.”

She giggled, and patted the dog. It licked her face in return. Standing, she craned her neck to listen for sounds of its owner. The day remained silent enough, just the high winds coming off the nearby mountains, and the crackling of her fire. Looking around, she noticed her fire needed some more wood, and grabbed some and threw it on. The Braque Français followed her closely, and as she bent to stoke the fire, she felt its cold nose touch her butt.

She ignored it. The dog licked her ass cheeks a few times, then sniffed something even better between her legs. Its long wet tongue raked her pussy lavishly, passionately, and making Amelie jump and turn. “What's the matter with dogs in this part of France?” She admonished it.

The dog couldn't answer, obviously, but something about this human tantalised him, and awakened him. Something he's only experienced around a bitch-on-heat, but she didn't have the scent of a bitch ready to breed. He scent smelled like soap, sweat, and even pee. However, deeper, and exquisitely alluring lay a scent like none he had known before. The smell so faint only an animal could smell it. This perfume d'amour made the Braque Français tingle all over.

Naturally, Amelie had no idea about any of this, but soon noticed the rather large, thick red cock poking out of the dog's sheath. She spread her legs a little and the Braque Français shoved its nose into her pussy, licking frantically, and trying to get more and more of this scent. He realised the more he licked her, the stronger the scent became. So he licked her harder and faster. He wanted it, and he wanted it bad.

Amelie moaned at her new lover's attentions. If you can't beat it, you might as well fuck it, she thought to herself. At least you get some peace for a while after that. Her knees were bent so she could present her entire pussy to the Braque Français eager mouth. With her back hunched, and her face red with pleasure and sweat, she moaned loudly. Eventually she screamed, as a toe curling orgasm rippled through her body like a tidal wave. So strong, she fell to the ground. The dog circled her, like a predator circling prey, only a big red hard dog cock hung from its haunches signalling its need. The loud panting it made echoed loudly around her small fortress.

Without even thinking, Amelie rose so her bottom stuck up in the air, presenting herself to be bred. Only the dog isn't going to breed her, he knew this wasn't a breeding bitch he had here, it's a fuck-bitch, and he planned to fuck her as hard and long as he could. His furry body landed on top of her, she took his weight as a good fuck-bitch should, and he began to thrust his angry cock at her groin.

Reaching back, Amelie grabbed it, and tried to guide it, but the dog had other ideas. With one huge thrust his cock hit her anus, and pushed itself up her ass like an invading army.

“Noooooooooooo!” Amelie screamed, as an intense burning pain tore at her behind.

The pain felt like the dog’s trying to tear her in half. She tried to crawl out from under, but the dog held her tight with its front legs and gripped her neck with its mouth. Furiously it fucked the warm hole it had found, not caring if it were an ass or a vagina, he fucked his fuck-bitch mercilessly. Amelie screamed, and squirmed under the beast. The Braque Français balls hitting her ass cheeks as it buried all eight-inches of dog meat inside her colon.

At this point Woofy finally reappeared, breaking through the branch barrier to find his fuck-bitch cheating on him. He stopped, looking at the Braque Français taking her. The scent in the air strong with her special smell, the smell that made him leave a safe home in Limoges to come looking for her. The smell that drove him wild with lust.

He walked to her and licked her face. Amelie looked up at him, her face having been ground into the dirt by the Braque Français. “Woofy?” She whimpered.

He stood over her, his cock growing hard, turning back every few moments licking his lips. Eventually Amelie got the hint, and pushed herself up, and the Braque Français gripped tighter as she moved. She got her head under Woofy and began to lick his hard cock. It had already begun dripping precum, and she slid the head inside her mouth and licked his cock as she suckled it. Woofy humped her face, making his cock ram down her throat, but she took it.

Her ass no longer hurt so much, instead she felt a pleasant burning sensation as the Braque Français thick dog cock slid along her anus. Thankfully, by clenching her ass on its dick he couldn’t get his knot inside her. She felt his hot cum exploding inside her belly, filling her, and her body quivered in its first ever anal orgasm. The Braque Français pulled out, spaying her ass with his cum, and began to run around her excitedly.

Woofy, seeing his chance, quickly made his way behind Amelie, and with one expert thrust pushed his raging hard-on deep into her pussy. Amelie moaned loudly again, lost in the sensations of fullness as Woofy’s cock stretched her aching pussy. Woofy may be a mutt in real life, but as a lover he is pure stud. He knew how to work his cock in a way that maximised her pleasure. Not a hard, furious fucking as the Braque Français gave her, but one which built them both to an earth-shattering orgasm. The Braque Français now lay off to the side licking his dick, although he felt a slight disappointment he couldn’t taste her marvellous scent on his dick. He had expected to, but how’s a dog to know the difference between a humans ass and vagina?

Woofy worked his hips in a rotating manner, pushing his cock all the way to the knot. He felt Amelie’s pussy clench around his dick, so he drove the big knot deep inside her, making her scream again in pure pleasure as she orgasmed. Woofy, feeling his knot engulfed her warm, silky flesh began to rake her insides out with it. This sent Amelie into orgasm after orgasm as he worked her g-spot like a pro. Sweat dripped off her petite body, and her pale skin glowed reddish in the dull light.

Eventually, Woofy felt a tingle and tightening in his balls and as he gripped her tightly with his legs, gave one last powerful thrust before his cock began to unload inside her. His cum filling her womb with warmth, her body in a spasm of multiple orgasms. She moaned incoherently, as froth formed on her mouth. Her hair limp, damp with sweat. She passed out.

Amelie didn't know how long she had been out, but the coolness of the afternoon brought her back to her senses. She got to her feet feeling shaky, looking around the dogs were gone. Expecting cum to dribble out of her pussy, she got a surprise to find none. Those dogs must've licked me clean while I slept, she thought. What a waste of good licking. Looking over her petite body, it annoyed her she had gotten dirty again. So with a sigh, she got the soap and returned to the stream.

Thankfully, her clothes had dried, so she put them on after drying herself with her coat, and returned to stoke the fire. Woofy and the Braque Français returned, and in Woofy's mouth hung a dead rabbit. He put it beside her, gently, licking his lips and wagging his tail as he looked at her.

"For me?" She said, giving him a pat.

The Braque Français butted in as if to say he helped, so she patted him. "I suppose if you're sticking around our little 'pack' I better give you a name, eh?" Amelie said to the Braque Français. "Hmm... Let's see... I know... Marteau! Yes, Marteau, cos that's the way you fuck."

She laughed.

After gutting and skinning the rabbit, she placed part of it over the fire to cook. The two dogs lying opposite, watching her, and waiting for their share of the rabbit. Amelie then threw two meaty chunks of rabbit flesh, plus the rest of the cooked meat she had at them to eat. She watched them devour the meat and smiled.

"Well, my boys, I had hoped we'd make Meymac today. Looks like it'll have to be tomorrow."

She turned the meat skewer she had set up, and sat back to enjoy the warmth.

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## **Chapter Six**

The next morning Amelie followed Woofy and Marteau along the trail, passing over several deserted gravel roads and farm lands until she reached the rail line heading toward Meymac. The trek had been easier because she had done the hard part of walking over the mountains. Walking out onto the siding, and feeling the sun on her face gave her a feeling of satisfaction. She had done this by herself, with the help of two doggy companions sure, but she had proven she could cope with the difficulties she had encountered. Something her Papa didn't seem confident she could do.

With Woofy and Marteau by her side, she began to walk along the train tracks. Keeping her senses alert to any unusual sounds, and especially for the sound of approaching trains. The Germans now controlled the rail system, shipping food and prisoners north to Germany or Poland. There had even been rumours prior to her leaving Paris of Jews being rounded up and sent north too, for what purpose Amelie couldn't guess. Most of the Jews she knew were either old people or children. Not much use for forced labour, she'd often think. Stupid German's!

The dogs kept her walking at a brisk pace, and she felt so tired too. They ran over the occasional bridge, dodged into the trees and bushes when a train passed by heading toward Meymac too, and by early evening she had made it to the outskirts of Meymac. The town was in total darkness, as a wartime precaution which made it easier for her to sneak into the city. German patrols drove around the streets looking for anyone out after the curfew. So Amelie and her companions tried to stay close to places where they could hide in a hurry if a patrol drove past. Fortunately, the Germans were arrogant enough to drive around with their headlights on, and in a town in blackout it made them easy to spot.

Amelie hadn't realised just how big Meymac is, so finding 'The Black Horse Inn' is going to prove problematic. She decided to find a place they can hide for the night, and ask someone in the morning how to get there. Creeping down a cobbled path along a street of terrace housing, she felt nervous. The houses had no front yards, so if a car came by she'd be exposed. She decided to run, when suddenly she heard a creaking noise, and before she had time to react a hand had reached out and dragged her inside. The dogs stopped and quickly followed, entering the darkness growling. After the dogs disappeared into the dwelling, the old wooden door shut and a bolt could be heard locking it.

Amelie tried to kick out at whoever had her, but they had let her go and her foot found air. The dogs brushed her legs in the darkness. She shouted, "Who's that? Who are you?"

"Shush, Mademoiselle, do you want the whole of Germany to hear you?" A male voice with a German accent said.

A door opened to her left letting the hallway, fill with a dull yellow glow. Standing at the door a tall, portly man with grey hair gestured her to enter. The dogs sitting obediently at his feet. The fact the dogs weren't trying to tear this man's throat gave her some confidence to enter the living room. The man smiled at her as she passed. The room felt warm from a fire, the glow of candles casting a yellow light over large, well-stuffed armchairs and a big couch. The wall had peeling wallpaper, shelves with books, and a few paintings of people she didn't know. The mantle above the fire had framed photos of more people.

She sat in a chair and the dogs came and lay at her feet. The man shut the door to the hallway, and sat in the other armchair across from her. A small wooden coffee table separating them. His face looked kindly, he had on round glasses, and wore the clothes of a man who money. He reminded her of her Papa, back in Paris doing god knows what.

"Who are you?" Amelie finally asked after the awkwardness of the silence became too much to bear.

"My name is Hans Larrieu," he said with a slight smile.

"Larrieu? That's a French name, but you sound like a German?"

He nodded his head as one who has had this conversation a lot. "My father, god rest his soul, is French. My mother, god rest her soul, is German. I grew up in Germany, went to school there."

"So why are you here then?"

He laughed at her cheekiness. "I left Germany when the German's came into power and came back here to my father's home, just before he passed."

"You left Germany?"

"Yes, I love Germany, but I couldn't stand what it was becoming under the German's. When a good friend and his family, Jewish of course, were forced out of their home and deported, I had enough," he said. "I received a telegram saying my Father was ill and the German's allowed me to come here to be with him. I just never went back."

"Too bad they followed you," Amelie said and smiled weakly.

"Yes, but tell me why a pretty young lady as you is scurrying around the streets after curfew? A little late to walk your dogs, eh?"

Amelie's face blanched white as she realised she had no cover story in case she did get discovered. "I have no family here to care for me," she said.

"Another street rat, eh? The amount of homeless children in Meymac is truly disturbing."

His warm and friendly smile, and his story of hating the Germans created the urge to tell him everything. He had somehow disarmed her with his fatherly charm, still she resisted. Hans sensed her reluctance, and stood, leaving the room. Leaving her alone to battle in her mind about what to do. She thought about making a run for it while he was gone. However, before she could decide he re-entered carrying a tray with a bowl of beef stew, fresh bread rolls, and a glass of red wine. He placed it on the low table in front of her.

Calling to the dogs, they stood and took them out through a door, leaving her to look and smell the food he had put out for her. Her stomach growled loudly, but still she resisted. Hans came back in and sat opposite her. He looked at the tray, and her stubborn face, smiled, and said, "Go on, eat, my little street rat, before it gets cold."

"Where's Woofy and Marteau?"

"They're outside, in my backyard eating some food. You should do the same, you're too thin for my liking."

She finally gave in and began to eat the stew. It tasted so good she stuffed it down very quickly. Hans took the bowl once she had emptied it and refilled it with more stew, which Amelie ate at a slower rate. She wiped the bowl clean with bread before leaning back and sipping the wine. Her face calm and satisfied at eating a decent meal. Hans noted how hungry she and the dogs were, he knew she had gone with little food for several days. Amelie felt fed, warm, and comfortable as she dozed off to sleep in the big armchair.

The Doctor waited for several minutes sipping his wine, watching her, and waiting for her breathing to deepen. Once he felt satisfied the drug had taken effect, he stood. His boner tenting his pants already. He walked over to her and lifted her dress looking at her creamy-white thighs and the small camel-toe her knickers gave her. Suddenly, he noticed her bag on the floor and dropped her dress. Picking it up, he opened it and emptied it on the coffee table. A loud clang sounded as a large knife hit the table amongst other useless things. Picking it up, he looked at it closely and recognised the family crest enamelled on the hilt. The Raffensperger Family Crest.

He looked down at Amelie and frowned. "What are you doing this then, my little Frau?"

For a moment he struggled with his inner desire to fuck her, but eventually sighed and walked into his kitchen where his phone is kept. Maybe I'll get a nice reward for finding this, he thought. SS-Standartenführer Raffensperger will especially like her. He likes them... young.

After informing the police of his unconscious prisoner, he quickly unzipped and let out his cock. He didn't have long, so he sat opposite her sleeping body, lifted her dress and pulled her knickers down to expose her vagina to him. Then taking her hand and wrapping it around his aching cock, he began to jerk-off using her hand.

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As coldness enveloped her body, Amelie awoke in a dimly lit room. Her bed felt hard and her back hurt, her mouth dry with bitter metallic taste. She sat up, making her head spin in a strange way, and as her eyes adjusted she found herself in a small room barely longer than her bed. A small table

and chair directly beside her, and on the table a pitcher of water and a glass. She filled the glass and drank greedily, gurgling the water to rinse her mouth. Looking at the high ceiling she saw a small glass window, the source of the light in the room. The walls were painted a dull grey colour, and looked dirty. A metal door, glared at her about a meter from her bed, and a bucket stood against the far wall that smelt like stale urine.

Amelie burst into tears, putting her hands over her face as she did. After all, she had been through, the Germans had captured her after all. She tried not to think about the consequences of this setback. Still, the words brothel stabbed at her mind tearing her soul, making her cry even harder. The silence of the room unbearable, and the unknown of what may happen from here a mental torture as she played all the scenarios over in her mind. A whore in a brothel, a prisoner in a concentration camp, and possibly even death if they link her to the German Officer in the mountains. Suddenly, horror gripped her tightly as she remembered the officer's knife is still in her pack.

"Oh, Amelie, you fool!" She said in a whisper to herself generating fresh tears.

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After several hours of isolation, the sound of heavy keys, entering and opening the door to her cell startled her out of her anxiety. Amelie stood, waiting, as the door flung open and a SS officer entered. Behind him two armed German soldiers, holding machine guns. The officer stood for a moment, looking her over, he shook his head in disgust. "You're only a child, Mädchen. Sending children to do the work of soldiers lacks honour. What's your name?"

Amelie hesitated.

"Look, we can do this the hard way, where you get hurt, or the easy way," the officer said coldly.

"My name is Amelie Bridgette Theroux," she said in a soft voice.

"From Meymac?"

"Yes," she lied.

"And where are your parents?"

"Dead, monsieur. My father was a French Soldier and died when you invaded our country near the northern border."

"Your mother?"

"Taken by soldiers, I know not where," Amelie said, looking at him with her best 'innocent frightened child face' she could muster given her extreme fear. "I presume she's dead now."

Amelie's small body visibly shook, her hands especially. The SS Officer had a moment where he almost felt pity for her, but it passed quickly. "Well, my Kleinkind, SS-Sturmbannführer Weiss has some questions for you, so follow me."

Amelie had no other choice, so she followed and the two soldiers fell in behind her. The absurdity of two heavily armed soldiers escorting a child not lost on them as they looked at each other, rolling their eyes. Once outside the cell block into the courtyard, several other soldiers whistled at them. Amelie immediately thought about being forced to work in a brothel again. However, the soldiers behind her turned and leered at their comrades for they knew the whistles were for them. They'd

catch hell tonight in the mess for escorting such a dangerous prisoner as this. They sighed, almost in unison. Across the courtyard they entered a wooden door into a hallway that led to the stairs. They climbed several flights and made their way through a much nicer place, with carpet, antiques, painting's, and the smell of fresh flowers. The Germans frog marched her into an office with a big rosewood desk, behind it a man sat reading papers. Behind him a big ugly painting of Adolf Hitler glaring at her with his evil eyes. Either side of the painting were two swastika flags.

The officer sitting, looked at the man standing beside her. Both saluted, saying, "Heil Hitler."

He turned her gaze to Amelie, screwing his face in obvious disgust. He asked in German, "This is... her?"

"Yes, Sturmbannführer Weiss. This is the prisoner found with the knife," the young officer replied standing to attention.

Sturmbannführer Weiss looked at her with furrowed brows, and suddenly burst out laughing. The younger officer shifted on his feet uncomfortably. "This... This child killed Standartenführer Raffensperger," he said in German to the young officer. "I don't believe it. He would've devoured her."

"She had his knife, a very distinctive knife," the officer said.

Amelie looked from one to the other, not understanding them.

Sturmbannführer Weiss reached into a drawer and pulled out the knife, holding aloft foe Amelie to see. Her body trembled even harder at the sight of it. He asked her in fluent French, "Child, where did you get this knife?"

Amelie's jaw seemed frozen shut until the young officer slapped her back, shouting, "Answer Sturmbannführer Weiss."

"Ah... um... I found it, monsieur. Near the train tracks outside Meymac. I go there to let my dogs run free and hunt." She said softly.

Weiss looked at his junior comrade with a raised eyebrow. He asked, "Dogs?"

The junior officer replied in German, "Yes, sir, she had two dogs with her when she was captured?"

"Where are these dogs now?"

The junior officer shrugged. "Probably dead." The junior officer smiled slightly, thinking: Did you want to question them too, you old fool.

"So nobody gave you this knife? Maybe to deliver to some resistance collaborators in Meymac?" Weiss asked Amelie in French again.

Amelie shook her head. "Oh no, monsieur. No, no, no. I found it. I thought it might be worth trading with your soldiers for some food. That's all, I swear."

Weiss's face remained like stone. He said to the young officer in German, "When is the next transport to Mendes leaving?"

The officer looked at his watch, and said, "In a few hours, sir." Weiss nodded and started to write on the papers on his desk. The junior officer suddenly said, "Sir, Standartenführer Raffensperger

would've sent her to the brothel."

Weiss signed the papers and stamped them. He looked at the young SS officer with a scowl, holding them out for him. "It's not my place to speak ill of Standartenführer Raffensperger, but some of his vices deeply disgusted me," he said as the young officer took them. "I will not send a child to the brothels, the idea is shameful. You'll make sure she's on the transport personally, and that no one tampers with her in any way until then. Is this understood, Scharführer Heinz?"

"Understood, sir," Heinz said and clicked his heels together, stiffened his body, and saluted. "Heil Hitler"

Weiss returned the salute. Then Heinz grabbed Amelie's arm and forcefully pulled her out of the office. She looked back at Weiss, shouting, "Monsieur... Monsieur... Please, Monsieur!"

The Sturmbannführer ignored her, looking at the knife she used to kill Raffensperger with a relaxed smile.

Her fate still a mystery to her as the men mostly spoke in German. The fear of being sent to a brothel filling her mind with terror again.

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Scharführer Heinz drove Amelie himself to a holding area near the Meymac police station. It consisted of a barbed-wire fence completely enclosing a small yard with a gate facing the road guarded by two soldiers. The yard faced the Police station on the opposite side of the road. Heinz grabbed her arm and forcefully pulled her out of the car, causing her to cry out in pain. As he dragged her across the paved road, a soldier shouted in German, "Hey, why isn't this one being sent to the whore house?"

Heinz didn't look at them, but said sternly, "Orders from Sturmbannführer Weiss, she's not to be touched."

"Well, at least let us fuck her before she leaves," another soldier said, causing a couple others to laugh loudly.

Heinz stopped causing Amelie to crash into him, but the impact had no effect on him. He glared at the soldiers for a moment, and said, "If any man here lays one finger on this child I'll see to it myself he's transferred to the front immediately. Do I make myself clear?"

The soldiers, realising Heinz is serious, suddenly stood to attention and saluted the young officer to indicate they had got the message. He continued to the gate which opened as he approached, walking into the holding yard looking at the other prisoners. He spotted an older woman in her fifties, dressed in virtual rags, and covered in dirt.

"You," she shouted at her, "Come here, NOW."

She jumped, but immediately ran to him, bowing her head. "Yes, monsieur?"

He pushed Amelie into her, making her step back. "You will look after this child. No man is to harm her in any way. If I discover you have failed, I'll slit your worthless throat myself. Understood?"

The old woman nodded vigorously, saying, "Yes, monsieur, as God is my witness, I'll see no harm befalls this sweet child."

Heinz grunted, turned on one foot, and marched out. All the prisoners and soldiers watched him as he climbed into his car, wound the window down, and lit a cigarette. It seemed the Scharführer isn't going anywhere until the trucks left. "Babysitting a damn street rat," he mumbled under his breath. "Fuck you too, Weiss."

The woman already had a kindly grandmotherly face, her hair as black as Amelie's, and her teeth surprisingly white for how she looked. Amelie could feel her soft hands, and knew this woman once lived in wealth. "What's your name?" The old woman asked Amelie.

"Amelie."

"I'm Ida Goldman."

"A Jew?" Amelie said, on hearing the name.

Ida frowned at her. "Does this bother you?"

Ida raised an eyebrow. Amelie shrugged. "No, I have known many Jews in my life. I really don't understand why the Germans hate Jews so much. The one's I have known are good people. My best friend in school is a Jew, her name is Ruth."

The old woman chuckled at her naivety. "Hate is the most unreasonable emotion of all, child, but it always finds a scapegoat to justify itself. Most of these men here..." she said, pointing to the soldiers, "only hate Jews because Hitler told them to. Before that, they would've thought of Jews as you do."

Amelie thought for a moment, then said, "Why don't they think for themselves? Tell Hitler, they don't believe his vile words of hate."

Ida led her to a bunch of women sitting together. "Why, indeed. Moral courage is a rare trait, most people will go along with anything if everyone else is doing it, or someone in authority tells them to do it. Humans are such complex creatures, only God knows these things. Our place is to endure such times, as Job did."

"But—" Amelie began.

"Oh, stop it, I'm just an old woman not a Rabbi," Ida said and laughed, giving Amelie a reflexive motherly hug, "Ladies, this is Mademoiselle Amelie, and a bright young lady too."

The group welcomed her and sat her amongst them to help protect her. They talked jovially enough, despite their circumstances. Amelie still had no idea what's going to happen to her, and at this moment she thought of her brothers, Jacques and Luc. She scanned the yard, hoping they'd come to her rescue, killing as many Germans as they could in the process. However, her childish fantasy made her feel empty inside. I'm alone, she thought bitterly. Jacques and Luc might as well be on the moon.

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A few weeks later, in a hunting lodge deep in the forests of the Cévennes, a group of men looked at maps of the surrounding area of Rieucros Prison Camp, and the plans of the interior. This camp was established before the war to house Spanish refugees and fascists from the Franco War in Spain. Now, the Germans used it to hold a number of types. Jews, Gypsies, homosexuals, captured Resistance Fighters, and criminals. The camp had the distinction of women and children

outnumbering men as detainees, and maintained this status throughout the war. The Resistance had an important explosives expert locked in there, and planned to break him out. Among these men stood Amelie's brothers, Jacques and Luc.

The intelligence from Mendes had indicated a German platoon used as guards at the camp is being redeployed before their replacements arrive. That gave them a window of opportunity. In the doorway, the Resistance Leader in this area, Christian Moubray, listened silently, while smoking a clay pipe. Demarr is leading this attack, and talked about the plan they had developed to be carried out in a few days. "So, here..." he pointed to a small square on the plans of the prison, "is the dog kennels. They house about six dogs used to track escapees, and control prisoners. They have doors that open to the outside and inside the prison, so the dogs can be used quickly when required. This is our way in."

"They'll tear us apart," a scruffy looking man said.

"No, we have baits that'll put them to sleep," Demarr said.

"Why not just slit their throats?" Another man said.

"We can't afford to make too much noise at this point, so we can throw the baits in and let them do the work. Everyone got that?" Demarr asked, looking at the men in turn.

The men nodded they understood. A man appeared, and spoke into Moubray's ear for a moment, making him nod. He looked at Jacques and Luc, who were watching him and used his head to indicate to meet him outside. The forest around this shack had overgrown the area due to neglect, which made it a perfect place for the resistance. Moubray stood with the newcomer as Jacques and Luc came to them. "Do you have any news?" Jacques asked, looking at Moubray and the man they knew only as 'Bear' due to his big beard, long shaggy brown hair, and hairy body.

Moubray nodded. "Jarreau has finally got word to us about Amelie. You tell them, Bear."

Bear cleared his throat, and said, "I'm sorry, but Amelie has been captured by the Germans in Meymac."

Jacques shoulders sagged as he let out a big sigh. Luc spat the word, "FUCK!"

"Are they sure?" Jacques asked.

Bear nodded glumly. "She gave her full name, so they're certain. They found her with Raffensperger's knife, so she's been charged with being an accessory to his death."

Moubray asked, "How the fuck did she get that cunts knife?"

Bear shrugged. "I don't know, but he was found dead on the Perét-Bel-Air trail Amelie used to reach Meymac, around the same time she was there. Get this, whomever killed him also cut off his cock."

The men laughed. "I hope he was still alive when it happened," Moubray said with a sneer.

"So where's Amelie now," Luc asked, getting impatient.

Bear smiled weakly, the best he could manage. "This is the good news, she's in Rieucros."

Jacques and Luc looked at each other wide-eyed. Moubray slapped Jacques on the back, saying, "So, your mission has changed, my friend's. You two will look for Amelie, while the others get Gilliard."



Bear and I will replace you two in the main group.”

Luc smiled, but Jacques felt his duty stronger. “I cannot expect the others to change the plan so close to its execution. It’s not fair to them.”

Luc looked at Jacques with a deep frown, saying, “We cannot leave Amelie in that place.”

Moubray grabbed Jacques by the shoulder, pulling him closer. “Your honour is to be admired, Jacques. Everyone knows about Amelie, and saving her will do wonders for morale. Family is important, my friend, even in War.”

Jacques looked down at the ground and nodded. He only hoped Amelie can hold out until they get there.

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Chapter Seven

The eight resistance fighters waited in the shadows by the dog release door outside the Rieucros Prison Camp in Mendes. The time had ticked past three AM, and baits with strong sedatives had been thrown into the dog kennel built into the wall of the prison. Squad leader John Demarr looked at his watch again, then to the man opposite him and nodded. The man known only as ‘Bear’ grabbed a crowbar and pulled it so the door opened about twenty-centimetres. Demarr leaned down and called out in a whisper, “Here doggy, doggy, doggies!”

They waited again. After a minute of no response, Demarr stood and put his hands under the hatch and lifted. The door is heavy, made of thick iron, and another man came beside him to help. With a few grunts, the door slid up, and Bear shoved a block of wood under it to hold it open.

Demarr pulled out his pistol, and said to his men in a whisper, “Come on.”

They all crawled into the dog kennel, oblivious to the spotlight which the Germans had placed directly above this point. They figured no one would dare try to enter through a kennel full of vicious dogs. Once inside, they used their torches to move the sleeping German Shepherd and Doberman bodies to create a clear path to the exit door for their escape. Once finished, they left the kennel and started creeping across a courtyard that separated the kennels from the guard dorms. Since over half the guards had been redeployed before replacements arrived, the dorm was mostly empty. Behind the dorm pavilion stood a barbed wire fence around three metres high. Demarr signalled one of the men, who started to cut the wire with pliers. The rest waited silently, scanning their surrounds for patrols. The only noise they could hear being the soft clicking noise the pliers made every time they snipped some wire in two.

Jacques and Luc crouched side by side in the darkness, looking through the wire toward the prison dorms. The others looked toward a large brick building where they knew their man is being held. Jacques worried intensely about Amelie, waiting for the signal to proceed. They didn’t know what dorm Amelie was sleeping in, so the chance of failure seemed too high for him. Luc, on the other hand, never stopped believing they’d find her. His optimism often irritating Jacques no end. After what seemed an age, the last piece of wire was snipped and a piece of the fence got pulled away, leaving a square opening big enough for a man to crawl through.

The resistance fighters finally entered the prison compound at Rieucros, silently splitting off in different directions, each having their own part to play in this prison break.

Amelie had changed since her incarceration at Rieucros. Upon arrival, she was stripped, her hair shaven off, and they washed her down with high pressure hose of freezing water before delousing powder was thrown on her. They made her change into a scratchy prison uniform that had black and white bars with a green triangle on it, indicating she was a criminal. Lastly, the German's housed her in a dorm filled with French women and children. Amelie quickly got told by an old French woman to stay away from the Jews, as the German's hated them the most. "The last thing you want is for the German's to think you're a Jew sympathiser," the old woman said sternly.

"Why?" Amelie asked. "I have nothing against them."

The others in her dorm chuckled at her naivety. The old woman, Mari, scowled at her. "If they think you're a Jew sympathiser they'll beat you until you can't walk, or make the dogs attack you, or gang rape you over and over until you die. Do you want that?"

Amelie's eyes went wide and she gasped. "No, Madame, I do not!"

Mari smiles weakly at her and nodded. "Then stay away from the Jews. Keep to your own people."

Amelie nodded, she understood and felt sad for Mrs. Goldman and the ladies who had been nice to her before and during the trip to Rieucros.

Each day they lined up at seven AM sharp for a head count, before being sent to their various work duties. They had no breakfast, very little lunch, and an evening meal of gruel and some bread. Amelie tried her hardest to blend in, and not draw attention to herself, however, the guard dogs made it difficult. Every morning during muster a guard with a big dog would walk the lines of prisoners. The dog snarling and snapping at the prisoners as an act of intimidation and it worked, as everyone feared the dogs. However, on her first morning line-up, the guard with dog passed her, but the dog stopped, sniffing her. The guard turned and smiled, he'd seen this before and he loved these moments. Pretty soon the dog will attack the prisoner, and he'd wait a few seconds to let the dog get several viscous bites into the wailing prisoner before pulling the dog away. A game he loved to play.

The dog kept sniffing at Amelie, and she noticed a red point sticking out of its sheath, and did her best to stay still. Suddenly, the dog started wagging its tail, jumped on her so its paws landed on her chest and gave her face a big lick. Amelie couldn't help herself, she giggled, and pat the dog. This made the dog wag and whine even more. The German guard realising the much anticipated attack isn't going to happen pulled the leash hard, making the dog jump off Amelie and sit. The soldier scowled at Amelie, turned, and continued down the line pulling the dog behind him. Amelie watched as the dog began to resume its posture of threat to the other prisoners, and she wondered why the dog had acted so strangely around her.

This kept happening with any of the dogs she came into contact with. Eventually, the guard with the dog would give its leash a sharp pull as they passed her to stop the dog from reacting like a puppy around her, thus embarrassing him in front of the other guards. The situation with the dogs came to the attention of the Chefhundeführer in charge of the dogs, also an SS-Untersturmführer (2nd Lieutenant). His name Karl Politzer, a blond man in his thirties with a natural flair for training dogs and not much else. A week after her incarceration, she found herself standing to attention outside the kennels as this man looked her over.

"What is your name, prisoner one-one-three-six-eight-four?" He asked her in perfect French, peering over his small round spectacles at her dirty face.

Amelie didn't look him in the eyes, it wasn't allowed and could lead to a beating. "My name is Amelie, Untersturmführer Politzer."

He started to walk around her, and said, "Amelie, eh? A very French name." She didn't answer. "So tell me, my little French waif, why do my dog's act like puppies around you, yet would tear the throat out of anyone else? Hmm?"

Amelie shrugged. "I don't know, Untersturmführer."

He chuckled as he stood facing her again. "Sometimes I think they'll even attack me, the one who feeds and trains them. But you... No, not you... With you they want to play." Again Amelie remained silent as the Untersturmführer stared at her face through narrowed eyes, searching for an answer. "Have you always had this effect on canines?"

She swallowed hard. Memories of Woofy and Marteau filled her with a sadness she quickly pushed down. Mari had warned her not to be emotional around the German's. She tilted her head slightly, saying, "Not that I'm aware of, Untersturmführer."

He smiled at her, gesturing with his hands in a grandiose manner. "Well, this is your lucky day then. I've appointed you my new Kennel helper. My last one, sadly, couldn't handle it, but I think you might be what I've been looking for."

With a grimace she remembered the rumours of his last helper, a boy named Pierre, who had lasted only a week before the dogs savaged him. Someone had heard the German guards laughing about it, and Pierre was never seen again. Another street rat from Mendes, whose death was treated as if nothing, yet Amelie had found a kind of camaraderie amongst the lost children of Mendes. Every rat who died had their name etched into a wall behind the latrines, at the base of the wall stood coloured pebbles, bits of shiny metal found in the camp, coloured broken glass, and the odd flower. They didn't forget, and so Amelie adopted this behaviour too. She definitely knew what had happened to Pierre, and he wasn't the first prisoner to be killed during this work assignment.

He hopes the dogs will kill me too, she thought bitterly. That would finish his embarrassing problem with the dogs and me. The Untersturmführer looked at her as if he's doing her the biggest favour in the world. The odd smile he gave her made her nauseous. He waited for some enthusiastic response from her, but gave up once it became clear his grand gesture didn't seem to impress her. He stiffened, sub-consciously straightening his uniform, and said in a cold voice, "Very well, come with me and I'll show you what you have to do."

They entered the kennels through a gate leading to an enclosed courtyard. The kennels were empty at the moment with all the dogs deployed with soldiers for various duties. Untersturmführer Pulitzer pointed to a tap in one corner. "This you can use to keep the water bowls full. There's a hose outside you can use to hose out the kennels, but never leave it in here or the dog's will rip it to pieces. As I'll do to you if that happens. Are we clear?"

"Yes, Untersturmführer."

He opened a door set into the wall of the courtyard to reveal a small storage area holding a hand trowel and a bucket. "Twice a day, you'll pick up the dog shit here and inside the kennels, and dump it in the prisoner latrines. This is the first job you'll do in the morning and the last before you leave."

"Yes, Untersturmführer."

"However, if I walk in here anytime during the day and find shit in this courtyard..."

Amelie looked into his eyes to see the same coldness she finds in all the German guards here. She knew what the punishment would be. "Yes, Untersturmführer."

He took her back outside and showed her the storeroom close by where the supplies and equipment for the dogs are stored. Politzer told her what and when to feed the dogs, and sternly warned her about stealing any, pointing to her green triangle. Inside this storeroom he also showed her all kinds of equipment and told her their uses. He pointed to some black leather boots, and informed her polishing the boots (including his own) is an important part of this job. "If there's any problem with the dogs, then you report to me immediately in the admin block. Do you have any questions?"

"Um, Untersturmführer, I've never looked after dogs before," she said feeling daunted by the task.

He raised an eyebrow at her. "Well, you better learn fast, Frau."

With that, he turns sharply and exits the storeroom, leaving her to herself. Amelie looked around wondering what to do, then she recalled Politzer's words and she went to the kennels to pick up dog shit. Amelie felt relieved the dogs were absent as she explored the kennels built into Rieucros thick stone walls. The kennels were low tunnels, rather than one area, and she had to crawl to travel through them. They smelt of dirt and dog piss to her, the ground covered in a hard and dusty layer of dirt. When her hand landed on something disgusting and squishy she discovered her first dog turd, nearly making her vomit. Making her turn tail and return to the courtyard and wash it off, before continuing. Next time she crawled into the tunnels with much more caution.

The tunnels ended in around eight cul-de-sacs where she found old blankets and prison uniforms piled into a bedding for the dogs. Scattered here and there were bones and some rubbish. It took her a good hour to clean out all the dog shit from the tunnels. Since no-one had been doing this since Pierre, there had been an accumulation of it. I guess Politzer and his goons think this job is below them, she thought as she tipped the last bucket full into the latrine. As she left, she ran into Mari whom screwed her nose at Amelie, and said, "You smell like dog shit, girl."

"I've been in the kennels," Amelie said, blushing.

"Make sure you wash everything, including your clothes, before you return to the camp tonight. If you know what's good for you," Mari said sporting a scowl as she hurried into the latrine.

Amelie kicked a stone, and sighed. I can't win wherever I go, she thought angrily.

Looking around the area immediately inside the entrance to the tunnels used as kennels, she noticed for the first time a wooden shelf set above the arches. The shelf had an empty burlap sack, a sponge, and some soap on it. She understood the purpose of this sack, to put your clothes in while you crawl around the tunnels. Soap and sponge to wash yourself with afterwards. After connecting the hose to the tap in the kennel courtyard, she began to wet herself clothes and all, followed by a brisk wash with the soap. She shivered from the cold water as she scrubbed her body and her clothes. Her first real wash in two weeks. Then she hosed out the courtyard and inside the entrance to the kennels, but not the tunnels.

Seeing as every dog was out that morning, she decided to make a start on the boots. The storage room seemed warmer, especially for a girl in wet clothes. Her predicament reminded her of how she felt after the storm in the mountains, only she had no fire to warm herself today. So polishing the boots became her focus, until the door eventually opened and a guard walked in. "Oh... There you are? The dogs are back in the kennel and need to be fed. Get to it," the tall man ordered.

She jumped to her feet as soon as she saw him. "Yes, sir," she said, as the soldier hung some leashes

up on a hook.

Amelie grabbed a bucket filled with dry dog food she had already prepared for their return, and hurried out of the storage room. Entering the kennel six handsome dogs greeted her, four German Shepherds, two Dobermans, and a Rottweiler. They stood, staring at her, sniffing the air until her scent triggered a memory. The Rottweiler trotted over to her, wagging its stumpy tail. The other dogs followed its lead. They jumped on her, ran around her, with tails wagging in excitement. She stumbled toward their feed bowls and tipped some of the dry pellets into each bowl. The dogs didn't seem interested at first, her wonderful scent filling them with a different kind of hunger.

"Go on, you damn dogs... Eat your lunch," she said to them, giving them each a pat.

The dogs obeyed and soon the crunching sound of dogs chewing hard biscuits could be heard. Amelie spotted a turd and quickly got her bucket and trowel and scooped it up, leaving no trace behind. She watched the dogs eat, and felt a comfort she hadn't felt in a long time. Something about these animals calmed her, yet ironically they're the most vicious creatures in the whole camp. Even the soldiers who wielded these weapons feared them, she could tell. Amelie felt no fear around them, she felt accepted, loved even. They had taken her as part of their pack, before this day even happened. All those times while she stood muster, each one had come to her and given her acceptance. For the first time in weeks, she felt safe.

After spending the afternoon polishing boots and leashes, and going into the kennels to either collect a dog for a soldier who was about to commence duty, or check the courtyard for faeces in case Politzer dropped by for a surprise inspection. The camp whistle blew indicating only an hour before the end of the work day. This is to allow prisoners to finish, put away tools, and clean work areas before the final whistle. Amelie entered the kennel knowing this is her cue to do her final duties. She scooped a couple of dog turds from the courtyard and hosed it down afterwards. Then filled their bowls with more dog food, this time some meat and bones. Inside the entrance to the kennels she undressed and placed her clothes in the burlap sack, leaving all on the wooden shelf.

As the dogs had spent most of the day on duty, she didn't find any in the tunnels. Entering the last cul-de-sac she found the alpha Rottweiler named 'Brutus' laying on some bedding made of old prison uniforms. Amelie could make out his shape in the darkness, and said, "It's OK, boy, I'm not here to hurt you."

The dog stood, sniffing the air, and came close to her, his fur brushing her bare skin and making her body tingle. She shivered in excitement, and felt a warmth in her pussy quickly evolve into a wetness. Amelie had tried not to think about these dogs in 'that way', they were brutes after all. Still, all day her body felt a tension, her stomach fluttered with butterflies, and her clit radiated heat. She felt Brutus's hot breath brush across her body as he panted in the darkness. It gave her goose bumps. Eventually, he licked her face, and she allowed his tongue to enter her mouth, while she stroked his short fur with one hand along his back.

The excitement in Brutus grew as he pranced around her, staking his claim on her. She lowered her upper body to present herself to him, and got rewarded with probing's of an enthusiastic dog tongue. Brutus's tongue penetrated her slit, in search of her amazing taste. Amelie's breathing quickened, she closed her eyes to feel the delicious sensations moving through her body like waves of pleasure. The sound of sloppy licking and heavy breathing filled the small space. The tongue hammered her pussy with relentless intensity, entering her and licking her insides too. Her body writhing and squirming, feeling her orgasm growing, her clit throbbing with need.

Suddenly, Brutus jumped on her back, wrapping his strong forelegs around her stomach tightly. Amelie loved this, the feeling of being held down, owned by this beast made her moan. The soft fur of his belly touching her bare skin, rubbing against it, making her tingle all over. The big dog began to thrust his already hard cock at her. She felt it slide against her slit, so hot it surprised her. The friction of this hot cock rubbing against her clit, causing her to whimper in tiny orgasms. Knowing time is against them, she reached under and grabbed the enormous cock and guided it into her cunt. The feeling of this red hot poker stretching her, filling her, as it entered making her gasp loudly.

Amelie dropped her head, and closed her eyes to concentrate on this throbbing dog cock that made her body vibrate. Brutus, having found his bitch's cunt, began to fuck hard and fast. Each powerful thrust making her whole body rock as ten inches of throbbing dog cock buried itself inside her. He gripped her even tighter, making it harder for her to breath. She could feel her head spinning, every muscle and fibre in her body felt on fire. In the darkness of this place, her world became nothing but this moment. She forgot all about her family, the war, and the prison. Her whole being wrapped itself around a big dogs cock and what it's doing to her.

Sweat dripped off her, and she started to move herself in rhythm to the pounding Brutus is giving her. Her hips slammed back, as his powerful throbbing cock invaded her to its full depth, hairy balls hitting her clit and causing electric shocks that made her jolt. She moaned softly, as sensual taboo pleasure swirled around her. Then Brutus's cock began to grow at the base, his knot slipping inside her with each thrust. "Oh, you're so big," she moaned quietly.

The knot kept growing and growing until it became so big he couldn't pull it out of her. Amelie clenched her pussy around the huge knot, moving her body to cause friction against her g-spot. She cried out as an orgasm burst through her body, making her shake all over. Brutus had slowed his fucking considerably now as he readied himself to plant his seed in his bitch. His grip loosened a bit, and with a small whine began to shoot his load inside her greedy cunt. To Amelie, his cum felt like hot lava being shot from a fire hose, filling and stretching her even more. Some escaped, and she could feel it dribble down her thighs.

She continued to clench and move around Brutus's hot missile, making herself orgasm several more times. Then, as she began to feel his knot slowly deflate, she reached under and rubbed her clit producing even more toe curling orgasms. Eventually, both lay still, satiated, satisfied, and full.

Amelie reached under and grabbed his cock, holding it while she pulled herself free. The knot slipping out gave her a sharp feeling of pleasure. She kissed the dog on the muzzle and crawled out toward the arches. Quickly dressing again, she took the bucket and left. No prisoners were at the latrine at this time, so she emptied the bucket and jogged back to the kennels. As she placed the bucket back into the small cupboard the second whistle sounded.

That night in bed, she hid under her ratty blanket and scooped cum out of her pussy and ate it. Her secret meal, no she didn't need to steal the dog food, she had this. She masturbated several times and came dreaming of Brutus's big throbbing cock impaling her, and owning her. Other bunks emitted soft moans too, as women gave themselves the only pleasure this hard life could afford. Some women even shared a bunk and made love, but no one spoke of it. They pretended nothing like that happened, no one wanted to get a pink triangle. Those people got treated the worst. As she slipped into dreamland, she thought of her poor brothers. Probably worried sick about me. She thought.

Jacques and Luc crept silently toward the dorms where the prisoners slept. The big spotlight sweeping across the area every minute, causing them to hide in the shadows. German guards patrolled in pairs, rifles draped over their shoulders. Rieucros had twelve prison dorms, nothing more than poorly constructed wooden huts. They waited in the shadows until a patrol went by and sprinted across to the first one. Opening the door quietly, they entered. The dorm was a pavilion with double wooden bunks running down both sides, and a small seating area near the door. There stood a pot belly stove in the seating area.

They approached the nearest lower bunk and lifted the blanket shining their torch on the prisoner under it. The prisoner was a middle-aged woman, shaved head, wearing the black and white striped uniform. On her breast a yellow star, being two yellow triangles sown together to resemble the 'Star of David'.

"Jews," Luc whispered to Jacques.

Jacques indicated with his head for them to leave. They won't find Amelie in with the Jews that much is certain. Outside they crept to the next dorm and then hid as the spotlight came across them.

"Let's hope she's in this one," Luc whispered.

Jacques shrugged, and they silently slipped into Dorm two.

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## **Chapter Eight**

A sudden cacophony of shooting and shouting woke Amelie from a deep sleep. The noise of combat filled her with fear, heightened by the steady, long whine of the camp siren. Sitting up, she placed her ear against the wall to listen to what is happening outside. The other women in the dorm quickly huddled on the floor between the bunks emitting low screams and murmurs as the sounds peaked. The only place a potential stray bullet wouldn't find them. Amelie began to shake thinking about her dogs out there in the fighting, worrying they'll get hurt.

"Please God, save Brutus," she whispered in prayer.

She curled into a ball, praying to God for all her dogs safety as she listened for sounds of fighting.

"Get away from the wall, stupid girl," Mari shouted to her.

Amelie looked at Mari with faraway eyes, making the old woman shake her head. Another woman pulled Mari to the floor saying, "Forget the dog bitch, if she wants to die it's her own stupid fault. Besides, she always smells like dog shit."

Mari looked at Amelie's dirty face and decided her friend is right, in moments like this one had to look after oneself.

Suddenly, the door to their dorm burst open making the noise from outside sound even louder, as if they were right in the middle of it. The women on the floor screamed and wailed as two men dressed in black and holding rifles burst into the room. *Close your eyes, Amelie*, she tells herself, fearing the end has come. One of the men in a deep familiar voice shouted to be heard over the fighting, "Amelie? Amelie Theroux from Paris, are you here?"

Amelie's eyes shot open, and she gasped. "What?"

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The morning after her first encounter with Brutus, she practically sprinted to the kennels after muster, her body tingled with excitement. When she arrived, she found three guards waiting outside the kennel holding leashes which they promptly gave to her. She wondered why they couldn't get a dog for themselves, and decided they were probably too scared to go into the kennel alone. Controlling one vicious dog on a leash is one thing, entering their lair where six ran free is something else. They screwed their faces at her, catching a whiff of her odour. "You smell like dog shit," one of the guards said as he handed her the leash he held.

"Sorry, Monsieur," she said with her head bowed.

"Report to supplies and get a clean uniform and some soap. If you smell and look the same tomorrow morning, I'll beat you."

She nodded and quickly entered the kennel holding the leashes. The six dogs greeted her with wagging tails, led by her aristocratic Brutus. Just the sight of his shiny black coat, and proud stance made her quim moisten and dribble. He sniffed the air, knowing her exquisite smell. She stroked her boys' soft coats and accepted their wet licks with much happiness. Taking the leashes, she snared two German Shepherds and the Doberman and led them out to the guards.

When the dogs saw the guards their demeanour changed, and they growled at them. The guards thought they were growling at Amelie, and smiled wondering how soon they'd turn her in to a meal. Amelie knew they were growling because the dogs sensed the danger these men represented to her. The guards took the leashes and snapped the dogs to heel, barking commands at them in harsh German. Watching the guards take the dogs away, she felt sorrow for the dogs. "One day we'll be free," she whispered.

"Free?" A German voice said behind her and laughed hard.

On turning, Amelie discovered Untersturmführer Politzer standing in the door to the storage shed. She noticed him wearing the boots she polished yesterday, no doubt having already dropped off his other pair for her to polish. The job she hated the most is cleaning all the guards' boots, as it kept her away from her Brutus.

"I'm sorry, Untersturmführer Politzer, I didn't see you standing there," Amelie said blushing a deep red.

"It's OK, Frau Amelie, I'm amused by your delusions of freedom. How do you think your freedom will come about, eh?"

Her body trembled, each muscle tight, as she said, "When the great German Fatherland wins the war, Untersturmführer Politzer."

Untersturmführer Politzer threw his head back and laughed. "So if I told you the Führer shat candy, you'd believe that?"

Amelie swallowed hard, knowing whatever she answered could get her beaten. "Yes, Untersturmführer Politzer," she said as innocently as she could.

He burst out a short, boisterous laugh while shaking his head. Stepping out of the shed, Politzer suddenly slapped her hard across the face, making her fall to the ground. He looked at her limp body, her upper lip swelling fast, and nudged her with his foot making Amelie look at him. "Don't



play me for a fool," he said sharply. As her foul unwashed scent hit him, he said in German, "Stinkende fotze!"

Politzer walked off toward the administration block, and started whistling as he did. Amelie stayed put for a minute before turning to see him just entering the administration block. Her body relaxed, making her shoulders sag as she expired harshly. *Fuck you*, she thought bitterly.

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Her first job of the day is always cleaning the kennel courtyard and tunnels from dog waste. At first, the dogs other than Brutus followed her around as she crawled nude through the tunnels, trying to mount her, thankfully the tunnels were too low to allow it. Brutus soon stopped it, exerting his dominance over the dogs with a few well-placed nips. So within a few days the dogs left her alone while she's doing her work. Amelie soon developed a routine of leaving the morning's waste in the bucket until the afternoon warning siren sounded, and only empty it once a day. This gave her more time to do her chores and spend with the dogs.

Brutus always waited for her in his cave every morning. As she approached her heart rate and breathing would quicken, butterflies would fill her stomach, and drizzles of juice ran down her legs. Any other dogs not working would follow her, the scent of her lust so overpowering even the threat of Brutus couldn't stop them. He waited until she picked up the waste, and placed the bucket aside. In the darkness of the warm cul-de-sac, the sound of panting dogs dominated. Brutus stood, surveying his subjects with a steady gaze, his floppy ears pricking as he sniffed the air. Then he yawned and sat, this gave the other two German Shepherds behind Amelie a signal, and they dove their muzzles into her delicious scent, big tongues lapping her overflowing pussy into a foamy lather. Amelie squirmed and wriggled her butt, moaning softly, but never taking her eyes off her lover.

The flame of desire within her brunt brightly now, her desperate need to be filled all she could think about. The two tongues ardently slathering her anus and slit, sliding inside her, swishing over her clit, and sometimes gently biting. Her body twitching as waves of pulsating pleasure moved through her being as unrelenting as the tongues that molested her. She called out, as a deep orgasm rippled through her body like a shock wave, making her drop her head. Her pussy and anus rapidly clenching in spasms on the dog tongues inside her. A sudden gush of her juice spurt into the dog's mouths making them whine with the need to fuck her. The pungent odour of her sex dominating the cul-de-sac, making Brutus stand.

Amelie looked at his shape in the dim light. "Why do you tease me like this?" She asked. "You know what I want. What I so desperately need!"

Brutus lets out a low growl, and the two German Shepherds suddenly back away licking their lips. Amelie crawled further into the cul-de-sac as Brutus rounded behind her sniffing her wonderful aroma. His big red cock hanging below him like a mighty club ready to eviscerate whatever he aimed it at. Jumping onto her back, he wrapped his forelegs around her tightly making her gasp. The anticipation of penetration makes her squirm in arousal as pussy juice dribbled down her inner-thighs. Brutus thrust his cock between her legs, rubbing the length of it over her slit and clit. Amelie moaned as the hot member touched her tender skin, her clit sending vibrations of pleasure and lust through her body. "Oh, please... Please," she whisper moaned.

Brutus ignored her pleas and continued his frottage with her. Squirting his precum over her outer genitals, stomach, and thighs to mix with Amelie's juices and lubricate his passage. He humped hard, moving his hips to vary the pressure he put on her clit. Amelie couldn't believe how this titillated her, making her desire to grow even more. Brutus remained aloof from her begging, her

body trembling with desire, and the lustful discharge that sprayed his cock. His bitch is in-heat, and he wants to enjoy every moment he has with her. He barked, a regal bark of command and one of the German Shepherds named Max came up beside Amelie and lay on his back. Amelie seemed too distracted to notice at first in her state of orgasmic trance, however, Max began to wriggle under her and when she felt him touch her arm she lifted it.

With a combination of the Shepherds wriggling and Brutus grasping her neck with his powerful jaws and pushing her with his legs, Max reached a position where his erect cock lay close to her pussy. Brutus stopped humping her and jumped off. He walked around and snapped at her hand, and pushed at her with his muzzle. Amelie reached under and grabbed Max's cock and stroked it for a while, then she guided it into her pussy. Although she felt disappointed it isn't Brutus's big cock, the friction from Max's cock inside her made her cum immediately. Her body twitched again as Brutus licked the sweat off her neck, enjoying the salty taste of her lust.

Amelie began to pump her hips and slide her wet pussy over Max's cock, feeling it throb inside her. Her twerking action made her cute butt wobble, as she moaned so lustfully. The hot friction inside her sent shivers of orgasms through her body, and her clit throbbed making her whole body ache for release. The tension inside her built like a spring being wound tight, pressing to be released, needing it, and desperate for it. Brutus watched her wriggling butt cheeks with interest, and decided the time had come for him to exert his power. He jumped onto her back, his weight pushing her body so forcefully Max's knot entered her pussy, something she had tried to avoid. This motion enough to start him cumming, gushing hot dog semen inside her womb.

Brutus wrapped his robust front legs around her waist before thrusting his big cock at her. The first jab hit Max's cock and slid up into her anus, only just entering. Amelie moaned loudly as she felt the burning sensation of the tip of Brutus cock enter her. The next thrust caused his thick, long cock to slide inside her anus, ever stretching the poor flesh close to tearing. Amelie closed her eyes hard, making her face scrunch, as Brutus found his mark and began to thrust. Her head swam in the fog of lust, pain, pleasure, haze, and heat. The sound of panting from Max and Brutus takes her into a rhythm of pleasure. Feeling fur encompassing her skin made her tingle. Max's cock still spurting its seed inside her womb as Brutus fucked her arse with brutal efficacy.

Inside her body as two big dog cocks filled her with throbbing heat, she could feel the pulse of each vibrate through her. The thrusting of Brutus pushed her forward so her clit now brushed against the fur of Max's tummy. She felt her soul lifted to another place, to a different plane of being as her world coalesced to the intense feelings of being mated. Amelie felt as if she were floating, as if time and space had stopped for this moment. Brutus could feel his knot hit her butt cheeks and as he grabbed her even tighter around the waist, he thrust the grapefruit sized meatball inside her arse. He continued to rake her insides with his massive cock and knot, her g-spot now clamped between two dog knots.

Max could feel Brutus too, through her flesh, and his slowly softening cock suddenly got hard again and he started humping her as he lay on his back under her. Now two massive knots moved inside her body, making her go crazy with lust. Amelie felt as if the universe suddenly paused, as if holding its breath before something big is about happen. Something more profound than the mundane existence of life. In this pause, Amelie could feel the two knots moving inside her and she could sense her body could not hold the tension any longer. She had reached the limits of her physical capabilities. In that spiritual pause all she could think is, *I'm free!*

Her body coruscated in what could only be described as an orgasmic tsunami. She screamed and squealed, as tidal waves of intense pleasure washed her away until she only saw darkness, and stars bursting above her with violent illuminance. Her pussy squirted all over Max, a mixture of his cum

and hers. The deep clenching of her pussy milked his cock of every last drop of cum his furry balls held, and his knot began to grow smaller. The rapid clenching of her anus finally pushed Brutus to orgasm and unleashed a deluge of superhot semen inside her body. He grew still, feeling Amelie react under him, enjoying the mastery of his deviance. Amelie's orgasms lasted the longest time, as the waves battered her and shook her little body like a boat in a storm. Eventually, the pleasure began to fade, and the sounds and smells of her surrounds began to permeate her senses again. For a brief, yet exquisite moment, she had been free.

Amelie felt a wet course tongue licking her clean, and she looked around to see 'Stein' the other German Shepherd working on her. Brutus was back in his bedding licking his cock clean of her taste, and Max had gone presumably to do the same. Stein jumped on her humping her thigh with his hard cock, and she felt sorry for him. So she pushed him off and got back on all fours, lowering her upper body to present herself to him. Stein jumped on her and thrust until he found her well-used pussy. She gasped, as he thrust his big red cock inside her, wondering if it's even possible to cum again after such an experience. Her body soon started warming to Stein's efforts, and again she felt her inside stir and bubble. The tension starting to build. She reached under and started rubbing her clit to help it along. Not that Stein couldn't make her cum alone, she just wanted to make it even better. To feel a moment of freedom again.

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Amelie poked her head out the end of her bunk, looking toward the door. "Jacques?" She said eyes-wide.

"Amelie? Thank God," Jacques said and sighed.

"Get over here, we're breaking you out," Luc said from the doorway.

"Luc? Jacques?" Tears drizzled down her cheeks as she made her way to them.

She fell into their arms, holding them close. Her body shook with sobs of happiness. "I never thought I'd see you again," she said.

"We wouldn't give up on you that easy," Jacques said.

"Papa would tan our hides if we did," Luc said.

"Come on, we have to go," Jacques said taking her hand.

Mari suddenly called out, "What about us?"

"Forget them," Amelie said to her brothers. "They smell like death."

They left, leaving old Mari wide-eyed and mouth agape.

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The campsite suddenly seemed unfamiliar to Amelie. She'd never been outside in the darkness before, add the sounds and flashed of gunfire, men shouting, search lights waving around all over, and dogs barking to the mix and it seemed unreal to her. She trotted along between her brothers, hiding when they hid, and sprinting when they ran for it. The moment reminded of her the night she fled with the men across the Trivette field. However, she soon realised her brothers had a plan, rather than the panicked dash away from the Germans. They helped her climb through a hole in a

fence and pushed her again to run. The poor diet of the camp is taking a toll on her, she became breathless and started to lag behind the two men. Jacques turned and saw what happened, stopped, slung his rifle over his shoulder, and scooped her up in his strong arms. As he started to run with her, she panted, "Thank you, Jacques."

He put her down next to the entry to the kennel courtyard and suddenly her heart leaped in her chest. "The dogs..." she panted.

Luc patted her shoulder. "Don't worry, we took care of them," he said almost cheerfully.

"No," she hissed.

A deep menacing growl sounded behind them, and Luc swung round with rifle to fire toward it. A spotlight fanned across the ground in front of them revealing Brutus, fangs revealed, drooling froth, and heckles raised. His head lowered as he sniffed the air. Luc aimed and as Brutus shot forward like a coiled spring, Luc fired. The bullet didn't go near the charging dog as Amelie jumped forward and knocked the gun. The sudden movement and kickback of the rifle made it fly from Luc's hands and land on the ground a few metres away.

"Merde," Jacques muttered, reaching for his rifle slung over his back.

"Stop," Amelie screamed.

At first Jacques thought she was talking to him, but he realised she was talking to the dog. He paused, and to his amazement the dog stopped dead in front of Amelie and sat on the ground. *What the fuck*, he thought as he watched the strange scene.

Amelie patted Brutus for a moment, who licked her face and wagged his stumpy tail in response. "I've seen it all now," Luc said under his breath.

She stood and turned to her brothers, Brutus by her side. "We are ready to go now," she said.

"We?" Luc asked, one eyebrow raised.

"Brutus and any other dog in there comes with us, or I'm not leaving."

Luc rolled his eyes and sighed deeply. "Are you crazy, girl?"

She crossed her arms, stamping her foot.

"Alright, just come on," Jacques said, shaking his head.

They entered the kennels to find the rest of the men waiting for them. On spotting Brutus, one of the men reached for his pistol and Jacques grabbed his arm, saying, "Be still, brother, the dog is with Amelie."

"That mongrel nearly tore my arm off," one of the men grumbled.

Their leader, Christian Moubray, made his way back to Amelie. He reached out his hand to squeeze her shoulder when Brutus snapped at it making him pull back in a hurry. "Stop that, Brutus," Amelie scolded him making him whine.

Moubray looked at the dog for a moment in disbelief. He said to Amelie, "Welcome, it's a pleasure to meet you. I'm Christian, a good friend of your brothers. We have to go now."

"Not without the other dogs," Amelie said.

"What?"

"The other dogs in here, I want them to come with us," Amelie said in a low voice.

"Amelie, we can't do that," Moubray said.

"Then I'm not going with you," she said crossing her arms.

A murmur of male voices echoed in the kennels, making Moubray hold his fist in the air and silence fell instantly. He looked at the glint in Amelie's narrowed eyes. "Bring the dogs," he announced, followed by more murmurs. Several men grabbed a dog each and began dragging them toward the hatch door that led outside the prison. Once in the open they hauled the limp bodies of the animals over their shoulders and ran. Outside the sirens wailed and lights were on everywhere. German voices shouted, and men with flashlights ran everywhere looking for the resistance fighters. Two men led the way, protecting another man dressed in prison clothing, and the rest followed. Amelie and Brutus the last to leave. The sound of the German voices sparked Brutus's attention for a moment until Amelie touched him.

"Come on, you're not with them anymore," she said to her lover. "You're with me."

Brutus licked her face and she smiled at him. They fled the area as they had planned, through several backyards of nearby houses and into the forest. The Germans continued their fruitless efforts to find them, hindered by the fact they no longer had any dogs to track them with. The group fled through thick woods for several hours before coming across a road with a truck waiting for them. Climbing into the back, the truck suddenly pulled away.

"Somebody muzzle those dogs, they'll wake soon," Moubray said, prompting movement from several men.

"They'll be OK once they see me," Amelie said.

Moubray considered her for a moment. "Why is that? Why does this Rottweiler not tear your head off?"

"I cleaned their kennels, fed them, and cared for them. The Germans trained them to be vicious, but they're all just puppies at heart," she said.

Several men sniggered. "That's what my wife says about me," one man said in the darkness prompting several to laugh.

"Well..." Moubray began, "If just one of these dogs attacks any man, woman, or child in the resistance I'll personally put a bullet in its head."

A tense silence permeated the darkness.

"They won't," Amelie said. "They'll help the resistance, you'll see," Amelie's soft voice said.

"Merde, that dog moved," one of the men said pointing his flashlight at Stein.

A flashlight suddenly lit another dog stirring from its drug induced sleep. Some tape wrapped around its muzzle. The dog, Stein, lifted his head and Amelie crawled to it and removed the muzzle. "No..." a man said.

"Leave it... I trust her," Jacques said, but several pistols were now aimed at Stein.

Amelie sat on the floor of the truck among them and started to stroke their coats and speak to them. Stein got to his feet, and shook his body. He sniffed the air and started growling. Brutus stood and snapped at him, making him back away with his head lowered. He barked several times, making the men in the truck tense and put weapons to the ready. Amelie touched each dog, speaking to it, and calling it by name. Eventually, all the dogs lay on the floor quietly, not making a noise. The men looked at her in awe of her control over these brutish animals. The situation promised to be a blood-bath once the dogs woke from the drugs, but Amelie kept them under control.

Moubray, sitting next to Jacques, whispered to him, "Femme de chien."

The men whispered in the darkness what Moubray had said. "Dogwoman... Dogwoman!"

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Chapter Nine

"Am I hurting you?" Francis asked, as he gently thrust his cock inside Amelie's pussy.

She smiled up at him, his face furrowed, so she kissed him playing her tongue in his mouth. He started thrusting again as she relaxed, enjoying the familiar sensations of sex. Her stomach tightened, and legs went 'wobbly'. Amelie's breathing quickened, and her nipples became erect. Francis is a handsome twenty-something resistance fighter, brave and determined as any other soldier she'd known. However, while he is pleasant on the eye, Amelie doesn't find him too smart. A foil to ease the concerns of others, she spends too much time with her dogs.

Wrapping her legs around his, she tried to get some depth from her new man. The only problem with human dick is, she finds, once it's hard that's it. Not like a dogs continuing to swell and swell and the delicious knot. Her mind wandered again to Brutus and his huge cock, so she held this thought. Feeling the rhythm of Francis's humping, she reached down and rubbed her clitoris to intensify her pleasure.

How does one describe a hard cock moving inside your body? Pushing, probing, stabbing, or rubbing? It's all these things and more, and Amelie loved the feeling more than anything else. She often wondered if this made her a whore, after all. Good girls are not meant to like sex, or so it seemed. They're supposed to just lay there and take it until the man grows bored with her or cums. She closed her eyes, trying to concentrate on what Francis is doing to her, or at least trying to do. So wanting to feel pleasure from his efforts.

Sex with Francis is nice, but he isn't Brutus, or Woofy, the two greatest lovers she had ever known. Truthfully, he ranked under all her 'boys', because she's now used to the anatomy of a superior penis, a dogs penis. Francis grunted, and he closed his eyes. The rhythm of his thrusting became suddenly jagged, and his breathing became harder. He is going to cum any second, she thought. Moaning louder, she watched how her efforts tipped him into his an orgasm.

With a final grunt, he unloaded his balls deep inside her, and afterward, fell on her like a man who had just been shot. He sighed deeply, his hot breath titillating her neck. After a moment of basking in his post-orgasmic condition, he rolled off her and lay beside her in her bed.

"Damn, so good," he whispered, and sighed.

"How long until you have to start your shift?" She asked.

He gazed at his watch, the numbers and hands glowed softly in the dark. "Twenty-minutes, or so. Plenty of time to have a piss, and get some coffee into me before I start."

He sat up and swung his legs out. She heard the rustle of clothes, and her bed bounced as he dressed in the dark. "So that's it," she said with a teasing tone. "I'm just your quickie before you go on watch?"

He stopped, and the bed became still. His voice betrayed an emotion she'd never heard since she had known him. "Amelie, you mean more to me than anything on this Earth. I just wish—" he stopped mid-sentence.

Silence.

"What?" Amelie asked in a whisper.

Francis sighed. "I just wish I mean the same to you."

She sat up and wrapped her arms around his back, placing her head on his shoulder. "I like you a lot, Francis. You know that."

He stood, making her let go. In the darkness he did up his pants and walked to the door. Stopping to pick up his rifle that rested on the wall next to the door, he said, "You like me, how sweet."

He walked out closing the door before she could answer. The hallway is lit with candles, and in the dull glow he spotted Brutus is laying on the floor. Waiting to be let into Amelie's room. Francis glowered at the dog with narrow eyes and an upturned nose. The desire to kick it grew, but he pushed it away. The dog stood watching him silently, expectantly. Brutus could smell her sex scent on Francis, and it made him feel excited.

Opening the door to Amelie's bedroom, he said loud enough for her to hear, "Go on then, she prefers your company to mine."

Brutus didn't understand the remark, but he trotted into her room and jumped on the bed. Francis closed the door, feeling his heart break.

Brutus gave her face a big, wet lick as she snuggled into him with a deep sigh, tears running down her cheeks. The words: Go on then, she prefers your company to mine, stewed in her mind repeatedly. Brutus didn't seem too flustered by Francis's demeanour, the wonderful scent of her sex is all he could think about. He pawed at her groin, and without thinking Amelie pulled the blankets back to give him what he wants.

His muzzle buried between her legs, licking forcefully at her pussy lips, his tongue gliding over her clit, and more than occasionally entering her to ravage her wetness from inside. She'd clamp down on his tongue with her pussy to prolong the intense feeling until Brutus whined in protest. Already his thick, long-red cock dangled between his legs in a statement of intention and ownership. However, Amelie knew the risk to be too great to be knotted in this place. If her friend's caught her, she'd be disgraced and thrown out of the resistance.

Why do people fear something so wonderful, she thought as waves of pleasure washed over her. She writhed under his tumultuous tonguing, thrusting her pussy into his face. Brutus started prancing all over the bed, a sign he expected some action. She grabbed all the pillows and put them together,

lastly, lifting herself onto them lying on her back. Spreading her legs, she patted her pussy to tell Brutus she's ready.

Brutus climbed over her, and with the pillows aligned as they were, his big cock aligned her pussy for sex, missionary style. He stood over her panting and drooling, eyes blinking rapidly. "Oh, so that's how you want it?" She playfully asked her lover. Reaching down, she grabbed his cock, the heat coming from it making her fingers tingle. Gently she pushed it inside her pussy with a soft moan. Brutus didn't do anything at first, as if this connection of his dick in her cunt is all the union he needed. Amelie writhed under him, her body squirming. Her need

"Please," she whispered. "I need it."

Brutus advanced his huge cock deep inside her, making her body lurch with each strong thrust. Her nipples stiffened as they rubbed against his furry underbelly, sending little electrical shocks into her. His cock swelled inside her, stretching and impaling her with scant regard for her well-being. Wrapping her arms around him, he lowered his head and licked her face and mouth. Amelie allowed his tongue to enter her mouth and they kissed.

All thoughts of human problems, Francis, her brothers, and the war fled her mind. An overwhelming contentment filled her spirit from living in the now with her Brutus. Her body resonated this feeling with constant throbs of delight. His big grapefruit sized knot slipping inside her pussy with a strong thrust, her favourite part of the experience. Brutus fucks her with his knot. Just as not all men are equal in abilities, the same can be said for canines too. Some stopped as soon they knotted their bitch, others tried to hump with little success, then there's Brutus. He could fuck her with his big knot so it stimulated her g-spot to perfection. The tension in her body finally released and she moaned loudly, forgetting where she is. Amelie's body shook, flushing red all over, and developing a damp sweat. Her anus and pussy contracted and relaxed and a rhythmic spasm around the big cock impaling her.

She clutched her lover tightly, cumming hard under him. It became too much for Brutus and at last his cock sprayed its milky contents inside her womb. Semen mixed with pussy juices began to drip from her pussy as he filled her. Eventually he stepped over her and stood ass to her pussy, and lay on the bed to let him finish. Amelie fell asleep, content, safe, and with her love. These moments are so rare for a resistance fighter, and tomorrow would place her in danger yet again. Her and her boys.

It now seemed a long time since Amelie was freed from the prison camp in Mendes, and life in the resistance had taken a toll on her as it did for many. Always on the move to the next mission, usually sabotage of the rail system, sleeping rough, eating intermittently, and always on high alert for Germans or collaborators. Her dogs had become a useful instrument of war for her resistance unit led now by her brother Jacques after Moubray was killed during an operation at Lyon, eighteen months ago. They are great trackers and hunters, and great at taking out the guard dogs the German's used. Naturally, fighting a war is never easy, and to Amelie's great heartbreak four of her 'boys' had been killed in action. All who remained with her now is Brutus the regal Rottweiler, and Max an affectionate German Shepherd.

Saying Max is affectionate seems a contradiction in terms because when in 'battle mode' he is ferocious and has a kill record of twelve dogs and six people (Germans), with only Amelie able to command him. However, when relaxed around the camp, he acted as a companion to all the resistance fighters. Only Brutus remained aloof, sticking by Amelie's side always. Living this way

made it hard for her to enjoy her dogs, as privacy was often nonexistent. Eventually she stopped allowing the dogs to mate with her except Brutus as he is the love of her life and she could never deny him. As she walked to the kitchen of the house they were staying in with Brutus by her side, she became reminded of one such incident.

They had been ordered by the free French Government via BBC radio to blow up the Fréjus rail tunnel on the French/Italian border. This tunnel runs from Mondane in France, under the western Alps to Bardonecchia in Italy. This mission was before the allied invasion of Italy, and they wanted to prevent the Germans from moving men and equipment into France easily. Such a long tunnel you'd think it would be easy, but on top of those tunnels were huge, unforgiving mountains with German Troops stationed at both entrances. It seemed an impossible mission when they decoded the orders from the BBC broadcasts. The location of several large air ventilation shafts they could enter the tunnels through had to be checked. The one they had in mind was guarded by a platoon of Ost fighters (Russians recruited to fight for Germany from the Eastern front), these soldiers were the bottom of the military barrel. Lazy, disloyal, and easily bribed. Perfect for the resistance.

Amelie's job, with her two vicious companions, was to help guard the German Ost platoon while others laid the explosives by rappelling down the deep air vent. A job Amelie was more than happy to leave to the men. The Ost platoon was kept in a log cabin under guard. They had an older Italian woman in her fifties who acted as a housekeeper and cook for the soldiers. The cabin was built long ago, and followed the tradition of having the kitchen, separate to the main house, and in this kitchen is where the resistance fighters stayed and kept warm. Being on a mountain in the middle of winter is extremely cold, so the old woman named Lucia kept the fires lit and ovens busy to care for all her guests. Amelie got to know her, as the only other woman for miles, and to her surprise the dogs took an instant liking to the woman too.

On a cold day during the middle of the operation Amelie entered the barn to collect one of the dogs for a patrol around the perimeter when to her surprise she found Brutus fucking Lucia. The Old Italian woman moaned softly as Brutus went about his business. Standing behind the pair, Amelie watched his big cock hammering her pussy hard, with his knot already getting big and hitting her pussy-lips with each thrust. All Amelie could do is stare wide-eyed at the scene, the mesmerising sight, sounds, and smells of forceful copulation making her pussy begin to lubricate. It struck her that in all the times she has been fucked by dogs this is the first time she's seen how it appears.

Lucia moaned, "Si! Si! Fottermi, grand cane. FOTTERMI!"

Amelie knew immediately this carnal situation isn't Brutus asserting his dominance over Lucia, she's a willing partner. Knowing for the first time she isn't the only woman who does this caused an epiphany in her. I'm not the only one. I'm not a freak after all, she thought happily! Amelie glanced out the barn door to ensure no one is likely to walk in, and shut the door behind her when she saw nothing but cold snow. Walking around the copulating pair she stood in front of Lucia who panicked when she saw Amelie smiling at her. She tried to get up, but Brutus had her gripped tightly. Amelie grabbed her hands, saying, "It's OK! Calm yourself. He fucks me, too."

"You too?" Lucia's narrowed eyes scanned Amelie's face, searching for any deception.

Amelie stood and undid her pants, dropping them to the ground to reveal her black bushy mound. Wetness already clung to her pubic hairs, making them glisten. She called Max over who immediately started sniffing and licking her crotch with his big pink tongue. Noticing a square bale of hay behind her, she sat. Max's muzzle never left her pussy. Lucia watched Amelie closely, licking her lips, while her body moved with the thrusts of Brutus big cock ravishing her pussy. Watching Brutus fuck another woman turned Amelie on so much, seeing things from a different perspective

caused her to bounce from foot to foot for a moment. How his muscles rippled with each thrust. The strength of his forelegs as they gripped Lucia's body obvious. The way Brutus kind of kinked his head to the side while his eyes wandered in that doggy way, kind of half shut indicating he's relaxed and happy. The languid way his big pink tongue hung from the side of his mouth as he panted occasionally licking his lips.

With the picture in her mind, Amelie's heart raced, her stomach was fluttery, and faced flushed. Her eyes welled with tears as she thought, I love him so much! All these deep feelings combined with Max's frantic licking of her groin gave Amelie a sudden orgasm, and she moaned squirting her wetness into Max's mouth. The sudden rush of her exquisite pheromone made Max shake all over, as if drying himself. He licked his lips to get it, he jumped so his forelegs were on the hay bale with Amelie between them, and with practiced accuracy he slipped his red cock between her slit and deep inside her.

"Ohhhhhhh," Amelie moaned. "Yes. God, yes!"

"Si. Bellissimo! Bellissimo!" Lucia said as she watched the big German Shepherd's cock enter Amelie's pussy.

Suddenly Lucia clasped her hand over her mouth and squealed loudly, her face turning red and her eye's clenching shut so hard her wrinkly face rumped. Amelie knew her Brutus had just knotted her, and the thought of it made her thrust her hips into Max's cock as he drove into her. Her head fell back, her mouth half open and eyes closed as the sensation of Max's cock sliding inside her like being on the edge of the world about to fall. Her heart pounds, her body rhythmically jerks, and the sounds of pussy friction pop in the air. Holding her hand over her pussy so he can't knot her enables the movement to stimulate her clit until finally her orgasm explodes inside her. "Brutus," she moans as her body begins to shake all over.

Amelie feels like she's falling for a moment, followed by a sensation of weightlessness as the orgasmic wave's take over her consciousness. It begins to abate, and the world starts to intrude on her consciousness again. So lost in her moment of pleasure she didn't even feel Max shooting his cum inside her. It dribbled out of the base of her pussy onto the hay, thin and watery. Lucia couldn't take her eyes off it. Amelie rose, pushing Max off her. Max rushed around for a moment, his cock still spurting cum. He tried to mount her again, but got denied. So he ran into the barn to find a nice warm corner, he could lay and lick his cock.

Amelie watched him for a moment, then pulled up her pants. Lucia and Brutus were still, he is seeding his new bitch and Amelie knows from experience he can take forever to finish. The two women gawked silently at each other for a moment. Eventually, Lucia asked, "How long?"

Amelie rubbed her nose. "Ah, about four years."

"Si," Lucia said with a nod. "Trenta, err, thirty years, maybe."

Brutus suddenly swung one of his forelegs over and dismounted Lucia so they were butt to butt. He gave a pull and to Amelie's surprise his cock came out with his huge knot still inflated. She couldn't see it, but she heard dripping on the floor, and smelt her pussy/cum smell. Amelie swallowed hard, she didn't think it possible. She asked, "How?"

Lucia climbed to her feet, and Amelie helped her. Once standing, she said, "Once you do horse, dog knot no problema."

Amelie gave a soft chortle. "Horses? Anything else?"

Lucia wagged her finger at Amelie. "My business."

"OK."

"We keep secret. Men, need not know," Lucia said in broken French.

"Yes, our secret," Amelie said. "Now, who do I take on patrol?"

In the kitchen all the fighters were gathered drinking hot coffee from tin cups. Some bread and raspberry confiture available to eat. Jacques stood closest to the woodstove and the grizzly, rough looking resistance fighters faced him. He glared at her, saying, "Nice of you to join us, Amelie. Did Francis keep you awake too late last night?"

The men laughed, some poked Francis in the ribs making him blush deep red.. Amelie grimaced, not because of the accusation, she now knew Jacques knew about her and Francis. "Sorry," is all she could say and Jacques turned sharply from her and continued.

"Well, as I was saying, our next mission has been set," Jacques said peering around the room. "The Allies want us to sabotage the main telephone exchange in Meymac. They want all communications halted."

"They must have something big planned," Demarr said with a nod. One hand-holding a clay pipe with a thin wisp of smoke rising from it. The other his coffee.

"If they are, they won't tell us," Luc said from the back of the room.

Bear asked, "Why Meymac, I wonder?"

"I've heard a reserve Panzer division has been placed there under direct orders from the Führer himself," Jacques said.

"Fuck the Führer," Luc shouted to laughter.

"Only with a bayonet," André said, making the men cheer and laugh more.

Jacques smiled and let the men have a moment, then he held his hands in the air, calling out, "Alright! Alright! We have business to discuss."

The room quietened, and Amelie had a gleam in her eyes as she gazed at Jacques. "We'll need some volunteers to go to our old campsite near Meymac to see if it's safe for us to move there. Bear and I are going to visit our old friend Gerald Jarreau at 'The Black Horse Inn' for some local intel. The rest of you need to pack and clean this site so we can move out quickly."

"What about her?" Demarr said, pointing to Amelie.

Her head went stiff, jolting back. She asked sarcastically, "What about me?"

With a slight bow, Demarr said, "I mean no disrespect, Amelie, you and your dogs are important to us. But I remember you have some history in Meymac. So it puts you at risk of being recognised, which could ruin our mission."

Bear nodded. "He has a point."

Amelie shrugged. "It's been four years since I was there last, so who's going to recognise me? Most soldiers there at the time are probably on the Russian Front now."

"She could stay in camp anyway, even if she doesn't take part in this one," Luc suggested.

"Thanks," Amelie said, rolling her eyes. "But I'm not here to cook and clean like a meek woman. I want to fight!"

"Meekness is not a word we'd ever use to describe you, Amelie," André said with a half-smile.

The others didn't laugh at his joke instead most of them gave a nod. Jacques took a deep breath, the sound made everyone stare at him expectantly. "I agree, Amelie's involvement poses a risk, but I won't decide until I've spoken to Gerrard. I do want her and the dogs to be in the scouting party for the campsite, she has experience in those mountains, and the dogs will help."

Luc stepped forward, saying, "Then I'll volunteer for the scouting party too."

Francis said, "I will too."

"No," Jacques said Francis. "You'll stay here for now." Francis turned away sharply, his face turning red again. "Demarr, André, Luc, and Amelie are the scouting party. Questions?"

André threw his hands in the air and said in an exaggerated tone, "Since when did I volunteer?"

Amelie smiled at him, and said, "Since you opened your big mouth, like usual."

Raucous laughter broke out again.

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## **Chapter Ten**

Although it had been four years since Amelie had been back in the Michevalles, a huge wooded mountainous area of France, she remembered it well. The many streams of fresh water, the wandering cattle of various types, and steep inclines often testing one's resolve and fitness. She couldn't help but think of her lost companions Woofie and Marteau, who guided her across the area from Perét-Bel-Air. Now she had two new companions in this place, Brutus and Max. So many good friends and lovers lost during this fight, however, she couldn't allow herself to grieve. Not until the German's had been expelled from France once and for all. Then her tears would flow for the price they've had to pay for a freedom that should never have been taken.

Amelie took them to a spot she camped near 'Les Chéves' when she approached Meymac as a naïve refugee. The site had the advantage of being close to a stream and with a large cave where they could shelter unseen. The biggest advantage to other sites being it was only three kilometres from the Meymac CBD, and gave access via the railway line. Demarr still wanted to look at some more sites, they needed a fall-back position in case the German's discovered them. So much is riding on this mission, they all felt it. They didn't know what the Allies had planned yet all these missions of sabotage indicated something big.

Amelie went to another site with Brutus and Max to do some Recon, while the guys went into Meymac to scout their targets, and get an idea of security and soldiers. They had planned to meet with Jacques and Bear and report on the suitability of the campsite at Les Chéves. So in the early hours of the morning they went their separate ways. Amelie and her dogs headed west to an old

resistance campsite on Lake Séchemaille, a log cabin set back under tall trees and covered with a canopy. Difficult to spot from air and water alike. The day is warm and the forest so green and lush, Amelie really enjoyed the hike. At the lake her heart leapt with joy in her chest. A cool breeze blew across it, making her skin cool, and hair blow. The deep blue of the lake, along with the musky smell of living matter all around her filled her with a joy she hadn't felt in a long time.

On the spur of the moment, she stripped off naked and ran into the cool water diving under, and taking the sudden shock of coldness with glee. She rose from the water with the glow of wetness in the sun running down her body. As she swung around to see what her boys were doing, she noticed both stood on the shore looking into the tree line on high alert. She scanned the deep shadows cast by the tall trees trying to see what had them so spooked. To her horror, she heard the sound of a truck moving slowly beyond her vision. Then she saw the headlights heading straight for her. Too far out to swim back to the shore where the dogs were, she whistled a command to them and they bolted. Amelie turned and started to swim toward a different part of the lake shore and managed to get out just as the truck appeared out of the trees.

Hiding naked and wet in the bushes, she watched the truck stop. You damn fool, Amelie, she scolded herself. The truck, to her relief, isn't German Military. It appeared to be an old model, pre-war, and towed a boat. The truck turned and backed the boat trailer into the water, then two men dressed in French civilian clothing put the boat into the water. Suddenly, she heard barking and worried one of her boys had come back. One of the men held a rifle of some sort. The men talked for a moment, but Amelie couldn't hear them. The shorter man of the two walked behind the truck and did something, but she couldn't see what, then he returned. They climbed into the boat and headed out onto the lake.

Lake Séchemaille is very large, so the boat seemed far off in a short period of time. So Amelie began to creep back through the Juniper's and Pines to recover her clothes and get away. Once near the log cabin, she retraced her steps until her clothes were in sight. Taking a step toward them, she suddenly heard something growl at her. Standing off to the side a French mastiff growled at her, its head so huge with a wrinkly face. The dog had short fur, and a rich mahogany colour from nose to tail. She looked behind her to see if she could retreat, only to find another watching her with the same intent.

Amelie took a deep breath and let out a sigh, trying to calm herself in a precarious situation. Her own dogs would be far off by now, waiting for her to catch up to them. This was her command, retreat and hide. Realising she had little alternative, she suddenly bolted into the bushes. Her plan to run like hell, but the dogs set off after her immediately. She could hear them barking, a deep resonate sound that echoed in the forest. So she pushed herself to run faster, clothes or not, and in the process her foot found a rock. Pain shot through her toes, sharp and unrelenting, and down she went landing on her stomach with a loud grunt. All the air in her lungs expelled in one burst and she began to gasp for breath.

Distracted for a moment by her inability to breathe, the two huge dogs emerged from behind, panting loudly and closed in on her. They had her, and ran around her barking and nipping at her, circling their prey. They sniffed at her, and in an intense moment of fear Amelie pissed herself. This got the interest of the two French Mastiff's who sniffed her urine and licked it off her legs, finally licking her lavishly on her pussy lips. The scent, the taste of her heat sent the dogs into a new kind of madness. Their tongues attacked her pussy, pushing deep inside and licking her inside out. Amelie tried to back away, but the dogs just followed her, never taking their tongues from the delicious taste of her womanhood.

Her face flushed a deep red, and her body began to tremble. Her clitoris began to throb as dog

tongues pressed and rubbed on it heavily. She moaned, giving in to the pleasure and letting it engulf her. The two dogs had red dicks sticking out of their sheaths already, and Amelie knew there's only one way to end this. So she pushed herself onto her hands and knees, despite the dogs trying to keep connected to her with their tongues, and dropped shoulders to present herself. They licked for a while longer until one of them jumped on her, and clumsily began to try to fuck her, Stepping all over, on her legs, and fumbling about. Amelie reached under and grabbed his cock, stroking it for a moment. Then she guided it into her pussy and once the dog felt the soft, velvety flesh of her vaginal walls it thrust deep inside her making her grunt.

The French Mastiff pumped away at a fast pace, its thick cock getting bigger and bigger by the moment. The fucking felt so good, and part of Amelie wanted to go all the way, however, she knew time was against her. So she placed fingers around the dog to stop its knot from taking her. This dog has a big knot too, like a grapefruit, she thought. So tempting to let it enter her, and feel the glorious stretching and the fullness of it inside her body. Her body rippled with orgasm at the mastiffs fucking, and she moaned quietly into the ground. Eventually it settled and began to cum, she gave it some time to fill her. The warmth inside her body, making her feel satiated. The dog jumped off her, pulling its big cock out.

Before she could catch her breath the second French Mastiff assumed the position and began its clumsy search for her pussy. Amelie sighed, and grabbed his cock, guiding it inside her. The first dog had a big dick, but this one is even bigger. She gasped as he thrust inside her, feeling cum and wetness run down her thighs. Some dripped directly onto the ground and she watched the puddle grow in a hypnotic trance. Her body moved in rhythm to the dogs' surges into her, and again she held her hand around the massive cock to prevent the knot from tying her. He slipped out a few times and jumped off, circling her for a moment, before resuming its copulation. The dog settled and began to ejaculate inside her cunt, making her have a full body orgasm. Amelie let the dog plant his seed, as she knew this is the best way to stop them coming back too soon for seconds, thirds, and fourths.

Her number one priority now is to get away before the fisherman return and catch her. She's never been caught before in the act of mating with a dog, but she knew her luck could run out anytime fucking in the open like this. The dog jumped off her, pulling its huge dick from her and giving her another thrill as it did. She climbed to her feet and noticed the dogs now lying under some bushes licking their cocks still. Seeing her opportunity she bolted and ran back toward the cabin. The men hadn't returned so she dressed. Amelie whistled, putting two fingers in her mouth, sending a signal to her dogs, it's OK to find her now. She knew they'd be somewhere near this spot and would come back and pick up her scent to find her. So she started walking in a south-easterly direction, disappearing into the forest.

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The alternate site, if the lake one proved a bust, is an abandoned farm house around two kilometres west of Lamazière. This location isn't as secluded as the log cabin, but is useful for short stops. As it's only going to be a fall-back position if things go wrong at their base camp, so it's perfectly fine. Feeling the Mastiff's cum leak from her abused pussy made walking feel sticky and uncomfortable. Not to mention her pussy, feeling a bit sore at the stretching these two big cocks gave her. She shivered imagining if she had let them knot her. I'd still be there now waiting for it to deflate, she thought lustfully. As she reached the old house the sun disappeared over the horizon as evening sets in.

She pulled a flashlight from her backpack and picked her way through the overgrown brambles and bushes to an opening beside the house to the foundations. Silently, she crawled inside. The hideout

isn't in the house, it's under it. She found some straw mattresses and sat on one. Lighting a kerosene lamp, she pulled some beef jerky from her backpack and ate it. This is no luxury accommodation, she thought looking around. Suddenly, two panting masses entered the hiding place coming up to her and licking her face. She gave them beef-jerky and they took it. Tails wagging with happiness for being reunited with Amelie. Her heart leapt in her chest, as the love she felt for them flooded through her.

"What took you two so long?" She said, rubbing Brutus's back.

He grunted and whined a little in response.

"Yeah, yeah, excuses, excuses."

Brutus soon had his muzzle into her crotch, smelling the scent of other dogs. He pushed in hard making Amelie giggle. "I can't fool you, can I? Yes, it's true, I've been unfaithful, but I had no other choice."

Max licked her face, making her giggle again. However, Brutus began to lap at her pants with determination. Amelie knew it would be hard to stop him now, so undid her pants and pulled them down for him to get access to her sex. As soon as the way is clear Brutus had his nose buried between her legs, sniffing her, followed soon after with determined laps of his tongue. Amelie leaned back onto the straw mattress, opening her legs as far as she could. Her black pubic hair already stuck to her body from dog saliva now. Max soon joined in tasting her forbidden fruits, her skin glistened with wetness as the dogs cleaned her of the last vestiges of French mastiff semen.

Not that she bothered much about what still may be inside her, Amelie rubbed her clit enjoying the sensations, the pops of pleasure, and her desire building and building ready to explode at a moment's notice. Her breathing became faster and faster, and her face glowed in the dim light a blush of red. With her eyes clenched shut, her pelvis suddenly thrust up into the mouths of her eager companions. Her legs began to tremble and shake wildly, and her face turned bright red. With a loud moan she came, opening her eyes to look at her lovers with a taught face. In the moment, the flood of extreme pleasure released her soul to another plane ever so briefly until finally she landed back on Earth to find the dogs had stopped licking her cunt. They were now growling at the figure of a man who held a pistol in his hand.

Amelie came to her senses with a shudder and quickly pulled her pants on. The man in the shadows watched her until she faced him with her own pistol. "Identify yourself." Amelie said coldly.

A familiar male voice said, "Tell these fucking dogs to back off."

"Luc?" Amelie suddenly said.

Amelie gave a whistle and the dogs returned to her side in a heel position. Luc stepped into the dim light revealing a face with a curling lip and eyes that appeared cold. "Luc, what are you doing here?" Amelie asked.

"I've been trying to find you," he said. "There's been a problem."

Luc came over to her in the section with the mattresses and sat next to her. He looked her in the eyes, wondering how to proceed.

"What problem? Is Jacques OK?"

He nodded. "Yeah, he's fine. It's Francis."

He looked away for a moment, swallowing deeply.

"What about Francis?" Amelie asked, grasping his shoulders to make him face her and shaking him.

"He's dead. A German patrol came across him on the lookout. He managed to warn everyone so they got away, but he was shot. I'm so sorry, Amelie."

Amelie dropped her head and started to cry. She liked Francis, he had been a lover and a friend. Luc put his arm around her and held her close to his body. Trying to comfort her the best way he could. The death of a comrade always hurt them deeply in the resistance as they worked very closely together, fought side by side, and to know someone like that is to know the real person. A mutual respect grew, some would call it love even because men and women who fought together forged a bond which often carried on for the rest of their lives.

In the quietness under the old house, Amelie sobbed for her heart had broken over the loss of Francis. Her loss too. Eventually she fell asleep in Luc's arms and laid her on the mattress and extinguished the lamp. Tomorrow would bring new questions he'd have to ask, if he dared. The thought made him feel sick.

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Around four am Luc woke Amelie and whispered, "Come on, it's time to go."

Amelie rubbed her eyes and sat up trying to force the tiredness from her body. Her mind felt numb, still processing the news her lover is now dead. Luc handed her his canteen and she took a deep drink. Once she had gathered her things together in her pack, they left the old farm house, and headed in the cover of darkness over some paddocks to the forests where they'd make their way back to the caves near Les Chéves. They didn't speak, and all that could be heard in the night is their footfalls in the dry grass and the panting of dogs.

By the time morning came, they had reached the forest and decided to stop for a rest. Amelie sat on a rock and took a drink from her canteen. The dogs sat at her feet and she gave the dogs pats and kisses on the head. Luc sat opposite watching her. Amelie's head shot up as she felt his gaze, and she frowned at him.

"Well, say it then," she said, goading him.

His face flushed bright red for a moment and he looked away. Taking a deep breath, he said, "You're not the first in the resistance to do it, so let's just leave it at that."

Her eyes went wide, she hadn't expected him to say that. "Not the first? What do you mean?"

He looked at her and shrugged. "Men get lonely, and sometimes the animals are..."

Amelie laughed at his awkwardness. She asked, "So have you... Done it with an animal?" He looked away again to hide his embarrassment. "You have," she said and burst out laughing.

"Stop it... It's not funny."

"But it is. Here I thought I was the only pervert in the family."

She laughed again, a manic laugh that she needed so badly. Luc ignored her, and walked off, saying,



"Come on let's go."

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After another hour of walking in silence, Luc suddenly asked, "Amelie, so is this how you tamed those dogs?"

"Partly," she said honestly. "I don't know what it is about me, but they seem to worship the ground I walk on. Especially once we..."

"That's enough, I don't want to know the details," Luc snapped.

"What about you. You know my secret so tell me yours."

Luc stopped and faced her. A deep frown etched across his face. "I've fucked sheep and nanny goats, mostly."

"What's it like?"

She watched the expression on his face lighten. "I loved every minute of it," he confessed.

She nodded knowingly. "Then what's the big deal if I fuck a few dogs?"

"Some people wouldn't be too pleased if they knew, with either of us."

"So we keep it to ourselves, and they'll never know," Amelie said and gave him a peck on the cheek.

Luc sighed deeply. "You need to be more careful. You were lucky it was me who walked in on you last night. If it had of been Demarr or André they would've killed Brutus and Max on the spot, and possibly given you a beating."

Amelie grimaced. "A moment of weakness, but you're right, I'll be more careful from now on."

Luc turned and began the hike again. Amelie followed, knowing he had spoken the truth. If the others knew she's sexually active with dogs they'd kill Brutus and Max and expel her from camp. They would see her vice as a weakness that would affect the morale of the troupe, and possibly lead to her being blackmailed to collaborate with the enemy. She'd heard rumours of soldiers using animals for sexual release during wars, but such things weren't spoken of publicly. To be caught in the act would lead to prison in most armies. Don't ask, don't tell - this is the standard by which taboo things are dealt with in any military ranks, even resistance fighters.

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When they reached the cave near Les Chéves, Amelie was surprised to find Jacques and Bear there along with Demarr. They were sitting around a small campfire drinking coffee when she and Luc entered the cave. They had passed André about eight hundred metres back on the lookout and given him a wave. The men stood as the pair entered and greeting and hugs were exchanged. Bear began to pour some coffee for them.

"We're all so sorry about Francis," Jacques said, giving Amelie a big hug.

She went limp in his strong arms, something about Jacques always made her feel better. He made her feel safe. "Thanks," she said in a hushed voice.

Bear handed them metal mugs and held his own high for a toast. The others joined him. Jacques said, "Francis was a man of the resistance. His death wounds us, but we'll fight on in his memory. We'll avenge his blood with as much German blood as we can spill. His loss won't be in vain, and as we gather together from this day forward when times are better - we shall remember him and honour his sacrifice. To Francis."

Everyone said in unison, "To Francis!"

After they took a sip, Demarr said loudly, "To all who have fallen."

Everyone said, "To all who have fallen!"

After another sip, Bear shouted, "To France!"

Again, everyone replied, "To France!"

Once the toast was finished, they sat again on the rocks positioned around the fire. "This is a good location," Bear said, looking at Amelie with a smile. "How did the fall-back positions go?"

"The Cabin is no good as some fishermen are using it. The old farm house west of Lamazière is viable," Amelie said.

Demarr chuckled. "The farmhouse will be a tight squeeze for all of us. I suggest we use another alternative, that way we can split up the regiment," he said.

Jacques looked at Amelie and said, "Any suggestions?"

She thought for a moment. "I know a spot near Les Chaussades that's suitable." How could I forget where Marteau took me anally, she thought. "It's a bit of a trek with some difficult terrain, but that'll make it hard for the Germans too."

"Tomorrow, I want you to recon the place," Jacques said.

Amelie screwed her nose at the thought, but said nothing, only nodding.

Luc suddenly asked, "What of the mission in Meymac?"

"The rest of the regiment should get here tonight. So we're going to strike tomorrow morning," Bear said.

"Why so soon?" Amelie asked.

"Because the Allies want it," Jacques said, and then lit his pipe.

"So I'll be hiking up the mountains while you have all the fun," Amelie said with a pout.

"I've told you before it's too risky for you to be there," Jacques said shaking his head. "If you're recognised the mission will fail, and we can't have that. This is big, I think the Allies are going to invade."

"Blah," Luc said, rolling his eyes. "We've heard that rumour before. It's always bullshit."

"It could be true this time," Bear said. "Gerard told us resistance cells all over are doing sabotage missions currently. He thinks we're softening the Germans up for something."

"We can only hope it's true," Amelie said with a smile.

Jacques looked at his watch and said, "Somebody needs to go and relieve André."

Amelie stood abruptly, saying, "I'll go."

"Amelie, you only just got back. Have a rest," Demarr said.

"I'll rest when I'm dead or the wars over, whichever comes first," she said coldly and walked out of the cave.

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Amelie kept watch until the rest of the regiment arrived, and Jacques forced her to get some rest. She didn't bunk down with the men in the cave as she had learned from experience to avoid it. Twelve men snoring and farting all night isn't conducive to a good night's sleep. Add the echoing of a cave to that, and it's certainly a bad experience. She found a small cave her and the dogs could sleep in, but no one else, and chose to sleep there. It also had another advantage, it overlooked the bigger cave so she would know when the men left to go to Meymac. Brutus and Max seemed keen for a while to continue on where they left off the evening before, but she got them settled because this is not the place for such distractions.

She fell asleep not long after sunset and didn't wake until Bear shook her from outside. "What time is it?" She asked, and yawned.

"Twelve, or thereabouts," Bear said. "We're leaving for Meymac and want Max. Seems he won't leave you unless you tell him too."

Amelie nodded. "Max. Max," she said. The German shepherd rose wagging his tail. "Go with Bear, and kill as many Germans as you can."

Max licked her face and walked out of the cave and greeted Bear. The hairy man gave him a pat, and said, "Wish Brutus could come too. That dog is a killing beast!"

"What's a matter, Bear? You scared?" Amelie asked with a sly grin he couldn't see.

Bear stood, letting out a sharp exhale as he did. "Scared? ME scared?" He said incredulously.

He spat on the ground and walked off muttering under his breath. Max following him into the darkness of the night.

Amelie crawled out of her cave, followed by Brutus and walked to the large cave where a dull yellow glow emanated from the opening. Brutus kept at heel, never left her side. The men inside were finishing packing backpacks with explosives, detonators, and ammunition. They were going to Meymac on foot and needed Amelie to show them the way. Once she got them within sight of Meymac she is supposed to then head Chaussades to recon another fall-back position.

Jacques exited the cave wearing a heavy backpack, and holding a machine gun. He asked Amelie, "Are you ready?"

She nodded. Having packed her bag the day before she placed it over her shoulder. "Let's go," she said and gave him a quick hug.

She guided the men to a track that followed the railway lines heading into Meymac. A train did pass

them at one point, but they just hunkered down in the forest until it passed them. Eventually, they reached a bridge which is as close as she is to go with them. Stopping and turning to Jacques, she said, "Over this bridge, and another forty minutes of walking you'll be in Meymac central."

Jacques hugged her and said, "Thank you, Amelie. Take care in Chaussades. We'll meet you back at camp in the morning."

"May God watch over you all as you do this important work for France," she said.

A soft amen sounded from all the men. Then they started walking over the bridge in single file. Amelie touched hands with each one as they passed her, each whispering to her, "For Francis."

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Once the men had crossed the bridge Amelie was meant to head to Chaussades, however she didn't. Instead waiting for what seemed a half an hour, and started over the bridge herself. Checking her kit to make sure she had everything she needed as she went, she relaxed and found the track the men were using ahead. Her senses on high alert for any sounds that indicated someone may be close by. Brutus stayed by her side the whole time, sniffing the air and the ground as they went. Eventually she found the fork in the track that took her away from the railyards ahead, and turned in that direction. The track turned into a dirt road, and houses started appearing in a short time.

The night had no moon, so it's very dark, making landmarks hard to recognise. Her heart pounded in her ears as she searched for a particular street, she needed to go to. When she spotted it, she stopped looking in both directions. Brutus could smell the fighters that had kept going straight ahead and wondered what Amelie is up to. She turned left, crossing the road and heading up the new street. Brutus hesitated for a moment, then followed her. The road became paved with cobble, as she silently walked through many streets. Occasionally, a German Patrol would drive by and they'd dive into yards and alleys to hide. After an hour of crisscrossing streets, she stopped at another corner examining the buildings around her.

"I think this is it," she whispered to Brutus.

Creeping down a cobbled path along a street of terrace housing, her hands began to tremble and her stomach went queasy. The houses had no front yards, so if a Patrol came by she'd be exposed here. Amelie looked closely at the doors until she found one with a small sign reading: Dr. Hans Larrieu MD. She feels the letters under her fingers and suddenly her nerves are gone. There's a bell and a plan forms in her mind. Leaning down, she whispers in Brutus's ear and he walks off taking a position in the shadows nearby. Swallowing hard, she presses the bell and keeps her finger on it so it keeps ringing.

The sound of footsteps inside and a man grumbling are soon heard and the door swings open. Larrieu shines a candle on Amelie's face and asks, "What the hell do you want at this hour of the morning."

Amelie looked at him with cold eyes. A hardness he had never seen before in a street rat radiated from her. She suddenly smiled, and said, "Dr. Larrieu?"

"Who else would be here, girl," his tone was curt, his eyes flashed anger.

Amelie put two fingers in her mouth and gave a sharp high-pitched whistle. Before Larrieu could respond a dark figure jumped from the shadows with a growl. Larrieu instinctively put his arm up to protect his face, and Brutus's jaw latched onto it with a bite that made the man cry out. He fell back

into the house dropping the candle, as Brutus landed on top of him moving his head back and forth to make the bite go deeper. Amelie reached behind her and pulled out a hunting knife with a seven-inch blade, and entered the house. Picking up the candle she shut the front door and turned to look at the carnage Brutus had begun.

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As one of many street rats sent to the prison in Mendes, she had learned much about the good doctor. He worked for SS-Standartenführer Raffensperger, the man she killed, on acquiring young girls and boys for sexual use. He invited these starving children into his home and gave them a warm meal laced with a sedative. The child would then wake up at SS-Standartenführer Raffensperger's house where men of many persuasions would sexually abuse them. Raffensperger being one of the worst perpetrators. A fact that made her guilt for killing him soon dissipate into thankfulness.

After Raffensperger's death, Sturmbannführer Weiss (who took command of Meymac) put a stop to the prostitution of minors and many of Raffensperger's victims ended up at Mendes (to keep them quiet about what happened to them). Amelie heard all the talk and realised Larrieu had probably raped her while she was unconscious in his parlour. Her hatred for this collaborator had been simmering ever since, and when Jacques had told her about their mission, she knew it gave her an opportunity to get revenge on Dr. Larrieu for a good many people. Especially her. Woofie and Marteau would still be alive if it wasn't for this scum, and that boiled inside her too.

This is not a war, tonight, it's cold blooded murder.

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Larrieu struggled fiercely against Brutus attack, but the dog is a seasoned fighter and the man had no chance really. He is an older man in his mid-fifties, portly, with grey hair and beard. Amelie stood with back against the front door, holding the candle up high to light the scene. She heard the snap of bones and the screams of Larrieu when it happened. Seeing a shelf, she placed the candle on it, and shouted, "HOLD!"

Brutus stopped and withdrew, but as he moved aside Amelie jumped plunging her knife into his stomach. Larrieu pushed her off in a surge of adrenaline, however with both arms broken, he moaned in pain as he did. Amelie climbed to her feet and stood over him with her knife poised. Larrieu looked at her, breathing heavily, trying to shield his body with useless arms. Given the deep bites Brutus had inflicted upon him and the bleeding knife wound in his stomach, Larrieu is covered in his own blood. A puddle is growing on the floor and Amelie knows he'll bleed to death before long.

"Who are you?" Larrieu said with a croaky voice.

"Four years ago you took me in and fed me. A naïve young girl with two dogs. You drugged me and I suspect you raped me as you did so many others," Amelie said.

"Raffensperger... You had his knife... I remember."

Larrieu coughed up red blood.

"I killed him too, and today I kill you for all the street rats you've harmed," Amelie said and spat on him.

Suddenly, Larrieu began to laugh grasping his stomach and grimacing as he did.

“What’s so funny?” Amelie asked, but Larrieu kept laughing at her.

She kicked him hard making him groan.

She asked again, “What’s so funny, you collaborating scum!”

“Your dogs...,” he began looking her in the eyes coldly. “I slit their throats and gave their carcasses to people to eat.”

He laughed again.

Amelie looked at the pathetic evil man near death without pity. She knew Woofie and Marteau were dead already so she gave the final order to Brutus.

“KILL!”

Brutus leaps onto Larrieu wrapping his jaws around his throat and began to shake his head manically. Larrieu lay powerless to stop the big dog and within moments had ripped his throat clean out. Blood gushed everywhere, arteries spurted in pulse driven waves until nothing was left. Larrieu died. Amelie grabbed a blanket and threw it over his body. She went to his bathroom and washed the blood from her clothes and body, repeating the same for Brutus.

While washing Brutus, she heard several large explosions, making the building shake and the windows rattle. Woman and dog slipped out into the night through the front door. Sirens were sounding, but the trouble is on the other side of town so she’d be safe for now. They walked back out of Meymac coming across many people now awake and standing around trying to see what’s going on. Fire raged across town giving the night a strange, almost eerie glow. The people ignored Amelie and so she left Meymac for the last time.

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Epilogue

The coordinated attacks of the French Resistance that night was the forerunner to the invasion at Normandy. The destruction of communications and bridges severely restricted an organised response to the invasion. Eventually two brothers and a sister stood arm in arm in Paris watching Charles De Gaulle’s triumphant return. Amelie was awarded The Legion of Honour for her role in the Resistance, but so did many of her friends including her brothers. Her father was overjoyed she had survived the war and found new respect for when he heard of how she fought alongside her brothers.

A year after the war was over Amelie settled into her new home, brought for her by her Father. A log cabin near Lake Séchemaille where she grew a garden and lived with Brutus and Max. She kept to herself mostly, only going into Ambrugeat to sell fish and crafts she made to get extras. Amelie seemed content, and people left her alone due to her dogs.

The End.