



**Cover picture** : Real life French Résistance member Simone Segouin, 18 years old, shown while fighting the Germans during the liberation of Paris on August 20, 1944.

# **SINNER AT WAR**

**A mixed Erotica, Urban Fantasy  
and Historical Fiction novel**

**By Michel Poulin**

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## WARNING TO POTENTIAL READERS



**THIS NOVEL IS MEANT STRICTLY FOR ADULT READERS. IT CONTAINS GRAPHIC DESCRIPTIONS OF WAR, VIOLENCE AND SEX, AS WELL AS COARSE LANGUAGE AND CONTROVERSIAL SUBJECTS THAT ARE UNSUITABLE FOR CHILDREN. WHILE THIS NOVEL DEPICTS MANY HISTORICAL PERSONS AND EVENTS FROM THE PAST, THIS IS A WORK OF FICTION AND WORDS OR DEEDS ATTRIBUTED IN IT TO PERSONS WHO EXISTED DO NOT REFLECT HISTORICAL REALITY. THIS NOVEL ALSO DOES NOT REFLECT IN ANY WAY THE RELIGIOUS BELIEFS OF THE AUTHOR, WHO IS AN ATHEIST AND HUMANIST.**

### ABOUT THIS NOVEL

This novel is a prequel to the novels ETERNAL SINNER and AMERICAN SINNER and was written more as an urban fantasy and historical fiction novel for adults than as a true erotica story. While this book uses many concepts and terms borrowed from the Dungeons & Dragons Role Playing Game, the author did not follow rigidly the background rules, definitions and descriptions of the D & D game. This story thus cannot be described as being fully 'canon' as per the rules of D & D.

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## **CHAPTER 1 – OCCUPATION**

**13:42 (Paris Time)**

**Friday, June 14, 1940**

**Avenue des Champs-Élysées**

**Paris, France**

“Damnés Boches<sup>1</sup>!” Muttered Marie Laurent under her breath as she stood in the front ranks of the French citizens gloomily watching German soldiers parading triumphantly down the Champs-Élysées. While that sight infuriated her and deeply hurt her patriotic feelings, she could understand why French leaders had decided to declare Paris an open city to avoid its destruction. With the recent massive defeat of French, British and Belgian armies at the hands of the Germans north of Paris, what remained of the French Army was now withdrawing to the south of the country and was in no state to effectively defend the capital. Marie loved her city of birth and was thankful that it was not going to be reduced partly to rubble, like Rotterdam, Warsaw and other unfortunate cities of Europe. However, that now left her with a most unpleasant reality to deal with.

“What are we going to do now, Mother?”

The 43 year-old cabaret and brothel owner turned her head to look at Mélanie, her adopted daughter. Mélanie was already a bit taller than her, despite being only thirteen years old. Officially, according to the municipal archives, Mélanie had just turned sixteen, since Marie had lied about the girl’s age when she had officially adopted her in 1932, shortly after finding her abandoned in a dark alley of Paris, naked, crying and distraught. In fact, Mélanie easily looked like she was truly sixteen, having already most feminine curves and being five feet and eight inches tall. She also possessed a nearly surreal beauty and was very mature, even compared to a sixteen year old girl.

“I don’t know yet, Mélanie. It will mostly depend on what the Germans in Paris will do next. Let’s go home: we will be more at ease to talk there.”

Going back to their bicycles, which they had tied with chains and locks to a nearby lamp post, the two of them started pedaling through the sparse vehicle traffic,

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<sup>1</sup> Damnés Boches!: ‘Damned Germans!’ in French slang.

rolling down the Avenue Dutuit and heading towards the Seine River. The French government had already imposed the rationing of gasoline, in order to give priority to the needs of the French Army, thus reducing markedly the normally dense vehicle traffic in downtown Paris. Another factor that had helped empty the streets of Paris was the fact that Parisians had been massively fleeing the city in anticipation of the arrival of the Germans, with more than a million citizens having already fled towards rural areas to the South. Turning left on the Cour de la Reine Street and following the Right Bank of the Seine, the duo then crossed the river at the Pont de la Concorde, one of the numerous bridges linking the Right and Left Banks of the Seine. Once on the Left Bank, the woman and the girl followed the Boulevard Saint-Germain, heading towards the Quartier Latin<sup>2</sup>, in the Sixth Arrondissement, where their cabaret was situated. After about a mile, they turned left on the Rue de Buci, which soon became the Rue St-André-des-Arts, finally arriving at their destination, the Cabaret 'Mille et Une Nuits'<sup>3</sup>, a three storey-high stone building, after passing the corner with Rue Séguier. The duo immediately brought their bicycles inside through a side door, not wanting to see them possibly being stolen if left outside: bicycles were presently in very high demand in Paris, with few being actually available for sale. The graying cleaning lady of the cabaret, Réjeanne Bouvet, saw them come in and hurried to them as they were storing their bicycles in a small storage room next to the side entrance.

“Madame! Madame! Are the Germans really inside Paris now?”

“Unfortunately, yes, my good Réjeanne.” Answered soberly Marie Laurent. “They also look like they are going to stay for a long while indeed.”

“What should we do, Madame?”

“I don’t know yet. However, I know this for sure: I am not going to close my cabaret and flee Paris, like too many have done already. Your job is safe here and you can continue living in your third floor room.”

The cleaning lady nodded her head at that, a bit reassured. Many of the employees of the cabaret, including the eight young women working as dancers and strippers, actually lived in the small rooms of the third floor, eating as a group at the kitchen of the cabaret and brothel.

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<sup>2</sup> Quartier Latin : Latin Quarter. District of Paris in the Sixth Arrondissement, where many big schools and universities are concentrated.

<sup>3</sup> Mille et Une Nuits : One Thousand and One Nights, in French.

"Thank you, Madame Laurent. You are very kind indeed."

"Well, someone has to be kind in this tough world. Are the girls all in at this time?"

"They are, madam!"

"Then, tell them to gather together in the main show lounge."

"Yes, madam!"

As the cleaning lady hurried away, young Mélanie spoke in a low voice to her adoptive mother.

"What do you have in mind, Mother? Do you think that the Germans will allow our cabaret to stay open?"

"Believe me, Mélanie: where there are soldiers, there are brothels. Paris will soon enough be awash in German soldiers and they will most probably install various high-level headquarters in this city. On the other hand, our cabaret has always attracted high-end customers, as it is not some kind of cheap place for quickies, as too many Paris brothels are. I thus fully expect that my establishment will attract many German officers as customers."

"Many of our neighbors could eye that in a bad way, Mother."

"If these hypocrites do, then too bad! I have girls to support, girls who would otherwise be mostly reduced to whoring themselves on the streets of Paris if I closed this place. Beside, where would we go? I don't have a property out in the provinces and I invested too much in this cabaret to close it just because the Germans are in town. We will continue our business as best we can, Mélanie."

"Then, I would like to help you in this, Mother. Up to now, you have insisted on me concentrating solely on my education and on honing my dancing and singing skills. However, I firmly believe that I am fully ready to perform in the cabaret. You know perfectly well that I can do the job...fully!"

Marie Laurent stared in silence at her daughter for a long moment as she weighed her answer to that request. She did know what Mélanie was capable of doing, as she had proved to be no normal girl right from the start, when Marie had discovered her at age five, crying in a dark alley eight years ago. Mélanie had quickly proved to be a near-genius in terms of intellectual capacity and mental performance, absorbing the lessons from her various private tutors at an astonishing speed. Shockingly for Marie at the time, Mélanie also had proved to possess a number of incredible powers, which she had discreetly practiced and improved during the following years, powers that only a

supernatural being could have possessed. The fact was that Mélanie truly was such a being. She also had proved to have a difficult, somehow dark character at first, something that had not surprised Marie once she had learned about the true origin of Mélanie. Marie had since worked hard to mellow her character and make her a nicer girl.

“Very well, Mélanie. If you insist, I will start using you as part of my group of working girls. With your most special abilities, you should make a killing on the floor of the lounge and in the private rooms.”

“Thank you for your comprehension, Mother. I promise you to help you keep your cabaret a prosperous and popular one.”

“That I don’t doubt for a second, Mélanie.” Replied Marie, eyeing the nearly supernatural beauty of her adopted daughter. In truth, Mélanie would probably have been able to become a top fashion model, if not for her tender age at the time. She had been attracting boys around the Quartier Latin like honey for years now and had bedded many of them, discreetly of course, lest the authorities react negatively to such sex between minors. Marie should have been scandalized by that but, considering the true nature of Mélanie, she knew that this was par for the course in Mélanie’s case. If anything, Mélanie probably knew as much about sex and was at least as skilled in the matter as any of the eight working girls employed by Marie in her cabaret cum brothel.

“Well, let’s go to the show lounge, to meet the girls there.”

Going past the kitchen and laundry room, situated in the back section of the cabaret’s ground floor, Marie and Mélanie went to the show lounge, a long and relatively narrow room decorated in the oriental fashion, with Persian carpets, brass-framed furniture, large embroidered cushions and deep red curtains. The room was in fact meant to make the customers feel like they were in some kind of exotic Persian harem. The eight young women who soon started to arrive in the lounge also helped reinforce that exotic feeling, with four of them being of Arabic descent and the four others being either Vietnamese or Chinese. All were young, beautiful and sensual. They were however quite nervous and apprehensive as they sat around the lounge, with Marie standing near the musicians’ alcove at one end and with Mélanie sitting to her right. Réjeanne Bouvet and Stéphanie Morin, the young maid in charge of cleaning the private rooms used by the customers when they went upstairs with a girl, were also present, along with Sylvie Renaudin, the cook of the cabaret, and Paul Dujardin, the doorman

and handyman, both of whom lived on the top floor of the cabaret. The only employees not present in the lounge were Marc Aubut, the barman and wine waiter of the establishment, and three Arab musicians, who lived outside the cabaret. Looking around and smiling reassuringly at her assembled employees, Marie then spoke up in a calm voice.

“Thank you for coming this promptly, my friends. Me and Mélanie just returned from watching German troops parade down the Champs-Élysées. While that sight certainly depressed me, I still intend to continue operating this cabaret, no matter what comes. Your jobs are thus safe, unless the Germans decide to force the closure of our cabaret. Such a forced closure is however most improbable in my opinion. I fully expect the Germans to use Paris as a rest and recreation center for their soldiers in France. Masses of soldiers means lots of young men starving for sex, which in turn means potentially lots of business for us. I know that the idea of entertaining German soldiers may feel wrong and even unpatriotic for many of you, but we still have to earn a living in order to survive.”

“What if our neighbors take that as being treasonous, Madame Laurent?” Asked Paul Dujardin, raising his hand before speaking. Marie gave him a sober look as she responded.

“I am sure that some people around here will think so, but they will also have to adapt themselves to this new reality if they want to survive. I can’t say what exactly the Germans will do around Paris in the coming months, or how badly they will treat French citizens, but my experience during the Great War of 1914-18 tells me that they will probably squeeze our country dry and exploit us as much as they can. Remember how much we made them pay for their aggression after their defeat in 1918, forcing them to pay huge war reparation costs. Well, you can be sure that they will most probably return us the favor once they will have forced our government to capitulate, so expect some lean, tough times ahead.”

Stéphanie Morin, the young maid, then protested.

“Don’t you think that our army can’t push them back once it regroups, madam?” Marie shook her head sadly at those words.

“At the rate the German Army is pushing its way through France? I don’t think so. As much as I would like to see that happen, don’t expect some miraculous military recovery on the part of France.”

“But, we can’t just accept defeat and greet the Germans here as if they are simply new customers, madam.” Objected Paul Dujardin, a solid, 39 year-old man who would most probably have volunteered to join the French Army and fight if not for a limp that had been caused by an accident years ago. Marie gave him an understanding smile, knowing that her doorman was no coward. To everyone’s surprise, including Marie, it was young Mélanie that replied to him, jumping to her feet.

“Who says that we have to accept defeat? We just need to be sensible about it and fight the way we can do best. Let’s accept the Germans as customers in our cabaret! Then, us girls can use our charms to make them feel comfortable and push them to brag aloud about their military exploits. If we are smart and simply listen to them, then we may be able to find in a safe way some of their secrets, secrets that could then help France defeat Germany in the long run. Pillow talk will be our new weapon to defeat those Germans.”

The others looked at each other, stunned at first. Then, smiles appeared around the lounge.

“Pillow talk... That could work! A brilliant idea, Mélanie.” Said Marie. “But the girls are no spies: they could draw suspicions if they start asking questions to our future German guests.”

“I did say to simply listen to them, Mother. When we will know that a particular German may be of interest and is loquacious, then I will make it my business to learn what I can from him.”

While Marie, who knew the kind of mental and magic powers Mélanie had, didn’t object to that, a few of the dancing girls looked at the teenager with shock.

“You want to bed customers, Mélanie?” Objected Aisha Rahal, the oldest stripper present at the age of 26. “But, you are too young for that!”

“Who says? The age of consent in France is still thirteen, right? Beside, don’t you have girls younger than me that get married in Lebanon, Aisha?”

“Uh, yes, but...”

“And who else here can speak German perfectly?”

Mélanie’s hypothetical question made more than one person present roll their eyes: Mélanie’s linguistic prowess and incredible intelligence were well know in the cabaret. Mélanie was in fact known to speak, read and write fluently at least four languages: French, English, German and Latin. She had also been heard speaking quite a few more languages, including Arabic, Vietnamese and Cantonese. And that was on top of

assimilating via private lessons and self-learning the equivalent of a college education, all of that in a mere eight years. Not seeing anyone else object to Mélanie's proposal, Marie then raised her voice to attract the attention of the group.

"While I intend to apply Mélanie's suggestion, we will have more pressing priorities for today and tomorrow. In particular, we should stock up on as much storable foodstuff, wine, spirits and other essentials as we could find before there is a rush on shops...or before the Germans empty them. In fact, we should start hoarding things right away. I am thus going to use my hidden reserves of cash to send you shopping around this afternoon. Sylvie, you will take with you four of the girls and will go buy foodstuff in the grocery stores nearby. Concentrate on essentials that can be stored for long periods, like flour, cooking oil, rice, sugar, spices and canned meat and fish. Paul, since Marc is not here, I will ask you to go with four girls to Henri's wine store and buy what you can of good quality wine and spirits, like rum, scotch and liquors. But, please, no vulgar table wine! I have standards to maintain. Me, Mélanie and Stéphanie will go our own way to try to find other essentials. Now, go get shopping bags while I get my money."

Splitting into three groups on departing the cabaret, leaving it under the watch of Réjeanne Bouvet, they scoured various shops and stores around the Quartier Latin, buying what they could of essential items. They were helped in this by the fact that so many Parisian had fled the city in the past few days, thus didn't have to contend with long waiting lineups of eager rival shoppers. However, the stores themselves were already half empty, as the normal supply network for food and civilian goods had been severely disrupted by the war in the last couple of weeks. They also found out that they were not alone in having expected future shortages. Still, the three groups came back to the cabaret with their shopping bags mostly full after a couple hours of searching and buying. Marie felt satisfied as she contemplated what they had bought, now piled on the big table of the kitchen where they used to have meals together.

"Good job, girls and guys! At least, we will now have for a couple of weeks' worth of food supplies in reserve if things get tough. Now, go wash and dress for tonight, girls: while I would be surprised to get any customer tonight, we still should be ready to greet them properly. That means you too, Mélanie: make yourself as beautiful and sexy as you can."

"Uh, could that wait a moment, Mother? I need to discuss something with you."

Marie gave her a worried look but nodded her head once and went with her into the nearby laundry room, closing the door behind them before facing Mélanie.

“Okay, what do you want to speak about, Mélanie?”

“Mother, I believe that I could do much more than simply spy on the Germans through pillow talk. What about stealing weapons, explosives and ammunition? We also could steal fuel from the Germans, or even kill some Germans. You know that, with my powers, that would be quite easy for me to do. What do you think?”

Marie stared at her eager adopted daughter, apprehension clear on her face.

“I know that you could do it, my dear Mélanie. But what about the consequences that would follow?”

“Uh, what consequences, Mother?”

Marie sighed as she remembered some of the worst things she had seen during the Great War of 1914-18.

“Over two decades ago, during the Great War, German troops executed by firing squad unarmed civilians on many occasions, accusing them of being partisans sniping at their soldiers or of spying. There were no summary trials then, only snap executions done on the strength of unproven suspicions. They even shot a British nurse whom they accused of being a spy. So, what do you think that the Germans will do today if we start attacking them physically? My bet is that they will shoot civilian hostages in retaliation.” Seeing that her reply was deflating Mélanie’s enthusiasm, Marie patted gently her right shoulder.

“Hey, I didn’t say that we could not steal from the Germans. I just said that we shouldn’t physically hurt German soldiers, so that they wouldn’t have a pretext to shoot hostages. Stealing from a thief is alright with me, Mélanie. While we are discussing how to resist the Germans, we will also need to find a way to pass to our soldiers the secrets we will eventually extract from our future German guests.”

“I will start thinking about that, Mother.”

“Good! Now, go wash and change!”

As Mélanie walked out of the kitchen to go up to her room, Marie watched her with pride: her adopted daughter may have been a huge anomaly on this Earth and may be a bit scary at times, but she was both brave and resolute.

As Marie had expected, the night was very quiet, with no customer showing up, and with the streets eerily empty, save for one German infantry squad on patrol

marching past the cabaret. Marie, who watched them from behind the pulled shades of a window, did see the squad leader stop long enough to read the freshly made sign in German put in the front window, which said that Germans were welcomed. She was pleased to see the soldiers excitedly discussing the sign for a moment before resuming their patrol around the Quartier Latin: with luck, the word was going to spread like wildfire through the units of the German occupation force.

The next day, Marie and Mélanie went out on their bicycles, but on separate ways, in order to cover more ground. Pedaling calmly through the city, they kept a discreet look for where the Germans were establishing themselves in Paris, watching for concentrations of parked German vehicles and on where Nazi flags were flown from buildings. The flags in particular proved most useful, as the Germans seemed fond of decorating their installations with them. Letting Mélanie wander through the districts, known in French as 'arrondissements' on the Left Bank of the Seine, Marie crossed the Seine via the Pont-Neuf, at the western tip of the Île de la Cité, the main island in the middle of the river on which the Notre-Dame Cathedral stood. Once on the Right Bank, she turned on the Rue de Rivoli and rolled past the Palace of the Louvre, which housed the museum of the same name, then the Gardens of the Tuileries, arriving at the Place de la Concorde after about forty minutes of lazy pedaling. She was rewarded by the sight of numerous locations of potential interest along the Rue de Rivoli, mostly luxury hotels which were apparently being taken over by the Germans, judging from the number of German trucks and staff cars parked in front of those hotels. However, she decided not to tempt her luck and didn't stop to ask questions to passersby, instead continuing on along the Champs-Élysées. In the process, she passed by or through a number of German Army checkpoints and patrols, but those didn't appear to be well organized yet.

*'This may all change very quickly in the next few days, Marie.'* Thought the cabaret owner as she went in succession around the First, Eight, Second, Third and Fourth Arrondissement. She was careful not to scribble notes down, something that could have attracted the suspicions of German soldiers, and relied instead on her good memory. At around noon, she stopped at a small restaurant-terrace bordering the Place de l'Opéra, at the limit of the Second Arrondissement, to rest and eat. She used as well that occasion to discreetly watch the German activity around a nearby building, where a number of trucks were unloading office furniture and dozens of boxes. Marie's attention redoubled when a German officer wearing the uniform of a general arrived by staff car

and was greeted with rigid salutes by the soldiers on guard duty before he entered the building with a retinue of subordinate officers.

*"Hum, that place will definitely need some extra attention in the coming days."*

Taking the time to finish her soup and croissant, Marie then got back on her bicycle and continued her exploration tour of the Right Bank.

On the Left Bank, Mélanie had first pedaled along the shore of the Seine, passing slowly in succession in front of the Hôtel de la Monnaie, the Musée d'Orsay, the Palais Bourbon, which housed the National Assembly, and the Gare des Invalides, before arriving at the northern extremity of the Esplanade des Invalides, a huge park area fronting the no less huge Hôtel des Invalides, built by Emperor Napoleon to house the wounded veterans of his military campaigns and now housing a military museum. Seeing from a distance a large number of German vehicles parked along the walls of the big stone building, whose façade measured a good 600 feet in width, Mélanie decided to investigate them from up close. Following the Avenue du Maréchal Gallieni, which ran down the center of the park area, she was stopped at the entrance of the square in front of the building by three German soldiers manning an improvised checkpoint.

"HALT!"

Obeying at once and putting her feet down on the pavement, Mélanie played the innocent young girl as the Germans eyed her with obvious lust. She then surprised them by speaking in perfect German.

"Is it forbidden to pass here, sir?"

The soldier who was apparently the most senior one answered her in a polite tone.

"Access to the Hôtel des Invalides is now forbidden to French citizens, miss. You will have to go either left or right from here and go around the building. By the way, may I ask you where you learned such good German?"

"I studied German with a private tutor, sir."

"Ach so!" Said the soldier, smiling, while not so discretely eyeing her wide cleavage, which showed much of her firm, sizeable young breasts.

"Does this mean that the museum is closed indefinitely, sir?"

The senior soldier, an obergefreiter, or master-corporal, nodded his head.

"Yes! It is now occupied by headquarter units of the German Army. The nearby French Army school is also out of bounds to French citizens, as it is being turned into caserns for us. You would do well not to try to enter either places, girl."

“Thank you for the advice and warning, sir. Bye!”

Mélanie then turned her bicycle to her left and pedaled down the nearby Rue de Grenelle, watched by the three German soldiers.

“Himmel, what I would give to offer myself such a juicy girl!” Said in a low voice the master-corporal, making the two other soldiers with him nod in agreement.

Still resolved to have a better look at the Hôtel des Invalides and at the École Militaire<sup>4</sup>, Mélanie rolled down the Rue de Grenelle for a few hundred feet, then turned right on the Rue Vaneau, followed soon by another right turn, this time on the Rue de Babylone. She stopped for a moment at the corner with the Boulevard des Invalides to detail her surroundings and decide how to proceed next. The southern façade of the Hôtel des Invalides was now visible nearby, to her right, while the upper levels of the École Militaire were in sight ahead of her, across from three street blocks. While German sentry posts and roadblocks guarded the southern façade of the Hôtel des Invalides, she could not see German checkpoints in the direction of the École Militaire, so she started rolling again, turning left, then right, to get on the Avenue Duquesne, which led to the École Militaire and then ran alongside its northeastern façade. She had visited the École Militaire once in the past with Marie, as part of a guided tour, while she had visited two times the military museum in the Hôtel des Invalides. Both places were huge, with many interconnecting wings and with extensive sub-basement levels that connected with the Paris sewer system, which itself connected with the network of abandoned subterranean quarries and catacombs lying under Paris. For someone like her, getting inside either place at night, either via underground passages or by using her power to teleport, should prove easy. However, she needed to know more about how the Germans were going to use those buildings, particularly concerning where they would store their reserves of weapons and ammunition. With so many German soldiers now occupying both places, they were bound to keep at the least some ammunition reserves and weapon storage rooms in location. Those could in turn potentially become a rich pilfering ground for Mélanie, in order to arm future resistance groups in Paris.

She encountered the first German checkpoint at the crossing of Avenue Duquesne and Avenue de Lowendal, near the southeast entrance gate, which was itself

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<sup>4</sup> École Militaire : French military academy for future officers in Paris.

guarded by no less than nine soldiers. The four German soldiers manning the checkpoint didn't point their weapons at her as she slowed down and braked her bicycle to a stop at the level of the sand-bagged sentry post, a positive point by itself. She thus smiled to the soldiers, speaking to them in German.

"Hello! I was heading towards the Eiffel Tower. Am I allowed to pass and continue along the Avenue de la Bourdonnais, sir?"

The German soldier nearest to her gave her a questioning look, apparently not knowing where the Avenue de la Bourdonnais was. Mélanie, still smiling, pointed down the avenue past the checkpoint.

"That's Avenue de la Bourdonnais, sir."

"Oh! I didn't know! My unit arrived in Paris only this morning, so we are not familiar yet with the place."

"You should love Paris, sir: it is the city of love and is full of history."

"We were certainly hoping so, miss." Said the soldier, getting into a happy, easy mood, thanks partly to Mélanie's power to charm people. "Uh, normally, you would need to do a wide detour, but you are obviously no threat to us. You may pass this time, but I will ask you to take another route next time."

"Thank you! Oh, while we are talking about Paris as the city of love, let me give you the address of the erotic cabaret where I work, in the Sixth Arrondissement."

"You work in an erotic cabaret, miss? As a waitress?" Nearly shouted the soldier, not believing his luck, as his three comrades started listening very closely. Mélanie gave them a malicious smile.

"Me, a simple waitress? Hell no! I am one of the strip dancers and hostesses at the 'Mille et Une Nuits'. Uh, would you have a pen and paper, by chance?"

The soldiers nearly raced each other to produce something to write on and give it to Mélanie, who then wrote a few lines, plus did a simplified sketch map of where the cabaret was before handing back the pencil and piece of paper to the German soldier.

"Here you are, sir. The cabaret is a bit pricey, but the shows are top quality and so are the girls. By the way, German soldiers are welcome at the 'Mille et Une Nuits'."

"Do the other girls look as nice as you, miss?" Asked another of the four soldiers. In response, Mélanie briefly pulled up her blouse, making her firm breasts pop in the open and also making the Germans' eyes pop wide open.

"They are all very nice, but they still can't beat my tits. Well, see you soon, I hope!"

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