

PROJECT: Marie

A World War Two tale by Gemma Rox

The war was horrific. The Nazis have taken most of Europe and have started their march on Russia. Some think this a foolish endeavour, to stretch your forces so far and wide... but so far none have been able to resist Hitler's wrath and many believe the Russians will surely fall too. Britain holds out by the grace of the ocean. Without the channel to cross they would have been defeated long ago and although America has been drawn into the war, they too are fighting it on two fronts, dispatching some forces to repel and crush the attacks from Japan and some to deal with the European threat.

That's where I come in. My name is Gemma, but you can call me Dr Rox. No really, I insist. I didn't spend 8 years studying to be called Miss Rox. I'm 5'3" and 110lbs, my body is toned as I am a firm proponent of the notion healthy body, healthy mind. And I need my mind to be healthy. My hair is a little longer than shoulder length, straight and dark. Although at this point in my life I have no interest in relationships, I get no end of offers and so I must come to the conclusion that some people find me to be attractive. I'm headstrong and stubborn when I know I'm right, and I'm always right. But all this is irrelevant, all you need to know is my specialisation...

I specialise in Genome Manipulation and Displacement. That might not mean a lot to you, but it should. It's the reason the alliance is going to win this war. I've formulated a technique of creating super soldiers... Women who's strength and power can turn around this war. Unfortunately Winston Churchill doesn't agree... I still remember his pug like face and whiskey breath as he put me down...


"Young lady... as noble as your endeavours may be, you'd be far more help to this war effort if you would just be a good little strumpet and fetch us men some more drinks..."

Fucking sexist arse hole! Still... it's nothing new to me. Every man I meet tells me to stop my foolish science and start washing dishes. The Americans were no better, their scientists laughed me out of the room calling out "We don't need anymore lab assistants doll face!" Although I did smile at the thought of their bowl troubles after I put a rather potent array of laxatives in their coffee...

I travelled around searching the globe trying to find a government to fund the project but none had the wits to see the benefits... until I met with General Boche... General of the Forces armées canadiennes (that's the Canadian Armed Forces to you and me). He was a man who exhumed power and command yet he had a soft spoken manner and a whimsical appreciation for life, hardly traits you'd associate with an armies General... His manner disarmed me, I just couldn't see where he was leading too... he either held me in an amused regard, merely entertaining me before he shot me down, or he wanted to take me over the desk... I had the feeling it was both.

He was a handsome man, around 5'10 and 150lbs. Not skinny but thin and fit. It was clear he didn't let his high position in the ranks soften him, he liked to keep in shape. I'd say he was late 40's and had a roguish smile that was disarming. His accent was heavily French and I melted every time he called me Mon Cher...

He seemed very interested in my science and incredibly keen to see the results but he didn't ever let me know if he was committed to the idea or not... It appeared more like a curiosity to him than a viable military project. The conversation went back and forth like a tennis match, each of us



slamming the topic back to wrong foot the other and gain an edge... it was exhausting, he was an intelligent man and I've met far too few of them on my travels... eventually he stopped toying and sparing with me and got down to the crux of his doubt

"So Dr Rox... you really think this could work?" Boche asked

"Of course General!" I reply "The tests have proved conclusive, we have exceeded expectations on every level"

"Then why is it you are here?" he asks raising a quizzical eyebrow, he was a smart man and his question was not without merit

"You mean... why am I not in my native country, aiding the war effort there with my findings?" I reply... he doesn't answer, just looks at me with a nod and a grin. I decided then that I liked him "It's a good question... you see the leaders back in Britain are of a... traditional stock... they believe a woman's place is in the kitchen or the bedroom" his eye's perked up when I mentioned the bedroom... most guys did that...

"I cannot believe that your government would turn down an army of super soldiers just because the idea came from a woman! That is to say... I was a little surprised when you first came to my attention Mon Cher, it is... how you say... a little queer for a woman to reach such high standing in the scientific world... but IF your science is proven like you say it is... Then surely they would not turn you down, no?"

"You are of course right, and the truth is they didn't turn me down... they turned my science down. And it's not because it failed... they wanted an army of super soldiers... to them that meant 6ft 200lbs fighting men that didn't sleep, didn't eat, just lived for war... and the truth is my creation doesn't sleep, doesn't eat and is built for war... but their women... not men..."

The Generals left eyebrow raised to an impossible angle as his face took on an almost comical expression of confusion and doubt. I carried on regardless


"It's quite simple you see... with a male subject the testosterone levels are simply far too high to produce a viable soldier... they would be strong, they would be smart, they would be fast but they would be out of control. They would destroy us and anyone else who got in their way... with female subjects, the hormones were balanced and tempered... we can contain their inner daemons and they will be susceptible to commands and control. It is the perfect soldier... just not Winston Churchill's idea of the perfect soldier..."

He stared at me in amazement... sure women were used for war to a degree... they made excellent spies, the Germans never suspected a woman capable of such feats... but to put women into the fray? Right into the heart of battle? That was a hard pill to swallow... The conversation raged back and forth for another two hours, General Boche questioning all of my findings and reasoning, probing for a fault, for a weakness, after all, he saw women as weak, why wouldn't a genetically modified woman be just as weak? Eventually he asked for some time to discuss the matter with his second in command

"Do you speak French Gemma?" he asked. During the many hours our conversation ranged from we became quite informal and even shared a splendid 25 year old Irish Whiskey, so him calling me Gemma didn't take me by surprise

"I'm afraid not Boche" I replied

"Me and my second would like to discuss a few things in private, would you be offended if we used our native tongues?" he asked



“Not at all Boche, I am a guest, feel free to act as you please” His second was an odd man named Dupree. He was small and wiry with a large nose and gigantic ears, it was as if a garden gnome came to life, shed some weight and joined the Canadian Army... but he did seem infused with my ideas, I was hopeful he would put Boche’s doubts at ease... I felt I could trust him, after all it was Dupree that got me an audience with Boche in the first place. Yes. I know I could trust him.

[b]Boche:[/b] ”Je ne sais pas... pouvons-nous lui faire confiance? C’est quand même beaucoup d’argent à donner à une fille... et ce, même si elle a de jolis seins...”

[b]Dupree:[/b] “Tout ira bien patron, faites-moi confiance! Vous ai-je déjà laissé tomber auparavant?”

[b]Boche:[/b] ”Tu te souviens de la fois avec la troupe de danse Suédoise? Je paie encore pour la foutue allocation!”

[b]Dupree:[/b] “Alons allons patron... ce n’est tout de même pas comme si vous ne vous étiez pas amusé non? De plus, si ceci ne fonctionne pas, nous pourrions toujours tuer la fille et blamer le tout sur les États-Unis! Faites-moi confiance patron, tout ira bien!”

[b]Boche:[/b] “Bon... ça va... mais je t’averti, si ça va mal, c’est toi qui ramasse le tout!”

“OK Gemma... you will have what you need, first you shall create one soldier who will be tested fully and comprehensively... and if she fights as you say she will, then we shall roll on with the project” he said and I breathed a sigh of relief... almost a year of dodging the attentions of the Nazi’s as I travelled the globe looking for funding and I’ve finally found it. I can fulfil my destiny...

Some time later

I lived in the lab... sure I had quarters outside of the lab but they only served for sleep. The lab was a large white room, probably 100 meters in a perfect circle in all. The ceiling was high and had large florescent tubes lighting us although there was natural light in the form of small rectangular windows about 12ft of the floor running all the way around the room. The tiles were a light, off white colour and were cleaned and polished to a high sheen. The room was littered with tanks and cupboards along side many long, stainless steel tables.. The tables and scientific equipment made up the centre of the room and all around the centre was what we called the training grounds. A boxing ring, sparing mats, gym equipment, a firing range, a class room and encircling it all was a running track. There was even a bed here and a recreational area for our creation. She would live eat sleep and breath her entire childhood here as we moulded her into greatness.

The tests had gone fantastic, we grew the subject in a oxygen enriched gel that served to feed the embryo as well as allow for growth... it is a strange process... seeing the subject grow, not in a womb, but before your very eyes... we went through quite a few lab assistants, many calling my work an affront to god but I eventually found an assistant I could rely on... well... I say rely on... I could rely on her not to run away screaming. As for her competencies... lets just say she lacked a certain level of expertise I’m used to in an assistant. But she could carry stuff and make a fierce burrito, so I kept her around.

Her name was Jonica and she was a cute little thing... her white/blonde hair all spiky and exotic, her cute southern drawl and her rather pert arse... I was more than a little confused by her... I’d never been in a relationship or been at all interested in one. I simply didn’t find men attractive. I’d use sex to get what I needed from time to time, but what woman hasn’t? but Jonica... I felt attracted to her... well, her body at least. Her head was far to empty for it’s own good. She had a cuteness to her that was hard to resist. We would have to wear the same clothes every day, without fail. The military provided us with them and we had to dress in front of them. They wanted a totally safe and clean zone and I admired their dedication for it.

I wore a knee length grey skirt that was awfully itchy, flat black shoes and a white blouse underneath my white lab coat. Jonica of course wore the same but I couldn’t help but feel she carried it off

better... I was drawn to her... every morning she'd greet me the same "Oh! You went for the Grey skirt today! I love that look on you" and I'd blush and carry on working whilst my mind thought of sinful things I'd like to do to her... But none of that is important right now... Right now I'm going to tell you about Project Marie...

Jonica had taken to calling the embryo Marie instead of its correct title subject 1.0. My title was far more efficient but General Boche sided with Jonica and Marie stuck. Marie grew as planned at an enhanced rate, within a week becoming a baby and birthing from the gelatinous home she once had. She did not cry as she breathed in for the first time. Crying was a weakness and she had none. A week passed but for Marie 7 days was 7 years, my genetic programming and scientific breakthrough culminating in her reaching adolescence in break neck speed. Her body was forming perfectly, short and supple but with an enhanced muscle structure. At 14 days/years Marie had the strength of a 200lbs boxer. At 17 she could leap 10 metres at ease, her small supple frame providing the agility and fineness a male soldier could never have achieved. She had proved my reasoning correct and I loved her for that. The day arrived. Her 21st birthday where her advanced growth had fulfilled its purpose and stopped, her aging returned to normal and she became the complete soldier

Marie could speak 24 languages, she could out punch the heavyweight champion, she knew 17 different forms of self defence and uncountable ways to kill a Nazi, she was smart, caring, dangerously witty and a master of seduction. She was the greatest woman to ever live...

As the year passed she travelled the world, dispatching the Nazi high command one by one, she became an expert at subterfuge and stealth, she planted misinformation and lies throughout the Nazi strategists and because of her, the charge into Russia failed. With Russia safe, Canada was safe. General Boche was most pleased. We created the greatest soldier on the planet and were winning the war single handed... and nobody knew she existed.

You may think that strange... after all, why did Boche only make one soldier if the project worked so well? That is because it didn't. My greatest success also created my greatest failure...

Where Marie was strong the failure was weak
Where Marie was righteous the failure was sinful
Where Marie had virtue the failure had wickedness
Where Marie brought joy the failure brought misery

And she revelled in my misery... Jonica gave my failure a name and that name would be a stain on my character for the rest of my days... the holder of that name dedicated every waking moment terrorising me and blaming me for her shortcomings... and that failure... that name...

That name was Marie B

At first we were shocked as twins were produced, I first thought that as my genetic coding was designed to create the most efficient living creature ever, it was simply mirroring its efficiency and doubling its productivity, but on day 3 when the subjects began to talk I realised the difference right away, where Marie would ask inquisitive questions to study and learn her environment, Marie B would ask for pretzels, or sweets or anything else her heart desired. She was an awful child made all the worse as she had the wits and cunning of a master sleuth. At aged 7 she set up a snare trap because I wouldn't let her play hockey in the lab... I hung upside down from the lab's high ceiling for 7 hours, Jonica would have cut me down but she was already taken out by having a paint can wedged on her head so tight we needed a surgeon to remove it. She lacked her sister's strength but made up for it in evil cunning. We would be gone for 5 minutes and when we returned every table in the room would be upside down... we knew she didn't have the strength to do that, it was Marie... despite her noble ways, she could not deny her sister a single request, the bond was quite powerful considering at this point they'd only known each other for 7 days... it led me to believe there may be something uncharted in the relationship of twins... I would need to study that in the future.

Her childish ways were an annoyance... but nothing compared to puberty... I'd never heard a grown woman call a little child a cunt before, but the things Marie B did to Jonica... I'm afraid to say that the little cunt deserved it... She toyed with Jonica because she knew she could, she saw her as beneath her (and in fairness, I imagined Jonica beneath me quite a few times...) but me... for me it was different. I was slowly getting the impression that one day Marie B would plan on killing me... I'm not sure why I felt that...

Maybe it was the cross bow rigged up to pierce my heart when I went to the toilet...
Maybe it was the scorpions she put in my running shoes...
Maybe it was the highly potent virus she tried to inject me with...
Maybe it was the time she told me "Gemma... I plan on killing you one day..."

I can't be sure, but I suspect I'm right.

We survived puberty, just about, except Jonica has one kidney now... it's a long story... but nether the less, we lived to tell the tale. Marie B started to calm down slightly after that, and that was worrying. Where as before she would scream and curse at us, now she stared at us through malevolent eyes... she was 18 now and quite beautiful. She had long blonde hair that framed her delicate features, her body was lithe and agile, toned and supple and oh so very pert. As I said she lacked her sisters super strength but her vast intellect made her a great fighter none the less, she was an expert at using flawless technique to compensate for her small stature. I found out first hand when she learned the secret behind her small stature.

Marie & Marie B both came up to me and posed me a question...

"Creator?" Marie asked

"Don't call her that! She's a bitch! Address her as bitch" Marie B scowled

"Creator?" Marie continued to her sisters annoyance "Why are we 4'11" tall? wouldn't a super soldier be more fierce if she were taller?"

"That is a good question Marie, you see, you are that tall because I programmed you that way. The Nazi's will question and suspect a tall powerful warrior, you now have the element of surprise. You can go un-noticed, unquestioned where ever you please. Your opponents perception of you shall be your greatest weapon" I answered

"Oh..." Marie replied a smile across her face "I like that! Thank you creator"

Marie B wasn't so impressed with my answer, I could tell as I was staring at the flaw doubled over after a particularly vicious kick to my crotch.

"YOU FUCKING BITCH!!! I can't reach the cookie jar because you programmed me not to? I'll kill you!!!" she screamed and slammed a right hook into my temple. The world went blurry, her mastery was astounding! I'm no slouch when it comes to self defence, you have to know how to handle yourself when travelling across this world full of dangers... but Marie B had the ability to put her entire 90lb body in exactly the right position to inflict the maximum amount of damage, if it wasn't for her temperament, she would be a tremendous asset to the war effort. Of course I wasn't thinking that back then... I was thinking why is the floor coming towards me?

Her axe kick levelled me and slammed me face first into the light coloured sanitised tiles. My right eye was cut and blood started to pour out. I was in a bad way and were it not for Marie I'd probably be dead. Marie shared her sisters flawless technique but had it coupled with a body that was 5 times stronger so she subdued Marie B quite quickly while Jonica called the paramedics.

We stopped Marie B's combat training after that, she had already become a master at boxing, kick boxing and wrestling, I didn't like the idea of her becoming any more competent in all the wonderful manners in which she could kill me... She of course resented me for it, blaming me rather than coming to the realisation that her own actions have consequences.

When she hit 21 it was time for her sister to go. We were all worried for her, it was a dangerous world after all and despite my complete confidence in her, the mind can't help but play on the 'what ifs' but that soon passed and my mind began to worry about other 'What ifs'... such as what if Marie B decides to kill me... I increased my fitness regime and martial training with the Canadian Armed Forces just in case but 3 months passed without too much incident... she would attack me and render me unconscious but would let me live time and time again. It was like a cat toying with a mouse at first but soon after I started to question whether she really had the bottle to carry out her earlier threat. Maybe she had grown some sick connection to me... It was me after all who created her, but I decided in the end that she just loved to see me cry. She would lock me in some vicious wrestling hold and apply terrible pressure to various joints, never permanently hurting me but always enough to make me black out through the pain after a good long scream. She seemed to favour hurting my legs, maybe a way of getting back at her height issues...

Her attacks started to intensify, it was as if she was probing me, testing me, seeing what would make me lose my calm, and you'd be surprised to know I never attacked back, sure I'd block and try to escape but I didn't strike her once. Jonica wasn't so bound by my ethics and could quite often be heard screaming some obscenities at her in English or French while throwing wild punches at Marie B... Unfortunately one day Jonica actually managed to hit Marie B... that was the day everything got turned upside down...

"YOU LITTLE cunt!!! Je m'en fou,Putain!" Screamed Jonica, anger flaring in her eyes "CHILLI POWDER??? YOU EVIL LITTLE SHIT!!!" she finished and swung another wild right hook which Marie B dodged with casual disregard

"Oh come on... that was a good joke! It's not my fault you got stung first!" Marie B countered, delivering a perfect right hook into Jonica's belly, doubling over the Cajun as she skipped behind her

"OOMMPPFFFF..." Jonica gasped then swung round trying to catch her tormentor with a back hand and failing "But did you have to put it on the toilet paper? THE TOILET PAPER!!! YOU DEMENTED FUCKING DWARF!!! Uuuugnnn..... aaagghcckkk!!!" Jonica finished, Marie B planting two solid punches to her breasts for the Dwarf remark

"You know it was meant for the bitch! It's not my fault you have the bladder of a 4 year old!" Marie B jested and she spun away... but as she spun the lab table got in her way, it was possibly the first time she had ever made an error... she was visibly shaken... now to us it's nothing... I've lost count of the number of times I've kicked a coffee table or jammed my fingers in a door, but she'd never mistimed a twirl or a flip or anything before, not once in her entire life. She was perfect... until now. It was to be the start of many firsts for her, the first gymnastic failure was followed straight away by her first ever punch. Jonica's solid right fist slammed brutally into Marie B's jaw and the small girl went flying to the tiled floor, skidding a little on the highly polished surface. As she got up there was a fire in her like she's never felt before...rage coursed through her veins like a drug, every heartbeat pumping it around until she was consumed by it. All she wanted in that moment was revenge... her jaw stung... she never felt pain like it before and she wanted to destroy Jonica for that.

Jonica looked at her and started to walk back slowly with her hands outstretched "Hey now... clam down there short stuff... you've beat on me plenty of times in the past! Fair is fair..." She was terrified, and looking at the malice and spite in Marie B's eye's she had every right to be. The small Blonde leapt forward with her left fist and Jonica raised her arms and winced but the blow never landed, Marie B just wanted Jonica's arms raised so she could deliver one of the most devastating

spinning round house kicks ever delivered! Jonica's eye's bulged out of her pretty head from shock as she flew backwards, propelled 4 meters through the air until she crashed noisily into another lab table, her lower back taking a terrible impact while the beakers, test tubes and instruments were knocked crashing to the ground.

"You are SO going to regret that bitch..." Marie B hissed, no signs of a cat playing with a mouse here... just cold, hard facts. She launched an 8 punch combo with such speed and precision that every blow struck its target and was met with a cry of tortured pain from her victim. Jonica would have collapsed... she took 4 punches to her ribs, 2 to her belly, 1 to her chest and 3 to her head... she would have collapsed into a heap on the floor if Marie B let her... but she held her up against the lab table and pounded fist after fist into the poor girl's stomach... Now Jonica is a tight little package, her abs are toned and fine, but the sheer relentless pounding from Marie B reduced them to a quivering wreck... after a 20 seconds of non stop beating she just couldn't tense any more and then the punches really got hard... with no muscles for protection each and every punch sank deep into the blonde's stomach causing terrible pain and suffering, Jonica was crying now, struggling to breathe and completely beaten. But Marie B was only getting warmed up... she threw the Cajun onto the floor like a rag doll and mounted her chest facing Jonica's feet. Marie B had Jonica's arms pinned under her shins and she rained down a thunderous storm into her mid section, Jonica screamed at first but soon the screams turned to whimpers and the whimpers turned to gasps until she finally lost all consciousness.

As I walked into the laboratory I saw the destruction laid out before me... I was horrified, aghast and appalled at the sight. Marie B's eyes were gone, replaced with dark coals burning with infernal hatred. And Jonica... she was a wreck. I don't know why but my icy cold calm that normally prevailed in these situations cracked and I screamed at Marie B "GET THE FUCK OFF HER YOU BITCH!!!!"

Marie B looked stunned at first... she had never been victim to such an outburst from me before... her face was a blur of shifting emotions... rage simmered to shock, Shock fell to sorrow, Sorrow turned to fear and fear soared to anger. At one point I thought she might cry, does my opinion hold that much sway with her I thought? She hates me so much... for the smallest moment I thought I saw regret on her face but it was gone as soon as it arrived, now she stared at me with a grin... that was terrifying...

"So... all this time I tried to crack that shell... all the torture and the beatings you took from me, the pranks and the swearing, the mind games and the deceit and all I had to do was kick the living shit out of this fucking idiot?" she beamed, it seems she's happy she finally pushed the right button

"I said get the fuck off her... NOW!!!" I roared. Anger replaced any common sense that should have prevailed here. She saw my anger and she fed off it. She bathed in it. And she reciprocated...

"Come on you stuck up bitch! Lets see what you've got!" she growled as she circled me and to my own amazement, rather than run to the console on the wall and signal for help, I circled her too... I... I wanted this confrontation... I needed to put her down as much as she needed to put me down. She lunged at me with a lightning fast left and I ignored it instead opting to throw my right foot forward in a stomping motion "OOOMMMOOOFFFF!!!!" she gasped as the sole of my shoe planted itself deep within her belly, her sweet breath hit my face as the air whooshed out of her lungs and I followed up with a left hook that cracked her jaw with a satisfying thud. Her eye's glazed slightly as she wobbled on her feet, I lashed out again looking to take her down with a heavy right hook but she ducked impossibly low, her lithe body then sprung up, and she smashed her fist against my jaw with all the momentum of her twisting body and pumping thighs launching her skywards. I flew up into the air and landed hard on a lab table, the cold steel surface offering no comfort. I shook my head and saw her flying through the air ready to lend a vicious punch into my crotch! Quickly I shimmied up the table and her fist slammed the steel table hard!

"YYYYIIIOOOOWWWWEEEE!!!!!!!" She cried out as her fist met the unyielding surface. But she didn't relent. My legs parted she aimed another punch and another and another, all the while I

desperately clawed and pulled my way up the table and out of harms way until there was no table and I fell crashing to the hard tiled floor. I hit the back of my head hard and got up slowly. Far to slowly. As I reached my feet she was sliding across the steel surface and planted her feet into my face in a vicious baseball slide! I was slammed backwards and were it not for Jonica's prone body I may have kept my footing, but as it stands I went flying onto the floor, sprawled out and dazed. I lay face down. I was strangely aware of the cool sensation the light tiles made on my right cheek, it was a strange moment of clarity in my dazed, beaten head... until the pain shot through my back...

Marie B leapt off the table and spun through the air like a gymnast landing on me in a frog splash. My back erupted as the 90lbs girl crashed down on me. At that moment I was so happy I didn't opt for the 6ft 200lbs soldiers... but I knew I was in trouble... on the ground is where she does the most damage. Her smaller, quicker frame can choke me, bend me, hurt me and break me in any number of ways...

She spins me onto my back and pins my arms... I struggle and kick but even though she doesn't have her sisters strength, she's no weakling... I feel her legs wrap around mine... oh no... she stares into my eyes and smiles, that blonde hair and young pretty face looks like it could belong to an angel as she giggles playfully, I'm trapped in her grapevine pin and she ever so slowly forces her legs apart...

"Do you want to scream bitch?" she giggles "nnnggghrrrr..." my only reply as I fight the pressure...

Her legs part wider and mine are stretched horribly...

"come on bitch, just let out a little scream... we both know you want to..." she teases. Sweat is pouring off me now and I'm breathing heavily, gasping pained breathes as I try and fight her hold. My thighs are burning and my muscles are beginning to stretch to their limit...

Her legs part ever so gently more...

"this is your last chance cunt... you can scream for me now or I can make you scream... pride is a dangerous thing..." she mocks, more venom in her voice than playfulness now.


"aagghnnnnnnrrrr..." I gasp shaking my head, hoping it will shake away the pain but it doesn't...

"Times up!" she beams and widens her stance until I'm almost doing the splits...

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!" I scream... it feels like my scream lasts forever as she pins my arms high above me. Tears are rolling down my face now and my legs are stretched brutally. My skirt rides up and does nothing to stop her torturing me.

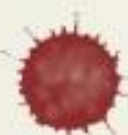
"PLEASE!!!! STOP!!!!!! OOOHHHHH FUUUUUUUUUUUUCK!!!!!" I cry, not normally one for swearing (don't look at me like that! This is fiction!) but the pain is too much to bare. She brings her face close to mine and whispers to me

"I love hearing you scream... it's all I think ab...aagghhnnn!!!" she stops short as my head butt stuns her silent, blood trickling down her nose now the hold is broken. The feeling as the pressure is released hurts almost as much as when it was applied as my legs fall back to a normal angle. With her on top of me I quickly tuck her head under my left arm in a guillotine choke hold, suddenly thankful I trained with Boche's soldiers. She quickly got her wits but couldn't break my hold, so she settled for breaking my ribs... or at least it felt like they were broken. She threw in vicious right hooks into my left ribs over and over again trying to get me to loosen the hold but these had the air of desperation to them... my hold scared her... I retaliated, slamming fist after fist into her body, ribs and back each one met with a whimper... slowly her shots got weaker and her struggles subsided but I kept on pounding and choking... I couldn't risk it. I may be in a fight and I might not be thinking straight but I haven't forgot how cunning this bitch was...



After a minute I loosened the hold and threw in one final heavy right hand. I felt a snap as a rib or two broke and she screamed as she broke free of my hold... BITCH! I knew she was faking... her final act was to smash a head butt into me and my head snapped back and cracked against the cold tile... blood started pouring out... my eyes were blurry now but I could make out Marie B... crying...

“Oh fuck... oh shit... I’m sorry... STOP BLEEDING!!! You fucking bitch! don’t die!!!” she gasped in panicked breaths. I was barely conscious and she could hardly move through the pain in her ribs. I could just about hear the explosions and the wails of the sirens as the camp came under attack. I did notice the sudden burst of daylight through hazy eyes as the wall exploded though. The Nazi’s poured in and I lifted my head to see Jonica dragged off... silhouetted in the hole was a woman in a long black leather coat, It billowed in the wind, clearly she liked to make an entrance...



“Ah... Dr Rox... we finally meet...” she purred but her accent wasn’t German... I’d guess... maybe South African... “ and you Marie... I’ve heard so much about you!” she chuckled as the tranquilized round struck Marie in the chest and took her out of action...

I heard footsteps... the light tapping of heels on a tiled floor...

A shadow appeared over me...

“Oh Dr Rox... I can’t wait to get to know you...”

